history of it all with equal zest and ability. He has scored a fair success in his “Pictures in Prose,” a book made up of short tales from humble life, and descriptions of nature and wild sport. Mr. Trevor-Battye has spearled the noble salmon in our Western waters, and hunted the deer and moose in the wilds of the Rockies and of British America.

Another of the odd, limited fraternities which prefer to anything else in life a stroll or a sojourn in some solitary place where wild creatures may be surprised and shot, with at least an eye-glance, is Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, the author of several volumes of natural history sketches, and of the last in the present group, coming from the opening piece, “Travels in a Tree-top.” Dr. Abbott takes matters leisurely in observing and in writing, which makes the latter just a little heavy. The student of nature will go through his books from cover to cover for the sake of the scattered remarks that add to his stock of coveted lore, but the general reader will be apt to complain of his lack of vivacity and spicy anecdote. — Sara A. Hubbard.

Briefs on New Books.

“Americanism” is a word that has appeared in English books best in his or her culture and liberal artist, from a keen door life has no mild plants in dilly by name, missing things are missed. Thus, entering, there, and this easy grace scenery in a nautical or house, the high minuteness to see and understand never have operations are ad-photographs, sh gentleman’s one of her friends, recounts the

Americanism”—a position, on the whole, not specially flattering to the country he started from. To Mr. Partridge’s notion that an American endangers his manhood by taking an occasional trip to Europe, we are tempted to reply with Mr. Burchell’s favorite monosyllable—“Fudge!” Such tourists may possibly come back with the un-American conviction that London, Paris, and Berlin are better built, better kept, and better ruled than New York, Boston, and Chicago; but this would hardly affect his manhood otherwise than by leading to a useful display of it at the primaries. Naturally Mr. Partridge disapproves of foreign study for American artists. They should, he thinks, stay at home and be “nurtured and developed there.” As this view seems to involve the theorem that for American artists the best place for art-study is the place where the advantages for it are finest, it scarcely needs discussion. We suspect these confused notions about art-education (which are not peculiar to the author) spring from an imperfect view of the fact that art is, as Hamerton states it, “at bottom a refined handicraft.” People are apt to ignore, when they talk about the amount of “soul,” etc., a painter puts into his picture, the part played by the trained eyes and fingers. The great artist is the one who to great mental gifts joins a consummate mastery of his craft—a system of technical processes which have nothing at all to do with religion, or morals, or patriotism, or Americanism, or any other abstraction of the kind whatever. These processes can be best learned where they are best taught, and where their best results are to be found in the greatest profusion—that is to say, in the schools and galleries of Europe; whether we trust every American youth of marked artistic promise may be aided or persuaded to betake himself. Mr. Partridge’s essays, despite his tendency to soar away from the terms terms of plain writing and plain thinking, are occasionally sound and coherent; and the publishers have given them a neat and handy setting. The first number of the much heralded “Yellow Book” has appeared, Messrs. Copeland & Day being the American publishers. It is an illustrated quarterly magazine, edited by Mr. Henry Harland, and realizing in a measure the suggestion made by Mr. Howells in “A Hazard of New Fortunes.” That is, each number of the periodical is to be a cloth-bound book, complete in itself. In appearance, “The Yellow Book” is attractive, except for the cover, upon the design of which the imagination of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has been permitted to run riot. Now Mr. Beardsley is a very clever young man, and he sometimes displays a real mastery of line, but he misses as frequently as he hits, and he has distinctly missed in the present instance. Illustrations are also supplied by Sir Fredric Leighton, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. J. T. Neatle, and others. In spite of these names the book is something of a disappointment upon the decorat-
Mr. Nettleship's "Head of Minos" is the most striking of the pictures. As for paper and print, they are exceptionally beautiful, although we cannot say that we like the square form of the volume. Of the contents, we may first mention the poems, which are contributed by Messrs. Le Gallienne, A. C. Benson, Watson, Symons, Gosse, and Davidson. So good a collection of names and pieces of verse is not often found within the covers of a single issue of any periodical. The prose contents open with "The Death of the Lion," a story in the subllest manner of Mr. Henry James. Other imaginative work of high or at least fair quality is contributed by Miss Ella d'Arcy, Mr. F. M. Simpson, and the editor. "The Fool's Hour," a comically pleasing, is a play by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. George Moore. The serious features are Mr. Arthur Waugh's admirable essay on "Reticence in Literature," and Dr. Richard Garnett's "The Love-Story of Luigi Tansillo," with translations of Tansillo's sonnets. The contents are filled out by two or three other things, entirely insignificant, which might better have been omitted. The names that we have above enumerated certainly constitute a remarkable array, yet the general impression left after examination of the book is that not more than two or three of them are represented by their better work. The sponsors of this new-born periodical have kept their promise in excluding "actuality" from its pages. There is nothing timely about any of the contents as far as subject-matter is concerned. But the sort of "actuality" that finds expression in mannerism is abundantly present, and we doubt if the beginning of the twentieth century will find this volume nearly as readable as we now find it late in the nineteenth. We understand that the book has had a very large sale.

"Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism" is the title of a little volume of two hundred pages published by Ginn & Co. for Yale University, being the doctor's thesis of Miss Laura Johnson Wylie, and especially interesting as one of the first results of the new policy at Yale of admitting women to the graduate school. It is a very creditable piece of work, modelled very largely upon M. Brunetière's recent sketch of the history of French criticism ("L'Evolution de la Critique"), with some suggestion also in style and spirit of Bosanquet's "History of Aesthetics,"—although this comparison is hardly fair to Miss Wylie's less pretentious plan. Considerable interest has been manifested of recent years in the history of criticism, of which this volume is the latest evidence. Courses on the subject are being conducted at some three or four American universities. Professor Schelling's "Poetic and Verse Criticism of the Reign of Elizabeth" (University of Pennsylvania, 1891) considered some of the more technical questions connected with the history of our early criticism. Miss Wylie's work sketches the period that follows from Ben Jonson to Dryden, studies Dryden's criticism more fully, considers the course of the evolution out of classicism in the eighteenth century, interpolates a section on German aesthetics considered as a source of Coleridge's criticism, and ends with an excellent study of Coleridge's critical ideas. Miss Wylie keeps in view throughout the period the relations of French and German to English literature, and aims broadly to connect technical literary criticism with the progress of critical thought in aesthetics and general philosophy. The defect of the work is a somewhat over-ambitious attempt to digest and present the study of too large a field in too small a space, resulting in a style of copious and incessant generalization. To the few students who have been over precisely the same ground, the work will be suggestive. To other readers it will prove interesting—but elusive and inconclusive. An historical monograph, perhaps, even when written for specialists, should aim at thoroughness and concreteness of demonstration, rather than at purely suggestive generalization.

With all our scoffing at the prevalent "Anglophobia," the malady must be allowed to have had its good results. Chief of these, we think, is the inoculation of the youth of this land with the English love of out-door sports. Thirty years ago, before the advent of "Anglophobia," no part of the Anglo-Saxon world could show on the average (we have Dr. Holmes's word for it) so many "black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned" young men as the cities of our Atlantic seaboard. To most of these town-made youths, cricket, boating, boxing, riding, one might almost say walking, were not only practically unknown, but vulgar—"like rat-haunting and the "ring."" Society," says the Doctor, "would drop a man who should run around the Common in five minutes." The young people of that day would seem to have dawdled mostly in-doors, precious copies of their dyspeptic elders, and not, perhaps, altogether unlike their caricatures in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But Fashion, in one of her lucid intervals, changed all this. The seeds of "Anglophobia," winged with her approval, were blown abroad in the land; and it at once became "good form" to be athletic. Everybody knows the result. Young America to-day easily holds his own in the field, on the river, or on the mountain-side, with his cousins overseas; and one finds nowhere a sounder and sightlier race than the present successors of the sedentary youths admonished by Dr. Holmes. Not the least hopeful feature of it all is that the really "up-to-date" American girl is no whit behind her brothers in this wholesome taste for fresh air and exercise; and it is to her that the pretty volume before us, "Ladies in the Field" (Appleton), is specially commended. It contains thirteen "sketches of sport," reminiscent and instructive: "Riding in Ireland and India," by Lady Greville; "Horses and their Riders," by the Duchess of Newcastle; "Fox-