

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

STUDIES OF MEN. By George W. Smalley.
New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

The post of foreign correspondent to a great New York journal, with headquarters at London, is the blue ribbon of American journalism. The winner of it has a good income assured him, an allowance for expenses as great as that of many an ambassador, and his duty is what most cultivated men would regard as pleasure. To mingle with the men who are making history, to know intimately the representatives of great political, literary, and financial interests, and to put himself in touch with the currents of a nation's life—surely this is what any man of intellect and broad sympathy would find a rare delight in doing. It is the well-accredited American journalist alone who can enjoy these privileges to the full. He is sufficiently detached from any personal or partisan interest to be *persona grata* to Englishmen of all shades of opinion; yet he is not in any real sense of the word a foreigner, so as to be viewed with suspicion; and he can understand the subtle meaning of what he sees and hears as no Frenchman or German could ever do.

Probably no one who has yet occupied this enviable position was ever better fitted by nature and by training to reap the full advantage of these opportunities than Mr. Smalley, who in this handsome and most entertaining volume writes down some of the observations that he made during his long stay abroad, of the great men of our own time. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Balfour, Tennyson, the German Emperor, Prince Bismarck, Professor Jowett, Professor Tyndall, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, President Carnot, Lord Bowen, Mrs. Humphry Ward—it is enough to enumerate these to show how wide an outlook Mr. Smalley has taken; for they represent the whole world of politics, government, letters, science, scholarship, and art. Of course, from the nature of the case, there are certain restrictions imposed upon a journalist in Mr. Smalley's position; because, being a gentleman and having personal relations with the subjects of his book, he cannot speak of

them as freely as could one who had viewed them wholly in an exoteric way; and hence we must expect to find, as we do, his narrative always amiable and optimistic; yet his graceful tact does not prevent him from giving one, on the whole, a very fair and intelligent understanding of the characters that he draws for us, especially as it is not difficult here and there to read between the lines, and to fill in the necessary shadows.

Of all the sketches in this volume, we have been most interested in that of Lord Tennyson, partly because in it Mr. Smalley has written with less reserve than in the others, and partly because it throws a good deal of light upon the personal side of the poet—a side which he himself sedulously and almost morbidly kept secret from the world. His consistently repellent attitude toward the public at large was, in reality, as Mr. Smalley shows, an attitude deliberately taken, and almost a necessity. "He was able to live his own life when once he had established a reputation for moroseness. It was his fixed resolve that he would not suffer his life to be frittered away in mere civilities." Most of the many anecdotes which Mr. Smalley tells of him are new, and they are all extremely interesting, so that we wish we could quote some of them in full. How he once squeezed the Empress of Russia's hand; how he put an omniscient critic of his poems to confusion; how he swigged enormous quantities of port wine; how he drove the hardest kind of bargains with his publishers; how he called Lord Houghton a beast; how he was frequently rude to ladies, and how once upon a time he got as good as he sent—all these things are intensely interesting, and are typical also of the fund of fresh, authentic, and delightful *memorabilia* with which Mr. Smalley's entire book abounds.

ANIMA POETÆ. Selections from the unpublished Note Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

It would seem at this late day, when nearly two generations have passed away since Coleridge left us, that all

his writings had been made public. And yet we have here an octavo volume, uniform with the *Letters of Coleridge* published in the spring, full of hitherto unpublished aphorisms, reflections, confessions, and soliloquies, collected under the title of *Anima Poeta*. From youth to age note-books, pocket-books, copy-books, of all shapes, sizes, and bindings accumulated in Coleridge's possession. They were his "silent confidants," his "never-failing friends" by night and by day. More than fifty of these are extant, and their contents are as various as the versatility of Coleridge's genius could make them. Hitherto but little use has been made of this lifelong accumulation of literary material. Gems of thought, rare passages of beautiful diction, autobiographic fragments and other notes of singular interest and beauty have been culled successively for varying purposes, and used in a number of works pertaining to Coleridge, but the bulk of the material has been left for the present editor to glean in. Much in these note-books is of a private and sacred character, but it is nevertheless certain from internal evidence that Coleridge had no mind they should perish utterly. "Hints and first thoughts" he bade us regard the contents of his memorandum-books. "It was his fate," says his nephew, "to wrestle from night to morn with the Angel of the Vision, and of that unequal combat he has left, by way of warning or encouragement, a broken but an inspired and inspiring record."

The selections have been arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order, and an index of proper names and of subjects gives completeness to the plan. The notes begin with Coleridge's literary career and extend down to the summer of 1828, when he visited the Continent with Wordsworth. After that the note-books are taken up almost wholly with metaphysical and theological disquisitions, and are not of general interest. Sufficient in quality and quantity, however, has been gathered to make a rich addition to English literature, also to add one more volume to those profound works marked by that affluence of intellectual light, that free play of imagination, and that literary charm which are peculiar to the genius of Coleridge.

THE SPIRIT OF JUDAISM. By Josephine Lazarus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

This is a series of essays originally published in the *Century* and in the *Jewish Messenger* during the last two years; they are earnest, thoughtful, and well written. Perhaps the strongest impression one receives from them is of the personality of the author; and next comes deep sympathy, as for the prophet of a forlorn hope. Her division of modern Judaism into three classes, the extreme orthodox, or Pharisees, the reformed or moderate Jews, and the Sadducees, who are mere deists, where they are not pure agnostics, was probably *mutatis mutandis* as true eighteen centuries ago as it is now; in fact, the same classification obtains in every religion and political party, as the French have detected and formulated, as Right, Centre, and Left. But it is a strange world in which even Miss Lazarus half gives up the historic personality of the great Jewish Lawgiver, at the very moment that such men as Sayce and Rawlinson are telling us that the list of the kings of Edom in Gen. 36 was no doubt copied from an official record during the stay of the Israelites in Esau's country; and the Palestine Exploration Society are saying calmly that the Book of Joshua is invaluable to them as an *Itinerarium*. The modern Israelite finds himself placed, as soon as he catches the drift of modern thought, between the horns of a dilemma; either the historic Christ was the Messiah of his nation, or there was no Messiah, and never will be. Miss Lazarus and other pure and devout souls seek to evade both Scylla and Charybdis by announcing Israel himself as the Deliverer, the Light of the World—a position once, indeed, open to him, but forfeited nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The enthusiasm and self-devotedness, the truly enlightened world-patriotism of our author, move one almost to tears; but where will she find the Promethean spark to kindle a like fire in her nation? That Jewish exclusiveness is doomed to self-extinction is probably clear to most of us; that Jewish monotheism is likely to die out into agnosticism seems sadly probable; and once again, as in the old days, a prophet has risen up among them, to warn them of the way of escape from the evil to come; but the