

the Colossus itself, but still very notable. Most of the Rhodian sculptures found their way to Rome, and some of them are to be seen there still, such as the Laocoon and the Farnese Bull.

It is within late years, or almost months, that the finds of M. Biliotti at Camirus and Ialysus have disclosed the full force of the Egyptian influences on the earlier art of Rhodes. Scarabs were manufactured in Rhodes with hieroglyphic inscriptions on them as blundering as those which ignorant copyists of to-day produce when they introduce Egyptian patterns in their work; pseudo-Egyptian *aryballoi* have been found together with genuine Egyptian porcelain in profusion in the tombs of Ialysus. And besides this influence on art the theological influence was equally marked, for the Rhodians were the first Greeks to set up temples to Egyptian gods within their walls, and to incorporate them in their theology. To the gods of Egypt the Rhodians sent complimentary presents, and in return the Egyptians sent gifts to the gods of Rhodes; religious intolerance was apparently unknown in those days.—*The Athenæum*.

THE CLOCK AN INDEX OF CULTURE.\*

ALL history is interesting, but none more so than that which undertakes to trace the development of articles in every-day use. Historians are wont to deny the name of history to everything outside the realm of national or political significance, but, spite of them, culture-history has crept in upon them, and everything which contributes to a knowledge of the progress of the mind and capabilities of man is now enrolled as an integral part of this fascinating study. And what more worthy of such a discussion than the beautiful clock of modern times, at once an ornament and a necessity to every household? Constantly improving as the ages roll on, the clock is both a measure of time and of culture, an indication that man is more waking than sleeping, and hence has more time for mental improvement. It may be devoid of significance, and yet it is worthy of mention that the mechanical improvements in watches and clocks all come from countries in which a love of liberty is strong—France, Switzerland, England, and America. Holland, too, is deserving of mention as having contributed, through Huyghens (at the end of the fifteenth century), to the invention of watches, an honour which he shares with Hook, an Englishman, though watches were not serviceable until Barlow's came, in 1675. But it is with ancient and not modern clocks that we have to do. And the measure of time, like the terms for it, originated in Babylonia. That country, from whose partly decimal and sexagesimal system come our seconds, minutes, and hours, is at the bottom of much that is interesting in culture-history.

The day was obviously the first time unit. The Babylonians counted it from midday to midday; the Egyptians and Romans from midnight to midnight, and the Hebrews and Greeks from sunset till sunset. This simple statement disposes of many theories. The ancient fallacy was that everything was copied from Egypt, yet now nothing seems more unlikely. The present writers of Hebrew history are beginning to assert that they are but a copy of the Babylonians, but that too seems far from probable.

The most popular of early clocks seems to have been the cock; *gallinicum* was the Roman name for early morning. The Talmud thanks God for "having given understanding to the cock to distinguish between day and night." The ass, too, was in all probability a sort of measure of time, as well as the dog, while plants and crops must have measured the seasons. The first exact measurement of time, however, was by means of shadows. Throughout the Bible and in all early literature we find allusions and hints which unmistakably show that the use of shadows reaches back to the earliest historic times. The first real clock was undoubtedly a sun clock, and as it had twelve divisions, was probably invented by the Babylonians, though certainly much older than the time of Berosus (a Chaldean priest, of about 280 B. C.), to whom it is sometimes ascribed. It was improved by Eudoxus, an astronomer and physician of Kneidos and contemporary of Plato, and its usefulness was increased by Skopas of Syracuse.

But the sun clock—great an invention as it was—did not long satisfy. No sooner had the sun gone down than the world was again without a measure of time. Plato accordingly conceived the idea of a water clock, which Ktesibus of Alexandria perfected and Cesar Cornelius Naphicus introduced into Rome. And in Germany water-clocks held their own until the beginning of the seventeenth century. Water, however, made way for sand. Water clocks were bulky, not transportable, and much affected by changes in temperature, so that sand clocks gradually took their place and continued in favour until modern times. The details of manufacture and improvement are quite as interesting as the broad facts of development in the history of clocks, but the facts attainable are chiefly those of tradition, carrying with them no such inherent probability as the natural evolution we have described.—*Philadelphia American*.

PHILOSOPHY can never replace religion; revolutionaries are not apostles, although the apostles may have been revolutionaries.—*Amiel*.

THE century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing. . . . The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline: on the one hand a progress of things; on the other a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful; industry, of art; political economy, of religion; and arithmetic, of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of a rebelling age.—*Amiel*.

\*"Die Uhr Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte der Alten." Von Dr. Sam Spitzer. Essek: 1885.

ROSES.

NATURE has fashioned as fair  
Which of her posies?  
Man in his choicest parterre  
Treasures his roses.  
Rose of the garden, by man beguiled,  
Thou hast grown double in art;  
Sweet, single rose of the woodland wild,  
I can see straight to thy heart.

Dearest art thou when the day  
Wanes in the west,  
Luring young lovers to stray  
Forth in thy quest;  
Till with her golden heart sighing perfume,  
Her cheek faint flushing above,  
They have found and plucked the perfect bloom  
Of the deathless rose of love.

—A. P. G. in the Spectator.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

PRINCESS. By M. G. McClelland. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

While "Princess" is in its way undoubtedly a charming little novel, its way is a decidedly less ambitious and successful one than that of "Oblivion" the author's first venture. This is a story of Virginia and divorce. There are a number of subordinate episodes, but the main event seems to be the falling in love of a Northern divorced man with a Southern maiden who shares with her family the invincible repugnance of the South to the easy marital repudiation of the North. As her scruples are overcome at length by the unaided logic of love, however, and she marries him in the last chapter while yet his first wife is alive and flourishing, the divorce having been obtained simply on the ground of unsuitability, it is hard to recognise in Miss McClelland's book any moral motive, whatever. The heroine's struggles being unsuccessful, can hardly be said to count against the laxity which she illustrates. The author, indeed, by making her story a mere recital of events as they occur every day without bias for or against their justifiableness, seems to imply that the institution of divorce, as it is in the United States, is to be condoned after all by circumstances. Apart from the negative moral quality of the book it has many good points. Its Virginian flavour is delicious, its people are all well-bred, its dialogue easy and natural, and if it has no aspirations it has few affectations. It is simply a piquant story, in which we never lose sight of the story-teller. It has little earnestness, little concentration; it displays much less literary skill than did "Oblivion." The depiction of character is only good in two or three instances; as a general thing it is so thin that the grain of the canvas is very perceptible underneath. It should have been brought out before "Oblivion," for it suffers vastly, in our opinion, by contrast with the author's earlier work.

HANNIBAL OF NEW YORK. By T. Wharton. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The existence of the American millionaire is a prolific source of authorship in almost every department. He has been the subject of biographies, of political treatises, of sermons, of economic discussions, of "tracts for the times" without number. Geographies of his landed possessions have been compiled, and histories of his commercial transactions are available at every bookseller's. Enterprising newspaper correspondents have made their journalistic reputations forever by ascertaining the size of his boots, the salary of his *chef*, or the nature of his domestic troubles. He has not yet submitted to vivisection for the benefit of scientific essayists curious as to the internal structure of millionaires; but this is positively the only department of literature which he has not actively stimulated. He is directly responsible for the existence of the vast amount of fiction which "Hannibal of New York" fairly typifies. He is its inspiration, not as a man but as a millionaire. The American novelist seems to have found in him a new species of humanity, evolved in some inconceivable way from ordinary fleshly material and extraordinary financial conditions. It is now in order for somebody to write a book called "The Alchemy of Wall Street," which should explain the process by which a common man with an often contemptible nature is transmuted, by certain shrewd operations in that locality, into a creature worthy to be the hero of volume after volume of current fiction.

Mr. Wharton has become so impressed with the potency of the capitalist as a lever to raise popular curiosity that he has put two in his novel "Hannibal"—St. Joseph and a Mr. Cradge. There is a plot of an