

ings of the zemstvos and the town councils, each of which has its own methods; the little irregularities noticed arose doubtless from the mixture of the two methods in the absence of any generally accepted code of rules for the conduct of large public meetings.

The speeches, on the other hand, were in general admirable, and in very many cases admirably delivered. Poetry and eloquence are still held in the highest respect in Russia, and not a little of the latter quality was manifested by several of the speakers. M. Muromtsev, of Moscow; General Kuzmin-Karavaev, of Tver; M. Petrunkevich, of Tver; M. Oppel, of St. Petersburg; M. Kokoshkin, of Moscow, and both the Princes Dolgorukov, are all admirable speakers. M. Golovin I have already mentioned. As a speaker he commanded an instant and attentive hearing in the most excited moments of the Congress. Prince Paul Dolgorukov also repeatedly saved a difficult situation by easy, graceful speeches, full of the tact of the leader of public opinion and occasionally suggestive of an immense reserve of fiery earnestness below. The same qualities are equally possessed by his twin-brother, Prince Peter Dolgorukov, and these two great nobles did no little also of the routine drudgery of the executive committee. Not a single member made any use of notes in any of the speeches delivered, even the least capable speaking extempore. There was no time limit placed on the speeches, nor was there apparently any regulation as to the number of speeches a member might make on the same motion. . . .

There could be no doubt about the success of this Russian Parliament, from whatever point of view it be regarded. There was ample evidence of the existence of all the elements of party government, together with the spirit of statesmanlike compromise which makes progress possible without sacrifice of principle on either side.

C. Bower's story is best told in his own words:

"I was workin down on thee Siction fer jimm Hill fer a dollar an a quarther a da an a dom skoonk of a Chinymen come along an took my job fer six (6) bits. I assed fer a pas to Saint Paul an the supertenint sed howe long hev I bin a work-in an I says thirty (30) years an he sed hav i no money an I says no and

he says ef i would work thirty (30) years longer i will hev money fer to pa me fair, and i says ef he will com out hear I will make him look lik thirty (30) cents an he did an I did." —Book-Keeper's Bulletin.

BOOKS

MIRABEAU.

To study the French Revolution is to study the history of the world in concentrated form. It was as if the long conflict of the ages in all progressive lands were compressed into three years in one country and almost within one city. No wonder that more historians and biographers have written of the events and men of these years than of any other period of history. It is not a difficult period. The issue was clear. Nor is it difficult to understand the leading characters. The times called for plain speech, and men, with whatever fear and trembling, spoke their honest convictions hot from the heart.

The greatest speaker, and the man with the strongest intellectual gifts, among the leaders of the revolution was Gabriel Honore Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. He is the special subject of the latest work on the Revolution, written by Charles F. Warwick (Mirabeau and the French Revolution, Lippincott, Philadelphia, 483 pp., \$2.50). The causes, issues and general characteristics of the time are very fairly told, and from this single volume one gets a pretty clear view of the Revolution up to the death of Mirabeau, April 2, 1791. The book is lacking in consecutiveness. It is strongest in the interesting narration of special incidents. It is essentially a book to read, rather than a book to refer to for definite information. Though it has an index, the facts are scattered and cannot readily be found, and many are omitted which ought certainly to have been given. The exact date, for example, of Mirabeau's death is not told.

The author is a strong admirer of his subject, and over and over makes the reader see the great power of Mirabeau's intellect and his marvelous insight. In dealing with Mirabeau's character he is perhaps rather too much inclined to make excuses. It is true that Mirabeau's early life and training were most unfortunate. He never knew the meaning of a decent home life. His father was a man of strong intellect, but brutish and tyrannical. His mother was weak and silly. Their marriage was a fiasco. Mirabeau's own enforced marriage was also a failure. There was no ennobling influence in his early life, nor indeed throughout his life. He was only 42 when he died. And yet had he had in himself the root

of the matter, he might have risen above his evil influences. The fact is that he was a man of transcendent ability, but without the basis of character. His secret acceptance of pay from the court, while virtually leading the assembly, can by no explanation be squared with honor.

Whether, if Mirabeau had lived, the red terror could have been avoided, and the monarchy preserved, must always remain an interesting speculation. Mirabeau was doubtless entirely honest in his conviction that having gained the abolition of the unjust laws of privilege the revolutionists should be content, and should uphold the existing government. But it is doubtful whether his power, even at its best, could have counterbalanced the weakness of the King and the folly of the Queen. And his power was not at its best; it lacked the confidence of character. In a little over a year from his death, when some of his transactions with the court were revealed, the assembly veiled his bust. The next year it was ordered that his body be removed from its place of honor. In September, 1794, his leaden coffin was deposited, without stone or tablet, in a cemetery set apart for criminals. Of course these were the acts of the extreme revolutionists; but they tell the story of a fall which his great presence could hardly have prevented.

J. H. DILLARD.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

Taking its title from a kind of graphophone as yet uninvented, which figures in the plot, this story by Edwin Arnold Brenholz (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth avenue. Price, \$1.00) is a medley of the actual and the hoped for. Its motive is the conflict between labor and capital, and its ideal is socialism. The author appears to have personal familiarity with business methods in some aspects, and a newspaper acquaintance with others; for in some of its stages he walks through his story like a wide-awake observer and reveiator, and in others like a man in a dream. To say that the author walks through the story is literally true. He never leaves his characters to themselves; he is ever in their midst regulating their lives for them. Yet the work is not all bad. Despite the ubiquity of the author and an archaic flavor, it promises more than well until it crosses the line from the realm of life as it is into the fog of life as the author would like to have it. Had the story continued as it seems to begin, with the development of a strong character under the stress of modern business pressure, the interest which the earlier part excited might have been held to the end. One quotation is worth making for the benefit of fatalistic evolutionists: "A product of