

One of the most romantic facts in his short life was the well-known incident of his behaviour to Angélique des Mesliers. It may be supposed that Marceau was in love with this beautiful girl of eighteen, but such was not the case. In writing to tell his sister Emira of the rescue of Angélique and of his victory over the Vendéans he says: "At that moment it occurred to me that she was of your sex, and I thought that perhaps she too had a brother who loved her." Moreover, his heart was already filled by Agathe, the beautiful daughter of the Comte de Châteaugiron. Marceau's career as a soldier was dramatically successful. He became a general of brigade at the age of twenty-four, and a month afterwards he was advanced to the rank of general of division. For a short time, at the close of the year, he was Commander-in-Chief *ad interim* of the Army of the West. Two and a half years were spent, first with the Army of the Ardennes, and afterwards with the Army of the Sambre et Meuse. Mortally wounded on September 19th, 1795, while commanding Jourdan's rearguard, he was buried amidst signs of grief and marks of respect both of the French and Austrians. He possessed thorough practical knowledge of the details of his profession, and had improved himself by an amount of study of the science of war very uncommon in those days. A skilful tactician, he was as firm as he was daring. If he had a fault, it was a reluctance to count odds when these were against him. An admirable division leader, he gave indications that had he lived longer he would have taken his place among the ablest commanders of his time. Capt. Johnson has performed his task with considerable ability, but the absence of an index is little less than a crime, and we could have wished for more diagrams.

Although he lived at a time so eventful in the naval annals of his country, there is nothing particularly stirring in the *Journal of Rear-Admiral Bartholomew James, 1752-1828*, which Prof. Laughton has edited for the Navy Records Society. James was a good officer; but he does not appear to have been ambitious, and he was contented after the peace of Amiens (which was dated 1802, and not 1801, as Prof. Laughton by a slip puts it) to come on shore and command the Sea Fencibles in Cornwall from the time the struggle with France was renewed till the peace of 1814. He began his journal when he was in a French prison at Le Trou, in St. Domingo. The most interesting portion is that describing the siege of Yorktown, and he speaks highly of the conduct of the French after the surrender:—

"Happy am I to give a very different account of the French civility and humanity than the one I was obliged to mention when a prisoner with them in St. Domingo; and I cannot do it more fully than by saying it was in every particular the very reverse to the savage treatment of that island; not only happy in rendering us every attention, and being truly delicate in their behaviour towards us, but they gave us a captain's guard of grenadiers to protect us from the insolence and abuse of the American soldiers, who otherwise would have robbed us of the few things we had left at the end of the siege."

On his return to England in the summer of 1782 he found the influenza prevalent:—

"On the day of my joining this ship in Falmouth harbour the ship's company was taken ill of the then reigning and fashionable disorder, the influenza."

There are many passages in the volume that might be quoted, but nothing particularly striking. James was a trifle eccentric, but a shrewd man at the same time.

SHORT STORIES.

Tales of our Coast. By S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, Harold Frederic, W. Clark Russell, and Q. (Chatto & Windus.)—Vivid and informing should be the stories of our coast, taken from points so various as Galloway and Munster, Lincolnshire and the Land's End,

and by so strong a company of writers as that whose names appear on the title-page; and yet the reader will probably be doubtful whether he has had an entertainment so excellent as might have been anticipated. Mr. Crockett leads off with a story excessively thin in its texture, though the meeting of the young smuggler with "Maxwell" of Mochrum is well imagined. Mr. Crockett should really limit his output, if he is to maintain any sort of quality. Mr. Gilbert Parker's Lincolnshire story possesses more substance, and is condensed rather than expanded in the letters. "Back and forth," like other Americanisms, has probably its origin in some peasant dialect, but we do not feel confident that its home is in Lincolnshire. 'The Path of Murtogh' is a bloody tragedy of the Hibernian flavour, and Mr. Harold Frederic has known how to convey histale of the fierce sixteenth century seaking in diction appropriate to the scene. 'That There Mason,' which closes the book, is a perfect photograph of the "worst-tempered man on the coast" about Ramsgate. We can sympathize entirely, however, with that disappointed longshoreman in resenting to any point of ferocity the insolent remarks on George IV.'s obelisk with which his interviewer thought it good taste to begin his conversation. The best of this readable collection is the contribution of Q, 'Roll-call of the Reef,' whether spirit, style, or substance be considered. It savours of the awful; but they are dignified ghosts, these hussars and marines, who had to pay for their many sins, but could each report on that mysterious parade-ground that "I died as a man ought."

Rita handicaps her volume of short stories—*Vignettes* (White & Co.)—by occasional carelessness. Such a spelling as "goaler" is singularly "ill-stared." "The annals of jurisdiction" may be considered a new phrase, but does not express her meaning. For the rest, most of the stories are readable, and one or two ('Snow-White,' for instance) are pathetic. Terence O'Hara's Irishwoman does not, we fancy, speak a very good brogue, but her kindly character is true to life. One of the best sketches is Mrs. Lyle in 'The Irony of Fate.'

Nets for the Wind. By Una Taylor. (Lane.)—The plain little parlour-maid who appears to have got her hair entangled in the lawn-tennis net, which she seems to be endeavouring to erect (presumably on a suburban lawn), gives little indication by her figure on the title-page of the strange matters to be found within. The title story is, perhaps, the most perplexing. Hesper loves a certain Joel (we cannot commend the writer's choice of names), but refuses to marry him, so far as we are able to follow his proposal, because his idea of love is not sufficiently intense for the passion she entertains on her side, or because she does not consider her own emotions exactly of the proper extravagance to be the counterpart of his. At any rate, she holds herself aloof, and besieges Heaven, in prayers that have about them more than a tinge of blasphemy, that the ineffable something may be grasped which is to weld together two loving hearts. In the mean time one Sylvanus, a painter, woos her in cryptic utterances, and Joel having met a maiden more coherent and satisfying, poor Hesper (though her first lover returns to his allegiance), worn out with her agonies of self-consciousness, expires upon her wedding-day. Doubtless a choice allegory underlies the narrative; but we would not anticipate the reader by venturing to guess at its solution. The other tales in the volume are all more or less concerned with the unutterable affection of woman, misunderstood for the most part, or misplaced. It may be granted that the author possesses a nice descriptive style, and occasionally an epigrammatic turn of dialogue. But the matter has more surface than depth, and much of the eloquence is wasted on what is really commonplace:—

"The statue is stronger than I," said the sculptor. 'It has no needs. Without bread it will not starve, without water it will not thirst. Pain, before which man is powerless, before it is impotent.'"

The theme is yet further enlarged upon, though it is fair to say the trite and the utter do not often appear in such close combination.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Pope's Essay on Man, Epistles I.-IV. Edited by E. E. Morris. (Macmillan & Co.)—We are by no means in love with the tradition which prescribes the 'Essay on Man' as a class-book. It is not calculated to present the study of literature to the beginner in an attractive light. The subject is uninviting to him, and the treatment uninspiring. It is, perhaps, a good grammatical exercise to paraphrase the formal periods into simple and natural English, but we do not like to see great works of literature used merely as material for grammatical dissection; and to appreciate the real merits of Pope's style requires more literary training than the young student is likely to possess. If it is necessary to take subjects from the eighteenth century, either Goldsmith or Gray would be a better choice. But so long as the poem is set for important examinations it will have to be studied, and in this case Mr. Morris's edition is as good as another. He has fulfilled with industry and discretion what must have been a tedious task. We should have been glad, for the sake of the eyes of the rising generation, of a blacker type and more liberal spacing; but for this Mr. Morris's publishers are probably responsible, and not Mr. Morris.

Pitt Press Series.—Thucydides, Book III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. W. Spratt, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.)—At last an editor has proved himself capable of doing for Thucydides what it was once hoped that Richard Shilleto would do, namely, produce a thoroughly satisfactory and permanent edition. A large amount of post-graduate study has recently consisted of editing classical books, with the result that the editor is more benefited by his work than his readers. Mr. Spratt's studies, on the other hand, have advanced so far that his readers can reap a rich harvest of ripe and sound scholarship, displayed in a thoroughly conscientious treatment of his subject. Much labour and attention has been devoted to the text and *apparatus criticus*, which prove that, though Mr. Spratt is a staunch conservative, his diplomatics are quite up to date. Continental editors, and critics also, receive due recognition, especially Hude, Cobet, and Van Herwerden; but their alterations of the text presented or suggested by MSS. are seldom adopted, for our editor cherishes a reasoned scepticism as to the value of the elaborate mechanism which modern critics ply with so much assurance. He incisively remarks:—

"Indeed, palaeography, in some ways, serves to the scholar the function of the microscope to the physician; it reveals in greater intensity the infinite possibilities of corruption only to show the impossibility of successfully overcoming the difficulty."

In the previous page he gives a concise general castigation of the "doctrine of ἐμβλήματα, or adscripts," which the notes refute convincingly as to particulars. The defence of the text, chap. xv. § 1, οἱ δὲ Λακεδαιμόνιοι καὶ οἱ ἑννεαχόιοι καὶ τὴν δὲ ἐς Ἀττικὴν ἐσβολὴν ἀφίκοντο, furnishes a specimen of the best style of critical comment. The same may be said for the note on ὅπως ἀσφαγή ἢ καὶ μὴ βοηθοῦν (chap. xxii. § 8), and for that on the difficult sentence ὅπως ἐκ πόλεως το ἐνμπολεμῶν (chap. xxxi. § 1). We are inclined to find an ἐμβλημα in the ξὺν of μὴ ξὺν κακῶς ποίειν (chap. xiii. § 1), inserted to balance rhetorically the preposition of ἐνελευθεροῦν. Mr. Spratt thinks that we really need a word to form a marked antithesis. May not Thucydides have written ἐγκαταπολεμῶν, which would easily pass into ἐγκαταποιεῖν and then be corrected