

some of the sentences he encloses between quotation-marks. One is positively funny; for example, to say nothing of the tenses, just imagine that master-maker of riddles, Samson, 'giving himself away' beforehand to the Philistines in this style (p. 85): 'Out of the *lion*, cometh forth meat, and out of the strong cometh forth sweetness.' As usual, there is no index, where there ought to be one.

"The Voyage of the Beagle"*

THE MOST INTERESTING of all travels are those written by naturalists who combine descriptive powers with habits of close observation, and interweave with the daily diary and the recurring *menu* the silken threads of original research. The Life of Linnæus is most fascinating on this account. Hæckel's Indies are like no other man's in the world. How brilliantly vital becomes the Malay Archipelago when seen through the eyes of Alfred Wallace! Was there ever a more delightful tramp than Lady Brassey, who was a skilful botanist as well as a genuine artist in words? The wanderings of Humboldt and Kingsley are classic. All these men and women have written the most charming books of their kind, because their books are not so much filled with themselves as charged and surcharged with their subject,—the infinite variety, the infinite plenitude of animal and vegetable life on the globe, and the assemblage of this life under the burning-glass of a quick and penetrating intelligence through the medium of which men may see and understand it.

The memorable 'Voyage of the Beagle,' in 1831, with Darwin on board, made one of the epochmaking series of volumes of which the world has but few. This voyage consumed five years, and it was almost an accident that Darwin happened to be a member of the party. Happy accident indeed! Not an 'angel' but a 'giant' happened to be 'entertained unawares' by the tars of H. M. S. Beagle a ten-gun brig bound on a scientific jaunt to all sorts of strange islands and archipelagoes in her sinuous course round the world. What an invaluable series of *lehr-jahre* to the great scientist who started on his revolutionizing career almost as that other great scientist and revolutionizer, Goethe, was closing his eyes forever on the vast and curious world around him. The object of the expedition was to complete the survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego commenced under Capt. King in 1816 to 1830,—to survey the shores of Chile, Peru, and certain islands of the Pacific,—and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. The precious fruits of the voyage were afterwards scientifically discussed by Prof. Owen in his Fossil Mammalia, Mr. Gould (Birds), Mr. Waterhouse (Living Mammalia), Mr. Jenyns (Fish), and Mr. Bell (Reptiles). Darwin himself drew from the rich store of facts which he and his colleagues had collected, and published a succession of admirable volumes, such as those on 'Coral Reefs,' 'Volcanic Islands,' and the 'Geology of South America,' while the Insects were treated by many able naturalists, and Sir John (then Dr.) Hooker incorporated the plants in his great work on the Botany of the Southern Hemisphere.

But the charm of this delightful voyage consists not in the multitude of philosophical and scientific discussions which it called forth and with which the transactions of various learned societies are littered: it is rather to be looked for in the intimate personal glimpses it gives of Darwin's character and manner of life when, as a young Alexander, he started forth with new worlds to conquer. Even then his intellectual bent was apparent; his gifts had crystallized; his ambitions were definite; his thirst for research and for ingenious theorizing was insatiable. Up and down the South American pampas he wanders, not merely collecting *megatheriums* and *mylodons*, fossil quadrupeds and migratory glow-worms, but endeavoring with all his might to explain the strange animal and plant and insect life that swarmed beneath as well as

above the ground. Out at sea he meets trails of phosphorescence and a snow-storm of butterflies, and then sails into a zone dense with the gossamery films of the flying spider. Immediately he sets to work to explain to himself and to his readers, with careful notes and contemporaneous observations, what all these tropic and antarctic phenomena mean. He cannot sail laboriously up the estuaries and rivers of Patagonia, or stop over night at a remote *estancia* in Buenos Ayres, or converse with a half-wild *gaucho*,—the centaur of the plains,—without eliciting hitherto unknown facts about geological structure, or the flora and fauna of the prairies, the habits of the *guanacho*, the llama, the condor, or the tropic beetles. Over his journal are scattered many prophetic anticipations of 'The Origin of Species.' This book, like Saadi's ant, collects the food for future writers of thought and discovery. In its picturesque zigzag about the globe it explored the Straits of Magellan, the curious Galapagos Archipelago, the ravines and waterfalls of Tahiti, and Mauritius, most beautiful of mountain-ringed islands. Nothing escapes the lynx-eyes of the naturalist,—the humming-birds of Valparaiso, the frozen carcasses of animals found in Tierra del Fuego, the pottery and shells of Peru, the missionaries of New Zealand, or the grand gulf-like valleys of the Blue Mountains of Australia. Lagoon islands, atolls in the Pacific, volcanoes in the Cordilleras or the Andes, the *infusoria* beds of Brazil, the ravages of imported rats in new countries, or Indian ruins: any and all of these topics seem equally suggestive to Darwin, and he spins over the whole a web of intelligible theory, a world of acute observation through which one is able to look as through a spy-glass and see and understand nature as never before. Darwin's preface to this work is dated 1845; John Murray's prefatory note to the new edition is dated 1889; yet the book is as fresh as if written yesterday.

"Flowers from a Persian Garden"*

SINCE the days of Sir William Jones, Oriental poetry, like Oriental porcelain, has grown more and more fashionable. Vast literatures had developed around the Hindu-Kush which up to this time had been virtually unknown in the West. All of a sudden it was discovered that Saadi had sung, and Jāmi had philosophized, and Firdausi had written epics huge and masterful as Iliad and Odyssey. The plains of India were shown to be as fertile in poets as those of Lombardy had been in painters: for every Italian bell-tower there was a beautiful Persian minaret to match it, for every 'Mona Lisa' or Transfiguration, there was a love song or a rose-song brilliant with all the eccentric rhythms of the East. Persia had her Shiraz as Hellas had her Athens. The lid had been lifted from a life of extraordinary vividness, revealing the jewelled verse of Omar Khāyām and all that singular and lovely work which was passed by Sir Edwin Arnold through the glittering sieve of his translations. Eastern poetry was seen to be no less strange and delightful than Eastern architecture, and its variety was endless. Mr. Clouston, the compiler of the present volume, is one of the Europeans who went to sleep and awoke in this magic garden—a veritable *Gulistan*; and he conveys its enchantment to us in the 'flowers' which he has transplanted, flowers as weird as a coal-black calla or the foamy efflorescence of the new-born Japanese chrysanthemums. Several of his introductory chapters are studded with vases and jars of them gathered from the poems of Saadi, who lived to be a hundred and (like Molère and Socrates) rejoiced in a shrewish wife. Saadi's Oriental wisdom is found in these specimens to be full of the land where it was born,—full of musk and moonlight, of sugar (a Persian word) and nightingales; but its sweetness is tempered with a delicious acidity, with a fleeting humor that tingles on the tongue like the taste of tamarinds. He translates poems and aphorisms, Marcus-Aurelius-like maxims, and sly taunts that suggest La Rochefoucauld.

* The Voyage of the Beagle. By Charles Darwin. New edition. \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Flowers from a Persian Garden. By W. A. Clouston. \$1.75. New York: Scribner & Welford.