

tering little book. He aims to contrast Saratoga with Carlsbad—a laudable object if honestly carried out; but the real argument here is, that of all known places and cures Saratoga is from all points of view the best. Mr. Sheppard's knowledge of balneo-therapeutics is made clear in the following sentence: "I do not believe there is enough difference between the waters of Carlsbad and those of Saratoga to make any difference in the efficacy of the mineral-water treatment." On the contrary, the waters of the two localities are essentially different in constitution, and in consequence adapted to different cures and cases. Those of Saratoga are strongly saline, and adapted to anemia and nervous affections; those of Carlsbad, while laxative, are more or less of a specific for liver complaints. The fagged-out invalid who would gain strength at Saratoga would be depleted and weakened at Carlsbad. The preappointed visitor to Carlsbad is the *viveur*, the dyspeptic, the man who has eaten too well and drunken too much. For him the depleting treatment is of real value. To confound the two to be ignorant of the first principles of treatment either at these springs or elsewhere.

The author concludes by saying: "The mineral-water treatment may be tried by any one who knows which water is best for him." But this is another essential point; which is the best? Mineral waters, like other medicines, are only valuable when prescribed in accordance with the needs of the particular case. Unappreciated as yet in their full value in our country, they will be more profitably used as they are more intelligently prescribed. The waters of Saratoga, in particular, are taken in excessive quantities by the majority of those who take them at all, and they will be found to have real value when taken as they should be, in small and long-continued doses and under medical prescription.

*The Lost Wedding Ring.* By Mrs. Winter and Mrs. Boy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

THE reviewer has a painful task before him when the writer of a book plainly says that she shall kill herself if what she has to say is not favorably listened to. His honesty is subjected to a greater strain than it ought to be called upon to bear, and the present reviewer pronounces it distinctly immoral on the part of writers to utter such painful threats. In the case of the 'Lost Wedding Ring,' however, the writer herself gets tired of her work before the end, and calls her production "a horrid little book," which it is not. Its tone is thoroughly good, and that is something to be thankful for in a book which treats of marriage. It is a subject that sometimes calls out all that is base and vulgar in the writer of a much more pretentious volume.

This is a book within a book. Mrs. Winter writes a series of essays on the relations of men and women, and Mrs. Boy makes various lively comments on them as they are read aloud. It is a very pleasant picture that is given of the two friends, and the flat in which they live, with broad window-sills on which their things never get scattered, and an adjoining picture-gallery roof, which they have converted into a garden. The first half of the book is a vigorous and sensible assertion of the independence which modern women have won for themselves, and of the change which it has necessarily made in the marriage relation. It is shown that marriage, like any other adventure, needs constant and painstaking effort to make it a successful undertaking, and that to let things go as they will after the honeymoon, instead of cultivating the virtues and graces that have sprung up during courtship, is to invite discord and unhappiness. It is made plain that the wife fills a different rôle to-day, and a more desirable one than that

of the submissive creature of yore, who had no thought nor motion of her own; and that the Church, in making the wife's promise to obey a condition of a religious marriage, when it is well known that no wife intends to obey, is encouraging wilful lying.

It is the second part of the book that arouses the vindictive spirit of the critic. This seeks to find the panacea for marital unhappiness in certain mystical interpretations of the story of Adam and Eve, which have just been communicated to the writer by some people whom she met in the Catskills. These theories have strong theological leanings, and are of the kind that are to be believed or disbelieved immediately on being heard, without any aid from reason or argument. Mrs. Boy, when she has listened to them, says, in effect: "It is pleasant—it suits me—therefore it is true." This sort of thing emphasizes the necessity of giving to young girls whose heads are full of fertile ideas, out of which they may make a book at some time, thorough training in physics and mathematics and whatsoever other studies may serve to illustrate the good and legitimate and efficient fashion of convincing a person of the truth of what you say.

*Some Things Abroad.* By Alexander McKenzie. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

It would not be difficult to give conventional rules for the making of books of the kind of 'Some Things Abroad.' They would run this wise: Take of Baedeker, Murray, or, at the last resort, Fetridge's Handbook, two parts; of Mark Twain, one part; of school geography and English grammar, each a little; and fill up to four parts with any good encyclopædia. Neither taste nor originality is requisite, and the mixture may safely be made in a good easy chair; at no expense beyond that of ink and paper. An ingenious workman could in this way manufacture books which to the ordinary comprehension could not be distinguished from that which Mr. McKenzie has written; and by a careful study of the guide-books, the writer might avoid some blunders which the author of this has fallen into, while its most disagreeable feature might be avoided by taking the Mark Twain a little fresher and more sparkling. The following is a good sample of what we are given in 'Some Things Abroad':

"In one building is a famous well. A venerable woman is in charge of this, and on her authority I give its depth as three hundred and thirty-five feet. She did all in her power, short of a personal descent or actual measurement, to impress us with the truth of her figures. She poured water from a dipper, and bade us listen till it struck the water below. It was a considerable interval. She lighted candles and lowered them into the darkness, and then with a mirror threw the reflection of the lights upon the surface of the water. We were convinced that it was a very deep well. It must take the truth a long time to come up from such depths, and this may explain some tales one hears."

Perhaps as a sample of how the writer's pen runs on, the following, from the account of Milan, in which the Mark Twain component is less apparent, will serve. The italics are ours:

"The monastery of S. Maria delle Grazie was suppressed into barracks for cavalry. The refectory was saved from such sacrilege, and remains a bare and deserted room. Upon the wall at one end is one of the chief glories of Milan in the painting of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci. No painting has become more familiar. It is well that it has been in some manner preserved by photographs and engravings. The monks cut a door through the table, and time has carried their inroads upon the picture still further. The paint was not adapted to the wall on which it was placed. But it is nearly four hundred years since the colors were laid in oils upon the plaster. The faces are marred and faded, but much of the beauty of the work remains. It was not without difficulty and delay that it was executed. The

artist told the impatient prior that he had not been able to find a face which he could copy for Judas. The prisons and the haunts of vice had no model for the traitor. He silenced the prior by suggesting that he should sit for the likeness. So the story runs. The central face does not satisfy. No picture of Christ has contented his friends. Da Vinci waited long before he could create a conception of it. His conception is not on the wall. Others have touched what they have not adorned," etc., etc.

In Venice Mr. McKenzie sees "the four lions from the Piræus, one of which is fabled to come from Marathon." He does not even consult his guide-book to profit, for he says of Trieste that it "is mentioned as a Roman town fifty years before the Christian era, when it was known as Tergeste." He makes some curious additions to the wonders of Athens: "Pausanias saw also the sacred olive tree, the crooked 'citizen' of the height. We also saw the olive tree, a mere shrub, without impressiveness, save that which its romantic history lends it." One can have little patience with this mixture of stale badinage, careless observation, and commonplace diary writing.

*Letzte Gänge.* Von Johannes Scherr. Zweite Auflage. Stuttgart: W. Spemann; New York: Westermann. 1887.

At the time of his death in November, 1886, the indefatigable Scherr, author of mediocre books enough to make a small library, was engaged upon a new work which was to bear the title, 'Jesuiten und Freimaurer: Drei Bücher Kulturgeschichte.' He had finished only a part of the first essay when the illness which finally proved fatal interrupted his labors. The volume before us seems to have been made, like the razors in the well-known ballad, to sell: it contains of Scherr, first, the torso of the essay upon the Jesuits; secondly, some sixty pages of matter headed "Im Hörsaal," and consisting apparently of miscellaneous extracts from lectures to students. The remainder of the book is by other hands, embracing a short sketch of Scherr's life and two memorial addresses which were delivered at his funeral. As to Scherr's part of the volume, it contains nothing that he had not said many times before. We find the same style, the same philosophy, the same religious and political prejudices; and yet the most caustic and exacting critic could not on his conscience pronounce the book dull.

The fact is, that in spite of all the harsh things that have been said, and said rightly, about his literary work, Scherr was in many ways a remarkable man. His great rhetorical skill has always been freely conceded, even by those who disliked him. His industry and fertility speak for themselves in the list of his works, and his honesty of conviction no one has ever questioned. He belonged, too, to a group of highly interesting persons, who are rapidly passing away—the talented German exiles of 1848. We are, therefore, really grateful to Prof. Mähly for his biographical sketch of Scherr, which contains more information about the man than we have heretofore chanced to see in print. Scherr was born in 1817 of Catholic parents in Suabia. It was a part of the irony of his fate that in his childhood he was for a while boy ministrant to a Catholic priest. He was an heir of poverty, and used to relate complacently to young men who seemed to him possessed of Sybaritic propensities, how he once passed at school a whole winter during which his daily ration was, with no variation whatever, a portion of poor sauerkraut and a piece of bread. His biographer gives but few details with regard to the incident which led to his expatriation. He was living at Stuttgart in the winter of 1848-49, and, having an ardent temperament, a fondness for leadership, and, withal,

much of the talent of the orator, he naturally took a rather prominent part in the political agitation of the period. He delivered numerous fervid speeches in behalf, as Mähly says, of German "unity and greatness" (surely, no great sin from a modern point of view). When the reaction set in, a committee was raised by the Stuttgart Liberals which was to have charge of the people's clubs (*Volksvereine*). Of this committee Scherr was a member, and, as such, he organized in June, 1849, a mass meeting at which he himself acted as orator of the day. His utterances on this occasion were so radical, so outspokenly republican, that the Government determined to prosecute him. He, however, through a chance acquaintance of his wife's, got wind of what was coming; so that, as the police were entering his front yard, the would-be tribune of the people escaped by the back door through an adjacent burying-ground to the railway station, from which he took the train for Switzerland. His wife soon followed him, and the pair passed the remainder of their days in exile—an exile which soon became very comfortable. In 1860 Scherr was appointed Professor of History at the Zürich Polytechnicum, a position which he occupied until his death.

Scherr's talent was that of expressing with vigor and dash, and upon occasion with brutal directness, the kind of ideas which are dear to a liberally inclined but half-cultivated and superficial bourgeoisie. To the choicer spirits of his nation, even among the liberals, Scherr's books have always been unpalatable. His works testify to a prodigious range of reading, and he certainly did not, as has sometimes been charged, altogether slight the "dead work" of investigation; he simply formed his opinions too easily, and made books too rapidly, to permit his spending very much time in pure research. His criticism is usually crude and commonplace, and quite devoid of suggestiveness, for the reason that his range of thought and feeling was only a little above that of the rationalistic, self-confident bourgeoisie which constitutes his public. To a person of some philosophy he really has but little to say,

but even to such a person his manner of expressing himself prevents him from being altogether uninteresting. For it is not to be denied that Scherr handled the German language with great dexterity. Without imitating his occasional coarseness, or sharing his *penchant* for matter of doubtful propriety, many a better critic and better historian than he might well take lessons of him in the art of clear and forcible statement.

*A History of the University of Oxford.* By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, D.C.L., Warden of Merton College. [Epochs of Church History.] Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 12mo, pp. 235.

MR. MAXWELL LYTE's history of Oxford University, recently noticed by us (*Nation*, No. 1157), is, within its range, an exhaustive treatise; but its plan excludes several matters upon which the general reader will certainly desire information. It is incomplete in respect to time, and designedly omits several important phases of university life and work. Mr. Brodrick had already given to the world a valuable work upon the early history of the University, in his 'Memorials of Merton College'; in the present book we have the fruits of his early labors, and along with them an admirable account of the modern history of the University. It is complete in its general plan, and as full in detail as will be desired by most readers. Being composed upon the basis of very thorough knowledge, and written in an interesting narrative style, it is a book which will be widely welcomed. We note, nevertheless, the omission of two topics which we might expect to find fully treated—the character of university instruction and the internal organization of the universities during the Middle Ages. These, if not wholly passed over, are very inadequately dealt with.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Dialect Ballads. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
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Baskerville, Prof. W. M. Outline of Anglo-Saxon Grammar. A. S. Barnes & Co. 75 cents.

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Bellamy, E. Miss Ludington's Sister. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.  
Butterworth, H. Songs of History, Boston: New England Publishing Co. \$1.  
Butterworth—Root. The Pillar of Fire: A Cantata for the Sunday School and Choir. Cincinnati: The John Church Co. 30 cents.  
Cottillon Almanac for 1888. Geo. Routledge & Sons. 25 cents.  
Craik, Mrs. D. M. An Unknown Country. Harper & Brothers.  
D'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales. Geo. Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.  
Finley, Catha. Elsie's Friends at Woodburn. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.  
Gomme, G. L. The Gentleman's Magazine Library. Romano-British Remains. Part II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.  
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Smith, F. H. Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
Smyth, Rev. N. Christian Facts and Forces. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H. According to Promise. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents.  
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Stapfer, Rev. E. Palestine in the Time of Christ. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$3.  
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Thackeray, W. M. Lovel the Widower, etc. The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq., etc. 2 vols. Handy Ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
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