

ing divinely sent, although a most harmless pastime may become bad for a particular person."

THERE is no doubt that Paderewski is one of the solid sensations of the London season; his popularity is beyond question. Of course, London hears the very best pianists the world can offer. To succeed there is, indeed, no easy task; but the frequency of Paderewski's appearance in the best class of concerts, and the general verdict of the press shows that he has merits of the highest order, and that those merits have been fully recognized abroad.—*Freund's*.

THE London *Times* states that, by his new invention, Mr. Edison will reproduce an entire opera. He does not mean to show it in miniature, but will represent the stage with the actors moving, speaking and singing. The players will be life size, and the music will be exactly reproduced. The result is a gigantic photograph, not merely of the actors, but of the entire stage scenery and furniture. In order to obtain this result it will be necessary to have a phonograph large enough to contain a cylinder capable of recording every sound made during the thirty minutes, which is about the average duration of an act in a play. It would, of course, be impossible to change the cylinders of the phonograph or stop the kinetograph during the act. As a means of amusement, Mr. Edison's new invention promises to be a great success. From the reel of film which will contain the original photograph, Mr. Edison expects to make numberless duplicates. These will be sold, so that a person owning a machine may buy any opera he may wish to reproduce in his own house. The "Theatrophone" which transmits the music and dialogue that takes place on the stage is already at work in Paris, and the company which owns the invention expects to make it a commercial success.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND GERMANY. By John Wenzel. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.

The order in which Mr. Wenzel tabulates the Governments he has chosen to view comparatively is, as the title shows, graded from republicanism to monarchy. His scheme is meagre to a fault, and its only value lies in the fact that the differences between the four Governments in point of constitution, sovereign (or chief magistrate), cabinet, and house of representatives are so placed as to be visible at a glance. The little work would have been increased in value in a geometrical ratio if its compiler had allowed himself more latitude. For example, under "Constitution" all he has to say regarding the United States is as follows: "Adoption: Present Constitution adopted September 17, 1789. Amendments: Congress may, by two-thirds vote of both Houses, propose amendments to the Constitution, or upon application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, must be ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof. Form of Government: Republic." Of course this is correct as far as it goes, but it goes so very short a distance. While Mr. Wenzel was about it, too, why did he not add to his list a few more Governments? Serbia has a most interesting constitutional history, brief as it is. Russia would have been a welcome addition; few people know much of the internal executive and administrative functions of that unwieldy empire. Switzerland's forms of representation are highly interesting and are daily becoming commoner topics of discussion. Neither is anything said of colonial methods of self-government, nor of the various relationships between colonies and their parents. Here is a large field for tabulated comparative views. We hope Mr. Wenzel will take these hints and set to work on a more ambitious scale.

LIFE OF ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. By W. Wallace, Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford. London: Walter Scott, 1890. (Great Writers' Series, edited by Professor Eric S. Robertson.)

It is rather curious to see the name Schopenhauer in a series which includes those of Byron, Jane Austen, Keats, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Charlotte Brontë; and the fact raises the question why Schopenhauer should be popular in England at all—for that he is popular to a certain extent and amongst a certain class of readers seems evident, otherwise Professor Robertson would not have "put him on his list," nor Professor Wallace undertaken the task of writing about him. Can it be that pessimism is becoming more general? This is extremely unlikely; Hartmann and not Schopenhauer would in all probability have been its prophet had this been the case. Perhaps his popularity does not spring from his philosophical system—if Schopenhauer may be said to have had a philosophical system. This is probably nearer the truth. Englishmen, we take it, are attracted, not so much by the abstract metaphysical theory of the world as will and idea, as they are by Schopenhauer's other theories—those, for example, on science, history, art, music, the relations of the sexes—in a word, on life. Proof of this is seen in the fact that even in metaphysical Germany it was not his "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" that "took," it was his "Parerga und Paralipomena" (it is from this latter work, if we are not mistaken, that the

series of "Essays," published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, are taken). Also one may go so far as to say that Schopenhauer had no formulated system—he himself calls his greatest work (one in four books, by the way) as simply the elucidation, exposition, or amplification of a single idea. He was not, as Professor Wallace rightly points out, a philosopher in the more restricted and technical sense of that word. He built up a, possibly vague, possibly incoherent, theory of life; he was untrammelled by preconceived ethical or religious doctrines; he felt and added force to that reaction against purely physical or materialistic science now gaining strength on every side—as evidenced by the growing advocacy of telepathy, hypnotism, theosophy, spiritualism, and allied propagandism; and he expressed glowing, attractive, and highly original views on such topics in popular language, railing meanwhile at not a few of his contemporary academical philosophers. It is the combined influence of such facts as these that has brought Schopenhauer to the notice of readers to whom a systematic theory of man and the universe would have little or no attraction. The general reader has neither the time nor the inclination, nor probably the mental ability, to follow out a carefully reasoned philosophical cosmogony or ontology or phenomenology; but he delights in a certain class of speculations upon these topics, speculations expressed in language intelligible to a certain extent and shadowy enough to leave him free to think for himself—or rather, perhaps, to omit many details unthought of and, in his view, unthinkable. This Schopenhauer does.

The Professor Wallace who writes the volume before us is, we take it, the translator and editor of Hegel's "Logic," and to say this is to say that to commend his life of Arthur Schopenhauer is quite needless. The only thing to be regretted is that the biographer's space was so limited. Yet within the compass of some two hundred pages he has succeeded in telling us a great deal not only of the life but also of the theories of his author. An exhaustive criticism of Schopenhauer's main doctrine is, of course, not in this little book to be expected, and for a history and review of modern pessimism we must either go to Sully or to the numerous and increasing works and articles on this fascinating subject. Perhaps Professor Wallace does little more than whet the appetite to know more of the curious mind and character to which he introduces us. But to do this is to do much. To many, no doubt, pessimism appears the dimmest of philosophies, and to treat of it and of one of its upholders in a way that excites a wholesome curiosity to know more of both is to render a service to the history of thought.

Another bit of praise we must give this book: it has a capital summary of contents, a capital index, and still better bibliography, compiled by Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT is still being written of. The second article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July is a short but interesting account of him by Mr. L. J. Jennings, M.P. Every fresh writer has something good to say of this, perhaps the most fascinating, character of modern times. Neither is this universality of eulogium merely prompted by the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Laurence Oliphant must indeed have been a most lovable man. Mirabeau is another character at present evoking not a little interest, prompted, in all probability, by the late M. Lomiénié's recently issued work, in which "a whole history of his ancestry has been written . . . to divine the formation of so singular a man." This work forms the basis of another article in the same magazine. Mrs. Williams contributes some unpublished letters of Charlotte Brontë's. These are the most important items in an average number of this excellent periodical.

A MOST sympathetic and interesting article on Laurence Oliphant makes up for an otherwise not over-strong number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month. This article, although presumably a review of Mrs. Oliphant's biography, is in reality a delightful little sketch of his life, with here and there a quotation from the work reviewed. One of these we must give—an extract from a letter written when in Canada under Lord Elgin as Superintendent-General of Indian affairs: "My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition, and on confidential terms with the Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine (the galleries are always full), I go up there and criticize members and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into members' laps neatly folded, who pass them to the original,—by which time I have

regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity, and when a Bishop or a Cabinet Minister calls, I take their apologies for intruding as if I was doing them a favour. I am afraid of hazarding a joke unless I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Bruce, that they are scandalized by a lark young cove like me." A long article on "Recent French Novels" is occupied with Zola, Octave Feuillet, Victor Cherbuliez, Georges Ohnet and Pierre Loti. A Son of the Marshes, whom the *Saturday Review* ranks with Richard Jefferies, writes a pleasing paper called "A Road-side Naturalist." The late Bishop of Jamaica, Dr. Reginald Courtenay, contributes a very disappointing article on "Telepathy." It is curious how little, outside of France and excluding the researches of the Society for Psychical Research, this subject seems to occupy the scientific mind. Even at the recent meeting of the Association of Neurologists and Alienists of South Western Germany—a body of men upon whom Nancy and Salpêtrière, one would imagine, would have shed more than a little influence—there was but one paper touching on the subject of hypnotism and allied phenomena—that, namely, of Professor Steiner, of Cologne, on "Hysterical Sleep." Dr. Courtenay's paper is wholly unscientific.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. T. E. MOBERLY'S beautiful poem on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, first published in the *Empire* of June 9th, has been reprinted in full by the *Colonies and India*.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is about to follow the example of Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. Walter Besant, and other well-known authors, and supply a weekly column of gossip to the flourishing newspaper, *Black and White*.

MR. A. H. BULLEN, the well-known student of Elizabethan literature, has recently become a partner in a publishing firm, to trade under the title of Lawrence and Bullen. The new concern will have its premises in New Bond Street.

SIR WILLIAM FRASER intends to follow up his collection of anecdotes of Disraeli with another work, giving anecdotes and reminiscences of Napoleon the Third, Thackeray, Dickens, Gustave Doré, Lytton, Emile Augier, Dumas the Elder, Regnier, Macready, Charles Kean, Mme. Vestris and Count Rossi.

THE monument to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which is to be erected in the market place of Ledbury, where she spent much of her childhood, will be a brick tower, with stone copings, about 120 feet high. A large clock will ornament one side. In a niche below will be a bust of Mrs. Browning, with an inscription and quotation from "Aurora Leigh."

AT the last meeting of the "Sette of Olde Volumes" Mr. C. P. Johnson read a characteristic sketch by Thackeray which he has happily rescued from an oblivion of fifty years. It is entitled "Reading a Poem," and was published in a long vanished weekly newspaper, *The Britannia*, commencing on May 1, 1841. The sketch is speedily to be republished from the text of the paper in the British Museum, which is supposed to be the only copy now in existence.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., author of "Obiter Dicta" and other popular books, during a recent visit to his constituents in Fifeshire, gave a lecture at the mining village of Cowdenbeath; its title was "The Wit and Wisdom of the World for a Five-Pound Note." He had laid out that precise sum in books, and brought them with him to Cowdenbeath; and with this collection on the table before him he declared that a very considerable portion of the accumulated literary treasures of the world—worth more to man than all the coal fields of the United Kingdom—were within reach of his arm.

A VOLUME of Canadian humorous verse is being arranged for by James Barr, a bright and patriotic Canadian, now representing the *Detroit Free Press* in London, England. He thinks a creditable book can be produced and is well able to work up the material, having lately edited the American Humour volume of the *Canterbury Poets Series*. The proposed work will be issued in an international series by the same well-known publisher, Walter Scott, of London and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Everyone who may be in position to make suggestions of names or poems should hasten to do so to Mr. Barr, care of *Detroit Free Press Office*, 335 Strand, London, W.C., England.

RUMOUR has it that Miss Olive Schreiner, who is at present living at Matjesfontein, is going shortly to contribute a number of letters upon life in South Africa to the *Illustrated London News*, which is apparently determined not to be cut out by the *Daily Graphic*. Mr. Shorter, the latest editor of the famous weekly, is quite a young man, as editors go, short, thickset, with curly dark hair, and bright eyes shielded by glasses. When he came into power, he is said to have behaved remarkably like the proverbial new broom, and to have swept the office very clean indeed of former contributors. Be that as it may, he seems to be full of energy and enterprise, and not at all likely to let his charge falter along the journalistic pathways.