

opinion of German cooking. After praising the "vast abundance" of their provisions, he adds that "nothing in our own way of living can be found equal to it." "Their kitchens," he says, "are incomparably superior to those of our great houses;" and he was sorry he had not brought his cook with him to learn the German methods.

The chief interest of the book, however, lies in the revelation it affords of the character of Montaigne himself, his urbanity, courage, and serenity of mind. He must have suffered acute pain, for he went about, to use Sainte-Beuve's vivid phrase, "semant ses pierres et graviers sur les routes," but he was always alert, cheerful, even happy. This character is revealed unconsciously and with complete consistency on every page of the *Journal*, nowhere perhaps more fully than in the account of Montaigne's long stay at the Baths of Lucca, where, he tells us, "one night the country people danced together, and I joined in the sport so as not to seem over ceremonious"; and where, on another night, he himself gave a ball. This function involved the giving of presents to the ladies, and there is a pleasant Cinderella-like touch about the fact which he records, that one pair of shoes went "to a pretty girl who did not come to the ball."

A deeply interesting book, and yet it is hardly known in England (a translation by W. Hazlitt the younger was annexed to his edition of the *Essays* in 1842), and even in France, as Mr. Waters tells us with surprise, it never roused much enthusiasm. Why? Two reasons are, we think, suggested by Sainte-Beuve's delightful essay on "Montaigne en Voyage" in the *Nouveaux Lundis*. Sainte-Beuve there admits that the book is of no interest in a literary point of view, and that Montaigne indulges in hardly a single reflection. That is a large admission and accounts for the disappointment of readers who take up the *Journal*, not as a record of travel and a piece of autobiography, but in the hope that they will find something like a volume of posthumous *Essays*. Again, Sainte-Beuve contrasts Montaigne and Chateaubriand. Mon-