proper. Similarly,—and the parallel is by no means far-fetched,—Mr. Robinson would persuade the world that modern India is given over to a menagerie of monkeys, snakes, conjurors, and *punkah-wallahs*, all living together in peace and brotherly love under the paternal rule of the kindly British,—the whole being a subject for congratulation and mild, very mild fun.

To a person who has lived for any length of time in India, and especially in the precise part of the country to which Mr. Robinson's journalistic career in the East called him, his sketches must appear incongruous and out of drawing. The style which the author used so effectively in his recent letters from Utah to the New York "World," playful, sanguine, and, like Sigismund's Latin, occasionally *super grammaticam*, is not appropriate to the splendid melancholy of unhappy India. In instance of the provincialism which now and then crops up in Mr. Robinson's writing, we quote the following passages: "At home they [*i. e.*, cats] are silent, but entering a neighbor's premises they at once commence to confide their sorrows to the whole parish in melancholy dialogue, which in the morning are found to have been accompanied by violent saltations upon the flower-beds" (page 219). And again (on page 220): "Sitting on the spouts or chimney-pots of the houses round," etc. The English press is responsible for a good deal in holding up the writer of these sentences to our admiration as "a new genius on the horizon of English literature," and a thoughtful publisher has appended various "press notices" to the volume, apparently in order that the reader may be put to no inconvenience in forming an opinion for himself.

In spite of many faults, however, there is merit in Mr. Robinson's book, of the narrative kind. If he would be less funny, more grammatical, and, above all, a little more conscientious in his judgment of Indian life, he would do better. Nothing is more dangerous than the faculty of drawing vivid pictures of detail so as to convey a distorted impression of the whole; and we have no hesitation in saying that any one, not personally acquainted with India, must of necessity form mistaken ideas about the country and its people from reading these sketches. There is too wide a contrast between the tragic realities of that unhappy empire and the facetious medley presented to us in "Under the Sun." One must be a Voltaire to make fun out of the tragedy of human lives. Farcical sketches from the private life of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra would hardly meet with much success, even at the present day.

"Old Indians" will remember reading the first edition of "My Indian Garden," published by the "Pioneer" press in Allahabad some years ago, and they will also remember that the success it attained was not universal. There is nothing, either of truth or wit, in this volume, worthy of comparison with the famous Indian sketches by "Ali Baba," published in the London "Vanity Fair," about three years ago; more absurd even are the published comparisons of the author with Charles Lamb, to whom, in substance or flavor, he has not, in our judgment, the remotest literary likeness.

Cox's "March to the Sea" (Campaigns of the Civil War. X.)*

GENERAL COX labors under a great many disadvantages in the volume now before us. His space is extremely limited for so varied a subject, and the whole ground has been covered by General Sherman, in one of the most entertaining and instructive books of modern times—not to mention a host of minor writers. The subjects dealt with are Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence through the Carolinas to the surrender of Johnston's army; Thomas's campaign in Tennessee, after Sherman's departure; and Stoneman's and Wilson's great cavalry expeditions in the spring of 1865. These movements were widely separated, and, though they all formed parts of one great plan, yet their details were entirely unconnected. In attempting to describe them all within small compass, the most that can be done is to give the outlines of each, and constantly to show the relations which they bore to each other, without attempting to go into details. We fear that this book is open to the criticism of neglecting the general bearing of the various movements, and of attempting to refer to too many minor events, so that, while there is evidence of a constant struggle to compress the story within the prescribed limits, it has somewhat the appearance of a collection of odds and ends—a sort of clearing up of what was left of the war, outside of General Grant's operations, during the last six months of its existence. General Cox was a prominent actor in one series of the events which he describes, and, though he keeps his own personality far in the background, yet he sees the events from a point of view which is altogether too close for the historian, or for the wants of the general reader. On the other hand, his tone is eminently calm, impartial, and judicial, his estimate of the character and intentions of the principal commanders is intended to be fair and unbiased, and his way-side sketches of the life of the troops on the "frolicsome raid" through Georgia, and their patient, hardy endurance through the swamps and rain of the Carolinas, have permanent value as a record, apart from their attractive and picturesque character. But, leaving aside the latter, the story drags a little, and, though it must command respect as a faithful and painstaking account of very important events, yet it is not a book to create enthusiasm among its readers.

*The March to the Sea. Franklin and Nashville. By Jacob D. Cox, LL. D. (Campaigns of the Civil War. X.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Club Life in America.

THERE are, of course, clubs of some sort in almost every city of a certain size in the United States, and, in some of them, very good clubs; but in all, except New York and perhaps Boston, club life is overshadowed and dwarfed by the more vigorous domestic life which surrounds it. It exists, as it were, under protest; is suspected of fostering a code of morality

different from that recognized in Christian homes, and of alienating the young from the practice of virtue. In such a hostile atmosphere, clubs must necessarily come to but a stunted growth. It might be suggested, perhaps, that it is from places which are not large cities that we get most of the popular, moral notions prevailing on the subject of clubs — just as we do of theaters, and of many other institutions of city life which, from the rural or provincial point of view, are of doubtful utility. It would be interesting to inquire, in connection with this, whether our whole system of social morality in America is not, to a very great extent, rural, as distinguished from the social morality recognized in older countries. Until within the past generation, society in the United States has been made up of rural or semi-rural communities; that is, it has been almost destitute of any very large cities in which city life could be carried on as such. The result has been the development of a system of morality adapted to semi-rural, but not to urban life. The philosopher might trace to this fact many virtues and many vices. On one side of the account we should have early marriages, fondness for domestic life, steady habits; on the other, a narrow provincialism, leading to national conceit, arrogance, and a profound indifference to the ties of international morality.

Now, we find ourselves in a period in which large cities are springing up on every side, and as large cities will always, in the long run, impose their views of the art of living upon the community, a struggle is arising between the old and the new. It can hardly be doubted that the cosmopolite view of the art of living is making rapid headway in the United States. But it may be doubted whether the change has yet proceeded far enough to give club-life anywhere in America, outside of New York, a distinct importance.

A club, properly speaking, consists of a certain number of men (in England, there are signs of the distinction of sex being swept away, and women been given the right of establishing and carrying on clubs; but of the questions suggested by this innovation, it is not necessary here to speak) — men of kindred tastes, habits, and social conditions, who desire to secure the "comforts, without the responsibilities" of a home, at a moderate cost. It is essential that there should be a community of tastes, habits, and social conditions, for otherwise the street itself is a more agreeable place than a club. Now, English society does furnish an extraordinary number of men who come within this requirement. London is full of young men who have just been called to the bar, who are connected with the army, who are simply men about town, graduates of the same university, men interested in athletic sports, and men connected with the House of Commons, or, in some way, with public life. But it is a fact that the United States, which, of all countries, contains the largest body of persons possessing an average education, at the same time contains a very small body of citizens entitled to be classed as "clubable" men. In New York, certainly, more are to be found than anywhere else; but the moment a comparison is made with London, the enormous difference becomes apparent. In London there is no profession or calling in life resembling a profession which does not boast at least one, and often two or three, clubs whose members belong to it for the purpose of living in the society of a number of men with whom they have the nearest social and intellectual sympathy. In New York the really important clubs can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

One cause of this is, no doubt, the severance between politics and society, which in New York is so complete and remarkable. In a capital like London, most of the men connected with politics, the men who form "the governing class," are persons of a certain social position; but, in general, in New York the two worlds of Politics and Society are practically independent of each other, and, what is more, look upon each other with suspicion. Now, politics is the life of clubs. In London, as everybody knows, a very large number of the most prominent of them are made up of men of a like turn of thinking in politics, and among men it is a truism that politics is of all subjects the most naturally interesting. During the war the excitement of the time created a much closer tie than usually exists between politics and society. The wealthy and cultivated classes in the great cities, which usually eschew political life and associations, took a much more active part in public affairs than usual; and, accordingly, the effect of this was at once seen in the formation of clubs in all the large cities, half political and half social in character, but with the object of encouraging the diffusion of a sounder public sentiment. The Union League Club of New York is, perhaps, the only vigorous survival of that period, and, notwithstanding its rapid growth and importance from a social point of view, has not lost its political character.

Clubs in modern time are practically a product of Anglo-Saxon life, and have received their highest development in England. In Italy, Germany, Russia, or even France, they can hardly be said to exist except as exotics. Indeed, in France, since the period of the Revolutionary clubs (which were, of course, not clubs in our sense, though their remarkable development may be cited to prove the close connection between club-life in general and politics), the establishment of clubs has been mainly due to that imitation of England and English fashions which has, within the past quarter of a century, been carried so far in Paris. It would be worth the while of some social philosopher to analyze the causes of this preëminence of the Anglo-Saxon race, famed for its possession of a language which contains the word "home," in that institution which, of all others, is supposed by hostile critics to strike at the foundations of domestic life. It is probably owing to the possession of a larger class of wealthy or tolerably well-off men, who are fonder of comfort than continental men of the same class are; or the English fondness for clubs might be advanced by a friendly observer as an additional proof of the domestic instincts of the race, since its most homeless and undomestic classes insist on providing themselves in their clubs, with the nearest approach to domestic life which their means and tastes afford.

A. G. S.

Mothers in American Novels.

IN reading the stories, long and short, which have appeared in THE CENTURY during the past year, I