

assigns to himself are large—the Colorado Valley being held to include at least the great triangle having the Staked Plain as its eastern corner, and Great Salt Lake for its northern angle, while the southwestern corner touches the Pacific in Southern California. As this area contains all sorts of physical geography and climate, he is able to include in his list nearly every species known to our avifauna, at least of land birds and fresh-water fowl; and what he cannot strain his conscience enough to allow himself to call a Colorado Valley bird, he at any rate can name in a foot-note. We are thus furnished with a complete hand-book of North American ornithology up to date, and under each name its full synonymy and technical description, by which it may be identified. To this matter of synonymy particular attention has been paid, and it is astonishing how Dr. Coues has been able to hunt down to its last refuge not only every detail of information upon nomenclature and classification, but the whys and wherefores of each, until he has produced a parallel to the profound theological treatises of some of the old school-men, and has conferred a debt upon all students to come, besides erecting a lasting monument to his erudition.

A year or two ago, in the columns of a New York journal, it was jocosely suggested to Dr. Coues that he stop "collecting" in the West, and find out for us how the birds there acted, and sung, and looked after their families. "I stuck a pin through that sentence," said our author, afterward. And so it seems; for the dead birds are pretty much all in the fine print, and here in the larger text the living presence flits before us, entrancing the eye by its grace, and captivating the ear with its tuneful voice. No one but a man of Dr. Coues's wide experience in field observation, no one without his quick eye, ready memory and impressible heart could catch so faithfully the spirit of the bird-life which throngs our western mountains and valleys. Even where (as not generally) he has seen fit to write at length of well-known species,—like his favorites, the swallows,—a new charm attaches to the familiar bird.

Dr. Coues shows a remarkable faculty in suddenly turning from close diagnosis of technical characters or the involved history of an obscure name, to racy and poetic description of the birds' haunts and habits. But the critic will note in many of the descriptions evidences of too great haste and a somewhat heedless disregard of good "style."

The present part carries the work to the end of the family of shrikes, at which rate four or five volumes more will be needed to complete the whole, which, when finished, will be a thorough manual of our ornithology. An appendix contains about 1,500 titles of bibliography, part of a General Bibliography of Ornithology which Dr. Coues has in preparation. It is prepared with the utmost thoroughness and care, and will prove an invaluable guide to students. The indexes to the volume are very full, and the typography, like most work from the government's printing office, is excellent, though it is a pity that paper of two strikingly different tints should have been used.

Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-German War."

ANY minute account of the doings and sayings of Bismarck during that surprising year when France was unseated from the political sovereignty of Europe to make place for Germany would be instructive and amusing, but the personal characteristics of Dr. Moritz Busch add a special zest to this account. He is one of those useful persons whom a great man often attracts,—a dependent so absorbed in admiration of his chief that the smallest and silliest trifles, when done by the superior, assume the proportions of things really noteworthy. That Bismarck recognized this quality at once appears from Busch's proud recital of how the great chancellor called him by such pet names as *Büschlein* and *Büschchen*, apparently unable to understand that along with a certain amount of kindly feeling the elephantine sportiveness of these diminutives of Bismarck expressed a fair share of contempt.

Busch, although a Saxon by birth, surpasses Prussians in his abject reverence for power and rank. He notes every slightest word of his chief, and many of the answers made at table by guests of various ranks and conditions. The remarks were noted within half an hour of the time they were made and the report has every sign of accuracy and authenticity. It would be surprising if so much violent, coarse and bigoted talk should be untrue to fact, especially as the recorder of it is an adorer of Bismarck, and as it agrees perfectly with other reports of the man of "blood and iron." Bismarck incarnates the hatred of the French which has floated about Germany for the last two centuries, more among the common people than among those of rank and intelligence; he hates them with the ferocity of a wolf. The first volume is full of rancor. The second, which covers the anxious days before Paris, when the military men hesitated to bombard the city, contains constant notices of his bloodthirsty spirit:

"About eleven a telegram came in from Verdy about the sortie this morning. It was directed against La Haye, and about 500 red-breeches were taken prisoners. The chief complained bitterly that they would go on taking prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once.

"We had more than enough prisoners," he said, 'already, and the Parisians were relieved of so many "consumers," whom we shall have to feed, and for whom we had no room.'

The transparent Busch has no thought of concealing these villainous traits of his idol; doubtless he thinks himself too small a creature to sit in judgment on such a demi-god. He also shows his own rancor. Where it touches the French, it is merely a pale reflection of Bismarck's; where it relates to others, it shows itself in a grotesquely weak manner. One of Bismarck's *aides*, an old bureaucrat named Abeken, is the person against whom little Busch shoots his small venomous shafts. Abeken, being dead, cannot defend himself, so Busch has it all his own way. There is another Busch in Germany who writes almost the only really humorous books

* Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-1871. Authorized translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the new empire produces, but even he is hardly so grotesque in his intentional caricatures as his namesake in his unconscious folly. When the agreements were signed which settled the business of German unity and the elevation of the king to be emperor, Busch at once implored Bismarck for the pen with which the agreement was signed. "In God's name," said Bismarck, "take all three, if you like."

A notable fact in Bismarck's character is his superstitiousness. Atheists and positivists are charged with singular aberrations in the way of superstition, but Bismarck is always claiming for himself extreme godliness and a vivid belief in religion. He will begin nothing on Friday. One day he says everything has gone wrong, the king has detained him, important telegrams to Germany have not been sent, and public opinion has not been duly molded and manufactured,—all because it is Friday! In November, at Versailles, over a second bottle of champagne, he talks about his death and mentions the exact age at which it will happen. "I know it," he said, when somebody remonstrated; "it is a mystic number."

In the main, the translation of these memoirs has been done reasonably well. But now and then there is a slip as, for instance, where some one asked Bismarck how he managed to make old Metternich like him so much. Bismarck answers: "Well, I will tell you. I listened peaceably to all his stories, only pushing the clock several times till it rang again. That pleases these talkative old men." Here clock is doubtless translated from *glocke* and should be rendered "bell."

Cornwell's "The Land of Dreams, and Other Poems."*

MR. CORNWELL will hold a permanent, though not a prominent, place among the poets of America, we think, but it will not be for the poems upon which he has bestowed most labor, and which he probably values more highly than his careless, off-hand effusions. His most ambitious poem, "The Land of Dreams," is by no means his best, for, not to insist upon its being too long, it is far too elaborate. The subject, as he has conceived it, demanded what he could not give it—imaginative treatment. What can be made of it Bryant has shown in *his* "Land of Dreams," which is less than one-third the length of Mr. Cornwell's poem, and is radiant throughout with imagination. Mr. Cornwell indulges in so many items and epithets that all the force of his description is lost. The same objection holds against the poem entitled "Autumn," which consists of eighteen elegiac stanzas of clever but diffused glimpses of scenery. Mr. Cornwell has considerable sympathy with nature, and when he paints it for itself alone, he abounds with happy touches. He has an eye for minute picturesqueness, and his genius (for he has genius) is at home among the little people of nature,—bees, grasshoppers, and the like. Within that circle (which,

to be sure, is a limited one) no American poet walks so well as he. We have compared him, to his disadvantage, with Mr. Bryant in his "Land of Dreams," but we can compare him with the dead master, to great advantage, in such poems as "The Crow," and "To a Grasshopper," which are immeasurably superior to all other American poems of the kind. The poem last named is worthy to rank with the famous sonnets which Hunt and Keats wrote in friendly rivalry in honor of the grasshopper and the cricket. There is a vein of joyous humor in it which reminds us of the young Hunt who wrote so charmingly about his four-year-old boy, "Ah, little ranting Johnny." He is *en rapport* with the insect life which he depicts so merrily, and which the greatest poets have not disdained to study lovingly. We think that he might add to his reputation by a series of poems such as those we have named, and if he could only invent a good fairy story, that he might easily surpass the author of "The Culpit Fay." His best companions are not his books, in spite of the pretty poem in which he asserts the contrary, but the little companions that cross his paths in the fields and woods, and whose laureate he is.

Rudolph Lindau's Stories.*

RUDOLPH LINDAU is a cosmopolite. He has lived in China, the United States, and England, as well as Germany, his home. One of his brothers is Paul Lindau, who writes the cleverest light *feuilleton* literature of the present day in Germany; another lives in New York, and is secretary of the Geographical Society. The brothers come of Lutheran parson stock and form another instance of the tendency toward letters on the part of sons of clergymen. The four short stories with which Rudolph Lindau makes his bow before an American audience prove at once his right to the title of cosmopolite. "Gordon Baldwin" is laid in Paris, among Americans and English, and also has relations with China. "The Philosopher's Pendulum" has to do with the United States and Germany. "Liquidated" is placed almost entirely on Chinese ground, but France and America are introduced. "The Seer" is confined to France, but the chief actor is a Russian. All the four stories are vivid and well conceived,—possessed of firm outlines and filled in with a good sense of color, even where the work is not first-rate.

"Gordon Baldwin" shows a careful study of Europeanized Americans, not exactly profound, it is true, but striking in its grasp of their common features. Forbes is a young American of wealth, who grows old slowly in the round of gayeties of the American colony in Paris. He knows that a woman friend of his loves him, but puts off marrying until she accepts some one else; then he begins to regret. Lindau has caught well the kind of mental and moral torpor of a club-man of that species. His woman is good,

* The Land of Dreams, and Other Poems. By Henry Sylvester Cornwell. New London: Charles Allyn.

* Gordon Baldwin. The Philosopher's Pendulum. Liquidated. The Seer. By Rudolph Lindau. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1898. New Handy Volume Series.