

that of 1675, and the volume is filled out with "The Colors of Good and Evil" and "The Advancement of Learning." The spelling has been modernized, and Mr. Polard has generously added a glossary and a translation of the Latin quotations. This series, which ranges from Sir John Mandeville's Travels to Carlyle's French Revolution, and from Shelton's Don Quixote to De Quincey's Confessions, must command a widespread popularity.

A still more striking reprint is the small quarto edition of Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne (London and New York: John Lane), edited by the late Grant Allen. This is so handsomely printed and bound, so copiously and aptly illustrated, so carefully edited and indexed, as to discourage any near attempt to rival it. Coleridge's annotations upon his own copy—made somewhat apologetically, for fear of "lessening the value of this sweet delightful book"—are now first printed. They are remarkable, not so much as corrections of White's occasional errors, nor even as new evidence of Coleridge's encyclopedic knowledge, but as adding the testimony of so sound a critic to the charm the book possesses for so many and so different people—enduring after a hundred years and into nearly a hundred known editions.

White's influence that was apparent in Mr. Dewar's Wild Life in the Hampshire Highlands, which we recently praised, also appears in Mr. J. Arthur Gibbs's A Cotswold Village (London: John Murray; New York: Scribners). This is a bulky duodecimo, handsomely printed and illustrated. The subtitle, "Country Life and Pursuits in Gloucestershire," is more aptly descriptive of the book, which is a pot-pourri of local history and tradition, fox-hunting, shooting, fishing, cricket, politics, landscape, and architecture. In this last feature Gloucestershire is rich, possessing not only the Roman remains of Cirencester and its environs, but examples of all the periods of English Gothic, from the early Norman churches down to those oak-raftered Elizabethan barns which pass for architectural masterpieces. In describing them, the author is appreciative and not too technical, whereas the lovely Gloucestershire landscape is apt to seduce him into a reckless use of adjectives. His aim throughout is so modest ("to please rather than to instruct") that he is safe from unkind criticism, unless, perhaps, from the unhappy puffins whom he introduces as kin among the hawks (p. 112)!

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Maurice Hewlett's Earthwork Out of Tuscany, first published daintily some four years ago, will extend a welcome to a new (third) edition (Putnam's), backed in white and gold, with the illustrations increased by several photographs. It would appear, then, that the elect who have yielded to his impressions of Italy, and of whom in the second edition he could say, "Not more than two in every hundred who have read me have known what I was at," have increased in numbers. Whether for what he calls the religion of his book, or for the poetry of his style, these fantastically entitled pictures, essays, allegories, and stories are warmly to be commended anew.

Mr. Edwin Emerson, jr., had a brilliant opportunity for satire in bringing back Pepys's Ghost to walk among our own contemporaries (Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.). The first of his adventures are

told divertingly, and are quite in the vein; but dragging the old fellow through Cuba with the Rough Riders was cruel hard, and left him, on his return to Montauk, but the shadow of a shade. Pepys's judgment of men during this incarnation seems, perhaps, less shrewd than of old. It was quite in character, however, that a man corrupted by the loose and convivial ways of Charles's navy should have shrunk before the austere rectitude of Admiral Sampson.

Miss Pamela Coleman Smith, who hails from Jamaica and is vouched for by Thomas Nelson Page, gives us the Annancy Stories (R. H. Russell), a collection of local negro tales on the Uncle Remus order. For Breda Annancy's usurpation of Brer Rabbit's honored position we are prepared, and likewise for the substitution of Breda Paarat and Breda Tiger, with other unfamiliar beasts, in the more humble rôles. It is with some surprise, however, that we fall to find more of the familiar earmarks, that we had been led to believe were in this hemisphere visible in all negro animal stories, denoting their common origin. We discover in this series but two which are even suggestive of those in Mr. Harris's extensive collection. Annancy's adventure with the wasps and as the rider of Breda Tiger remind us of Brer Rabbit and the mosquitoes and his humiliation of Brer Fox before "Miss Meadows en de gals." In other instances Grimm's Fairy Tales seem to have been the source of inspiration. Copious illustrations from the author's pen fill this little volume, which is not unamusing.

"Mexican Vistas," by Harriott Wight Sherratt (Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.), purports, according to its motto, to set forth certain analogies to the land of Edom, in compassing which "the soul of the people was sore discouraged." But Mrs. Sherratt's soul was never discouraged, in spite of the ruggedness of Mount Seir. The analogy might have been pressed judiciously in other directions. In more ways than one, Mexico is the American Edom. We have here, however, no critical study, but a jolly record of travel by a bright, jovial woman, who has presented her experiences in conventional language that will oppose no difficulties to the ordinary Pullman-car reader. The pictures of life are faithful and free from exaggeration, and the comments on customs and racial idiosyncrasies are unusually kind and sympathetic. The illustrations are a help to the text, but the reader should be warned not to follow the author's spelling of Mexican names without verification.

Signor Lanclani's Destruction of Ancient Rome (Macmillan Co.) is a duller book than we had supposed so bright a man could make. But it is obviously a pot-boiler, consisting of little more than a brief catalogue or summary of the destroyers and the things which they destroyed. The general reader will find the treatment too meagre to be of interest, and scholars will wait for the larger work promised by the same author.

Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh may fairly be congratulated upon a piece of good and useful work in his translation of the Letters of Cicero (London: Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co.). Two volumes are already published, and when the whole (in four volumes) has appeared, it will furnish the first English translation of the entire series

of letters which passed back and forth between Cicero and his friends, a correspondence not surpassed in interest and importance by any other that is known. The two volumes cover the years 68-49 B. C. To each volume is prefixed an introduction on the principal events in Cicero's private life and on public affairs, and nearly every page is supplied with notes on social, historical, and biographical matters. Mr. Shuckburgh has succeeded in making the letters read like genuine productions, not rhetorical imitations of epistolary correspondence. The colloquial style which he has adopted is free from dullness, and yet seldom degenerates into offensive modern slang. We wish that the printer had left us a little more inside margin, for the books do not open easily; but the paper is good and the ink black.

No. 40 of "The Religion of Science Library" (Chicago: Open Court Co.), entitled "Kant and Spencer," by Dr. Paul Carus, being a criticism of Spencer and his agnosticism, and a comparison of his metaphysics with that of its true author, Kant, is well worth attention. In some recent remarks on Kant as an important precursor of modern evolutionism, we were probably influenced unawares by one of the chapters of this brochure which had appeared in the *Monist*. We shall not express approval of the acrid tone of the criticism, which is of a kind obsolescent even in Germany. To say that Herbert Spencer has been a man who "shrinks the toil of research" is not to invite philosophical discussion, and is really too much. It is difficult to conceive how such personalities can be to the taste of a philosopher, *i. e.*, of a man intent mainly on supplying the defects of his own knowledge. In this country, they will not even serve the purpose of the man who is only eager to teach. Mr. Spencer has surely put out his talent to usury if ever any man did; and what he has succeeded in accomplishing must, in any fair estimate, be called immense—an epithet that leaves room for an infinite shortcoming, of course.

Prof. Carl Budde of Strassburg has proved himself one of the most fruitful and original of the younger students of Old Testament problems. His Quina discovery and his hypothesis of the "Song of Songs" and of the "Song of the Well" have been definite and permanent steps in advance. A full recognition of the comparative method in history, sociology, and literature has characterized his work, and his views, whether accepted or not, have always tended to bring clarity into the subject of them. Yet only with the present little volume on the Religion of Israel to the Exile: American Lectures on the History of Religions (G. P. Putnam's Sons) have we a connected statement from him in Old Testament theology. His attitude on many points, on some of which he differs widely from the dominant school, was already known; but this gives us his reconstruction, as a whole, of the early development of the religion of the Hebrews. In that respect the book has great importance for the specialist; and the non-specialist, to whom it is primarily addressed, will find in it a lucid résumé of the positive results of the newer criticism. It is one of the best, if not absolutely the best, in the series to which it belongs.

It may be of general interest to learn that the Library Company of Philadelphia has just been presented with five large