

The New Princeton Review reminds us not at all of the old. The first number, which is just at hand, has the solid port and look of a foreign quarterly, but its stout leaves once cut we come upon contents that are quite up to the mark, and indeed much in the vein of our best Magazine papers. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has been South again, or he has discovered a forgotten recess of his portfolio, and under the illusion that he is writing of "Society in the New South," he paints us some vistas of the old South, of the real essence of Old Virginia, South Carolina, and beyond, that are simply charming for their insight and truthfulness. Such literature is to be prized. Its material is already at the vanishing point, and ere long the veritable history of large portions of the old South will seem as unreal as mere romance.

"What an American Philosophy Should Be," is the theme of President McCosh, and we presume, begins a series of papers which will be a feature of this new publication. The whole modern field of philosophy is surveyed in the course of eighteen pages, and the way prepared for further good work.

Dr. McCosh is followed by the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., who discusses "The Christian Conception of Property" in a way all his own. Only God is an absolute owner. Individual ownership has no validity but such as is conceded to it by God and by human law; and as for "individual rights," they only mean "the option remaining over after the State has occupied all the ground she deems essential to her highest collective weal." It need hardly be said that Dr. Parkhurst has no soft words for the dynamite variety of Communists. Only long quotations or the whole article would do it justice.

Prof. C. A. Young next writes of "Lunar Problems now under debate," and tells us all we as yet know about the moon.

"The Political Situation" is by an anonymous pen, but enforces some excellent points, such as the necessity of suppressing polygamy, and of a little reasonable self-assertion among the nations of the earth.

"A Free Press in the Middle Colonies" is by another writer who has of late distinguished himself, the historian John Bach McMaster. It describes one of the chief ordeals of the Colonial printer William Bradford.

"Monsieur Motte" is the short story of the number, in which, though it bears no signature, some of the critics think they detect the peculiar style of Mr. George W. Cable.

With Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews, this first number is rounded out just to 152 pages. This is certainly a good beginning for this new Review.