

up for his carelessness in certain places. There is descriptive power of an undeniable sort; there is good-humor and a keenly picturesque turn now and then; but how is it that we have the feeling that this *Walk in Hellas* is an unsubstantial pageant full of floating lines and intellectual *mirage* where things seem inverted, æriform, aurora-borealis-like, as Carlyle said of Emerson's newspaper? Is it the mist of Hegelianism overspreading a fair landscape? We cannot say. There is no doubt that some of these Talks would go off delightfully as lectures, as *conversazioni*, as Concord fireworks; but, it is hard to read them in their continuity; it is hard to say that Mr. Snider's search for Helen is a success, or that his book, vivid as it is, is more than a hymn to intellectual beauty.

A PERIPATETIO IN HELLAS.*

WE hardly know exactly what to say about Mr. Snider's (we wish we could say little) book about Greece; but the book is in a certain sense so uncommon that it eludes characterization in a phrase. There are "Talks" as well as "Walks," and the one are well-nigh as endless as the other; for Mr. Snider is talking to his audience as he is walking through Greece, and his walking capacity seems limitless. The talks are rhapsodies, the rhapsodies are tangles of observation and reminiscence. We cannot tell exactly when Mr. Snider is talking and when he is walking. Everything is in the present, one might say, the omni-present, tense. In XII Talks he walks from Athens to Lebedeia and in XII (more) Walks he talks from Lebedeia to Kyrie Eleeson(!).

But we would not do the book injustice; it has a certain sort of hard brilliancy, and a flow and spontaneity which come of the author's being on charming terms with himself and his audience. It is full of information of a certain sort, too, but given so incidentally, in the midst of the general rapture, that a rapid reader is apt to overlook it. The feature of the book is its subjectiveness, or subjectivity, whichever you please. There is nothing objective in it, for it is the idea "Hellas" that Mr. Snider is talking about all the time — the past, the present, the future — rather than the concrete thing, the highly individualized *wesen*, which modern Hellas actually is. A little subjectively is interesting enough; but nearly, if not quite, 700 pages of it is an overdose for a lethargic public. The corpulent volume needs compression sorely; the printer needs touching

* A Walk in Hellas; or, The Old in the New. By Denton J. Snider. J. R. Osgood & Co. \$2.50.