

the general stock of technical expedients. Nothing is easier than to strain beyond their significance the details of artistic treatment or of subtle interpretations. We think we see an instance of this in Mr. Waldstein's minute discussion of the drapery of the two figures above mentioned as Thalassa and Gaia. Safety lies only in a wide induction. Critics of art are constantly assigning subtle esoteric meanings to things which are simply matters of artistic effect or technical processes; and it is not given to every investigator to add to the trained scholarship of the archaeologist an eye so open and so sympathetic to the artist's means of expression as Dr. Waldstein's.

#### BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

*Rachel.* By Nina H. Kennard. (Famous Women Series). Boston: Roberts Bros.

*Adelaide Neilson: A Souvenir.* By Laura C. Holloway. Funk & Wagnalls.

*The Art of the Stage,* as set out in Lamb's Dramatic Essays, with a Commentary. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Remington & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford.

*La Femme du Comique.* Par L. P. Laforêt. Paris: Giraud; New York: F. W. Christern.

*Les Hommes-Phénomènes.* Par Guyot-Daubes. Paris: Masson; New York: F. W. Christern.

THERE was already a shelf-full of books and pamphlets about Rachel—Jules Janin's 'Rachel et la Tragédie'; Mme. de Bury's slightly hostile biography; Beauvallet's 'Rachel en Amérique,' which contains hardly a word of praise for anything American, except for the acting of Mr. William Warren, the Boston comedian; and the collection of correspondence by M. George d'Heylli. This latest attempt at a biography is by an English lady, Mrs. Kennard, who succeeds in giving a distinct and accurate impression of the woman, although she fails in the far more difficult task of setting before us the genius of the actress. We are told repeatedly in these pages that Rachel was a great actress, and evidence is adduced to show that she was regarded as such by the leading contemporary critics and by the wide playing-public. But Mrs. Kennard does not explain to us how she was great, wherein her genius was triumphant over obstacles, or wherein it was aided by the restrictions of French tragedy. It would be interesting to have considered why it was that Rachel was greatest in Racine and Corneille, and why she failed in the few romantic parts she attempted and in all the modern plays written for her, excepting only the classic 'Moineau de Lesbie' and the skilfully arranged 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' As to the height of her histrionic power, and as to its well-defined limits, the student will get a better idea from Lewes's brief chapter than from Mrs. Kennard's whole book, although the latter abounds in information not without interest. That Rachel was the greatest actress who ever lived—with the possible exception of Mrs. Siddons—seems to us indisputable; and it is a pity that there should not be a biography of her in which the mere facts of her career might be subordinated to a consideration of her artistic development. Mrs. Kennard's book is good enough as far as unessentials are concerned; it might have been well to quote Legouvé's curious account of Rachel's rejection of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' when Scribe read the play to her, and her acceptance of it when he (Legouvé) read the part *at* her; but in general our authoress has been very diligent in collecting suitable material from the many memoirs and pamphlets of the time. It is a pity that her knowledge of the history of the French stage is not equal to her industry and her zeal.

For instance, although Mlle. Mars was elected an associate of the Comédie-Française in 1799, it is scarcely exact to speak "of the grace and beauty that enchanted the France of the latter end of the preceding century," for it was not until after 1800 that Mlle. Mars came before the public in a new character of any special importance. There are also not a few unfortunate misprints, *clique* for *claque*, Rancourt for Raucourt, Bohan for Brohan, Baptiste Aimé for *ainé*, "Vendéene" for "Vendéenne," etc. And there is no index.

With all its faults Mrs. Kennard's 'Rachel' is immensely superior to Mrs. Holloway's 'Adelaide Neilson.' In a way one may venture to see a certain likeness in character and in career between Rachel, who was a genius, and Neilson, who was a beauty. Rachel, indeed, had beauty only in so far as her genius gave it to her; and Adelaide Neilson had genius only in so far as beauty is genius. They were both successful and miserable women; and they both were wanting in the chief virtue of woman. Mrs. Kennard honestly and briefly gives the facts about the dark stain on Rachel's character, without dwelling on the matter either prudishly or pruriently; she handles a delicate subject with delicacy and frankness. Mrs. Holloway chooses to be blind to what is notorious in Neilson's career, while yet hinting at "slandrous enemies," "the storms of a wayward and passionate youth," and so on. In the main, Mrs. Holloway's book is a medley of rambling rhapsody and second-hand gossip. There is nowhere any connected account of Neilson's theatrical career, or any serious attempt to estimate her histrionic ability. Such value as this "souvenir" may have is due wholly to the eight photographs of the actress, four of them as *Juliet*—undoubtedly her best part, for beauty is the stage *Juliet's* chiefest requisite—and others of *Pauline*, *Cymbeline*, and *Viola*.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is one of the most careless of theatrical biographers: his 'Life of Garrick,' for instance, is a model of what a histrionic memoir should not be, and his 'Lives of the Kembles' is little, if any, better. But he is well read in the history of the stage, he has studied the good critics, and he has laid hold of not a little sound doctrine. From Charles Lamb he has learned most; and, despite his fondness for paradox, Lamb was one of the very best critics of the acted drama. Mr. Fitzgerald has now brought together in one volume Lamb's various dramatic essays, accompanying them with a Comment of his own, in which he seeks to apply Lamb's principles to the contemporary English stage. In England, far more than here or in France, there is a frequent effort to put "the real thing" on the stage—an effort doomed to inevitable failure. Real pumps, real horses, and real cabs, or elaborately "built-up" houses, have nothing whatever to do with the drama. A realistic imitation of nature—instead of an artistic suggestion—is directly contrary to the *optique du théâtre*. Lowell said that Wordsworth was constantly mistaking fact, which chokes the muse, for truth, which is the breath of her nostrils; and M. Zola in his preaching, and many an English manager in his practice, is constantly making Wordsworth's mistake without Wordsworth's excuse. Mr. Fitzgerald's use of Lamb's sharp pen to combat this delusion is most welcome.

Despite the prefatory letter of M. Émile Augier, which led us to expect a serious study from life, M. Laforêt's novel, 'La Femme du Comique,' is of very little value, and is not to be included among the really good stories of French theatrical life, of which M. Jules Claretie's 'Troisième Dessous' (notwithstanding its inordinate length), M. Edgar Monteil's 'Cornebois,' and M. Cadol's 'Rose' remain the best.

About ten years ago M. Gaston Escudier published a picturesque and interesting volume on

'Les Saltimbanques.' It was written from the literary, not to say journalistic, point of view, and was a clever piece of descriptive work. Now M. Guyot-Daubes, in his 'Hommes-Phénomènes,' approaches the subject from the scientific side, and is quite as entertaining. His book belongs to the "Bibliothèque de la Nature"; and in it he considers at length and in turn the feats of the professional strong man, of runners (omitting all mention of the anomalous go-as-you-please contests, now happily obsolescent), of leapers, of swimmers and divers, of acrobats and contortionists, of jugglers and sword-swallowers, and of sharpshooters. It is highly amusing, by the way, to note that his authority for the skill of marksmanship supposed to exist among the hunters of Kentucky is Audubon: we cannot help wondering whether the French author really supposes that there has been no change in the half-century or more since Audubon wrote. It is some sop to our national vanity to see that the sharpshooter whose feats seem to be best known to M. Guyot-Daubes is Mr. Ira-Paine, performing in Paris not long ago in some Parisian modification of the American "variety show." Among the most entertaining of M. Guyot-Daubes's always entertaining pages are those discussing the great gifts of the Japanese acrobats and equilibrists; but his observations are not final. A treatise on Japanese gymnastics by an expert is as much to be desired as a treatise on Indian conjuring by an expert: both subjects are little understood.

*Flying Leaves from East and West.* By Emily Pfeiffer. Scribner & Welford. 1885.

THE author of this volume, although a poetess, was wiser than the sibyl, and carefully consigned her vagrant screeds to the safe custody of the mail-bag. It is difficult to make out whether the little chapters are passages from a note-book, or letters home, or public correspondence. They have the characteristics of all three kinds of fragmentary compositions—now discursive, and now intimate, and again streaked with that sort of social philosophy which takes itself seriously only in London papers. There are a few of these "leaves" from Asia Minor, each prettily pictorial with gardens, and divans, and harems, and decayed palaces, and brides, and eunuchs; but nearly all are from the West—our own country and Canada. The traveller made what she calls "the round trip" from New York by the Canadian cities to Chicago, and thence to California and back to St. Louis and Washington, winding up with Boston. The time, however, was short, and really sufficed only for a view of the celebrated points, and such a surface glimpse of the people as an intelligent and interested tourist would satisfy himself with in any country. With the foreigners' America, as one may call it, from the elephant on Coney Island to the seals in the Golden Horn, she became acquainted speedily. Our hotels, Saratoga, Niagara, Chicago shops, Colorado coloring, the Mormons, the Chinese, the Yosemite, the President's reception (where she marked a lack of the royal art of being bored with ease), and the Boston literary tea-party, make up the great field of her observation. The description of these things would not detain the native reader were it not for the very pleasant style of the narrative, and especially the philosophizing in regard to democracy. In fact, the author did see one bit of our people at the house of a relative, a Wisconsin farmer, and the account of her visit there lies in her pages like a little German pastoral. That she found very charming, but with democracy elsewhere she cannot make any effectual acquaintance. She says frankly she does not like it. It seemed to her that women are not helped in public places as they should be by male strangers; it is an inference

from her own experience, but she admits as a qualifying circumstance that she was attended by her husband. The great rock of offence is the impossibility of obtaining properly subordinate domestic servants, a vice inherent in democracy, from the full disastrous effects of which we are saved for a time by the great boon of the negroes. This cause of dissatisfaction, however, is hardly less than the foreboding of a lost and lonely feeling in not knowing just where she belonged in a society without fixed external distinctions of place and respect.

Altogether, there is a good deal of frank criticism of the social phase of democracy from the standpoint of an Englishwoman of comfortable position. There is, too, a wide reach of knowledge and generalization that is seldom found in books of this sort. The Turkish harem and the Mormon household suggest equally delicate questions, which are discussed with more innocence than reserve. The notes show that the author was one of the victims of last summer's London sensation; and from their confiding faith in the exposure it would be an easy inference that this cultivated and refined poetess might find more useful and pleasant subjects for public reflection than the "artificial prudential check" and like topics of occult science. The temper of the book is very cordial to America, and if the writer did not go back a convert, she certainly went as a friend.

*The Journal Intime of Henri Frédéric Amiel.*

Translated, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan.

THERE would be little need to say anything of this book after the extended reviews, both French and English, which appeared upon its first publication, were it not that the present translation will introduce it to a new circle of readers. Mrs. Ward says very justly, in her preface, that there are many persons, not ignorant of French, who still have not the power to understand and appreciate the subtle and complicated expressions of such a book. She has done her work most admirably. In spite of the modesty of her acknowledgments of the help of friends, especially of M. E. Scherer, himself no ordinary English scholar, it is evident that her mastery over both French and English is thorough and complete. So choice a piece of work rarely appears in England. She had not only to render smoothly the descriptions and comments upon daily life, to give the point and sparkle of the epigrams which often sum up Amiel's literary judgments, but she had the difficult task of making clear the abstruse philosophical speculations which were almost his passion. So perfectly has she done it all that almost never is the thought of a translation suggested.

Amiel was born of an old Languedoc family, emigrants to Geneva after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Early orphaned, a small inheritance enabled him to pursue at ease a wide and prolonged course of study in various places, though most importantly at Berlin. Returning to Geneva in 1849, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-eight, Professor of Æsthetics in the Academy, and a little later Professor of Moral Philosophy. To his friends the future seemed all his own. Unfortunately this very success proved a disaster, for it involved him in political relationships which, absolutely without fault or agency of his own, alienated him from what was most cultivated, most attractive, and most congenial to him in the society of Geneva. This being thrown back upon himself increased a natural tendency to inaction, a shrinking from practical exertion, which, gaining as years went on, made his life a disappointment to his friends and a bitter, hopeless regret to himself. The different

elements of character which led to so sad a result Mrs. Ward has carefully studied in an introduction which will interest even those who have seen the French articles upon the 'Journal.' It was the sole confidant of the lonely thinker, and, like a faithful friend, it now repays his trust by revealing to those who ignored or doubted him the manner of man he really was. Its frank independence has brought upon it some strict judgments (notably in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*). Paris is not over-willing to hear criticism from Geneva. Amiel himself knew the risk. "Geneva should be to *la Grande Nation* what Diogenes was to Alexander: her rôle is to represent the independent thought and the free speech which is not dazzled by prestige and does not blink the truth. It is true that the rôle is an ungrateful one, that it lends itself to sarcasm and misrepresentation—but what of that?"

The notes on French character are singularly valuable, for Amiel is by blood a thorough Frenchman, yet his German studies and associations gave him an outside point of view. The two pages on Rousseau as "the ancestor of many things" and as "the point of departure" for Chateaubriand, sum up a long literary history. Again and again a single phrase, like a vivid flash, reveals a trait in some author, or the essential quality of a book. "A chronicler may be able to correct Tacitus, but Tacitus survives the chroniclers." "There is not a single echo of chivalry in La Fontaine. For him, the history of France dates from Louis XIV. . . . His defects are eclipsed by his immense variety of different attitudes." "Greek sculpture was Goethe's school of virtue. Completely lacking as he is in the sense of obligation and of sin, he nevertheless finds his way to seriousness through dignity." "In Renan there are still some remains of saintly ruse. He strangles with sacred cords." "Schopenhauer professes Buddhism in the full flow of modern Germany, and absolute detachment of mind in the very midst of the nineteenth-century orgie." "Effect is the misfortune of Victor Hugo, because he makes it the centre of his æsthetic system." "Cherbuliez is an Alexandrian exquisite, substituting for the feeling which makes men earnest the irony that leaves them free." "Doudan is an Athenian of the Roman time, a true disciple of Epicurus. The classical world and the Renaissance—that is to say, the horizon of La Fontaine—is his horizon."

Still, Amiel's interest in literature was only the lesser part of his life. We have brought it forward because the reviewers have chiefly occupied themselves with his philosophical discussions, hardly showing on how many different lines the book attracts the reader. Literature and philosophy, wide as their limits are, do not cover all of thought, nor satisfy the whole of the human spirit. "Philosophy can never replace religion; revolutionaries are not apostles, although the apostles may have been revolutionaries. Humanity must have her saints and her heroes to complete the work of her philosophers." It is just here that many minds will feel their closest sympathy with Amiel. They find in him that same burden and bewilderment of intellectual questionings that become only the more perplexing the more we know, and at the same time they see that to him the love and reverence for the old had never lost their force. The old is not a mere form; the tradition that is dear is not of names or rites, but of duties and sacrifices. "Christianity is above all religions; and religion is not a method: it is a life, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows." "Righteousness consists in willingly accepting one's lot, in submitting to and espousing the destiny assigned us, in willing what God commands, in renouncing what he forbids

us, in consenting to what he takes from us or refuses us." "Piety is the daily renewing of the ideal." This note of personal religion is the more remarkable since there was in Amiel a strong artistic sense, which might have blinded his moral vision. Of Cherbuliez, whose brilliant qualities he admired, he wrote: "It is a splendid organization. Only sometimes he must be antipathetic to those men of duty who make renunciation, sacrifice, and humility the measure of individual worth." These are but imperfect hints of what the book contains; still less do they show the full man. That union of aspiring faith with flexibility of mind that accepts freely the conditions of life and the lessons of experience, while the love of truth is the paramount motive, forms a character that, whatever may be the outward contradictions, speaks to us of our own doubts, raises our hopes, and, though faltering itself, becomes our guide to a higher life.

Amiel has been much compared with Obermann and Maurice de Guérin, but he is far nearer to us than either. Sénancour belonged to the last generation; De Guérin died young. Moreover, there was in Amiel that deeper seriousness which we characterize by the word Puritan. It is for that type of religious mind, of which there are very many among English-speaking peoples, even though they disavow the name, that the book will have the strongest attraction. It is for them, most of all, that Mrs. Ward has done her work.

*The Blood-Covenant: A Primitive Rite and its Bearing on Scripture.* By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

TERENCE's feeling that he was a man, and therefore nothing human was foreign to him, must, it would seem, be very strong in any one who could enjoy the reading of this book, and still stronger in the author who has made the necessary preparation for its publication. But it is evident that he has been encouraged in his laborious enterprise less by the human—or shall we say inhuman?—interest of his task than by the hope of bringing something out of it for the elucidation of the Christian doctrine of atonement by the blood of Jesus. "Certainly," he says in his preface, "the collation of facts comprised in this volume grew out of no preconceived theory on the part of the author"; and perhaps so much may be allowed, though what is likelier is, that some dim, half-formed conception of the forensic value of the ancient rite for current theological debates inspired him to the prosecution of its study. The operation of the argument will not be universally the same as in the author's mind. There is something wonderfully pathetic in his naïve assurance that it will make the same impression upon all his readers. But many of them will be simply outraged by the connection which he has established, or at least endeavored to establish, between a barbarous custom and a central dogma of the Christian faith, and some of them will even go so far as to suspect him of a covert attack upon the Christian doctrine of atonement under the mask of friendly intercession. Meantime, while the judicious grieve, iconoclasts of the Ingersoll variety will be immoderately pleased. They will declare that Dr. Trumbull has furnished them with such an armory of weapons as they could not have themselves collected without an infinite deal of trouble. But the critic, endeavoring to disengage himself from both the theological and anti-theological bias, will first admire the industry and patience that have gone to the collection and arrangement of so many painful facts, and then acknowledge his surprise that Dr. Trumbull should consider their significance so great for Christian theologians.