been, or could be, haled upon it the transition.

"To this declaration, the only reply lies in a moral assurance of thankfulness that no such attempt was made. Of "literary quality," in the narrowest aesthetic sense of the word, Saint-Simon has in fact been who he is: and it is precisely the absence of such quality that singles out his work in his artistic eye, and places it permanently among the great books of all time. In short, the memory of Saint-Simon may be taken as the most brilliant verification of the paradox, "la perfection du style d'est d'un peu tout point.

By Inner Life. By John Austell Crear. Neophiles, 1886. [914pp.]

What paradoxes of speech prevented Mr. Crear from affixing to his book the most attractive of all titles, that of Autobiography?—when we ask; just that it is neither more nor less—indeed of a title both unappetizing and inacurate, we cannot tell. He withholds nothing of his career. In one sense, which the reader could feel anycurity, but, only his love affairs, his struggles for moral improvement, his temptations. Much of the volume is non-autobiographical, consisting of reflections upon Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Lord Randolph Churchill, Herbert Spencer, Muscular Christianity, Washington Irving, Herzel, and many other persons. These are not necessarily unusual, and Mr. Crear's ignorance of himself is more than his appearance of philosophy. When he speaks of metaphysics, he is apt to be exactly, but to any spectator, slight, what he says is in the main useless and only expressed. Illus de Frizola and adapts it to itself is somewhat than any style, which he always lives, fresh, manual, and as he looks on his thoughts allows. It is capable of being taneous, to make obscure. His genius is that of philosophi- gical prose, but he lacks the the
nary James the elder, of whom was in the youth of a great life and
with his superhuman force. He has had his own way of thought, which may be rated as inferior, but not as great or profound. Both at some and at different per- iod of his life we find him laying stress upon an assertion of facts that have in some form of his, and are not at all thoroughly worked out at the moment. The Upper Canadian colonists of his youth, his half-century at Toronto, his philological studies, continue to show his that through all the thinking that has overlaid them. Perhaps reading has been too large and weight for his foundations. Not one of the book is dull, some of it is notably amusing; every part of it is instructive for the reflections on the "human condition," while the reader is swept away as it is a source upon his sympathy with the hero. The book has some faint promise of "David Copperfield," without failure, be as good as so. More than in any writing where thorough acquaintance with the matter can be obtained only with great labor, in autobiography the printer need to the interest on the author's part to his subject; and that interest the minor autobiograph is petty so to be massed or, of his would not have understood an ex- hibition from which another would elude. The matter becomes that the variety or demands art in him have been largely ob- liminated before he could bring himself to make public in its entirety, as he will have to do if he aims at greatness in this line, the varying states of his spiritual and intellectual being and beliefs. Our author, however, we are glad to find, does not aspire to be "in the illustrator" nor at all as an accidental demonstration, whatever his un- grandiloquent title might suggest.

Every book is supposed to do the reader some service. There are, of course, miscellaneous autobiographies that really do little more than instruct us, but the present one is always to illustrate the conduct of life either by the author's extraordinary experiences or, much more usefully, by mistakes through which the result makes manifest enough and which the reader is virtually invited to learn. Perhaps one of those of an autobiog- raphy has been that which he has led too
led a hushed life. He would seem never to have entirely corrected the faulty appre- jences of a semi-ascetic by constant interac- tion on many sides with the world's extend- men, so as to study their methods. He has never been driven into one of those spes- tacular and responsible associations which, when they were holding their best fruit, reached (in 1875) the criticisms of mutual-suggestion move. Yet he has not broken to lay his conduct and considerations upon the air of any. A writer who is equally indis- pted to the one and the other of these courses would certainly seem to have one of the qualifications of an autobiographer.

Mr. Crear, in that first happy stage of development when run aways from freedom and can look out for a snug hole in which to enunciate himself for life, those making a literary as well as a medical practitioner in a famous quarter of London, who answered the purpose of giving him time for that great work on Development, with the typical a title, which he has always been writing, but the modern methods of business, so fatal to the young and ambitious, invented his profession and have hurled him into making friends with the public by his present publications, being already known to them by his "Civi- nation and Progress." A friend he will find in every reader.


Mr. James Huneker has long been known as a brilliant writer for the press on musical topics, but he never took the trouble to gather his articles into book form. At last his friends interceded him to make an effort to this, and the result is the work of the most useful books on an ever issued in this country. Mr. Huneker is an indefatigable reader of musical literature, yet his book lacks chiefly his own experiences, in study and concert-hall, and his intelligent com- ment of comparisons of languages and wide general knowledge enable him to present a complete summary of the work of the first writer on the general reader. His book includes Wagner, Tristan, Wagner, Tristan, Wagner, Wagner, Wagner, Wagner, Wagner, Wagner. The opening chapter is, somewhat unfortunately, headed "The Music of the Future." Praising that it must be reprinted Wagner, the Brahmses will be likely to do it manda- rally, while the Wagnerites, feeling it a slight on Bruckner, will be able to pass on to the next chapter in their battle of resentment at such an abuse of language. The impression does not seem, however, to have resisted. Mr. Huneker is a croucher admirer of the Wagnerian composer and the few words on music pass. He lists all of Brahms's works in his memory, and his de- scriptions and discussions of them are of a ran- dom even if one cannot agree with the high estimates he places on them. It may be cheerfully conceded that Brahms is "the greatest variety of his time," but his words may be permitted to add that varieties are in indis- cline the infamy of the intrigue of art—kind of dip- lomacy, comparable to the effort, in literature, to seize the same idea in so many different ways as possible. No poet has ever con- vince in his poetry that he is essentially his subject. But when Mr. Huneker says that Brahms has "appropriated the Magpie spirit with infinitely more success than Beethoven," it is impossible to think that he be- lies this himself. Later, here a Magpie, recurred among gypsies, has introduced their wild instruments, together with the experiments of the Magpie spirit and the Hungarian rhythm and temp, into his music, in a way which absolutely refutes the "lawless Magpie spirit, whereas Brahms is the very opposite of that spirit—"typical Tenen, harsh, humboring, symmetrical, re- gular, patriotic, angular, unregular. It is true that Brahms first was born through the Hungarian durance; but these were mere ar- tifices, not inventions; and even so appa- rently a flaw the gypsy traverses of Loewy's layout. These experiments have been venerated and scattered to atoms manipulations at the hands of conservative phlegm, but when Paderewski plays them, we realize what wonderful groups of youth folk-songs are art-musical essays that will be played long after Brahms is forgotten.

Mr. Huneker is not always consistent. On the first page he says that Brahms is "one whom nobody could regard with such and Beethoven," yet on page 10 he declares that "Beethoven is not a great original musician," and concludes: "These are not indeed the remarks of Firm or Bacher, who the author, in order to make friends with the public by his present publications, being already known to them by his "Civi- nation and Progress." A friend he will find in every reader.

Under the head of "A Modern Music Lord," Mr. Huneker gives a most interesting study of the life and work of Tchaikovsky, with close details procured from foreign sources. The great Tchaikovsky's contemporarily a remarkable one of the most extraordinary and remark- ably eccentric and original as anything in the music. Our author fully appreciates the strong individuality of Tchaikovsky, his sec- ond useful efforts to keep his skis clear of the Northern winds, and he justly remarks that, "des- pite his Western affiliation, there is always some Austro linking to Tchaikovsky's German." He dwells on this composer's personality in the following terms: "Just as Mr. Huneker calls it the "west," a weak, but that is quite a young term. The word is stuck on as a sole instrument, but the chief is especially in groups, as, for instance, in the delightful "Ou-which Tchaikovsky's piano music is orchestral, and does not pay sufficient atten-