

of style is beyond praise, may be said to lead the women poets. Following hard upon her, is Louise Imogen Guiney, a more fiery spirit, yet with no impetuous disregard of form. Helen Gray Cone's "House of Hate" embodies a stern drama of human passion, showing a wonderful mastery of thoughts and words. Ellen Burroughs, more essentially feminine in her tone of mind than the foregoing poets, has a charming delicacy of sentiment and expression. Julie M. Lippmann is another young singer whose verses are beginning to be noted by those who are watchful for what is good in contemporary literature. Her "Song of Days" has a wildwood music, and "It Seems but Yesterday," though pitched in a minor key, is not less melodious. Lizette Woodworth Reese is not a nymph of Dian, like Edith Thomas, or an impassioned sibyl, like Louise Imogen Guiney; but, rather, a child at play among nature's children. Something of that young joy in life which makes the poetry of Keats throb in the heart, is hers also. Orelia Key Bell has a marked aptitude for lyric forms of verse. One of her recent poems, entitled "To Youth," is as pure and delicate as a snow-drap. A year or two ago, Amanda Jones contributed to *The Century* a sequence of bird songs that had a generous gush of melody, the "fine, careless rapture" of those carollings which wake the dawn and echo through blossomy orchard spaces. Harriet Prescott Spofford's "The King's Dust" and Margaret Deland's "Flax Flowers" can not be passed without praise; nor must we forget the little dead poet, Helen Thayer Hutcheson, who sang in such lilting strains of "The Fool's Waltz" and "The Days of the Daisies." Samuel Minturn Peck, though fond of leading the "light-heeled numbers" a merry dance, knows how to touch the source of tears, as in his lines, "At Dawn." In reading "An Alabama Garden" we can almost smell the spicy odor of pinks, and the tender fragrance of old-fashioned roses that shed their pale pink petals upon grass-grown walks. Frank Dempster Sherman, who has written much that is artificial and purely mechanical, returns to his better self in "The Harbor of Dreams," which has the lapsing murmur of tides that ebb and flow in some quiet inlet. Such a sonnet as "A Meeting," by Charles Edwin Markham, comes to give us pause when we are disposed to complain that the spirit of poesy in our times hovers too near the earth. Take them for all in all, we have just cause to be proud of our magazine poets.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

**THE TABLE IN MODERN FICTION.**—Sydney Smith has left us a rhymed recipe for a salad, but the witty preacher never claimed the laurel, and probably wrote out his excellent formula in doggerel only that it might be long remembered. It is in novels that most allusions to the pleasures of the table are to be found. Hardly any novelist of note has omitted to describe a feast of some sort or other. A valuable collection of household hints could be compiled from the allusions of story-writers to defects in meals which they describe. Thackeray was always talking about good dinners or bad ones. His novels are filled with flings at pretentious people who give bad entertainments at which the made dishes come from the pastry cook's and the footmen are grocers' assistants. Once in a while he describes a really well-appointed dinner, and then his delight and appreciation know no bounds. Yet no one can be more scathing when speaking of the sin of gluttony than Thackeray. The meals he has described would fill a good-sized volume. There are dinners at my Lord Steyne's, solemn city dinners, Bohemian dinners at Richmond, the scanty meal served by two footmen on silver dishes at Queen's Crawley, the prodigal feast of Pendennis in his college chambers, the "Temple ordinary," even the daily family gathering around a leg of mutton; we have all these and many more from the pen of this literary *bon vivant*. Dickens's characters mostly belonged to that state of society in which people do not dine, but get something to eat whenever they can. They seem to be always eating and drinking, and many of the amusing things which happen to them have the background of an English inn. Some of the best beloved of all are perpetually hungry. Think of Oliver Twist asking for more, or that perpetual and unsatisfied hunger of Mrs. Gamp's, or of Tiny Tim with his Christmas pudding. There is very little elegance in most of Dickens's feasts, but the beauty of them is that they are always thoroughly enjoyed by the participants. George Eliot describes two notable banquets, one of them the feast in the Rucellai Gardens, at which the chief dish was the tough but classical peacock. All the splendor of Florence at the time of her greatest prosperity is spread before the reader. It is the magnificence of Lucullus repeated, with the added delight of the best of company to enjoy it. The other great dinner she describes is the one given to the tenantry to celebrate Arthur Donnithorne's majority. The great roasts and rivers of malt liquors are a vivid enough contrast to the delicate courses and fine wines of the Florentine feast, but the company is still more diverse. Instead of the quick retorts of Italian wits and scholars and politicians, we have the laborious jokes of the heavy British farmers who think it the best of fun to put the largest man, instead of the most distinguished, at the head of the table, where he can get his dinner in without disturbing his neighbor. Readers of Kingsley's "Hypatia" will remember that the fair philosopher lived on bread and fruit, eating the former under protest as food unfit for the seeker after truth. Flesh of any sort was so base as to seem to her beneath contempt. A favorite device with the older story-writers was to resist their heroines' claims for refinement largely upon their ability to subsist without food. Happily this test is no longer considered final by the reading public. These instances could be multiplied by the hundred. In fact, there is hardly a story-writer of any note who has not used this method of making us better acquainted with his characters. The reason is not far to seek. Thack-

ery could tell English travelers on the Continent by the invariable beef-steaks and fried potatoes which they ordered for breakfast, and what would be easier than to fix the local habitation of an American who ordered pie for the same meal? From a single bone the scientist draws the animal; from a single meal the novelist can often point out the leading characteristics of the man.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### A Naturalist's Voyage Around the World.\*

The sailing of Charles Darwin in the *Beagle*, in 1831, was a notable event in the history of science. The expedition may be said to have discovered Darwin, or at least to have made him known to the world. Had the "Cruise of the *Beagle*" accomplished nothing more, it would not have been in vain. The appearance, in 1839, of this journal, which has been pronounced "the most entertaining book of genuine travels ever written," made him known as an acute and accurate observer, a philosophical thinker and a close reasoner, and established his reputation as a naturalist. It has been, ever since its first appearance, a classic in every scientific library, and a model for every young naturalist, teaching him what to see, how to see, and how to tell what he has seen. This expedition also rendered great service to science in its recognition of the principle that scientific observation might be as legitimate a part of governmental exploration, as mere geographical knowledge, or the collection of statistics of population, production, and possible trade. It sounds strangely, in these days when the domain of natural science is divided and subdivided to such a degree, that the zoologist hardly knows a flower, or the botanist a bug when he sees it, and a scientific expedition would have half a dozen specialists to do the work, that one man should volunteer to make "researches into natural history and geology." But that man was Darwin, and he set an example of interest in every department of science, that might well be followed by all similar expeditions and surveys. The *Beagle* sailed first to South America, nearly circumnavigating the continent, touching at various points and stopping long enough at each to allow of exploration of the surrounding country. He discourses in most attractive style of earthquakes and tidal waves, glaciers and red snow, humming-birds and mammoth tortoises, and especially of the hitherto unknown fossil monsters of the quaternary age. His account of Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan, with their glaciers and icebergs, their scanty flora and fauna, and the wretched natives, is wonderfully graphic and leaves very little to be added by later voyages. There is a striking contrast between this "Journal," and "Around and About South America," noticed in these columns a few weeks ago. The one deals mainly with nature, has very little to do with civilized man, finds humanity doing little for itself, describes long journeys on horseback. The other, fifty years later, describes railroads across the plains and even up the mountains, steamboats on Lake Titicaca, and has much more to tell about cities and manufactures, mines and populations, than about primitive nature. From the west coast the voyage continues across the Pacific, with occasional stops, as at Tahiti and New Zealand, at which places the author bears grateful testimony to the wisdom and success of missionary labor, and at Australia, then little more than a convict settlement. At the Keeling or Cocos Islands Mr. Darwin makes careful study of the structure of coral islands, and propounds his theory of their formation, now generally accepted. Thence their way lies to Mauritius, St. Helena, Brazil for a second time, and home after an absence of five years. The interest of this book will be perennial alike to old and young, the scientific and the unscientific reader, and this new edition renders that immortality every way delightful. It is a comfort to the eye, the illustrations are plentiful, artistic and truthful, and the volume is as ornamental to the parlor table as it is essential to the library shelves.

### A High-Church Layman of England.†

Robert Brett's life, 1808-1874, covered a period of great changes in the Church of England; changes in which he had no small part, and which he regarded as a return to original and Scriptural practices. He was a "medical man," and did much good work in his profession; never making it very lucrative, however, and subordinating it to his religious activities. He is chiefly known as the founder of St. Matthias', Stoke Newington, where ritualistic practices in worship first largely prevailed; and whose first vicar, Mr. Pope, seceded to Rome. On the Sunday after Mr. Pope's secession it was rumored that the curate meant to follow him. Mr. Brett, as churchwarden, went to the vestry before service, and plainly asked him what he intended to do. The curate replied that he did not know. "Ought you not then," said Brett, "to take that surplice?" "I suppose I ought," said the curate, suiting his action to the word, and next day he, too, was "received" into the Roman communion! How such experiences must have tried a faithful man like Brett may be imagined. It is a fair question, however, whether these men were doing any more than carrying out Mr. Brett's principles to their logical conclusion.

\**A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World. Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage Round the World of H. M. S. Beagle*, by Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. New edition with illustrations by R. T. Tritchett of places visited and objects described. \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.  
†*Robert Brett (of Stoke Newington): His Life and Work*. By T. W. Belcher, D. D., D. M. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 414.