On drawing the curtain, the ringers are seen in a shadowy row, dim and brown, each face at first no more than a shadow in the room within is reflected on the window-pane, and mingled with the outer world; so hard it is to see things as they really are.

And anyone who knows Miss Robinson's "Handful of Honeybees" will know at what cost of sorrow the bee passed from the old to the new Arcadia, from the world within to the world without. If we understand her story, she speaks of the old inner past as of a "dead child." "My child was grown ancient, and all were wrong." But that a vision does not correspond with a present reality does not prove it wrong; rather it may be that revelation which is spoken of by the prophet Joel. And anyone whose face from his own visions and dream dreams should surely not complain if their glory and freshness refuse to fade altogether into the light of common day.

Now, there would seem to be this distinction among these fishes: the faculty divine is in our outlook on the world, in others the vision of the spirit within; and, though these may be endowments of the same person, for the most part they may be separate. This is so, we should venture upon the assertion that Miss Robinson, notwithstanding her palinode, belongs, after all, to the dreamers of dreams. And for this reason: Theory apart, the one test of a poet is his poetry; these poems of New Arcadia are wanting in the power of sincerity; the figures are blurred; things are not rendered by the unique word, the word which is poetry; and it is noticeable that Miss Robinson's verse rises from an equilibrium which it always has to a certain incomparability of music in those lyrical passages where she speaks out her own thought from her own lips. In other words, she is a lyric, and not a dramatic, poet, and that is why these dramatic lyrics touch us so little.

But the last of these poems is a lyric proper. It is about school-children, which even in the Arcadia of our days have not lost all their original brightness; and here Miss Robinson's verse once more gains "style," and the words sing. She tells of a vision that even for David, the painter, the vision of an array of worldly-weak kings, who met a band of children and laid their crowns at their feet.

"Very and now over-worn,  
Pale and very old,  
Look the solemn brows that mourn  
Under crowns of gold,  
Grown too heavy to be borne.  
Kings and priests and all so gray,  
All so faint and wan,  
Drifting lost in still array,  
Ever dripping on.  
Till at length he saw them stay.  
Till at length, as when a breeze  
Breeds the hidden drenched thing  
Festered underneath; and so I sing."

Before passing on, let us repeat that we must not be understood to blame in any way Miss Robinson's choice of subjects. "Sunt hieraeae rerum et montem mortalia tangunt." What we feel is, that we are far more deeply touched by the prose and epilogue, and the poems where the poet sings tractions among the intuition, than by any of the poems where she speaks in character.

And yet, perhaps, though true in spirit, such a contradiction is not altogether true in the letter, for the poem called "Loss" is in a "dramatic lyric." The difference is that there the emotion is such as would not be judged as "hymnical" to the poet herself, and so, as in the case of a few of Mr. Browning's, successfully transmuted the material. Nothing could be better than the remembered landscapes in this poem. They have Miss Robinson's individual tone. "Tuscan Olives" is a sequence of seven vignettes, full of the sentiment of the South. There follow a few sternelli and streamelli, very sad and strange.

"Flowers in the hay!  
My heart and all the fields are full of flowers;  
So tell them grow before the mowing-day."

(May we, within brackets, recommend the sternelli, to any who do not scorn the epigram, as a possible middle way between the over-concealedness of the couplet and the over-diffuseness of the quatrains?)

The Saints" tells of a fresco at Assisi representing the marriage of Francis and St. Poverty, in which Love crouches a naked captive, and Marriage is free to the face of the bride, who is a beautiful instance of Miss Robinson's imaginative insight and of the simple sweetness of her verse. We have the same power and the same melody in "Jutzi Schultze," the story of a youthful mystic, and in "Lass Doe," which is a song of Pantheism, though whether "higher" or lower we cannot say. There remain "Apprehension," "Love and Vision," and "The Conquest of Fairyland." "Love and Vision" has just a touch of Mr. Browning in it, but not enough to make it an imitation. It is full of moorland wind and heather. At the close of all comes a song beginning "I have lost my singing-voice,  
My hey-day's over," which, if it be intended as a confession, comes well at the end; and for the reader, by the time he reaches it, has abundant evidence for denying its truth.

H. C. Bencehras.

Spanish and Portuguese South America during the Colonial Period. By Robert Grant Watson, &c.

"In a work of this description I find considerable difficulty in giving due regard to the unities of time, &c." (ii. 216). Capt. Watson thus modestly excuses the short-comings of his two volumes, whose subject ranges from Columbus to Patagonia, from Brazil to Ecuador, and which begins with Columbus and ends with the unfortunate of whom was said:—

"My first is an emblem of purity:  
My second a thing of security:  
My whole is a name, which if yours were the same,  
You would blush to hand down to futurity."
The Academy.

The Philosophy of Theron. By the late William George Ward. (Kegan Paul, Trench, a)

The ancient Mexicans, when a brave enemy fell into their hands, had a strange way of showing their respect. They tied him by the leg to the sacrificial stone, and told off a number of their best men to slay him in succession: if he disabled them all, he was free; if he succumbed, he was thrown down and his heart torn out. Dr. Ward defending free-will against Mr. Mill, Dr. Bain, and Mr. Sidgwick now recalls such a champion; he does not advance, he is precluded from shifting his ground, and he gives a very good account of every enemy who opposes within reach. It is the same with the great truth that all trilateralists are triangular, which, like other mathematical axioms, Mr. Mill fondly believed to be learnt by repeated observation, while, as no observations even seemed to tell upon the other side, the principle of assimilating them with an apparent character of necessity. As against this it is quite unanswerable that whoever hears the statement for the first time receives it at once as new and self-evident. But it is only a superficial view and the certainty proves anything against the "phantomist" school of philosophy. Catholic philosophers, Dr. Ward tells us, call such judgments as all trilateralists are triangular, two straight lines cannot close a space, and true equals are equal to three and eight; "analytical!" and the name really seems to be happy. If one has the notion of a given geometrical figure, one may analyse it and affirm its correlative properties, beginning with which we please; if one has the notion of a straight line, one may affirm that any two which intersect must go on diverging; if one has the notion of eleven, one may analyse it into the equivalent notions of three and eight, and two and nine; but these three fundamental notions of a straight line, one may affirm that any two which intersect must go on diverging; if one has the notion of eleven, one may analyse it into the equivalent notions of three and eight, and two and nine; but these three fundamental notions of a straight line, a figure, and of eleven may all be due to experience, and to nothing else. If so, a quadrangular trilateral is a notion not merely more or less than our old friend the triangle. And this suggests a further question--in what sense is mathematical truth more necessary than other truth? Perhaps it is merely that it deals with very clear and very simple things of which we may be perfectly sure, for so far as we know, from either of two senses; one might look at a bit of wood for ever without knowing that it would float in water, at a bit of iron without knowing it would sink; and our notions of iron and wood are generally formed before the experiment. No one who has an adequate scientific notion of iron, and can doubt the truth any more than one with a concept of chemistry can imagine a cataract if he recollects that there would have to be something inside.

Norr is the problem about the veracity of memory and the uniformity of nature much more fruitful. Dr. Ward's argument is--our faculties confirm the veracity of memory and the uniformity of nature; it is impossible to stir a step without assuming them; if you assume them on the affirmation of our faculties, you are bound to assume anything else that our faculties, "duly interrogated," affirm. As the universality of opinion, it is to be wished, that Dr. Ward had examined the matter in the light of his own essay on explicit and implicit thought. We do not judge inductively, that memory is trustworthy, and then assume it to trust it. We do not, before it occurs to notice that we do so. We notice that we trust our memory of recent experience implicitly, and not (as Dr. Ward avowed himself) our unconfirmed memory of remote experience; it seems that our certainty about recent experience is a sort of continuation of our certainty about present experience, all the more, because nothing varies more than the extent of the certainty in different persons, except, perhaps, the owner's right to it. Lord Campbell did not trust his memory more than Lord Macaulay, but it played him more tricks. Again, an absent-minded man or an old man has not a trustworthy memory for even very recent events. Why is that, if the trustworthiness of memory is general, or may be, known by intuition? As soon as we begin to test our impressions by physiology, the physiologist knows where to look for an answer, though it may be long before physiology is advanced enough to give one.

Again, if the uniformity of nature be known both by experience, how is it to be known? or by experience which is confined to special classes even in England to-day? An accomplished man of science knows the uniformity of nature in just the same way as a devout experienced physiologist knows the faithfulness of the cushion. Dr. Ward's is equal to suggesting the same possibilities that the confidence of either is vain. Whatever it is worth, the confidence of both comes by experience, and grows by it. And yet, no doubt, all experience, scientific or religious, in a way presupposes the principle which is learnt by it. How would it be possible to observe or endeavour or pray if one believed in a reign of pure cupidity? On the other hand, it might be expected that those who actually live under a stable and abiding order would be influenced by it in their conduct and their expectations, long before they attain any conscious apprehension of it as a whole.

Then if it were quite certain that we assume the uniformity of nature and the veracity of memory prior to experience, and that we distinctly understand our assumption, it does not follow that, because these two assumptions are legitimate and indispensable, all assumptions to which our minds are equally prone are legitimate too; for, in whatever case these two assumptions are prior to experience, it is clear that they are confirmed by it. Nor, again, does it follow, if all the assumptions were legitimate which Dr. Ward thinks so, that any considerable part of our knowledge would come of anything like those of geometry from the analysis and combination of fundamental notions; for it is obviously necessary that notions which are to be so treated should be clear, and even, in some sense, adequate, while the fundamental notions of theology and philosophy are obscure and mysterious. It is therefore perfectly

* Or nine may be analysed into eight and one, three into two and one, "two and one and eight equal two and one and eight," is a self-evident, because an identical proposition.

* Dr. Ward observes that the "simplicity of God," which he takes to be known by reason, is to the full as "mysterious" as the Trinity, which is only known by revelation.