

aboriginal race of the country, Mrs. Dahlgren says : ' Such is the bitter *dereliction* of this once contented race, that to this day the melancholy imprint of their wretchedness is deeply set upon their countenances.' Speaking of an admired mountain, she says : ' We often love to ascend its *base*.' ' He shakes hands affably on meeting us'—with himself? one naturally asks. ' The *suspended* life of our boy,' she writes, meaning the life concerning which our minds are in suspense. She finds it difficult to look upon the Chinaman as an 'individualism.' We should think she might. Mrs. Dahlgren considers that 'the fatal mistake in the Inca rule was the *undue development of a peace policy*.' The italics, in this instance, are her own. After enlarging somewhat upon the mistaken character of this peace-policy, she remarks : ' There is no lesson in history more solemn than this fact, that *when-ever individual sins repeated reach a certain aggregate*, then a nation becomes corrupt.' The only *pendant* which we can find for this profound and original assertion is Hamlet's exclamation, ' There's not a villain stirring in all Denmark, but he's an arrant knave.' We may continue further in Horatio's words : ' There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this.' And having quoted so much, we may take leave of our subject after the manner of Horatio's master :

' And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.'

### "South Sea Sketches."\*

MRS. DAHLGREN is a woman well-known in official and in fashionable circles. Beyond the limits of these she has long been held in esteem as the wife of an officer of high rank in the United States Navy, and as the mother of a beloved and lamented soldier, who gave his young life in the service of his country. She has also been conspicuous as an opponent of the Woman Suffrage movement, belonging probably to the class of women 'who have all the rights they want,' except that of withholding the rights which some other women may want. The tone of the book before us is lively, and the matter of which it treats has an added interest at this moment from the prominence of South American affairs among the struggles of the time. Its narrative begins with the 1st of June, 1867, and describes Mrs. Dahlgren's outward and homeward voyages, together with her visits to various cities of importance in Peru and Chili. In Lima she records a stay of some months, which allowed her to visit places of interest in the city and its neighborhood ; while her husband's official position gave her access to the best society of the place, and abundant opportunities for the observation of its manners and customs. In Valparaiso, also, she becomes domesticated, and writes pleasantly of her doings and surroundings. Santiago and Carquenas are described, with various excursions which need not here be further specified. The sketches of these things, rapidly and easily written, are interspersed with a somewhat extended expression of her views on a great variety of subjects, among which we may mention the army and naval service, the merits of the Dahlgren gun, the sewing-machine (which she contemns), the doctrine of universal peace (in which she does not believe), the materialism of the age, etc. A perusal of Mrs. Dahlgren's book leads us to think of her as a well-intentioned person, of vivacious likings and dislikings, whose merits, no doubt, are fully recognized among her friends and acquaintance. Having said what we are able in appreciation of her work, we must now reluctantly mention its less attractive features. And first, as to her use of the first personal pronoun plural. The 'we' of royalty, and of the critic in reviews and newspapers, is conceded to one who represents several or many. The sovereign, speaking for the state, says 'we' ; so does he who speaks for that other state, the daily and periodical press. But 'we' is not appropriate to a personal narrative. Queen Victoria does not employ it either in her private letters or in her published journal. Mrs. Dahlgren's use of the pronoun is somewhat steep, especially in such phrases as, 'our husband,' and 'when we were a very little child.' This, however, is one of the smallest blemishes of the book, whose offences against good English and good style approach the audacious achievements of Mrs. Malaprop. A few instances may here be quoted. The writer says : 'to *sodden*,' sodden being the past participle of the verb 'to seethe' ; 'great amplitude of skirts *are* worn here' ; 'Spain, with *whom* the country is at war.' So much for grammar ; and now for style : Writing of the Cholos of Peru, who are the representatives of the

\* South Sea Sketches. By Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. \$1.50. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.