 posterior author with its rig, that we had better give some instances. Here, then, you have him in his merely dull fit: 33 y informants add that, a quarter of a mile away, this bull, which I used as a schoolboy to prefer out of a particular shop in Orange Street, Red Lion Square, as I did the three-cornered tarts from one in St. Swithin's Lane. I recollect my father telling me about this evening before he had been dancing with a lady who was so thin that he was afraid she would have worn his coat into holes. My daughter had written to Mr. Jago's, describing in rather glowing colours an article of dress just acquired; and her young correspondent replied, 2 Por what is the fact without the witness? She was probably unconscious of the fact that this expression is common in French literature. Huth mentioned to me once at a table that the firm kept a certain number of professional works in Moor Gate Street, where their place of business was at that time, for reference and consultation. "Ah!" I was tempted to reply, "that's your City Library." Here they are, for the consideration of decent people. It may be well to inform Mr. Carew Haskett that when a man has no more rational notions of decency than he who proposes to go the length of saying a gentleman - is told a surfeiting story, which he disbelieves, it is not customary for him to relate it as a touchstone more, still less to print it. But it would be vain to argue with a man who can print such garbage, as he is found among these volumes, and who has already shown himself willing to traffic in the record of his grandfather's weakness. Perhaps Mr. Carew Haskett cannot help showing that "splenic acrimony," which he admits to be a family failing; he even tells us how. Rather than declare that, if I persisted in making objections, I should never prosper. One is sincerely sorry that he should have inherited Haskett's faults without his genius; no more pitiable lot could be imagined than is here revealed. For the sake of the reader, we repeat that we do not ask for the records of any reminiscences preserved; but the volumes as they stand cannot be too soon forgotten. This end the publishers are endeavouring to gain.

THE YELLOW BOOK


The recent publication, in the Revue de Paris, of Madame Daudet's letters to Alfred de Musset has provoked Mr. Henry James to revive the time-worn tale of the relations that existed at Venice between these two, when "she was a man and he was a woman in that kingdom by the sea." His purpose is to consider how far the secrets of personal experience may be triumphantly converted to the uses of art. He arrives at this through a maze of subtle reasoning at no particular conclusion, unless it is that only the art of a George Sand can excuse the incoherence of certain expressions. He foresees a time when a reaction will take place, and the detective skill of the investigator wi...
the acquisition of a new artist, Miss Ethel Reed, whose drawings are fresh and piquant. But perhaps the best piece of work is from the pencil of Miss Alice Soild. Though only a slight composition, the tender sentiment of her 'Grief' is very actual.

SOME COMPLEX PROBLEMS


This volume, though small in compass (two hundred and thirteen pages), will prove exceedingly tough reading; it is empirically spoken of as a book for the arm-chair. One picks up the work dealing with biology in general in the expectation that it will have numerous chatty accounts of protectively coloured frogs, of teleogonan dogs and the usual stock-in-trade of the biologist. These expectations are at once dispelled by many sentences such as do not age; 1 'We are the inner fusion of biology depends on the form of the science; not on its necessary form, but on its actual form, which is the strange result of the other two.' The author, in fact, goes to work with a will, and mingles the themes of biology as to apply them in inexorable logic. The result is a work which will not appeal to even the moderately instructed general reader. It is a serious volume of philosophy suitable to the grave student. 'As is common with such works they are characterized by a looseness of matters which does not in the street not very explicable. Mr. Sandeman's view of religion can hardly be recommended as suitable reading for the suburban family circle. He says that religion is itself unintelligible; but, 'to decide whether of its essential unreasonableness, is there, in order to save the salvation of nations, which will otherwise still fall into decay through too much intelligence.' This is an illustration of what the author terms the 'third postulate of biology,' that 'everything organic exists only by reason of and not to be explained only in relation, to some special external use which it now has, or which a similar structure has had in former times.' The instance indeed is one of the familiar rudimentary organ. But is Mr. Sandeman perfectly right in assuming that the phrase which we have quoted is really a postulate of biology? There are many biologists, and their numbers are increased, who do not accept without demur the doctrine of universal utility in the present or in the past.

Even more difficult is it to apply the notion of rudimentary organs and what evolutionists term 'change of function' to the bald pate. An eminent professor of biology, Mr. Jelf, who should, in a thicket, not by any means for reasons of privacy but in order to avoid the flints of another paleolith man, preferred to put the courtship with a branch with a stem-like outgrowth of these wings closely applied to the branch and that heighten- ing the resemblance. It has, however, been quite recently stated by a naturalist, who knows more of that butterfly than many who adhere to the theory concerning it, that the insect does not sit at all, but sits upside down. We do not go with so much confidence Mr. Sandeman's criticism of the presupposition of the porcupine's spines. The rattling of the spines of that toad 'night are supposed to warn the panther of the inescapability of meddling with it. Mr. Sandeman deprecates this altruism, but forgets that there is a more instinctive altruism, 'The good easygoing man has often thought for others which arise out of sheer selfishness. So with the lower beasts of the field and especially with our porcupine. The rattling spines in the dark do not merely mean to save the leopard from inconveniences; they do mean a compromise; the porcupine will fare badly if the leopard ignores the spines, but the leopard will suffer too.

There is no doubt that Mr. Sandeman's book must be read and reflected upon by those who are concerned with biological theory. It is, however, nowhere easy, and at times the language is baffling in its obscurity.

OLD AND NEW

The Land of the Dollar (London: Blackwood), by G. W. Steeves, is a republication of letters written to the Daily Mail during the late Presidential election. Curiosity, perhaps, is now satisfied on that subject, though it is to have an intelligible account of the issues and of the conduct of the campaign. We take no exception to what Mr. Steeves has to say on this topic. He does not take his readers too much beyond their depth, or assume on their part a proficiency of economic knowledge; but that is all the more reason why those who wish to dribble in bim hilism should read his book. Certainly it will not bore them. The author, however, does more than this, and provides for those who do not care about currency questions a pleasant and vivid description of American cities, scenery, and people, which is less superficial than the sketchy impressions of most tourists. Life is short, and America is large. Mr. Steeves is not familiar with the whole of the States; and does not pretend to be, but he has the observing eye of a good reporter, and knows what works well for his fellow countrymen. We may commend, without reserve, what he has to say about New York, Washington, Boston, Niagara, Chicago, Philadelphia, and the Pacific slope; that is, we commend it as sensible descriptive writing, and as worth reading; and it forms at least half the book. The general inferences formed by Mr. Steeves during his rapid tour are of less value. They coincide, on the whole, with the commonly expressed British views of the condition and character of the people of the States. The writer is full of admiration for the mixture of the population—a mixture so active and so commonly increasing that it is no more possible to forecast the future of America than it would have been to prophesy the rise of Turkey in Europe a hundred years after the Conquest. 'Meanwhile,' says Mr. Steeves, 'the American people are willing for his country's sake.' It is a credit to him, and he is a credit to us. You may differ from him; you may laugh at him; but neither of these is the predominant emotion that he inspires. Even while you differ or laugh, he is essentially the man with whom you are always wanting to shake hands.

That terrible line, 'Amusement and instruction hand in hand,' has doubtless something to be said for its sentiment if not for itself. And initially it was no bad scheme that of Mr. Jelf to present a certain number of detached scenes of history under the thin disguise of the journey made by a child 'Eileen' under the guidance of Titania the Fairy Queen. Children are unsuspecting beings; it is not difficult, in vulgar phrase, to 'pull their legs'; so that one can quite imagine a child getting a good way into Mr. Jelf's book without finding out that it was being instructed. The little joke about the railway and the railway-stations would perhaps keep on the amusement. But when all is done it cannot be said that the latter element is leisurely supplied, at the same time that the reversal of the historical order and the irregular disposition of the pictures in Mr. Jelf's gallery go some way to mar the usefulness of the book from an educational point of view. To learn that a certain station is labelled 'The year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five,' that that which follows is called simply 'After the forty-five,' while two chapters farther on we have the resting-place 'The year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and ninety-eight,' will not be much appreciated outside children created in a child's mind by travelling from the sceptre of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to the Boston Tea-Riots, then to Prince Charlie and Flora MacDonald, and by way of the Pilgrim Fathers on to the London of William Shakespeare and Queen Bess. The last mentioned is, be it said, about the best chapter of them all, though the Flora MacDonald chapter falls slightly behind. Mr. Jelf, in fact, narrates clearly and agreeably; it is quite likely that he would be able to hold a child's attention; and ceteris paribus there is everything to commend this book for stories, which are true and not fiction. Far, therefore, be it from us to dissipate the time-honoured parents and guardians from procuring Eileen's Journey: History in Fairyland (London: Murray) for their nurseries or school-