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vicious system of civil service. Other remedies are the invocation of the taxing power, a stricter law of inheritance, a reform of the tariff by removal of duties from commodities monopolized, and finally the reformation of corporation law.

Dr. Ely's volume represents the scholarly investigations of one of our most accomplished political economists in a field of absorbing interest and importance to students of social evolution throughout the world, but of especial value are his deductions and suggestions to American citizens, to whom the rapid concentration of wealth at home and our widening markets abroad present problems of deep significance to the republic.

B. J. R.

TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION."

RESURRECTION. A novel by Leo Tolstoy, author of "Anna Karénina," "War and Peace," etc. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude. With illustrations by Pasternak. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1900. pp. xii, 519.

For some months items relating to Count Tolstoy's new novel have been appearing in the daily press. We have known about its fortunes in a popular American magazine and at the hands of the Russian censors. It is therefore a pleasure to be at last able to peruse it in a translation authorized by Count Tolstoy, and said to give us the uncurtailed story. It is quite evidently a faithful version, although obviously not made by a master of English; and, if the publishers might have spared us the flaunting yellow and red cover, they nevertheless deserve congratulations for their enterprise in securing a novel which ought to rank as the greatest of the season, if not of the decade.

This is not to say that we consider "Resurrection" to be equal as a work of art to "Anna Karénina" or "War and Peace." The story does not impress us so powerfully by its psychological analysis and the portrayal of the central character as the former novel did years ago; nor has it the epic sweep of the latter novel. Still it is quite possible for a great genius like Count Tolstoy to fall behind his former successes and yet distance his latter-day competitors.

“Resurrection” is in our judgment so powerful a novel that we can think of only Zola’s “Paris” and Hardy’s “Tess” as at all challenging its claims to preëminence in the fiction we have read of late years. “Paris” has, in certain pages at least, more epic sweep; the tragic note in “Tess” is more affecting; but neither novel appears to us to be so manifestly the work of a genius of very high order as “Resurrection” seems to be.

That his latest story should fall below his earlier ones in point of artistic execution is but natural. Count Tolstoy’s spiritual experience has made him, unfortunately we think, too suspicious of art. His zeal for practical philanthropy and for new forms, or rather new-old forms, of faith has made him more of a preacher than of a story-teller. These facts account for certain defects in the volume, for its rather wearisome insistence upon details of prison life, for its over-pointed moral, and for its excessive length. But whether he will or no, Count Tolstoy cannot be anything less than a great artist. Scene after scene is set before us as vividly as a master painter could do it. Witness some of the country landscapes and that wonderful scene in which Katùsha strives to get a word with her betrayer, who speeds past her, that stormy night, in his luxurious first-class railway carriage. Then again who of modern writers can excel Tolstoy in his vivid comparisons, lighting up the object or event to be described as a poet’s imagination alone can do it? And what insight into character! No matter how trivial the personage, Tolstoy gives him to us as he is with fewer strokes, perhaps, than any other living writer would need. On the other hand, it must be confessed that among these characters we find no truly noble soul, and that the novel suffers from the fact. Nekhludoff, the hero, who undergoes a spiritual “resurrection,” holds our interest and wins our respect, especially if we remember the fanatical strain in the Russian character; but he is hardly inspiring, as a noble personage is or should be, and as Count Tolstoy may have intended to make him.

But the story is inspiring even if it contains no noble character, even if it gives details of seduction and pros-

titution and of noisome prison life in Russia and of terrible exile in Siberia—details that will doubtless cause horror and loathing to many sensitive readers, and may impel them to throw the book down and perhaps denounce it. It should never be forgotten that people who cannot stand powerful presentations of life are not proper judges of the literature of power, and that it is chiefly the literature of power that is positively inspiring. And in “*Resurrection*” we feel that a powerful personality is at work, relentlessly pointing out the crimes and foibles of our modern civilization and so zealously pleading for a new birth of the spirit that it is almost impossible for us to remain cold and passive in the presence of such righteous indignation and true philanthropy. Yes, Count Tolstoy’s latest book is, after all, a faithful representative of the latest Tolstoy—of the man who denounces war and demands cosmopolitan peace, of the man who lays bare the sins and pretenses of flaunting patriotism, of the man who lashes the selfish rich and lifts up the down-trodden poor—in short, of the man who, take him all in all, is the noblest figure in the world to-day, to whom thousands look for inspiration, and whose fame will survive when victorious admirals and generals and successful financiers and imperialist spoilers of feeble peoples and poets who pander to racial lust of dominion shall have gone down to the oblivion that awaits them when the true kingdom of God shall come to the long-suffering tribes of men.

MR. HOVEY’S LAST VOLUME.

TALIESIN, A MASQUE. By Richard Hovey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

The recent death of Mr. Hovey in the prime of his poetic strength gives an additional and sad importance to this the fourth part of his “*Launcelot and Guinevere*,” a poem in dramas. There is much reason to believe that length of life would have given us from his pen something more significant and greater. However, as it is not possible adequately to judge his poetical force from this part of a somewhat