THE NEW EDITION of Soule—for "Soule's Dictionary of Synonymes" has attained that eminence which is evidenced by needing no other designation than the author's name—is thoroughly revised and enlarged by the Professor of Philosophy in the University of California, Dr. George H. Howison. Books of synonyms are like revolvers in Texas—you live a long while without needing one, but when you require one, it is profanely necessary. The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling may save itself a few revolutions by referring to the Three Musketeers of synonymity—Roget, Crabb, and Soule. Privately, the reviewer considers the first of these the D'Artagnan, but what shall a man give in exchange for his Soule? The new edition is delightfully clear in print, easier of reference than Roget, and fuller than Crabb. Minute textual criticism would be as uncalled for as laborious. The consideration of synonyms is like the study of logic—given the intellect and the work is easy; the intellect failing, the battle is lost ere it begins. Consequently, attempts to discriminate too nicely become soon superseded by changes in the living words themselves, for the realm of language has become a democracy, and usage is determined by majority vote. An orderly citation of words in alphabetical order as in Soule, or in philosophical order, as in Roget is all that is desirable. (Little, Brown & Co.)

A NEW EDITION—the fifth—of Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature" is a sign that this valuable work is in demand in spite of certain birthmarks and defects with which it is handicapped. These are over-minuteness, excessive elaboration, and a detail that is at times bewildering. It is always a question whether a so-called "short history" of any literature, even the meagerest is practicable. Matthew Arnold in his admiration of Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" thought that the long-sought masterpiece had been found; but we doubt whether he would have accorded the same praise to Saintsbury's 600 crowded pages. The most valuable feature of this new edition, apart from the correction of mistakes and misstatements; is the expansion of the chapter on the Nineteenth Century in France from about 60 to 130 pages. This is a fine running sketch of contemporary thought and production in France, critically studied by a discriminating mind too much given to hair-splittings indeed, but inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for French literature, "great in all ways, but greatest on the lighter side." The book may profitably be read in connection with the volumes of Professors Dowden and Wells, recently reviewed in *The Critic*. There seems a doubt whether V. Hugo was born on the 28th of February, 1802 (as stated p. 497) or on February 26. (Macmillan.)

MUCH HAS BEEN written of late on the subject of book-plates, and Mr. W. J. Hardy, in bringing out a new edition of his volume, mainly concerning English examples, has been able to add some matter of interest from the works of Mr. Charles Dexter Allen on American book-plates, and from those of Miss Norma Labouchere, Mr. Egerton Castle, and Mr. Walter Hamilton, all of which have been published since the first edition of his "Book-Plates." He has also secured a new illustration, of the handsome design engraved for Mr. Everard Green, F. S. A. Mr. Green bears the heraldic title of "Rouge Dragon," which symbolic beast enwreaths his coat armorial in the plate. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—— "HENRY MOREHOUSE TABER: A Memoir" will pleasantly preserve the memory of a well-known merchant of this city, who passed away last Christmas Eve. Mr. Taber was a man of strong character and great outspokenness, the liberality of whose religious views led to a profitless discussion when his will was offered for probate. His son, Mr. Sydney Richmond Taber of Chicago, has not overstepped the bounds of modesty in this privately printed booklet, which, with its record of an active and helpful life, will be welcomed by a wide circle of friends. Two portraits

embellish it; and the presswork is that of the Lakeside Press.——*The Land of Sunshine* has a very definite field to till, and is tilling it with energy and success. We congratulate Mr. Lummis on the appearance of Vols. VII and VIII; if the paper covers of the twelve monthly numbers were stripped off before the permanent binding was put on, the tome would be more comely. (Los Angeles, Cal.)

"LE LYS ROUGE," by Anatole France, is a story of the usual Frenchwoman, the victim of the inevitable uncongenial marriage and consequently the inevitable lover. In her case there are two lovers, though she has the discretion to be hopelessly in love with each of them at different periods. M. France is a graceful and clever writer, and gains the reader's interest in his story even though the theme is not one that commends itself to the average un-Gallicised American. The fantastic and disreputable Choulette recalls Verlaine, and the little English poetess is a good foil to her very Parisian French friend. The book has been translated into English, which will not add much to its reputation. The whole atmosphere is so thoroughly French that it is like wearing a bathing costume in Fifth Avenue to read about M. France's characters in English. These things do not happen in English—or American. (Brentano's.)——THE EVOLUTION of Mr. Hamlin Garland is proceeding apace. Its character, so far, is neatly summed up in the publisher's note which is printed on the paper cover of the miniature edition of "The Spirit of Sweet-Water," which tells us that the tale "has for its central theme the restoration of an invalid young woman to health by the encouragement and influence of a strong-willed healthy man." Mr. Garland, in short, combines Whitman's theory of emanation with a sex theory of his own. The only trouble about the compound is that it seems to protest too much its own superiority to all other forms of physiologico-psychical fiction. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

THE LETTERS written by Walt Whitman from Washington while he was serving in the hospitals, and published under the title of "The Wound-Dresser," have a double interest: that attaching to a graphic and truthful description, by a non-professional observer, of the state of the army hospitals during the war, and that which belongs to everything that throws light on Whitman's personality. The doctrine that a sort of divine afflatus proceeds from the healthy human body, and is of more use to the sick and wounded than doctor's physic, appears more than once in these letters. It is part and parcel of that gospel of the flesh and the emotions which Whitman proposed in "Calamus," and afterwards, in part, discarded. We can imagine the magnificent Walt of those days strolling through the wards like Apollo the Healer, radiating health, and every now and then stopping, god-like, to perform menial services. Encouraging it must have been to the patients, although we are bound to say that there was probably a fair share of humbug in it. These letters strengthen our conviction that Whitman was essentially what he always averred himself to be—the average American with that person's faults as well as his virtues. They now appear as collected and arranged by Dr. Bucke, Whitman's literary executor. (Small, Maynard & Co.)——THE "SELECTIONS from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman," made by Oscar Lowell Triggs of the University of Chicago are fairly representative of the "good grey poet." We might have done without the rhapsodical and badly punctuated preface to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," which is nothing more than a curiosity as here printed "verbatim et literatim" from the 1885 edition; but there is little else that might be spared, and the general reader will find in this one volume perhaps as much as he can assimilate of the great exponent of Americanism. The editor's "Introduction" is mainly biographical. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"LIFE IN AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN," by Mary D. Harris, a volume in the "Social England Series," gives the history of Coventry from the earliest times, mainly compiled from historical records. Few old towns in England can rival in interest this "Prince's chamber," as it was called in the olden time, famed for parliaments and royal visits, for its pageants and religious plays that form so important a part of the early history of English dramatic literature; for its ancient monasteries and guilds, its many fine specimens of ecclesiastical, municipal, and domestic architecture, its legend of Lady Godiva, its modern industries and commercial importance. No one who has lingered in sight of its "three tall spires," or visited St. Mary's Hall, or gazed at the effigy of "Peeping Tom" at the corner of Hutford Street, can fail to enjoy the book; and those who have not visited the town (many American tourists neglect to do so) will be unwilling to miss it on their next tour to the Old Country after getting an idea of its manifold attractions as set forth here. The book is copiously illustrated with reproductions of photographs and facsimiles of ancient documents. (Macmillan.)

"BROWN MEN AND WOMEN; or, The South Sea Islands in 1895 and 1896," by Edward Reeves, purports to be "nothing more ambitious than to give a simple, chatty and lifelike description of the happy brown men and women and the comfortable missionary," on some half-dozen groups of Pacific Isles. It is obvious, however, that the author's aim is to make the missionary less comfortable, as he loses no opportunity of attacking him, decrying his work, and urging that the contributions to foreign missions should cease. The sixty illustrations are from photographs and are artistic as well as accurate. The map is of the island Tonga, from an original sketch. Many of the descriptions are entertaining, and, of course, at Samoa, Mr. Stevenson is much discussed, views of his house being inserted and anecdotes of him recorded. The author bewails that the happy islanders should be worried by attempts to make them understand Christian doctrine and European civilization. Both, he claims, are always "disastrous." It is not likely that such opinions will find favor, and it is, in fact, absurd to advance them, as no power can stem the expansion of the higher races in these favored islands. (Macmillan.)—— IT IS NOT a picturesque or a graceful life that is depicted in Robert Louis Stevenson's essay in Scotch verse, "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," and the sweet absurdity of being a Scotchman, which none has more beautifully demonstrated than Stevenson, seems hardly to have dawned upon Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose illustrations are either cheerful matter-of-fact, as in the picture of Marget and Dauvit Groats on their way to church, or harsh and most un-Stevensonian satire, as in the two pictures of the Dominie. We have no right to expect that the quality of Stevenson's humor should be reproduced in the illustrations; but such an obvious point as that presented by the description in the last stanza of the angry preacher failing to stir the sleepers and the dead—the great though silent majority of good and sensible Scotchmen—should not have been missed. Yet the illustrator makes three separate pictures of the preacher, a sleeping parishioner and a tombstone, and so fails to echo the sense of the stanza. (Scribner.)

"THE BOSTON AT HAWAII" is a chapter of modern history told by one who saw much of what he describes. Lieut. Lucien Young, U.S.N., spent fourteen months in the islands and was in command of the land forces of the United States during the revolution of 1892. His manuscript, penned in 1893 on his return home, slumbered in the Navy Department, and when handed back to the author had on it the official ban. Under the present administration Lieut. Young, having in the meantime revisited Hawaii and brought some of his statements nearer to present date, the work has been published by permission. Ten chapters are devoted to the history of the Sandwich Island group and to descriptions of

the places, customs and peoples. Then follows the narrative of the act of Queen Liliuokalani, which was seized as an excuse for the landing of the Boston's troops to protect American property and the establishment of the provisional government. Mr. Young writes in a straightforward, unstudied manner, making little distinction in his style and diction between classic English and the phrases coined last year. Furthermore, he is a frank believer in the annexation of Hawaii by the United States. None the less, we have in this lively little book a valuable addition to the history of Hawaii, especially in the critical years 1892–93. (Washington: Gilson Bros.)

THE TITLE OF "The Study of Man," by Alfred C. Haddon, is not a proper index of its contents. One might take it to mean a text book of anthropology; but it is, as the author says, "merely a collection of samples" from anthropology, several of them reprints of articles in popular periodicals. As the first instalment of "The Science Series" projected by the publishers, it may not be quite so "scientific" as students would like. It serves, however, as an introduction to the methods of the anthropologist, written in a clear, pleasant style, and by one who deservedly ranks among its ablest teachers. The earlier chapters describe the measurements of the human frame and why they are taken, the color scale of hair and eyes, the form of the skull and the character of noses as racial traits. Most of the book, however, is occupied with what is known as "folk lore." This deals with toys and games, tops, kites, bull-roarers, the tug of war, cards, chess, and so on. These are traced in their origin, relations and significance, thus opening up curious glimpses into the progress of mind and the relations of ancient nations. The "evolution" of the cart and the jaunting-car are also considered. The illustrations are well made and the manufacture of the book satisfactory. (Putnam.)

"MUNGO PARK," by Mr. T. Banks Machachan, is a recent issue in the "Famous Scots Series," which now numbers nearly twenty volumes. The books are small, averaging about 150 pages each, but they will be none the less welcome on that account in these days of literary deluge, for they are models of condensation without dryness, giving a better idea of their subjects than many bulkier and more costly works. (Scribner.) ——"THE SHORTER POEMS of John Milton," edited by Mr. A. J. George, contains, in addition to the English poems, the two Latin elegies and Italian sonnet to Diodati and the Epitaphium Damonis, arranged in chronological order, with introductions and notes well suited for educational use. (Macmillan.)——"SOME COMMON ERRORS of Speech," by Mr. Alfred G. Compton, is a small but scholarly book of a class deservedly popular with teachers and students of the vernacular. It deals not only with grammatical questions but also with the good and bad use of metaphorical language. (Putnam.)

WE READ at page 13 of "Across the Everglades," by H. L. Willoughby: —"It may seem strange in our days of Arctic and African exploration, for the general public to learn that in our very midst, as it were, in one of our Atlantic Coast states, that we have a tract of land one hundred and thirty miles long and seventy miles wide that is as much unknown to the white man as the heart of Africa." But Lieut. Willoughby has not shown that it is a tract that is really worth knowing, from a utilitarian point of view, which is probably the reason it has not long since been thoroughly explored. The Everglades are not, it seems, as black as old-time reports painted them, and the idea of a "huge swamp, full of malaria and disease germs," must be given up; but then for many square miles, the author admits, the mud is a "trifle soft"; and then think of being "baffled by saw-grass," and forced at times to "fight it" or beat an ignominious retreat. Mr. Willoughby has changed the popular idea of the

Everglades, but he has not shown them to be Paradise or the outskirts thereof. A sportsman and a naturalist, the author gathered a good deal of most excellent material, and we are forced, at every page almost, to wonder why more use was not made of what was apparently at hand. If he had made a larger, he would have made a better book; or, if writing was too irksome for the explorer, it is a pity he did not place his manuscripts in editorial hands. But this does not mean the book will prove a disappointment; for the many illustrations help out the meagre text, and to read it is to become less of a stranger in our own land. (Lippincott.)

IF THE multiplicity of bird books is an evidence of growing interest in ornithology, then it would seem as if Audubon Societies were scarcely needed, for everybody is a friend to the birds; but as a matter of melancholy fact, everybody is not, or if not positively unfriendly, is indifferent, and so books and bird-clubs are still desirable, for through them will be prevented, before too late, the silencing of the thrush, and robbing of the field of many a charm appealing both to eye and ear. The bird's place in Nature is realized by few, even of those people living beyond the limits of a town, and many a village has inhabitants who can tell the haunts of a quail or woodcock, but nothing of the vireos that sing all through the summer's day, and devour a noxious insect every second of every sunlit hour. Very welcome then is every book that leads to further enlightenment on the subject of what birds really are, and this beautifully printed volume concerning the "Birds of Village and Field," by Florence A. Merriam, is among the latest comers. It is a volume that can safely be put in the hands of any young person, for it is not misleading. It is almost wholly a compilation, but skill has been used in wielding paste and scissors instead of pen. Scarcely a page but is bristling with quotations, but only the meat has been picked from the Government Reports and learned essays in *The Auk*. The illustrations are many and generally excellent; of course uniform merit is scarcely to be hoped for. A woodcut like that on page 298 tells more than any printed page and will be appreciated by beginners in bird-lore beyond the most near to Nature of the full-page illustrations. Miss Merriam's book should be in every school library in the land, and Santa Claus should buy a large edition for distribution next Christmas. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MISS BLANCHE MCMANUS has furnished a series of four very acceptable "colonial monographs," treating of the Pilgrims, Quakers, French and Dutch who helped in early days to make our country. "How the Dutch Came to Manhattan" has been both penned and pictured by herself. Its pages contain a little lake of text with a dam of beavers at the top and a margin of conventional tulips at the bottom, while at the right and left are pictures of men, incidents and scenery. The human element is both Dutch and Indian. The artistic part of the work is excellent, even though occasionally odd, as we see the Mohican brave standing in a canoe beside the Dutch ship, and find that the top of his scalp is about on a level with the Half Moon's deck. Unfortunately for the author, her only conception of the history of New Netherland seems to be that furnished in Irving's classic joke told at length by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Even then, her representation of the Dutch grandees does not accord with the description given by the humorist of Sunnyside. For, while Diedrich paints Stuyvesant with a "cocked hat" and "his face rendered terrible by a pair of black mustachios," the Gov. Stuyvesant of the pictures, in three different places, wears a hat with a straight or only slightly curved brim, and has a face clean shaved. However, his wooden leg, properly turned, like the balustrade post, and banded with silver, is artistically represented in the pictures. The book as a whole is comely, notwithstanding that even the grammar might occasionally be improved. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

THE CHIEF FEATURE of "How to Play Golf," by H. I. Whigham, is the abundance of full-page, half-tone plates that illustrate it, and that show the manner of playing of several noted players. There are also maps of the St. Andrews, Prestwick and North Berwick links, a chapter on the "Development of the Game in America," and the revised rules adopted by the St. Andrews Golf Club in 1891, with rulings and interpretations adopted by the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association in 1897. (H. S. Stone & Co.)——"THE GOLFING PILGRIM," by Horace G. Hutchinson, is an agreeably written book about golfing experiences on many links, parts of which have already appeared in *The Golfing Annual, Blackwood,* and other periodicals. St. Andrews is the golfing pilgrim's Mecca, where theologians, literary fellows, and soldiers meet to talk of golf, and to find that it is impossible to invent a new requirement of that all too perfect game. And much of the pilgrim's book concerns St. Andrews, but not all. There is a chapter on "The Golfer in Art," suggestive to sculptors and others; and one on "The Pilgrim Abroad," which takes you into France and the Pyrenees. (Scribner.)

"GHOSTS I HAVE MET, and Some Others" is written by John Kendrick Bangs, in that irresponsible style known to readers of "A House-Boat on the Styx" and "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." Some of the ghosts are decidedly novel; as that one that left no other trace of its appearance than its effect on the hair sofa, which from black turned completely white. The cigar-smoking ghosts of Barney O'Rourke are also something new in the way of apparitions, and the cockney ghost in "The Exorcism That Failed" is almost too bad not to be true. We can stand a good deal from Mr. Bangs and his ghosts, but we do not want to be haunted by whichever of them is responsible for the banging about of "it" and "they" on page 5. If that passage was inspired by a ghost, we fear we can never accommodate the writer by getting "used to the idea that ghosts are perfectly harmless creatures." There are curious illustrations by Newell, Frost and Richards. (Harper.)

IF IT IS WRONG to look a gift horse in the mouth, why is it not wrong to criticise harshly a passably well-written poem? The poet who takes the pains to put irreproachable sentiments into passable verse never gets paid for his labor. Why is he treated as though he were a millionaire extortionist? It must be that we hate more to be robbed of our time than of our money. Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli's "Persephone, and Other Poems" show a certain degree of skill, a fair amount of talent, a good supply of the poetical currency of the Victorian mintage which it is now about time to retire. But they lack that "personal note" so dear to the appreciative critic, and they certainly open out no new way in poetry. Why, for instance, should Mr. Tarelli, like so many others, imitate Villon? That person was a bad scholar, a bungling thief, and no very great poet. But he belonged to his age, for which reason he is still read. Mr. Tarelli belongs neither to Villon's age nor to his own. But writing poetry is a good preparation for writing prose. It is possible that our poet may not have lost his time. (Macmillan.)

THE LATEST ISSUES in the series of The World's Great Books are Gerald Griffin's "The Collegians," Manzoni's "The Betrothed," Symonds's translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Memoirs," and, in one volume, the mendacious "Adventures" of Sir John Mandeville, and the veracious and not less interesting "Eothen" of Kingsley. Each volume has a readable introduction—that to Griffin's story by Cardinal Gibbons, and that to Cellini's "Memoirs" by Mr. John C. Van Dyke; and each contains a portrait and other illustrations, printed on toned Japan paper. (Appleton.)