

under either of these heads. It adds nothing to the sum of human knowledge, and very little to the sum of human entertainment. That Sir Henry Taylor and his correspondents, male and female, are superior and admirable personages, we do not deny. All that we assert is, that in the letters which Professor Dowden has here published there is nothing of sufficient importance or interest to repay one for the trouble of reading them. The greater part of them are written by Sir Henry Taylor himself, and, as Professor Dowden observes in the brief preface he has prefixed to them: "This volume will interest those readers most who are best acquainted with Henry Taylor's 'Autobiography.'" Now, Sir Henry Taylor, to judge from his own account of himself, was, to use the jargon of the day, too admirably adapted to his environment for the element of conflict to come into his life. Rather his life becomes curious as showing what a very pleasant place a civilized world is to live in, if only a man knows how to do it, and is tolerably well favored by Fortune. Sir Henry Taylor was a poet of no small excellence, but one who furnishes a conspicuous exception to the dictum of Shelley, that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." He was a thinker, but one who could contemplate "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world" as something apart from and independent of himself. He was, for many years, the chief permanent official at the London Colonial Office, but, caring little for either history or politics, he was troubled with no misgivings as to the future of the British Empire or the destiny of the human race. The world he lived in was a very good world, abundantly peopled with intellectual men and sympathetic women; good dinners and good society were to be found everywhere; wife and children and friends were his, as well as an ample portion of material prosperity; and, possessing all these things, Sir Henry was wisely content. He did not expend his energies in a fruitless search for better bread than can be made of wheat, or break out with piteous outcries because he could not find it. He took the goods the gods provided him, and asked for no other.

Such interest as there is in the 'Autobiography' arises mainly from the loving particularity in which Sir Henry draws out all the details of this sustaining self-contentment, and this profound and placid satisfaction with himself and his surroundings is the trait which characterizes nearly all his letters in this volume of his 'Correspondence.' No storms in the world outside disturb his equanimity; no inward doubts or questionings produce a ripple upon its untroubled surface. Seeing, then, what manner of man Sir Henry Taylor was, upon his own showing, it is not a little amusing to find him charging Sir Walter Scott, not without asperity, of "a defect of moral force." "Scott," he writes, "seems to be always disposed to approve of rectitude of conduct, and to acquiesce in the general rules of morality, but without any instinctive or unconquerable aversion from vice—witness his friendship for Byron." To have a feeling of kindness for Byron was, in the eyes of Sir Henry Taylor, a sin that could not be forgiven, on account of the sarcasms against Wordsworth and Southey in which Byron was in the habit of indulging. From a like cause, he writes with an excess of bitterness of Jeffrey, who, when Sir Henry was visiting Edinburgh, had been sufficiently indiscreet to show him a great deal of hospitality.

"The person," he writes to Southey, "of whom I saw most after Wilson was my Lord Jeffrey; and, though Hudson and the Major

may have been better men, yet the Lord Rector was worth seeing, in order to understand by what small springs mankind may be moved from time to time. There came from him, with a sort of dribbling fluency, the very mince-meat of small talk, with just such a seasoning of cleverness as might serve to give it an air of pretension. . . . When one looks at the clever little worldling, and remembers that for twenty years he was enabled to keep the sunshine from the cottage-door of a man of genius; one cannot but wonder how so small a man could cast so large a shadow."

The scattered notices which occur in these letters from "the man of genius" are, perhaps, the best things in them. The 'Correspondence,' indeed, opens with a letter from Wordsworth to Taylor, on the subject of Byron's plagiarisms, which it was hardly kind of Sir Henry to have left for publication. Passing this by, the following is Taylor's description of the great poet in 1835, Wordsworth being at the time a visitor in his house:

"This old philosopher is one of the most extraordinary human phenomena that one could have in the house. He has the simplicity and helplessness of a child in regard to the little transactions of life; and whilst he is being directed and dealt with in regard to them, he keeps tumbling out the highest and deepest thoughts that the mind of man can reach, in a stream of discourse which is so oddly broken by the little hitches and interruptions of common life, that we admire and laugh at him by turns. Everything that comes into his mind comes out—weakness or strength, affections or vanities—so that, if ever an opportunity was afforded of seeing a human being through and through, we have it in the person of this 'old man eloquent.' He is very happy with us, and very social with everybody, and we have a variety of people to meet him every day at breakfast and dinner."

This, again, regarding Carlyle, strikes us as very good and true:

"Carlyle seems in better health than usual and talks away lustily, and there is always something to take one's attention in his talk, and often a sort of charm in it; but less instructive talk I never listened to from any man who had read and attempted to think. His opinions are the most groundless and senseless opinions it is possible to utter; or, rather, they are not opinions, for he will utter the most opposite and contradictory and incompatible opinions in the most dogmatic and violent language in the course of half an hour. The real truth is, that they are not opinions, but 'shams.' And I think it is the great desire to have opinions, and the incapacity to form them, which keeps his mind in a constant struggle, and gives it over to every kind of extravagance. It is wonderful that a man of no opinions should exercise such an influence in the world as he appears to do; but I suppose it is an influence of concussion and subversion rather than any other."

There are other notices of eminent men up and down these letters—Coleridge, John Stuart Mill, Alfred Tennyson, and others—which are interesting enough; but five-sixths of the 'Correspondence,' we repeat, ought not to have been published—not because there is anything positively objectionable in it, but because it is negative and characterless. What harm, it may be asked, is done by the publication of a book even if it be profitable for nothing? No harm, we reply, if it be not ushered into the world under the shelter of an attractive name. But if, as in the present instance, it comes before us weighted with the double authority of Sir Henry Taylor and Professor Dowden, it does actually constrain thinking men to spend their time in reading it; and when one remembers the vast expenditure of valuable time in unprofitable reading that we cannot escape from, to be thus constrained without good cause is a not insignificant calamity. Finally, be the book intrinsically worth much or little, it belongs to a class which ought never to appear without an index; and yet it has none. Should not the publishers as well as the editor be held responsible for this omission?

A Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. In ten volumes. Vols. 1-3. Charles L. Webster & Co.

THREE periods are covered by the first issues of this 'Library'—the Early Colonial, the Later Colonial, and the Revolutionary, ending in 1787. The literature of the Republic will fill the seven remaining volumes; the last five will deal with the last half century, and the last two will embrace the years since the outbreak of the civil war. The undertaking seems to us one of much merit, both in design and in execution. Inevitably in the beginning the historical interest predominates over the literary and rhetorical; and perhaps the highest value of the compilation as a whole will consist in its exhibition of the development of American culture, or civilization, in the broadest sense of the term. Proceeding from Capt. John Smith, we observe in the first volume few important sources for early colonial history that have been overlooked or purposely disregarded. We should name Lechford's 'Plain Dealing' as one of these, and John Clarke's 'Ill News from New England'; the latter particularly because of its relation to a famous episode in the religious intolerance of the Bay Colony, and because the Quakers have been so well cared for by the compilers. Clarke was a Baptist, and, with Obadiah Holmes, was a concrete example of the persecution which Roger Williams here denounces in very vague terms, not likely to impress themselves on the memory. In the case of the Quakers, we are given not only the equally vague Scriptural warnings and censure of oppressors, but a specific enumeration of cruel inflictions, as made in the protest and appeal to Charles II. by ear-clipt Rouse and Copeland, Southwick, and other suffering New England members of the denomination. The body of poetry in the first volume is naturally as small as it is poor in quality. Portions of the Bay Psalm Book and the whole of Peter Folger's "Homely Plea for Toleration" are the chief instances.

Theology and superstition are, by extension, the leading lines of the second volume. To the Cambridge Platform succeeds the Saybrook Platform; to the harrying of heretics, the harrying of the witches. These aspects are summed up in Cotton Mather, who is well represented—more so than any author, not excepting Jonathan Edwards. One might have liked more of Samuel Sewall, but the three pieces quoted are certainly characteristic—his confession concerning his error in the witchcraft trials, his courtship of Madam Winthrop, and his 'Selling of Joseph.' With this anti-slavery tract (complete except for the authorities cited in Latin at the end), the compilers begin a series of excerpts bearing on the great evil in the constitution of American society. Anthony Benezet's 'Caution and Warning to Great Britain and her Colonies' against the slave trade follows after an interval of sixty-six years; but of this, of course, only a fragment can be given.

In the third volume John Woolman appears with his testimonies against slavery, wherein his vision was "by that which is immutable." Samuel Hopkins seconds him in Rhode Island. From Franklin nothing is quoted on this subject, nor perhaps was anything available; but Jefferson might have been drawn upon, and, well chosen as are the extracts from his correspondence, his 'Notes on Virginia' deserved, for many reasons, to be exemplified in this collection. His opinion of the capacity and view

of the future of the negro race are landmarks of the sentiment of his generation, and will long have a curious interest. John Jay's account of the way in which slavery was fastened upon the United States is cited, as is James Madison's approval of colonization. We regret that some mediocre verse of St. George Tucker's was preferred to extracts from his most honorable 'Dissertation on Slavery.' Phillis Wheatley's performances are admitted among the still feeble poetical products of the period 1765-1787; and we hope that her color will be represented further on in extracts from David Walker's 'Appeal,' a black man's response to Jefferson's 'Notes' more fiery than Banneker's. In this third volume we remark also the biographical apparatus—Gov. Hutchinson on the character and rule of Gov. Burnet, Dr. Hopkins's admonition to Aaron Burr, John Adams's character of Franklin, Jefferson's anecdote of Franklin and portraits of Hamilton and Adams, Benjamin Rush on the life of Benezet, etc., not omitting mention of Aaron Cleveland's poem on "The Family Blood," which is just now a national concern:

"If found in Cleveland's blood a trait
To aid you in affairs of state. . . .

Then rule my head—and keep my heart
From folly, weakness, wit apart:
With all such gifts I glad dispense,
But only leave me—*common sense.*"

The only state paper is Washington's Farewell Address, unabridged and with due notice of the aid of Hamilton and Jay.

It were easy to descant at still greater length on this 'Library,' and we have conveyed but an inadequate idea of it, yet enough, we trust, to indicate its worth to the student, and its attraction for the average reader. It would certainly enrich any domestic library, and in all schools of the higher grade it should be on hand as an adjunct in teaching both history and literature, and as an aid in rhetorical exercise, whether reading, declamation, or composition. The typography is excellent, and we have no error to point out, except that on p. 185 of vol. 3 a figure has been dropped from the date of Benjamin Church's death—177[6]. In vol. 2, p. 129, Cotton Mather's story of Margaret Rule is ascribed to *Calef* (*i. e.*, to 'More Wonders of the Invisible World'). We wish the editors would abandon in subsequent volumes the exasperating "[From the Same]"—a lazy finger-post, entailing much needless labor on the searcher. There are portraits in all these volumes, and they add something to the value of the text.

L'Homme selon le Transformisme. Par Arthur Vianna de Lima. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1888.

THIS book forms part of a library of contemporaneous philosophy, in which are works by many of the ablest investigators in this field. The writer, a young Brazilian, author of an 'Exposé Sommaire des Théories Transformistes de Lamarck, Darwin, et Haeckel' (Paris, 1886), is not, however, identified with research in the broad field of biology or the narrower one of anthropology. His subject, the deviation of the human species, is treated in the usual order, commencing with the bodily structure, and ending with the intellectual and spiritual nature. It is considered not as an unsolved, but as a fully solved problem, and the author states his thesis in the introduction with great emphasis, viz., that man, considered in every way, bodily, mentally, and spiritually, is simply a member of the animal series. It is, perhaps, natural that, starting with this settled conviction, and not apparently having had the severe discipline of original investigation, the author should select for his book the facts and conclu-

sions which strongly support and confirm the truth of his thesis, and that where the admirably arranged and sifted material to be found in Darwin's books was not sufficiently strong, he should adopt the more confident and radical statements of Haeckel and other writers. On the whole, however, the first part of the book, treating of man's zoölogical position and bodily structure, represents fairly well existing knowledge, but it cannot be said that new light has been added, or that the light already possessed has been concentrated on the salient points in such a way as to enable the reader to distinguish easily the important features in the great and often detailed mass of facts and hypotheses presented.

The second part of the book is devoted to a consideration of the mental and spiritual nature, and is far less satisfactory than the first. The author states without reserve that the religious sentiments are not inherent in human beings, and cites in support of this the testimony of many persons that there are, even at the present day, whole tribes with absolutely no religious ideas and no notion of the supernatural or mysterious (p. 175). A little further on, however, to show that the germ of religion is to be found in the sense of the mysterious displayed by many animals, he quotes the case related by Darwin of the dog that was frightened at the movement of an umbrella by the wind when no one was near. As the book contains no hint of the degeneration or the "fall of man," the critical student would have to conclude from the above that part of the human race had developed from an ancestor having a sense of the mysterious, and, therefore, according to the author, the germs, at least, of religion, and that another part had descended from one having no such sense, and, since becoming human, had not acquired it. A great deal is said concerning the sexual characters and passions of men and animals, and, finally, several pages are given up to the revolting vices of human beings. What the bearing on the evolution of man this recital is intended to have it is not easy to see, for the lower animals are entirely free from most of the traits mentioned. If the possession of peculiar vices is to be taken as a serious evolutionary argument, it will be necessary to understand quite literally the expression, "descent of man."

Actual misstatements are too frequent throughout the entire book. For example, it is stated that in man and all the other primates the eyelids, except for the eyelashes, are entirely devoid of hair, that typhoid fever is a disease common to men and monkeys, and that the primates alone possess a discoidal placenta. The author is very fond of using the expressions "absolute, demonstrated," etc., and perhaps the worst feature of the book is the frequent recurrence of unqualified or exaggerated statements respecting matters really far from satisfactorily determined.

Whatever may have been the belief or the insight of the great Linnæus with reference to the origin of the human race, he placed man, in his classification, in the same group as the apes and monkeys, calling all *primates*. It is, however, since the time of Lamarck, but more especially since the whole thinking world was stirred by Darwin's assertion that by *natural selection* "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history," that the greatest activity has been shown in trying to determine the relationship between the animals themselves, and wherein is their point of contact with the human race. The classical work of Huxley in determining the structural relations of man's body to that of the lower animals, especially the anthropoid apes, and his conclu-

sion that man's structure, even to minute details, is like theirs, has received the most abundant confirmation by later investigators. Brilliant efforts have also been made in attempting to find prototypes of all man's mental and spiritual activities in the "beasts of the field"; but the final settlement of this problem remains for the future. As, therefore, the human body is undoubtedly similar in structure to that of the lower animals, thinking men, creationists as well as evolutionists, are logically driven to the belief that the origin of man's body is inseparably connected with that of the animals; and whenever it is as clearly shown that all the intellectual and spiritual powers of the human mind differ only in degree from those of the lower animals, then the same logical necessity will establish the belief that the origin of the entire man was linked inseparably with that of the animals.

As all books on the descent of man must inevitably be compared with Darwin's, this may be so compared in a word by saying that in Darwin the sole aim seems to be to arrive at the truth, in this to establish a thesis.

Pictures of East Anglian Life. By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low.

THIS is a delightful book. By means of thirty-two large photogravures and fifteen smaller reproductions of photographs, Mr. Emerson has admirably illustrated his observations on the life and peculiarities of the inhabitants of the eastern counties of England. He tells us that all the local information has been taken direct from the field and the peasants, from the sea and the fisher-folk, and he offers it "fresh and redolent with newly-turned earth and newly-blown flowers, with sea-breezes and sea-tangle." And, indeed, no one can study the illustrations and read the accompanying text without becoming imbued with the author's enthusiasm, and without feeling that he has gained an entirely new insight into the character and surroundings of the English peasant. So artistic are the illustrations, with their Corot-like softness of outline, that in future no book that deals with an unfamiliar country will seem complete without such aids; and it is pleasant to contemplate that, as the photographic art improves, the scenic delights of travel will constantly be made clearer to the minds of those who must perforce stay at home. There should be, and no doubt there will be, books such as this about every corner of the globe, and Mr. Emerson is to be thanked for setting the example.

The keynote of the artistic side of the book is to be found in the fact that the author is a worshipper of Nature. He believes the old Greeks to have been the happiest race that has yet lived upon the earth, because they thoroughly appreciated the beautiful; and he is deeply impressed with the shortcomings of the modern artist in his efforts to reproduce the glories of Nature. He says:

"The poet, the artist, the naturalist, are truly they who drink life to the brim, yet often their hearts are sad because of the exquisite beauties they see and are silent upon. . . . The music of the breeze, as it sighs, rustles, and breathes in the gorse brakes, the play of light on the gnarled stems, the water-beads after an April shower, now clear as glass, now shining like the sun as the light is reflected from them, who can tell of these? . . . Who shall describe what none can paint—the unsurpassed splendor of the golden gorse? . . . We sympathize with Linnæus, of whom it is written that he fell on his knees when he first saw an English common covered with gorse in full bloom. . . . Form and atmosphere and tone we can now accurately and subtly render by the help of the sun itself, but, alas! not so with