

"Edmund" means Wordsworth is also made clear by a letter of Charles Lamb, who writes to Coleridge in Latin, which Canon Ainger freely renders—"I am awfully glad to receive your account of the marriage of Wordsworth (or perhaps I should rather say, of a certain *Edmund* of yours)." Furthermore, this earlier version contains definite and strong lines of friendship which are omitted from the ode as we now have it. It was at this time that Coleridge was coming to a perception of the power and effect of the opium habit, though he had not made his friends acquainted with this cause of his dejection. Canon Ainger goes on to argue that Wordsworth's poem upon the Leech Gatherer was his reply to this tribute and hopeless appeal of Coleridge; and though nothing very definite is shown, it is very likely that such was the case—certainly the stanzas have a remarkably apposite application to Coleridge's individual character and his circumstances. The identification of Wordsworth as the person whose nature really called out Coleridge's ode, the relation between the two poets thus illustrated, and Wordsworth's response to his friend, then entering into the dark shadow of his life, make up a moment of literary history well worth remembering and setting forth. It is not improbable that the divergence of the two friends in later life accounts for Coleridge's changes in the poem. A correspondent in the last *Academy* points out that Canon Ainger was anticipated by Prof. Brandl last year, in his (German) Life of Coleridge.

—The May number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Scribners) contains one of Pierre Loti's Oriental sketches similar to those which appeared a few months ago descriptive of Kioto and of Obock. This time he writes of a little territory on the Malabar coast, "Mahé des Indes," which has been French since 1727. With his usual felicities of expression, always surprisingly simple in language and in form, but representing extremely subtle and complicated impressions, he relates the three expeditions he made to the shore during the first three days of January, 1885, when his ship was anchored off the coast. The paper is accompanied by numerous sketches, by Félix Régamey, of this region of India and its people. As a writer, Loti does not lend himself to illustration by another; the vision he brings before the mind is itself too vivid and complete to allow it. There is an excellent paper by M. Gustave Masson, editor of *Les Lettres et les Arts*: "J.-L. Gérôme et son œuvre." The story of the artist and his work is well and simply told, and is illustrated by several of his most characteristic pictures. M. Germain Bapst writes with enthusiasm concerning "Le Bureau de Louis XV," now preserved in the Musée du Louvre, and which has been called "le plus beau monument du xviii<sup>e</sup> siècle." M. Bapst himself had the good fortune to discover in the National Archives the Memoir containing all the details of construction of this "merveille de l'ébénisterie française." "Aux Affaires étrangères," of which the first part is given in the present number, is a story so extremely cold and naked that it seems rather a collection of facts. The author, M. Paul Hervieu, is much inclined towards this very arid style of fiction, which seems to have great fascination for some of the most promising of the younger writers of the day, M. Guy de Maupassant at their head. But M. Hervieu has just written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (May 1 and 15) one of the most imaginative and dramatic of psychological stories, "L'Inconnu," which shows that his great powers of observation and of analysis may some time be put to more attractive uses than heretofore.

—Mr. G. B. Airy contributes to *Nature* (April 14, 1887) a communication "on the establishment

of the Roman dominion in Southeast Britain," the special value of which consists in the identification of the localities of the campaigns of the Roman general Plautius. An interesting showing is that the Romans made a road from Camulodunum (Colchester) due west, "the great western road," by Marks Tey, Coggeshall, etc., to Stortford, and then afterwards the road to London, which is proved by the fact that the London road from Colchester branches off at a considerable angle at Marks Tey (this is shown by any good map of England). The latter part of the article, however, exhibits a curious confusion, in connecting the events of A. D. 60 (Boadicea's revolt) as directly following the occupation of the province in 43. Mr. Airy repeatedly mentions *Plautius* in connection with this revolt, although Dio Cassius, his authority, calls the governor *Paulinus*. He further attributes the revolt to exactions by Claudius, who had now been dead six years; what Dio Cassius says is that Claudius had given certain sums to the principal men of the Britains, and that now they were demanded by Catus (not *Calus*) the procurator. Mr. Airy questions the statement of Dio that the governor was absent in *Mōva* (Anglesea), as it is "very improbable that, in such a state of affairs, Plautius [Paulinus] would have gone, by a difficult march, to such a distance." Tacitus, however, in his nearly contemporary account (in his life of Agricola), twice mentions Paulinus's expedition against the island of *Mōna* (chaps. xiv and xviii) as caused by its giving aid to his enemies—exactly the reason why Cæsar invaded Britain itself, B. C. 55.

—Count L. N. Tolstoi's interest in the education of the people and the production of suitable literature for their use has led him to try his powers in a new field, that of dramatic writing. The result cannot fail to amaze those who have the courage to brave the peculiarities of language and subject. How far it may answer its purpose and inculcate good morals in the peasants, remains to be seen. The title is, "The Kingdom of Darkness; or, Stick in a Claw and the whole Bird will Perish." In accordance with the author's theory, announced in a previous work, that the peasant always talks good Russian, while the cultivated man does not, he has couched his drama in language which is as unpleasant to read, and, it is safe to say, as far removed from refinement, as any author of note ever indulged in. The dialect is so rough, the commonest words so distorted, the expressions so coarse, that there would be but little pleasure in reading it, even if the plot were less intolerably repulsive than it is. Blood-curdling is the only fitting term to apply to it. The actors are all peasants; the chief ones are an old, wealthy, and sickly muzhik, his sixteen-year-old daughter by his first wife, his second wife and her daughter, aged ten, his hired man, the young fellow's parents, and an orphan girl of twenty-two. The action is extremely slight, mostly consisting in the crawling on and off the oven by several of the characters. One of the exceptions proves that the author actually expected his drama to be produced on the boards. A stage direction orders that Nikita, the young hired man, shall, "if possible, enter on horseback." "Oedipus in the village" is what a Russian critic calls this drama. There was some thought of putting it on the stage in St. Petersburg, but at the preliminary reading the actors refused to undertake it, and it has now been officially prohibited.

—M. Hector Pessard, formerly *directeur* of the *National*, and, since the change of politics of that paper, of the *Petite République Française*, has just published in a volume the very interesting articles which have appeared in recent numbers of the *Revue Bleue*, under the title "Mes

petits papiers: Souvenirs d'un journaliste, 1860-1870' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof). In these he relates, with that gift for picturesque and dramatic narration which is so general among Parisian writers for the press, not only his own literary beginnings, but also those of many of the young journalists and *avocats* of twenty-five years ago, who have since become very important personages in the political world. Among the "jeunes gens d'avenir" whom we meet throughout M. Pessard's 'Souvenirs' are Jules Ferry, Charles Floquet, now President of the Chamber of Deputies; Adrien Hébrard, now Senator and *directeur* of the *Temps*; Clément Duvernois, in its later years one of the ministers of the Empire which he began by opposing, and who, in the various aspects and fortunes under which his friend presents him, suggests some hero imagined by a writer of romance, a kind of Beaumarchais of the nineteenth century. There are, too, several picturesque glimpses of Gambetta in the early days, when he was still an unknown young *avocat*.

—In 1866 M. Pessard became one of the collaborateurs of *La Liberté*, which Émile de Girardin had just purchased. From this time his *petits papiers* become even more instructive and entertaining than before. Besides the great journalist himself, both Émile Ollivier and the Emperor enter upon the scene and act the chief parts to the end, giving to the last half of the volume a special importance which might easily be overlooked at first in the enjoyment of M. Pessard's delightful and unflinching good humor and gaiety. All the famous men of the Liberal or Republican Opposition under the Second Empire pass by in the pages of M. Pessard, and the political history of the period is related from the writer's point of view at the time, modified by his present opinions. The men are presented under novel conditions sometimes, and the events are related so as to show quite as novel possibilities of interpretation; but it all appears to be done with fairness, and even generosity. The worst accusation that has been brought against M. Pessard seems to be that his facts, correct in themselves, are often shown in a fantastic light. This is probably true, but then any light but one's own always appears fantastic to an opponent.

#### ADMIRAL BLAKE.

*Admiral Blake*. By David Hannay. [English Worthies. Edited by Andrew Lang.] D. Appleton & Co. 1886. 12mo, pp. 194.

No name stands with better right in the list of English worthies than that of Robert Blake; and perhaps no Englishman of equal greatness is less known in the present generation. That he was the soldier of Parliament and the Commonwealth has probably stood in the way of his fame in two ways—by subjecting his name to the same depreciation as that of Cromwell, until the change of sentiment in the present century; and, since then, by the exaggerated emphasis placed upon Cromwell personally and the civil history of England during this period. Mr. Hannay has, he says, found but scanty materials, and he has made but a thin book as compared with others of the same series. It is a book of unquestionable merit, and deserves to be widely read. We think, however, that he might have made it larger, even with his scanty materials, and that without undue diffuseness or padding. Blake's life, if not a very long one, was full of incident and adventure, and his biographer seems to us to have yielded so far to the demand of the day for "small books" as to omit matters that would be really interesting and valuable. To take one

example: The famous attack on Santa Cruz de Tenerife is related in less than three pages—very well related indeed, but the story is so condensed that (there being, moreover, no plan of the battle) it is not easy to understand all the movements of the fight, nor is the account so graphic and picturesque as it might easily have been made by more detail. As a personal life of Blake, and an estimate of the place which he holds in English history, the book deserves great praise.

The theatre of the war which broke out in 1652 between England and Holland, then at the height of her power, was what is known as the "Narrow Seas," the English Channel and the German Ocean. After a stormy winter voyage, on the 8th of February once, as the present writer came, weak with sea-sickness, upon deck, he found the sun warm and bright as May almost, driving before it the heavy fog. The sea at last was smooth; beyond it to the northward rose, dim, a fine bold line of shore, towards which the heart turned with a double longing. To a sea-tired man, it was the first land; to a son of the Anglo Saxon race, it was the old home. The cape was the Lizard, the southwest point of England, at the entrance to the English Channel. Soon the Lizard grew fainter as we steered eastward; the land receded on the left until the gazer almost felt that, Ixion-like, he had embraced a cloud. But, as the forenoon proceeded, the shore rose again, this time into Start Point, close by Plymouth. Once more there was a trend of the shore inward; once more in front, beyond the sea, now sail-dotted, rose a high, bold bluff, this time the Bill of Portland. Then, after the noon rose, it was St. Alban's Head, and at last the Needles, at the western end of the Isle of Wight. Thus, all day, we shot from cape to cape across the bays, with far-off glimpses into Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, and Hampshire. Even then upon the fields there was a tinge of spring green; once, over a hill, a rainbow hung in a cloud of vapor. The blue line inland was soft and undulating; the great capes rose bald and bleak, their storm-worn ledges beating back the surf like doubled knuckles. So the majestic brotherhood, the headlands of the channel, passed us on, one to another, until we were sheltered in the Solent. On deck betimes the next morning, it was revealed that we were just between Dover and Calais. Southeast the eye could make out distinctly a high, wavy coast-line—France. Nearer, to the north and west, was the white shore of Albion. The wind blew bitter cold out of the North Sea. One thought of Lear and Edgar, as the Shakspeare Cliff looked through the air sharp as ingratitude. How fine the sequence of historic figures that, since gray antiquity, have seen rise, as we saw them rise, those beaked and windy promontories, for ever surf lapped! Of all events, however, of which the English Channel has been the scene, what ones more worthy to hold the thoughts of Americans than the struggles here of the Commonwealth? Popular liberty was the aim. Had those struggles failed, America as well as England might have bent to the sceptre of an autocrat instead of to the ballot of the freeman.

On February 18, 1653, the English Channel and its shores looking, we may suppose, as in the February view just described, a fleet of seventy sail lay off the Bill of Portland, pigmies, for the most part, no doubt, compared with our modern craft, though a few ships were of fair size, and the naval architecture of the time was such that even small ships were sometimes imposing. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, at this time the crack ship of the British navy, was of nearly 1,700 tons burden, elaborately painted and gilded. For sixty years she was a famous fighting ship, earning the sobriquet of "The Yellow Devil." That day,

however, the *Triumph*, of sixty-eight guns, was the flagship, and in the lookout, high up the mast, hung Robert Blake himself, a man of fifty-three, short, thick-set, his broad face much bronzed by campaigning on land and sea. He was of the same station in life as Cromwell, of Oxford training, with a pedantic foible for quoting Latin, curious enough in an old sailor. He had risen to fame as a colonel of horse. When foreign foes were to be met he was sent to the fleet, though he was fifty years old and had scarcely ever been on shipboard. Strangely enough, such inexperience was regarded as but a slight objection. He had bestridden the war-horse to good purpose, therefore he could ride the waves well; the sequence in those days was thought logical, and seemed often to be thoroughly justified. Not only Blake, but many another fine trooper, on each side, Rupert, for instance, and Monk and Dean, were not less dashing and effective on the surf than on the turf. It is chronicled that these fine old horse-marines sometimes became confused in battle, roaring out to the sailors commands appropriate for cavalry; but it did no harm. With surprising power of adaptation, the champions of that time appear, with foot now in the stirrup, now on the shrouds, equally efficient with either brace.

That February day in 1653, things were critical for the Commonwealth. Van Tromp, the Dutch Admiral, had, in the previous fall, crushed the English fleet, and all winter had patrolled the Channel with a broom at his mast-head. The Council of State, under the lead of young Sir Henry Vane, as able to prepare as Blake was to execute, recalled all scattered ships, put on board by whole regiments the Ironsides of Dunbar and Worcester, and seized hemp, tar, timber, and powder wherever they could be found. Night and day the shipyards rattled. The list of captains was severely scrutinized, and wholesale cashiering and promoting done without fear or favor. Blake went aboard not alone. He had, as subordinates, the skilful seamen Penn, father of Sir William, and Lawson, who had fought his way up from before the mast. Dean, a stout major-general, was on the *Triumph* with Blake, and blackbrowed Monk, "Silent old George," Cromwell's right hand in Scotland, and destined to a more questionable fame in years far ahead, as the engineer of the Restoration, went aboard ship with a great force of land troops at a day's notice.

What fast-sailing frigate it was, whether the *Antelope*, the *Constant Warwick*, or the *Tenth Whelp*, that first brought news of the approach of Van Tromp, we cannot say. It was made known, however, that he was on his way eastward from the Lizard with seventy-six ships of war and a convoy of three hundred merchantmen, craft from all parts of the world with rich cargoes, to be guarded through those dangerous narrow seas. Van Tromp himself is a bluff, picturesque figure. No suspicion of a horse-marine character attached itself to him. A sailor and the son of a sailor, he had seen his father killed in action by the English, and had been himself two years and a half a prisoner to the English, serving as a cabin-boy. He had brought the Spaniard to grief, had fought the English in battles drawn and battles gained, and now stood on his quarter deck, grizzily with fifty-six years of amphibious life, an old salt, almost web-footed.

Blake from his lookout saw the Dutch approaching, the innumerable sails white in a brilliant sunrise. Van Tromp had the wind, and bore swiftly down upon him with the men-of-war, while the merchantmen kept well aloof. Blake's own line was not yet formed, two of his squadrons beating slowly up to his help against the unfavorable breeze. He met with his few ships, however, the whole force of the Dutch, who

came on well together. As Van Tromp's flagship, the *Brederode*, approached at eight o'clock, the *Triumph* lay first in her path, and received Van Tromp's broadside when within musket-shot. The *Brederode* tacked instantly, sending in another broadside close under the sails, with terrible splintering and carnage. But the *Triumph* gave gun for gun; in a few minutes the little English squadron was enveloped by enemies, and a cannonade roared over the sea that could be heard from Portland to Boulogne. When two hostile ships approached there would be ramming with prows, a grappling of hulls, then a cry on both sides for boarders. How pike and cutlass clashed in the port-holes; how the sailors climbed, clinging to every projecting bit of carving, running along boom and yard, leaping at a venture from one tossing deck to another among a crowd of enemies, the hot cannon meanwhile at rest, because, in the mêlée, friend was no less likely to suffer than foe—from the data of the old histories, one can fill out the picture. De Ruyter, then a young commander, boarded the *Prosperous* and drove her crew to surrender. He was driven off; he captured her again, and was driven off again, the shattered decks strewn four times with the awful wreck of the combat. Here was a ship on fire, there a ship went down with all on board, her wounded captain flourishing his hanger defiantly as she disappeared. On the *Triumph* more than a hundred of her crew, half her complement, were slain outright, and scarcely a man remained unhurt. Blake himself was sorely wounded in the thigh by a flying splinter, which same splinter, says the conscientious chronicler, "tore a large hole in the breeches of Admiral Dean." Amid the sea strewn with ruin, Blake's remaining ships at last came up, and the scale turned in his favor. It was necessary, however, to tow the *Speaker*, Penn's ship, out of the line, utterly helpless; others crept through the Solent to Portsmouth, scarcely able to make sail, while still others barely floated. The Dutch, however, had lost eight ships—riddled and gore-stained trophies! One, when visited, was found to have no living soul on board. Such was the battle of the first day.

As dusk fell, Van Tromp withdrew, protecting his merchantmen, which, while the men-of-war grappled, had diligently crowded sail and were now well eastward towards home. The breeze fell at night, and the fleets drifted slowly past the Isle of Wight, the unsleeping crews making ready for new conflict. The battered *Triumph*, with the wounded Blake, managed in some way to keep with the rest, destined to play a further part in what Clarendon calls "this very stupendous action." The 19th there seems to have been no engagement; but on the morning of the 20th a light breeze gave the fleets the opportunity anew. Van Tromp changed his tactics. Spreading his men-of-war in a wide crescent, like the protecting wings of a mother-bird, he gathered the merchantmen within the hollow and sped up the Channel. The heavy-laden craft made slow way. At noon the astonishing *Triumph*, under jury-masts, we may suppose, was upon the Dutch rear, within gun-shot, and soon after the bow-chasers of the remaining English ships were in full play. The signals flew from the *Brederode* to the traders: they were to make their best speed, hugging close the French coast, by Calais and Dunkirk. Tromp himself with the fighting ships tacked about with the finest courage against the concentrated and now overpowering foe. De Ruyter was in especial danger; Lawson in the *Fairfax* was especially brave. The English began to have the upper hand, but Van Tromp fell back towards his convoy, "contesting every wave." Faction was rife on the Dutch decks, and when night came at last, clear and cold, what with treachery within and such foes

without, the redoubtable Hollander was glad of a respite.

"Still," as Penn said afterwards, remembering those three days, "a Dutchman is never so dangerous as when he is desperate." On Sunday morning, the 21st, the mother-bird was seen as before with her chickens folded by her wings, but now sadly plucked and lamed. For a third time there was the fiercest grappling, this day where the strait is narrowest.—How, as the cannon boomed off Dover, the people must have flocked to the cliffs, peering at the distant battle through the wintry air! Penn at last broke through Van Tromp's encircling guard and captured fifty merchantmen. The battered *Triumph*, with Blake on the quarter-deck, in spite of his wound, dashed on after the main body, crashing against craft which, reckless of themselves, tried to block his path. His fleet streamed after him, the cannon never silent, while the crippled masts cracked under the press of canvas. More than half the Dutch men-of-war became prizes, and Blake thought he had grasped the entire fleet. But as pursuers and pursued swept out into the North Sea, a night of storm set in. When morning dawned, Van Tromp had vanished as if he were the Flying Dutchman himself. In their flat-bottomed craft, made for shallow seas, knowing now every inlet and current of the home waters, his ships had fled over and through the dangerous bars, close in shore, where the English dared not follow. The clutch of Blake had been eluded after all. The greater part of the convoy flocked past the Texel towards Amsterdam, bark and cargo safe; while the fighting craft, diminished but defiant, backed now by dangerous shore batteries, offered to the foe their still unconquered broadsides.

Already, it must be remembered, the war had raged for nine months, when Blake and Van Tromp sighted one another off Portland Bill; nor did the indecisive action which has just been described end it. Van Tromp was in the Downs again early in June, with one hundred ships, this time unencumbered by a convoy. Blake's wound kept him inactive, but Lawson broke the Dutch line after the fashion of Rodney against De Grasse, and Nelson at Trafalgar. Poor Dean, the hero of the torn breeches, that day was cut in two by a chain-shot, and Monk showed himself a capital commander. The *Brederode* herself was boarded and on the brink of capture. At the critical moment a match was thrown, it is said by Van Tromp himself, into the magazine. The decks roared into the air with all the English intruders and a great part of the Dutch defenders. Van Tromp, it was supposed, was lost; but coming either out of the air, or the sea, or from some fragment of the ship that had escaped destruction, he was seen, invulnerable as a phantom, on the deck of a fresh, fast-sailing frigate, careered along his shattered and yielding line, trying to rally them to a new encounter. The day, however, clearly went against him; nor was fortune kinder in July. In a conflict fiercer than ever, a musket-ball stretched Van Tromp dead upon his post, and the cause of Holland was lost. That day alone 5,000 men were slain, and in the whole war the Dutch admitted a loss of 1,100 ships.

After the contest with the magnificent Dutch, to encounter other Powers was for the Commonwealth mere child's play, though Blake fought that remarkable battle with a Spanish fleet under the Peak of Teneriffe. Referring the reader to Mr. Hannay's book, we can only mention that Blake's heroic period was comprised within six years. When he was fifty-six years old, decrepit through wounds, worn out with weary tossing, winter and summer, upon desolate seas, he yearned for his native Somersetshire, and with the early summer of 1656 his battered flag-ship, the *George*, crossing the Bay of Biscay, saw before her at

length the loom of the Lizard. Home was at hand, but the Admiral was dying. The ship spread all her canvas, that at least he might die ashore. Her progress, however, was slow, crippled as she was, like the commander, by much service; and off the Start, two hours before they could cast anchor in Plymouth Roads, his spirit fled. Heroic Ironside that he was, he prayed as he fought, whether in the saddle or on the deck, and his rugged followers lifted up their voices in company. Nor was he without fine and gentle traits. He loved his old neighbors and his home, and, like Hampden, Sidney, and Vane, while combatant in the fiercest conflicts, had the graces of a scholar and a gentleman.

#### PRICE'S LONDON GUILDHALL.—I.

*A Descriptive Account of the Guildhall of the City of London: its History and Associations. Compiled from Original Documents, with Facsimile Charters, Maps, and other Illustrations, by John Edward Price. Prepared by authority of the Corporation of the City of London under the Superintendence of the Library Committee. Pp. iii, 298. London, 1886.*

ANY one who has seen the Report of the Library Committee, delivered to the Common Council of the City of London on Thursday, December 16, 1886, and who has read Mr. Price's Preface, will turn with the highest expectations to the body of the work.

"A mere architectural description of the building," says the author, "could have been dismissed in a few pages. . . . The true history of the Guildhall is rather to be traced in the numerous traditions and interesting associations by which it is connected with the most important corporation in the world. . . . Associated it has been in one way or another with almost every occurrence of importance belonging to the history of this country, whether such be related to royalty, politics, law, commerce, or public ceremonial. . . . The edifice is one which with the citizens of London must ever command an interest unsurpassed by any other of their public buildings" (pp. ii, 3-4).

The present work originated in the desire of the Corporation to preserve plans and drawings of such portions of the Guildhall as were to be removed for the erection of the new Council Chamber. According to the Report of the Library Committee, it cost £1,596 8s., and three years were devoted to its compilation, a delay of two months being caused by the fire at the printing-house of Messrs. Blades, East & Blades. Mr. Price begins with a consideration of "the origin and development of that municipal life which has made the city what it is" (p. 4-32); he then traces the architectural history of the Guildhall as a whole (pp. 33-63) and that of its particular parts—the Kitchen, Hall, Crypts, Library, Blackwell Hall, the Aldermen's Court, Council Chamber, and the Offices, including a description of their contents (pp. 63-185), and a brief account of the development of the Mayoralty, the Court of Aldermen, the Common Council, and the offices of Chamberlain, Comptroller, and Town Clerk (pp. 156-185). Then follows a discussion of the subjoined topics: receptions, Lord Mayor's show, trials, the great fire of 1666, lotteries, the Orphan's Court, the new Library, the Museum, and the excavations for the new Council Chamber (pp. 185-256). The work concludes with an Appendix of original documents (pp. 257-296) and an Index (pp. 267-298). The volume contains 7 maps, 38 chromo-lithographs, and 112 woodcuts, most of which are admirably executed.

The portions of the work dealing with the history of the City of London are of most interest to the general public, but are least worthy of commendation. The attempt, on pages 3-9 and elsewhere, to glorify the Corporation of the City of London by showing its Roman origin is far from

successful. The crude analogies traced between its civic functionaries and those of the Roman "municipia" are just as applicable to all civilized nations in all ages—to New York, for example, as well as to London. The fact that some French towns are of Roman derivation, which the author emphasizes as corroborative testimony, proves nothing at all as regards English towns. On page 7 we are asked to accept as further evidence a passage from the mawkish chronicler, Jocelin de Brakelond, namely, the allegation of the Londoners that they had been free of toll everywhere in England from the time of the foundation of Rome, with which that of London was contemporary—"a tempore quo Roma primo fundata fuit, et civitatem Landonie eodem tempore fundatam." This evidence is about as reliable as the old inscription on the tablet at Winchester, to the effect that the latter city was built by Ludor Rouse Hudibras, 892 B. C., or as the assertion of the chronicler Fitzstephen ('Vita Sancti Thomæ,' Prologus) that London is much older than Rome—"Urbe Roma; secundum chronicorum fidem, satis antiquior est." Here is some more of the author's profound reasoning on the same subject (p. 14): "They (the London wards) were local divisions, resembling the *curiales* and *regiones* of a classic city. On this there is the emphatic testimony of Fitzstephen, who, after his reference to the use of laws and institutions common to Rome, remarks, 'London is in like manner to Rome distributed into regions.'" The wards of New York resemble the *regiones* of Rome about as much as those of London did in the twelfth century, when Fitzstephen wrote his pægyric. The argument in favor of the Roman origin of English towns, so plausibly advanced by Wright and Coote, is impotent and, at times, almost ridiculous in the hands of Mr. Price, who does not in the least shake Loftie's conclusion, that "not a single fact of any kind has yet been adduced that will go even a little way towards proving this romantic theory" ('Historic Towns—London,' p. 14).

In his discussion of English guilds (pp. 24-30) the author displays much irrelevant learning concerning the Roman "collegia opificum," "collegia dendrophorum," etc., but does not present the shadow of a proof in support of his assumption that the former emanated from the latter. Some of this space might have been more advantageously devoted to an inquiry into the history and functions of the "cnichtengild," or gild of knights, which Mr. Price does not even mention in this connection, although some eminent authorities regard it as the quondam governing body of London, from which the Guildhall derived its name. The author next enters into a consideration of the gild merchant, which he would have discussed more intelligently had he been acquainted with the results of recent investigation. If, as he maintains, there really was such a general or dominant gild merchant of London in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we should certainly meet with some trace of it in the 'Liber Custumarum,' the 'Letter Books,' and other muniments of London. The author's "internal evidence" in support of his position is the fact that the burgesses of Oxford, who had a gild merchant, received a charter from Henry III. granting them all the liberties of London. But it does not necessarily follow that London had every institution of Oxford. A town receiving such a charter was not completely remodelled after its exemplar, but simply grafted upon its own individual polity such of its prototype's liberties as it deemed advisable. The subject is fully investigated in the *Antiquary*, vol. xi, pp. 142-147, 199-203. Norton's statement ('Commentaries,' 3d ed., p. 25) that there is no trace of London ever having had a general mercantile gild, is certainly correct. The historical account of