

under its burden. Its faults are largely those of over-possession; they are such weeds as no meagre soil produces. In the initial poem, "Herakles,"—and not here only—is manifest the influence of Keats. This is an epic in eight books, filled with a confusion of riches. The intrusion of the Centaurs upon the retreat of Herakles,

"A world
Surrendered all to shadows, cool and dim,"

is thus finely given:—

"Glad they seemed,
Hurling precipitously on, then checked
To watch the swifter passage of some shaft:
Garrulous in their games they were, and filled
Each pause and moment of expectancy
With cries. But silent grew they when they saw
Herakles, twice terrific in his fear,
There burning;"—

In Book IV. is told the death of Cheiron, whose body is borne away from the presence of Herakles by strange, great shapes, somewhat vaguely, yet impressively outlined. These shapes are succeeded by a procession of beings, described in a series of pictures such as the following:—

"Then, sleeping, blown by music, brought by clouds
Recumbent, came another royal form,
Whose hand trailed idly on the hoary earth.
Half restless, as in trance, the next one roamed,
By sleep abandoned, yet by dreams abused,
A silver form shot through and veined with fire."

On page 65 is an apostrophe to Death, which is beautiful and new. Instance this too brief extract:—

"O undivorced, last bed-fellow of man,
Is thy kiss as the promise of thine eyes
Potent and fatal, thine embrace so full
Of fervent passion and fulfilled desire,
That none may need to dream, and none need wake,
Kissed ever by thy cool delirious mouth—?"

This, from the beginning of Book VIII., contains in the last two lines a splendid piece of word-painting:—

"But I will back unto those shapes that make
A legendary murmur in the hills,
There sunk, by early revel overcome.
I touch a goblet of the muse's wine,
I drink, and am a Greek and am a god.
Again I guide my sheep by streams, that wind
With pastoral flutings in their reedy verge;
Or up embowered and eternal slopes
Drive herds of lofty cattle toward the sun."

But Mr. Moore is not always a Greek. In Part VII. of a modern poem, Don Spirito, he gives this beautiful picture of a South American city:—

"A-riot for half the day with the rush of its sea-maned steeds,
And quiet for half the day with the pictures of clouds in its reeds;
In the harbor the forests' stir, the trample of winds in the street:
City of tumult, Para, where Atlantic and Amazon meet;

Red rise its towers at morn, and an anger of light from them gleams,
White and hushed they lie, at night, like the sculpture of dreams."

Part II. of the same poem is a charming piece of ornate narrative in *ottava rima*. This measure Mr. Moore has handled very skilfully, and with an ease and fluidity that one would gladly see approached in his blank verse. The conclusion reached on closing the book is that one has indeed gone through some hard reading, but has been on the whole well repaid. One cannot but feel, at the same time, that a little hard labour with the file would well repay the author. Such impossible rhymes as "warm" and "calm" are rather out of place in a volume of this character.

MAGNA CHARTA STORIES. Edited by Arthur Gilman, A.M. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is one of those exquisite little volumes for the young people which are likely to slip not seldom into the hands of older readers. Mr. Gilman has gathered together twelve vivid narratives, of as many episodes in ancient and mediæval history by which the cause of freedom was advanced. The events selected for narration are such as stand out very clearly on the records of the past; and they are told of in compact, attractive style. The natural taste of a child for a "true story," is gratified here in such a way as to send him with eager interest on the search after fuller information on his subject; and at the end of each story are directions which will guide his search effectively. Not one of the stories is tame, and it is hard to imagine a more seductive means of beguiling a child into reading what

he ought to read. The fault most frequently noticeable is that of over simplicity, as if the writer were consciously unbending, placing herself too elaborately on a level with the minds of her readers. This is nowhere sufficiently marked to mar the interest of the narrative; but there is nothing to be gained by "writing down" to one's audience, when that audience consists of intelligent children. Among the very best of the stories may be mentioned that by Susan Coolidge, entitled, "At the Toe of the Big Boot;" Lizzie W. Champney's "Two Immortal Names;" and "Miltiades at Marathon," by the Editor. Probably no one who has undertaken to tell the story of Hannibal has succeeded in being uninteresting; certainly Mrs. Sherwood, in "The Triumph of an Idea," has not. This is an excellent piece of work, genuinely sympathetic in its tone; but here and there, in the bits of imaginary soliloquy, we cannot but notice a little of the "writing down." Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributes "The Barbarian's Overthrow." As might be taken for granted, this story contains richly imaginative passages, and has a delightful flavour. But it is a little uneven; and the battle itself, the great Battle of Chalons, is dismissed with provoking lack of ceremony. At this not unimportant point the narrative must be regarded as inadequate. As for the publishers, their work leaves nothing to be desired. The little volume is rich and heavy; the binding exceedingly tasteful. Most of the illustrations are effective, particularly the well-drawn design, entitled, "At the Secret Pass."

WORLD-LIFE; OR, COMPARATIVE GEOLOGY. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This volume, as may be gathered from the title, is one that must be of profound interest, not alone to scientists and thinkers, but to the reading world at large. It is not long since Professor Winchell gave a book to the world on the Preadamites, a work which, from the conscientious and pains-taking character of its conclusions, brought admiration and respect where it did not carry conviction; and now the same author is before the public with the volume mentioned above in his hand. The discussions in his book are, let it be said, conducted from the standpoint of nebular cosmogony, so that those who differ from the professor will, in the greater number of cases, find it necessary to go back and quarrel with the theory assumed when the author set out. Before pointing in a few words to the scope of the book, it may be said that Professor Winchell does not give us a work made out of his own materials entirely; he has rather put in concise, clear, and, certainly, very interesting form, the deductions of all the noted men of science. Having set forth these theories—though naturally enough the professor gives to each fact stated a direction in application, so as often to make it do duty to his own conviction—the author declares it to be part of his intention to leave the reader with "a profound impression of the omnipresence and supremacy of One Intelligence." The professor's "One Intelligence," however, it is not unfair to say, is the Divinity of a generous reason like the author's own, rather than one such as we learn of in the Revealed Word; for Mr. Winchell has had a human parent for Adam. But this by the way. Most fascinating, even where not convincing, are the theories by which it is explained to us how worlds are developed from the "world-stuff" that floats through inter-stellar space. "This characteristic world-stuff, born out of ether, in the depths of space or however born, strewn through the depths of space, is acted upon by forces of attraction and probably of repulsion. The material particles, either as atoms, or, less probably, as molecules, are drawn by mutual attraction into groups or swarms." Binding his faith to the nebular theory, he re-states the case, and pictures a planetary body at a certain period in a state of fire-mist, tracing its development onward and upward. On page 218 Mr. Winchell shows that, as solid glass will float on molten glass, and solid iron upon molten iron, it is easy, and indeed logical, to conceive of the solidification of the earth beginning at the surface; though later on he does not courageously grapple with the theory of the thorough rigidity of our planet. On page 259 he accepts the theory of Mr. Darwin, that the moon and the earth once formed a mass of mist-fire, after having been detached from the parent sun, and that divorce took place after the earth had assumed a molten or plastic condition. It is interesting then to read of a day—it was 52,000,000 years ago—only an hour and a half long, and a night of the same duration, when there were no lunar tides, but a solar "bore" raced round the earth once every ninety minutes. During the Palæozoic ages here, too, it is vouched, the moon was only a sixth of her present distance from the earth; tides rose 648 feet, which would be sufficient to flood the St. Lawrence River to Niagara Falls into Lake Erie, and all the way round to Chicago. All New England, it is shown, would be an archipelago, all the cities of our eastern slope would be inundated, and the greater part of the Gulf States be for a few hours sea-bottom. The professor estimates that if the earth's incrustation began 14,000,000 years ago, and the moon's