

longest interval between the November election and the first of March is none too long for the new President to make the necessary arrangements for the personnel of his Administration, and that both he and the outgoing President should at the earliest possible moment be relieved of all uncertainty as to the result of the election.—ED. NATION.]

#### THE ENGLISH MISSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR: Your editorial in the last number of the *Nation* upon "The English Mission" touches upon, though it does not discuss, a most interesting topic, viz., the impossibility of an American Minister to England doing his duty to his country without incurring the hostility of the Irish-Americans at home. This duty you have defined in several articles to be the cultivation of friendly relations with the court and people of the country to which he is accredited, and the protection of American citizens against unjust treatment. But if there be a large and arrogant class of his fellow-citizens at home who detest the English Government, and would do everything in their power to cripple it or involve it in a war with the United States, they are pretty sure to vent their rage upon any American representative who accepts or returns the hospitality of the English people, as most of our Ministers for the last fifteen years have found out to their cost. If, at the same time, the unfortunate Minister happens to be named in connection with an important office at home, as, for instance, the Chief Justiceship, he is quite certain at the last moment to find his pathway blocked, be his fitness for the place never so conspicuous.

The truth is, that no American Minister would be entirely satisfactory to this turbulent class who did not spend his time in stumping Ireland for Home Rule and hurling thunderbolts at the Foreign Office—a kind of interference which our English cousins would resent as forcibly, if not as summarily, as we did the unfortunate blunder of Lord Sackville. It makes a wonderful difference, however, whose ox is being gored. The men who denounced the loudest "foreign interference" in our elections are the very ones who eighteen months ago were holding public indignation meetings at the dictation of the Irish, and even inducing our State legislatures to pass resolutions calling upon the English to extend the blessings of home rule—a proceeding of which we are all now as heartily ashamed as we shall be of the Sackville incident in a year from this time.

We are sometimes tempted to ask ourselves whether we have a really independent press in this country, *i. e.*, a press which is as independent *in fact* as it is *in law*. We Americans are said to be unanimously in favor of home rule; yet what has made us so? Is it because we have formed our judgment deliberately upon the merits of the case, or because our newspapers are controlled by, or afraid of, the Irish, and our foreign correspondence and telegrams emanate from Irish sources? Can it be possible that the Irish are always right and the English altogether wrong? It would seem so, judging from the tone of our press; and yet I am informed that among the American residents in London there is a practical unanimity of sentiment directly opposed to that which obtains at home. Is it because they are better informed or not so well informed as we? Is it not still an open question whether our experience with the Irish vote has demonstrated their fitness for self-government, or has disclosed defects of character which, uncontrolled,

would be fatal to civil liberty and the rights of a minority? Could an Irish parliament be safely intrusted with the power of fixing the compensation to be paid English landlords for their lands? It seems, from Mr. Davitt's latest utterances, that nothing less than this will satisfy the demands of the Home Rulers.

I have put these questions, not from any antipathy to the Irish, but to show some of the difficulties which beset the path of the American Minister, who would be more than mortal if he did not to some extent imbibe the feelings of those by whom he is surrounded. I think you are quite right in believing that Mr. Harrison will experience great difficulty in finding a man of intellectual or political prominence to fill this place who aspires to be anything more than a social figure-head. JOHN DOUGLAS.

DETROIT, November 23, 1888.

#### THAT DENVER CITY CONTRACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR: During the campaign I read, time and again, the statement in Republican papers, that a contract for 5,000 tons of iron castings for a Denver Cable Railway had been let to an English firm. The statement was variously used as a campaign argument in favor of high protection. I have also seen frequent mention of the matter in the *Nation*.

I wish to say that this contract for 5,000 tons of iron castings for the Denver Cable Railway has been let to the Centropolis Car Works of this city. The contract was let to the lowest and best bidder, and numerous English and American manufacturers submitted bids, I understand. I write you of the fact, because, from your frequent mention of the campaign "canard," I judge that you will be glad to hear the truth about it.

Respectfully, C. M. HARWOOD.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., November 24.

#### THE SEDUCTIVE SIMILE AND THE DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR: The affection which poor old Goriot had for his daughters, was scarcely less masterful than that of most religious writers and speakers for a simile or metaphor drawn from the well of science undefiled. And this love unspeakable is, for some reason, in the majority of instances, requited almost as badly in the latter case as in the former. Rev. Newman Hall, who follows in the footsteps of Homer and compares the race of men with the race of leaves, furnishes, in the *Independent* of November 15, a most choice example of how treacherously the quagmires of an unknown land may entrap the over-confident footsteps of careless wanderers in search of similes. "The leaf is beautiful, yet it fades!" exclaims Dr. Hall; and if he had paused after this apt observation, all would have been well, but some wicked fairy impelled him to continue:

"The leaf fades when its work is done. It has an important function as the lungs of the plant. The sap circulating through its surface receives the oxygen breathed in from the atmosphere. This combines with the carbon, and, by the influence of light, is so changed as to be capable of depositing new material as the vitalizing current descends behind the bark, forming each year a new ring around the stem."

Not to mention the weird "deceptive cadence" in the second sentence, it may be noted that it would be difficult to collect a greater show of inaccuracy than is furnished by the following clauses. The sap does not circulate through the surface of the leaf. It does not receive oxygen. This does not combine directly

with carbon. The oxygen is not changed so as to be capable of depositing anything. New material is not "deposited" by the sap. There is no "vitalizing current" behind the bark. A new ring is not formed by descending sap. The "vitalizing" part of the tree does not descend. The new ring is not formed around the stem, nor is it necessarily formed every year. With these few trifling corrections the observations of Dr. Hall may be permitted to pass muster, but without them they are but a fresh illustration of what perennial amusement may be derived from noting the well-meaning but misguided zeal exhibited by the average theologian in pursuit of science. I am, sir,

CONWAY McMILLAN.

#### THE POWER OF THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR: For many years I have looked upon the *Nation* as a good friend to the Church and the ministry. Friends who speak to us the most important truths fearlessly are not so common that we can afford to flout those who thus draw our attention to the most serious ailments.

In speaking of the decline of the power of the Church you are doing the Church a service, and you are again in the right, notwithstanding the objection of your correspondent. After all has been said that can be said regarding changed circumstances, adaptation to the times, and all the various explanations that go to show what a difficult problem is, in these days, presented to the Church, the fact remains that the great lack is in the Church itself. Dr. Marcus Dods says: "Were the members of the Church leading a supernatural life, unbelief in the supernatural would become impossible. Were the supreme, living, present power of Christ manifested in the actual superiority of his people to earthly ways and motives, it would be as impossible to deny that power as it is to deny the power of the tides or of the sun." In spite of the few conspicuous exceptions, is it not true that the Protestant Church to-day stands for prosperity? The wonderful appliances, methods, the unsurpassed activity—may they not be interpreted to mean, how to get on in the world? If it be insisted that the cross of Christ must be accepted as the symbol of the life, is it not an offence, not to the world alone, but also to the Church?

Observe that the attitude of the rulers of the Church toward unwelcome truth, toward unaccredited but truth-loving teachers, is the same as in the time of Christ. Does there arise a bold spirit who hopes for reform from within, he is instantly confronted by the determined opposition of those who have risen to power under the existing order of things, who have come to be recognized as leaders of thought and formulators of opinion. Witness the course of the American Board, and of powerful "religious" newspapers.

The Christianity of the Church and of churchly authority must be displaced by the Christianity of Jesus of Nazareth, and then will it be discovered that the force of Christianity has not spent itself, and why it is that "there is no more power in that force."

Yours truly, EDWIN T. HISCOX.

#### Notes.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will soon publish 'The Open Door,' by Blanche Willis Howard. Longmans, Green & Co. announce 'Son of a

Star,' an historical romance by Dr. B. W. Richardson, who now, like many another eminent member of the medical profession before him, ventures his reputation in the field of fiction; and 'Masks or Faces: a Study in the Psychology of Acting,' the title which Mr. Archer has finally given to his 'Anatomy of Acting.'

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of 'Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar,' whose last revision was made eleven years ago. The same publishers will have ready in January 'The Leading Facts of French History,' by D. H. Montgomery, author of 'The Leading Facts of English History,' etc.

A wholly new edition of 'Worcester's Academic Dictionary' is promised by J. B. Lippincott Co., with full etymologies, additional words, and fresh illustrations.

F. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, have just ready a revised edition of Reese's 'Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology' and the 'Physician's Visiting-List' for 1889.

The Rev. James B. Converse, Morristown, Tenn., has in press for publication by himself 'The Bible and Land,' a refutation of Henry George.

Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt., will issue for the holidays 'The Story of the Puritans,' by Wallace Peck, with humorous colored illustrations by Kemble; 'The Legend of Psyche, and Other Verses,' by Carrie Warner Morehouse; and 'The Dorcas Society,' by James Buckham.

The 'Poèmes Complets' of Edgar Allan Poe, translated by M. Gabriel Mourey, with an introduction by J. Péladan, will shortly be published in Paris by M. Dalou.

The Historical Society of Rhode Island, says Mr. S. S. Rider, in his Providence *Book-Notes*, has issued a proposal for the publication of a map of the State, "defining the territories of the Indian tribes, and the Indian names of localities therein, wherever they can be discovered." Mr. Rider has himself, it appears, bestowed much labor on a similar project. It were much to be wished that each New England State would compile such a map.

Though a great number of artists, including the author himself, have furnished the illustrations to Victor Hugo's 'Ninety-three' in the handsome edition of the Messrs. Routledge, the result is not inharmonious, and we rank the two volumes as among the best of the series to which they belong. As we have here, in intention at least, an historical novel, of a time which has been recorded pictorially as hardly no other, the designers had an easy task in borrowing and adapting. A certain number of portraits of Revolutionary characters are given both in action and as pure embellishments; in the latter case leaving something to be desired—say, a facsimile reproduction of old prints.

As a manufactured article, in no respect (save portability) is the edition of the 'Memoirs of Count Grammont' just published by Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia, to be preferred to that we noticed about a month ago (London: Nimmo; Philadelphia: Lippincott). The letter-press is inferior; the illustrations proper—etchings after Delort—are given at second-hand, and not completely. On the other side must be set down numerous familiar portraits of the beauties and mistresses of Charles II.'s court, of Charles himself, of James II., and of sundry courtiers; together with an appendix from Mrs. Jameson giving the lives of Mrs. Lawson, Lady Bellasys, and the Duchess of Portsmouth. The binding is in simple green cloth, in good taste.

A similar comparison must be made between the 'Manon Lescaut' reissued by Gebbie & Co. and the same work as brought out three years ago by Geo. Routledge & Sons. So far as our

memory serves, they are identical, being illustrated and adorned by Maurice Leloir. Possibly this is a remnant of the earlier edition, but it seems as if the bloom were off and we were dealing with something not quite fresh.

The third volume having the imprint of Gebbie & Co., 'Nuremberg,' owes nothing except legitimately to other sources. It is a small folio, containing on alternate pages Longfellow's poem on the town, and illustrated abundantly by full-page photogravures, mostly of buildings, statuary, and general views within the walls. The Gebbie & Husson Co.'s process has been made use of here. Apparently it admits of considerable retouching, so that one sometimes suspects an engraving to be the base of a plate; but the majority of these have the stamp of nature views, and altogether they form a very pleasant souvenir of one of the most interesting places in the world. Two ladies, Misses Mary E. and Amy Comegys, have contrived the book, and have supplied for each stanza an initial letter, the derivation of which is scrupulously stated in a table. The local color would have been maintained and heightened if these had all been drawn (as none were) from the early MS. and printed book collection in the captivating National Museum at Nuremberg.

The first volume of Schumann's correspondence, turned into English by May Herbert, and published some months ago as an independent volume by George Bell & Sons, London, has just been added to the Bohn series ('Early Letters of Robert Schumann. Originally Published by his Wife.' New York: Scribner & Welford). Two years ago, on its first appearance in Germany, we examined this most interesting collection at some length. The translation has been none too laborious, and is not minutely faithful, paraphrase being frequently resorted to without, so far as we have examined, falsifying the sense of the German text. The public is benefited by having this edition made more accessible.

For "Bohn's Select Library," 'The Perfect Life'—twelve discourses of Channing's—has been taken over from the original series. "Bohn's Artist Library" offers a new edition of the late Mrs. Charles Heaton's 'History of Painting,' a work first published in 1872. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, justly thinking it worth the labor, has thoroughly overhauled it, verifying dates, rewriting notices, and supplying judicious footnotes by way of confirmation, correction, or elucidation. He also appends chronological lists of the painters of each country. The chapter on the extinction of painting in Italy has been rewritten by Miss Annie Evans. The work has thus been greatly enhanced in value for reference, while retaining a degree of readability very uncommon in manuals of this compass.

A very taking edition, cheap only in price, of 'Robert Elsmere' has just been brought out by Macmillan & Co. We incline to think it the best as well as the latest.

Very dainty is the little edition of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' produced by the Chiswick Press (New York: White & Allen). The type is small, but the judicious display makes it far from illegible. The two ballads of 'Ivry' and 'The Armada' are appended, and there is a medallion-portrait frontispiece. The American publishers would have done wisely to follow some such model in making over Samuel Waddington's 'The Sonnets of Europe.' They have, in fact, got up a showy rather than a handsome volume.

The 'Chaucer' of the "Canterbury Poets" series (London: Walter Scott; New York: T. Whittaker) has been selected by Frederick Noël

Paton, who furnishes an introductory sketch and a glossary. His editing has consisted, apart from these services, in avoiding and omitting what it is no longer possible to read aloud. The volume is very pretty.

Long's translation of the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius has been added to the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series of the Messrs. Putnam, where it should on every consideration be found.

A countryman and disciple of Count Tolstói's has deemed it a service to mankind to make a complete English translation of his 'What to Do' (or, 'What Must We Do Then?'). Renouncing any remuneration for himself, he has offered the manuscript to an American publisher on the sole condition of giving it a popular form and circulation. This has been done in good faith and in fair typography by T. Y. Crowell & Co. We should recommend that the reading of this singular work begin with the "Note to Chapter XL," with which it closes. It is the most absolute piece of mediævalism that can be imagined, restricting the sphere of woman to bearing children ("the greatest possible number") and reading the Gospel. "In order to appropriate the highest view of life," says Tolstói, "I think there is no need of [her] visiting lectures."

Dr. A. L. Meissner, well known to our teachers of German through his German grammar (whether in the original or in the Joynes-Meissner shape), has lately published a companion volume, 'Practical Lessons in German Conversation' (Hachette & Cie.) It is prepared for use after the pupil has mastered twenty-eight lessons in the Grammar. We do not pretend to have examined the Conversations in every detail, but we have read enough to satisfy ourselves that the book is well planned and well executed. In the first place, the exercises are truly progressive. In the next place, they are interesting and practical, wholly free from the Ollendorffian "grandfather-shoemaker" business, and introducing such topics as usually interest educated men and women. Perhaps some of the fables and shorter stories might be suppressed. Lastly, the rendering from German into English is extremely close and idiomatic. We have noted a few slips. Of course *erst recht* is a hopeless *crux*; but surely it is not to be rendered by 'also' (p. 41): 'truly' would be better. Nor is old Blücher's *Orientierung* expressed by "topographical survey" (p. 199) any more than it would be by "place-hunting." Shall we speak of the *Kaiserliche Stadt-Post-Amt* as the "Royal Urban Post-office?" "City Post" would be quite enough; the Anglo-American heart rebels against logical renderings of German titles. But all these are very minute blemishes. The book as a book is deserving of high praise, and we commend it to all interested in the subject, with the hope that it will find an American publisher.

One is struck most, perhaps, in looking over the latest bound volume of *Harper's Young People*, with the number of articles which are obviously addressed to parents. Such are those on the forcing system, on the football season, on the care of teeth, on the awkward age, on keeping a diary and having an allowance, on the clothing of children, on the social relations of boys and girls, on the training of their voices, on the moral influence of games, on the choice of a school, on the learning of French and German, etc. These disquisitions, if they did nothing else but induce parents to read what their children are reading, must be judged a useful function of the magazine. Since we lately spoke of the trying type used in the letter-box department of *St. Nicholas*,

it is fair to say that *Harper's Young People* is open to the same censure. There is among the illustrations a noticeable number of process plates from photographs or from paintings.

The list of contributors to the *English Illustrated Magazine* for the past year (Macmillan) is brief as compared with corresponding magazines in this country, but it is weighty. The contents are mainly insular—of English scenery and coaching ways and art and olden homes—yet not without glimpses and excursions abroad. Mr. Henry James and Mr. Marion Crawford are the two American writers for the volume, and they both offer something of or for their own country—Mr. Crawford his national hymn. The typography and the illustrations of the magazine are, as usual, pleasing to the eye and of a good kind.

The most interesting paper in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November is Mr. A. S. White's "Notes on the Distribution of Trade-Centres," which is accompanied by an excellent map of the world, showing the important productions of each country, the principal trade-routes, both by sea and by land, as well as the ocean cables and prominent steamship routes, with distances attached. The very full and instructive account of the Dutch East Indies by Emil Metzger is concluded in this number.

The November Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society is largely taken up with an account, by Mr. D. W. Freshfield, of the mountains of the Central Caucasus, a region which has just acquired a melancholy interest from the loss in crossing a glacier of Mr. Donkin, Secretary of the Alpine Club, and a Mr. Fox, together with two Swiss guides. Mr. Donkin, son of the late Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, was an excellent amateur photographer, and one of his mountain pictures has been reproduced to illustrate Mr. Freshfield's article. Several of the papers read before the British Association, the most important being Sir F. de Winton's on the "Commercial Future of East Africa," are also given.

The bibliophile princes of the house of Bourbon having been celebrated in a previous number of *Le Livre*, the Bourbon princesses who merited the same epithet are the subject of the leading paper in the October number. An etched group of their portraits completes the parallel. The second paper is by M. Victor Fournel, and treats of the "Dramatic Pastoral in the Seventeenth Century," beginning with the 'Astrée' of Honoré d'Urfé. It is a very interesting review, in which we remark what is said of the seventeenth century being much more concerned with man than with nature. Poets and prose writers, with rare exceptions, were alike deficient in feeling for landscape. "The group of odes written by the young Racine, and collectively entitled 'Paysages, ou Promenades de Port-Royal-des-Champs,' shows us only a got-up (*arrangées*) and slightly Jansenist Nature. What more expressive in its absolutely unconscious simplicity than the stage directions in the prologue to the 'Malade Imaginaire,' which is very characteristic: 'The scene represents a rural spot, but very pleasant withal.'"

No. 32 of the Bibliographical Contributions of the Library of Harvard University is curious indeed. The title, "Mathematical Theses of Junior and Senior Classes, 1782-1839," by no means reveals the ground of interest in this collection. This is to be found in two particulars—the distinction attained by so many of the authors of these theses, usually in fields utterly remote from mathematics; and the preservation of views and measurements of houses and lands in and about Cambridge which have no

little antiquarian and pictorial value. There are about forty-four of these surveys, elevations, and perspectives, and it would be a happy thought if some friend of the College would bear the expense of their publication on a uniform scale. Here is James Savage, the prime authority for American genealogy, furnishing a colored view of churches and college buildings; Alexander H. Everett, the diplomatist, a colored "Templi Episcopalis Delineatio Perspectiva"; the future Dr. Jacob Bigelow, a perspective view "of the seat of the Hon. Francis Dana"; the future jurist, Theophilus Parsons, a perspective representation of University Hall; the future clergyman, Alexander Young, and the Latin lexicographer, Frederick P. Leverett, perspective views of St. Paul's Church and David Sears's new house in Boston respectively. If it is odd to meet with Harrison Gray Otis calculating a lunar eclipse for the year of his graduation, and adorning his thesis with a Virgilian epigraph, still more so is it to find his brother orator, Wendell Phillips, on the eve of his graduation, showing "Some beautiful results to which we are led by the Differential Calculus in the development of Functions." Little did the intending lawyer suspect how his own function was to be developed in the eclipse of Otis.

An interesting exhibition is in progress, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, of Albert Dürer's engravings, etchings, and dry-points, and of most of the woodcuts executed from his designs, together with eight original drawings. The catalogue fills eighty pages.

—The December *Harper's* surrenders unconditionally to the time of year and makes itself a Christmas number, not by virtue of two or three articles, but on the strength of its entire table of contents. The range of entertainment offered is such that only those who refuse to be pleased on principle can fail to find something to enjoy. Even the historical article by Theodore Child, "A Christmas Mystery in the Fifteenth Century," is made attractive to the most casual reader by its light and easy style and striking illustrations, though this is not saying that a closer study will not be amply repaid. It is the most meritorious piece in the whole number, and is greatly indebted to the drawings of M. Merson, whose knowledge of the archæology of the subject enables him to make the scenes of the old ecclesiastical drama lifelike and interesting in a high degree. Mr. Howells has a farce in the style of admirable fooling with which he has made us familiar. Another sample of the dialect story, "Sosrus Dismal," is highly successful in bringing out the superstitious fond of the negro, and disappoints only in the sharp corner turned at the end to fetch up with a suspicious bit of pathos. Of the other short stories and sketches, Grace King's "The Christmas Story of a Little Church" is by far the best. A short but satisfactory sketch of F. S. Church is accompanied by a half-dozen engravings from his paintings and drawings. Mr. W. H. Gibson's "Midnight Ramble" is a striking study of what might be called nocturnal botany; the great differences between the appearance of flowers by day and that by night are well shown by his drawings and described by his pen. Anna D. Ludlow has a long and ambitious poem, of which the most that can be said is that two or three times she comes very near writing the strong line which might have helped one to forget the turpitude and triteness of all the rest. Mr. Stedman has a half-dozen swinging stanzas on Morgan, the buccaneer, marred only by two infelicitous rhymes in the last one. We recall no number of a magazine setting out to be a spe-

cial Christmas issue which achieved so consistent and successful a result as this first number of the seventy-eighth volume of *Harper's*.

—The *Atlantic* moves on with a Puritan's serene unconsciousness of times and seasons, and with a Puritan's steady adherence to a worthy ideal. The present number does not yield a jot to the supposed demand for "special attractions" at this time of year, except so far as good literature may be attractive—and it may seem to many even specially so in the midst of the rush of merely amusing writing. President Hyde has a short article on the future of the country college. He thinks he sees a permanent place for it midway between the academy and the university. This, of course, depends upon the definition of academy and of college, and upon whether the possibility of the two blending into one, as in Germany, is to be admitted. In any case, social tradition and vested interests will be sure to make the day of the country college continue for a long time, whether the strictly educational argument for its existence can be successfully maintained or not. In "A Flight in the Dark," two Boston girls carry on a dialogue about all the deep things in philosophy, with an audacity that recalls the *Dial* days, with an air of old experience that will make unbelievers laugh, and yet with an intelligence and earnestness which, taken with the occasional dashes of humor thrown in to show that the writers do not take themselves too seriously, win the attention of even a sceptical reader. Mr. Henry A. Clapp furnishes a discriminating study of the artistic life of the late William Warren. Delightful reading is found in Susan Coolidge's "A Convent School of the Last Century." It is the Abbaye aux Bois that is described, and the material is drawn from the diaries of a quondam inmate, Princess Hélène Massalski. The school-girl's artless records leave one wondering anew at the identity of human nature in all ages. In particular do the deep conspiracy and final revolution of the *Classe Blanche*, to secure the removal of an incompetent teacher, show how the revolutionary spirit was abroad in France at that time. But one poem appears in the number, some anonymous verses entitled "At Alfred de Musset's Grave." That they are printed where they are is a proof that they are worth printing.

—*Scribner's* for December has a reasonable frontispiece in the shape of a bit of winter landscape, and follows it up appropriately with Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "Winter in the Adirondacks." To the advantage of being a pioneer, so far as we know, in writing of winter in the North Woods, Mr. Mabie adds a practised style, and is greatly helped by the fine illustrations which face his pages. Altogether, the article attractively opens an attractive number. A distinct addition to the knowledge of most of us is offered in Will H. Low's "Old Glass in New Windows," which hints at the history of glass-staining for decorative purposes, and describes with considerable detail the revival, or almost re-creation, as the writer thinks, of the art in America. The accompanying illustrations are necessarily disappointing. If a painting suffers loss in engraved reproductions, the case must be worse with a stained-glass window. The other art article of the number is a slight sketch of Botticelli, with copies of a half-dozen of his paintings, by George Hitchcock. The poetry is superabundant. There is a certain grace and sad tenderness in Ellen Burroughs's "The Madonna," and a strength which is rugged to the point of shapelessness in the anonymous poem, "The

Lion of the Nile"; the other poetical performances do not invite comment. The story-telling is complete in itself, with the exception of Mr. Stevenson's new serial, and is done by H. C. Bunner, Rebecca Harding Davis, W. M. Taber, and John J. A. Becket. The late Mr. Wallack's reminiscences are brought to a close. The present instalment is pretty haphazard, and of no serious historical value while of slight artistic importance, but will serve to revive many kind memories and past enthusiasms. Thackeray comes into the narrative. Mr. Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon" is the only one of its kind that will be preached this year. His text is taken from the Gospel of Failure, and his meditations thereupon are better fitted, most will think, to the remorseful retrospect of the last day of the year than to the traditional jollity of Christmas. One might guess it was the gloom of Scotch Presbyterianism thus reappearing in the luckless inheritor of its traditions, and sourest, of course, at the time of a fond and superstitious observance of a festival that smacks strongly of popery. This is far from saying, be it noted, that there is not much sound sense and good morals in the rather lugubrious discourse.

—Mr. Ernest Satow, now the British Consul-General of Siam, who resided nearly twenty years in Japan, and is probably the foremost of Anglo-Japanese scholars, has employed his recent vacation in Europe in a characteristic manner. Believing that in the archives of Rome, Lisbon, and Madrid there were many interesting relics of the literary labors of the Jesuit and other Roman Catholic missionaries in Japan of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he explored these collections during the past spring and summer. He has discovered many interesting facts hitherto unknown, and documents which will throw light upon a period of Japanese history possessing the highest interest for the western world. The publication of his results may be looked for perhaps next year, though the desire for thorough work, for which this tireless scholar is noted, may prompt him to continue his researches. In Japan, also, the study of the native Christianity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is carried on with ardor by Mr. Séki, the Japanese editor of the *Nichi-Nichi Shimbun* (or *Day-by-day Newspaper*) of Tokio. In this paper, Mr. Séki has recently printed the results of his personal studies, made while in Italy, of the pictures and letters left in Rome by the daimios of Kiushiu, A. D. 1585. These nobles visited the Pope, journeying by way of Mexico, after a voyage of three years. Besides settling interesting points of local interest to Japanese scholars, the letters give a charming picture of St. Peter's, then fresh with the colors of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Among other discovered articles was a portrait of a Japanese noble, Hasékura, of Sendai, who also visited Rome as a Christian delegate to the Pope. This, with other paintings, was found at the house of an Italian noble. It is now within range of easy possibility that we may yet have a scholarly and unimpassioned history, by a native Japanese, of Japanese Christianity. Certainly, the popular verdict concerning the Hollanders, as well as of Taiko and Iyégasu, needs to be revised, since nearly all that we know definitely concerning the expulsion of Christianity from Japan has been furnished by men between whom and the Hollanders and Japanese rulers no love was lost.

—The Russian Physical and Chemical Society, a committee of which organized very fully-equipped parties at seven stations for observing the total solar eclipse of 1887, has just

published in its *Journal* the full report by Prof. Egoroff. The stations were scattered as much as possible through Russia and Siberia, but at only three of them was the sky propitious enough for successful observations. Petrovsk, Krasnoiarsk, and Possiet were the favored localities, the last being on the eastern Asiatic coast. Krasnoiarsk was perhaps the best station of all, the photographers obtaining no less than fourteen excellent pictures. These widely separate localities were specially favorable for the detection of rapid changes in the sun's corona, should such take place; but although nearly two hours of time intervened between the occurrence of the total eclipse at Polotsk and at Possiet, the figure of the corona did not materially change during that interval. It was a repetition of the type of corona previously observed in 1869 and 1878, and corresponded in a general way to the epoch of minimum spots on the sun. The complex coronal filaments about the solar poles are well exhibited on the Krasnoiarsk negatives, and are important as leading to generalizations about the structure of the corona, and ultimately of the sun itself. The vastly extended cloud-areas did not work so complete a wreck of meteorological hopes, although even these results are slender enough. The work of twenty-five separate stations is generalized by Prof. Heshus, who finds the progress of the lunar shadow followed by a slight lowering of the atmospheric pressure, which is explained by a condensation of atmospheric vapor. The decline of a few degrees in air temperatures was greatest shortly after the total eclipse; and the force of the wind was somewhat diminished, perhaps also on account of condensation of vapor. The usual nocturnal effects upon plants, insects, and animals are represented as well pronounced.

#### THE RANDOLPH ENIGMA.

*Omitted Chapters of History* Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia; First Attorney General of the United States; Secretary of State. By Moncure Daniel Conway, Author of "Pine and Palm," "The Wandering Jew," etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

In this Life of Edmund Randolph we have an attempt, as earnest as it is sincere, to restore to its pedestal in our national pantheon the effigy of a statesman who once filled a conspicuous place in the eyes of the whole country. In the elemental stir of the Revolutionary era, and in the formative period which followed it, few names gathered to themselves a more sudden brightness or shone with a serener lustre than the name of Edmund Randolph. The light of those times, fierce as it was, had discovered no public flaw in his character when, in the year 1795, even more suddenly than his sun had risen in the political sky, it went down while it was yet noon, and sank below the horizon in a cloud of obloquy and suspicion. It is the aim of Mr. Conway to rehabilitate the reputation of the distinguished personage to whom, as he thinks, the initiation and the ratification of the Constitution of the United States were especially due; and in rendering this tardy justice to a forgotten worthy he has filled up some "omitted chapters of history" pertaining to the digest of the Constitution, the organization of our Federal Judiciary, and the conduct of public affairs under the Administration of Washington.

Commencing with a lively sketch of society in Williamsburg, Va., while as yet young Randolph was a student of William and Mary Col-

lege, Mr. Conway gives us a pleasing picture of his early training and high social surroundings. His father, a skeptic in religion and somewhat of a poccourante in politics, was King's Attorney for the Colony of Virginia at the outbreak of the Revolution, and fled, with Lord Dunmore, the provincial Governor, to England. Edmund refused to follow the lead of his Loyalist parent, and at the early age of twenty-two—he was born August 10, 1753—found himself left to win his own way in the world with very limited resources. In the year 1775 he was aide-de-camp on the military staff of Washington, but, having been bred to the law, he soon resigned this post, and was appointed Attorney General of Virginia in 1776. In that same year he sat in the Convention which framed the Constitution of Virginia, the first Constitution formed by any State after the Declaration of Independence. In 1777 he was commissioned as a Delegate to the Continental Congress, and thenceforward continued for several years to serve alternately as a member of this body and as the Attorney General of his State. In 1786 he was placed by the Virginia Legislature at the head of the Commission appointed to confer with similar Commissions from other States in the Annapolis Conference—that prelude of constitutional reconstruction. Later in the same year he was chosen Governor of Virginia, and in 1787 was a leading member of the Federal Convention. The large share he had in the digest of the Constitution was already matter of history, but Mr. Conway sheds new light on the constructive genius which Randolph brought to that great deliberation. It is known that he refused to sign the Constitution in the shape it finally took, but none the less gave to its ratification a zealous support when, in the Virginia Convention of 1788, the question of its adoption or rejection seemed to him the article of a standing or falling Union of the States.

On the accession of Washington to the Presidency in 1789 Randolph was appointed Attorney General of the United States. He organized our Department of Justice under the Constitution. Here, too, he showed his constructive talent by projecting amendments to the Judiciary Act as drawn by Ellsworth. While sympathizing as a Cabinet officer with the general political ideas of Jefferson, he was thoroughly national in his principles of constitutional interpretation. It was at Jefferson's suggestion that Randolph succeeded him in the office of Secretary of State in 1794. Motives of political prudence conspired with motives of political ambition to dictate the resignation of Jefferson. He could no longer bring his positive opinions into correspondence with the non-partisan policy of Washington, and was glad to quit his "hot-water office," though he did not do so without dropping in the ear of the President what Mr. Conway calls "a small deposit of distrust" as to the qualifications of the successor.

Randolph's administration of the State Department covers the aftermath of Genet's demagoguery, the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, Spanish aggressions in the Mississippi Valley, disunion mutterings in Kentucky, Indian hostilities, and the rumor of British machinations on our northern frontier, to all which was finally superadded the political ferment excited by Jay's treaty. As the official spokesman of the Administration, he was called to educe some sort of formal harmony out of all these discords. It is known that the embarrassments of his position came to a sharp crisis in the complications which attended the ratification of Jay's treaty with England. That treaty was framed November 19, 1794, and was