

condition of the people. In the second volume, treating of some of the wealthiest and most prosperous parts of France, Baudrillart comes to the conclusion that in morals improvement has lagged behind that made in wealth. He points out faults, but, on the whole, concludes that many of the pictures drawn of the French peasantry make them out far worse than they really are. The twenty million souls in rural France are the mainstay of the country—"Ce sont de bonnes populations."

*The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing.*

With a chapter on Angling Literature. By Dean Sage. Edinburgh: David Douglas; New York: Scribner & Welford. 4to, pp. 275.

THIS book has every mark of being "offered on the insatiate altar of friendship," to use an expression of Joseph Crawhall's cited on page 266, rather than destined for the commercial struggle for existence. Extraordinary pains have been bestowed upon it by author and publisher, to make it the lovely thing it is externally. The page is of noble proportions, the margins broad, the print large, the paper of the solidest Holland texture. Illustrations abound—for ornament and for use: exquisite wood-engravings of flies; full-page etchings of scenery and adventure, many very charming; portraits; maps; facsimiles of old prints; vignettes, head and tail-pieces, initial letters, etc., etc. In spite of the various styles employed, good taste has prevailed to maintain a high level of excellence.

With all this luxuriousness, Mr. Sage's narrative is direct and business-like, and it is clear that he brings neither to his friends nor to the collector an unsubstantial show of apparel, conceived in mere vanity. We have, in fact, a very practical monograph on the river that forms the boundary between Lower Canada and New Brunswick, in which the discourse proceeds in this orderly fashion: The River; Canoes and Indians; Camp Harmony; The Salmon; Tackle and How to Use It; The Salmon of the Matapedia Bridge (a notable experience); Hours for Angling; The Waubanquet; The Season of 1885; The Adventures of 1886; Angling Literature. The titles are suggestive of the kind of information conveyed and entertainment afforded by the several chapters. Any one desirous to know the fishing localities of this particular stream, or the habits of the salmon which frequent it (p. 70), or to settle his doubt whether salmon rise to the fly for food or for fun (p. 79), or what flies are best, the light or dark-colored ones (p. 99), will be satisfied by Mr. Sage without the necessity of his going to the spot, or of diving down under the water, like the enthusiast mentioned on p. 103, to put himself in the fish's place when viewing a fly.

All that is told on these heads, however, can be read by the layman without fatigue, and the text as a whole has the decided merit of recommending itself hardly less to those who care nothing for the sport than to its votaries. Mr. Sage's humor and love of anecdote, and an exceptional descriptive power, furnish great attractions for any one capable of appreciating these qualities, whatever the theme. His characterization of the Indians of the river is very droll—their innocent rhetorical profanity, mere flowers or lubricants of speech; their dependence upon positive orders even for routine work, etc. It is worth while quoting what is said of this trace of savage improvidence and shiftlessness:

"We had, as an example, for several years as cook, one Jim Pole. To him the knowledge never came that we expected to have three

meals on any particular day simply because we had been in the habit of having them. He was always cheerful, and perfectly willing to cook a dozen dinners daily—which I do not doubt he often did for the men; but if, before going to bed, we omitted to tell him that we wanted breakfast the next morning, and to specify the hour and every item of food for the meal, he would fail to furnish anything.

"He never came for orders, nor did he ever practise his art without explicit directions. On one occasion, when we expected certain of the white natives, with their female relatives, to dinner, and wished to prepare a somewhat elaborate feast, after the menu had been settled I remembered we had some canned green corn, and, summoning the cook, said, 'Jim, you may give us some of that corn for dinner.' 'Yes, sir,' was the smiling response. But little did I think that he considered this order a constructive cancellation of the previous labored ones, and great was my dismay when, on leading a blooming girl to the table, the only dish displayed was a huge one of canned corn. Jim was standing by highly pleased with his success, and when, with a horrible suspicion of the truth, I demanded the production of the rest of the dinner, his cheerful answer was, 'Well, you say git corn, an' so I git corn an' stop make tudder dinner.' There was no use in scolding him, as the fault was mine, and the banquet was apologetically postponed for an hour.

"This necessity of giving the plainest and most definite instructions to get anything done, applies to most Indians, and has to be recognized in order to get along well with them. You can have one wake you at six every morning for a month, and the first time you omit telling him specifically to do so, you can sleep your head off without his interference, though he may know you have made every arrangement to go out half an hour later."

For specimens of Mr. Sage's graphic faculty, we will take this (p. 188):

"I hear the low talk of the Indians back of the camp, and their steps as they descend to the river, and soon the sound of the falling axe denotes their preparations for the everlasting 'bile de kittie.' Then Nat the cook audibly dons his heavy boots on the back stoop, and with yawns and grunts prepares for the labors of the day. The sun is now full on the tent, making my two heavy blankets uncomfortably warm, and gradually banishing the delicious sense of drowsy consciousness, until I begin to wonder what time it is, and, after long hesitation, rouse up enough to look at my watch, and find it half-past five. Another few moments, passed mostly in pluming myself on not being fool enough to be fishing at that time, and I crawl out of my tent to see such a morning as I believe can only be found in northern latitudes: a blue sky of unclouded brightness, the air warm and balmy, yet with a spicy undertone of freshness that makes every breath of it a luxury; the grass sparkling with the heavy dew, and, in some places yet untouched by the sun, showing the whiteness of the hoar-frost of the night; and the noble river before me, hastening along so fast and foolishly to lose its identity in the waters of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence."

And this (pp. 138, 139):

"I sometimes think the love of nature that the sportsman has is of a different order from that felt by the average mortal. Perhaps it is a lower sentiment, in that it cannot find its highest gratification in the smaller details of scenery—in one beautiful view, one rude mass of rocks, one stately tree, or one brilliant flower—but needs the entire effect. He is not moved half so much by the serene beauties of Lake George, only here and there showing the absence of man's hand, as by the sunset on some wood-surrounded, clear, and lonely lake, with the trout breaking at the edge of the lily-pads near the mouth of the cold stream which feeds it, the loon calling mournfully in the distance, the startled sheldrake and her brood half flying, half swimming at his approach, the croaking bittern, with his labored flight—the whole combination of water, forest, and animal life joining to produce a subtle charm which no frequented place, however beautiful, can yield.

"When the native animal life has been destroyed, or forced, through the proximity of man, to seek homes less disturbed, there is always a lack of that completeness of natural surrounding which makes one feel that here is

a spot just as it was centuries ago. Before the memory of man, deer sought the water by this well-marked runway—not stealthily by night, but mornings and evenings; and in the warm July and August weather the heat of the day found them up to their backs in the cool stream, lazily cropping now and then a tempting full-blown water-lily close at hand, and slowly retreating before the first rare human intruder. The mud about the salt-lick at the foot of the lake has for hundreds of successive seasons been marked with their footprints, as it now is. That mink stealing along the shore to his hole in the heaped-up rocks is one of a long line which lived and fished there before him. The great owl—which begins his wild serenade shortly after the last sweet notes of the wood-pewee cease, answering the melancholy and long-drawn call of the bear from the other shore—is of a most ancient ancestry of that ilk, which has from time immemorial used yonder great beech tree, now in the last stage of decrepitude, as its nocturnal concert-hall."

In connection with the foregoing we ought, perhaps, to cite Mr. Sage's apology for the destructiveness of his craft (p. 141):

"It doubtless seems to a great many an anomaly that there should exist a love in the breast of the destroyer for the creatures he destroys; but it is a fact that the preservation of fish and game, which is due almost entirely to the efforts of sportsmen, is not by any means owing to a selfish desire for increasing their own amusement, nor to the more important economic reasons they urge, but very largely to a genuine love for the wild creatures of the woods and waters as a necessary element in the whole scheme of nature, the absence of which bereaves her, to them, of an essential part of her charm."

Notoriously, the art, whether censurable or not, has been a favorite with clergymen, whose "vocation has contributed more than any other to angling literature," and has helped latterly, we infer, to give it that scientific turn which Mr. Sage remarks (p. 261) in the books issued since 1835 and 1840. These "have been written by men who look at the amusement quite as much from the standpoint of the naturalist as that of the angler; and to these, more than to the purely scientific authors who have pursued their investigations in houses and museums, is due the greater part of what is now known about anadromous and fresh-water fishes" (p. 261).

The last chapter of this volume is consecrated to a summary bibliography of the subject, with another apology for the collector in a line not obviously useful. Mr. Sage finds fishing itself an emblem of the collector's pursuit, and justifies the one by the other. He writes pleasantly and humorously, and we are sure modestly, about the pleasures and privations and hazards of collecting; and those who are touched by a like mania in any direction will follow him sympathetically.

One might fancy that a feeling of indebtedness for sport in what were once British waters led Mr. Sage to have his book manufactured abroad. If this were so, it must have been a costly tribute, for, apart from the printer's and binder's bills, a paternal government stood ready at our Custom-house to inflict a penalty upon "the return of the native." Rather, as we perceive, a friendship between author and publisher determined a choice which the result abundantly justifies, even if the national surplus has been still further exaggerated by the tax upon American industry. In the division of the illustrations, Mr. Douglas appears to have procured the engraving of the flies by John Adam, of which we have already spoken, and which could hardly have been better done by any artist on wood. The graceful emblematic head-pieces and other ornaments by Burn-Murdoch, reproduced by phototype, are also to be set down to the credit of the fastidious publisher.

*In Castle and Cabin*; or, Talks in Ireland in 1887. By George Pellew, A. M., LL. B., of the Suffolk Bar. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. PELLEW, armed with letters of introduction to persons of all shades of opinion, spent four months in Ireland in the fall of last year. This book chronicles his experiences. It is for the most part taken up with excerpts from records he preserved of "talks with over two hundred people, including officials, landlords, land agents, priests, farmers, professional men, merchants, shopkeepers, commercial travellers, and laborers." We do not believe the book will help readers to much clearer views than they already possess regarding the general bearings of the Irish problem; but it is an admirable exposition of the difficulty and complexity of the situation, and would be likely to have a moderating influence upon those inclined to entertain extreme views upon one side or the other. He holds the scales evenly as between his different informants. Of all the visitors to Ireland within the past few years who have recorded their experiences, he appears to us to have best kept his head and most used his own judgment.

There can be no better proof of the honesty with which he has reported the conversation of those with whom he was brought in contact than the fact that, while he is judiciously reserved in the giving of names, the personality of his informants, in the districts with which we are best acquainted, is clear. In Kerry he visited the widow of Mr. Curtin, whose case is so well known. (Her husband, President of a National League branch, was murdered in defending his house against moonlighters who sought arms. She and her family were subjected to bitter persecution, and, since Mr. Pellew's visit, have been obliged to leave the district, because one of the moonlighters was shot in the mêlée, and the Misses Curtin gave evidence upon the trial of the others.) The peasants' bitter, distorted, and wild view of the case is shown in an interview with the mothers of some of those condemned to penal servitude for complicity in the transaction.

"In the centre of a large, untidy farmyard is the high thatched hut of Mrs. Casey. She looked like an old chieftain, with pale, delicate face surrounded by the stiff frill of her white cap, as she sat by the peat fire watching the bubbles rising in an immense iron pot hanging from the crane. 'For the death of Curtin,' she said in a clear, strong voice, 'three Sullivans, two Caseys, Darley, Spring, MacMahon, Clifford, and others were arrested. The Curtins swore black, brown, and white against Darley and my sons, and laid low one of widow Sullivan's. Curtin's people had got blood-money before; his grandfather in '98 was an informer.' [This was not true.] 'If those boys did that thing, they merely went for arms; a foolish thing, but it has been done throughout Ireland, and is done to-day. As long as I am alive, and my children and their children live, we will try to root the Curtins out of the land. Now, I will, I will do it. Wasn't a young man more than equal to that old codger? Yet I am better off than she [Mrs. Curtin] is. I can go out to-day, and I won't have peelers about me, and I won't be hooted and booed. My oldest boy went insane, and I am sick, so, as long as I live, the Curtins shall have my good wishes.'"

The author's conclusions regarding the difficulties of home rule are, upon the whole, just. He, however, too much leaves out of view the sentimental side of the question, the impossibility of continuing to govern Ireland upon present lines, and the apparent necessity for immediate and radical change. We doubt whether the Irish people will, as the author expects, by the extension of local government such as that now being enacted for England, be taught "to blame themselves rather than the English Government for local discomforts." He brings out the almost universal desire in

Ireland for protection, and its difficulty under any system of home-rule, but he does not sufficiently dwell upon the practical abandonment of the idea by the representatives of Irish opinion in their acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's bill.

The book is not without mistakes. To a certain extent the interpretation of the courts has set aside the clause of the Land Act which enacted that "in fixing the rent, no rent is [to be] charged on improvements by him [the tenant] or his predecessors" (p. 15). We do not believe that the author's (the Government's) version of the Mitchelstown *mêlée*, as given at p. 95, is borne out by the testimony of independent witnesses. Nor is it correct to say (p. 297) "the proportion of paupers to the population is from three to four times greater than in England." Ireland has gone woefully behind in this matter within the last decade, but she is still, according to the Poor Law statistics, considerably before England. Upon the whole, 'In Castle and in Cabin' is an admirable work, and we desire for it a wide circulation among those who are anxious to inform themselves regarding the state of feeling among different classes in Ireland.

#### *Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art.*

By the Rev. Robert Burn, M. A., LL. D., Glas. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THIS is a woefully dreary and empty book, upon a most interesting and fertile subject. Dreary, because of the uniformly dry and heavy style in which it is written, burdened with quotations, most of which illustrate only the author's pedantry; and empty, because, so far as we have been able to discover, its 315 pages do not contain one suggestion upon its fascinating theme which has not become a platitude by repetition on the part of every writer who has ever dealt with Roman literature or Roman art. Who, for example, does not know that Roman poetry was largely influenced by patronage, that Roman sculpture was realistic, and concerned itself more with men than with gods, that Roman architecture was stupendous when it occupied itself with the arch, and conglomerate and vulgar in its decorative features, and that a chief characteristic of both the poetry and the art of the Empire was their display of technical virtuosity? Yet these are stated as new ideas, and proved, especially on the literary side, with which the author seems to be most familiar, by quotation after quotation from the writers of the time. This is especially noticeable in the chapter on Roman Portrait Sculpture, almost the whole of which is taken up with extracts from Roman authors illustrative of their interest in the human countenance and the power of the features to express mental conditions and characteristics. This Dr. Burn apparently regards as in strong contrast to Greek feeling, and, when combined with the realistic tendencies of their portrait sculpture, as a decided and lamentable degradation of art. "Therefore it may be said that the idea underlying Roman Portrait Sculpture was the degradation of the divine to the human form, and, when further developed, would have generated a fondness for such exhibitions as Madame Tussaud's."

Another instance, of this realism which is apparently noted by way of contrast to the Greek, is that Suetonius, in his 'Lives of the Cæsars,' usually gives a particular description of the Emperor whose life he is relating. "In several cases the shape of the nose and the appearance of the hair is noticed," which we confess ourselves unable to regard either as extraordinary or as in contrast with Greek writers

—even the best—when we recall the vivid portraits of Teiresias, Odysseus, and the other principal performers in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Certainly, no Roman literary portraits are more real than they.

If the book has any claim to originality, it is in the author's deductions from his comparisons between Greek and Roman art and literature, some of which strike us as masterpieces of logic in their way. We give a few specimens:

"We gather, then, that the principal influences of Roman character and circumstances upon their art may be roughly stated as follows: First, their innate *severitas* and realism produced satire in poetry, biographic tendencies in history, caricature, technical finish and excessive exactitude in art; while, secondly, their world-wide empire and wealth enlarged and confused both poetry and art, giving rise to a composite style in both, and a preference of quantity to quality, and of crowds to groups" (p. 29).

This is the close of the introduction, and it may also be considered the key-note of the book. Architecture bends to his argument as follows:

"Athena was 'full of ideas' in Homer; and we find Minerva in Ovid 'called the goddess of thousands of works.' So in like manner the Corinthian capital is the ideal of simply beautiful ornament, while the composite is rich and complicated. The Greek Ionic is simple, while the Roman Ionic is architecturally adapted in form" (p. 112).

Finally, the superiority of Homer to Virgil, in one respect, and the degrading influence of wealth upon Roman poetry, are thus summed up:

"Homer, in *I.* ix. 213, gives a long description of the cooking of the heroes' meal, beginning with the killing of the animals, the lighting of the fire, and the spitting of the joints, while Virgil only applies, in *Æn.* v. 100, two or three lines to the cooking of the meal. This indicates the desire of the poet not to shock his patrons' aristocratic notions of a meal by going too far into particulars. Again, in the tenth book of the *Æneid*, Virgil has three lines describing the treasures offered to Æneas of works of silver and ingots of gold, while Homer, speaking of a similar offer, enumerates bronze, gold, and wrought iron generally" (p. 173).

The last, and by far the longest, chapter in the book is upon the general subject of Romano-Greek architecture, and may be of some service to those who know little about it. The illustrations, with which the book is bountifully supplied, are "process" reproductions of familiar photographs, and are of material service in filling out the volume and giving it an attractive appearance.

*Practical Statistics: A Handbook for the Use of the Statistician at Work, Students in Colleges and Academies, Agents, Census Enumerators, etc.* By Charles T. Pidgin. Boston: The William E. Smythe Co. 1888.

THE author of the book before us has been for fifteen years, as he tells us in his preface, engaged in statistical work, and for a large part of that time has been connected with the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of which he is now the chief clerk. His duties have made him familiar with every detail of the methods employed by that bureau in the collection and compilation of statistical information. It is only natural that, when he sets out to tell how in practice statistical data can be most easily, cheaply, and accurately gathered and tabulated, he should give an account of the way in which the Massachusetts Bureau gathers and tabulates them. This he does, and for practical purposes this is all he does. We are not disposed to find fault with him for doing this and this alone.

As he remarks in his preface: "Many works