

shall follow as rapidly as his strength will permit. Would that his health and long life might depend on nothing less sure than the hearty good wishes of meteorologists the world over.

—Mr. Matthew Hale's address delivered before the New York State Bar Association at Albany, January 19, 1887, on "Needed Reform in the Organization of the Courts," draws attention to the scandalous denial of justice occasioned by the block in the Supreme Court of the United States. "No case can, in the ordinary course, be expected to be heard within four years after an appeal is taken or a writ of error allowed"—a shameful fact, which brings disgrace upon Congress and every member of it. Other more local reforms suggested are an increase of judges to remedy the delay in the New York Court of Appeals, where "the business of the court is over two years behind, and the delay is constantly increasing"; the cutting down of the system of double appeals, "so that upon questions of law in cases appealable to the Court of Appeals, an appeal may be taken directly, in the first instance, to that court"; the abolition of the system of preferring cases on the calendar for trial by legislation; and the abolition of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. Mr. Hale also urges, upon grounds which appear to us sound and sufficient, the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of New York by which the Legislature might be authorized, in the trial of civil cases, to reduce the number of the jury, to allow "a judgment to be entered upon the verdict of a majority of the jury in case of inability to agree unanimously after a certain number of hours; and to provide that jurymen should not be required by night deliberations to sacrifice their sleep and perhaps their health." Mr. Hale's points are made briefly and well, and they should secure the attention of the bar and the Legislature.

—M. Léon Say, the Academician, political economist, and former Minister of Finance, has given the readers of the September number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Chas. Scribner's Sons) a foretaste of the volume on Turgot which he is preparing for Hachette's series of essays on the great writers of France. The article, though called "Les Poésies de Turgot," seems to be but a portion of a more comprehensive view of the subject, for it treats only of his translations from Virgil and Horace; but it is enough to show the great political economist and Minister of Louis XVI. in an entirely unexpected light, as the literary rival, as well as adviser, of the Abbé Delille. Whatever the reader may think of Turgot's theories of what he calls metrical verse for translation from the classic poets, and of the success of his own attempts to put them into practice, he will certainly enjoy the story of his anonymous correspondence with Voltaire upon the subject, which M. Léon Say has told so well. M. Charles d'Héricault, who seems to have abandoned early French poetry since he became director of the *Revue de la Révolution*, begins what may be a very interesting story of that period, "L'Idylle du Prairial," of which the scene is in Lyons just after the surrender of the city to the Republican Army in 1793, and into which he has introduced with much skill representatives of all the varieties of political opinion arrayed against each other at the time. M. Victor Furnel, in "Physiologies disparues: Le Racoleur," gives an account of the personage who corresponded to the English recruiting sergeant under the French monarchy in the last century. For those who are interested in such revivals of the past, this paper, with its numerous reproductions of engravings and handbills of the period, will be found very attractive. Still more so to many will be the long article of M. Antony Valabrègue, "Les Princesses artistes: La Maison de

France," which might almost have been called "La Maison d'Orléans,"—since all that precedes the Orleans princesses occupied but little space. There is a curious medallion portrait, in this introductory part, of the youthful Marie de Médécis, after an engraving on wood attributed to her, and an equally curious picture, in the Romantic style of 1830, of the Duchesse de Berry at Blaye, from a lithograph by herself, and a very amusing account of the peculiar artistic methods of the neglected Queen of Louis XV., Maria Leszczyńska; but the interest of the paper is principally in the account of the artistic productions of the daughters and granddaughters of Louis Philippe, from the Princesse Marie, whose statue of Joan of Arc is so well known, and of whom a charming sketch from a design by her teacher of drawing, Ary Scheffer, is given as the frontispiece of the number, to the Princesse Blanche, the daughter of the Duc de Nemours; and the Comtesse de Paris, the daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and her young daughters. The most spirited of the designs by these princely artists is from a water-color by the Duchesse de Chartres, the daughter of still another son of Louis Philippe, the Prince de Joinville. It is called "Gaffe," and is the very life-like and expressive head of a beautiful dog.

—The history of the bibliography of Oriental studies is a very checkered one. The prospectus of the latest venture in this field is at hand. The journal is to be edited by Prof. August Müller of Königsberg, with the coöperation of several other scholars, and published by H. Reuther's Verlagbuchhandlung in Berlin. It is to be called *Orientalische Bibliographie*; but we would suggest the *Phoenix* as a much better name for this and its possible successors. We should thus have unity of name to offset, in a measure, the unhappy diversity of plans, editors, and publishers of the works devoted to this subject. Almost since its very foundation, the German Oriental Society has labored and agonized to produce a series of scientific annual reports on the progress of Oriental studies which should be complete on the one hand, and prompt on the other. A history of these efforts is given by Gildemeister (*Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xxxviii.), and is amusing or pathetic as you choose to look at it. He calls it a "Tragedy," and ends the first section (or "act"?) with the words: "If the reports are to be prompt, they cannot be complete; if they are to be complete, they cannot be prompt." Such as they were, however—often tardy and fragmentary, and yet admirable in plan and execution—reports were rendered for most of the years from 1846 to 1881. Meantime, the extremely valuable and convenient little annual of Friederici, the *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, had been started, and was published regularly, one volume for each of the years 1876 to 1883 inclusive. Unfortunately, this series was brought to an end by the *Literaturblatt für Orientalische Philologie*, which was begun in 1884, when the Society's reports (*Jahresberichte*) definitively lapsed. The bibliographies in the *Literaturblatt* are the work of Dr. Klatt of the Royal Library of Berlin, and are models of accuracy and exhaustiveness. But now, with the completion of the bibliography for 1886, this publication also is to be suspended. Its place is to be taken by the *Orientalische Bibliographie*, a quarterly, whose first number is to appear this month. Prof. Müller hopes to overcome the difficulties of his predecessors by the superior organization of his editorial staff. His field extends over the religion, manners and customs, language, literature, and history of the peoples of Asia, Oceania, and Africa. He already has direct connections with Egypt (Dr. Vollers of the Khedive's Library in Cairo is one

of the editors) and India; and is establishing connections with Constantinople and other great literary centres of the East. In the name of the mutual interests of all concerned, we would most heartily second Prof. Müller's request that the publishers (or authors) of Oriental books or essays would promptly send a copy to the editorial office, at Königsberg, in Prussia. The annual subscription is six marks; this should be sent to the publishers.

—A lengthy communication in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, by the Egyptologist, Georg Steindorff, gives a detailed account of a curious papyrus acquired by the Royal Museum of Berlin from the collections of the late Prof. Lepsius (to whom an English lady had given it), and deciphered—though with some gaps, and not without some doubts as to accuracy—by the reporter. The papyrus, which is 1.70 metres long and comprises twelve columns of twenty-six lines of writing each, contains an historical-mythical tale, or rather series of tales, presumed by the decipherer to have been composed in the early period of the New Empire, about 1600 B. C. Pharaoh Khufu, Herodotus's Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid of Ghizeh, is the central figure of the narrative. To amuse himself he makes his princes tell him wondrous stories of the times of his ancestors. Prince Khafe (Chephren), the future builder of the second pyramid, tells a story of conjugal infidelity punished on the seducer by a crocodile formed of wax and magically endowed with life. This happened during the reign of Pharaoh Nebka. Another prince relates how Pharaoh Snofru, through the magic art of his chief reader-priest, recovered a precious thing dropped by one of his wives into the waters of a lake during a royal pleasure sail. But Prince Hardadaf prefers to tell of a wonderful man of Khufu's own time, the voracious magician Dedi, 110 years old, and residing in the south of Egypt. Khufu, astounded by what he hears, sends Hardadaf for Dedi, who appears, decapitates in the sight of the Pharaoh first a pigeon and then a bull, and restores the head and the life to each. Khufu now demands of the wonder-worker to procure him by his occult art the treasures of Thot. Dedi replies that only the o'nest of the three sons to whom Reddedet is to give life could do that. Khufu asks who Reddedet is, and learns to his dismay that she is the wife of a priest of Ra, who is to bear to this sun-god three sons, all destined to reign over Egypt. Dedi promises relief against this calamity, by flooding the region of Sakhebu, where Reddedet dwells. Another chapter takes the reader to Sakhebu, and shows him how, at the bidding of the god Ra, the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Mesekhnet, and Heket acted as midwives in delivering Reddedet of her triple burden, and then secretly dropped three diadems into the corn store of the priest's wife, who, however, soon after so incenses, by a chastisement, one of her female servants that she starts to betray all that has happened to Pharaoh Khufu. Here the papyrus breaks off, and we are left to guess that the author depicted at the end the triumph of Ra and Reddedet, and that his aim was to cast a halo of divine legitimacy over the dynasty that succeeded the house of Khufu.

#### THE LATEST BOSWELL.

*Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Including Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford. Six volumes. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The eighteenth century is beginning to have its

revenge. It entertained the profoundest respect for itself; but its own extravagant estimate was followed by a depreciation to which no other century of a similar grade of achievement has ever been subjected. Its prose was neglected when it was not ridiculed, its poetry was pook-pooed, its canons of taste were stigmatized as artificial and false. A reaction, however, has for some time past been plainly setting in. After the reign of sentiment and sensation and tumult under which we have been so long dwelling, we begin to find a welcome relief in the calmness and self-repression which characterized the literary work of the last century, and a charm even in its coldness, which often bordered closely upon tameness. No more marked evidence of this reviving interest can be seen than in the appearance of the work now lying before us, following closely as it does upon the elaborate edition of Napier.

It is not meant by this assertion to imply that any feeling about the eighteenth century has of itself led to the reproduction of this particular biography. Boswell's *Johnson* is a work that stands upon its own merits, and will always hold the place it has taken, undisturbed by any changes of literary tastes and fashions. But for that, a simple reprint is all that would be required. The immense labor, however, that has been spent upon this edition shows that supreme interest exists not only in the man, but in the period. The biography has been and always will be read for entertainment. It is now more and more read and studied for quite different reasons. Otherwise there would be little demand for the wealth of outside matter contained in this edition, and in particular for the ample supply of notes, which give information in regard to everything and everybody even so much as alluded to in the text.

The name of the present editor is well known to those who have devoted themselves even slightly to the study of the career of the man who for many years was styled alike by friends and enemies the great Cham or the great Colossus of literature. The title of *Johnsonianissimus*, which Boswell applied to Malone, and which is here transferred to the Master of Balliol, to whom the work is dedicated, can probably be more justly applied to Mr. Hill than to either of the other two. His investigations have long been carried on in this particular field. He has exhibited, moreover, a fairness of judgment in one matter which unfortunately is as rare as it is desirable. In order to show his appreciation of Johnson, he has not felt it incumbent upon him to depreciate his biographer. So much interest, indeed, has he displayed in the latter that it would be hardly unjust to apply to him also the title of *Boswellianissimus*. Not that he is unduly prejudiced in his favor, though at times he goes somewhat further than we should be willing to follow. He expresses in the interesting preface to this work a feeling of disappointment that his reprint of the correspondence between Boswell and Erskine met with so little attention. He seems to think that these letters were worthy of a favor which they had not received. Yet he evinced his own lack of faith by not printing them entire. He threw out no small part of the poetry in them as being valueless. Doubtless this was true; but it would be hard to persuade most readers of the complete work that the poetry was not fully as valuable as the prose.

There need be no fear, however, that any such fate as neglect will attend the present edition. The editor's feeling towards his author, moreover, will be justified by every one who has studied the man as carefully as he. Boswell's follies and vices not only lay upon the surface—he took pains to call attention to them if they were in any danger of being overlooked, to record them if there were any prospect of their being forgotten. No man

has so systematically furnished materials for a depreciatory estimate of himself. Yet of all the paradoxes to which ingenuity has given birth and reputation given currency, there is probably none more absurd than Macaulay's dictum that Boswell was a great biographer because he was a great fool. Qualifications of that kind are not so rare that we should have failed, were this view correct, to find many results of a similar nature; and one of the most striking characteristics of 'The Life of Johnson' is its absolute literary uniqueness, as well as its unapproached excellence.

The accomplishment of such results is not the work of dunces. In fact, while Boswell's merits as a biographer are conceded by all, his merits as a man of letters are rarely admitted by any. Yet they are of the most pronounced character. He was the founder of a new school of writing, and none of the countless imitators he has had has ever equalled the original master. We are all liable to overlook or forget the difficulties that stood in the way of his attempt. The present is an age of biography. There is no situation in life so obscure, no fame so limited, that its occupant or possessor can hope to escape having his achievements or failures, his foibles or his virtues, put on permanent record. The modern biographer, in his search for subjects, fulfils strictly the Scriptural injunction to go out into the highways and hedges and hale them in. Especially is this true of his attitude towards men of letters. In their case he follows hard upon the heels of death, and is often unwilling to wait till the grave has closed over the victim he has marked for his own.

There was nothing of this feeling when Boswell began collecting materials for his work. Few lives of anybody were then written, and of men of letters almost none. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, biography had dealt occasionally with great divines and philosophers. As a general rule, however, outside of political and military leaders, it chronicled no lives save those of men who perished on the gallows. Johnson's account of Savage was really an innovation in literary methods; but the interest of that is due to the writer, and not to the subject, who was little above the grade of a Newgate hero. Pope was the first author in our tongue whose death was followed by hasty compilations of the kind now common, which set out to give an account of his career; and he did not die until 1744. Even this exceptional treatment he owed to the exceptional eminence of the position which he had long held in literature.

On the other hand, of numerous writers of the last century we have scarcely a genuine contemporary record. Fielding died in 1754, but no account of his life was published until one was prefixed to the edition of his works that appeared in 1762, and this is chiefly remarkable for what it does not contain. Of his famous contemporary, Richardson, nothing but the most inadequate sketches have even as yet appeared. We are almost as badly off in the case of Sterne and Smollett. The men who knew them, who could have given plenty of information about them, died without making any sign. How little even do we really know of Johnson's own life before Boswell came into contact with him. Those years of privation and misery, in particular, are lost to us, when he walked at times the streets of London all night because he had no place to lay his head. We get glimpses of them, but we cannot be said to know them.

The debt, therefore, that is due to Boswell is not of a kind to be met with a sneer. It is especially ungrateful to make use of his labors and then revile him, as if any one with the requisite feebleness and impudence could have accomplished the work he did. Nothing could be further from the truth. Boswell was a pioneer in his profession,

and he knew it. He had a perfectly clear conception of what he was about to undertake, and a justifiable contempt for the literary methods that had been and still were in use. For, as if it were not enough for the human mind to be oppressed by the dignity of history, there was then flourishing in vigorous vitality a dignity of biography which had to be respected. This sternly repressed the least disposition on the part of the writer to pander to the frivolous desire on the part of the reader to acquire a knowledge of those personal details which eminently reveal the man. Perhaps, so long as this feeling was prevalent, it may have been just as well that so few biographies were written. Certainly only those who have waded through them can appreciate how jejune they generally are, how barren of all that interests and frequently of all that informs.

It was this baleful dignity of biography that Boswell effectually destroyed; and the work of destruction was done consciously. He was not to be turned aside from the course he had marked out by sneers or entreaties. He was unaffected by the contemptuous tone used towards the 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides'—which occupies nearly all of vol. v. of the present edition—and which, published the year after Johnson's death, outlined the nature of the more elaborate work that was to follow. The fact that while many abused it, everybody read it, doubtless dispelled any doubt, if such existed, as to his not having hit upon the right method. That method he unhesitatingly followed. He had plenty of people to give him advice how not to do it, to urge him not to draw the man as he was, but as he ought to be made to seem. Hannah More tells us almost tearfully how she "besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities"; and how Boswell roughly answered "he would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody." Fanny Burney tried hard to escape giving any information to "that biographical anecdotal memorandumner," as she styled Boswell. When at last the indefatigable seeker after knowledge did meet her, he gave her a new idea of the way a life of so great a man as Johnson should be written. "We have seen him long enough upon stilts," he said to her. "I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow. I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam."

No one can deny that Boswell realized his ideal. He had great opportunities, to be sure, though it is also to be added they were largely of his own making; but he improved them to the uttermost. As a result of a course clearly defined and consistently followed, not only is Johnson himself known to us, but likewise the society that gathered about him, as no other man and no other society are known in our literature. Boswell's method has deepened as well as broadened the fame which in his own day it was foolishly supposed to have lessened. The wisdom of Johnson's polysyllabic writings may come in process of time to be forgotten of most, but the vigor of his monosyllabic conversation will be for ever known of all men.

The editor does also full justice to Boswell's accuracy, which was by no means the mere accident of a retentive memory, as has been often asserted. It was the result of the most thorough and untiring pains. He neglected no sources of information, he left no statement unverified. His care did not save him from making mistakes, but it reduced them to a very low number. In the two or three controversies in which Boswell was concerned in consequence of an attempt to impeach the correctness of his statements, he

came out notably triumphant. This is especially true of the one with that "tuneful old virgin," Miss Seward, as she is somewhere disrespectfully designated by Walpole. To this feeling about accuracy—which is something that an editor naturally respects as saving him a world of trouble—we are inclined to attribute Mr. Hill's rather depreciatory tone when speaking of Mrs. Piozzi. It is almost the only point to which we are disposed to take exception in his annotations. The faults of Mrs. Piozzi have always been unduly magnified. In a general way it may be said that accuracy of statement is something that men attain very rarely, and women never. Of the latter it is indeed hardly expected by the wise, and its absence is deplored rather than censured. Of course, the lively widow of Thrale did not always get her details straight, yet, for all that, it would be unjust to assert that the general impression she gives is much out of the way. The criticism to which she has been subjected proves nothing so much as the worthless nature of most criticism. It has always been distinctly influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the prejudice that has prevailed against her for having contracted a second marriage with an Italian music-teacher. From the very outset all England felt that for some reason it was incumbent upon it to cherish the memory of the defunct brewer by expressing resentment at this conduct of his widow, though it was not a matter with which it had any concern. This feeling shows itself even as late as the present day. The practical English mind, which at heart looks upon the making of beer as altogether more respectable than the making of music, has never forgiven Mrs. Thrale for entering into what it chooses to call a *mésalliance*. She apparently never had any reason to regret her course, and the public clamor about it was as silly as it was impertinent. Marriages which meet the approval of everybody do not turn out so invariably delightful that we can afford to assume a censorship of the parties who marry with no loftier idea than that of suiting themselves alone.

This feeling, however, whether just or unjust, has nothing to do with the merits of the present work. It would be presumptuous to assert that any edition of a great classic can be or will be a final one, yet it is rather a safer prophecy than those usually made to predict that this particular one is likely to retain that position so long as there is no great advance in the state of our knowledge. The amount of labor that has been expended in perfecting it has been enormous. Much of it is shown in details that would escape the attention of all save those who have to some extent gone over the same ground. The index attains almost to the dignity of a marvel of care and industry, though the editor, in spite of it, feels called upon to apologize for the intentional omission of one class of references. It covers 288 pages of double columns. Of the value of the notes we have no space to speak at large. They cover almost every point that can possibly present itself to any inquirer. We have tested both the exactness and the fulness of the information contained in many of them, and as critics we might be justified in feeling a certain sense of injury in finding so little of which to complain. On one point only, so far as we have observed, are we disposed to question their accuracy; and the error, if it be an error, is one for which there is ample excuse. The editor tells us (vol. i., p. 830) that a paper under the name, the *Idler*, had been started seven years before Johnson began the publication of essays under that title. For his authority he refers us to the Carter and Talbot correspondence, though the passage containing it occurs in vol. i., p. 337, and not, as is here given, in vol. ii., p. 33. In that occurs a distinct statement, in a letter of June, 1751, that "there

is a paper called 'The Idler.'" Perilous as it is to maintain a negative in such a case, we venture to declare that there was then no paper of that name; that no number of it can now be shown anywhere, or in fact has ever been seen by anybody. We venture, further, to say that the periodical called in the above-mentioned correspondence the *Idler*, was really the *Inspector* of the notorious Dr. John Hill, which he had begun to publish in the previous March in the *London Daily Advertiser and Literary Gazette*. In fact, the very letter in which the *Idler* is mentioned, speaks of the papers going under that name as being published in the *Literary Gazette*.

It is gratifying to learn from the editor's preface that he has before him the preparation of three other works that deal directly with the man whose life has been here so carefully edited. One of these is of great importance. This is the collection of Johnson's letters that have not been printed in the *Life*. They are scattered over books and periodicals, and it is full time they were brought together in compact and accessible form. It is pleasant to know that the editing of them will be in the hands of a scholar so learned, so painstaking, and so fair-minded as Dr. Hill has shown himself to be in the preparation of the great work of which we have furnished so inadequate a notice.

#### SCHOTTMUELLER'S TEMPLARS.

*Der Untergang des Templers-Ordens.* Mit urkundlichen und kritischen Beiträgen von Dr. Konrad Schottmüller. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 760, 450. Berlin. 1887.

THE destruction of the Order of the "Poor Soldiers of the Temple" is an event which will never lose its interest. The dramatic suddenness of its fall, the heroism of its members who perished in the flames rather than admit the guilt imputed to it, the contrast between its glorious career for nearly two centuries and its extinction in disgrace, will always render the event, to the ordinary reader, one of the most impressive episodes in mediæval history. To the learned, moreover, the mysterious questions to which it gives rise afford a perpetual subject for acute investigation and fanciful speculation, heightened by the claim of Freemasonry to be the legitimate descendant of the Temple, through the so-called charter of transmission of Larmenius. In recent times, Van Os has asserted the guilt of the order from a high-church standpoint, to vindicate the memory of Clement V.; while Hammer-Purgstall, Wilcke, Mignard, Loiseleur, Prutz, and others have constructed theories, each more ingenious than its rivals, to prove that the Templars were Gnostics, Manicheans, Luciferans, or heretics of some original description.

With true German assiduity, Prof. Schottmüller has undertaken to solve the problem by an exhaustive investigation of the evidence, reinforced by some hitherto unknown documents which he has transcribed from MSS. in the Vatican Library, and which constitute his second volume. More than twelve hundred octavo pages devoted to a single event may well exhaust the appetite of the most resolute *helluo librorum*; but the author is not yet satisfied, and proposes to issue another work, in which he will compile the statistics of the Order from all attainable sources. For such an enterprise he is well qualified by his minute acquaintance with nearly all the documents which have reached us and the painstaking character of his researches.

We wish we could say as much for the results of his labor on the present work. The new material which he has printed is interesting, and adds some details to our knowledge of the prolonged and intricate trial of the Templars, especially in Italy and Cyprus, and serves to confirm the con-

viction that the most unscrupulous means were used by the agents both of Philip the Fair and Clement V. to secure condemnation. The original portion of the volumes, however, is of little worth. Unfortunately the author has not been content to present a clear and comprehensive history of the event. It has seemed to him necessary to have a novel theory and to use his materials for its demonstration. Unconsciously to himself, his convictions are so strong that his assumptions become facts and are stated without qualification, so that the reader who is not familiar with all the multitudinous details of the successive events cannot distinguish between that which is based upon documentary evidence and that which is evolved from the internal consciousness of the writer. Throughout, the attitude is that of an advocate and not of a judge. Everything which supports the author's side of the case is made the most of—beaten out, in fact, to the tenuity of gold-leaf, with a diffuseness and repetition which is apt to become wearisome—while that which militates against his views is, though not suppressed, yet passed over so lightly that the ordinary reader is not allowed to recognize its importance or its bearing.

Prof. Schottmüller's theory is, that the Templars were not guilty of the heresies ascribed to them, but that their destruction became necessary to Philip because they had entered into an alliance with Clement to enable him to throw off the oppressive domination of the French King; that Clement was by no means the weak and irresolute character ordinarily described, but a firm and sagacious statesman, who did everything he could to save his allies until matters had gone so far that the interests of the Church required their sacrifice, when he joined in procuring the condemnation of the Order and successfully saved its property for transfer to the Hospitallers.

It would require more space than we have at command to follow the author through the political maze of the transactions between Philip and Clement, and show how he has been unconsciously betrayed into misleading his readers in the effort to defend his thesis. Little interest attaches nowadays to the motives of the actors, of the drama except as a matter of pure historical speculation. It is otherwise, however, with the question of the guilt or innocence of the Templars, and as to this we may be allowed to criticise the author's method. He subjects the confessions and depositions of the accused and of witnesses to a searching analysis, in which he often displays close investigation and shrewd reasoning; but the fallacy of his process lies in his accepting whatever evidence goes to prove the innocence of the Order, and in his rejecting that which makes for their guilt. He thus follows the example of his antagonists, such as Wilcke and Prutz, who adopt the same process in selecting such evidence as suits their purpose; and though he perpetually sneers at them, his conclusions, while happening to be more correct, are scientifically as baseless as theirs. No one who is familiar with the criminal procedure of the period will attach any weight to confessions extracted by bribery, starvation, prolonged harsh treatment, or the use or threat of torture, while at the same time the professions of innocence made by those who were not subjected to these influences are so much a matter of course that they are similarly worthless, and the evidence of outside witnesses amounts to little beyond a vague expression of general public opinion. The only reasonable method of dealing with the question is to consider it as a whole, with reference to its possibilities and probabilities; to throw wholly out of consideration the exculpatory evidence; and to sift the incriminating testimony with a view to see whether a consistent story of