

Recent Fiction

WHERE DID the author of Margaret Kent get the magic lens she turns upon people's souls, illuminating the deepest springs of their nature? It is a possession that distinctly individualizes her books. 'A Daughter of Eve' is a story of society life and modern tendencies. The people struggle for position, they scheme for money, they marry, give dinners, go to balls, dress, practise economic shifts, deceive themselves, poison their minds, sacrifice their hearts—all for social advancement, that Moloch of modern life. Yet never for one instant does the reader lose the just proportions of life, the broader outlook, the deeper significance. Mrs. Kirke balances her world of types with a nicety that is most pleasing. If there is Olive with her sliding scale of moral resolution, her feeble strength, there is also Dorothy whose soul emanates purity of purpose; if there is Mrs. Barrymore with her tigerish tenacity and greed, there is David Litchfield with his ideality, the happiest character in the book. And could any creation strike one more palpably than that of Patty with her restless energy, her false ambitions, her cleverness, her generosity, her failings? There are times, however, when Mrs. Kirke's satire from an obvious broadness loses its poignancy, and when she makes, or lets, her people do things which while in strict accord with precedent are not, we trust, Mrs. Kirke's 'conception of the part.' (\$1.50. Ticknor & Co.)

'TWENTY YEARS AFTER' is the second instalment of Dumas' great series of historical novels called the d'Artagnan Romances—a vivid appendix to 'Three Musketeers,' in which Cardinal Richelieu gives way to his 'phantom' Cardinal Mazarin. Dumas rekindles the French past in these stories as only Sir Walter Scott did in Quentin Durward: an archæological romancer whose touch is like water to the resurrection-flower, and who never forgets to make his men and women as well as their *entourage* live and breathe. Gautier talks beautifully of ancient Egypt in his 'Mummy'; Flaubert exercises wonderful magic in reviewing ancient Carthage; but who for an instant could compare these phantasmal civilizations, called back by mere erudition, with the laughing, living, tingling creations of Old Dumas? Dumas *père* recognizes—never forgets—the essential identity of the human race in all ages and times; and if he chooses the *grand siècle* of Louis XIV. or Anne of Austria for his artistic background, he does not fail to fill it with people of like passions with ourselves—erring, sinful, mischievous, natural; not simply with disembodied spirits that have crossed the Styx and lost their substance. Hence in 'Twenty Years After' he pursues the graphic delineation of the 'Three Musketeers' and produces a masterpiece of workmanship at once romantic and accurate, ad-

venturous and historical, stirring and true. He crosses the Styx as boldly as he would the Seine, and drops thence shadows and sprites that clothe themselves anew with flesh and blood, that sing and sin, smile and stab as naturally as did the Parisians of his own day. The book is gorgeous with wine-and-gold binding, and is printed in the tasteful form of the Hugo series lately noticed in THE CRITIC. (2 vols. \$3. Little, Brown & Co.)

GOOD LOOKING young women under thirty, who, in a state of financial dubiousness, attempt to solve the difficult question of self-maintenance by the semi-commercial occupation of a photographer's shop, must be prepared to have their life resolve itself into a jumble of love and business. Whether this is agreeable is doubtless a matter of individual taste, and since three out of four young women thus engaged in 'The Romance of a Shop,' by Amy Levy, finished by marrying according to their fancy, the verdict would probably be in favor of the mixture. The story is not uninteresting. Its style is simple and finished, and there is a naturalness about the conversations, and in the way the characters move in and out of the reader's sight. But it is not a high order of originality which attempts to add the pathetic element considered necessary to a novel by the worn situation of the beautiful, frail younger sister being torn away from the presence of her lover by the stern elder sister, who brings her home through a snow-storm, only to have her die of quick consumption as an early consequence. The question of amateur photography developing in time of need into a profitable vocation for a woman is one of valuable suggestion, confined however more especially to England, where it is almost a domestic accomplishment. The book is by the author of the clever sketch of Jewish life in London, 'Reuben Sachs.' (\$1.50. Cupples & Hurd.)

NOTHING is more exasperating to the reviewer than to pick up a book suggesting in its preface his previous acquaintance with some commonplace personage who has gone to swell the ocean of the writer's printed words. In 'When the War Broke Out; or, Sailor Boy Bob's Sister,' such a claim is preferred for 'Sailor Boy Bob.' Next year, no doubt, we shall have 'Sailor Boy Bob's Wife,' 'Baby,' 'Baby's First Tooth,' etc. To the friends of this species of serial literature, it will be a pleasure to read the tale under consideration, which is wholesome, in parts humorous, and certainly well-meant. The author is Edward A. Rand. (\$1.25. Phillips & Hunt.)

FRANK STOCKTON'S inimitable story, 'The Great War Syndicate,' which amused the reading public in *Once a Week*, has been issued in the portable form of a small book. We should expect that such a humorous speculation on the solution of the Fisheries Question would restore every body to good nature, and drown all international ill-feeling. The hypothesis of American superiority is, of course, to be assumed; and the scheme to console us for the lack of a navy is a Stocktonesque and therefore ingenious one. (25 cts. P. F. Collier.)—WHEN EDGAR FAWCETT dedicates a novel in enthusiastic eulogy to his friend Mr. Edgar Saltus, the reader naturally has his misgivings. Such a coupling of natural tendencies with their successful embodiment must be fatal to one's peace of mind. Truth to tell, the title of 'A Demoralizing Marriage' is the gloomy prognostic of an all too literal fulfilment. The book, like Mr. Fawcett's later stories, is a picture of New York society as Mr. Fawcett regards it—shoddy, salacious, sickening; the plot a scandal in literary garb, the characters falling in and out of humor with one another on one sole ground. Mr. Fawcett has no ideals, no illusions, and he begrudges the reader his. If Mr. Fawcett were a moralist, if he brought us somewhat nearer to truth by these pictures of demoralized humanity, we might in the midst of our utter dreariness find consolation; but, alas and alas! these pictures lead us round a dismal circle, like those rings where-in the serpent, the type of sin, is perpetually swallowing his own tail. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Minor Notices

IN HIS TIMELY book entitled 'The Bible View of the Jewish Church,' Dr. Howard Crosby shows that he does not intend to let the apostles of the 'higher criticism' have things all their own way. In opposition to Wellhausen, Robertson Smith, and not a few professors in our American theological seminaries, he contends for the old-fashioned view and perspective of Old Testament history. His particularly black sheep are 'the cant of modern skepticism,' and the prevailing tendency to ritual which is invading even the Presbyterian churches. Whatever one may think of Dr. Crosby's opinions, or his manner of expressing them, one finds no trace of weakness in style, no lack of vigor in diction. Yet we cannot but think that unconsciously the author is more in sympathy with

the best of the representatives of the so-called 'higher criticism,' than he himself suspects. People who see how widely Dr. Crosby and, for instance, Dr. Briggs (both Presbyterians) disagree externally, will not fail to notice, or at least to suspect, that they are both 'binding the same sheaf,' as Hawthorne once hinted of supposed rivals. They will be struck by this all the more when, while admiring the learning of Dr. Crosby, they read (page 159) of the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple, that it 'was undoubtedly prepared for him by the ecclesiastical authorities.' Is not that a capitalized specimen of the 'higher criticism'? Certainly to all those who think the traditional conception of Hebrew is the true view of the true truth (as the French say), the book will be helpful and strengthening. Those who partially or blindly follow the bold modern will be helped to find the solid middle ground on which the wisest stand. We are sorry the book lacks an index. (\$1. Funk & Wagnalls.)—REV. ARTHUR CROSBY, a nephew of the well-known metropolitan divine and scholar, has issued in a small square volume eight sermons, collectively entitled 'A Reasonable Faith.' In a preface he shows the religious situation in California, where 'skepticism among respectable people is much more outspoken than in the Eastern States,' and his aim is to reach readers who are not hearers. In a thoughtful way he discusses the great truths on which Christianity is based, and his style will commend the little treatise to the candid and inquiring spirit. Sermons like these do as much good by their conciliatory and sympathetic spirit as by their logic and matter. (San Rafael: Marin Journal Printing-House.)

'SARTOR RESARTUS' has been before the world for more than half a century, but of all the new suits in which he has greeted his old admirers, none perhaps has been neater and more pleasing to the eye of the *dilettante* in matters of dress than the maroon-colored coat in which he has come with the new year from the London shop of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., consigned to Messrs. Scribner & Welford of this city. A frontispiece portrait etched from an Elliot & Fry photograph, a rubricated title-page with the *Arbor scientiæ, arbor vitæ* trademark on it, crisp dry paper and black type though rather small, a summary of contents by chapters, an index, and the appendix of Testimonies of Authors do their several parts toward making the little book attractive in itself, and luring new readers to 'The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh.' In reading 'Sartor Resartus' one feels, if ever, that Carlyle is a 'trip-hammer with an æolian attachment.' (Ideal Series. \$2.40.)—'UP THE NORTH BRANCH,' by Captain C. A. J. Farrar, purports to be the record of a summer's outing by a party of young men in the wilderness of Maine and New Brunswick. They go up the North Branch of the Penobscot river, and down the St. John to Grand Falls, camping out, fighting wolves, shooting catamounts, navigating rafts, and so forth, on the way. It is illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches of the more thrilling adventures. (\$1.25. Lee & Shepard.)

'OLD CONCORD: Her Highways and Byways,' by Margaret Sidney, is a pretty and suggestive guide to the homes and haunts of Concord. It is finely illustrated, with numerous interiors and views of historic scenes, as well as many views of houses and classic spots in the old town. Had the author been more direct in her descriptions we should have enjoyed her book to a greater degree, and it would have been more faithful as a guidebook. Simple description is the true style for a book of this kind; and the more truly realistic it is the better. In trying to be interesting the author has become tiresome, and she introduces much irrelevant matter. While seeking for facts we are led through a wide waste of words, only to find that what we were in search of is not there. The book has many attractions, however, for those who have visited or may visit Concord, and it will afford them an hour's pleasant instruction and entertainment. (\$3. D. Lothrop Co.)—'THE CENTENNIAL OF A REVOLUTION' is an anonymous discussion of the question of State sovereignty. The author outlines the history of that discussion in the past of the nation, and he quotes much testimony to show that with the Civil War the question was settled on the basis of a strong central power in the existence of the United States as a nation and not as a confederation of sovereign States. Had he given us a history of this discussion without a controversial aim his book would have been of much value. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN 'DOWN THE GREAT RIVER' the irrepressible Captain Glazier comes to the front again. He figures as the author of seven bound volumes, including this much-criticised one on the Mississippi and his claims to be the discoverer of the source of the Father of Waters. He refuses to be extinguished by hostile criticisms either of geographers, rival book-publishers, or reviewers of any

grade. His portrait adorns the illustrated account of his canoe-voyage of over three thousand miles of Mississippi water, from 'Lake Glazier' to the Gulf of Mexico. The style is half way between that of an encyclopedia and of a newspaper correspondent of fair abilities. He combines history with observation, and one obtains from his pages a bird's-eye view not only of the great river, but of what man has done, built, and made upon it. The text is divided into thirty-three chapters, subdivided by the journal entries of the one hundred and seventeen days which the trip occupied. A clear and very helpful map, over a yard long and three and a half inches wide, is folded up at page 438. Text and map together thus form a very acceptable hand-book of the Mississippi River for popular use. The publishers have added fifty-three closely printed pages of commendation and vindication of Captain Glazier compiled chiefly from the local press. (\$2. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros.)

THE ANALYSIS of 'In Memoriam' by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, formerly included in the volume 'A Comtist Lover, and Other Studies,' now appears alone under the title 'A Companion to "In Memoriam."' It is an earnest piece of work, evidently the product of loving study. Yet we recommend the student independently to follow the author's example, rather than to rest in her interpretations. In the less complex parts of the poem assistance is not needed, and a paraphrase of such portions will inevitably be tame. In the subtler passages, the aid furnished is at times really valuable, as in the exposition of the dream in CII. (Some editions, retaining section XXXIX, dropped by others, make this CIII.) In some other cases, however, it is noticeable that the direct language of the original becomes abstract and vague in the paraphrase. For instance, the powerful opening lines,

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,

are but feebly represented by the sentence, 'The Poet dedicates his elegy to that Unseen Love which is, he trusts, at the heart of things.' In like manner, the allusion to

the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian breeze,

is rather slurred in the rendering, 'Alas! no ideal, no example, can wholly banish sin and error from mortal life.' This analysis to a certain extent displays the same qualities as 'The New Purgatory, and Other Poems,' some time ago noticed in THE CRITIC. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

DIDACTIC WRITING is not usually the easiest reading; yet how delightful would 'The Whole Duty of Man' or Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' have been, had the authors of these estimable works possessed the gift that Ruskin displays in 'Sesame and Lilies'—a gift which conveys the highest instruction veiled in the loveliest allegory, the most poetic eloquence, the most persuasive rhetoric. Ruskin is Elizabethan in style, Scriptural in directness and intensity. Like Diogenes withal he might be called the 'heavenly cynic,' and he is as full of figures as Bunyan, as great a reveller in long sentences as his favorite Hooker. Cleanthes wrote out the celestial philosophy of Zeno on oyster-shells because he had no money to buy parchment. Ruskin takes a grain of sesame, a spray of lilies, and writes thereon his celestial philosophy. To him the sweet grain 'sesame' is a type of things good and useful and opens the chambers that are closed to the sluggish; while the 'lily' symbolizes the beautiful and ornamental. Under the two types he addresses three charming lectures to young girls on books and reading, and on household virtues. His conception of a 'saints' rest' is a 'saint's activity,' and to him the whole duty of woman is to be beautiful, useful and good. This edition of the book would be altogether admirable if it had Mr. Ruskin's sanction (as it has his portrait); the notes are valuable and really 'illustrative'; and the editors have been most painstaking in their work. Yet does setting another man's jewel in your gold make it belong to you? (\$1. John Wiley & Sons.)

IN THE SERIES of thirteen commentaries on the Bible, projected by the late Dr. Daniel D. Whedon, the eleventh is now before us. It treats of 'Genesis and Exodus,' and is the joint work of the Rev. Drs. Milton S. Terry and Fales H. Newhall. The unrevised version of King James's time is used as the basis, and the comments are brief, pithy and forcible. They show a wide range of reading, as well as an understanding of the needs of the reader. Incorporating the best of the ancient learning, and the teachings of conservative theology, they are yet notably successful in presenting the fruit of modern research and outlook as well as insight. Occasional illustrations are set in the text, and each book has a

scholarly introduction and chronological table. Most valuable is the Introduction to the Pentateuch, which fills forty-eight pages. This presents, in compact form, the various theories of modern critics as to the date and composition of the so-called 'five books of Moses.' This is not only a well-written digest of our knowledge of the subject, but is remarkable for its candor and impartiality. It sets a tide-mark in the history of Biblical interpretation and the progress of scholarship in the Methodist Church. It will modify the warmth of the brethren who think that advanced scholars are usually rationalists, and it will help the earnest inquirers to reach the safe ground, whence they can help others who are disturbed by the new learning applied to the Bible. (\$2.25. Hunt & Eaton.)

'THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK' for 1889 presents no novel features of general interest, its compiler, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, keeping strictly to the lines laid down in earlier issues. Thus, one of the least important of the British dependencies, New Zealand, gets eleven pages, while the United States get but thirty of the thousand pages of the book. The statistics given, however, appear to have been carefully gone over and brought up to date whenever possible. The volume may be said to be indispensable to whoever needs a summary view of the actual state of the British Empire and a much more summary view of the rest of the world. (\$3. Macmillan & Co.)—GLANCING through the table of contents of Vol. VI. of *The Forum*, we light upon Edmund Gosse's query, 'Has America Produced a Poet?' and are tempted to answer that if she has not, at any rate she supports a good review. There are few timely topics of lasting interest that are not treated in its 700 pages. Political economy, high explosives, pessimism, railway law, the public schools, the South, the tariff and the Chinese 'question' are written of by people who have made them the object of special studies. There is, if anything, too little of a lighter character. The essay by Mr. Gosse and Andrew Lang's 'Esoteric Brownism' might be said to be but a thimbleful of sack to an almost intolerable deal of bread. But, at any rate, the nutriment of both kinds is of the best. (\$3. Forum Publishing Co.)

'PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPING,' by Catherine Owen, does not at all suggest those festivals of doubtful enjoyment to all concerned, introduced a year or two ago and doomed to speedy failure, yclept 'progressive dinners.' At those entertainments a spirit of unrest possessed the partaker, knowing that with each succeeding course he was doomed to arise and move on a place, like the guests at the mad tea-party in Wonderland. Here, Mrs. Owen not only provides nice dishes, but affords every facility for enjoying them with an easy mind. With a vigorous pen, she teaches the house-keeper that the kitchen hearth, the range, the ovens and the stew-pans, are a part only, not the whole of the domestic machinery, which must run unclogged and noiseless to produce domestic peace. 'Nothing less than a book the size of Webster's Unabridged,' says our author, 'could contain all the details of housekeeping. My hope is to tell in the Daily Programme, not only the order of work, but how that work is to be done; how the best results are to be obtained with least labor, which is, or should be, the essence of progress in housekeeping.' This hope is, we are glad to say, agreeably fulfilled by the little manual, which will be found well worth consulting as to the routine and details of the average American home. In style it is clear, practical, and well-phrased. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

IN 'THE LAST AMERICAN,' Mr. J. A. Mitchell pictures the woful day when the logical result of floating the flag of Ireland over the City Hall shall have been reached. Khan Li, an Admiral in the Persian navy, is supposed to visit the desolate shores of America in the year 2591, he being also the Prince of Dimphoo-chur. He and his Oriental companions sail up past the weed-covered base of Liberty in New York Bay, gaze upon the huge bridge-piers with their entangling rusty wires, walk amid the grass-grown and shattered edifices now in their glory in Fifth Avenue and Broadway, pick up a silver coin of Dennis the Hyburnyan, Dictator, A.D. 1937, and muse on the decay of a great nation whose people died of too much nervousness within and too many Irishmen without. After a fight in Washington with the last American, who rushes wildly at them and is killed, the Persians take their victim's skull to Ispahan for preservation. The proper names in the story are constructed on the principle of funny phonetics, and the little skit is of the kind which lies between wit and humor, without being overburdened by either. (\$1. F. A. Stokes & Bro.)—'THE STORY OF THE PURITANS' is an attempt, a very long way after the style of Irving, to poke fun at the worthy settlers of New England, even as the son of a Scotchman made merry with the Knickerbockers of New Amsterdam. The probabilities

of Mr. Wallace Peck's fulfilling his publisher's predictions of him are not very great. The mechanical outfit of the little book of less than a hundred pages is very good, and some of the numerous cuts and vignettes are decidedly amusing; but the text is deficient in wit, and the humor when not coarse is tiresome. It will nevertheless find many readers, for the very idea of caricaturing 'the Puritans' (among whom Mr. Peck includes the Pilgrims) is a novelty in Yankeeland. (§1. St. Johnsbury, Vt.: Chas. T. Walter.)

WHATEVER the value of such a periodical as *American Notes and Queries* may be, it is at least quintupled when the parts are gathered together in book form and provided with an index. Vol. I. of this carefully edited 'medium of communication for literary men, general readers, etc.,' bears pretty much the same relation to the unindexed weekly numbers that a well made suit of clothing bears to a roll of uncut cloth. In the present case, the index is a bit of thorough and creditable workmanship, enabling the reader who consults it to turn off-hand to any subject treated in the book, from 'Abaddon' to 'the three R's' (not Dr. Burchard's, though they certainly deserve to be here), and from 'Rabelais' to 'Yvetot, King of,' taking in by the way 'Helvellyn,' 'Honorificabilitudinitatibus,' the 'Beggar of Bethnal Green,' 'Kilkenny cats,' 'Log rolling,' 'Susan Py,' 'Nine tailors make a man,' the Swan of Eisleben, the 'Wise Men of Gotham' and the 'Longest word in the language.' These cruces of the mouser among words and phrases are here made light and easy for the hundredth time, together with a host of others more modern or more recondite; and hospitality is shown to all correspondents who really 'want to know' or to let others know, and are not simply trying to 'catch' the editor, or air absurd hypotheses. The cover is substantial, and pleasing to the eye. Mr. William S. Walsh edits this valuable work of reference, and it is issued by the Westminster Publishing Co. of Philadelphia. (§2.)