The Nation.

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muth in England," a few years ago. Both are standard works of reference. Longmans, Green & Co. are the publishers.

The Catholics, who felt themselves very near the spirit of Columbus in the celebrations which one is now rather glad to leave behind, have made a parting gift to the Columbian bibliography in a pretty book, 'The Columbian Memorial Volume,' in which the Catholic Club of New York and the United States Catholic Historical Society have united in admiration of the man whom some would like to adore as a saint.

'The Natural History of the Christian Religion' (Macmillan) is the taking title of the not very taking book which the Rev. William Mackintosh has written: "to trace the origin of Christianity to the common religious instinct." The author has a good endowment of Scotch pertinacity in arguing out every phase of every theory to the bitter end, and this often gives an appearance of diffuseness to his pages, while his express reliance upon the "employment of conjecture" necessarily lends an air of unreality to many parts of his discussion. Strikingly in contrast is the method of Weitzsteker in his 'Apocryphal Age of the Christian Church,' the first volume of which leads off in the new series of Williams & Norgate's "Theology," and was reviewed in the last number of the Nation. Here we have a master of historical investigation, with his eye all the while on the fact, marshalling the different parts of the record into a sequence which has often been dislocated in the traditional form, and which, when restored, ceases up many a puzzling tract in the narrative.

The life and works of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737), the author of the Biblical epic 'Joseph' and of 'Letters from the Dead to the Living,' are discussed by Dr. Theodore Vetter in an excellent brochure, 'Die gotische Ehe', just published at Zürich. Though now one of the "very dead" authors, Mrs. Rowe was a not insignificant figure in her own day. Her relations to the English literature of her century are interesting; but much more remarkable is the impression which her poetry made on her German contemporaries, especially Klopstock, who decorated her with the title "die gotliche." Dr. Vetter's tract sets forth the facts briefly but sufficiently, and is agreeably written.

After twenty-six years of honorable activity the Spenser Society has issued its farewell volume. The first publication of the society was 'The Proverbs and Epigrams' of John Heywood, the last is the same author's 'The Spider and the Fly.' Between these two volumes stand in stately series the works of Taylor the Water-Post, of Withers, and of Brayton, the 'Seven Tragedies of Seneca,' the 'Shakespeare' of 1879 in six vols., and many other indispensable reprints.

The census of the society is to students of English the loss of an old and very helpful friend. The excellence of the present volume makes regret the more poignant. The edition of 1836 is carried in, and the amended woodcuts, of which there are very many, are faithfully reproduced. Finally, Prof. A. W. Ward, the last president of the Society, has prefixed an introduction which is both a good discussion of the work and a graceful valedictory.

"Victor of the Deux.

M. Vial has given us, in the 'Livre de Souvenirs de Maslo de Bartolomeo di Massacchio' (Paris: J. Rothschild), a very curious and interesting document. Maslo, who must not be confounded with the great Masaccio, was a painter of the fifteenth century, and not otherwise of great importance than that he had the happy thought for eight years together, a brief diary and account-book, and that this manuscript has been preserved for us—part of it in the library of Prato and part in the Magiachecchi at Florence. It forms a unique record of the life of an artist at that period, before the Renaissance, when the great men of the sixteenth century made of some of them, and when they were humble craftsmen and ready to accept anything in their line of work, from the decoration of a cathedral front to the casting of cannon or church-bells. Maslo even records the casting of copper bells for a bed, yet his art seems to have been limited to painting, for he is' named with Michelozzo and Luca della Robbia in the contract for the bronze gates of the sacristy of Santa Maria del Fiore, and an architect eminent enough to be designer-in-chief of the façade of S. Domenico di Urbino, where Luca della Robbia’s name is sub-contractor only for the tondi of majolica and in stone. M. Vial has given the manuscript in full in its original crabbed Italian, as well as his own commentary and translation of the more important passages. There are forty-odd illustrations, but only a comparatively small proportion of their number is strictly relevant to the subject of the work.

To do something new seems to have been the principal aim of the publishers of 'The Yellow Book; An Illustrated Quarterly' (London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day), vol. i. of which, for April, 1894, lists among its engravings one of a hideous yellow color, with a design, only more hideous than frivolous, in violent black. The pictures (for they are not illustrations and have no connection with the text, but are introduced for their own sake) are of the latest school of English etching and lithography, and are very viciously affected or very vulgar. The page is a broad 12mo, and the lines of letterpress, in old-fashioned type, run straight across it, with old-style catchwords. The matter is, much of it, very modern and very impressionistic, the Whistlerian affectations of Mr. Max Beerbohm’s, and of the literary and artistic, being particularly intolerable. The names of Henry James, George Saintsbury, and Edmund Gosse among the artists, and the mention of Sir Frederick Leighton among the artists, give, however, somewhat higher tone to the table of contents, and Mr. Arthur Waugh’s essay on "Reliance in Literature," a healthy protest against many of the vices of "modernity."

"Probably no book ever came into this world amid such a clamor of vociferous advertising as has heralded and accompanied the advent of M. Zola’s Lourdes." Interviews with the illustrious author began to appear months ago, and now the newspaper paragraphs have since been whetting the interest then excited. On the publication of the first instalment of the romance, Paris broke out in a carnival of réclame. Many colored "posters," advertising vans, sandwich men swarmed throughout the city. Of the forty or fifty posters, Deschamps, has been seen since the days of Boulanger’s election or of the glory of Buffalo Bill. Whether the novel will justify all this noise remains to be seen. The opening chapters seem a little clumsy and dull.

Six numbers of a "Bulletin de Dessin" issued by the Librairie de l’Art, 8 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, are filled with facsimile drawings by masters old and modern, eight sheets to a number, without letterpress, at two francs the number.

Figures predomi-