

As is well stated by Dr. Mark:

"Two important objects to be accomplished in a text-book are (1) a clear and methodical exposition of the well-established facts of the science, and (2) such a presentation of unsettled questions as shall stimulate the reader to further inquiry and research."

The layman might imagine that these two volumes must exhaust the subject, for the present at least. But the need of further observation is indicated by Dr. Minot on pp. 36, 39, 60, 78, 107, 129, 162, etc., and in the following remark, which might well have found place in his preface:

"There are still many unsolved problems as to the development of man. It will be observed that not a single one of the ova hitherto noticed has been adequately investigated, and that no specimens have yet been studied at all showing the first appearance of the embryo, the origin of the amnion or of the allantois or of the yolk-sack, and finally that of all the earliest stages our knowledge is extremely imperfect. It is therefore much to be hoped that all who obtain available specimens will preserve them carefully and intrust them to a competent investigator."

This, in connection with our nearly complete ignorance of the embryology of apes and monkeys, renders it impossible at present to answer the question—as important to the zoologist as it is fascinating to the layman—How far does human development differ from that of animals? In neither of the works before us is this matter comprehensively discussed, but Dr. Minot incidentally makes the following statements:

"At sixty days the tail has disappeared as a free appendage" (p. 393). "After the fortieth day the form is distinctly human" (p. 391). "Nothing similar to the dorsal flexure of the human embryo [during the third week] has been observed in any other vertebrate, though it may occur in apes and monkeys" (p. 296). "The human ovum is remarkable [peculiar?] for the precocious development of the chorion and for its early complete encapsulation" (p. 309). "The full-grown human ovum is distinguished among mammalian ova for the clear development and ready visibility of all its parts" (p. 55).

The logical, if provisional, inference from the foregoing is that between man and other animals there are at all periods differences—real though often slight, and that the recognition and formulation of these distinctions will come in time with the application of improved methods to more adequate material. The need of more accurate embryological information among physicians is gruesomely exemplified in the publication in *Gaillard's Medical Journal* for March, 1893, of an article justifying the destruction of early embryos upon the ground that they are not yet different from animals; the editors repudiate the doctrine but not the misstatement of fact. In this connection it may be added that, if the suggestion recently made by a Cornell professor, that there be organized preparatory theological courses including scientific branches like palæontology and embryology, should be realized, works like those here noticed would perform an important service.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S VICTORIAN AGE.

The Victorian Age of English Literature. By Mrs. Oliphant. Tait, Sons & Co.

BOLINGBROKE somewhere tells of a "studious man" who was overheard in his oratory "entering into a detail with God," and who very particularly "acknowledged the Divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." To-day this worthy student

would doubtless have included Mrs. Oliphant in his orisons and have given her the time of at least one head for her sketch of Victorian literature. The book is precisely what it pretends to be, an exceptionally good Baedeker to the last fifty years of English literature. That even Baedeker now and then nods is uncontrollable; and so does Mrs. Oliphant. But in the main she guides the traveller faithfully and accurately, and puts him duly on the watch for the most famous sights of the route. As for anything more than this, the author or authors are careful to disclaim any purpose of attempting it. In her earlier work on English literature Mrs. Oliphant made a point of avowing her belief that all men of genius are Melchisedecs, without intellectual or spiritual fathers or mothers, that all explanations of literature are "mere feigning" and all theorizing "mere folly." The same view of literature underlies these new volumes; they are full of sneers at "the fashionable and feeble creed of heredity" and at "automatic development," and make a more or less plausible and continuous plea for "the curious accidentalness of all human work." In short, the old creed still finds favor with Mrs. Oliphant, that the history of the world would have been totally different if Cleopatra's nose had been a hair's breadth longer. Why should we quarrel with this creed when it leads to so entertaining a series of sketches as Mrs. Oliphant has given us?

What we are bound to quarrel with, however, is inaccuracy or incompleteness. Of actual inaccuracies we have no very damaging collection to offer; but we have noted a few points that ought to be rectified in later editions. For some of these errors the American reprint may be responsible; and for others, Mrs. Oliphant's collaborator, F. R. Oliphant, B.A.; but for brevity's sake we must lay on Mrs. Oliphant the burden of them all. On p. 43 we are told that Sydney Smith edited the first numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*; in point of fact, he edited but a single number, the very first. On p. 44, Peter Plymley's Letters are said to have been "published about 1806"; to be exact, the first five letters were published in the autumn of 1807 and the second five during the first weeks of 1808. On p. 48 the date of the foundation of the *Quarterly Review* is apparently given as 1808; the first number of the *Review* was in reality dated February, 1809. On p. 73 the *Westminster Review* is said to have arisen out of the camp of the *Edinburgh* in 1823; doubtless the arrangements for the new *Review* were made in 1823, but the first number is dated January, 1824. On p. 268 the publication of 'Pendennis' is described as having taken place by means of monthly numbers in 1850; in point of fact, 'Pendennis' began to appear in November, 1848. On p. 117 the Weissnichtwo of 'Sartor Resartus' is transformed into "Wessnichtwo." On p. 163 John Wilson Croker is called Crocker, and on p. 259 the friend and biographer of Dickens is mentioned as John Foster. We see no sound reason for preferring, as Mrs. Oliphant always prefers, 'Idylls of the King' to *Idylls*, the form invariably found in authorized editions of Tennyson; the poet's own choice in such a matter should, it seems to us, be decisive. On p. 441 there occurs a palpable misquotation, "Great wits to madness nearly are allied"; the line as Dryden wrote it is much more forcible.

Such errors as these are easy enough to deal with; but when we turn to omissions or disproportions, the questions that spring up are much thornier and harder to handle. Take, for ex-

ample, the criticisms of the poems of Matthew Arnold and of Clough: surely many readers will question the wisdom of giving one out of five pages on Arnold to querulous complaints of his diffuseness, and will also feel like protesting at the contemptuous tone in which both Arnold's and Clough's portrayal of spiritual unrest is mentioned. "Doubt" is for Mrs. Oliphant "an unkindly and unmusical spirit, which has been converted into a patron saint or demon by the fashion of the time." To dispose in this off-hand and unsympathetic manner of the work of the two great post-Romanticists is to miss the whole significance of the transition from the Romantic mood to the mood of the present day. In the mazes of these general discussions, however, we do not propose to lose ourselves; nor do we care to criticise Mrs. Oliphant's estimates of the various authors she deals with. We prefer to note certain omissions which even from her own point of view must certainly be regarded as detracting from the completeness of her narrative.

In the rather grudging notice of Leigh Hunt no credit is given him for his attack on the heroic couplet. In his famous preface to the 'Story of Rimini,' Hunt pleaded for variety of pause and the avoidance of too much stress on the rhyme, for the use of dissyllabic rhymes, and for the division of the couplet. His preface and his poetry alike had an important influence on both Shelley and Keats, and hence on the whole subsequent development of English versification. In her notice of a poet of a very different stamp, C. S. Calverley, Mrs. Oliphant fails to record the fact that the poet's name was originally Blayds. This omission is specially unfortunate, inasmuch as several of the best-epigrams that are associated with Calverley's Oxford days depend for their point on a play on the poet's name, e. g., "The dons would like their blades to cut, But cannot find a handle."

In her treatment of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mrs. Oliphant has perhaps been as tolerant as a critic of her temperament could be expected to be; but it is strange that she should refuse to credit the story that Rossetti's poems in manuscript were with his consent rescued from the coffin of his wife, where they had been buried at the time of her death. Perhaps this is a case of "the doubt courteous"; at any rate there can be no question as to the truth of the story.

In her notice of Mr. Dobson, Mrs. Oliphant speaks of his slight 'Life of Steele' as "a standard authority on a much disputed subject"; but nowhere does she mention Mr. Aitken's two-volume 'Life of Steele,' which quite outclasses Mr. Dobson's work in scholarship and in breadth of treatment. On page 183, Harriet Martineau receives due credit for her 'History of the Peace'; but the fact should certainly be noted that all of the first book save one chapter was the work of the well-known publisher, Charles Knight. Another curious omission occurs in the discussion of Charles Kingsley: no word do we hear of Kingsley's famous onslaught on Father Newman, which led in 1864 to the publication of Newman's 'Apologia.' In her treatment of living authors Mrs. Oliphant seems usually fair and discreet; but she should at least mention Mr. Walter Pater. As we look back over the whole of Mrs. Oliphant's book, the passages that remain most pleasantly in the memory are those on Carlyle, on Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' and on Browning. The plea for Carlyle is almost passionate in its fervor and intensity of conviction. Mrs. Oliphant enters with unerringly sympathetic

insight into the curiously complex relations between Carlyle and his wife; she appreciates perfectly the basis of genuine and unflinching affection on which from first to last these relations depended; and her thorough familiarity with the curious intricacies of Scotch character, its distrust of "exhibitions of feeling," its painful constraint and its constitutional hypocrisies in matters of emotion, enables her to reconcile the apparent contradictions between the words and the hearts of the Carlyles. She speaks from a personal knowledge of both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle; and her testimony, together with the recent book of another personal friend of Carlyle's, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, ought to do much to correct the disastrously false impressions that Mr. Froude's ill-judged work has stamped on the mind of the public.

Almost as interesting as these pages on Carlyle are the passages on Tennyson and Browning; and in a different way the discussion of George Eliot is thoroughly good reading. The chapters on periodicals and newspapers have naturally no special charm of style; but they are full of interesting facts, many of which could hardly be found elsewhere, not even in the special works of Mr. Fox Bourne and Mr. James Grant. These chapters, and indeed the whole book, will be full of matter for laborious Anglomaniacs who aspire to rival the English themselves in knowledge of English affairs.

Wanderings by Southern Waters: Eastern Aquitaine. By Edward Harrison Baker. London: R. Bentley & Son; New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS book, though the author does not give a single hint to that effect, is a continuation of his 'Wanderings in France,' and a very abrupt continuation at that, for it begins without a word of introduction or connection of any sort. It also ends in the same fashion, as if, imbued with advanced realistic notions, Mr. Baker desired to give us a "tranche de voyages," just as some of the realists insist on serving up a "tranche de la vie." The volume has the appearance of an instalment of a much larger work, cut out bodily and clapped between a pair of cloth covers, with a title-page by way of concession to popular prejudice. There is no index, though one is needed, nor table of contents. A sketch map, including the departments of Dordogne, Lot, Tarn, and Aveyron, through which the reader willingly accompanies Mr. Baker, would certainly have added greatly to the value of the work and the enjoyment of the reader; it may possibly come with the tail-end volume—for surely there must be one on the stocks.

The author is a thorough Englishman; he loves to tramp through an unfrequented and interesting country. It is particularly attractive to him, this Eastern Aquitaine, because it is full of memories of his countrymen, who, in the olden days when kings of England were likewise kings of France, conquered, held, and then lost the land. So he gives us plenty of history in easy, gossiping fashion, making more intelligible, by his graphic description of the wild, stern scenery, the struggles between Frenchman and Englishman at one time, between Huguenot and Catholic at another. Archaeologist and botanist, artist and geologist, an observer of men as of things, adventurous like all his race, largely free from insular prejudice, and broad and kindly in his judgments, it is little wonder that the reader becomes attached to him and feels a sense of per-

sonal injury when Mr. Baker unexpectedly writes down "The End" on page 403.

The country he takes us over is one worthy to be visited even at the cost of poor meals, much garlic, more fleas, endless suspicion, burning winds, and soaking rains. Sun-parched plateaus, on which, nevertheless, strange flowers bloom; deep ravines down whose sombre depths rush torrents; cliffs to which cling quaint old townlets and villages; profound, sombre pools inspiring superstitious fears; rivers suddenly uprising from rocky ground or vanishing mysteriously within caverns; districts cracked and split by subterranean fires, the pale flames of which play here and there on the surface; ruined castles, hoary abbeys, splendid churches—these are some of the things Mr. Baker has seen and which he shows the reader. Only on the outskirts of the great district he has crossed and recrossed is the tourist race known; if the ground be not virgin ground, it is at least unfamiliar, and many a traveller, seeking fresh fields, will surely feel tempted to tread in the Englishman's footsteps and explore in his turn Roc-Amadour, Ambialet, Montpellier-le-Vieux, Figeac, and Cahors.

But it is evident, from the author's experiences, that he who would traverse the *causses* and visit the wild cañons and *gouffres* of Aquitaine, who would mingle with the old Gallic race which has preserved its distinctive traits, must be prepared to rough it. The people, once their easily roused suspicions allayed, are kindly enough, but they find it necessary to shout always at the top of their voices, and their breath is redolent of garlic as their cookery is of fat bacon. By way of compensation Mr. Baker found usually a bottle of good wine wherever he put up, spite of the ravages of the phylloxera. "Papers" are indispensable, and are frequently called for by the authorities—for there are authorities everywhere, even in remote districts where French is as little understood as English in some parts of Cape Breton.

Mr. Baker's style is pleasant enough; he relates well because he is generally simple and direct in his account. At times, however, he is somewhat heavy, dropping into downright "fine writing" in which there is more rhetorical effect than true beauty; at others, having turns of expression quaintly enough suggestive of phrases dear to our ancestors, such as: "Now, the sun, whose ardor was already melting into the tenderness of evening." A very readable book he has made, however, and on a very interesting country.

The Story of a Cavalry Regiment: The Career of the Fourth Iowa Veteran Volunteers, from Kansas to Georgia, 1861-1865. By Wm. Forse Scott, late Adjutant. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. xxiv, 602.

It is often objected to regimental histories that they take too narrow a view of the campaigns included in the story. Mr. Scott has shown that this need not be so, and that such a history may keep its distinctive character, with the personal and local incidents which delight the members of the regiment, without sacrificing a broad and appreciative estimate of the larger events in which they had a part.

The Fourth Iowa Cavalry was organized in the autumn of 1861, and served with credit through the whole of the civil war. It took part in the campaigns of Missouri and Arkansas of 1862, and in the Vicksburg campaign of 1863, including Sherman's march upon Jackson, Miss. It was again with

Sherman in his expedition to Meridian in February, 1864. It formed part of the unfortunate campaign against Gen. Forrest conducted by Gen. Sturgis. It went back to the west side of the Mississippi and served under Pleasonton in the fall of 1864 against Sterling Price. It returned to Tennessee and was incorporated with Wilson's Cavalry Corps, and, as part of Upton's division, won much glory in the great cavalry campaign against Selma, Ala., Columbus and Macon, Ga., in the spring of 1865. Its service was of the most continuous and active kind, and its story well illustrates the two periods of cavalry experience—the awkward and discouraging beginnings, and the assured and brilliant career after the officers and men have become educated to their work and the incompetent material has been sifted out. It shows why the organization of a great cavalry force from raw material was so slow and so costly a process. It explains why enlisting in the mounted service was so tempting to the new recruit and so apt to be disappointing for a year or more. It lets us see, also, why experienced military men opposed the attempt to organize suddenly a large and wholly new cavalry corps.

Mr. Scott has spoken his mind frankly in regard to the officers under whose command the regiment came from time to time; and while his criticisms are sometimes severe, they are based on convincing facts, so that his blame and his praise may be accepted as the sober and final judgment of men who, in great perils, earned the right to speak. He has put aside temporary prejudice, and has given us a work at once entertaining and solidly instructive.

The Unmarried Woman. By Eliza Chester. [The Portia Series.] Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN strict logic there is no limit to the power to frame classes, so long as the ingenious mind can discover a difference to found a distinction upon. This must be the principle that has guided the author of 'The Unmarried Woman' in joining together in classification, by the bond of a single common attribute—one of proverbially uncertain duration at that—individuals otherwise as heterogeneous as the inequalities of the human lot can make them. As might have been foretold, the result of such a *tour de force* is not brilliantly successful. The pages turn out on perusal to oscillate between studies of types and eminently sympathetic, though ineffectual, suggestions for the improvement of the unmarried woman's condition. They strengthen, on the whole, one's belief in the maxim of utilitarian political economy, which teaches that even average individuals are likely to understand their own interests better than any one else can, and should be trusted to look after them accordingly. Interference, in some form or other, has hitherto been the fruitful source of most of the unmarried woman's woes. Henceforward, with college doors and professional and business careers opening freely before her, she may be left to spend her life with what thrift she chooses—certainly a better fate than to have it spent by the unthrift of others.

Among the suggestions, however, there is one of such excellence that it is worth while to quote it verbatim:

"I can think of many women scattered about in thoughtful families, who do their work simply and thoroughly, whose neatness is true refinement, who are honorable and modest, and who have many quiet pleasures. These women do not seem restless nor [sic] unhappy, and they add in an unobtrusive way to the happiness of other people."

Here is a way pointed out for women who