

many bodies politic. The home Government might assert and painfully reassert its control over all matters of colonial administration; nevertheless, whether by tacitly ignoring or by boldly defying the external authority, they went on organizing local self-government. Under such conditions, an independent republic was apparently inevitable, as it is, indeed, now recognized to have been by the later historians on both sides of the Atlantic. That a difference in temperament counted as well (if not as much) as a difference in political training or aptitude, on the two sides of the border, can hardly be questioned.

"In a wandering red man," says a recent writer, "the matter-of-fact New Englander of the last century would scarcely have seen anything more than 'a great, naked, dirty beast,' a benighted heathen and a menace to his safety; in the shaggy bear moving slowly across a snow-covered landscape, nothing more than the basis for a probable sale of furs at the nearest market. The Acadian or Canadian habitant, however, could see in the one an idealized warrior of the forest, an interpreter of the secrets of nature; and in the other a mythical character in the local folk-lore, celebrated in village songs about the winter fire or the summer merry-making."

The critical and bibliographical contributions by Mr. Winsor which accompany the last two chapters of the volume are noteworthy even for this work. They cover more than 125 pages of fine print, with frequent maps and facsimiles. The portion devoted to "The Maps and Bounds of Acadia" furnishes a most instructive survey of the "historical geography"—to use Mr. Freeman's expression—of the northeastern settlements. The boundary towards the Thirteen Colonies is shown to fluctuate from latitude 43° 30' (that of Cape Elizabeth and Lake Winnepesaukee), as claimed in the La Hontan map of 1709, to the limit of Passamaquoddy Bay in 1763. Some of the most interesting of these boundary questions were by no means settled in 1763, but have been passed on as an inheritance to our own republic, and have formed the subject of comparatively recent diplomatic negotiations. Twenty-four other maps of Acadian territory, ranging from 1500 to 1691, in addition to those actually reproduced here, are brought into the field for comparison by references to preceding volumes. In a previous volume, it will be remembered, Mr. Winsor had laid down some general principles as to the interpretation of early maps (vol. iv, p. 33), which are not unlikely to be accepted as canons. Directly in line with them is his criticism on Carroll, in the present volume, that in omitting a certain map from his "Historical Collections," as being "very incorrect," he had lost sight of "the fact that the incorrectness of early maps is an index of contemporary ideas with which the historian finds it indispensable to deal" (vol. v, p. 338). In twelve pages devoted to an examination of the grounds and motives of the removal of the Acadians in 1755, Mr. Winsor presents us with another of those thorough and exhaustive reviews of the evidence which have given this work so much of its value. The reader will readily recall earlier instances in his notes on the Verrazzano letter, on M. Margry's "Mémoires," and on Hennepin's claims, in the preceding volume, and the much briefer note on the spurious Montcalm letters, elsewhere in the present volume.

In the final chapter, on "The Struggle for the Great Valleys of North America," Mr. Winsor is on ground recently made so familiar in Mr. Parkman's two volumes, "Montcalm and Wolfe"; yet his treatment of the subject is far from being a mere paraphrase of Parkman, and has a distinct individuality of its own. Here and there, indeed, he makes a very palpable point, as when (at page 533) he takes issue with

John Fiske, to show that the actual result of the Quebec campaign could hardly be called inevitable or certain; or when (at page 572) he shows the losses to the historical student, in the conception to be obtained of Washington's character, resulting from Sparks's peculiar methods of editing his letters; or when (at pages 528 and 587) he cites some astonishing instances of statements which Mr. Bancroft has let "stand in his final revision." The reader, as he follows the development of the narrative, is made to see in how true a sense the seeds of independence and revolution were planted during this epoch in the history of the Thirteen Colonies. For them the long and tedious French and Indian hostilities constituted a period of discipline and preparation, both for the military campaigns which they were themselves to conduct against the armies of the mother country, and no less for the constructive work of statesmanship by which those military movements were to be supplemented. Throughout this volume, devoted to the pre-Revolutionary period, one comes upon such names as those of Franklin in civil affairs, and, in military service, of George Washington, Daniel Morgan, John Stark, and Israel Putnam—names destined to become splendid, though by no "sudden making," in the War of Independence. "The great decisive duel," to use Mr. Seelye's language, "for the possession of the New World," was at last settled in favor of the English; but this very success had its disastrous side. Their own colonists, relieved at last of the tedious but salutary discipline of the long struggle, now found time to turn that discipline to real account, and to establish on these shores an independent republic.

The proof-reading throughout the volume has been extremely careful. We note a few misprints for correction in subsequent impressions of the work. Pople's "British Empire" is cited as "People's" at the foot of page 143. Locke's biographer, Fox Bourne, appears as "Fox Browne" at page 336. "Beaufort," near the foot of pages 545 and 546, should be "Beaufort." Of the two mentions of Langlade on page 568, the second, as cited from the *Revue Canadienne*, appears as "Langdale." "*Mt. Pleasant, Va.*," on page 570, should obviously be "*Pt. Pleasant, W. Va.*" On page 599 the Moravian, Christian Frederick Post, is cited as "Charles Frederick Post."

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

The Life of Mr. James Quin, Comedian. With a Supplement of Original Facts and Anecdotes. London: Reader; New York: Scribner & Welford.

Yesterdays with Actors. By Catherine Mary Reynolds-Winslow. Boston: Cupples & Company.

Memories of an Old Actor. By Walter M. Leman. San Francisco: A. Roman Co.

Le Théâtre en Allemagne, son Origine et ses Luttes (1200-1760). Par Ida Brüning. Preface de Henri de Lapommeraye. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie.; New York: F. W. Christern.

La Comédie et les Mœurs en France au Moyen Âge. Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris. New York: F. W. Christern.

The original edition of "The Life of Mr. James Quin," printed for S. Bladon, in Paternoster Row, London, in 1766, is one of the very scarcest books in histrionic biography. It is greatly sought by collectors, partly, perhaps, because of its rarity, and partly because it is the only life of Quin ever published. It is not treasured for any merits of its own; as Mr. Robert W. Lowe said in his own exact and admira-

ble biographical sketch of Quin in the first volume of "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States," "it is a wretchedly incorrect and stupid compilation." In the present edition (on which we find the name of no editor) the bulk of the book has been doubled by a reprint of the report of Quin's trial for killing a man, and by the collection of a lot of scraps, anecdotes, epigrams, etc., most of which are unauthenticated by a reference to any book. Indeed, we are inclined to echo Mr. Lowe's condemnation of the original book, and to declare the supplement "a wretchedly incorrect and stupid compilation." Anecdotes are told in a slovenly way, with the point of the story extended until it is a mere vanishing point. References to Quin in Cumberland's "Memoirs," in Davies's "Miscellanies" and "Life of Garrick," in Barry Cornwall's "Life of Keats," and in Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage," are all neglected. Quin was one of the first wits of his time, as well as one of the best actors, and it is a pity that his jests and gibes should not be set down fairly in his biography. It was Quin, for example, who made a retort worth recalling just now, when the reform of the House of Lords is again in question. At a dinner party at Bath, one of his jokes caused a general murmur of delight, and a nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" With a flash of his eye, Quin returned, "What would your Lordship have me to be—a Lord?"

Of the books about the stage which crowd the shelves of the collector, more than half fall into two broad divisions—the catchpenny and contemporary biography, of which this "Life of Quin" is a fair sample, and the autobiographic collection of reminiscences, of which the next two books on our list are average specimens. Mrs. Winslow's "Yesterdays with Actors" and Mr. Leman's "Memories of an Old Actor" are not unlike a hundred other volumes of rambling recollections. Books of this class are generally genial in tone—at least as far as their allusion to persons is concerned; in their references to the present condition of the drama they are not infrequently ferocious, for there is no firmer *laudator temporis acti* than the veteran of the footlights when he sits down to recall his youth, and insensibly glides into a comparison with the present. Books of this class have no great literary pretence—indeed, the author is often apologetic; but, for all that, he is likely to be a neat hand at an anecdote. The current of the narrative flows easily, and no one has a right to quarrel with the narrator if, on a closer inspection, some of the swans which float into view, prove to be little better than geese. If not absolutely uncritical, the retired "professional," when he takes his pen in hand to tell the tale of his triumphs, is seldom exacting. The sequence of his story is not rigidly chronological, and his dates are rarely impeccable. Both "Yesterdays with Actors" and the "Memories of an Old Actor" are filled with gentle gossip about the players of the past, and naturally enough the central figure in this gentle gossip is the gossipier himself or herself. Both books are welcome, and both will help the student of the stage to understand the character and ability of certain of the chief performers of the immediate past. Both have not a few pleasant anecdotes agreeably told. Mrs. Reynolds-Winslow's recollections of Charlotte Cushman and of Edwin Forrest soften the outlines of two austere, towering figures in the history of the American theatre. Mr. Leman revives the already fading fame of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, of Josephine Clifton, and of Master Burke; and he offers great

assistance to any one attempting to set forth the story of the stage in California, where the author has been living since 1854. In typographical accuracy and taste 'Yesterdays with Actors' is far superior to 'Memories of an Old Actor,' which is a rather coarsely put together product of the Californian press, adorned with but a single illustration—the rude but vigorous frontispiece portrait of Mr. Leman. Mrs. Winslow's pages are enriched by little "process" cuts, portraits of actors and actresses of the past twenty years, and by more important photogravures, of which there are eight; the best of them, perhaps, being a reproduction of Mr. Vinton's full-length portrait of Mr. William Warren.

In a brightly written preface M. Henri de Lacommeraye, one of the best equipped of French dramatic critics, sketches in outline Ida Brüning's career on the stage, not omitting her failure as the manager of a German theatre in Paris a quarter of a century ago, and not forgetting that a granddaughter of hers is now a promising member of the fine company of the Odéon. The history of the German theatre which the Austrian actress has compiled is brightly written, and although not a work of original research, it is useful. So far as we know, there is no similar book either in French or in English. All readers of Lessing's 'Dramaturgie' will find here an excellent introduction, enabling them to understand far more easily than before the great critic's point of view, his aims, and his indignations. Here we can see plainly enough the growth of the French influence which dominated the German theatre all through the last century, and drove out the native drama that might have been developed into a true national comedy. The French drama invaded Germany in force long before it crossed the Channel to England as other than an occasional and friendly visitor. In the last century, English influence was almost as great on the French stage as was French influence on the English; and the international borrowing was not unequal. In fact, it was only in this century, and after the vogue of Scott's novels had turned the attention of the authors of England from the drama to prose fiction, that the French playwright possessed himself of the English stage. But in Germany there was no national dramatic literature to set a high standard, and the blind imitation of French models began early and persisted long. One of the illustrations in this book of Ida Brüning's shows that, in the beginning at least, Germany was independent of France. It is a sketch of a mystery acted at Nuremberg in the Middle Ages, exhibiting the platform or theatre with its triple stage, one above the other, the uppermost representing heaven, the lowest hell, and the intermediate the earth. This may be compared advantageously with the "set" of the mystery of Valenciennes, a model of which is in the Library of the Opéra in Paris, and was engraved to illustrate an account of that library published in the *Magazine of Art* two years ago.

M. L. Petit de Julleville, one of the professors of the Sorbonne, is writing a history of the theatre in France from the very beginning. Two portly volumes on the mysteries were published in 1880. Now he has taken a step further, and in 'Les Comédiens en France au Moyen Âge,' and in the present volume on 'La Comédie et les Mœurs en France au Moyen Âge' he considers the origin of the regular drama—the moralities, the farces, the *soties*, the monologues, and the satires which abounded just before the Renaissance. Space fails us now to give this solid work the careful examination to which it is entitled; and for the present, at

least, a brief but hearty commendation must suffice.

VERNON LEE'S ÆSTHETICS.

Juvenilia. Being a second series of Essays on Sundry Æsthetical Questions. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

VERNON LEE has in several books distinguished herself for certain qualities not always found and not always desirable in the writings of women. There is a delightful frankness of assumption, an assurance of opinion, a quiet reliance on the sufficiency of her intuitions to dispense with the system generally needed in æsthetical study, and a serene contempt of logic as unnecessary to the feminine judgment, which is, to any one looking merely for the personality of the writer, fascinating. The combination shows juvenility and sometimes extreme crudity of judgment, and now and then is even irritating to one who regards sound opinions and real increment of human knowledge as the desiderata in literary education; but even such a reader can find pleasure in the 'gambolling' of Vernon Lee among difficult problems, as he would in the frolics of an interesting child in his flower beds. Vernon Lee has never any misgivings as to her mastery of any matter to which she turns her attention ever so briefly. She has evidently read much, but in her reading there could have been nothing scientific. She observes well what passes before her, and (but for an occasional aping of Ruskin) describes well; but the moment her feet ought to touch what must be regarded as firm rock, the scientific basis of æsthetics, she drops into what are verily "*Juvenilia*."

Of the series of essays which compose this book, by far the best, and very good in its way, is that entitled "*Don Juan (con Stenterello)*." It is a description of an Italian theatre, with much local color and a charming playfulness of style. The play is described *in situ*, with all its accompaniments—the *entr'actes* filled up with the author's sparkling drama.

"The curtain had fallen between the last act but one and the last. We had witnessed the violent abduction of *Doña Anna* and the pathetic death of the respectable *Commander*, villainously run through the body by *Don Juan Tenorio*. . . . And we had actually beheld (so genuine is the supernatural even in the twopenny theatre of the Borgo Ognisanti), the white marble *Commander* shaking with laughter on the top of his cardboard bronze charger, and showering upon the horrid blasphemer and his servant a rain of flour from his whitened face and drapery at every special piece of the clown's humor. . . . After an universal roar of laughter in recognition of the last words of the clown, 'Sir, sir, he's gone and rolled down the staircase. Boum! boum! he's gone and broken himself into an hundred pieces!' the audience began to rise, to stretch their stiffened arms and legs, to yawn and hum; while there resounded from behind the curtain the hammering which was to furnish an appropriate hell wherein to damn the unrepenting sinner."

We cannot quote more of this little essay without injustice to the graver elements of the book, nor do more than notice the following essay, "*Signor Curazio*," which has a good deal of the same merit—not, however, without much wordy speculation and unsubstantial criticism, meant to be profound.

The moment the author gets away from legitimate record of genuine and healthy impressions from the external world, she grows diffuse, labored, and often nonsensical. She speaks of her youth, "when I, too, had looked upon the world as a tract of springtide country through which one might wander, calm and wise, like an antique statue, in search of the great dualism; the Good and the Beautiful." She expresses doubts

on certain solutions of social problems, but concludes in this wise: "This seems certain: in order that the great mass of mankind, which has neither *pedœe*, nor *dignity*, nor *beauty of life*, should obtain a small allowance of any such qualities, it becomes necessary that we, who happen to possess thereof, should deprive ourselves of a portion for their benefit." If any of Mr. Morris's most erratic and incoherent followers have ever laid down so preposterous a doctrine as this, we have not met with it. She speaks of "what to me must always seem one of the most impressive of all spectacles, *short of hell*—the Tyne at Newcastle." Hell is a good strong word, and to some people it has a meaning, but to our author, in her comparison, none.

But since Vernon Lee sets out on a quest for the æsthetic, it is better to leave side issues and see what her æstheticism really amounts to. Of the distinctness of terminology indispensable to progress in so ill defined a science as æsthetics, she has no conception. In "*The Lake of Charlemagne*"—an essay on Association, with which the Emperor has as much to do as the pebbles in the French cook's soup with its quality—we have the following definition (one of the few attempts at precision in the book):

"Association means the investing of one object, having characteristics of its own, with the characteristics of some other object; the pushing aside, in short, of reality to make room for the fictions of imagination or memory. Now, in a work of art, or a thing of nature which can afford artistic pleasure, there is, as in man, woman, beast, plant, or stone, *nothing so important as its reality*. This reality, this sum-total of all its actually existing characteristics, means, in the work of art, all the labor expended in producing it, all the good luck enjoyed in finding it, all the pleasures that it may give. In practical concerns this is recognized by every creature; we do our best to get all the reality of man, woman, beast, or plant, knowing that on that reality depends all it can do for us or that we must do for it. But in all æsthetical matters the case is different: we do not seek for the reality of the work of art, do not ask ourselves what it is. The reality of a work of art is that by which we recognize and remember, that of which we can make a copy, the identical and individual, which to all men similarly constituted must appear the same; the form, this form, the visible shape of picture or statue, the audible shape of symphony or song," etc.

Juvenilia indeed!—what we used to call sophomorical. Association is not gifting one object with the characteristics of another, but so linking two objects by some common attribute that one shall bring up the other. What the author describes is metaphor; what she defines as "reality" is individuality.

The entire essay on Association is incoherent padding, sent to the printer apparently without the trouble of revision; and the reader comes from it with a sense of having spent some time over a word-puzzle for which no key exists. Reality is that by which any object is distinguished from a phantasm—an attribute of what exists, in distinction from that which is supposed or imagined; and that a writer on æsthetics should embark with such elementary ignorance as is shown in the above-quoted definitions, is a curiosity of literature. There is scarcely a page of the essay in question which does not contain some demonstrable absurdity, or utterly inextricable tangle of words meaning *au fond* nothing at all.

In "*Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi*," we have a clearer exposition of the author's feeling about art in the following passage, which is intelligible, but intelligibly low as to its æsthetical standard—in fact, vulgarly ignorant:

"Nor do I know whether a collection of Phidian and Praxitelean gods and goddesses looking like so many maimed and scrofulous creatures out of Orcagna's 'Triumph of Death' would have pleased a Greek; nor whether, in our prudery about restoration, we are not in reality