

other things, the long-standing jealousy of *L'Art's* rival, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.

—Decidedly the most attractive, and probably the most heroic, figure among the Protestant commanders of Germany in the Thirty Years' War is Duke Bernhard, of Weimar. Young in years and spirit throughout his warlike career—he was born in 1604 and died in 1639—brave, chivalrous, learned, keen of perception, steady in his aims, quick in action, unflinching in adversity, he was worthy to avenge Gustavus Adolphus at Lützen (1632), and succeed him in command. Nor did he lose his prestige by the defeat at Nordlingen (1634), where he met overwhelming forces. But he accepted the Emperor's pardon after Tilly's victory at Luttrell (1627); he incurred Oxenstiern, the great Swedish Chancellor's, suspicions, and concluded agreements with Richelieu which secured him princely advantages under the protection of France; and on his death his trusted lieutenant, Erlach, surrendered his stronghold and troops to that foreign and Catholic Power. Can he, in the light of all this, be considered a German patriot, true and steadfast? Goethe made an effort to compose a life of the hero of Weimar, but gave up the task, being unable to get at a clear conception of his subject. The historian Luden had the same experience. Röse's biography ('Herzog Bernhard der Grosse von Sachsen-Weimar, mit Urkunden,' 2 vols., Weimar, 1829), presents no solution. Dr. von Gonzenbach, who devoted three volumes to the life of Erlach ('General Hans Ludwig von Erlach,' Bern, 1880-82) warns his readers not to seek in Bernhard a patriotic hero according to the conceptions of our time: he was no more than a brilliant princely *condottiere*. Entirely different, however, is the view taken by Prof. Gustav Droysen, the younger historian of that name and biographer of Gustavus Adolphus, whose 'Bernhard von Weimar' (2 vols., Leipzig, 1885) is the product of many years of research in the archives of Dresden, Gotha, Paris, and Stockholm. If Droysen's picture is correct, Bernhard was not only the noblest type of a warrior of his age, but a German patriot in the truest sense of the word. Protestant Germany will be prone to accept this decision.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S DICTIONARY.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. Part II.—*Anti-Batten*. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1885.

In the crowd of serials that are constantly appearing, it may seem a little out of the way to claim a place for the Dictionary of the Philological Society, the second part of which now comes up for examination. Yet we doubt if the most popular of them all will, for an educated man, surpass this work in interest; we are sure that nothing but a production of genius could pretend to rival it in permanent value. It is without any intention of reviving or referring to the venerable jokes connected with publications of this kind that we remark that delay, such as has existed, in bringing out successive portions would naturally tend to the destruction of general or sustained interest in this enterprise. It is nearly a year since the first part was noticed in these columns, and more than a year has intervened between the appearance of the two parts; but a delay of this kind, inevitable in this instance, will probably never take place again. The work of digesting the material is now well in hand, and arrangements have been perfected by which the successive parts will appear with comparative regularity. It is expected, indeed, that the

letter B will be finished early in the present year, and that hereafter publication of the successive portions will occur once every six months.

To come to particulars, the present part contains all the words from *Ant* to *Batten*. The total number explained in it is 9,135. As *A* is now finished with over fifteen thousand words, and as this letter contains in dictionaries of English about one-sixteenth of the alphabet, the editor calculates that in the completed work there will be comprised about 240,000 words. This is practically double the number found in the largest existing dictionaries, to say nothing of the altogether fuller treatment that is bestowed in this upon each of the entries. We venture to add, moreover, that this will be found an under-estimate rather than an over-estimate. It will certainly be so if the process of reading for it is kept up while the various parts are successively going through the press, and this we assume will be the case. The plan which has been adopted, or at any rate the one which has been followed, admits on a generous scale the formations of the hour. We do not believe in its advisability, because it can never be made exhaustive, and, if it could, would add little appreciable value to the work; but the adoption of the principle insures a pretty constant supply of new words, and it will be strange if the latter portion of the alphabet is not swelled, in consequence, beyond its legitimate proportion.

This second part, it may be said in general terms, is far more interesting than the first. It contains comparatively few of those words which made the latter seem, on a hasty glance, more like a technical lexicon of science than a purely English dictionary. It has cost, moreover, far more labor in its preparation; and it is a pleasure to bear witness to the skill, the judgment, and the thoroughness with which the work has been done. The editor has certainly earned the right to speak with gratification of the result accomplished, as well as with some feeling of the labor involved. Statistics can never give a satisfactory idea of the time and thought expended upon any point. Still, one does get a rough conception of the magnitude of the task that has been undertaken and accomplished when he finds forty-two closely printed columns given up to *Anti* and its compounds, twenty-four to *Back* and its compounds, and seven columns to the various uses of the preposition *At*. There is, in fact, not a page in this part in which even the general reader will not find much to interest, nor one from which the profoundest scholar will not gather information. As a single instance of the way in which this mass of illustrative quotations becomes self-explanatory, the word *babery* invites attention. This, in an older form, has long been one of the puzzling words in Chaucer, in whose writings it occurs once. It evidently perplexed the ancient copyists as much as it has done later commentators. It appears in the different manuscripts and editions as *ba'beries*, *babewryes*, *babeveuries*, *rabewcyures*, and *rabewynnes*. The latter forms, which are the ones now usually found in print, originated, without doubt, from the confusion of capital *B* with *R*. The illustrative quotations from other writers not only settle the spelling of the word, but also fix its meaning as "antic shapes" in architecture, which is the very sense the context in Chaucer may be almost said to require.

From the philological point of view this work is peculiarly strong. It is strong not merely for what it says, but for what it refrains from saying. The editor is utterly free from any desire to make conjecture take the place of knowledge in etymology, and the caution he shows in matters of derivation is a most welcome, and, we may add, a rather unexpected proceeding in productions of this kind. In truth we think so

highly of the work as a whole, and of the manner in which it has been executed, that it seems a particularly ungracious task to call attention to shortcomings in details. The great merits of the dictionary so overbalance any petty defects that to speak at any length of the latter is liable to make the criticism misunderstood by the careless reader as well as resented by the careful editor. Yet, as was pointed out in the notice of Part I, there are deficiencies in the work, some of which are doubtless slips practically unavoidable in an undertaking of this magnitude, but others of which seem to us to arise from the deliberate choice of a wrong method.

Naturally what would most attract attention at first in this country is the treatment of American usage. In this matter we are generally impressed with the accuracy of the work. We shall probably not be far out of the way in supposing that this state of things must be due largely to the supervision of Mr. Fitzedward Hall, whose valuable linguistic communications have appeared more than once in the columns of this journal. Whatever sins there are, are usually sins of omission. The feeling, too, comes over one at times, in examining the dictionary, that no great harm would have been done had this particular kind of sin been extended in some cases to the writers from whom the quotations have been made. The point of view, however, is everything in the matter of words as of usages, and our surprise at certain things which fail to appear as well as at some which do appear may not be shared by the intelligent Briton. Yet what member of the old anti-slavery party, with its forty years of bitter political agitation and the waste of wealth and loss of blood in the four years of war it indirectly caused, can help feeling a slight shock of amazement at not finding its title explained in the forty-two columns devoted to *Anti* and its compounds, and barely recorded at the beginning as a specimen of a "synthetic combination"? What American, too, has not heard of the Argonauts of '49, the adventurers who, in seeking the shores of the Pacific, faced fearlessly perils greater than Grecian hero ever encountered, and direr than Grecian poet ever dreamed? Even some Englishmen must have heard of Bret Harte's 'Tales of the Argonauts'; but if they have, they have not thought fit to communicate their knowledge to the compilers of this dictionary. If these can be counted errors on the side of too little, there are others on the side of too much. *Approbate* for "approve," we learn, is "often used in the United States." The sole instance given is from the year 1849, where it is cited from the Proceedings of some Philological Society which seems then to have existed. We do not deny the verb "used," though we have never heard the word or heard of any one employing it; but we do deny the adverb "often." There is one singular instance of editing, which reminds us of the *logicize* of Bartlett's Dictionary. To an American authoress, Mrs. Whitney—whose writings seem to have been read for this work with special zeal, and to have contributed several formations previously unknown to the language—is credited the word *asideness*. To this is appended [U. S.] in brackets. Now the addition, if it means anything, means that the term is an Americanism. But in order that a term shall properly be called an Americanism, it ought surely to be used by a number of Americans, to say the least. It is an utter misapplication of its meaning to include under it the coinage of an individual writer, which is so far from being found in the common speech that it has probably never been heard or seen save in the productions of its originator. Moreover, if it be properly added here, it has been improperly omitted after *apparition* as a verb, and several

other words, to which there is precisely the same reason to append it.

Again, in the definitions of Americanisms there is sometimes a lack of precision, due to a lack of knowledge, which will be certain to mislead the ignorant reader who consults the work. *Barnburner*, for illustration, is given as a nickname of a section of the Democratic party in the United States. It was never employed outside of New York, and is now practically forgotten there, along with many other similar terms which the faction fights in that State have brought into temporary existence. In like manner *banter* is given as a word used in this country with the sense of challenging to a race or shooting-match. To the vast majority of Americans it would be a strange meaning as it could possibly appear to an Englishman. The authority from which these terms are taken specifies the places where they are used; and to neglect this limitation is as misleading in an English dictionary as it would be for a peculiarity of the East-Englian dialect, for instance, to be credited in an American dictionary to the whole of England. But, after all, the most inexplicable thing in this work in its treatment of usage as found in this country is its failure to admit the spelling *armor* along with *armour*—a failure made more significant by the fact that it is careful to say that etymologically the spelling is properly *armure*. It is not a matter about which any one will be much concerned. In a language where every scholar recognizes the orthography as disreputable, the form given to a single word is not a thing to treat with special seriousness. Still, a fact is a fact, and it is the first business of a dictionary to recognize and record it. The fact in this case is that full one-half of the English-speaking race, if not more, spell this word as *armor*, and are likely to continue doing it; and it is no recognition of the fact to put this method of spelling among the variant forms which have been found from the thirteenth century to the present time. Webster and Worcester give only the form *armor*: they do not even admit the existence of *armour*. But a great dictionary of the language, such as is this, has no business to adopt national peculiarities and preferences, still less individual opinions.

This discussion leads naturally to the subject of possible divergences that already exist or may spring up between the language as used in England and in this country. To many readers it will be a surprise to learn that in the popular speech the "autumn" of the former country begins and ends a month earlier than that of the latter. There are certain senses of words put down here as archaic, also, which strike an American with some astonishment. One of these is the meaning of getting up from sitting or kneeling which belongs to *arise*. This verb, to be sure, is not so common with us as the simpler form *rise*; but that it never was anywhere in any period of its history. We venture to say that no one in this country would hesitate about using it in this sense, or would think it strange to hear it used by any one else. There are, indeed, many words which belong much more to the language of writing than of conversation, but it would certainly be questionable to register them as archaic simply because, after having belonged to the language of the latter, they had passed over almost entirely to that of the former. Again, have *apparel* and *assisting* ever been much employed in the spoken tongue? If they have not, is it not misleading therefore to represent them as they are represented here as going out of use? And while on this subject of possible divergences it may be worth while to say that in this country *apothecary* is only a 'druggist'; but we must add that it is impossible to make out from the definition found in this work, what is his precise position in England.

It is on the purely literary side, however, that this dictionary displays any real weakness, and it displays that only by contrast with the strength of the philological treatment which characterizes it. It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that a great work of this kind, which is destined to remain a conspicuous literary monument for generations, should be not merely a record of usage, but of the very best usage. If a choice of two examples equally good has to be made, the greater author is to be selected in preference to the less. It is only peculiar appositeness that can justify appealing to the latter rather than to the former. The rule is certainly often violated in this dictionary, and possibly is not accepted. Were we disposed to felicitate ourselves upon the progress of what are sometimes supposed in England to be American ideas, we might point to the literary impartiality shown in this work as rather a striking illustration of their spread. Certainly the doctrine that one man is as good as another has never been more consistently and thoroughly carried out in the case of authors. If it be the main aim of a lexicographer to show the wealth of written matter that has been put under contribution for his work, such a course may be a fitting one. But if it really be, as it seems to us it should be, his aim to give in every instance the highest attainable authority for every usage of every word, it is not a course to be recommended. We cannot be expected to be thankful for a gift of pebbles, when pearls could have been furnished as easily. The fundamental principle to be adhered to in undertakings of this character is that all the works of all the great writers should be gone over most religiously; that the examination of them should be exhaustive; that no usage of theirs, no opinion of theirs on word or on usage, should be left unrecorded. Especially ought this rule to be followed in the case of words which are of comparatively rare occurrence. No quotation from an inferior author should, under such circumstances, ever be cited in preference. How much more weight would attach to *bacchanalias*, and *bacchanal* in the sense of "drunken orgy," with quotations that might have been taken from Milton and Dryden instead of the obscure writers of their times from whom the extracts given are derived! There is a special application of *avatar* in the title of the poem which contains Byron's terrific attack upon George IV., which ought to have found place here. "I rejoice," writes Gray to Walpole in 1751, "to find you *apply* (pardon the use of so odious a word) to the history of your own times." He corrects in another letter Walpole's use of *arrive* for "happen." This is the sort of literary opinion—entirely independent of its correctness or incorrectness—which ought always to be set down in a great national dictionary, whenever writers of the first authority have given expression to it. It is usually set down in this work; that it is not so invariably is doubtless the fault of the readers rather than that of the editor. Still, that there should be any failure at all, detracts somewhat from that satisfactory feeling of absolute trust in its completeness which we should all like to entertain. This demand for completeness, it is to be remarked, is asked only in behalf of the greatest authors. It is to deficiencies in their case alone that any criticism of ours is confined. While this dictionary nearly fulfils all that can be demanded, it does not fulfil it so perfectly that we can feel certain beyond all question that, in the treatment of any single great author's vocabulary, the last word has been spoken; we mean, of course, the last word in the light of present knowledge, and not in that of future.

Let us take Chaucer as an illustration. We specify him, because he is an author who deserves special consideration, not merely for his position

in regard to our early literature, but on account of the increasing interest which is now taken in his writings; and the neglect which his vocabulary has received from previous lexicographers. One explanation of a perplexing word has already been given; and this is far from being the only one to be found here. But along with this generally full and accurate treatment of Chaucer's language, there is occasional wobbling which at times leaves on the mind an unpleasant impression. Urry's edition is quoted; it is not an edition that deserves to be even looked into. In the "Knight's Tale," Venus, in the council of the gods, after the defeat of Palamon, her favorite, says, "I am ashamed douteles." She means of course that she has been brought into discredit by the result. This is a sense that is not recorded here, though it is fair to add that it is one which can be inferred from a signification given to the verb. In the "Man of Law's Tale," the famous crux, *atazir*, which baffled generations of scholars, and which has only recently been explained, is here conspicuous by its absence. The same is true of *apiked*, one of the words of the Prologue. *Avantour*, not in the general sense of 'boaster,' but in the special sense of 'a boaster of female favor,' is not found. The use of *on* with *assent* ("Troilus and Criseide," ii, 1,300) is not recorded. We could give a few other instances in the treatment of the vocabulary of this one author which are not entirely satisfactory, but a very large number where insignificant writers of or near his period have been cited in preference to him. These latter omissions, which are doubtless made intentionally, seem to us serious defects. Not so the others referred to, which are far from being numerous at most, and against the occasional occurrence of which it would require almost supernatural insight and oversight to guard.

In the way of more general criticism we notice the failure to record the special use of *author* in the sense of 'editor.' This was certainly a common employment of the word during a large part of the last century. It is "to the author of the *Gentleman's Magazine*," "to the author of the *London Evening Post*," and all similar daily, weekly, and monthly periodical publications that communications were then directed. Occasional omissions occur of words used in the text. *Apple-jack*, we are told, is the name in America of apple-brandy; in the East of England of an apple-turnover. But what is an apple-turnover? The dictionary does not tell us, and while we can guess at its meaning, we cannot be certain of it. Under *aphis* it is said that the aphides are sometimes called 'ant-cows.' But he who meets with the latter word must know also its scientific name, for it has by itself no place or explanation in this work. Nor, coming to a question that belongs to philology rather than lexicography proper, do we believe that the preterite *aris* was derived from the past participle. The theory which originates forms like "sprung," "flung," and many others now in use, together with "smit," "ris," "aris," "strid," and others once employed but now discarded, from an intrusion of the past participle into the preterite instead of from the plural of the preterite, seems to us untenable. It is not implied by this that the participle had no influence, only that it is not from that quarter that the forms mentioned actually came. But the subject is too large to justify here anything beyond an expression of dissent.

There are other things of which we had purposed to speak, but we have left ourselves no space for their discussion. They concern, however, like most of what has gone before, only matters of detail, and do not affect the substantial value of the work, which can safely defy the most hostile criticism that is ever likely to be directed against it. This is, indeed, a dictionary that no one, who seeks to make even the most su-

perfidious study of our tongue, can afford to be without. It cannot be long before the possession of it will be regarded as a necessity by every man of education; and in the confident assurance of the coming of that time, its projectors may rest satisfied that it will be as successful from the financial point of view as it is already honorable from the point of view of scholarship.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Ghost's Touch, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Harper's Handy Series.

The Sacred Nugget.—Self-Doomed.—Christmas Angel. By B. L. Farjeon. Harper's Handy Series.

Houp-là. By John Strange Winter. Harper's Handy Series.

The Old Factory.—Rolph Norbreck's Trust. By William Westall. Cassell & Co.

Babylon. By Grant Allen. D. Appleton & Co.

The Unforeseen. By Alice O'Hanlon. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Goblin Gold. By May Crommelin. Harper's Handy Series.

rimus in Indis. By M. J. Colquhoun. Harper's Handy Series.

The Rabbi's Spell. By Stuart C. Cumberland. D. Appleton & Co.

King Solomon's Mines. By H. Rider Haggard. Cassell & Co.

Nuttie's Father. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan & Co.

Cabin and Gondola. By Charlotte Dunning. Harper's Handy Series.

The Story of Margaret Kent. A Novel. By Henry Hayes. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Vergebens. Roman von Maria Werkmeister. Chicago: Franz Gindele Printing Co. 1885. 244 pp.

It is written in the signs of the times that unless potential novelists shall have a new revelation, the plain story-teller must soon become a dodo of literature. The evil day is so near at hand that a volume of tales by Wilkie Collins is a boon to the host whose only conviction about the art of fiction is, that it was discovered, or invented, or decreed, by some beneficent being solely for the mental distraction of travellers through this working-day world. To the literary reader, no matter what may be his estimate of the intrinsic worth of Collins's stories, or of their rank as intellectual creations, there is pleasure in contemplating work done by a method clearly perceived and thoroughly mastered. Collins understands his own resources so exactly that scholastic warfare and dilettante counsel are alike impotent to disturb or to confuse him. Among the younger breed of novelists, who take their profession solemnly, the feeling about Collins is that "any fellow could do that if he would." The severe and binding character of his method is contemptuously ignored. There is no eagerness to discern that a mastery of it implies the possession of many unusual qualities, such as a correct sense of selection, accurate knowledge of the force of dramatic surprise and climax, and a nice judgment about the fitness of a word to its place. It demands, too, the power to perceive an inevitable end before the first paragraph is written—a power which the young fry apparently either consciously despise or have developed away from. Collins always proposes to himself a strange and unexpected dénouement, frequently an improbable or unnatural one. He invariably plays upon the inexhaustible reserves of curiosity, and from the beginning imposes upon his reader the obligation to discover the secret he holds, whether

after all his secret be worth revealing or not. He knows, too, how to compel close attention, and is so ingenious in the contrivance of routes to his goal that, though they may be long, winding, and perplexing, they rarely fatigue. Only after the end is reached do we reflect on the lack of grace, polish, atmosphere, and proclaim that our taste has been violated, our sensibility shocked, by the author's pronounced mannerisms and intrusive eccentricities.

In his last volume, "The Ghost's Touch" and "Percy and the Prophet" develop the influence of supernatural agency on worldly affairs. Both have the author's distinguishing merit of method, and the latter has, in addition, two or three interesting characters. Mr. Blowmore, the eloquent advocate of the British citizen's rights, the protector of the unwritten Constitution, is almost a bit of burlesque; he certainly insinuates enough absurdity into the tale to suggest that all the wonderful occurrences narrated presented themselves to the author in a ludicrous light. The third story, "My Lady's Money," is excellent. In a degree it refutes the accusation that Collins in every instance sacrifices character to movement. Here the ten characters, including the terrier, "Tommie," are so distinct that they not only account for what they did and left undone under existing circumstances, but they convey a lively notion of what they would do in a totally different set of emergencies. Though the story is short, this effect is achieved without any evidence of haste or incompleteness.

Until Mr. Farjeon resolved to establish his claim to the title of novelist, by issuing a volume of fiction every two or three months, he was an acceptable story-teller, over-fond of calling on the rains to beat and the winds to blow a significant accompaniment to his drama, but still with something novel to say, and an agreeable way of saying it. He used not to appear so much like Dickens as he does now, or, at all events, he did not appear so much less than Dickens. The longest of his three recent volumes is the romance of 'The Sacred Nugget.' The scene is in Australia when the gold fever was at its height. Mike Patchett, the lucky finder of the cross-shaped nugget and of tons of precious ore, is Boffin reduced to bathos; Mrs. Whitmarsh is a colonial echo of Mrs. Wilfer; Mr. Horace Blakensee recalls Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer, though neither of those gentlemen, peculiar as were their tricks to emphasize their social position, ever hit upon the distinguished device of incessantly polishing his finger-nails in public. In 'Self-Doomed,' the chief figure, Gideon Wolf, is introduced, labelled by the author, incomparable villain. The record of his uniformly wicked behavior reveals nothing to discredit the label, but is a wholly uninteresting confirmation of its descriptive truth. In 'Christmas Angel,' which is the best of the three because it has some sympathy and purpose, Farjeon expresses the philanthropic spirit of the times, as Dickens, in all his work, gave words to a tempest of humanitarian sentiment in the man. When Scrooge went off with the Christmas ghosts, he was wafted along by the strength of Dickens's personal desire that all the world should have roast-beef and plum-pudding on Christmas Day. When "Charlie's father" is led by the wraith of his son through scenes from which he awakens a sadder and wiser man, one feels that Mr. Farjeon is part of a "movement," and that he is thus contributing his share toward its advancement. If the imitation of Dickens were limited to catching up and carrying on his sympathy for suffering and his charity for sin, no word of adverse criticism could be spoken, but a copy of his melodramatic, sentimental manner is offensive. Dickens's versatility, his superb vitality, his inexhaustible spontaneity, place him beyond the canons of

taste and form. His extravagances were his own, and their brilliant idiosyncrasy condoned their falseness. For that very reason he is the worst sort of a literary model.

The sketch 'Houp-là,' by the author of 'Booties' Baby,' illustrates the best modern method of stimulating compassion for human misery and admiration of heroic qualities. It is a simple, straightforward, dramatic rendering of a bit of real life, in its movement subjecting character to the finest test. Booties, who reappears, establishes himself as a figure in literature, a typical contradiction of the sneer that heroism went out with periwigs and ruffles.

If all the novelists who conceive the expression of a moral meaning, to be the ultimate object of art, could convey their meaning as artistically as the author of 'Houp-là' (who, rumor says, is a woman), much splendid argumentative talent might pine and die for want of an attractive subject of discussion. But the numbers of tentative, uncertain, unskilful efforts bid fair to keep what the "Gamps" call "argufiers" busy for many a day. The utilitarian fiction dedicated to the service of the Lancashire workingman is, in itself, a bonanza of disquisition. Mr. William Westall, in 'The Old Factory' and 'Rolph Norbreck's Trust,' has hesitated between the relative artistic values—or, can it be, relative drawing power?—of stern reality in Lancashire dialect and wild romance in glittering rhetoric. As a consequence, he has produced neither good contributions to social science nor blood-curdling adventure, and he has done nothing at all to relieve harassed inquirers into the mission and meaning of art.

Mr. Grant Allen, in 'Babylon,' has not quailed before the immensity of this problem, as far as it affects or is affected by painting and the plastic arts. The human interest in his novel is soon exhausted. Neither the American landscape painter, nor the Dorset peasant sculptor, nor any one of the more prominent characters, has a breath of the vitality imparted to Cecca, the queen of the Roman models. She is the conventional passionate, revengeful, unscrupulous Italian; but she lives, and in her alone the author shows power as a painter from the life. The curious reader, however, will turn over the pages twice to quarrel or agree with the art criticism, to be amazed and amused by the display of philological prejudice. Though there is no definite confession of faith, the essence of Mr. Allen's artistic creed undoubtedly is, that the highest, and indeed only considerable, object of art is to express beauty, and that that expression has reached perfection when the beauty of the spirit is made visible through the beauty of the form. The artist's moral lesson to humanity is taught through the spiritual elevation which contemplation of his work excites. Hiram Winthrop accomplished this mission by his sensitive paintings of his native woods and weeds and marshes; Colin Churchill, through the spiritualization of noble and heroic form in marble. It is easier to assent to Mr. Allen's creed than to approve his expression of it. The technical, critical phrases, strangely out of place in a novel, would be pedantic if they were not purely journalistic. Their unfitness is peculiarly noticeable, considering Mr. Allen's sensitiveness about the use and sound of words. What he calls the "Great American Language" has offended him deeply, and through the story runs a strain of peevish comparison between harsh, shrieking American corruptions, and "pretty, melting" Dorset dialect, dignified by the appellation "West Saxon of the Court of King Alfred." Preference of a burr to a twang is a matter of taste, but faithful reproduction of dialect is a matter of close observation and delicate perception of sound, and memory. After reading Mr. Allen's reproduction of the rural dialect of New