

trème of elegance and good taste and the cutting of the illustrations is both subtle and faithfully to the drawings; but the designs, with some exceptions, are a discredit to their designers, indicating neither an intelligent reading of the poem, nor a decent care for the congruities of so noble an undertaking. The processed head-pieces by Bridwell are charming designs, and that of the prelude to the second part is quite in the spirit of the poem. The tail-piece by Alfred Kappes, on p. 85 (in index 87, Shirlaw's Wanderer, indexed 85, being really on 83), is picturesque and not incongruous. But the frontispiece portrait of Lowell is a disgrace to the talented portrait-painter who drew it, though the reproduction of the drawing by Juengling is a surprising *tour de force*. The two winter landscapes are, if not particularly illustrative of the poem, still good winter landscapes, although they share too much in the affectation of flimsiness which is getting to be characteristic with American designers for book illustration. The summer landscape of F. Hopkinson Smith to "And what is so rare as a day in June?" and the interior, with figures by Shirlaw, to "And the wanderer is welcome to the hall," are effective and acceptable as designs, though hardly in the spirit of 'Sir Launfal' more than of any other poem or story, the landscape having absolutely no conceivable relation to it. But the two designs of Christ by Mowbray are simply caricatures of religious art, and even rendered as they are with the curious fidelity of Juengling's graver, quite unworthy the book, redeemed in fact from utter vulgarity only by being in the translation of an engraver who cannot be vulgar. Mr. Swain Gifford's "He sees the snake-like caravan crawl" is a good desert scene, but suggests nothing "snake-like"; three camels, of which one is hidden by another, and the third is in the distance, not filling the demand of the poem any better than does the poor and irrelevant design to "Better the blessing of the poor" of Mr. Freer. These, and Shirlaw's "And through the dark arch a charger sprang;" and "My golden spurs now bring to me," can only be classed as incompetencies of the first order, and, like the two Christs, are only saved from dishonoring the book by the singular excellence of the engraving and printing. They are poor, trivial work, of which their respective artists should be ashamed when they see the company to which they have presented them.

And in the poem there are offered such passages for illustration as

"The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees";  
and

"The castle alone in the landscape lay,  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray";

or  
"Around it for leagues her pavillions fall  
Stretched left and right,  
Over the hills and out of sight."

While the picture of the whole poem—

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome  
gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same"

—is not even suggested by Mr. Shirlaw's

"And through the dark arch a charger sprang."

In the winter part the passage,

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain  
peak  
From the snow five thousand summers old,"

so full of possible and imaginative suggestion; is not hinted at by Mr. Smith's winter landscape; and the magnificent picture—

"And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window-slits of the castle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold"

—has not tempted a trial of its capacities for night effect; nor has the finest distinctly figure subject of the whole poem—

"As Sir Launfal-mused with a downcast face,  
A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him glorified";

or the almost equally fine one—

"He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink."

The sumptuous books on Holland published in the few years past are evidence of an awakening interest in that delightful country in the minds of habitual travellers. Mr. Lovett's volume is an humbler tribute; and though, as art, the illustrations are, where not taken from pictures by the Dutch masters, indifferent or worse, and as engraving, whether from great pictures or poor photographs, quite below the best standard of wood-engraving, the book will find its field, and enable many fireside travellers to gather a fair idea of one of the most interesting countries on the face of the globe. As the usual, logical, and by far the most convenient gate to Holland is by Rotterdam, it is difficult to understand why the itinerary of Mr. Lovett begins at Zaandam. Of course, in a book of this character, much must be omitted. Moreover, the peculiar object of it—legitimate enough, for the rest—is to exalt the constancy of the Protestantism of Holland, which is done without attacking Catholicism. The chapter most open to objection is that which deals with Dutch art, which, absurdly enough, begins with Rembrandt, as if he had sprung ready armed from the blood of the old Spanish war, with neither predecessor nor master, a single mention of Pieter Lastman, in whose studio he was "for a few months," being all the information we get of the antecedents of his celebrity. Of what is original in this so incomplete summary one can only say that it shows the hardihood, and we may add originality, of opinion usual in people who have never qualified themselves to pass an opinion, while, in what is quoted; the selection is naturally no more intelligent. Take, for instance, a notice of Ruysdael, where we read "that he was the greatest landscape painter that modern art has ever produced; . . . a draughtsman of the first order, he was also a finished *colorist*. His color, *warm and soft*, exhibits in the half tints of light and shade variations of *exquisite sweetness*." To quote such rubbish as authoritative criticism is far worse than to write original nonsense, and a writer capable of it is out of the category of those who have even the elementary knowledge of art or the ordinary capacity to study nature. The quotation goes on to say: "Never did artist succeed as Ruysdael in concentrating in his skies, filled with sombre and threatening clouds, *so melancholy and tender a poetical feeling*." We are very far from denying to Ruysdael a high order of technical ability, but he had no sentiment, and his skies are more innocent of any melancholy than a sea of Vanderveelde's, for one may say that a muddy sea is melancholy. That Ruysdael never painted from nature is evident to any man who has done so. He drew much and carefully, but his work never forsakes the conventional treatment of his school, and to stamp him as the greatest landscape painter of modern times is only to proclaim one's utter ignorance of art.

The poetic justice which is meted out to us for our part in the history of slavery is the appropriation of the only national field of art or song by the negro—the only picturesque or spontaneously musical element in our population. Negro melodies are the limit of popular enjoyment of music, and constitute the only form of it which thus far America has brought into existence, and on the real plantation song some of our best song music has been constructed. Stephen C. Foster was the author of the most popular of the second-hand negro melodies,

words and music, and Ticknor & Co. have brought out as Christmas books very fully and prettily illustrated editions of two of them, the "Swanee Ribber," with portrait of Christine Nilsson, and the "Old Kentucky Home," which recalls one of the most justly popular figure pictures yet painted in this country, Eastman Johnson's "Kentucky Home." The illustrations are by Chas. Copeland for the former, and for the latter by Mary Hallock Foote. They are exhaustive of the capabilities of the subject. Though unequal as designs, the best are in the best vein of our book illustration, and as *ensemble* they distinctly deserve a place on this winter's tables and in next year's book-cases.

An Introduction to the Study of Provençal.

By Darcy Butterworth Kitchin, B.A. 12mo, pp. viii., 143. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1887.

THIS neat little volume, which enjoys the honorable distinction of being the first English book for the study of Provençal, is compiled "for the use of students of Romance Philology and candidates for the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge, and similar examinations at other universities." But in the present condition of Romance study in England and in this country, the scope of its use may well be broadened to include all our beginners in Provençal. Private students, in particular, may welcome it heartily, for it is a book which they can master readily; it will give them a fair idea of the nature of this literature, and doubtless make them eager to gain fuller knowledge of a body of verse which in form, at least, is matchless. It is, however, chiefly on the ground that it is needful and will be serviceable that this work can be recommended. That in execution it is up to the present high standard cannot be said. Mr. Kitchin divides his work into three books. In the first he gives a sketch of the literature. This division of his work is for the most part a translation and condensation of Bartsch's 'Grundriss zur Geschichte der provenzalischen Literatur,' which is, in general, a thoroughly reliable book. But, in attempting to condense Bartsch, Mr. Kitchin occasionally misrepresents him; while in the few cases where he abandons Bartsch's guidance, he goes astray almost without fail. Thus, he thinks, p. 5, that the Moors were a "serious factor in the style and feeling" of Provençal literature. This ghost has been laid time and again. In raising it anew, does Mr. Kitchin forget that exuberant sensuous imagery, that "serious factor in the style and feeling" of Oriental verse, is unknown in Provençal? On p. 6 he says that *oil* is derived from *hoc illud*; p. 8, that the fragment of Boëthius "consists of 258 ten-syllable verses accented on the fourth syllable" (not on the tenth as well?); that in the tenth and eleventh centuries "the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl* were as yet unseparated," and that "assonance was often found in place of rhyme"; p. 11, that the troubadour biographies are "in the main of great value" (and at all trustworthy?); p. 12, that in epic poetry the *cæsura* may fall after the fifth syllable if the verse be feminine (and not so if it be masculine? In fact, the *feminine cæsura* occurs both in verse with masculine rhyme and in that with feminine); and that the poets of Provence "delighted in piling rhyme upon rhyme, regardless of meaning." On p. 22 he asserts that the poetical Academy of Toulouse was once in danger of disruption, through the establishment of the *jeux floraux* (by, alas! Clémence Isaure).

The second book treats of the language. Excepting the first chapter and scattered remarks in the others, this follows Bartsch's 'Chrestomathie' closely. The first chapter deals with

letter change (making, however, no attempt at scientific exposition of phonetics) and pronunciation. For the latter a considerable number of rules is given, so that he who uses this book no longer need say, "Il n'y a pas de prononciation provençale." The treatment of pronouns and of verbs is noticeable for simplicity and method. There are a few slips in this part. Such are the statement, on p. 25, that the double sound of *e* and *o* was not precisely observed; the implied derivation on p. 29 of *luxa* from *lux* (doubly impossible, by meaning and by phonetics); the unqualified assertion on p. 32 that nominative *s* in Provençal nouns comes directly from the Latin (cf. pp. 30, 31). Further, it is puzzling to read (p. 53) that strong verbs are those "which throw the accent in the 1st and 3d sing. of the perf. indic. on the stem, and not on the ending"—inasmuch as strong verbs in these forms have no ending—and distressing to see Latin etymons given (*passim*) in the nominative case.

The third book consists of selections from the literature—two in prose and ten in verse. Here the biography of Guillem de Cabestaing makes an easy introduction into an admittedly difficult language. The other prose piece is from the grammar of Uc Faidit. Then follow a *ballade*, a hymn, an *alba*, three *canzos*, a *domnejaire*, and a *serventes*, besides extracts from Peire de Corbiac's 'Tezaur' and from 'Flamenca.' Apropos of 'Flamenca,' we are told (p. 98) that it is "the best surviving example of the epic poems of Southern France." 'Girart de Ros-silho,' the only real epic in the language, is nowhere mentioned (though Mignard's edition of the *old French* poem of the same name is noticed in the bibliography), and the 'Chanson de la croisade albigoise' is referred to only indirectly (p. 11).

On the whole, the verse selections are good, and may fairly be considered representative, though one would expect to see some of the work of Bernard de Ventadorn, the simplest as well as the sweetest singer of them all, and of Peire Cardenal, the great master of the *serventes*, in a book that finds place for the lady of Vilanova and Alphonso II. of Aragon. Full notes accompany the text, and there is a glossary. A select bibliography and an index close the volume. For a book so small there are two many typographical errors. A few may be noted: p. 8, l. 2, Rhodes for Rodez (same error in index); p. 29, l. 2, nijo for hiyo; 34, 13, Dranges, Drango for Dranges, Draugo; 76, 41, es for en; 89, 79, fo rei for bo rei.

*Martin Luther: His Life and Work.* By Peter Bayne, LL.D. 2 vols. Cassell & Co. 1887.

DR. PETER BAYNE belongs to a class of men with whom one finds it difficult to maintain the degree of patience necessary for any critical judgment of their work. These are the Carlyle imitators. Their mistake is in supposing that what made Carlyle great was the oddity of his expression, whereas in fact he was great in spite of that, and would have been great no matter how he had chosen to express himself. The imitator who begins with the oddity is pretty likely to end there, and to reveal the essential littleness of his own talent by challenging comparison with the master. This is precisely what Dr. Bayne has done to the extent of two stout octavo volumes.

His method has been to take two or three of the best modern works on Luther, together with the reformer's own writings, then to select the most striking incidents of his career, and make each of these the subject of a chapter with some more or less fantastic heading, then to weave about these incidents a narrative of which one part is the accepted tradition of the day, and

three parts are speculation as to what the persons concerned must have thought and felt, and what would have happened if things had been different from what they were. The result is, that on the whole the facts narrated are pretty well founded in the researches of trustworthy scholars, that the narrative is in many places picturesque and vivid, but that the general effect is fantastic and cloudy to a degree.

Never, perhaps, was there a man whose life lent itself to partisan treatment more easily than that of Luther. His nature was full of contradictions; the multitudinous problems of his life made it impossible for him to live up to any strictly consistent principles either of judgment or of conduct. Thus, friend or enemy seeking for proofs of his goodness or of his badness can find them in abundance. Dr. Bayne is one of the friends from whom any man looking forward in anxiety as to his reputation might pray to be delivered. He is rather an advocate than an historian. He admits seeming weaknesses and shortcomings in his hero, but does this only to excuse them and explain them away. He is an avowed hero-worshipper, refreshingly frank in his worship, but causing the reader to fear that things may have been concealed or slighted which must be known if the whole figure of a man is to be brought before us. This method of treatment is a deplorable one. It was employed with great force by the most powerful antagonists of the Reformation in recent times, the Catholic Janssen, but that fact has made it all the more incumbent upon the historian of Protestant effort to take an entirely new line of defence. Not by gathering another list of facts on the other side, but by showing that those brought forward by Janssen are in themselves false or misleading, can the defender of the new faith make a powerful impression upon the thinking world.

The style of the book may be best illustrated by the first chapter of the second book. Beginning after the manner of certain novelists, "The early shadows of a November night had fallen upon Eisleben, the trim little county town of the district, or, as we should say, the shire, of Mansfeld to the north of Thuringia," it goes on to inform us that "Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise—the sun shines much as usual, making his tuneful way through the heavens without perceptible variation in the melody. In the humble room, however, in which lies Margaret, the young wife of John Luder, Luder, Leuder, Lothar, Lotter, Lutter, Luther—no one had ever cared to ask how the poor miner spelt his name—an event was expected which, from prince to peasant, is of interest to young couples." After referring then to certain legends regarding the supernatural incidents connected with the birth of the reformer, the author continues:

"Returning then to the room—probably a temporary lodging—in which, with or without stellar participation, the boy was born, we can discern, or plausibly infer from subsequent knowledge, that his eyes have a notable sparkle. Not improbably also the cry of surprise, alarm, and distress in which, in the manner of human kind, the infant intimates its sense of the liberty taken with it in ushering it into this world, might have hinted to ears medically expert that, though blessed with excellent lungs, it had something eccentric in the intestinal region. But we cannot be certain that Luther's dyspepsia, as well authenticated as Carlyle's, was congenital. The incidents of the birth, were, in short, those usual in such cases."

Three authors appear to have been constantly in the mind of Dr. Bayne while making this book, Shakspeare, Carlyle, and George Eliot. If we are to believe him, Shakspeare was profoundly influenced by Lutheran ideas. How valuable his opinion is may be inferred from the following argument: Cardinal Cajetan,

papal legate to Augsburg in the year 1518, after one interview with Luther declined another, saying, "I will have no more disputation with this beast of a creature. Habet enim profundos oculos et mirabiles speculationes in capite suo." "Turn now," says Dr. Bayne, "to 'Macbeth':

'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
That thou dost stare with.'

It may be a mere coincidence that the words in italics occur in close juxtaposition in Cajetan's Latin and in Shakspeare's English, but to many it will seem more probable that Shakspeare had read some account of the Augsburg interview, and had noted the graphic words." Who the "many" may be who fancy that the greatest of poets worked up his vocabulary from a commonplace book, it is hard to tell.

It ought to be added in common fairness that this sort of stuff decreases notably in quantity as the book goes on. The second volume is comparatively free from it, and one can hardly repress the conviction that the author was in some way led to see that he was working on a false system. It is only to be regretted that his good genius did not persuade him to subject his first volume to a thorough pruning, the only process by which it can be made tolerable to any reader of taste.

*Bornholms Oldtidsminde og Oldsager*, af Amtmand E. Vedel, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries in Copenhagen. 4to, 424 pp. Copenhagen.

WE have here a masterpiece in archaeological research, and in regard to the island of Bornholm in the Baltic it is well-nigh exhaustive. Denmark's great archaeologists are Thomsen and Worsaae, both deceased, and now Vedel, who well maintains the prestige of his predecessors. Mr. Vedel was a magistrate (*Amtmand*) on Bornholm from 1866 to 1871, when he was transferred to Sorö, near Copenhagen. His time in Bornholm was largely devoted to the examination of the antiquities of the island, and after his removal to Sorö he regularly visited Bornholm and continued his researches. The results of his eighteen years' study are given to the public in the magnificent volume before us. It contains several hundred excellent illustrations and a very good map of Bornholm. For the benefit of foreigners, it is furnished with a résumé in French extending over thirty-three pages.

Bornholm is literally covered with graves, mounds, and burial-places from the past. Their number exceeds 10,000. Of these Mr. Vedel has opened 3,600, and has been rewarded with an abundance of finds, which he has presented to the Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen. The author points out as a remarkable feature of the stone age that the graves have thresholds and door-posts, and from this he draws the conclusion that the people of the stone age understood the art of building houses and practised it. The interior part of the island was not inhabited in the stone age. The volume abounds in illustrations of the various finds from the Bornholm graves, and these indicate that the ancient inhabitants were highly civilized and developed a fine industry. In the unburnt graves the finds were not destroyed or broken, but, as soon as cremation began, swords and other treasures placed in the graves were mutilated. A century ago Bornholm had more than 1,000 stone monuments, but of these only about 200 now remain. Two groups of monuments are enclosed and protected, one at the instance of King Frederick VII., and the other by the munificence of Mr. Vedel.

Mr. Vedel refers the so-called bauta-stones to the bronze age and the oldest iron age. The rock-tracings (*Hellerstringer*), of which there