NEW BOOKS.

Over the Way That Heine Trod.

Heine was a Schelm, a scamp. He had no business to talk as he did of the famous town of Göttingen. He said that it looked best in a rearward and vanishing view—when the beholder was going away. Our experience has happily included Göttingen and we know the falsity of this. It is not true that the feet of the Göttingen ladies are elephantine; not true that Heine was unable to make a diagram of them because he could not get a large enough sheet of paper. This excursion of his wit is labored and heavy. It was the joke that was elephantine. Georg Ebers had a different impression of the place, and so has Mr. Henry James Forman, as he lets us know in his pleasantly enthusiastic and charming volume "In the Footprints of Heine" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Baedeker at an early period of his unparallelled career also spoke rather contemptuously of Göttingen. He made note of its great library and its great university, but of the town itself he said that it was "ohne Bedeutung"—of no consequence.

It is a pleasure to correct Heine and Baedeker, and we are glad to be supported by Mr. Forman. The wall of Göttingen! There it was, an ancient and complete article of circumvallation pierced by four gates and by still another gate broken through for convenience in getting to the railroad station. There is a celebrated street in Berlin, Unter den Linden, but it was to Göttingen that the knowing traveller resorted if he wished to walk under the linden trees. There were nightingales in those trees on the wall at Göttingen. It is not to be denied regarding nightingales that they sing rather more wonderfully in the poets than they do elsewhere. The same is true of larks. Leipsic famously was the place for larks. They were starred by Baedeker. They used to come en brochette. We remember well a most competent kitchen that turned them out in the Katharina street.

But Göttingen. Those huddled red roofs on a level with the pedestrian's feet as he walked on the broad wall under the linden trees. The erratic streets, narrow, zigzagging, cobbled—Red street, Jews street, Barefoot street, where the unshod friars dwelt once upon a time. In Little Geissmar street (crooked as well as little) was the inn of the Black Bear, archaic without and within, an absolutely fulfilling antiquity, where the pickled eggs, hard boiled, were fine for a robust appetite, and where the beer of Norten, clean and light yellow, sparkled handsomely and at the right temperature. Göttingen was full of pleasantness. Its houses of wood and plaster looked like a stage setting in the theatre of years ago. They seemed unreal; in truth they were very serviceable and restful. You had two furnished rooms for $4 a month. Your shoes were blacked every morning for $1.50 a year. In your dressing gown, with a pipe, you had a feeling of well being and of importance in those rooms. Your fellows hailed you from the street. They climbed the stairs to your door. Your house key was almost a foot long; you carried it hung upon the strap of your trousers behind. You went with your companions on excursions, performed on foot, mellowed by beer. You swam in the admirable pool at the Stegen Mühle beyond the wall. Rinsed and chilled you had smoking hot pancakes. You sat in the gardens, canopied in tobacco smoke, listening to the military band. Beer foamed in those gardens, heightening the loveliness of those occasions. There were ruined castles always waiting to be seen—the Plesse, the Gleichen and more. Beer was obtainable on the way, the glamorous way through gentle scenery. In the Rathskeller the wall was thick enough to permit the digging out in it of rooms of considerable size. Here it was possible for groups to be thoroughly sociable. Cards, beer duels, the moist pledge of brotherhood—these were common and delightful matters down in the shadowy Rathskeller. The middle section of a roast goose there was a most gratifying edible. By the exercise of will the student could have part of the day for study.

The military were interesting to see; the younger officers so slender in the waist as to give the impression of corsets, the Colonels and Majors more ample, occasionally even ponderous. The corps students—the Saxons, the Brunswickers, the Westphalians, the Teutons—were fiercer than the military; swaggering, devil may care fellows, streaked with the red marks of duels, bandaged and plastered, mighty on two battle fields, with the sword and at the beer. It was wonderful to see these warriors panoplied and bolstered for the fray. They were fortresses of pads, impervious monsters; except in cases of insult, only their cheek were exposed to the slashes of the enemy.

Mr. Forman set out from the venerable Gleichen to be the somewhat dark and alarming Hotel to the Crown, with his knapsack on his back. This was in the true student fashion; it may be done in that environment without exciting the jeers of people. He went out through the Weender Gate and along the straight road between the poplar trees. He followed in Heine's track. The sun smote upon him; his knapsack grew heavy; his heels hurt. With Heine also this had been the case. At Bovenden, which is not very far along, our later traveller stopped for refreshment. As he ate he reflected that it was the very warm part of the day. Certain opportunities that are now common did not exist for Heine or for anybody else in 1824. When Mr. Forman resumed his journey he stepped aboard a railway train and rode to Northeim. It was a wise proceeding; many an unseasoned pedestrian pays dearly for a vaulting ambition on the first day. But when the sun got lower he walked from Northeim to Osterode, and that was a stretch of fifteen miles. He was very tired, and so was Heine. The poet recorded that on reaching Osterode in the pitch dark night he was as tired as a dog and slept like a god. He too had felt the weight of his knapsack and had lightened it by presenting to a waiter at Northeim a pair of blue trousers which he describes as being quite remarkable from a sartorial point of view. Mr. Forman lightened his by throwing out some hairbrushes, some smoking materials, some clothing, some books and some rolls of photographic film.

He way went on to Lerbach and Klausthal. It is a pleasant, peaceful way, thickly stocked with legends. The traveller saw the albinos of Lerbach, one of whom refused to be photographed because she feared the business would bring the evil eye upon her. Near Heiligenstock he encountered a schoolboy whose face was pale and thin from too much Latin and Greek, and he says: "So much learning is crowded upon boys not yet in the university that instead of the plump red cheeked lads of the picture books you often see these overworked melancholy youths creeping about like shadows in the land." Heine reported that he had met two little Göttingen schoolboys as he was passing out at the Weender Gate and that he overheard one of them say: "I will not go with Theodore any more. He is too stupid. Yesterday he could not tell what the genitive of *mensa* was." This, according to Heine, was Göttingen in the bud, the early breathing of the spirit of the place. Still German learning has had some imposing results. Besides, as we have shown, the workings of pure mentality are not all that goes on in Göttingen.

At the Golden Crown in Klausthal there was offered to the traveller the room, purple hung, in which the Emperor William II. slept when he was making the Harz journey, and in which Heine had slept before him. The price was a dollar including breakfast, and Mr. Forman tells us that he took it without a murmur. Klausthal is famous for its fried partridge; the traveller found it altogether a delightful place, but he could not visit the mint as Heine did, for it is no longer there. It will be remembered that Heine reflected upon the limitations set upon his power to avail himself of the mint. He said that these matters furnished by the mint were singularly beyond his grasp, and that if heaven should rain silver pieces as it once did manna, all that he would get would be dents in the head.

"I greet thee, grand, mysterious town!" So Heine sang of Goslar in his verse, but when he came to prose he was not complimentary. He made fun of the statues of the Emperors on the front of the Guild House. He made note that they were smoky black, with traces of their ancient gilding, and said that they looked like baked university proctors. He also noted that they all held scepters except one, who held a sword. This puzzled him. He said: "I could not guess what this difference signified; it certainly had a meaning, for it is a notable habit with the Germans, in all cases where they do anything, also to think something." Mr. Forman found abundant joy in ancient Goslar. He understood and his story tells what a glorious old place it is. True the famous Goslar Shooting Park was disappointing. It was hung with garments dripping from the wash and, says Mr. Forman, they were not royal linen either.

From the seat of Barbarossa and Henry the Fowler the way led through the majestic forest and along the valley of the Ochre to Harzburg and the Harzburger Hof, perhaps a too glittering place of entertainment properly to be embosomed in the Harz Mountains. The traveller with the knapsack was not pleased. He calls it Vanity Fair, and he pushed on to Scharfenstein and so up the Brocken. He went to Wernigerode, but he did not go further east or south in the Harz, and so the felicity was not his to see the Bode Valley or Quedlinburg or Stolberg. He did have trout at the Red Trout Hotel at Ilsenburg, and from what he says we think that they may have been as good as the trout used to be at the Hotel Ten Pound at Thale.

His book has pleased us. It feels the sentiment, remembers the legends and lets the reader know about the witches and the cats and all the mad rumpus of Walpurgis Night.

A Handsome Memorial.

It is the agreeable habit of Mr. Charles Mason Fairbanks to turn out every now and then a beautifully manufactured little book in honor of one or another of his literary favorites, and he has as partner in this pious work his son, Mr. Thomas Nast Fairbanks, who shares the paternal understanding of how these charming and rarely artistic expressions of faithful memory should be accomplished. Great would be Thackeray's delight if he could see his song of "The Mahogany Tree" in the setting which it is our happy fortune at this moment to contemplate. A little book, but a fine one. The cover is mahogany, the thinnest of veneer laid upon a stiff backbone of Japanese vellum; the paper was made in Kent, England, by John Batchelor, who made the same paper by the same hand process for William Morris; the printing is in the Caxton old style type, and for full measure of joy there is a frontispiece, reproduced from a drawing made by Edmund Dulac for a dinner card for the Titmarsh Club of London, in which Thackeray is represented as shutting up the box and the puppets, the play being played out.

A memorial to be prized by all who can get it. The book is privately printed. The copies number 200.

The Catholic Encyclopedia.

With Volume X. (Mass—Newman) the excellent "Catholic Encyclopedia," published by the Robert Appleton Company, New York, is two-thirds done. The accidents of the alphabet bring out more prominently in this volume, perhaps, the attention given by the editors to geographical and biographical information; the painters are especially numerous. The articles on the arts are noticeable; Metal work, Mosaics, Music and Neums are treated very fully; the article on medicine is comprehensive. Among the biographies much space is devoted to Melanchthon, to the two Napoleons and to Cardinal Newman; of the saints Michael the archangel and Matthew the evangelist are the most important.

The article on Modernism will attract attention; it establishes definitely the orthodox character of the Encyclopedia; the bibliography attached is full and fair. Of non-Catholic sects and religions this volume treats of Methodism, Mohammedanism and Mormonism. The subject of Missions takes up many pages, so does Monasticism with Monasteries. Among the dogmatic and theological articles those on the Mass, on Merit, on Metaphysics, on Miracles and on the Millennium are notable. There is a full account of the curious Mozarabic rite, and those on Names are interesting. The story of the scholarly congregation of St. Maur deserved more attention than it receives.

The volume keeps up to the high standard set at the beginning. The Encyclopedia is full of valuable and accurate information that will interest non-Catholics as much as it will Catholics.

Biographies.

In writing his biography of "William H. Seward" (George W. Jacobs and Company) Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., has wisely put greatest stress on Seward's career in New York politics, which occupied the greater part of his life. For the eight years when he stood on a larger stage the Secretary of State becomes merged in the President and the events in which he shared; it is on the smaller scene that the character and individuality of the man who became Governor and Senator must be studied, the foremost Republican before the convention which preferred Lincoln. That side of Seward has been well nigh forgotten, and it was right that Prof. Hale should recall it. He does full justice to his services in the heroic period too, but much more briefly, as they are well known. It is a fair estimate of a man who did his full duty by his country.

The life of "Stephen A. Douglas" (George W. Jacobs and Company), which Dr. Henry Parker Willis has written for the same series, suffers from its having been prepared a generation too late. With the best intention of being impartial the author can only see Douglas in the light of these later years, as the man who was defeated for the Presidency, who was proved wrong by history in his contest with Lincoln. Was the "Little Giant" only a party boss and a self-seeking politician? Some sympathy with the man whose life he describes is surely required of a biographer.

From the preface to the translation of the life of "Ferdinand Lassalle" (William Heinemann; Macmillans) which George Brandes wrote thirty years ago we infer that it was published in consequence of the interest excited by George Meredith's novel. The story as told by the Danish critic is as extraordinary as any romance. As fanciful as the events in Lassalle's life, perhaps, are Brandes's explanations of his mental development. With the socialist side purposely left out the life is necessarily incomplete.

Some New Spring Fiction.

There is much promise and some good work in Mr. Arthur D. H. Smith's "The Wastrel" (Duffield and Company). The plot is that of an adventure story, beginning with unlawful deeds on the shores of Narragansett Bay and turning to remarkable proceedings in the interior of Macedonia, a region which the author has visited. It is no worse than such plots usually are and has the merit of presenting the natives of that debatable land as they really are. It is to be hoped, however, that the author will drop his own experiences, if he is to continue to write fiction, for he shows that he has the gift of story telling. His dreamy and adventurous hero is very attractive; so is the heroine. The minor characters are sketched vividly. The dramatic scenes are artistic and effective and the feeling for nature is genuine. The reader is carried along in spite of many absurdities, chief among them being the preposterous actions of a cold blooded capitalist. When Mr. Smith tries again we trust he will stick to love making or to Bulgaria and leave sociological matters to the uplifting magazines.

It is an extremely bright and amusing book that Mr. Leonard Merrick has written in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" (Mitchell Kennerley), but hardly one that can be put in the hands of the young person. Not that the author is improper, he is careful to avoid that. He merely leads up to a situation and stops; if the reader chooses to go a step further he has himself to blame. Mr. Merrick relates three episodes in the endeavor of a middle aged man to revive his past. The bringing together of his playmates is good farce and gives the opportunity for obvious epigrammatic wit. The story of the boy's first love is pretty; his attempt to bring it to life again is humorous and a little tragic. It shows that Mr. Merrick is well acquainted with his French models and has not forgotten Théophile Gautier's most noted book. The third adventure in which two artistic temperaments come together is commonplace enough, and the discovery that he is able at forty to become excited over a love affair with a music hall performer seems a rather vulgar solution to be reached by the amiable and quixotic dreamer whom the reader has been interested in. Mr. Merrick's touch is very light, however, and he is clever.

Cleverness is the rock on which Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt splits in "A Fair House" (John Lane Company). His book might well be the product of the conceited young author he holds up to scorn, who prefers success to artistic truth. The first part of the story is good; it tells how a man's love for his friend saves him from despair. The second part, the little girl's bringing up by her widowed father, is also charming, for the English have the art of describing child life; but unfortunately she is taught to have no conventional prejudices in love matters. The result is that she offers herself to the insincere author, partly in the hope of holding him to what is great in him, but as he declines to become a complete scoundrel, the advanced young woman has to put up with a more simple and conventional form of happiness. It seems a pity that the modern smart young writers in England should insist on making all their soul problems turn on sex.

The manners of American society people as depicted by Frances Powell in "An Old Maid's Vengeance" (Charles Scribner's Sons) are decidedly strange. Moral sense is deficient in all; the elderly spinster is detestable, and the heroine, who agrees to abet her, has little more claim to sympathy. The scene is apparently Nice and the young woman's behavior and general lack of sense and of tact certainly justify the unfavorable opinion the foreigners form of her. There is not one wholesome person in the lot.

An eighteenth century medley is provided by Mr. Horace Blackley in "A Gentleman of the Road" (John Lane Company.) The heroine seems able to travel about alone in an astonishing manner and meets with adventure at every turn. The villain's knowledge of her movements is only equalled by the hero's ability to turn up at critical moments. The story depends on continued desperate situations for its interest and concludes with a hanging on Tyburn tree.

It is pleasant to see the name of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford attached to so modern a tale as "The Making of a Fortune" (Harpers.) For once we have a capitalist, a Wall Street power, who is a decent human being. When he yields to temptation he is punished by discovering how much his wife cares for him.

Forty-two years ago Leypoldt and Holt—how many can recall that firm name?—published a translation of Berthold Auerbach's "Das Landhaus am Rhein." That extremely long romance seems to have an extraordinary vitality. It is reprinted for the fourteenth time, under the title "The Villa on the Rhine," by Henry Holt and Company, seemingly from the original plates, making a volume of 1,000 closely printed pages in small type. We imagine that modern Germany looks on Auerbach as something antiquated like Miss Marlitt or Freytag. The reader will get a better idea of the real Germany from him and his contemporaries than it will from the tales of depravity in the army and of social misdoings that pass for pictures of the Fatherland of to-day.

The worst part of the Arsène Lupin class of mysteries is combined with the dime novel type of detective tale by Mr. Chester K. Steele to form "The Mansion of Mystery" (Cupples and Leon Company). The detective commits one blunder after another and lands in inextricable difficulties from which he is released miraculously. The author chooses to unravel his bungling tale; his hero deserves no credit for his performances.

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Books for Youth.

The hero of Mr. Zane Grey's Arizona forester tale becomes a rather cowed youth when he enters college in "The Boy Pitcher" (Harpers). In the wilds he showed none of the shyness which keeps him from making friends with his classmates for months. It must be said, however, that at the college described hazing was carried on to a remarkable degree and college spirit seemed weak. As soon as he becomes a candidate for the baseball nine, however, everything else drops away, for the author has to describe the training and the fortunes of the team. It is an exciting baseball story, in which, we fancy, the technical descriptions will be found to be as sound as the author's backing of the stern morality in athletic matters of the college faculty.

We hear much more of the hero's melodramatic adventures and of his conflict with his boy enemy in Mr. Morgan Scott's "Ben Stone at Oakdale" (Hurst and Company) than we do of his school life, though he does play a football game and receives dastardly ill treatment in it. The representation of young schoolboys as accomplished villains seems hardly edifying, even if it is needed to enhance the hero's virtues. Hate is not a quality that should be brought to the attention of healthy boys.

In relating "Wurra-Wurra, a Legend of St. Patrick at Tara" (Desmond FitzGerald, New York), Mr. Curtis Dunham mixes rather inharmoniously the Irish dialect that is used on the stage with quite recent American slang. This with the humorous twist completely hides the point of the story he undertakes to tell.

The pathetic story of a little girl, who is left alone in an epidemic and carried to an asylum and finally restored to her mother, is told by Martha Young in "Somebody's Little Girl" (Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York) in short words that very little children can read and understand. Whether it is wise to tell such children so pitiful a tale is another matter.

A Drama of Persia and the Bab.

Laura Clifford Barney's drama of "God's Heroes" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company) is founded upon the agitations caused in Persia by the Bab, a herald of a new religion, who was killed in 1850, and by his successor, Baha Ullah, esteemed by his followers as a sacred character, who died in exile in 1892. Miss Barney has lived in Persia. She has knowledge of the Persian language, and it is evident from many touches in this piece of work that she has been a good scholar and observer.

The play, which is interesting to read, is in large part descriptive and argumentative rather than dramatic. For example, one of the characters says to another that it is only through love that the stranger becomes the friend. The other replies that the Koran reads otherwise. The first character persists, observing that the Koran addressed a wilder people who knew not the power of gentleness, but that now the world is prepared rightly to appreciate the rule of love. The other also persists, declaring that the book of Mahomet must stand. It is by means of such dialogue that the teachings of the Bab and of Baha Ullah are indicated.

The chief character is the beautiful Tahirá, a follower of the new religion. She goes unveiled into an assemblage of men and declares: "That sound of the trumpet which ushers in the Day of Judgment is my call to you now! Rise, brothers. The Koran is completed, the new era has begun. Know me as your sister and let all barriers of the past fall down before our advancing steps. We teach freedom, action and love. That sound of the trumpet, it is I! That blast of the trumpet, it is I!" Tahira is strangled at the last and her body is thrown into a dry well and heaped over with stones.

The book is handsomely made. It is printed on heavy Japanese paper with varied and striking decorative designs in color.

A Story Worth While.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's story of "The Broad Highway" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston) is exceedingly interesting. Peter Vibart, a young gentleman, who had won the high jump at Oxford and who had also prevailed there at throwing the hammer, walked forth in the world with ten guineas in his pocket. Adventures befel him from the start. A highwayman took his money while he was looking at what had once been another highwayman and was now hanging upon a gibbet. With an empty pocket, with nothing but a tankard of ale between him and the plain exigencies of the future he was willing to stand up to Tom Cragg, the renowned pugulist, for a prize of ten shillings.

He must have had forty adventures before he had gone as many miles. We have followed in too many stories adventures that left us rather cold, but such is not the case with these. These are as they should be. Peter became a blacksmith. By his power of making horseshoes he was able to earn ten shillings a week. He dwelt in a wood in a haunted cabin. A surprising lady came there and sojourned and cooked rabbits for him. The conversations and contentions of these two are to be reckoned among the really very good things of romantic history. Peter was called upon to do a great deal of fighting. He did it all remarkably well. He was tough, and there will be no doubt in the reader's mind that he needed to be. Wrongly apprehended for murder, he had a crowning and crowded experience. The period of his excursion upon the broad highway was only six months, but we dare say that Methuselah's entire career was tame in comparison.

An excellent romance, quick stepping, varied, a product of much understanding and skill, a remarkably good performance.

An Important Encyclopædia.

As the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," edited by James Hastings, D. D., (T. and T. Clark; Charles Scribner's Sons) progresses it becomes clear that it will fill a place of its own among books of reference. It is being compiled not by theologians and philosophers but rather by ethnologists, archæologists, students of folk lore and of the history of religious beliefs, to whom no race is too low or superstition too gross to be noted and recorded. Volume III., now at hand, comprises the subjects coming alphabetically between Burial and Confessions. Many of the articles, as in the previous volumes, are compact monographs on the subjects of which they treat, and in all the views of different races and religions are considered.

It is characteristic, for instance, that, while 21 pages suffice for an account of Christianity and the various Confessions are summarized in 51 pages and several useful tables, the subject of Charms and Amulets should take up 80 pages, the Calendar as many and the practice of Circumcision 21. Great attention is given to interesting savage races, in this volume the Buriats, the Chans, the Cherokees, the Chinooks, are described with their manners and customs; the Celts require 28 pages, the Canaanites give the archæologists their opportunity, and Burma and Cambodia also come in.

While 18 pages suffice for Charity, Chastity, which is more interesting ethnographically, has 28 and Cannibalism 15. The Changeling superstitions fill 4½ pages Christmas observances 9½, and other topics of curious interest are Cakes and Loaves, Caves, Caste, the Commemoration of the Dead, the ideas of communion with the dead and with the Deity and so on. There are historical articles too that seem a little out of place, on Cæsarism and the Chartists, for instance, and biographical notices. The articles have an interest far above that of the usual encyclopædia articles; the authors are among the best known in their several specialties, so that the latest information about the views of the Egyptians, the Semites, the Hindus and the many wilder races on any subject will be found under one head for the purpose of comparison. It is an admirable work which is being carried out well.

The Taxing Power in England.

An uncommonly clear and well written account of the evolution of the taxing power in England is contained in the second volume of the "David A. Wells Prize Essays" series, published by the department of political science of Williams College. The volume is by Shepard Ashman Morgan and is entitled "The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England" (printed by Moffat, Yard and Company). It has some 300 octavo pages of text based upon original authorities and is a thorough and valuable piece of work.

Mr. Morgan ends his account with the adoption of the bill of rights in 1689. At the time his book was written the power of the House of Commons over money bills had not been brought into question for more than two centuries. However, the principles involved in the dispute which arose in 1909 between the Lords and the Commons over the right of the former to reject money bills are amply elucidated in the present volume, though not with special reference to the controversy just mentioned.

Sociology and Economics.

Scott Nearing, formerly secretary of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Committee, argues in "The Solution of the Child Labor Problem" (Moffat, Yard and Company) that the work of children is not indispensable to society. It can be done with equal if not greater cheapness and efficiency by mechanical devices or by adults. The main difficulty encountered in attempting to abolish child labor is the poverty of many wage earning heads of families. Dr. Nearing, therefore, believes that the State should enforce minimum wage standards, particularly in the sweated

Continued on Tenth Page.

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