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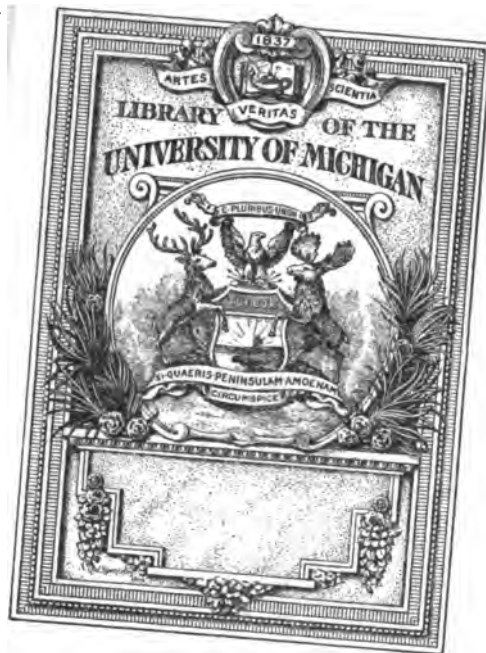
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14 July, 1900.

The Academy,

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The Literary Week.

THE scheme for a Pension Fund for Authors put forth this week by the Society of Authors presents noble outlines. The proposed fund is intended to supplement the operations of the Royal Literary Fund, which grants only donations, and the Civil List pensions, which amount to only £400 a year and are still somewhat capriciously granted. The first thing to be noted about the Society of Authors' project is that it aims to establish a pension fund for authors, to be supported by authors themselves, not by appeals to the public. Other points are these :

The fund will be utilised for pensions only.

The pensions given will not be less than £30 or more than £100 per annum.

Candidates for pensions must have attained the age of sixty years.

For other details of this admirable scheme we refer our readers to the January number of the *Author*.

MEANWHILE, the support of authors is asked for, and the following subscriptions have been already promised :

Mr. George Meredith (President of the Society)...	£100
Mr. J. M. Barrie (if nine others subscribe the same amount)	100
Mr. A. W. à Beckett (per annum)	5
Sir Walter Besant	100
The Rev. T. G. Bonney (for present year, and continue same as long as existing circumstances also continue)	5
Mr. Austin Dobson (as much as possible per annum)	—
Dr. Conan Doyle (per annum, when the scheme assumes a practical basis)	10
Mr. Douglas Freshfield (if nine others subscribe the same amount)...	100
Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins	200
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome (per annum, and perhaps more)	5
Mr. J. Scott Keltie (per annum for five years) ...	5
Mr. Rudyard Kipling	100
Mr. Gilbert Parker	100
Mrs. Humphry Ward (per annum)	10

IBSEN's new play, "When We who are Dead, Awaken," will be shortly issued in ten different languages. Meanwhile the *Daily News* explains that the play opens in the grounds of a sanatorium in the north of Norway. Prof. Rubek and his wife (Fru Mæia) are discovered talking. They have been married five years, and the conversation discloses that they have grown tired of each other. He is elderly and distinguished: she young and lively. She complains that he has not fulfilled his promise "to take her with him up a high mountain and show her all the world's grandeur." To them enter a third character (there are only four in the play), a hunter of "eagles, wolves, women, elks, and reindeer." To him the professor's wife falls a prey. They go hunting together, which gives the professor an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with a lady who has been haunting the hotel grounds. That is the bare outline of the plot.

IN opening the new Free Library at Acton, on Wednesday, Mr. Choate, in a delightful speech, explained to his hearers how "travelling libraries" are worked in America. These libraries, each consisting of one hundred books, are sent round to outlying villages and into remote districts where stationary libraries do not exist. Mr. Choate added that he did not know whether any parts of Great Britain were so remote as to need such an institution, but he commended the utility of the system. Undoubtedly there are remote parts in England (some within thirty miles of London) which need the travelling library. What is more, some get it. Travelling libraries for English villages were organised six years ago by Mr. Stead, and have been made successful and self-supporting. Nor did Mr. Stead claim originality for his idea. Such libraries had already an existence in Hampshire and Yorkshire.

ARE WE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

OH, ask me not, one thing is plain :
To-day I see the sun,
But on my tomb will beat the rain
When men count Twenty-one!

MR. BERNARD SHAW sends us this genial remonstrance apropos the spelling of a certain name in his article, on page 16: "Why am I denied by the ACADEMY the common English right to spell Shakespear's name as I please? I refrain from striking out the final *e* so tyrannically forced on me in the proof because I shrink from giving trouble. But I protest all the same. The whole character of a man is in the way he spells Shakespear."

AS to the merits of the play which amazed and delighted Sussex last week we must be silent. Nor are we allowed to mention the actors and actresses by name or to criticise their performance. But we have permission to print a facsimile of the first page of the programme, giving the title of the play and the names of the authors. It was called

THE GHOST.

Written by

MR. HENRY JAMES, MR. ROBERT BARR,
MR. GEORGE GISSING, MR. RIDER HAGGARD,
MR. JOSEPH CONRAD, MR. H. B. MARRIOTT-
WATSON, MR. H. G. WELLS, MR. EDWIN PUGH,
MR. A. E. W. MASON AND
MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

The play was in two acts: "I. Empty Room in Brede Place"; "II. Same as Before." The text of "The Ghost" will never be printed.

Mrs. M. L. Gwynn's Birthday Book, just published by Messrs. Methuen, unfortunately does not appear to be free from error. Last week we quoted four lines from Chaucer that Mrs. Gwynn has printed upon her title-page. The quotation, which our printer copied exactly as it is printed in the Birthday Book, has drawn the following remonstrance from Prof. Skeat:

"May I be allowed to draw attention to a quotation from Chaucer given in the ACADEMY, December 30, 1899, at p. 760? It appeared in the following form, as a quotation from some compilation:

Out of the oldē fieldēs, as men sayeth,
Cometh all this new corne from yere to yere;
And out of oldē bookēs, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

It seems piteous that such fine lines should be so surprisingly misspelt. It would seem that Middle English is an unknown language; no one would dream of treating Latin or Greek or German after this sort. It is marvellous, moreover, how anyone could imagine that such lines can scan. The utterly shocking errors, ruining the metre, occur in the use of 'new' for the dissyllabic *news*; 'corne' for the monosyllabic *corn*; 'yere' for the monosyllabic *year* in the former of the two instances; 'faithe' for the monosyllabic *faith* (better *feith*); and again, the form 'new' for *news*, in the last line. Besides these, 'fieldēs' should be *feldes*, and 'sayeth' should be *seith*. And it must be borne in mind that 'Cometh' represents *Com'th*, a monosyllable. One thing to which Englishmen look forward with longing hope is the advent of a time when Middle English spelling shall be understood and duly respected."

We must say that we sympathise with Mrs. Gwynn. Her Birthday-Book, which is by far the handsomest that we have seen, would not, we imagine, have been sent by any editor to Prof. Skeat for review. But because we used her Chaucerian motto to adorn a blank space, and because the text of that motto is not a good text, Mrs. Gwynn comes under the displeasure of the greatest living authority on Chaucer. The moral seems to be that compilers of Birthday Books should look to their Middle English.

It is a convenient provision of Nature that a hen, when she has laid an egg, clucks—thereby informing the world that she has laid an egg. A disposition to cluck, or, to use his own phrase, "advertise a little," would, in Mr. G. S. Street's opinion, add to the usefulness of the Historical MSS. Commission. Mr. Street has reason to feel a little sore about the Commission's humility. A while ago he read with some excitement a paragraph announcing that a large number of George Selwyn's Letters to the fifth Earl of Carlisle had been discovered at Castle Howard and would shortly be published. Mr. Street, being an authority on Selwyn, wrote in haste to the publisher for an advance copy of this book. He got it, and he tells his readers in the January *Blackwood*: "I was congratulating myself on the business-like promptitude with which my inevitable article would appear, when lo! I heard that these new letters and many others besides had been published by the Historical MSS. Commission more than a year ago." A splendid egg had been laid by the Commission and Mr. Street had not heard of it.

THE suggestion Mr. Street now makes, that the Historical MSS. Commission should issue its publications in a less official-looking form, in volumes easier to handle, and printed on better paper, that it should advertise, and send out paragraphs to "impenetrable editors," is doubtless only a part of his fun. Let the Commission do this, and we foresee a demand for illustrations and fancy bindings and gay prefaces. Moreover, the vigilant expert

would then have *no* chance. Mr. Street overlooked a prize for a year, but, after all, he received his advance copy of Mr. Roscoe's and Miss Clergue's book, and is first in the field (the magazine field) with his criticism.

THE scruples which sensitive people felt in reading the Browning love letters have not been so acute in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. Yet the two publications must finally be cited together—doubtless along with others—in determining the rights of the dead and the duties of biographers. The world was glad—more than glad—to have these books. But we are not wholly out of sympathy with the writer in *Macmillan* who questions whether Stevenson's letters have not been too hastily and prodigally given to the world. Such misgivings are not inconsistent with a keen enjoyment of the gift, and a willingness to use it when given. As the writer points out, Stevenson has been dead only five years, and "he did not write those letters for the eye of whomsoever chooses to buy the book." At all events a new tradition has been started under which the dead are likely to be treated with as much freedom by biographers as the living already are by the gossippers of the press. The disturbing question is, Where will it end?

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S onslaught on Mr. Kipling in the December number of the *Contemporary Review* has brought forth a reply, in the same quarter, from Sir Walter Besant. Mr. Buchanan, it will be remembered, suggested that Mr. Kipling was a literary hooligan, who is leading this generation away from the humanitarian teaching of forty years ago. The term "hooligan" was most offensive, and we are not surprised that Sir Walter Besant's knightly solicitude for the dignity of literature has been stirred to its depths. His reply to Mr. Buchanan takes the form of a confession of his own love for the writings of Mr. Kipling, in whom he sees a fine "enthusiasm for humanity."

Always, in every character, he presents a man: not an actor: a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is perhaps one of the Soldiers Three: or it is the Man who went into the mountains because he would be a King: or the man who sat in the lonely lighthouse till he saw streaks: always the real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform and behind the drink and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy: it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience.

OF course neither Mr. Buchanan's attack nor Sir Walter Besant's defence belong to the domain of cool literary criticism. Indeed, it seems to us that Sir Walter misunderstands the case when he treats it as an abhorrent attack of one author on another author. At bottom the quarrel is political rather than literary. Mr. Buchanan sees in Mr. Kipling a misleader of the nation, and in that character he attacks him with the rancour and fury which are still not wholly banished from political controversy. No doubt the literary element is bound up with the social. Still, Mr. Buchanan did not storm and rage on a question of style, or a school of fiction, or a point of academics; he made it a question of social politics and of religion—subjects on which strong feeling is natural. Mr. Buchanan may be wrong, but we have no doubt that he is sincere, and we are sure that he is courageous.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has addressed a letter to the *Westminster Gazette* denying that Mr. Hector Macpherson's forthcoming monograph on himself has passed under his eye. Mr. Spencer writes:

In one of your issues last week was a paragraph referring to a preceding statement which had been made concerning Mr. Hector Macpherson's monograph on my

works. Apparently the statement was that I had seen all the sheets of Mr. Macpherson's work before they went to press, and in the paragraph named it was said that this statement was incorrect. The rectification is an inadequate one. Incorrect may mean partially true but not wholly true—may mean that I have seen some proofs but not all. Instead of being called incorrect the statement should have been called entirely false. I have not seen, and I have declined to see, a single page of Mr. Macpherson's work in proof, in MS., or in any other shape.

A FEW years ago dialogue, as a literary form, became distinctly popular, and one reputation at least was founded on its practice. It was a fleeting fashion; but fashions travel, and the present home of Dialogue appears to be—Natal! A young British officer was endeavouring, a few weeks ago, to signal from General Buller's camp to Ladysmith, but he soon found that his messages were being read and answered by Boers. Thereupon the following conversation took place:

NATAL. Who are you?
 BOERS. The Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 N. What is the Number of your regiment?
 B. I am Corporal Stevens, 18th Hussars.
 N. What are you doing?
 B. Ladysmith was taken last night; I escaped.
 N. You are Boers, aren't you?
 B. Yes, and you're English. Where is Buller?
 N. I don't know. Where is Joubert?
 B. He has gone to Pretoria with General White as prisoner.
 N. How is old Kruger?
 B. All right, thank you.
 N. Why won't you wait for us? We have plenty of cold steel for you, and our 100 rounds are getting rather heavy. God help you if you do.
 B. Yes, He is sure to.

"A smart dialogue with a grim ending" says a contemporary. A grim dialogue with a smart ending would also describe it. Smart, however, is too poor a word to apply to the final Boer repartee, and it must be confessed that the dialogue is marred by the British officer's explicit bellicosity: but what a document!

A CURIOUS index to popular reading-taste in America is found in the May-to-December *Cumulative Book Index*, containing a classified list of American books published in that interval. From this it appears that the three writers most in vogue among readers and critics—as judged by mere number of publications—are

1. Kipling.
2. Shakespeare.
3. Omar Khayyám.

It is also gravely stated that though "it is manifestly unfair to Kipling to compare such a collection of authors as the Bible with him alone, yet the entries under 'Bible' are scarcely a third more in number." We infer that even here Mr. Kipling is "creeping up."

THE six "best selling" books in the States and Canada during December are named in the order of demand by the American *Bookman*:

Janice Meredith. By Leicester Ford.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott.
Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne.

Of these books, three—Nos. 2, 3, and 4—survive from the *Bookman's* September list. It is stated that Mr. E. Caskoden's novel, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, is in its 150th thousand. This is another illustration of the fact that whereas the large sale of a book in England is generally accompanied by a large sale in America, the

converse is not always experienced. *Quo Vadis*, *David Harum*, and *When Knighthood was in Flower* have "boomed" in America; they have not "boomed" here.

"A GALLUS periodical" was the term applied recently by *Harper's Weekly* to our own quarterly *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Thereupon one of its readers applied for a definition of "gallus." Gallus is but old gallows writ decent, and it means "reckless, dashing, showy." Promoted from the hangman's vocabulary, it is still no better than slang. The *Weekly* quotes this snatch of an old song:

He was a gallus boy, boys, and he was mighty fine,

And he used to drive a mule team on the Denver City line.

The *Weekly* further expounds the word by saying: "If we should speak of District-Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner as a gallus jurist it would probably be an appropriate use of the word." And now we expect a letter asking us: "Who is District-Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner?"

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has become a partner in the S. S. McClure Company of New York, and will devote himself to the literary work of the firm. Mr. J. L. Thompson, Mr. Henry W. Lanier (son of the late Sidney Lanier), and Mr. S. A. Everitt, will all be admitted into partnership. Mr. James MacArthur, formerly editor of the *Bookman*, will represent the house in London. The name of the company, it is expected, will be changed eventually to Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE first number of the *International Monthly*, issued by the Macmillan Co., of New York, contains five articles, the place of honour being given to Mr. Edouard Rod, who writes on "Later Evolutions of French Criticism." In size the magazine is somewhat smaller than the *Nineteenth Century*, and the price is 25 cents. The editor is Mr. F. A. Richardson, of Vermont, who is assisted by an Advisory Board "composed of one person in America, representing each of the twelve departments of contemporary thought with which the magazine deals, who has to co-operate and associate with him one person residing in France, one in England, and one in Germany." The *International Monthly* will not languish for lack of advice.

THE new and enlarged series of *Punch*, with its extra pages, its story by Mr. Conan Doyle, its full-page pictures, its clean type and good paper, makes an attractive miscellany. All the contributions are now signed with initials, even down to a brief notice of a reference book which is signed by Mr. Lucy. Mr. Seaman contributes some capital parodies. But the supply of "fill column jokes" must have run very short when Mr. Punch was obliged to use this "Sad Case": "An eminent literary man, who for many years had invariably used quills, found himself without a single one; and so, in order to gain his livelihood by the sale of various articles, he was reduced to steel pens!"

A *Church Gazette* interviewer has been talking to Mr. Wilson Barrett about the effect of the "Sign of the Cross" on its audiences. Said the interviewer:

"Rumours reached the outer world on the first presentation of wonderful 'conversions' wrought by its means. Do the 'conversions' still continue?"

"Yes. Letters still keep pouring in upon us. Only a few days ago we had a letter from a distinguished Parsee telling us that the 'Sign of the Cross' had given him quite a different conception of Christianity from the one he used to have. A clergyman, after telling us that he had never seen such a play in his life, winds up by saying: 'I have been preaching for twenty years, but I never preached such a sermon as you did to us the night before.'"

The replies of the distinguished Parsee and the clergyman

were certainly guarded. This evangelical play-acting reminds us of Defoe's satire on an alliance between Church and Stage in his day: "Peggy Hughes sings, Monsieur Ramadon plays, Miss Santlow dances, Monsieur Cherrier teaches, and all for the Church! Here's heavenly doings! Here's harmony! Your singing Psalms is hurdy-gurdy to this Music; and all your preaching-Actors are Fools to these."

Heads and Hands is the title of a new illustrated art magazine, to be published monthly at the price of sixpence. The scheme the editor proposes is ambitious.

To the January number of the *North American Review* Mr. Henry James will contribute an article on the Letters of R. L. Stevenson, and Mr. Edmund Gosse a character study of Sir Redvers Buller.

On Saturday evening a dinner was given to Mr. Hugh Chisholm, on the occasion of his retirement from the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*. A large number of Mr. Chisholm's friends and well-wishers were present, including seven editors, three artists, two publishers, and the staff of the *St. James's Gazette*. The chair was taken by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the vice-chair by Mr. Theodore A. Cook, the new editor of the *St. James's*, who has the distinction of being the only editor who has rowed for his University in an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

THE sixty-first anniversary festival of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, on May 22. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson will preside.

Bibliographical.

PERHAPS the most notable of the "new departures" made by Mr. Punch this week is the initialling of most of the matter he prints. I think this a good move, because I believe it will attract to the "Fleet-street jester" a good deal of talent which hitherto, probably, has been withheld from him. Mr. Punch has never been unwilling—at any rate, of late years—to let his young men reveal their identity and proclaim their work; witness, for example, Mr. Warham St. Leger's *Ballads from "Punch,"* issued in 1890; *Mr. Punch's Music Hall Songs and Dramas,* by Mr. Anstey (1892); *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels,* by Mr. Lehmann (1892 also), and so forth. Several other living writers, notably Mr. Seaman, have been allowed to identify themselves publicly with their contributions to *Punch*. In the same way with the pictorial artists. We had Mr. Reed's *Prehistoric Peeps* in book form in 1896, and Mr. Phil May's *Songs and their Singers* in 1898. On the volumes of cartoons by Tenniel and sketches by Du Maurier—to go no further back—I need not dwell. In truth, Mr. Punch has for some time been accumulating rapidly the material for an inevitable Bibliography.

For reasons of my own, I have not yet read any of the "notices" of Mr. Phillips's *Paola and Francesca*, and I do not know, therefore, whether any comparison has been instituted between it and Leigh Hunt's rhymed narrative on the same subject, published in 1816 under the title of *The Story of Rimini*. As a matter of fact, no comparison is possible, for Hunt's "poem" is written in the so-called easy, but actually slipshod, fashion which that well-meaning bard affected in such cases. *The Story of Rimini* is well known to all literary students; it is not so familiar a fact

that a play on the subject of the famous love-story was written by the American G. H. Boker, and duly included in a volume of his Plays and Poems published in 1856. Moreover, *Francesca di Rimini*, as Boker called his work, was duly enacted in America in 1857, and revived there in 1882 and 1883. I have not read Boker's play, but it would be interesting to compare it with Mr. Phillips's, which, I feel sure, need not shrink from the comparison.

Says a correspondent, writing from Edgbaston, Birmingham: "On page 199 of Stevenson's Letters, Vol. I., reference is made to Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*. Stevenson sends a copy to Mr. H. F. Brown, with this remark: 'If ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another.' Can you tell me, through your Bibliographical page, if this book has been reprinted here? If not, can you get a publisher to take the hint?" To this I may reply, that Penn's *Fruits of Solitude in Reflections and Maxims* has been published more than once in England. The latest edition I can trace was one issued by Messrs. J. Clarke & Co. in 1886, at the small price of one shilling. Whether this, or the previous edition by Messrs. Groombridge (1881), is still in print I cannot say. Should the book really be out of print, it would be worth somebody's while, I think, to resuscitate it.

By way of supplement to what I wrote last week about a new and revised edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, I may remind those of my contemporaries who have suggested a one-volume *Selection* from those poems, that such an anthology is already in existence—that which was published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1887. I have some ground for thinking that this selection was made by the poet himself, or, at any rate, approved by him. To me—and, I should think, to most of his admirers—it was anything but an adequate work. Selections from a man's poetry should not be made by the man himself; he will choose according to personal preference, not according to the varied character of his output. Were I Messrs. Chatto & Windus I should try to get Mr. Swinburne's consent to the publication of an anthology of his verse, put together by an independent authority. Such a volume, really well done—with an eye to the tastes and distastes of the general public—would have been, and would still be, I believe, a popular success.

The first biographer of Lord Beaconsfield (if I remember rightly) was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who published his somewhat personal attack on the unfortunate statesman (if my memory serves me) during his subject's lifetime. Then there was that portentously dull *Public Life* of Beaconsfield by Mr. Francis Hitchman, a sort of antidote to which (one may say) was produced by Mr. P. W. Clayden under the title of *England under Beaconsfield*. In 1881 came a little *Life* by Edward Walford, and the critical *Study* by George Brandes. After that, the topic lapsed till 1888, when Mr. T. E. Kebbel issued a sympathetic monograph on the Tory leader. Two years later came the admirably-written, but nevertheless unsatisfactory, memoir by J. A. Froude. Now we are told to expect in a few days yet another memoir, from the pen of Mr. Harold Gorst. For my part, I think the best account of Disraeli is that which he gave of himself in his *Home Letters* and *Letters to his Sister*, covering the ground between 1830 and 1852.

We are promised a collection of literary extracts, advocating toleration in religious matters, to which the compiler has given the title of *The Wider View*. It is not a bad title, and is certainly none the worse for recalling that of a little book written by Dr. Samuel Cox and published in 1883—*The Larger Hope*. This was a sequel to *Salvator Mundi*, by the same author, both being written in the interests of what was then called "Universalism."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Glory that was Rome.

The Letters of Cicero. Translated into English by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. SHUCKBURGH has done a great service in giving to English readers the wholly admirable translation of Cicero's Letters, of which the first two volumes are now before us. To say it is scholarly would be inadequate. It is that and something more than that; it is an excellent piece of literary work. Fidelity to the original is combined with easy, idiomatic English in a really remarkable degree. He accomplishes the feat of making us forget that we are reading a translation. It is brilliant work.

It was time we should have a good translation of these letters. They are, perhaps, the most interesting letters in the world. They draw the curtain which hides from us the intimate life of antiquity, and show us breathing Rome—not the mere Rome of history, but a Rome which touches us as men. Here you have the people who conquered the world laughing, chatting, quarrelling, litigating, money-making, and behaving just as we behave. You hear the hum of the Forum, the latest gossip, the latest politics. You rub elbows with men of old renown; with Cato, the morally inflexible and very much of a prig; with Lucullus, the conqueror of Alithridates, but yet more celebrated for his dinners, a fine specimen of the patrician; nay, you come close to Cæsar and Pompey themselves. And the penetrating, urbane, cultivated, irresolute man who wrote them—greatest of Rome's orators and perhaps greatest of her prose-writers—is always chatty, observant, winning and human.

Thus you have delightful human little glimpses of domesticity, touching in these stern old Romans. A large portion of the letters are to the orator's old friend Atticus, and are full of allusions to his wife and his daughter—a child of twelve when the letters begin. Tullia is her name, but he uses generally the tender and musical diminutive, Tulliola. Atticus forgets to send her a promised present, and Cicero writes:

My pet Tulliola claims your present, and duns me as your security. I am resolved, however, to disown the obligation rather than pay up for you.

Turn another page and you find a sneer at Pompey's arbitrary ways and militarism. "I don't like his white boots and leggings." Turn yet again, and you come on a letter of advice to his brother as pro-consul, which might have been written to an English Governor-General.

Towards the middle of the second volume the correspondence is streaked by the red line of the great Civil War between Cæsar and Pompey; and Cicero appears as a war-correspondent. These "letters from the seat of war" would be valuable in any age, but in that age are priceless, for there is nothing like them in antiquity. One of the great crises of the world is unconsciously depicted for us by the greatest writer of his day. The tribunes, expelled from the Senate, had fled to Cæsar's camp on the Gallic border, and invoked his protection. The Senate had launched a decree against him; he had directed a menacing letter to the Senate and had crossed the famous Rubicon. It was the situation in the Transvaal. The Roman loyalists had been pushing matters to a fight, and when it came Cæsar overran Italy. Pompey's great plan, about which heads in Rome had been mysteriously wagging, proved to be non-existent. He left Rome, with the Senate and the consuls, to raise levies and prepare the defence of Italy; but the loyalists found themselves scattered and shut up in the Italian towns where they were captured in detachments. Pompey himself retreated to the sea-coast of Apulia, whence he ultimately fled to Greece, and the Senate with him. Most living and

modern is Cicero's picture, from day to day, of the consternation and uncertainty during those opening weeks; when Cæsar was on the march, and everyone waiting for the development of Pompey's plans, Cicero is full of hesitation. He believes that Cæsar will turn out a monster of cruelty, and talks about him as some of us talked about the Boers at the outset. On the other hand, he realised before the rest of the loyalists that Pompey was a fraud, and had no idea of defending Italy. Thus he begins when the Senate has thrown down the gauntlet, and he is quitting Rome to take over the defence of the Capuan district—knowing only that Cæsar is on the march. He wrote to his dear Atticus, who quietly stays in the city to look after his private affairs:

I don't know, by heaven, what to do, now or in the future: such is the agitation into which I am thrown by the infatuation of our party's most insane decision. . . . What plan our Enæus (Pompey) has adopted or is adopting I don't know; as yet he is cooped up in the towns and in a state of lethargy. If he makes a stand in Italy, we shall all be together; if he abandons it, I shall have to reconsider the matter. Up to now, unless I am out of my senses, his proceedings are all fatuous and rash.

Two days later he breaks forth again, in a breathingly vivid picture of ancient Italy on the eve of invasion:

What in the world does it mean? What is going on? I am quite in the dark. "We are in occupation of Cingulum," says someone; "we have lost Ancona"; "Labienus has abandoned Cæsar." Are we talking of an *imperator* of the Roman people or of a Hannibal? Madman! Miserable wretch, that has never seen even a shadow of virtue! And he says he is doing all this to "support his honour!" How can there be any honour where there is no moral right? Can it be morally right to have an army without commission from the State? To seize cities abandoned by one's fellow citizens as a means of attacking one's own country? To be contriving abolition of debts, restoration of exiles, hundreds of other crimes?

Which Cæsar was perfectly guiltless of contriving. But Cicero is on his best oratorical platform for the moment, and very much frightened besides. He calms himself with a little philosophy, of the right Stoic pattern, and goes on:

In the name of fortune, what do you think of Pompey's plan? I mean in abandoning the city? For I am at a loss to explain it. Nothing, again, could be more irrational. Do you mean to abandon the city? Then you would have done the same if the Gauls were upon us. "The Republic," says he, "does not depend on brick and mortar." No, but it does depend on altars and hearths. . . . On the other hand, I gather from the indignation in the *municipia*, and the conversation of those whom I meet, that this plan is likely to prove successful in a way. There is an extraordinary outcry at the city being without magistrates or senate. In fact, there is a wonderfully strong feeling at Pompey's being in flight. Indeed, the point of view is quite changed; people are now for making no concessions to Cæsar. Expound to me what all this means.

It certainly meant that "concessions" no longer mattered, since Cæsar was coming to take them. But how swift he came they did not yet know, these good loyalists of Rome, though they were getting painfully conscious how slow was their own leader. You can see, in this letter, the agitated groups gossiping in the streets and in the market-place—that open-air club-room of ancient Italy—the catching at news and the questioning of couriers. You can feel the shock throughout Italy, when it was known that Rome was abandoned to the rebel soldier from Gaul. Three days later he is still waiting for news, and growing more doubtful of Pompey:

You ask me to be sure to let you know what Pompey is doing: I don't think he knows himself; certainly none of us do. I saw the consul Lentulus at Formiæ on the twenty-first; I have seen Libo. Nothing but terror and uncertainty everywhere! Pompey is on the road to

Larinum; for there are some cohorts there, as also at Luceria and Teanum, and in the rest of Apulia. After that, nobody knows whether he means to make a stand anywhere, or to cross the sea. If he stays in Italy, I am afraid he cannot have a dependable army: but if he goes away, where I am to go or stay, or what I am to do, I don't know. For the man whose fury you dread will, I think, spare no form of brutality: nor will the suspension of business, nor the departure of senate and magistrates, nor the closing of the treasury, cause him to pause. But all this, as you say, we shall know before long. . . . It is all but certain that Labienus has abandoned him. . . . For myself, I am convinced that it is true. Pray, though you say you confine yourself to the limits of your own house, do give me a sketch of the city. Is Pompey missed? Is there any appearance of a feeling against Cæsar? What is your opinion as to Terentia and Tullia? Should they stay in Rome, or join me, or seek some place of safety?

Such is the terror inspired by the march of the ogre from Gaul. Cicero was soon to learn that Pompey, not Cæsar, was the man whose cruelty was to be feared. The desertion of Cæsar's great lieutenant, Labienus, is a gleam of hope to him:

Labienus [he writes] I regard as a demigod. There has been no political stroke this long time past more brilliant. . . . For us, however, where shall we be able to raise our heads, or when? How utterly incapable our general is you yourself observe. . . . and how devoid of any plan of campaign the facts are witness. . . . Everyone agrees that he is in a state of abject alarm and agitation. . . . His whole hope rests on the two legions somewhat treacherously obtained. . . . For as yet, indeed, those whom he is enlisting are men reluctant to serve, and averse from fighting.

But Pompey was not so panic-stricken, perhaps, as Cicero sweepingly asserts. He had "'eard the East a-calling," and he could "'eed nothing else." He was eager to get away to the scene of his early glories, and rouse the kings of the East against Italy, as Cicero soon came to penetrate. He had thrown a detachment into Corfinium, the Kimberley or Mafeking of the campaign; but he made no effort to relieve it. Cicero has a gleam of hope that Cæsar will accept terms; Labienus has assured Pompey that his ex-leader's army is weak, and Pompey, in much better spirits, writes that he will soon have a large army. But very quickly Cicero discovers that the peace proposals were a blind, that Cæsar has not halted a moment, and that he is rushing on the heels of the scattered and retreating loyalist detachments. City after city he has taken. Again poor Cicero rails at Pompey. Cæsar he can scarce bear to name, it is always "he" or "that man."

I can see that there is not a foot of ground in Italy which is not in *his* power. About Pompey I know nothing, and I think he will be caught unless he has already embarked. What incredible rapidity! Whereas our general—!

From Corfinium, Domitius Ahenobarbus cries for help—Shakespeare's "strong Enobarbe," but a poor enough ruffian in history. The next day comes word of the final blow, and Cicero sums up the inglorious campaign in disgusted language.

What a disgraceful, and for that reason what a miserable thing. He had fostered Cæsar, and then all of a sudden had begun to be afraid of him; he had declined any terms of peace; he had made no preparations for war; he had abandoned the city; he had lost Picenum by his own fault; he had blocked himself up in Apulia; he was preparing to go to Greece; he was going to leave us without a word, entirely uninformed of a movement on his part so important and unprecedented. Lo and behold, there is suddenly sprung on us a letter from Domitius to him. But our hero, bidding a long good-bye to honour, takes himself to Brundisium, while Domitius, they say, and those with him, on hearing of this, surrendered.

It is a just indictment. In about a month and a half Pompey had lost Italy, and embarked for Greece. How differently from cold history does it all read in these letters, palpitating with the passion of a partisan and a contemporary, lit up by the little personal details which give actuality to the drama! If history were properly written, these letters would be more copiously quoted than they are.

A Book of Tears.

English Elegies. ("Bodley Anthologies.") Edited by J. C. Bailey. (Lane. 5s.)

MR. BAILEY has woven a mortuary chaplet of elegiac verse, and offers it with a preface wherein he discusses, not merely the history of the elegy in England, but also, with both thoughtfulness and erudition, the precise nature and essence of this particular *genre* of poetry. Like most words in the vocabulary of criticism, the term "elegy" has been used in a variety of more or less related senses, which can hardly be brought within the boundaries of a common definition. Two attempts at such a definition Mr. Bailey quotes as at least approximately just. One is that of Coleridge: "Elegy is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject for itself, but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself." The other is due to Shenstone: "Elegy in its true and genuine acceptation includes a tender and querulous idea, and so long as this is sustained it admits of a variety of subjects." And he adds that the subject of an elegy must be "treated so as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy." We do not think Mr. Bailey is much in love with either of these definitions. Certainly we are not. From one point of view they are too wide. They are applicable to elegiac poetry as a whole, while elegy, nowadays at least, generally bears a narrower connotation than elegiac. From another point of view they are too narrow, for the *Elegias* of Ovid's *Amores*, and the "Elegies" into which Marlowe translated these, and the "Elegies" of Donne and others, to which they served as models, are by no means always "tender and querulous," and not invariably even "reflective." Some of them are expanded epigrams; others are narratives of gay and gallant adventures. On the whole, it seems better to maintain the distinction between Elegy and Elegiac, and to confine the former to the notion of lament. Mr. Bailey gives yet another formal definition, which regards Elegy as "that form of poetry in which anything is described as at once desirable and not present." Even this is not quite satisfactory: to please us the closing words should be, instead of "not present," "no longer present." The notion of *desiderium*, or longing for what has been and is no more, is surely essential. Fitzgerald writes:

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

This satisfies the definition just quoted. Omar's ideal is "at once desirable and not present." But clearly it is not elegy. Let us then insist on *desiderium*, and define elegy, if a definition is wanted, as "that form of lyric in which the dominant mood is the yearning for that which has been and is not." This definition allows a certain range of subject for elegy. It may include, if not, as Mr. Bailey suggests, laments for unrequited or unhappy love, at least complaints over absent or faithless or forgotten love. It may include the lament of the exile for the mother country, of the townsman perforce for the meadows of his childhood. Actually, of course, the subject is, nine times out of ten, death, and from this one class of funeral elegies,

the whole of Mr. Bailey's own admirable collection is drawn. He says truly that the material for choice was ample:

My difficulty throughout has been not where to find matter for insertion, but how to find room for it. We English have time out of mind been a grave people, apt more than others to meditate on the transitoriness of human things, and in the midst of life to let our thoughts move in the direction of death. And our poets, from Anglo-Saxon times to our own, have in this matter been no ill representatives of the national character.

Mr. Bailey's choice amid so much wealth is a judicious and catholic one. His knowledge of the earlier writers is wide, and he has been fortunate enough to obtain leave to reprint much beautiful modern work which is still copyright. He has, for example, Arnold's "Thyrsis" and "Geist's Grave"; Lefroy's "Quem Di Diligunt"; several elegies by Mr. Swinburne, including the "Ave atque Vale" upon Baudelaire, and the "Lines upon Walter Savage Landor"; three by Mr. Bridges, of which one is the magnificent "Elegy on a Lady, whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed"; Mrs. Meynell's "To the Beloved Dead"; Mr. Watson's "Lachrymæ Musarum," which nobly stands the test of historic comparison; and Mr. Le Gallienne's "Robert Louis Stevenson."

Naturally, no two anthologists ever make the same selection, which is the excuse for multiplying anthologies; and while we could dispense with a few of Mr. Bailey's gatherings, there are some half-dozen poems which we could never have brought ourselves to exclude. Side by side with Drummond of Hawthornden's lines "To Sir William Alexander" we would have had the same writer's "Lament of Damon," with its exquisite couplet:

Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.

We would have had the charming scene in Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," where Æglamour laments for Earine:

Earine,
Who had her very being and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown.

From a later age we would have had Charles Lamb's "Hester" and, perhaps, "The Old Familiar Faces." And, finally, if Mr. Mackail would have permitted it, we would have had his beautiful poem "On the Death of Arnold Toynbee." We fancy this is not so well known as it deserves to be, but we count it second only to Mr. Bridges's "Elegy on a Lady" among the regrets of these latter days. Two stanzas we must find room for here:

Even in this English clime
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel,
When lovely souls and pure before their time
Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,
Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.
Lips that made musical their old-world woes
Themselves have gone to silence long ago,
And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,
O royal soul, for thine.

The first of these stanzas might serve as a motto to such a collection as Mr. Bailey's.

And now a final word of reproach. Mr. Bailey's book is, unfortunately, a chaos. The elegies are not arranged chronologically—on the whole, the best method where the subject-matter of an anthology does not itself suggest any marked divisions. Nor are they, so far as we can ascertain, arranged in accordance with any other principle whatever.

The Man Dante.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. By J. F. Hagan, D.D. (Longmans.)

YET one more of the many aids to the study of Dante which pour in a yearly increasing tide from the press. In the present case it deserves special commendation; not only because it is scholarly and thorough (for that is a quality happily not rare among Dante studies at this day), but for its unusual completeness as a survey of its subject. It consists of two parts. The first is a biography of Dante, as full as our limited knowledge of him will allow; the second is devoted to a detailed analysis of the *Divine Comedy*, together with the *Vita Nuova* and the prose works of Dante. The reader has thus, in a single volume, everything required to assist him in making the acquaintance of the great Florentine.

The greatest of Italy's writers was born in Florence in 1265; in that thirteenth century when the life of Italy, poetical, artistic, and political, was rising like a young tree, and the Tuscan which he was to give supremacy above all Italian dialects was plastic and waiting for a supreme shaper. His father, Folco Alighieri, was a professor of jurisprudence in Florence; and the family, though old and noble, held only a moderate position in the city. The very family of his mother, Bella, is unknown, and both his parents died while he was still young. His name, Dante, is an abbreviation of Durante. His parents' death left him under the guardianship and tuition of Brunetto Latini—a notable event for little Dante. Brunetto was not only a distinguished citizen, but one of the most learned men of his day. He unquestionably laid the foundations of that encyclopædic knowledge which is as marked a feature in the *Divine Comedy* as it is in *Paradise Lost*. The time was yet to come when a great poet might win his way to the Muses with "little Latin and less Greek"—or what ponderous old pedantic Ben considered little Latin, though it might be reckoned by us a tolerable ha'porth. Not content, moreover, with studying at Padua and Bologna, Dante "finished" at Paris, principally for the sake of philosophy and theology, as a young Englishman nowadays might finish at a German university. It was a wonderfully thorough education, the like of which no young man of fashion would dream of nowadays. But then it was possible to aim at universal knowledge, and pretty nearly to attain it. Besides his studies in what we should call science and general knowledge, his special knowledge of the arts and letters, Dante was as thorough a master as any cleric of the received philosophy and theology of the day—a fact of which his readers obtain painful and laborious assurance.

But no pedant was the future poet. The first thing on his return from Paris he fought at Campaldino for his native Florence against Arezzo. It was not the cause in which he was ultimately to suffer so much, for the Florentine army was Guelphic. Already, when he was but nine years old, he had begun that other discipline of love. Then, at a May party in the house of the Portinari, whither he went with his father, he met the little daughter of the house, Beatrice, one year younger than himself, and fell solemnly and precociously in love with her. Such is the story; and it is like enough with a child of his temperament. Back in Florence from the wars, Dante began the life of a brilliant young poet and politician. His associates, such as Guido Cavalcanti, his fellow-pupil with Brunetto, and his elder and predecessor in poetical fame, Cino da Pistoia, and Lapo Gianni, were all ultra-Ghibellines; poet and Ghibelline, indeed, were almost synonymous: and so it was inevitable he should take sides against the popular party of the Guelphs for which he had fought at Campaldino. The belief that the salvation of Florence and Italy lay in the submission of the country to the German emperors became the fixed creed of his

life, and his abilities gradually made him conspicuous among the Ghibelline party.

Meanwhile he had met and renewed his passion for Beatrice Portinari; but it did not prosper. There are signs that young Dante, like young Shakespeare or young Donne, led rather a wild life; and once, at least, Beatrice refused to salute him in the street. To crown matters, she finally married another; but still the platonic passion continued and was recorded in the immortal *Vita Nuova*; where the foundation may be love but the edifice is certainly allegory. At last she died young; and after an interval of mourning he married another lady, Gemma Donati—of whom we only know that he wrote no poetry about her. The same inference has been drawn as in the case of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. And we are bound to say that when a poet's wife never by any chance gets into his writings, while another woman most conspicuously does, it looks as if one has the right to infer.

Nor were the great Florentine's politics more successful than his love matters. Poetry was the only mistress that smiled upon his suit. That during those years he must have stamped his personality upon his fellow-citizens as something more than a rising and somewhat lax-living poet is clear by the great catastrophe of his life. He had come to be recognised as a force in the turbulent affairs of Florence—a fatal distinction. Better for him had he, like his predecessor, Guido Guinicelli, been known as a mere maker of songs, which all parties might admire. For there was struggle in Florence: the Ghibellines drove out the Guelphs, and reigned supreme in a Pyrrhic triumph—as it proved. The government of the city was organised on Ghibelline lines, and Dante was placed at its head. Dante, the poet, ruler of Florence! It is an extraordinary tribute to the man's versatile faculty and commanding character. Poet rulers there have been before and since, but not ruler poets. That is, there have been rulers—kings and others—who were poets of some distinction, but not poets who rose to be rulers. Victor Hugo made a poor thing of it as a parliamentarian. One has only to look at Dante's iron face to see the stuff of rule in him; but his companions were men of weaker stuff. It was imperative that an envoy should go to plead their cause with the Pope. There was no one whom Dante could trust to go but himself. There was no one he could trust to leave behind but himself. Painfully misdoubting what would happen among his loggerhead fellows if he were away, he yet (in an evil hour for his cause and himself) decided to leave Florence on the embassy. While he was in Rome came the counter revolution in Florence. The Ghibelline leaders were expelled, decree of banishment was pronounced against the absent arch-Ghibelline—soon to be the arch-poet—and a price set on his head. The interesting experiment of the ruler-poet came to a premature end.

Then began the famous wanderings of Dante. From the castle of one little Ghibelline war-lord to another the sombre and now ageing exile drifted, bearing his wrongs in his bosom and immortality in his pocket; for during this enforced absence from politics and family he fell back upon the composition of the *Divine Comedy*. We should doubtless have had it none the less had he stayed in Florence; but many persons of very good family might have escaped hell. To Paris again he wandered, and, coming back, had a gleam of hope. For Henry of Luxemburg was elected Emperor of Germany, and forthwith revived the pretensions of his predecessors by invading Italy. Lombardy at Milan gave him submission and the Iron Crown, but Florence stood out; and Dante exultingly beckoned his vengeance upon the haughty city. But the Luxemburger marched on to Rome, fortune turned against him, and when he returned to besiege Florence his army melted away before the pestilence. He retreated to die, broken-hearted; and all was over with the poet. Of Dante's residence and bickerings with Can Grande at Verona

you may read in Rossetti's fine poem. There, too, you may read a splendidly poetised account of his answer to the insulting amnesty which Florence offered him, on condition that he should pay the fine, and undergo the public ignominy of the coiners pardoned by custom on St. John Baptist's Day. The offer was made known to him by a Florentine Franciscan; and his actual letter is sternly grand enough, without the added magic of Rossetti's numbers. Thus the close of it runs:

A FLOR. MONK.

"No, good father! That is not the way for me to return. But should a way be found by yourself or others that shall not take from Dante's fame and honour, be sure that I shall follow it. Should no such way be found by which I can enter Florence, then its gates I shall never pass. And what? Shall I not see wherever I turn the bright rays of the sun and of the stars? Can I not everywhere under heaven speculate on the sweetest truths of life without submitting myself to the people of Florence, stripped of my glory and covered with ignominy? Not even bread shall fail me."

With Guido Novello, Lord of Ravenna, Dante found a final asylum. There he completed his days and the great poem, the gradual publication of which had already made him famous. As he had been exiled during one embassy, it was his fate to die after another. On his return from an embassy he had undertaken to Venice for Guido, he caught a fever and expired. The last portion of his poem was only found and published after his death. So Florence kept her living poet an exile to the last. And ever since she has been vainly striving to recover from Ravenna his dead bones. Which thing, is it not an allegory of the world's treatment of its poets? That is what we know of the life of one of the world's greatest poets—a story sad, terse, dignified, and worthy of the man.

The Hero as Mountaineer.

The Highest Andes: a Record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina, and the Exploration of the Surrounding Valleys. By E. A. FitzGerald. (Methuen. 30s. net)

From the Alps to the Andes, being the Autobiography of a Mountain Guide. By Matthias Zurbriggen. (Fisher Unwin.)

EVER since Falstaff—himself no hero—reviled "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace," it has been the custom with certain philosophers to look on war as the most fertile breeder of the heroic virtues and to cloak its savagery with sentiment. To such thinkers Mr. FitzGerald's long struggle in the service of science with the elemental forces of nature, if it appear heroic at all, will appear but a heroism of the lower order, but to such as have no love for the hot-blooded heroisms of the bayonet and yet believe endurance and courage to be the basal virtues, this story of the conquest of Aconcagua will be of high inspiration. It is not a record of mountaineering in the ordinary sense; to ice and rock-craft there is little explicit reference; the arch-enemy is not the mountain, but the atmosphere, and the issue of the assault depends less on axe and rope than on temperament.

Aconcagua rises twenty-three thousand and eighty feet above the sea, and Mr. FitzGerald's highest camp—where he spent, on and off, many weeks—was only some four thousand feet from the summit, yet the circumambient air of that last three-quarters of a mile presented a more formidable obstacle than he had ever before encountered. The assault on this invisible barrier by the handful of intrepid men that formed his party—falling back exhausted time after time, yet for ever hurling themselves against it as in some forlorn hope—is an epic in action. Three of

them at last pressed through—first the chief guide, Mattias Zurbriggen, then Mr. Stuart Vines, the geologist of the expedition, with the guide Nicola—but the leader himself had finally to abandon the attempt, an heroic victor nevertheless, though disappointed in his supreme ambition.

The effect of these high altitudes upon the individual explorers is described in the book with much detail, but perhaps nothing else will convey to the man in the plains such a forcible impression of the physical havoc they caused as the following homely comparison. "Nobody can conceive," writes Mr. FitzGerald, "unless he has tried to work under similar conditions, the feeling of utter lassitude that overtakes one. I have heard people complain of the same sort of feelings from acute sea-sickness. Having suffered badly from that malady myself, I can say that a man could go about and cheerfully do his work while suffering from the worst attack of sea-sickness far more readily than he could take his pocket-handkerchief out to blow his nose at an altitude of 19,000 feet." Add to this that there were times when some of the men—all hardened mountaineers—"sat down, and absolutely cried, great tears rolling down their faces, simply because of the cold," and that "the stoutest-hearted man" Zurbriggen ever knew "wept bitterly," because he had broken a bottle of wine, and we shall have some slight notion of the transformation to be effected by rarified air.

In one sense the most absorbing chapters in the book are those in which Mr. Vines describes his ascent. Who will not be glad that he has attempted to describe what lay before him as he stood on the highest point yet reached by man? Of the view to the west he says:

No lens or pen can depict the view on the Chilian side. I looked down the great arête, past the western peak of the mountain to right and left, over ranges that dwindled in height as they neared the coast, to where, a hundred miles away, the blue expanse of the Pacific glittered in the evening sun. [He had left the camp at 8.30, and reached the summit at 5.] Far down to the south, and fifty leagues away to the north, stretched the vast blue line. The sun lay low on the horizon, and the whole surface of the ocean between the point of vision and the sun was suffused with a blood-red glow. The shimmering of the light on the water could be distinctly seen.

He stayed more than an hour on the top, and then, as he began the descent,

the sun [he tells us], a great ball of blood-red fire in a cloudless sky, was dipping into the waters of the Pacific. Rapidly it sank, and disappeared from view. Yet, as if still struggling for supremacy with the fast-approaching night, an after-glow of surpassing beauty spread over land and sea in a series of magnificent changes of colour. The mighty expanse of water from north to south, together with the sky above it, was suffused with a fiery red glow. While the red in the sky remained, the waters, through a variety of intermediate shades of colouring, turned slowly to purple and then to blue. And yet we were not in darkness, for with the sun's departure the risen moon had declared itself with wondrous brightness, penetrating the thin atmosphere and flooding everything with its colder light. The effect produced by such a combination of brilliant moonlight and glorious sunset was beautiful beyond words. For during half-an-hour that wonderful glow rested on the horizon of the Pacific—a great red line of subdued fire suspended in mid-air, the darkness that had fallen like a pall on sea and land beneath severing its connexion with the earth.

But the most important part of Mr. FitzGerald's work was the exploration of the environing country, and in that he met with the fullest measure of success. His labours, indeed, have materially added to our knowledge of that out-of-the-way part of the world—its topography, its geology, its fauna and flora, and (it may be added) its manners and customs. The record, moreover, possesses the additional interest of robust adventure; and whether we are triangulating in the Horcones valley with Mr. FitzGerald; volcano-hunting in Southern Chili with Mr.

Vines; crossing the Cumbre Pass (12,800 feet), with revolvers and half a ton of precious baggage, in the teeth of an appalling blizzard, with Mr. Lightbody; or collecting specimens in the wastes of Inca or the vineyards of Lujan with Mr. Gosse, we are sure of a "crowded hour of glorious life."

The expedition started from Southampton with eighty tons of luggage; lasted seven months; included five Swiss guides and an innumerable host of native carriers; cost we know not how many thousands; ended in serious illness for many of the party; and was, withal, a notable achievement. And the book that enshrines the record is in all respects worthy. With its elaborate appendices, its excellent maps, and its numerous illustrations—many of rare beauty—it is even a greater material triumph than the same writer's previous volume on the Alps of New Zealand.

Mr. Zurbriggen is, by common consent, the finest exploring guide the world has yet produced. Born in 1856, in the heart of the high Alps, it was not till 1880 that, driven from pillar to post in the valleys by an innate restlessness, he determined to devote his life to the mastery of the great mountains. Since then he has made conquest after conquest—all detailed in the present volume—not only in his own Switzerland, but in the Himalayas, in New Zealand, and in the Andes, where, as Mr. FitzGerald has just shown us, it was he who first set foot on the hitherto untrodden summit of Aconcagua.

The life-history of such a man, told in the rough, spontaneous eloquence of his native tongue by hut or bivouac-fire on the crag of some great peak, would flood the soul of the fortunate listener with many emotions, whereas the same thing on paper, in the elaborated idiom of translation, with embellishments and enlargements by the translator, stuck between conventional covers and besprinkled with illustrations sometimes uncalled for and sometimes unworthy, loses a large part of its most characteristic quality and scarcely reveals a personality.

And so it comes to pass that the writer of this autobiography lives more truly in other men's books than in his own, not because he tells his tale clumsily or incompletely—though there is a marked reticence on many of the matters that go to make up a man—but because it is not the real man who is telling it. The book, judiciously edited, should have revealed an unconscious hero; it shows us instead a good fellow and a skilful climber, with a constitution of iron, an indefatigable energy, a passion for adventure, a touch of piety, and a liking for bottled beer and a cigar. But this is not Mr. Zurbriggen's fault; it is the fault of his friends. The book, nevertheless, will be attractive to many as being the first attempt of any guide to give an account of himself and his doings in print, and as containing a record of mountain-adventure that few climbers—and certainly no guide—could match.

Mr. Seaman's New Volume.

In Cap and Bells. By Owen Seaman. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

WELL-MEANING, educated readers say of Mr. Seaman's verse that it is "not unworthy of Calverley," that "he is on Calverley's level," that he is "almost as good as Calverley." It is, perhaps, a blunder to make the comparison, but as it is made so frequently, everyone interested in good work is driven, in the first instance, to approach Mr. Seaman from that particular standpoint, and every just mind is soon forced to admit, with all admiration for Calverley and without the least disparagement of his gifts, that, as a parodist and in technique, Mr. Seaman is Calverley's superior. Some, preferring generous before sardonic humour, would even maintain that the second comer is the better wit. The amusement to be found in

Calverley is certainly, for the most part, embittering. There may be laughter, but there is little true gaiety in his verse. His parodies, again, are ingenious, yet they are rarely sympathetic. Take, for instance, his parody of Browning—"The Cock and the Bull." It is stupidly funny. Browning's intellect is never once taken into account: he wrote every way except foolishly, and to burlesque his manner where he himself, as in certain portions of "The Ring and the Book," is taking some elbow-room at the expense of dull dogs shows a want of critical perception. And so "The Cock and the Bull" misses its mark. This is not the case with Mr. Seaman's "Resignation"—a dramatic study after the same master. Here the subject is seen as Browning might have seen it, and it is treated with the irony which no one commanded more often than Browning himself. Other parodies in Mr. Seaman's new volume are wonderful examples of this difficult art: the Stephen Phillips, the Alfred Austin, the Watts-Dunton, and the George Meredith are faultless. And, further, not one of these distinguished writers would find anything offensive or ill-bred, or, worse still, unknowing in these remarkably skilful productions.

Mr. Seaman has imitated, in each case, with a poet's appreciation, the treatment and the musical tone, but he employs, in the subject-matter, his own observations and his own ideas. Calverley, on the other hand, lacked imagination, or what is sometimes called the instinct for beauty. He wrote as a man of the world, not as a poet, not as an artist. His verse is correct enough, and it looks well on the page. Poetry, however, is for the ear and voice, not for the eye. There must be sound and feeling as well as sense. These indispensable characteristics are never absent in Mr. Seaman's brilliant work. Calverley's lines are often tortured, curiously harsh, and difficult to speak—common effects among parodists who catch the time and not the tune of a poet's literary style. He was also an uncompromising realist: sentimentality, we may believe, irritated, bored, perplexed him; he had, as one says, "no patience with it," and was consumed by an anxiety to get the first laugh—an uneasy, fatal habit among English authors of this generation. Mr. Seaman, less self-conscious, and therefore much stronger, writes with the straightforward ease of those who, acutely susceptible to what is droll, have not sacrificed every high faculty and ideal to that relatively small side in human affairs. There are many modern minds who are capable of seeking for the humorous aspect of the Agony in Gethsemane. Mr. Seaman possesses the great quality of discrimination, and his new volume is much more than a collection of extraordinarily clever poems and burlesques. It is a chivalrous book—a book with what may be called "a whole soul." And lest any one with the fear of chivalry before his eyes should suspect that a "whole soul" is not racy, let us hasten to add that it is the best company possible, and English in the most gallant sense.

Other New Books.

FROM KING ORRY TO QUEEN VICTORIA. BY E. CALLOW.

"This is not a guide-book," says Mr. Callow. It is not. It is such a popular history of the Isle of Man as may well satisfy the thirst for information of the summer visitor to that delectable isle when he has exhausted the guide-book. It should lie upon the table of every hotel coffee-room and every lodging-house parlour in Douglas. Mr. Callow has no pretensions to be a scientific historian, but he has gathered his material with care, and has put it together in a readable and anecdotal form. Those who regard the Isle of Man as a sort of ancestral estate belonging to Mr. Hall Caine will be surprised to learn that he is

not, to the best of our belief, so much as mentioned in the volume. The King Orry who appears in the title was a Norse Viking who conquered the Celtic inhabitants of the island in the tenth century, set up a dynasty, and, if tradition may be credited, founded the representative House of Keys upon Tynwald Hill. To this day Man, unlike its greater Celtic neighbour, possesses Home Rule. It is an independent unit in the British Empire; the Queen of Great Britain is also Lady of Man. In the thirteenth century Hakonson of Norway was defeated by Alexander III. of Scotland, and Man became an appanage of the Scottish Crown. Edward I., and after him Edward III., conquered it, and it was held with the title of king by divers noblemen and Court favourites. Ultimately Henry IV. granted it for an annual tribute of a cast of falcons to Sir John Stanley. From him sprang the Earls of Derby who remained until 1504 "kings," and until the eighteenth century "lords," of Man. Then it passed through the distaff line to the Dukes of Athol, who ruled it ill and selfishly. In 1765 it was sold to the British Crown for £70,000 down and certain annuities. But the final claims of these ducal "horseleeches"—it is Mr. Callow's word—were only settled, in 1829, by a payment of £400,000 more. (Elliot Stock.)

HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT. BY F. NORREYS CONNELL.

The popular taste appears to demand books of the drum-and-trumpet order just at present. Wherefore Mr. F. Norreys Connell has felt called upon to put forth a volume in which he essays to describe the duties which the various branches of the Army are called upon to perform, and the feelings of the soldiers who perform them. Mr. Connell as a writer of stories we know, and have been able to commend; but we have not been able to discover that Mr. Connell has any special knowledge of warfare, or any claim to rank as an authority on the doings and the feelings of soldiers. It is true that he exhibits an enthusiasm for "blugginess"; and in reading his book there came back to our memory some lines from some dreadful stanzas that were current about twenty years ago:

O ain't it a jolly lark,
A-cuttin' of the throats
Of them Boer blokes,
An' wadin' through blood in the dark!

Bloodshed may be necessary, but it is not for us who sit at home to take pleasure in the contemplation of it. Thus does Mr. Connell counsel the private of the line:

Of the tactics of infantry there is no end, but there are some simple rules for the individual foot-soldier to remember when lost in the chaos of battle. If you cannot bayonet your enemy, shoot him; if he goes away, aim at the base of his spine. But do not let your attention be distracted from business by the consideration that other people are making a mark of you. It is your duty to kill the highest possible number of those opposed to you, not to save your own skin.

Such counsel as this is not likely to reach the infantry soldier, and it leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth of the civilian reader. (James Bowden. 3s. 6d.)

LEGENDS OF THE BASTILLE. BY FRANTZ FUNCK-BRETANO.

In this merciful, researchful age the worst men and the worst institutions of the past stand a good chance of receiving justice or, at the least, a coat of whitewash. M. Funck-Bretano sets himself to demolish those legends which represent the Bastille of the eighteenth century as the abode of disease and tortures. We are no longer to believe in iron cages, underground dungeons flooded by the Seine, toads, lizards, rats, scant furniture, clanking chains, Cimmerian darkness, and unknown accusations. These are the dreams of melodrama, and the prison was a desirable residence. Each prisoner had a large room, adequately furnished, and he could add to the furniture.

He could procure whatever clothing he needed, and could even indulge his fads. Paris was ransacked to find "a dress of white silk spotted with green flowers," for a lady named Sauv , and when the gaolers could find only a white dress with green stripes theirs was the dejection! Good fires blazed, pens and books were in plenty, and there were concerts in the prisoners' rooms and in the governors' rooms. Prisoners could pursue their hobbies, or they could walk on the platform of the fortress and watch the crowds on the boulevard.

As for Latude and his tales—pooh! He never stood waist deep in water; on the contrary, he was removed to a better cell when the floods arose. When he complained of rheumatism furs were provided for him, and when he wanted a dressing-gown of "red-striped calamanco" it was obtained. His *Memoirs* are "a tissue of calumnies and lies," and it is pointed out that this man, who alleged that he had suffered torture and exposure for thirty-five years, was active and gay at seventy-five, and died at eighty. There is, of course, no doubt that the extravagance of the French Revolution infected its memories and legends, and that not all these have been corrected by later historians. M. Funck-Bretano's defence of the Bastille is a striking one, and is supported by documents, but that it will prevail against the forces of settled tradition is doubtful. Tradition says that the Bastille was a "hell of living men," and that it was taken by storm. M. Funck-Bretano says it was a comfortable hotel, and that it was entered in a quarter of an hour. Tradition quotes the poets, M. Funck-Bretano prefers contemporary records. An interesting book, with an introduction from the pen of M. Victorien Sardou. (Downey. 6s.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH (597-1066).

BY WILLIAM HUNT, M.A.

This is the first instalment of a somewhat comprehensive undertaking, a complete History of the English Church on a scale considerably larger than any other modern work—for modern histories, civil or ecclesiastical, are generally little more than Introductions and Outlines—and incorporating the results of recent research. The task is obviously one too great for any single scholar of these degenerate days, and it has been divided into seven periods and put into the hands of seven men. Mr. Hunt's share reaches from the coming of Augustine to the Norman Conquest, and among the names of writers to whom later sections are assigned we notice those of such competent historians as Canon Capes and Dr. Gairdner. The general editors are the Dean of Winchester and Mr. Hunt himself. In order, we suppose, to avoid controversy other than historical, it appears to be intended that the work should close with the eighteenth century. Mr. Hunt adds to real learning an adequate narrative style, and we especially commend the judicial and scholarly temper in which he approaches his theme. He says of the volume:

While it is written from the standpoint of a member of the Church of England, it has not been my design either to advocate the principles of a party, or even to exalt the Church. Whether the fact that the Church held certain beliefs and enjoined certain practices a thousand and more years ago is any reason why it should do the like now is not for me to say. Everything recorded here has been inserted either because it seemed to me necessary to my narrative or interesting in itself. It has been my earnest wish to present a thoroughly truthful picture of the Church during this period, and not to misrepresent anything. No cause seems the better for the art of the special pleader, still less for disingenuousness. Nor would the interests of the Church, even if they could be saved by such methods, be so sacred to me as historic truth.

We are a little surprised, in view of the scale and importance of this history—"the first attempt," says Mr. Hunt, "to write a continuous History of the English Church before the Norman Conquest with any degree of fulness"—that Mr. Hunt has not thought it desirable to give full

references to the authorities for his statements in footnotes. Instead of this, he only gives a brief general list of authorities at the end—why not the beginning?—of every chapter. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

We had thought—shall we say, hoped?—to have heard the last of the Sonnets for some time. But Mr. Butler comes late and eager into the field, with an elaborate introduction, footnotes, a reprint of the Quarto text, and all the rest of it. Mindful of a recent volume in which Mr. Butler tried to prove that Nausicaa, of all people, wrote the *Odyssey*, we were quite prepared to find him ascribing the Sonnets to Queen Elizabeth, or Lettice Devereux, or Mary Fitton herself. On the contrary, with the exception of a slight tendency to indulge in the somewhat dangerous pastime of re-arranging the order of the Sonnets, he faces the problem in a thoroughly sober and scholarly mood. We have not space to discuss his views in full, but the volume is one which no serious student can afford to neglect. Briefly, Mr. Butler is neither a Herbertian nor a Southamptonian. He tilts indifferently at Mr. Archer and Mr. Sidney Lee. But he takes the common-sense view that the "Mr. W. H." of the preface was the person to whom the Sonnets were written, and he thinks, chiefly on the ground of the italicised *Hews* in Sonnet 20, that the initials conceal some unidentified Will Hews probably of obscure social standing. It may be so. In any case, we think that few scholars will follow Mr. Butler in the belief that the Sonnets were literally the work of Shakespeare's "pupil pen," and were written between 1585 and 1588. (Longmans.)

LETTIS'S DIARIES.

We have received a parcel of these well-known publications, the merits of which are too well known to need statement. But *Lettis's Diary* No. 8, which is in a convenient octavo size and gives a page to each day of this year, strikes us as an excellent type of diary for the literary man. (Cassell & Co.)

Fiction.

Active Service. By Stephen Crane.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THE hero of this novel is the editor of the Sunday edition of a New York paper, Rufus Coleman, a down-East Yankee of the most resourceful and clear-headed type. Coleman falls in love with Marjory Wainright, daughter of a college professor. The professor declines the young man as a son-in-law, and then, his daughter proving obstinate, takes her and his wife to Greece, with a party of young students. Rufus follows as correspondent of his paper, and there follows also a *divette* named Nora Black, who has something more than a preference for the great young Sunday editor. The presence of all the characters in Greece can only be explained by the fact that Mr. Crane has spent some time in Greece as a war-correspondent, and must have a large quantity of descriptive stuff to "work off." Otherwise it has no significance. Mr. Crane makes of the Turko-Greek war a rather effective background to a romantic love-tale with a "happy" conclusion. The book is full of those feats of description for which the author is famous—some of them really excellent, others nothing but trickeries in which a certain effect is obtained by applying to men the epithets of things and to things the epithets of men. But let us admit that Mr. Crane can handle the epithet and the simile with surprising, almost miraculous dexterity. The best chapter in the book is that in which is set forth the strenuous life of the sixteenth floor of the *New York Eclipse*

building. It is a piece of sheer impudent vivacity, the end justifying the means. If it had not succeeded it would have been obviously crude; but it does succeed, and the sixteenth floor of the *Eclipse* building lives for you as in a biograph.

A large part of the book is occupied with the American University student, of whom Mr. Crane presents several varieties in what one of his characters calls a "calcium light." These persons are not wholly fascinating; their passion for slang amounts to a disease—a disease which has communicated itself to Mr. Crane. If a slang phrase will roughly serve his turn he never hesitates to use it. The students' conversations have picturesqueness:

In the corridor, one of the students said offensively to Peter Tounley:

"Say, how in hell did you find out all this so early?"

Peter's reply was amiable in tone.

"You are a damned bleating little kid, and you make a holy show of yourself before Mr. Gordner. There's where you stand. Didn't you see that he turned us out because he didn't know but what you were going to blubber or something? You are a sucking-pig, and if you want to know how I find out things, go and ask the Delphic Oracle, you blind ass."

"You'd better look out, or you may get a punch in the eye!"

"You take one punch in the general direction of my eye, me son," said Peter cheerfully, "and I'll distribute your remains over this hotel in a way that will cause your friends years of trouble to collect you. Instead of anticipating an attack upon my eye, you had much better be engaged in improving your mind, which is not at present a fit machine to cope with exciting situations. There's Coke! Hello, Coke, heard the news? Well, Marjory Wainwright and Rufus Coleman are engaged. Straight? Certainly! Go ask the minister."

On the whole, *Active Service* is a little below Mr. Crane's best. It is mannered, and the mannerisms of a writer with methods so audacious and novel as Mr. Crane's are apt to irritate. But it quite deserves to be called a remarkable book.

Princess Feather. By A. C. Inchbold.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

MR. INCHBOLD (if, indeed, it be a man; but we are by no means sure) has written a novel of peasant life on the Sussex shore at the end of the eighteenth century. His heroine, Elizabeth, sprang originally from the Foundling Hospital. She was carefully brought up, and arrived at the status of a lady's maid. Pretty, clever, refined, reliable and good, she was a valuable pearl among lady's maids. One day she went with her mistress to stay at a country house. She there saw a sheep-shearing festival, and fell in love with the braggart but picturesque Michael Tagg, captain of sheep-shearers. She married him. Thenceforward her history is one of sorrow and declension. Michael was a smuggler and a bully—masterful, drunken, immoral, bestial—in fact, we suppose, an average eighteenth century peasant husband. In vain Elizabeth exercised amiability, obedience, and conscientious endeavour to please. He knocked her down with a single blow. She found herself a peasant's wife. Mr. Inchbold's concern is to make us feel what it was to be a peasant's wife in years before the battle of Trafalgar. He succeeds. The picture is sinister, but it convinces. Imagination has been put into this promising book. It is a book dominated by a sincere effort after truth—both dark truth and light. The realism is relentless, but it is a fine, selective sort of realism too. The difficult Sussex dialect is handled with skill, and the author has a pastoral, open-air sense of things which enables him to build up round his characters a genuine atmosphere of England's green and England's sea. In short, *Princess Feather*, no doubt a first attempt,

may be called rather notable, since it has strength, colour, and a broad, just outlook. Some of the scenes possess a memorable stringency. The most dramatic is that of the wife auction (marking the lowest point of Elizabeth's fall), where the once prim and proud lady's maid is sold by her husband to a soldier for five sovereigns. We should like to quote from it, but a short extract would be inadequate. The psychology of the soldier and the subsequent passages between the soldier and Elizabeth are well and subtly done. They disclose a talent at once ingenious and agile, and, above all, honest with itself and its subject. That is the leading characteristic of this novel: a simple, unaffected intention to be real. On the whole, the style is the least satisfactory feature of the story. The author is too much inclined (as Schopenhauer puts it) "to think in phrases"—the worn-out stock-phrases which may have been fresh centuries ago—instead of constructing his sentences word by word.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LADY FROM NOWHERE. BY FERGUS HUME.

The author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* again takes a murder as his theme. It occurs in a London suburb, the victim being an eccentric young lady who—to quote her landlady—"dined off a chop and potatoes, and dressed in silk and lace to eat them." Eyeing her room, with its violent yellow tone and gorgeous furniture, the detective Gebb rubs his hands: "By the sight of it, this is going to be a romantic case." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

A PURE CHILD-FACE. BY E. S. PADMORE.

A didactic story in paper covers. The period is laid in the early days of Christianity, and the priest of the Sun has much to say. There are fairies and converts. The last sentence points the moral: "Better the Paradise of fools than the Gehenna of a sated soul." (Simpkin Marshall. 1s.)

WHILE THE LOTUS IS CLOSED. BY MICHAEL GRANT.

A love-story with a background of wealth and titles and country life. The heroine "walked slowly across the lawn, the frou-frou of her skirts keeping time to the soft throb of the Blue Hungarian Band." (H. J. Drane. 3s. 6d.)

SHE STANDS ALONE. BY MARK ASHTON.

The central character in this story is Pilate's wife, "the Maid of Athens," who is treated in her character of pleader for Christ during His trial before Pilate. The story may be said to be written round the text "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man." Part of the novel is laid in Britain. "'The great Julius has maligned Britain,' she observed. . . . 'It is not nearly so savage a country as I anticipated, and as to the barbarous natives who gave him such a rough reception, where are they hidden, centurion?'" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE KINGDOM OF A HEART. BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

A love-story of great length and many incidents, in which two sisters are the heroines. Tragedy, intrigues, secrets, and mistakes pass away. Then "Rachel's old audacious look danced in her eyes," and Anne "will be an ideal Rector's wife." The story ends on baby-socks: "Baby likes the pink ones best." (Routledge. 6s.)

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Made Writing.

Travellers for Ever is the title borne by a dainty little book of "fantasies and sketches" written by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, and just published by Mr. Nutt. Mr. Cornford has recently written a very creditable study of the life and achievement of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is evident that he owes something of his style and vocabulary to Stevenson, something also of these to Mr. Henley; but we do not wish to make a point of this. The point we are led to make—after reading these essays not once, nor twice, but several times—is that Mr. Cornford is very typical of a multitude of young writers to whom a St. Paul, in the dawn of a new century, might say in gentle but convincing tones: "I perceive that in all things ye are too styleful." Paul would say "styleful"—unpleasing word—because it would carry his meaning. He would not say: "I perceive that in all things ye are too careful of style"; that is impossible in young writers. Style in excess is the evil—style conceived as the root instead of the flower. The fault, no doubt, leans to virtue's side; but just now it frequently is found leaning at an angle that demands correction. It does so in Mr. Cornford's essays.

Mr. Cornford's theme is the open road, that leads from cities into the fields and woods. It is a theme on which every man has leave to write, the condition is that he shall write well. In the limited sense that he writes carefully, and with a curious search for fit and musical words, Mr. Cornford does write well. It is, indeed, "evidently manifest," to use a phrase of his own, that Mr. Cornford has spent whole afternoons in making and pruning his style. Yet by his style—we are sorry to say—he is condemned. Everywhere it suggests things read, rather than things seen or felt. It is curious that in seven essays eulogising the country he hardly ever names a tree, bird, or plant. He writes—as might any of the "horde of sedentary persons" with whom he peoples London—"fir-woods," "old-grown woods," "shores alive with wild fowl," "bird-voices," "pollarded willows," "leviathan beeches," and "virginal birches." Once he names the hollow clapper of the cuckoo—a phrase that could be learned from a cuckoo-clock—but when "a bird in the thicket flutes a solo," we are not told what bird; and the "strange broken speech of the wild fowl, that sometimes sounds like words," is attributed to no species. Indeed, definiteness is the last quality of these polished but periphrastic essays. Landscapes are lost in adjective and metaphor. Thus:

All the eastern sky is glowing amber; westward, riding high, the moon stares from the empyrean of cold azure washed with silver, a disc of polished brass. Wreaths of mist fill the valleys, like fleeces of carded wool. The far, lusty clarion of chanticleer rings through the hushed expectancy. The east burns redder, melting into the blue, paling the brassy moon. The icy air grows warmer, and breathes an odour of grass and flowers. A grey continent of cloud, leaning from the western sky, flashes here and there with igneous flakes of red, and, yawning into cavernous deeps, slowly breaks in pices, and drifts, red-

dening towards the misty hills that rise beyond the creaming valleys and the hanging woods. The east burns into fiery rose; a tiny wreath of cloud floating above a black mass of foliage changes hue and shape, and floats away, still changing.

We are afraid that the impression floats away too. We quote another passage:

Out of the city the wayfarer follows the road; the road which runs up sheer into the lifting sky and leaps the hill, and, winding through shaughs and blowing meadows, leads past ancient churches grey with lichen and over shining water, trending always to the sea. Across the azure bloom of the summer champaign sweep vast shadows obasing gleams of silver light, until the sun goes down into his country of the sunset beyond the purple hills. Down the road, to the music of beating hoofs and tinkling bells, roll the harvest wains loaded high with wealth of sheaves; follows, heavy with toil, the train of bronzed labourers. Upon a dark bank, high above the road, stands a peasant woman holding a child in her arms, encircled and magically illumined by the western radiance.

This is Nature seen in engravings. The style cries for substance, for personality—all that makes style a virtue. To call the country alluring is not to make it so. You may write of "the jolly wind," "ribbons of running water," the "haunting, eager wind," and the "amorous bravery of the spring"; you may swear that the land "smells of fairies," and point to "the long silhouette of a town rising beyond the golden pastures of a lucent sky"; you may distinguish the colour of the sea as "lilac," and declare that old beeches are "writhen like fossil serpents"; you may speak of "a gaudy chime of bells"; and you may set these phrases in shapely sentences and paragraphs—still it may be naught. For to communicate only words, not things, or to communicate more words than substance, is to fail. Style is not the art of finding beautiful words and arranging them well; it is the art of fitting words to things, and arranging both well. Many pitfalls await the young author who thinks of words before things. He borrows unusual words from one model, or a few models, and the result is that in trying to bejewel his vocabulary he narrows it. Mr. Cornford uses words like "scanted," "brash," "hebetude," "wried," "immobile," "purview," "writhen," "coiled," "scission" and "lure" (as a noun). It is made a point by many young writers to bring such words into use. Against that we have little to say, provided the words are come by rightly. But a writer should not try to tickle his readers by a word which he has not by processes of thought truly made his own. What we notice in Mr. Cornford's book is that the presence of unusual words does not give him a large vocabulary. His repetitions are many. On one page he writes: "You shall hear the tramp of ancient armies ring upon the ribs of earth"; on another, "the weapon digged from the adamant ribs of earth." A "white plume of smoke" is emitted, on p. 24, by a railway train, and on p. 36 a "level plume of smoke" floats from an outward-bound steamer. On p. 32 we have the "valiant sun," on p. 63 the "valiant stars." On p. 24 "the lusty clarion of chanticleer shatters the stillness"; and on p. 50 "the far lusty clarion of chanticleer rings through the hushed expectancy." Twice or thrice is the sky "lucent," and twice we have "the myriad wheels of circumstance." These repetitions, occurring in about fifty small pages, betray the dominance of words over things, and the dominance of a model over words. And here it may be said that the writer who takes Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Henley as his master makes a cardinal error: instead of contemplating these, who are two, he should study their models, who are many. Instead of imitating their writing, he should emulate their reading.

Nothing wearies like the excess of style over matter. For in such cases the disproportion is not all: the matter is sure to want quality as well as quantity. The thought seems caught out of the air. It is delicately worded, but

it is of no account. It is pretty, but it is not true. Mr. Cornford will have it that the lovers of the open road are elect. He draws tenebrous pictures of city life, of the town's "poisonous wilderness," its "sour gloom," and of the multitude who "cut their staves into shopmen's yards, and settle down to fatten peaceably in villas." He sees nothing between "the immemorial, elemental life of man, and civilisation's buckram parody." The "horrible shrill city" is to be flown. The town-dweller is admonished thus:

You read, vaguely, in the newspapers of the Army and the Navy, the Colonies, and the Agricultural Interest, it is true; nevertheless, you shall come to believe in time that the District Railway circumscribes the habitable world; and you go contentedly to and fro, like tame pheasants in a ring-fence preserve. But the drop of savage blood still throbs in some of you; and, although Esau may compromise with Jacob (for substantial reasons), he still refuses ultimate alliance with his smooth-faced kinsmen in the black coat and varnished boots.

This is what we may term "made" writing. It answers to no large essential facts. Need we point out that the wearer of varnished boots is no tame town pheasant, but a shooter of pheasants. Need we point out that the desire to see the country, and at last to live in the country, is the ruling passion of Londoners. What is suburban life but a tribute to the country? Every London suburb is a leaf straining to the light. Has Mr. Cornford seen a chrysanthemum show at the People's Palace? Has he attended a bulb auction in Poultry? or met the Spring in the Strand? A writer is not obliged to write all truths about his subject, but he must have a saving sense of them. And nothing obscures that sense more than a predominance of the wish to write over the wish to think.

We have examined Mr. Cornford's book with unusual keenness because we believe that he means to challenge criticism on his style, and because that style seems to afford a good object of inquiry at the present time. If it had fewer virtues we should have found fewer faults. Mr. Cornford has acquired a great deal of craftsmanship: his sentences as sentences, and his paragraphs as paragraphs, are very well turned; he has the taste for words. But —

How Long Should Copyright Last?

Mr. Bernard Shaw's Views.

In our issue of December 2 we printed a number of replies which we had received from authors to the questions: Is Perpetual Copyright in books desirable? and, If not, how long should Copyright last?

To these questions Mr. Bernard Shaw replied as follows:

The proposal of perpetual copyright is a piece of rapacious impudence. Would it benefit anybody if the heirs of John Bunyan were now wallowing idly in royalties on *The Pilgrim's Progress* instead of working honestly for their living?

Considering that an inventor who enriches the world is granted patent rights for fourteen years only, it is not clear why an author, who possibly debauches it, should get from thirty to over one hundred years' copyright. The present term is too long, except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the courts. If the descendants of authors want copyrights, they can earn them by writing books.

In our issue of last week we printed the views of Mr. Herbert Thring, secretary of the Society of Authors, who concluded his remarks as follows:

It appears to me extraordinary that none of your contributors have taken into account the fact that neither the public nor the author's descendants reap the benefit, but the publishers.

Do I understand that it is the general opinion of literary men that the profits arising from the judicious administration of literary property should belong to the publisher, rather than the author's representative or the public?

Mr. Shaw now sends us the following rejoinder:

"Mr. Herbert Thring is mistaken in concluding that the point he raises has escaped my consideration. What is of more importance, he is also mistaken in supposing that a publisher can make anything out of a copyright of which he has no monopoly. The entire works of Shakespeare can be purchased for sixpence less than Mr. Pinero's worst single play, because the publisher pays nothing for Shakespeare's work and can charge nothing for it. If he attempted to put a penny on to the price on Shakespeare's account his edition could instantly be under-sold to that amount by his competitors, who have the same access to Shakespeare as he. I can take a copy of 'Hamlet' into a jobbing printer's to-morrow and get it reprinted as cheaply as I could an equal quantity of copy offering rewards for lost dogs. Dent may charge me eightpence for 'Hamlet,' Cassell threepence for it, and Dicks a penny; but what I pay them for is the design of the book, the printing, the paper, the binding, the size, the copyright illustrations, the editorial notes, not for Shakespeare. Him I get for nothing."

Mr. Thring, nevertheless, thinks that a copyright which has become common property by the expiration of its monopoly is not really a national possession. In a sense, he is right. The Englishman who never buys a copy of Shakespeare's works, never reads one, and never goes to the theatre, may contend that he has never got anything by his share of the national inheritance of Shakespeare's genius, and that the readers and playgoers have used that inheritance without sharing it with him. He may claim that the Government should levy a royalty on all copies sold, and apply the proceeds to the general benefit in relief of taxation or otherwise. Similarly a Londoner who never goes into Hyde Park may contend that, to enable him to share its benefits with those who do go into it, a charge should be made for admission, and the proceeds devoted to the reduction of London rates. Or a bedridden ratepayer might demand that the street should be made a turnpike, so that the actual users should pay an equivalent for the wear and tear of the pavement into a common fund for the benefit of the bedridden and the active alike.

The answer to these perfectly logical proposals is, first, that their adoption would be so exceedingly inconvenient and costly if carried out consistently in every department of life, that they would make society physically impossible, whereas the existing communistic methods work fairly well. And second, that it is not true that the actual first-hand users of an institution are the sole or chief beneficiaries. Take the case of the British Museum Library and Reading-room. Is it a place kept up by the nation for the benefit of the readers? No: as we authors and journalists and literary hacks know to our cost, it is a place which benefits the nation through the labour (often miserably underpaid, and largely gratuitous) of those who work there. Take again the case of railways. They benefit everybody, but only on condition that a certain number of people face the discomfort and risk of travelling by them. Hence, when other Socialists have advocated free railway travelling, I, better advised, have advocated payment of railway travellers, a juster and more popular reform.

Mr. Thring, then, need not fear that the copyrights which have lapsed into the common stock benefit only the publishers who make use of them. On the contrary, the real difficulty is to induce publishers to touch them and face the competition that follows success with them. They prefer the monopoly of copyright. When I was a boy the American publishers vied with each other in

bringing out editions of the latest works of our English novelists, who cried Thieves and Pirates with all their might. What was the result? The American public read all our leading works of fiction for a few cents, to their great benefit and to ours (since it was thus that they learnt to love literature); but the publishers were brought to the verge of ruin. To-day, when they ask me for new copyright matter, I tell them that a million words of my best writing lie at the disposal of every publisher in America; but they prefer to pay a royalty for a monopoly, and they are right. If we turn to the stage, we find that Sir Henry Irving, instead of pouring royalties into the pockets of Sardou, Pinero, Jones, and Grundy, has availed himself of the national property in Shakespeare. With what result? That he tells us that the non-copyright system has left him £100,000 to the bad. He is now glad to call in Sardou and pay him heavy royalties. It is a mistake to suppose that either publishers or managers profit by free books and plays. To them, monopoly is always worth the royalty it costs.

May I, in conclusion, say publicly what Mr. Thring knows privately: namely, that I am not one of those literary blacklegs who are not ashamed to earn a few disgraceful shillings by reviling the Authors' Society, and belittling the work which will make Sir Walter Besant famous, not as a mere author—that might happen to anybody—but as a great Trade Union secretary. Only, I have fought from the first against the clamour of the author for a perpetual literary property, and against the argument that if other men are allowed to quarter their descendants idly on the labour of future generations, why shouldn't we? Even if the claim were honest, and the argument worthy, what chance has either of acceptance in an age of increasing death duties, of jealous public limiting of concessions to electric lighting and tramway companies, of a general revolt of the public conscience against perpetual pensioners of all sorts? In this matter Sir Walter has the notions of 1860, and Mr. Lang those of 1870. It is now 1900—time for *my* ideas to have a turn. Mr. Nutt, I grant, is up to date: he faces the choice between the attitude of the Socialist and the attitude of the Struggle-for-Lifer, but does not give any reason why the Struggle-for-Lifers who are not authors should tax their posterity for the benefit of a seventeenth Duke of Besant or Marquis of Shaw. Perpetual copyright is an Alnaschar's dream, all the less worth troubling about in view of the fact that the copyrights most in need of help from the Society of Authors have a natural life—inextensible by any legal device whatever—of from twenty-four hours to eighteen months.

G. BERNARD SHAW."

Things Seen.

The Lower Criticism.

THE Beadle was a bland, elderly, sententious man, with a taste for wisdom, and a paternal interest in the shrubs and flowers of the Public Garden under his charge.

As my homeward route at the close of every working-day took me through his garden, a casual friendship grew up between us. We always exchanged greetings, which now and again expanded into conversation, as on one December evening when the trees stood out black and bare against the flying clouds. On that night the windows of the church at the corner of the garden were alight, and the frosty air was filled with melody.

"Choir practising, I suppose?"

The Beadle nodded, and tilted his bland face a couple of inches nearer the heavens. "It does one good to stand outside and hear them rolling the psalm to wintry skies," he said. "I don't go to church now. I've given up going to church. My wife goes to church, but women don't think the same way as men."

He was silent for a minute, gazing at the sky.

"Perhaps she's right," he continued; "but I don't see how a man can go to church if he doesn't believe the Bible's all true. Do you, sir?"

I gave a small, non-committal cough.

The singing ceased.

"Well, it's tea-time," he said; and as we paced along the asphalt path he inquired if I had seen the new Bible Dictionary. Without waiting for my answer, he continued: "It's a wonderful book. A gentleman, a great barrister living over there in the Inn, lent me the first volume. It goes from A to D, and plays havoc—great havoc, sir—with the Bible. It's queer reading for a Christian woman, so I keep it locked up, out of the way of my wife. It's no good upsetting one's womenfolk. They haven't got the same brains like us." He clutched my arm and lowered his bland face to mine: "'Tisn't only the Old Testament they play havoc with. There's a German professor says that the Star of Bethlehem shines only in the legend, and—and—his voice sank to a whisper—they don't even let St. Paul alone. But I must keep it from the missis. It don't do, sir, to upset women."

By this time we had reached the lodge. He pushed open the door, disclosing a bright room with the cloth laid for tea. In a low chair by the fire sat an old lady, with an open book upon her knees. She smiled upon her husband and greeted me pleasantly.

"I was getting anxious about you, William, dear."

"I've been having a bit of a talk with this gentleman," said William.

"And what have you been talking about?" asked the old lady.

William looked uncomfortable: "It's not the kind of talk that you would want to hear, Mary."

She glanced up quickly at her husband. There was such divination in the look—such a kind, reproachful comprehension shone on her wrinkled face—that I was moved to say: "Your husband has been regretting that he can no longer go to church because—because the higher criticism has made such havoc with the Bible that he can no longer accept its infallibility."

"Dear William!" said the old lady, and she took her husband's hand. "Dear William!"

She did not speak for a minute—she only looked at him, as one might look at a forgiven child.

"Dear William," she said, "I knew what was troubling you, and I knew that you was trying to spare me. Oh, William, 'tisn't what men have said or written that's given me peace all my days and happiness now that I'm an old woman. If every line of the Bible was proved to be false, if all the learned men in the world came to the door and told me I was an old goose, it wouldn't make no difference. Dear William, it's what I *know* that makes me happy and sure—so sure. Nobody can teach me, and nobody can take it away from me, William, dear." And then she read aloud this from the book upon her knee:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

All Real.

HE was a big man, and a veritable red-neck. Looking at him as he sat next me at the long counter of a London restaurant, I surmised thus:—An office in the City, a house at Crouch End, a wife and four children, a good deal of smoking and billiards, a good deal of sleep and tubbing. Yet this formidable Englishman had propped before him a well-thumbed copy of *Short Stories*, a penny weekly publication. While he was cutting his stewed steak and conveying it to his mouth his eye never left the frivolous page leaning against the water-jug.

The contradiction between the man whose back sloped away like a mountain side and the frail penny literature which interested him more than his food fascinated me. Long he munched and read, and long I was conscious of his tall silk hat tilted back, and his staring forward gaze at the paper. A colophon on the page showed that the story was ending. My curiosity was great. At last he started, summoned the waiter, and counted out his money. Meanwhile I was able by an effort to gather the conclusion of the story which had held him. This is what I read in difficult glances:

"On the Green Room couch lay Nanine; on one side stood Lord Borrodaile, Harold Methuen on the other. . . .

She opened her eyes. There bending over her stood her mother and Harold Methuen, hand in hand.

She raised herself. 'The cue, prompter; quick, the cue.'

Harold bent over. . . . 'I love you, I love you.'

She rubbed her eyes. 'Yes, cue, love.'

'I love you with all my heart.'

'Curtain, quick, curtain.'

'No, dearest, this . . . beginning of the act.'

She looked . . . dazed way, . . . recognition came.

'Not acting, . . . real, all real. Oh, I . . . happy now!'"

Correspondence.

"E. H." and "Contemporary Style."

SIR,—Could you not bestow a New Year's boon on the majority of your readers by spiking "E. H.'s" gun, or taking away his breech-block, and so putting an end to his pedantic effusion on a subject already fairly well understood by many educated persons? He does not appear to note the difference between a report written against time and calculated to convey an idea of the situation to eager and anxious readers, and Count Tolstoy's MS.—which makes one long to be his typewriter!

Now if you could persuade "E. H." to send his lucubrations to the prisoners at Pretoria, history would be repeated, and no doubt the prisoners would be charmed. On May 2, 1818, Mr. William Cobbett wrote a dedication to his Grammar, of which the following is a portion:—"To Mr. Benbow, shoemaker, of Manchester. DEAR SIR,—When, in the month of August, 1817, you were shut up in an English Dungeon by order of Lord Sidmouth, without any of the rules or forms prescribed by law of the land; without having been confronted with your accusers; without having been informed of the charge against you; while you were thus suffering under the fangs of absolute power, I did myself the honour to address you, from this place, two Letters on *English Grammar*, and in those letters I stated to you my intention of publishing a book on that subject."

How delighted Mr. Benbow must have been! I am told a prisoner will read *anything*.

Well, in the course of Mr. Cobbett's work, he quotes startling errors from Dr. Johnson's writings in the *Rambler*. It is quite evident the Doctor either emended his writing till he forgot his subject, or else thought quicker than he could write. The majority of books are marred by stilted grammatical (?) sentences, which delight reviewers, but stop all *action*. Fancy you and I on the top of a fire-escape pausing to consider our Addison! "Get on, or let me," would be about our form; we should wait till afterwards to note the "lurid glow," and "the myriad, wind-swept sparks falling in showers like a labyrinthine firmament." May we never try. A happy new year.—I am, &c.,
EYRE HUSSEY.

Bromsberrow, Ledbury: Jan. 3, 1900.

["Fancy you and I on the top of a fire-escape." By fancy Mr. Hussey means imagine or suppose. In any case, the word is an active transitive verb, and should have governed the accusative.—E. H.]

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 15 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best set of mottoes to be placed over the doors of (a) a dining-room, (b) a music-room, (c) a library, and (d) a bedroom. The mottoes were to be chosen from English authors and none were to exceed two lines in length.

A not unexpected feature of the mottoes sent to us is that almost every set contains at least one happy suggestion. Not a few sets contain three good mottoes but break down in the fourth.

The best complete set of mottoes comes from Mr. Burnell Payne, 78, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, W., to whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent. Mr. Payne's set is as follows:

DINING-ROOM.

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both." Shakespeare.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears." Shakespeare.

LIBRARY.

"Come and take choice of all my Library." Shakespeare.

BED-ROOM.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!" Coleridge.

Among other sets are these:

DINING-ROOM.

"Across the walnuts and the wine." Tennyson.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"The world is too much with us." Wordsworth.

LIBRARY.

"The rest is silence." Shakespeare.

BED-ROOM.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." The Bible.
G. D., Horley, Surrey.

DINING-ROOM.

"Be merry, masters, while ye may,
For men much quicker pass away." W. Morris.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began." Dryden.

LIBRARY.

"The assembled souls of all that men held wise." Leigh Hunt.

BED-ROOM.

"For worst and best
Right good is rest." William Morris.
M. A. C., Cambridge.

DINING-ROOM.

"Kissing don't last; cookery do." Meredith.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears." Shakespeare.

LIBRARY.

"Here are books, if we have brains to read them." Thomas Carlyle.

BED-ROOM.

"Let still Silence trow night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne." Spenser.
E. U., Campden Hill, W.

DINING-ROOM.

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!" Shakespeare.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know." R. Browning.

LIBRARY.

"O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make One live with All!" S. Daniel.

BED-ROOM.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." The Bible.
M. A. W., Watford.

Replies received also from: B. D., Newington Butts; G. E. B., Forest Gate; A. T., Reigate; N. F., Glasgow; E. B., Liverpool; A. E. C., Brighton; J. B., Edinburgh; W. B. K., London; A. E. T., Bristol; C. K., Dublin; Rev. R. F. McC., Whitby; J. A. C., South

Hackney; A. H. W., Westward Ho; A. M. J., Eccles; B. B., Birmingham; J. D. W., London; A. R. B., Malvern; D. M. L. S., London; L. P., Inverness; C. M. J., Hexham; C. J. P. C., Cambridge; M. C., Dorking; O. S., Brighton; J. R., Aberdeen; W. H. B., Plaistow; H. E. C., Egham; H. F. McD., London; S. T., London; W. J. F., Birmingham; E. L. C., Redhill; F. L., London; G. R., Aberdeen; J. B., Wimbledon; E. G. B., Liverpool; E. E., Malvern; H. W. F., Cork; G. E. M., London; H. D. R., London; E. H., Didsbury; G. S., Edinburgh; H. G. H., Whitby; A. H. C., Lee; A. U., London.

Prize Competition No. 16 (New Series).

THIS week we set our readers an exercise in ingenious versification. A little booklet, entitled *More Anagrams*, by "Some Minor Poets," just issued by Messrs. Spottiswoode, contains 100 examples of the application of the anagram to rhyme. For example:

My Muse, who often ——— to treat
Of trifles, now has persevered
To tell of him, whose fearless fleet
Once ——— the haughty Spaniard's beard.
By bold ———, in daring age,
Drake ——— his name on history's page.

And again:

Macbeth, by all his ——— forsaken,
Died fighting rather than be taken;
With less to fear and hopes more slight
Did ——— to the fight.

The first of these verses is completed by arranging the letters D-E-I-G-N-S in four ways to fill the four blanks. The verse then reads:

My Muse, who often *deigns* to treat
Of trifles, now has persevered
To tell of him, whose fearless fleet
Once *singed* the haughty Spaniard's beard.
By bold *design*, in daring age,
Drake *signed* his name on history's page.

Similarly, the second verse is completed by arranging the letters T-H-A-N-E-S as Thane, Athens, and hasten.

We offer a guinea for the best anagram-verse of this kind.

The subject of the verse must have a literary flavour.

The key-words must be supplied to us, and these should be written below the verse, not inserted in the blanks.

The pith and quality of the resulting anagram-verse will be our main consideration in awarding the prize.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 20 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received this week: J. D.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

POMPEII: ITS LIFE AND ART.

BY AUGUST MAU.

The present work is in no sense a translation of Herr Mau's earlier and numerous contributions to the subject. The plan of the book falls naturally into several divisions, the first of which recounts the early history of the city and its destruction. A large portion is devoted to a description of the excavations which have been made, and the various buildings, public and private, which have been uncovered. Ten full-page photographs, and more than two hundred "half-tone" engravings are provided, and the book is in all other ways handsomely equipped. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

DARWIN AND DARWINISM.

BY P. Y. ALEXANDER.

A clearly written and manifestly sincere criticism of many of Darwin's positions. Mr. Alexander acknowledges "the master's" wonderful gifts of observation, but like some other

critics—distrusts his conclusions. Only certain lines of inquiry are opened in this book, of which the "argument" is stated very succinctly under eleven heads. The author's first point is to endeavour to show that the *Origin of Species*, in its main character, was superseded by the *Descent of Man*. The misuse of the word instinct, by Darwin and his disciples, is another of Mr. Alexander's themes. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 7s. 6d. net.)

PULPIT POINTS FROM LATEST LITERATURE.

BY J. F. B. TINLING.

"Illustrations are necessary to a preacher, and a large proportion of them should be fresh." Accordingly Mr. Tinling has made this collection of short extracts from the books of 1898, touching on all manner of pulpit topics, as: "Apathy," "Official Corruption," "Meeting Death," "A True Gentleman," "Marriage Without Love," "Night Refugees," &c. It is his hope to issue such a volume yearly. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

BY AUGUSTE MAROT.

A practical unpretending little book of advice about the care of Body, Mind, and Soul, by one who, finding himself strong and happy, wishes to see his readers similarly blessed. This personal tone distinguishes the book from most budgets of advice. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

OSBERN AND URSYNE:

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

PRESS NOTICES.

"The work before us reveals a sustained nobility of style And this short essay in dramatic verse can only add fresh proof of the fine catholicity of her genius."—OWEN SEAMAN, in the *Morning Post*, Nov., 1899.

"There is a play by John Oliver Hobbes in verse, which, solemn and pathetic as it is, is quite as admirable.....as her lighter prose."—*Scotsman*, July 3, 1899.

"This is a striking poetical play written partly in rhymed dialogue, partly in blank verse, and partly in prose.....There is real poetry in the play, and it has more than beauty enough to make it please any lover of poetry who takes it up."—*Scotsman*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's new venture is a tragedy, and in some sense a strong one. It is good to read and might easily be adapted for the stage. It has the merit of concentration, and, if carefully mounted and skilfully acted, would produce powerful effects. Its plot is one which might have inspired Æschylus or Shakespeare to produce a great play..... It is a powerful play, and is full of striking lines and passages. Whether it is put upon the stage or not, it may be said with truth that the author has achieved a success that has in it some of the elements of greatness."—*Glasgow Herald*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"Osbern and Urayne," a drama in three acts in verse, seems to us very beautiful and melodious."—*Daily Chronicle*, June 30, 1899.

"In 'Osbern and Urayne'.....the theme is dramatic, the handling imaginative and powerful."—WILLIAM ARCHER, in the *Daily Chronicle*, Nov., 1899.

"Written partly in blank and partly in rhymed verse, with an occasional subsidence into prose, 'Osbern and Urayne' contains pretty passages and some striking ones.....One is stirred by the keynote of the drama—a love great enough to enable a woman kill her beloved for his good, and a love great enough to enable a man to commit murder to save his sweetheart from a taint."—*Outlook*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's blank verse Anglo-Saxon play, 'Osbern and Urayne,' has.....subtlety. It is also lofty and poetical.....In reading it you cannot help feeling that she understands the principles of tragedy."—*Queen*, July 29, 1899.

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"The work before us reveals a sustained nobility of style....And this short essay in dramatic verse can only add fresh proof of the fine catholicity of her genius."

OWEN SEAMAN, in the *Morning Post*, Nov., 1899.

"There is a play by John Oliver Hobbes in verse, which, solemn and pathetic as it is, is quite as admirable.....as her lighter prose."

Scotsman, July 3, 1899.

"This is a striking poetical play written partly in rhymed dialogue, partly in blank verse, and partly prose....There is real poetry in the play, and it has more than beauty enough to make it please any lover of poetry who takes it up."—*Scotsman*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's new venture is a tragedy, and in some sense a strong one. It is good to read and might easily be adapted for the stage. It has the merit of concentration, and, if carefully mounted and skilfully acted, would produce powerful effects. Its plot is one which might have inspired Æschylus or Shakespeare to produce a great play....It is a powerful play, and is full of striking lines and passages. Whether it is put upon the stage or not, it may be said with truth that the author has achieved a success that has in it some of the elements of greatness."

Glasgow Herald, Nov. 11, 1899.

"Osbern and Ursyne, a drama in three acts in verse, seems to us very beautiful and melodious."

Daily Chronicle, June 30, 1899.

"In 'Osbern and Ursyne'.....the theme is dramatic, the handling imaginative and powerful."—WILLIAM ARCHER, in the *Daily Chronicle*, Nov., 1899.

"Written partly in blank and partly in rhymed verse, with an occasional subsidence into prose, 'Osbern and Ursyne' contains pretty passages and some striking ones....One is stirred by the keynote of the drama—a love great enough to make a woman kill her beloved for his good, and a love great enough to enable a man to commit murder to save his sweetheart from a taint."—*Outlook*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's blank verse Anglo-Saxon play, 'Osbern and Ursyne,' has.....subtlety. It is also lofty and poetical....In reading it you cannot help feeling that she understands the principles of tragedy."—*Queen*, July 29, 1899.

"Mrs. Craigie's play.....both in bulk and literary merit, is the most important contribution to the 'Anglo-Saxon.'"—*Standard*, June 30, 1899.

"The play is a very fine piece of dramatic literature, in which all the clearness of vision and insight into motive which crystallises into sparkling epigram in this author's novels, has been used to form poetic periods which are neither artificial nor unduly stilted. Some of the passages are almost Shakespearean, and will easily bear comparison with extracts from Rosset's 'Cyrano.' Considerable knowledge of stage technique is also manifest throughout, and it is evident that Mrs. Craigie has devoted considerable time and used the results of copious study in the construction of the play."

Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 29, 1899.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head,
Vigo Street, London.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1445. Established 1869.

13 January, 1900.

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The Literary Week.

IN our issue of next week we shall announce the names of the six books published in 1899 which we have selected for the ACADEMY'S awards to authors in recognition of sincerity and thoroughness in literary art. The sum of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas will be divided into six portions of Twenty-five Guineas each. These will be awarded to the authors of books, representing various branches of literature, which, in our opinion, have not received the notice they deserve.

OUR issue of next week will also contain a Special Supplement containing a survey of recent educational publications, with articles of interest on the subject.

It is said that the competition between publishers for books about the war is much less keen than was foreshadowed at the outbreak of hostilities. This is quite natural considering the enormous number of writing men, either accredited correspondents or freelancers, who are in South Africa or on their way there, the majority of whom will probably write books. War volumes may be expected from Mr. G. W. Stevens, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Julian Ralph, and Mr. Knight. It will be interesting to see who is first in the field. Mr. G. W. Stevens, who, we are glad to hear, is convalescent, has had plenty of leisure at Ladysmith to write a book on the siege.

THE speed with which Dr. Nansen gave to the world a popular account of his famous Arctic expedition is only equalled by the deliberation with which he has prepared his scientific records of the same expedition. These are now just nearing completion: they will form a series of "memoirs," which Messrs. Longmans will publish. Recognising the comparative newness of his subject, and the problems he deals with, Dr. Nansen has entered into great detail. He will give in most cases his original observations in full, so that the reader may compare his conclusions with his facts.

"ELEANOR," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, begins in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. The opening chapter is placed in Italy in a villa fifteen miles from Rome, and introduces us to a brilliant youth with a political past, a charming woman who is in love with him, and a visitor with whom he is apparently destined to fall in love. Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" opens in *Scribner's*. It is the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*, begins with the arrival of Tommy in London with his sister Elspeth, and launches him as a writer who suddenly becomes celebrated with a book called *Letters to a Young Man about to be Married*. The chapter is full of Mr. Barrie's particular humour, and contains a delightful sketch of a Colossus among writers of penny stories, one O. P. Pym.

HERMANN SUDERMANN'S new play, on which he has been at work for the past year, is to be entitled "Johannisfeuer," the name given to the midsummer-day sports common in Germany. It preserves the mystical element found in his "Three Heron Feathers." The new play is to be produced at the Lessing Theatre.

OUR Mr. Winston Churchill is about to publish a novel called *Savrola: a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania*. "Our" Mr. Winston Churchill is, of course, the Mr. Winston Churchill, author of *The River War*, who has done such splendid work for the *Morning Post* in South Africa. He is not the American Mr. Winston Churchill, author of the successful novel *Richard Carvel*. The two writers are not related in any way. The only connexion between them is the remarkable fact that they bear the same Christian and surnames. "Their" Mr. Winston Churchill is the only son of Mr. E. S. Churchill, of Portland, Maine. He is twenty-eight years of age. "Our" Mr. Winston Churchill is the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He is twenty-five years of age.

THE dedication of *Parson Kelly*, Mr. A. E. W. Mason's and Mr. Andrew Lang's new novel of the Pretender days, is as follows:

TO THE

BARON TANNEGUY DE WOGAN

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A HOUSE ILLUSTRIOUS FOR ITS
ANTIQUITY:

IN PROSPERITY SPLENDID: IN EXILE AND POVERTY
GAY AND CONSTANT: OF LOYALTY UNSHAKEN;
IS DEDICATED

THIS NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON THE DEEDS OF HIS ANCESTOR,
THE CHEVALIER NICHOLAS DE WOGAN.

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART'S novel, which is on the eve of publication, will be called *Castle or Manor?* It is described as a story of social life, and was completed some time ago. To publish a first novel at the age of seventy-three is something of a feat.

THE second number of the *King* contains a picture that marks a new departure in the history of illustrated journalism. It is a photograph of Lord Methuen directing the Battle of Magersfontein, which was taken by the "telephoto" lens, an adaptation of the telescope to photography, at a distance of over a quarter of a mile.

LORD ROSSLYN, who has found time in the midst of his stage work to edit *Scottish Life*, is now on his way to South Africa to represent the *Daily Mail* and the *Sphers*.

THE *Spear* is the title of a new paper registered at Stationers' Hall in the name of Sir William Ingram.

THE *Ladysmith Lyre*—of which copies have reached this country—is amusing, even in London. The Editor says:

The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long-felt want. What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false. In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense.

We call Sir Walter Besant's immediate attention to the *Lyre's* notice to contributors:

Accepted contributions will be paid for at the rate of £10 per 100 words, or portion thereof, over the first hundred, which will be accepted gratis.

No contribution will be accepted which exceeds 100 words.

We feel an interest in the prospects of publishing at Ladysmith.

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

New edition just published, revised, and enlarged:

"Minor Tactics"—By Major-General Sir F. Clery, &c., &c., with an appendix, on the function and management of armoured trains.

"Deep Level Mining and the Mineral Riches of Ladysmith"—By the Saddler-Sergeant of the I.L.I.I.

"Ladysmith Revisited"—A volume of poems, by Silent Susan (shortly).

"From Park Lane to Pretoria"—By Winston L. Spencer Churchill (in preparation).

"A Handy Guide to Ladysmith"—By 2nd Lieut. Hooper, 5th Lancers (ready).

"Natal by Road and Rail"—By Commandant Schiel.

But is no one writing a volume of "Things Seen" at Ladysmith?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* sends from Russia a curious and unpleasant account of the application of the censorship to English books arriving in Russia as Christmas presents. These, being obviously innocent, are not treated with obliterative "caviare," they are merely ripped to pieces with a dissecting knife, "presumably in search of revolutionary literature." Nursery books and pictorial A B C's are mutilated in this barbarous way. Even Dickens is detained:

A neighbour of mine purchased some three months ago the *Daily News* edition of Dickens. The books have been lying at the censor's office for a month past, although it is perfectly well known to the officials that the great English writer nowhere refers to Russia. All Dickens's works are now translated into Russian. Perhaps in another month or so the official will grant his *imprimatur* to my neighbour; but there is no use in attempting to hurry the censor, who is a *tschinovrik* against whom no appeal or protest will carry.

We should like to have Sam Weller's comments on this subject. Or Mr. Dooley's.

PERPETUAL Copyright did not commend itself to Dr. Johnson. Miss E. C. M. Dart writes to us: "While reading my Boswell the other day, I chanced upon a passage which struck me with added interest, for it was concerned with that burning question of literary copyright and its tenure. So I copy it for those readers of the ACADEMY who may not remember and yet appreciate its purport, or at least attach a certain significance to the opinion 'of that great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.' The point at issue was an Edinburgh bookseller's action in selling cheap editions of popular English books in defiance of the supposed common-law right of literary property. Boswell says: 'It is remarkable that when the great question concerning literary property came to be ultimately tried before the supreme tribunal of this country, in consequence of the very spirited exertions of Mr. Donaldson (the erring

bookseller), Dr. Johnson was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought that the term of the exclusive right of authors should be considerably enlarged. He was then for granting a hundred years.'"



IN *Prayers from the Poets* (Blackwood), the cover-design of which we reproduce, we have an anthology happily inspired, and worked out with skill and care. The compilers, Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, have drawn their material from a great many sources, and have sought and found permission to print a number of copyright verses. The editors' catholicity of taste is shown by their inclusion of poems so widely different as Henry Vaughan's "Lord, bind me up, and let me die," and Mr. Henley's "Out of the night that covers me," which appear on the same page. A poem which Messrs. Magnus and Headlam may like to note is contained in Mrs. Charlotte

P. Stetson's recent volume, *In This Our World*:

O God! I cannot ask Thee to forgive;
I have done wrong.
Thy law is just; Thy law must live—
Whoso doth wrong must suffer pain.
But help me to do right again—
Again be strong.

A FRIEND of the late R. L. Stevenson writes: "Here is a specimen of the way our Italian friends do their 'conveyancing,' it is taken from a publisher's advertisement. The italics are mine:

'Il Portone del Sire de Malétrait, Novella di Anderson, tradotta da Sofia Fortini-Santarelli; Citta di Castello: S. Lapi, Tipografo-Editore 1899.'

WE believe that the open access system in Free Libraries has worked very badly in some instances, books being stolen, or mislaid, while a larger staff is rendered necessary. But the Librarian at Croydon finds human nature pretty good: he reports that the books are not stolen, that they are not often mislaid, and that the staff is rather reduced than increased, while the number of books issued has gone up by many hundreds since the system was adopted.

In her Introduction to the new edition of *Shirley* (Smith, Elder), Mrs. Humphry Ward prepared us for a warm eulogy of *Villette*. Nor are we disappointed. Referring to Mrs. Gaskell's statement that *Villette* "was received with one burst of acclamation," Mrs. Ward says:

There was no question then among "the judicious," and there can be still less question now, that it is the writer's masterpiece. It has never been so widely read as *Jane Eyre*; and probably the majority of English readers prefer *Shirley*. The narrowness of the stage on which the action passes, the foreign setting, the very fulness of poetry, of visualising force, that runs through it, like a fiery stream bathing and kindling all it touches down to the smallest detail, are repellent or tiring to the mind that has no energy of its own responsive to the energy of the writer,

But not seldom the qualities which give a book immortality are the qualities that for a time guard it from the crowd—till its bloom of fame has grown to a safe maturity, beyond injury or doubt.

MANY English readers have hardly heard the name of Mr. E. L. Godkin, who for many years has had the reputation of being one of the strongest and most brilliant journalists in the United States. As editor of the New



MR. E. L. GODKIN.

York *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, the second paper being practically a weekly edition of the first, Mr. Godkin has given and taken hard blows since 1882. He has just retired from the editorship of these papers in consequence of ill-health, said to have been contracted while he was in London last summer. Mr. Godkin's early journalistic training was English, for it was as correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Crimean War that he started work. It is now Mr. Godkin's privilege to sit in his arm-chair and read divergent opinions on himself and his career. For instance, these :

The "Critic" (New York).

During the period of reconstruction after the Civil War, and in the long-continued struggles for tariff reform, the purification of the ballot, the elevation of the civil service, the establishment of the finances of the country on a sound basis, the separation of municipal affairs from state and national politics, and, finally, the curbing of the present lust for expansion by force of arms, he has been an aggressive and persistent fighter. No one identified with journalism in New York rivals him in the length and brilliancy of his service; and on the occasion of his receiving the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1897, a leading English writer declared him to be perhaps the most distinguished of living journalists.

It is not often, by the way, that a critic flatters more than a mirror.

WHEN we enumerated some weeks ago Dr. Conan Doyle's many qualifications for making himself valuable in South Africa, we ended by remarking that he was a

good surgeon. It is as a surgeon, we find, that Dr. Doyle is to go out. He will be attached to the Langman Field Hospital. An epigrammatist contributes the following to *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* :

MAJOR CONAN DOYLE, V.C.

Said Dr. Robertson Nikola concerning Sherlock Holmes ("Who's volunteered for Africa as a change from writing tomes) :

"He canna weel ignore the least of meeletary cues,
For the modern soldier learns to fight by Multiple Reviews."

THE statistics of book-production for 1899 just issued by the *Publishers' Circular* present some unusually interesting features. To begin with, in spite of the war and the disturbed conditions that preceded it, the number of new books and new editions in 1899 exceeded by fifty those of 1898. Other things to note are these :

In fiction the number of new editions is 88 greater than in 1898. That is a healthy sign.

In belles-lettres, essays, monographs, &c., there is an increase of 102 books over 1898.

In poetry an increase of 23 volumes.

Oddly enough, political and kindred books have fallen by 70 from the total of 1898, and by 177 from the total of 1897.

THERE is always room for solid, well-printed and bound reprints of the classics, and we have no hesitation in commending the new "Library of English Classics" just begun to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The books in this library are in a rather large octavo size, and are bound in dull red canvas. Each book has a bibliographical note, otherwise it is left to shine in its own light, and by the aid of the best typography. The series has started with *The Plays of Sheridan* and *Bacon's Essays and Advancement of Learning*. Complete and accurate texts may be looked for in this series, which will speedily include Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (2 vols.), Shelton's *Don Quixote* (3 vols.), Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (3 vols.), Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (5 vols.), a collection from De Quincey, and many other standard works. The price is 3s. 6d. net per volume.

FROM *The Philistine*, of East Aurora, N.Y. :

NOTICE.—Systematic attempts having been made by the tribe of Romeika to secure the gifted author of the *Rubaiyat* as a subscriber for clippings, this is to notify all parties that Col. Khayyam doesn't care a dam what the newspapers say about him, one way or the other.

MR. WALTER RALEIGH, whose treatise on Style won him some honour two years ago, has recently delivered an address on "The Study of Arts in a Modern University" to the students of the University College at Liverpool. The address is the first of a series of annual addresses to be delivered to the students in the Faculty of Arts. Mr. Raleigh's address sparkles, as his book did, with neat thoughts expressed in rather lapidary diction, as witness these sentences :

The poetry of Catullus has survived the passing of a religion and an empire; the diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys will be as fresh as at the day of its birth when the Forth Bridge is oxide of iron and London a geological pancake of brickdust.

It is not likely that man will ever be dangerously reluctant to form moral judgments, and to act upon them. But that, he cannot and will not understand—that is his daily disease; so that his morality becomes a kind of wandering ague, shaking him with hot and cold fits. "Rousseau, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is a very bad man. . . . I should like to have him work [in the plantations]." There is then no more to be said. But if you study

Rousseau in his own world and his own country, how engrossing and difficult a study it is, and what gleams of lofty thought flash through the clouds of sentimentality and mania that veil his head!

Charles Darwin sauntered into the garden of Literature, one day in his later years, and remarked, with rare and admirable candour, that the plays of Shakespeare made him sick. The remark is weightier, and more interesting, than the majority of literary criticisms.

It will be understood that without their contexts these extracts indicate, rather than convey, Prof. Raleigh's thoughts.

In a "Thing Seen" published in our last issue, called "The Lower Criticism," the troubled Beadle of a Public Garden, opening his heart to a sympathetic friend, remarks that "the new Bible Dictionary plays havoc—great havoc, sir—with the Bible." Messrs. T. & T. Clark ask us to state that the remark did not apply to their publication called *The Dictionary of the Bible*, edited by Dr. Hastings. A Beadle is a Beadle, but his words should not be liable to misconstruction. Acting on his behalf we gladly make the correction.

Bibliographical.

AFTER what I have already said in this column on the subject of "introductions" to literary classics, I need hardly say how delighted I am that in Messrs. Macmillan's new series of such things "introductions" are to be conspicuous by their absence. That is why I am able to congratulate the said firm for once more putting before us Mandeville's *Travels*, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Walton's *Lives and Angler*, White's *Selborne*, and so forth. To judge from the frequent reproductions of the same works, one would imagine English literary classics to be singularly few! The edition of Sheridan's *Plays* I rather welcome because, though it has had several predecessors, cheap and otherwise, it was always possible to improve upon them. A very attractive book in many ways was Sheridan's *Comedies*, as published in England fifteen years ago, with "introductory" matter by Mr. Brander Matthews, and pictorial illustrations by E. A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhardt, Fred. Barnard, &c. In this volume "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" were reprinted from the edition of 1821, which was prefaced by Moore. Unfortunately "The Critic" and "The Duenna" were omitted from this volume; the rest (such as "St. Patrick's Day" and "Pizarro") one can very well do without.

One is inclined to be very well pleased that the bibliographical part of Messrs. Macmillan's new series should be undertaken by Mr. A. W. Pollard, who is also to choose the editions to be reproduced. Mr. Pollard, as all know, has already done good work in the direction of illustrating by his pen the history of English literature. There is, for example, his little book on *English Miracle Plays*, now nearly ten years old. Then there are his *Chaucer Primer* and his *Early Illustrated Books*, both belonging to 1893. Add to these his *Odes from the Greek Drama*, and it will be seen that Mr. Pollard is a scholar in whose hands literary classics may safely be left.

Talking of classics, there are those which the Scottish Text Society proposes to give us in a new shape by and by. For instance, Archdeacon Bellenden's translation of five books of Livy's *Annals*; secondly, the works of Robert Henryson, of which, I fancy, there is not at present a complete edition, though some of them were reprinted by the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs; thirdly, the Hymns or Sacred Songs of Alexander Hume (1599), which have long awaited reproduction; and the Scots works of James I. of England, whose prose writings were collected in 1616,

and some of whose work was reprinted by Mr. Arber. For all of these promised new editions something is to be said.

I take it that Mrs. Meynell's monograph on Mr. Ruskin will be rather critical than biographical, or even expository, in form. The biography of the sage has often been written, and its details are familiar to the public. One of the first to deal with it was Mr. J. M. Mather, in a book published in 1883-4. Then there were Mr. W. G. Collingwood's two volumes in 1893, preceded by Mrs. Ritchie's essay in 1892. A good deal of light on Mr. Ruskin's relations with the Pre-Raphaelites has been thrown by a recent volume of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's. On Mr. Ruskin's autobiographical work I need not dwell. The books devoted to criticism of his writings and teachings are fairly numerous. He was dealt with, anonymously, as an Economist in 1884. Mr. E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin* date from 1890; Mr. Collingwood's analysis of his Art-Teaching came out in 1891. Mr. C. Waldstein's discussions of his Work in general and his relation to Modern Thought belong to 1893 and 1894 respectively. It will be remembered that one of the earliest and most enthusiastic critics of Mr. Ruskin was Charlotte Brontë.

A collection of Mr. George Meredith's epigrams! That should be at once easy and difficult to make—easy because of the wealth to choose from, difficult because of the universal brilliancy. Theoretically, one objects to these gatherings together of disconnected sentences; practically, one rather enjoys them, and even finds them useful. That they are popular may be assumed from their increasing number. I do not refer to the more solid books of extracts, such as those of the *Selections* from Mr. Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and the like. I refer to the small anthologies, usually in the form of birthday books, and so forth. There is, for instance, a little book of sentences from Disraeli's writings which I keep habitually at my bedside, together with similar selections from favourite writers. An epigram or a maxim may suggest a whole train of thought; it may even conduce to somnolency! What is certain is, that this sort of book should really be a booklet; one does not want a volume full of maxims or epigrams.

I read the other day, somewhere, a very favourable notice of a new book of verse called *The Foremost Trail*, and written (to quote the title-page) by C. Fox Smith. The reviewer assumed throughout that the author was a man, and, if I remember rightly, made some encouraging remarks about his future career. Now, a reviewer should always be suspicious of initials on a title-page. They are sexless, and may lead one wrong. Sometimes, I believe, they are deliberately placed as traps for the unlucky commentator. However that may be, it is certain that C. Fox Smith is no man, the "C." standing for the word "Cecily"—a name which adorned the title-page of the young lady's first book of verse, published some little time ago. Miss Fox Smith, I am told, is still in her teens, a remarkable testimony to the extent to which the spirit of an English girl can be informed with the most enthusiastic patriotism.

I wrote the other day concerning the difficulty of recording and describing the prose and verse printed in connexion with private clubs and societies—opuscula which must needs be lost to the world if not reproduced some day in volume form. A somewhat similar difficulty meets the bibliographer in the case of the publications issued by theatrical managers in connexion with their various productions. These sometimes have a literary interest, especially when they have reference to Shakespeare's plays. They are usually the work of experts, and occasionally are something more than compilations. There are those who make collections of such fugitive issues; but it is virtually impossible to catalogue them. They have their day and cease to be. THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sober and Substantial.

Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is a man of versatile gift, as we are aware. For years his pen has touched, in the principal reviews, various themes of the day; and his scope has not been limited, while he has always shown himself an accomplished gladiator. But it is as an intellectual gladiator that we chiefly think of him, and as the gladiator of a special cause. He stands to us for the high priest and protagonist of Positivism. Instinctively, at the sound of his name, there leaps to our memory that deft pasquinade—do the younger generation know it?—of Mortimer Collins:

Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists,
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison,
Comte, Huxley, Tindall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison;
Who will adventure to enter the lists
With such a squadron of Positivists?

The squadron, alas! is scattered; *viscerunt*. No longer, in compact ranks, do they ride the fields of literature, and bear down all before them, as (Comte excepted) they did in the earlier times of the century. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison alone survive to witness a reaction against the principles they valiantly championed, and which they still unfaintly maintain. But it is not Mr. Harrison the gladiator who now, in this volume, confronts us. He enters the silken lists of pure literature, controversy (save incidentally) laid aside. Unarmed and pacific, he casts a backward eye upon some of the principal writers who have been his contemporaries, whom he has known in the campaigns of literature. These essays, consequently, cover no small part of the great figures in Victorian letters; and such, he tells us, was the deliberate plan of his book.

Mr. Harrison has very considerable equipment for such a task. His style is always cultivated, equable, lucid, and graceful; though it cannot claim the distinct and individualising stamp which is the token of genius. He has a tolerant appreciation of multifarious excellence; and his taste only falls short of the last and keenest edge with regard to verse. But it does so fall a little short; and also (which is well-nigh an inevitable limitation) his appreciation is confined mainly to the writers of his own youth and prime. Beyond these there is a level line of silence—not the less felt for being mostly inexplicit, *merely* indicated by reticence. In a book which covers (through successive essays) Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, Symonds, Lamb, Keats, Gibbon, Froude, Freeman, and John Stuart Mill, the writer can scarce narrow himself entirely to pure literary criticism. The man must show at intervals through the critic; not only his idiosyncrasy, but his general views, his prejudices, his personal attitude towards life and life's problems. Therefore, as we have hinted, the veteran of Positivism emerges now and again: we are not suffered to forget under what banner Mr. Harrison fights; and the reader, after his several kind, must allow for the critic's peculiar views. For the most part, however, these are expressed with courtesy, if also at times with energy; they are offensive only in the martial sense. It is exceptional to encounter (in the fine essay on "Ruskin as Prophet") a flier at "tender mothers adoring the divine judgment which consigns their children to hell-fire"—exceptional, and we note it with regret. Such an utterance is in hopelessly bad taste, not merely because it is crass, perverse, and unfair—a hit below the belt—but because it is calculated wantonly to wound the deepest feelings of multitudes among Mr. Harrison's fellow-citizens; and especially of the tenderest class. It is as if he had buffeted a woman. So cheap a sneer might be left to the scurrilous rank of

controversialists; it is not worthy of Mr. Harrison—let us trust he will see fit to suppress or modify it. But because of its rarity we note it: Mr. Harrison is not given to hit below the belt.

Not in vain has he studied his favourite master in criticism, Matthew Arnold, whose balance and sanity he conscientiously strives to imitate. Dealing with so various a range of writers, he holds a level balance in regard to all; no easy feat, requiring a judiciousness combined with catholicism of taste, not in these hasty days too common. In detail we may, and do, freely dissent from him; but there is seldom much fault to be found with the broad scope and trend of his judgment. This is high praise of essays which compass so large a field. Yet with all their merits they do not rank Mr. Harrison among the illuminative critics; there are neither flashes nor broad lights of insight, bringing to sudden view unsuspected aspects, dark recesses in the great authors analysed. We do not feel as we rise from our reading that we know substantially more of them than we did. The best which is held in solution by the better criticism of our day has been precipitated and presented to us in crystalline form; our most truthful previous impressions are pleasantly confirmed and interpreted to us; but beyond sifting and discrimination these polished essays hardly go. The best of them is perhaps the elaborate study of Ruskin, which runs through three successive essays: it is eloquent, it is enthusiastic—as in these reactionary days a study of Ruskin ought to be; it analyses his prose with understanding love; it defends his greatness as teacher with selective sense of his limits, weaknesses, perfervid extravagances, and appreciation of his power more generous than could be surmised from a rival apostle, professedly out of touch with many of Ruskin's most basic beliefs. But there is like fair-minded justice, if (on account of the subject-matter) less eloquently set forth, in the studies of those two most opposite and antagonistic historians, Froude and Freeman, in the perhaps too genially balanced notice of Addington Symonds.

Perhaps, however, we may study Mr. Harrison's defects and qualities in representative equipoise by considering the essay on Arnold. After some remarks on Arnold's admitted felicity as a *phrasour*, he proceeds to discuss his poetry, with the disputable opinion that in poetry he reached his finest vein, and by it will be longest remembered. To this succeeds the assertion that no poet in our literature, unless it be Milton, "has been so essentially saturated to the very bone with the classical genius." Much depends on the interpretation of this sentence, and one must confine it to the poets of Mr. Harrison's own prime. His remarks on the sense in which Arnold is classical—"the serene self-command, the harmony of tone, the measured fitness, the sweet reasonableness of his verse"—would need for their due discussion an essay on what is permanent, essential, universal in Greek poetry, apart from what is local, external, and externally imitable. Mr. Harrison thinks that the full acceptance of Arnold's poetry has yet to come—which we may seriously doubt, calculated as its appeal was for his special time. That Arnold's equableness is attained at the expense of height and passion Mr. Harrison perceives. Arnold is, he says, peculiarly a *gnomic* poet, a moralist on life and conduct. He credits him with seeing into the intellectual world of our age "more deeply and more surely than any contemporary poet." If this somewhat inexplicit sentence means that Arnold reproduced the tone of thought common to the cultured circles of his day, it is true. That is just what he did. But we cannot extend it further. "A resolute and pensive insight into the mystery of life and of things" we cannot discern in him, but rather a resigned pausing at the gates of the mystery. The ethical lesson of nature preoccupies him when he is not dealing directly with human conduct Mr. Harrison recognises. It is no loss to Mr. Harrison—though it is to us—that Arnold,

unlike his beloved preceptor, Wordsworth, halts at the ethical lesson of nature, is insensitive to the spirit within and behind nature which was the solemnly convinced burthen of Wordsworth's song.

To this "concentration of poetry on ethics, and even metaphysics," Mr. Harrison attributes Arnold's limitations and "loss of charm." Yet, at the same time, he says that Arnold, unlike Wordsworth, is "never prosaic." Here it is that we find that falling short of the keenest poetic sense which we have attributed to Mr. Harrison. Arnold, unfortunately, is too often prosaic—for line after line, passage after passage. Perhaps, as a subsequent portion of the essay would suggest, Mr. Harrison is not insensible to this; and we should take him to mean that Arnold is never *prosy*. That is the exact truth; he is too much an artificer to *prose* like Wordsworth, but prosaic he is frequently, to a level extent—that is to say, his language is the language of very fine and distinguished prose. Even when he rises higher, he too often hovers on the doubtful border where we hesitate to pronounce it poetry, are loath to pronounce it prose. And though it is true that the greatest poets are seldom directly didactic, it is not this which depresses Arnold; it is the lack of inspiration to give wings to his thought. The greater the burthen of intellectuality, the more of sheer inspiration is necessary.

"Dramatic passion," "tumultuous passion"—not these, as Mr. Harrison regretfully supposes, does Arnold need. Wordsworth had them not, and yet soared into regions of which Arnold but desirously dreams. It is inspiring emotion, the solemn passion, intense in its still ardour, appropriate to intellectual poetry, which Arnold needs. It is really passion of the intensest order, deceptively calm through its equipoise with the weight of thought. The calm which results from the careful husbanding of effort may imitate it with the multitude, but can never deceive the elect. In the main, Arnold reaches only this latter calm; and that Mr. Harrison should identify it with that inspired tranquillity and impassioned peace of Wordsworth (at his highest), the supreme Greek poets, and Dante, shows that Mr. Harrison—as we say—has not the keenest edge of poetic sensitiveness.

That is why Mr. Harrison feels that Arnold, though faultless, is "not of the highest rank." It is a misnomer, in fact, to call such poets "faultless," whether it be Racine or Arnold, when in line after line there is the blot of absent inspiration, when there is not the only possible word in the only possible place. The greatest of all faults in a poet is to lack poetry, and that is theirs. At the same time Mr. Harrison does not, perhaps, lay sufficient stress upon Arnold's occasional success in touching the mark at which he aimed. The austere and noble sonnet on Shakespeare, with other brief achievements of the kind, are worth more than long poems full of fine thought, but only now and again inevitable in expression. For they are integral; and it is that quality which makes for permanence. Mr. Harrison (in this influenced by Arnold himself) is too apt to set store by detached lines and passages, which poets of no high power can often forge in tolerable quantity, to the great comfort of reviewers who pant for "quotes." He ignores too much the supreme value of relation and organism. Thus he depreciates, justly enough, the quality of Arnold's metre; but the reason he alleges is quite unconvincing and inadequate—namely, that Arnold has lines containing harsh collocations of consonants. The same could be alleged against Shakespeare, could be—and has been—alleged against Milton. Lowell rightly replies that metre may aim either at melody or harmony; that while the former demands smoothness, the larger music of harmony not only admits but makes use of occasional roughnesses, as discords have their function in the harmonies of music proper. To cite these individual lines of Arnold's, disjoined from their relation, proves nothing. Yet Mr. Harrison is right in his judgment, though defective in his reason: Arnold was lacking

in metrical power, though he could strike out fine imitative music in occasional passages.

When we leave details, and attend to Mr. Harrison's summing-up, we find, indeed, that he is mainly right, and that our objections have caught largely on side-issues.

By temperament and by training he, who at birth "was breathed on by the rural Pan," was deprived of that fountain of delight that is essential to the highest poetry, the dithyrambic glow—the ἀθηριθμον γέλασμα—

The countless dimples of the laughing seas

of perennial poetry. This, perhaps, more than his want of passion, of dramatic power, of rapidity of action, limits the audience of Arnold as a poet. But those who thirst for the pure Castalian spring, inspired by restrained and lofty thoughts, who care for that high seriousness of which he spoke so much as the very essence of the best poetry, have long known that they find it in Matthew Arnold more than in any of his even greater contemporaries.

That is a good specimen of Mr. Frederic Harrison's style, and it states the case for Arnold as a poet with a discrimination which leaves little to desire. Partly, indeed, it agrees with our own criticism of Mr. Harrison's criticism, or so nearly that the difference seems to become inconspicuous. And this excellently exemplifies the studiousness of balance which characterises Mr. Harrison's appreciations. Not once nor twice does he thus in his summary disarm the reviewer, and leave him half-apologetic for differences which are finally made so small. What may in the body of the essay have erred by over-emphasis or omission is here usually rectified and supplied. His picture of Arnold altogether (though he gives less space than we could desire to the prose) is urbane, sympathetic, and observant of poise. If we doubt his forecast of an extended future for Arnold, it is because we think his aloofness from the many is due to more than his mere distinction and those other fastidious causes set forth by Mr. Harrison. Arnold as a teacher was pre-eminently undecided (to use an adjective thrown out by Mr. Harrison himself). A teacher of delicate incertitude, a watchman who has no word of the night, a prophet who disclaims prophecy, and

Whose only message is that he sees nought,

is never likely to have acceptance with the many who still, as of old, ask for a sign. And even among the few his cultivated stoicism and half-complaisant, half-melancholy indecision is scarce likely to be the fashion of the future. Even the cultured and sovereign few now begin to cry for a gospel and a hand from the cloud. But that constant reference to conduct, which Mr. Harrison rightly adjudges his dominant note, will doubtless secure to him long his measure of influence with the practical Saxon mind. His spirit has done a worthy posthumous work in prompting the eminent sanity of Mr. Harrison's extremely able, though not strongly original, book.

A Man of Fashion—and More.

George Selwyn: His Letters and His Life. Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. (Unwin.)

ALTHOUGH it is natural to regard this book as merely supplementary to the late Mr. Jesse's *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries*, it is nearer the truth to say that it supersedes that work. That is to say, there is more of Selwyn in this one volume than in the four volumes of Jesse. The biographical sketch of Selwyn here given is as good as Jesse's—in some respects it is more discerning—while the body of the work is composed of Selwyn's own letters; not, as in Jesse's volumes, of letters that Selwyn received. How Mr. Jesse missed these letters, or whether he was denied access to them, we do not happen to know. He must have suspected the existence of Selwyn's letters

to the fifth Earl of Carlisle, seeing that he printed the letters of that peer to Selwyn. Fifty-five years after Jesse's volumes were published, these lost letters stole from their obvious hiding at Castle Howard, and ranged themselves in the Fifteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. There they attracted little attention save from Mr. E. S. Roscoe and Miss Helen Clergue, who are to be thanked for bringing them to our arm-chairs escorted by a discerning memoir and many notes.

Critics are grateful and captious in a breath, and we must point out a few trifling faults of editing before we go further. Selwyn's English is slovenly in grammar and unessential details, but it was a pity to sprinkle *sic's* over his text. Far better have announced George's weakness, and then left him to placate the reader by his good qualities, which he would have done before he had written three letters. As it is the *sic's* are for ever tripping one up. "There has [*sic*] been no events this week that I know of," is the sort of thing, and one soon wearies of seeing so good a fellow as Selwyn checked for writing like a gentleman instead of like a scholar. And the editors have contrived to double the infliction by making it uncertain. So that the absence of a *sic* when Selwyn writes "You was," on page 41, is as trying as its presence when he writes "There has [*sic*] been no events," on page 43. If "terrible [*sic*] long" appears on one page, why should "your extreme kind letter" go unscathed on another?

This is not quite all; the footnotes are pointed and informing, but they are hardly numerous enough. On page 73 two notes are required. We read of Charles James Fox: "Vernon said yesterday, after dinner, that he and some others—Bully, I think, among the rest—had been driven by the rain up into Charles's room; and when they had lugged him out of bed, they attacked him so violently upon what he did at Bath, that he was obliged to have recourse, as he did last year, to an absolute denial of the fact." What was this affair at Bath? Maybe no one knows; but a query at the foot of the page would have been rather better than nothing. Again: "Lady Albemarle, who is not a wise woman, certainly, was at Lady Gower's the other evening, and was regretting only that Charles had not been consumed in the Fire, instead of the linnets." The reader soon understands that the fire was at Holland House, but he would like to know more about the linnets which suffered vicariously for Charles. "I had rather have heard Walter play upon his hump for nothing," comments Selwyn on an expensive evening at Vauxhall; but without a note it is difficult to gauge his regret.

We come to the Letters. Their value is twofold. They are full of matter; they bring back the habits, tones, and follies of high life in the most interesting part of the eighteenth century. Reading them, we catch the manners as they flew when George III. was king and America was rebellious. In 1781 Selwyn writes to his young friend—the Carlisle of these Letters: "I have . . . a perpetual source of intelligence, for although *je ne fais rien qui vaille*, I am always doing or hearing something, as much as those who are employed about more important matters, and if among these a circumstance happens to interest or amuse you, *je ne serai pas fâché de vous l'avoir mandée*." Fortunate young Earl! Though often out of London, now abroad, now in Ireland, now ensconced in his seat at Castle Howard, he had in Selwyn a friend, older than himself, who was a kind of lay confessor to the choicest people of the age, who united a love of gossip with a sound judgment, and was never happier than when transmitting smart news and shrewd comment to those whom he loved. Hence these Letters take us into fine company and yield us many secrets. We are constantly at Almack's, at White's, at Holland House. We go to the House of Commons to hear Fox, and leave it to escape Burke. We whisper

dark things about duchesses, and calculate the losses of young bloods at faro. We intrigue for sinecures and punt for fortunes. And always we watch the squalid comedy of Charles James Fox—noblest, weakest of men—giving his eloquence to his country and his furniture to the bailiffs. Let us dwell for a moment on the gambling scenes in which Fox rose and fell, was hated and worshipped. On May 29, 1781, Selwyn writes to his friend:

You must know that for these two days past all passengers in St. James'-street have been amused with seeing two carts at Charles's door filling, by the Jews, with his goods, clothes, books, and pictures. He was waked by Basilico yesterday, and Hare afterwards by his *valet-de-chambre*, they being told at the same time that the execution was begun, and the carts were drawn up against the door. Such furniture I never saw. Betty and Jack Manners are perpetually in a survey of this operation, and Charles, with all Brooks's on his behalf, in the highest spirits. . . . What business is going on I know not, for all the discourse at which I am present turns upon this bank. Offley sat up till past four, and I believe has lost a good part of his last legacy.

Two days later Selwyn reports: "Never was a room so crowded or so hot as this was last night," and then he names the punters. A little later:

The Pharo Bank is held in a manner which, being exposed to public view, bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealer and the punters by means of the candles and the windows being levelled with the ground. The Opposition, who have Charles for their ablest advocate, is quite ashamed of the proceeding, and hates to hear it mentioned.

Gambling pervades many pages, but never to the exclusion of deaths, marriages, divorces, dinners, balls, and levées. Sometimes Selwyn goes down to Gloucester to cajole his electors, and spend some weeks of boredom at his lovely seat, Matson. He makes speeches which he is glad no one hears but the Corporation, and is delighted when Horry Walpole turns up in those benighted parts—"someone to converse with who speaks my own language." If his constituency is tiresome, not less so is Parliament. Between these two boredoms Selwyn is never happy unless poised in the beatific regions of St. James's-street. Of literature we do not hear much. Topham Beauclerk seems to be the one link between Selwyn and the Johnsonian circle. Once or twice Selwyn dines with Gibbon. He is not a great reader. One day he buys Mme. Du Barri's *Anecdotes*, and they amuse him; he buys also Dart's *Antiquities of Westminster Abbey*, but seems to think more of the price, £6, than of the book. We are alert when we find him buying Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. But it leaves him cold:

I have bought Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and repent of it already; but I have read but one, which is Prior's. There are few anecdotes, and those not well authenticated; his criticism on the poems, false and absurd, and the prettiest things which he wrote passed over in silence. I told Lord Loughborough what I thought of it, and he had made the same remarks. But he says that I had begun with the life the worst wrote of them all.

In truth Johnson was not an author to lure Selwyn from his wines and his hazards and his own triumphs of wit. Every post brought him letters, every scandal and every posture of affairs in Parliament brought him suppliants for advice. He was liked and pestered by all. He gave sympathy so freely that he came to need it, and the little note of tragedy in Selwyn's life, which was single to the end, is accentuated in this confession to the friend he trusted most:

To find a person who really interests themselves about you, and is able and willing to give you such advice as applies immediately to your case, is of all things in the world most difficult to meet with, but the most comfort-

able when you do, and is the utmost service which I ever expect from anybody in this world, and yet what I despair of finding, in the circle in which I move.

Here, indeed, we come to the second grounds on which we take delight in these Letters: they reveal Selwyn's best self; they make him more lovable and human than he has ever showed before. Hitherto Selwyn has shone in the public memory as a wit, and as a pious attender at executions. But in this book of his own letters his wit is not assertive, and his love of hangings is hardly mentioned. Yet one feels that we have the true Selwyn here. As for his wit, it died with him. The jokes called Selwyn's are mostly sorry reading; probably many of them were not his; and even the best of them lacking Selwyn's manner, and the atmosphere that gave them birth, lack all. We are told that he delivered his witticisms in a listless, drowsy way, turning up the whites of his eyes. Selwyn's love of executions was but his love of variety. Far too much has been made of his journeys to the gallows-tree. It is forgotten that everyone else went, and that his were days when telescopes were regularly placed in the Strand in order that people might gloat on the heads above Temple Bar, at a penny a peep. Apart from his lost wit, and his inessential love of a criminal, Selwyn has been supposed to have been an idle dog. But Lord Chesterfield's chaffing description of his normal day, in a letter to Selwyn himself, has been taken too seriously. Said Chesterfield: "You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your night-gown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, for a shilling." Even if the outline were correct, Selwyn filled it in with a hundred kindly offices and not unworthy social duties. Above all, he filled it with his love of children—a singular trait in this polished clubman.

Selwyn's love for his *Mie Mie* runs like a thread of untarnished gold through all his tangled pleasures. *Mie Mie's* paternity is still a matter of doubt. She was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and the Duke of Queensberry and Selwyn each believed himself to be her father. Selwyn would have been awarded the child by Solomon, and, for the most part, she lived in Selwyn's house in Cleveland-row, St. James's, delighting his heart and unconsciously tempering and refining his morals. On June 1, 1781, he writes to Carlisle: "I am at this moment employed *fort pédagoguement*. I have taken into my own department *Mie Mie's* translations out of English into French. That is, I am at her elbow when she translates, and by that means can see what faults she makes from insufficiency, and what are produced from carelessness. . . . To-day I give a dinner to the bankers [he means the *faro* bankers at White's]." Although devoted to *Mie Mie*, Selwyn had plenty of love to spare for other children; and his inquiries about George and Caroline, the Earl of Carlisle's children, mingle with, and sweeten, his worldly gossip. "I found myself [at Lady Lucan's] with a party of Irish, Dean Marly, Lady Clermont, and with her Mrs. Jones, whom I was ravished to see, for she had given a ball where Caroline was, and commended her dancing, and I tormented the poor woman with such a number of questions about her, that I believe she thought me distracted. . . . I must be quite wore out with infirmities . . . if seeing Caroline appear to advantage will not give me pleasure." Indeed, there are a hundred things in these pages which go to justify Horace Walpole's eulogy of his friend in his letter to Miss Berry: "I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities."

Books of Travel.

The Yangtze Valley and Beyond. By Mrs. I. B. Bishop. (John Murray. 21s.)

Mrs. BISHOP's name will have to be written very large in the list of travellers who have enabled the West to understand the East. This is her twelfth travel volume, and no one needs to be told how much she has added to our knowledge of the regions stretching from Kashmir to Korea. The fact that Lord Salisbury has accepted the dedication of it to himself is the highest proof both of its importance and its interest. Books on China are multiplying nowadays, but they do not always illuminate the country that has been "coming" for centuries. Mrs. Bishop's last work is one on which unstinted praise must be bestowed. Her sympathies are wide, her knowledge is deep, her style is bright, and her photographs deserve most honourable mention. Her opinion of the race of which she is writing is summed up thus: "The Chinese are ignorant and superstitious beyond belief, but, on the whole, with all their faults, I doubt whether any other Oriental race runs so straight." She had experience of their superstition and bigotry at least once in the course of her plucky journey, for she was pelted and insulted as a "foreign devil and child-eater" with a vigour that would have daunted a less daring lady chronicler. The method of her narrative is to carry the reader with her from point to point of her journey, and she avoids the trivialities of travel which are so often apt to weary without enlightening. Politics, domestic life, commercial prospects, scenery, glorious and all but unknown, fall naturally into their places, and by the time that you have read a few chapters, you become aware that you are the wiser by many a little unobtrusive observation on the point of view of one of the most interesting communities in the world. "China is certainly at the dawn of a new era. Whether the twentieth century shall place her where she ought to be—in the van of Oriental nations—or whether it shall witness her disintegration and decay, depends very largely on the statesmanship and influence of Great Britain." That is Mrs. Bishop's view of the Far Eastern question.

The Redemption of Egypt. By W. Basil Worsfold. (George Allen. 25s. net.)

MR. WORSFOLD seems bent on annexing Africa with his pen. Having written a book on South Africa, he has now compiled one on Egypt. He seems to have a clear consciousness of his own limitations, for he tells his readers plainly that in December, 1898, his knowledge of Egypt was contained in four words—Pyramids, Nile, Cairo, Khartoum; but that before the day of his landing ended he had to add a fifth—Mosquito. This is not a very profound, nor is it an original, opening to a work with so serious a title; and one is soon fain to confess a sense of confusion when one finds Theocritus jostling a Chamber of Commerce report, and Catullus called on to compete with Lord Cromer's latest views, all within the compass of some twenty or thirty pages. And as one goes on this sense of confusion grows, for the author seems to be in haste to prove that he is at one and the same time archaeologist, historian, artist, *littérateur*, and reproducer of a holiday diary, written by himself. He has obviously considerable interest in the subject of which he has chosen to write; but such elementary slips as Lybian for Libyan should not have escaped the eye of a Master of Arts, who can quote Herodotus in a translation. However, there is a deal of instructive fact in the book, and if there were only an index to guide one to it one would feel that a not very judicious enthusiast had added something to our knowledge of the reforms carried out in Egypt since Sir Alfred Milner gave us his masterly work on the subject. Here is a small sample from the end of the last chapter that fairly typifies Mr. Worsfold's capacity of criticism: "But

whether the instruction be confined to the merest rudiments of useful knowledge, or all the sciences of Europe be taught, if only the Gordon College can infuse something of the spirit of the man whose name it perpetuates into its *alumni*, it will prove a potent factor in the regeneration of the Sudan." We are sorry to say it, but most of the author's comments do not rise above this not very lofty pinnacle of platitude. He has compiled somewhat too hastily a mass of records on an extremely interesting subject, and has added many very charming illustrations.

The Land of Contrasts. By J. F. Muirhead. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

MR. MUIRHEAD, as compiler of Baedeker's handbooks to the United States and to Great Britain, has had exceptional chances of "sampling" American characteristics, and he has made most excellent use of his opportunities. Both to those who know, and to those who do not know, the States his series of studies will prove diverting and instructive. Even in America the book should have a good run, for Mr. Muirhead is as kindly a critic as he is well qualified. He has read widely as well as travelled widely, and without parade he draws on his accumulations of study and observation to show John Bull where he may learn from Brother Jonathan. American women, children, journals, amusements, and humour are all surveyed. "If American women have been well treated by their men-folk, they have nobly discharged their debt," he says; but of the child he is not so appreciative. Here is a typical tale of a youthful Transatlantic:

Even in trying circumstances, even when serious misfortune overtakes the youthful American, his *aplomb*, his confidence in his own opinion, does not wholly forsake him. Such a one was found weeping in the street. On being asked the cause of his tears he sobbed out in mingled alarm and indignation: "I'm lost; mammy's lost me; I told the darned thing she'd lose me."

On sport Mr. Muirhead is laudably judicial, though he has some justly hard things to say of football *d l'Americains*. Thus: "In old English football you kicked the ball; in modern English football you kick the man when you can't kick the ball; in American football you kick the ball when you can't kick the man." In the chapter on "Some Literary Straws" the selections from the late Miss Emily Dickinson's poems will attract mere Britishers, for to most of them she will prove a novelty. There is an abundance of good things on more solid subjects than these. Mr. Muirhead has a light touch, a wide range, shrewd sense, and commendable impartiality.

A New Ride to Khiva. By Robert L. Jefferson. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

ATTEMPTING the impossible remains the pastime of a few; and for some Khiva seems still to have special attractions in this respect. Colonel Burnaby rode there because, as he tells us, he was "contradictorious." They told him the task was impossible. Therefore he undertook it, and accomplished it satisfactorily to himself and with a profitable extension of English knowledge of a region then very little known. Mr. Jefferson's reasons for his ride were similar, if its results are slighter. Some Catford cyclists told him he could not "bike" to Khiva; so, of course, he started off. But he took almost the first train back, and being aware from earlier journeys in Central Asia that he was likely to find little there to reward his journey, can hardly be blamed for not stopping longer.

Here was Khiva, but what a Khiva! I saw irregular lanes bordered by tall gloomy walls, all in an extreme state of decay, stretching here and there. Filthy ditches ran down the centre of these lanes; shadow and gloom were everywhere. The atmosphere was white with dust and reeked horribly. Down these narrow lane-like streets we picked our way cautiously, stumbling in the gloom against

crouching Khivans or kicking out of the way sore and miserable dogs that prowled everywhere. At the corners beggars, blind, maimed, or covered with horrible sores, sat in small clusters with hands outstretched.

Within the compass of thirty pages Mr. Jefferson tells all the little there is to tell of Khiva. Mat Murat, its Premier and the richest man in the city, lives in a mud-built erection. The Khan and his son were courteous but not communicative. Both talked mainly of the Spanish-American war. But, as Mr. Jefferson says, Russia is killing Khiva with a war indemnity she cannot possibly pay, and is sitting by waiting till she dies. The only discovery he made of any live interest is that of a German socialistic colony near Khiva. For the rest, the journey, though a good deal of it is over familiar ground, is brightly described, and the illustrations are numerous and good.

A Dictionary of Bad Puns.

A Dictionary of English Homonyms. By A. F. Inglott Bey. (Kegan Paul.)

WHAT is a homonym that it should have a dictionary all to itself? What ~~is~~ a homonym? we asked. "It is some sort of relation to a synonym," said one. "It is a kind of horse," said another, wiser and more flippant, vaguely remembering Gulliver and his goings on. A few moments of philological reasoning, however, brought the conviction, which was confirmed by a glance at the preface, that homonyms are English words, similar in sound but differently spelled, conveying different meanings. A further examination of the pages of the dictionary discloses myriads of words, such as "centaur," "centre," "sender," which sound a little alike, followed by definitions of their respective meanings. The author must have taken an amazing amount of trouble, but it is not easy to imagine anyone to whom the book could be of the slightest use. As the preface itself is written in three languages—English, French and Italian, he presumably hopes to aid the foreigner in his struggle with the English tongue. We will quote the paragraphs devoted to one word—"hair":

HAIR, *n.* hâr, the mass of filaments growing from the skin or bulbous root of animals.

Capelli.

Cheveux.

Hare, *n.* hâr, a well-known timid animal like a rabbit.

Lépre.

Lièvre.

Her, *pro.* hér, objective case of She.

Lei; colei.

Son; sa; elle; lui; la.

From the translations appended one would infer that Mr. Inglott Bey was seeking to give the Frenchman and the Italian a clue to the maze of English phonetics. But if the foreign student did not know the meaning of "hair," he would not get much information from the statement that it was the mass of filaments growing from the skin or bulbous root of animals. Moreover, the list is obviously incomplete. If we are to hedge against the possible misconceptions of the Frenchman who is taking down an English speech, we must not omit "heir," "air," "e'er," "here," "hear," "ear," and so on. Turning the pages at random we come to "cousin." The intelligent foreigner is warned against confusing the "son or daughter of an uncle or aunt" with "chosen." Surely the stranger who cannot observe the distinction for himself would do better to remain on his native soil. Nor do we think it necessary to write a book to persuade people that "craze" is not the same word as "grays," and to define the latter as "Horses called so from their colour of black and white."

Perhaps, however, we are on the wrong tack. After all, a homonym is only a pun writ large; and if the author were not so tremendously serious, we should at once

conclude that he had foreseen a revival of the Gaiety burlesque, and had compiled a dictionary of homonyms for the benefit of possible successors to Mr. Burnand and the late Mr. H. B. Farnie. When we find under "earring" such words as "erring," "hearing," "herein," and "herring" suspicion is justifiable. Surely Mr. Inglott Bey has compiled a dictionary of puns. Remembering the absurd suggestion that a homonym is a horse, we turn up the word, and to our astonishment it is not there. Incredulous, we glance at the opposite page. Yes, here is "hoarse." Surely here we have innumerable pitfalls for the unwary foreigner, infinite opportunities for the bad punster. But whether he aims at the foreign student or the native jester, Mr. Inglott Bey fails miserably: he gives only "horse" as a homonym to "hoarse," and defines it as "the animal that neighs." One might as well define man as the animal that writes dictionaries. If, as we gather from this work, "except" is a homonym to "expect," and "higher" to "eyre" (what is an Eyre apart from a Spottiswoode?), the author has missed golden opportunities here. Picture the foreigner astray or the punster agape among the homonyms to "horse"! "Oars," "hawse," "haws," "awes," "hoers," "erse," "hearse," "O. R.'s," "ours," "hours" — why Mr. Inglott Bey might have written a shelf-full of volumes before he had done with his homonyms, in which case he would worry the foreign student back to his native land, and reduce punning to an absurdity. As it is, he has written an inadequate dictionary of bad puns.

An Articulate Colony.

The Long White Cloud. By William Pember Reeves.
(Horace Marshall & Son. 6s. net.)

MOTHERS remember their sons, mother-countries forget them. There is always a long period of neglect, broken only by fits of irritation: it is the child that is loyal. We see this to-day when colony after colony offers us help. And this book—which has reached a second edition and is worthy to reach a third and a fourth—makes a proud and undeniable claim on the mother-country. New Zealand has had its share of shrugs and buffets from England; but it has fought and pushed its way to manhood, and it now sends us this vivid story of its struggles, in which there is no reproach save what we read between the lines. Let us say at once that New Zealand has found an eloquent spokesman in Mr. Reeves. His book is really a book, having soul and speech; and therefore it is fascinating reading. How strange that the struggles of our young colonies have not been recognised as literary material of the finest, the most piquant!

Mr. Reeves knows New Zealand from end to end, and has been concerned in the administration of the country; we are not, therefore, surprised that he has information. What pleases us is that his book is an artistic fusion of all the elements in New Zealand life. There are no abrupt transitions, no yawning gaps. Mr. Reeves understands that what we need is a complete picture of the country, as a thoughtful Englishman would see and experience it if he settled at Auckland to-morrow. This is what he gives, and it was a point of wisdom to begin with the scenery of the islands. At once he enchants and allures us by his descriptions of the "cool, noiseless forests" of New Zealand, with their mingled dignity and luxuriance, their wealth of lichens, ferns, waving lianas, and the wonderful pohutu kawa, a flowering tree, which the wind tosses into strange contrasts of colour as its blood-red flowers mingle with the upper (dark) and lower (white) sides of its leaves. As a whole, New Zealand, in both its north and south islands, is a land of mountains and rivers. Some of its mountains recall the west of Scotland, but their heights are alpine. To see the rivers

one must go inland and find them "as they are still to be found in the North Island, winding through untouched valleys, under softly-draped cliffs, or shadowed by forests not yet marred by man; or, in the South Island, they should be watched in the Alps as, milky or green-tinted, their ice-cold currents race through the gorges."

All through these pages one is under a strange spell. Here is a country where English law and order prevail with more than English freedom, where you may wear a tall hat in a canoe rowed by Maoris, where you may read the latest London news, and listen to smoke-room tales of cannibalism sixty years ago. A free, clean country, full of hope and Nature, touched with the romance of a dying race, and thrilling with the uncrowded activities of a new one. Not without blood and error has New Zealand become a white man's paradise. From October 6, 1769, when Nicholas Young, a boy on Captain Cook's *Endeavour*, sighted the first bit of New Zealand ever seen by English eyes, down to the present day, a strange and varied drama unrolls itself. Human greed and injustice stain its pages, yet the pages brighten as we turn them. We can do no more than indicate the trend of the narrative, preferring to record its ultimate impress on the mind. Mr. Reeves understands the Maori race and the paths of their hospitality to the white man. The adventures of gold-seekers and land-sharks, the efforts and failings of missionaries, the aims of politicians and the destinies that overruled them, are set forth with masterly clearness. And what of young New Zealand to-day? What is its manner of life? "Two-thirds of the New Zealanders live in the country, in villages, or in towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants. . . . There are very few spots in the towns where trees, flower-gardens, and grass are not close at hand, and even orchards and fields not far away. . . . Bright, windy, and full of the salt of the ocean, the air is perhaps the wholesomest on earth." The intellectual life of the people is in its youth. Let Mr. Reeves characterise the sons of the pioneers:

Of artistic, poetic, or scientific talent, of wit, originality, or inventiveness, there is yet but little sign. In writing they show facility often, distinction never; in speech fluency and force of argument, and even, sometimes, lucidity, but not a flash of the loftier eloquence. Nor has the time yet arrived for Young New Zealand to secure the chief prizes of its own community—such posts and distinctions as go commonly to men fairly advanced in years. No native of the country has yet been its Prime Minister or sat amongst its supreme court judges or bishops. A few colonial-born have held subordinate Cabinet positions, but the dozen leading Members of Parliament are just now all British-born. So are the leading doctors, engineers, university professors, and preachers; the leading barrister is a Shetlander. Two or three, and two or three only, of the first-class positions in the civil service are filled by natives. On the whole, Young New Zealand is, as yet, better known by collective usefulness than by individual distinction.

We can pay Mr. Reeves no higher compliment than to say that his book gives the town-pent English reader a heart-ache. The "Long White Cloud" is a cloud such as a child watches, and longs to inhabit.

Rosebery on Peel.

Sir Robert Peel. By Lord Rosebery. (Cassell & Co.)
LAST year the private papers of the great Sir Robert Peel were judiciously edited and given to the public. Lord Rosebery's review of those volumes originally appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, but as that publication is not for all men, he has done wisely to republish his article in volume form. The little book is doubly interesting. It gives us a very fine portrait of Sir Robert in certain aspects, and it also throws a powerful sidelight on Lord Rosebery himself. Ostensibly the ex-Premier is writing of his great

predecessor, but behind the rugged mask of Peel we often see the rounder features of Lord Rosebery. Nothing, for example, could be more delightfully personal than the following passage. It is not often we enjoy seeing a man who has held one of the highest positions on earth baring his own heart under the pretence of dissecting another man :

"What is a Prime Minister? That is a question which it would require a pamphlet to answer, but in a few sentences it may be possible to remove a few hallucinations. For the title expresses much to the British mind. To the ordinary apprehension it implies a dictator, the duration of whose power finds its only limit in the House of Commons. So long as he can weather that stormful and deceptive ocean he is elsewhere supreme. But the reality is very different. The Prime Minister, as he is now called, is technically and practically the chairman of an Executive Committee of the Privy Council, or rather, perhaps, of Privy Councillors—the influential foreman of an executive jury. His power is mainly personal, the power of individual influence. That influence, whatever it may be, he has to exert in many directions, before he can have his way. He has to deal with the Sovereign, with the Cabinet, with Parliament, and with public opinion, all of them potent factors in their various kinds and degrees. To the popular eye, however, heedless of these restrictions, he represents universal power; he is spoken of, as if he had only to lay down his views of policy and to adhere to them. That is very far from the case. A First Minister has only the influence with the Cabinet which is given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, and his personal weight. But this is not all. All his colleagues he must convince, some he may have to humour, some even to cajole: a harassing, laborious, and ungracious task. Nor is it only his colleagues that he has to deal with; he has to masticate their pledges given before they joined him, he has to blend their public utterances, to fuse as well as may be all this into the policy of the Government; for these various records must be reconciled, or glossed, or obliterated. A machinery liable to so many grains of sand requires obviously all the skill and vigilance of the best conceivable engineer. And yet without the external support of his Cabinet he is disarmed. The resignation of a colleague, however relatively insignificant, is a storm signal.

This is a long quotation, but hardly a word could be omitted without destroying its value. It possesses a keen and vivid interest which few essays on the person and policy of Sir Robert Peel, or any other statesman of the past, have for the living generation. Nominally it deals with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet of the early 'forties; actually it pictures for us those of the early 'nineties. Every man may guess for himself the colleagues who had to be convinced, to be humoured, to be cajoled. Some, perhaps, will do it for the forgotten ministry of Sir Robert Peel; more, we suspect, will search for those who filled the various *roles* in the Earl of Rosebery's own Cabinet five or six years ago.

As the judicious will observe from the extract quoted, Lord Rosebery's style is not impeccable. It is usually fresh; it is frequently vivid, and the little inelegancies are probably due to careless revision. But the voice of the public speaker is heard all through the book. As we read we seem to hear the orator punctuating his phrases with his fist, or cunningly leading up to a passage which almost demands "loud cheers," in brackets, after it. At other times Lord Rosebery lapses into the grandiloquence of Gibbon—as, for instance, in the following passage: "But as to the philippic arising from Peel's refusal, it may perhaps be felt by politicians that it would be a churlish and mawkish morality which would deny to baffled ambition the natural outlet of invective and lampoon." This is a splendidly purple patch, but it has not many fellows.

Of Lord Rosebery's estimate of Peel it may be said that it is quite tolerant and appreciative. Evidently Sir Robert has long been a hero with the ex-Premier. In under a hundred widely-printed pages Lord Rosebery has succeeded

in giving a very pleasant picture of his subject, but he has done so much more by way of self-portraiture that the interest in the man of the forties pales before the interest in the man of to-day.

Milton's Autobiography.

An Introduction to John Milton. By Hiram Corson (Macmillan.)

PROBABLY few readers of the ACADEMY ever heard that Milton wrote an autobiography. He did not, indeed, in the obvious and literal sense of the statement; but he was so interested through life in the history of his own career, and incorporated so many references to it into his writings, that from these references almost alone his tale might be told. Of course such passages have been used often enough by Prof. Masson and others for biographical purposes; but to consult them at first hand you must disentangle them from a mass of irrelevant and sometimes repellent controversy. Prof. Corson has had the happy thought to string them together in the chronological order of the events to which they refer, and thus to make of them a most valuable introduction or companion to all editions or lives of the poet. Our gratitude to him would have been even greater if he had been content to publish a small book, and had not thought it necessary to pad it out to three times its normal size by appending fully annotated and perfectly superfluous editions of "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Samson Agonistes." No doubt these are, in a sense, autobiographical; but they certainly do not, like the other passages, want collecting, and still less editing.

Looking through this volume we are struck once again with the remarkable and, as far as we know, unparalleled fashion in which Milton, having formed a great literary ambition in early life, and having been debarred for twenty years by the stress of the world's work from realising it, yet kept it before him throughout, until the day came when he could turn serenely to the great achievement. Let us trace briefly the evidence of this singular obsession by an idea through two decades. In 1637, the year of "Lycidas," Milton writes to his friend, Charles Diodati: "You ask me what I am thinking of? So may the good Deity help me, of immortality! And what am I doing? Growing my wings and meditating flight." Three years later the Long Parliament called Milton from his dreams to practical life—to the scholar's share in practical life, which is controversy. But in his most arid or his least savoury pamphlet he will from time to time wax lyrical and great at the thought of what for him, and for England, the future has in its womb. Hear him in the *Considerations of Reformation in England* :

Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, someone may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate the Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.

Hear him in the *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence* :

And he that now for haste snatches up a plain un-garnished present as a thankoffering to Thee, which could not be deferred in regard of Thy so many late deliverances wrought for us one upon another, may then perhaps take up a harp, and sing Thee an elaborate song to generations.

But, to conclude, the best passages are found in *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, where he goes back over his own youth, and tells how

I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

Fiction.

The Enchanter. By U. L. Silberrad.
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

THERE is something unusual and something strong in this novel. Though it shows many faults, the author has imported into it a forceful freshness which must necessarily attract. The figure of Nicholas Pycroft, whose boyish ambition it is to be an "enchanter," and who ends as a scientist of European fame, is original and rather charming. His early predilection for the companionship of Nature, his simple and passionate interest in all forms of life and all natural phenomena (even to an abandoned river-bed), his sensitiveness to the *feeling* of places, his directness of intercourse, and that absolute reliance upon instinct which carries him safe through difficult crises: these things—characteristics not often recommending themselves to our novelists—are well rendered, and they constitute a hero of real nobility. For us Nicholas Pycroft is the whole book. We do not consider that there is much else in it which can be called entirely satisfactory. The "enchantment" business—ruined tower, Eastern MS., elixir of life, vampire, insane genius, death-struggle amid the inevitable thunderstorm—is certainly not satisfactory, though the author does her best to be effective with the outworn material.

Slowly, very slowly, the two figures, which looked like one in the dim light of the low fire, turned. Nicholas was uppermost now; in the long pause that followed he wondered by what accident it had happened. How the wind screamed! He had never heard it scream so before. How the old Tower rocked, rocked, swayed with a strange sickening sway; had the end come? No, the foundation still held, the walls were almost motionless again, only shuddering. Something fell in the room beneath, and here, in this room, five bottles on a high shelf came tottering to the ground. One held some red solution: it streamed across the uneven floor and then settled in a hollow, looking like a pool of blood.

Slowly, very slowly, the figure beneath was relaxing its hold, and ever, as it loosened, the grasp of him who was uppermost tightened, till it was as the grasp of death.

This is not good. Nor is Nicholas's love-affair good. At the beginning of the book, when Nicholas, the village boy, and Ira, the proud child of rank, come together, and Ira orders Nicholas about, and Nicholas obeys her and snubs her within the same hour—we know that the pair will marry, after the girl has spent a sufficient number of years in hating the youth. It has been done a hundred times before, and it will be done a hundred times yet again. But there seems no valid reason why Miss Silberrad should have done it. And in particular there seems no reason why she should have taken hero, heroine and villain to a remote spot in Asia, and there caused the hero to free the heroine from an imprisonment wickedly contrived by the villain. The Asiatic scenes are quite unconvincing.

Miss Silberrad writes with correctness, and her style is clear and terse. She does not, however, appear to have any feeling for verbal dignity and beauty, and if a phrase of the street serves her purpose she will use it. Few novelists have any feeling for verbal dignity and beauty, but Miss Silberrad's promise is such that she ought to cultivate that feeling; without it she will never do herself justice.

Cold Steel. By M. P. Shiel.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

THIS title of this novel of the reign of Henry the Eighth is fairly descriptive of its contents. The story contains more fighting than any novel that we remember—not excepting *The Three Musketeers*. Mr. Shiel appears to have had it in mind to imitate Dumas' methods of narration, or rather his mannerisms, especially in the disposition of paragraphs and the frequency of short lines. One is inclined to think

sometimes that he wrote *Cold Steel* at so many francs per line, like Eugène Sue his *feuilletons*. But these are merely superficial characteristics. There is good stuff in *Cold Steel*, partly obscured beneath various affectations. The central point of the tale is a girl named Laura Ford, of peerless beauty—the male characters call her "a tasty moppet"—who excites the dangerous admiration of Henry. With much ingenuity Mr. Shiel weaves round this girl a court intrigue of amazing complexity:

Most of the five parties—the King's, the Queen's, Anne's, Du Ballay's, and Wolsey's—come to seize Bessie and Laura Ford, were astonished at the presence of all the others at the Ball.

They were nineteen: the King's three—Fitz, Mac, and Bonner; Du Ballay, with four French knights, on steeds caparisoned in goodly trappings with purples; hot-headed young Percy of Northumberland, sent by Anne, with three stout livery-men; the Coudé Alvarada, with the ferocious huge Sir John Perrot and two Queen's-men; and, lastly, three blood-hounds of Wolsey, gentlemen of his bed-chamber, gallants famed for tilting at the quintain, running at the ring, or jousting in single combat.

Of all these, Alvarada alone knew that the girls were looked in a chamber, and where. The keys of the chamber he had in his doublet.

To these is soon added King Francis of France, whose aim is as sinister as that of Henry himself. Some three hundred pages of cut-and-thrust are consumed before Laura is safely united to a faithful student with whom in the early part of the book she has had a love scene of the most "passion-pale" sort. Here is a sample of the fighting:

They met; and at once with clattering *brusquerie* and spurts of sparks the engagement commenced, the white and whetted steel of Percy's slenderly-curved axe-blade operating fiercely, notching the sword of Alvarada, and cleaving his armour, every time. The defect, however, of the axe in armoured combat is its inability to pierce, its effects being for the most part flesh wounds—a defect which gave rise to the invention of the halberd; and at a moment when the cuirass of the Spaniard ran three streams of red, a sudden deft prick in the ribs caused Percy to close his spurs in an involuntary spasm: his mare leapt forward; as his sick left arm tore at her mouth, there was an ooze of blood from the elbow-joint; at that moment...

Cold Steel is not a fine book, but it has its fiery moments of imagination and force. We consider that if Mr. Shiel abandoned every master save his own literary conscience he might produce good work. His *Prince Zaleski* was decidedly no ordinary achievement.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

PARSON KELLY. BY A. E. W. MASON AND ANDREW LANG.

This story of the period of the Pretender—to which Mr. Lang has brought much Jacobite erudition—opens in Paris in 1719. It is continued in the London of Steele and Addison and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The parson hero, who is an agent of the Pretender, makes a striking figure. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE WHITE DOVE.

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

This novel, by the author of *Derelicts*, shows how Ella Defries's love is contended for by a rising surgeon of cold, but sterling, virtues, and a hollow-hearted, raving apostle of Art. (John Lane. 6s.)

BENEATH THE MOON.

BY DOLLY PENTREATH.

A melodramatic novel, hot with India and intrigue. The heroine is a fragile adventuress, whose husband, realising his perils, contrives to be drowned, and then Lady Eleanor begins adventuring in earnest. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

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The Ideal Circulating Library.

By a Reader.

IT is a curious fact that at the present time, when the doors of the twentieth century are soon to swing back to let the hurrying world rush through, we have no circulating library in London that is conducted upon "up to date" lines of modern commercial enterprise. We have, it is true, several long-established firms that let out books for a consideration, and these are admirably managed; but we, the reading public, have now reached a stage in our development at which the old-fashioned methods cannot supply our enlightened demands. Let me sketch a few of the characteristics of my ideal library, in the fond hope that the Twentieth Century will see it converted into a reality.

In the first place, the organiser must be a man who has fathomed the grand secret of success in trade. This is so simple that it may be told in three words—"Study your customer." Feel his pulse, anticipate his desires, supply his wants in the manner most easy and agreeable to himself. Pamper him, in short, and be sure that he will repay you. It will be news to many people that it was not always the custom for shops to send home their customers' purchases free of charge. A few enterprising tradesmen began the fashion, and the rest were soon compelled to follow suit. Provision merchants not only sent home goods, but called for orders daily, and found themselves well rewarded for their trouble. Only the big libraries held out, and still hold out. Once a week (in some cases twice) they contract to exchange books at their customers' houses and at their customers' expense. Fancy the blank astonishment of the British matron if Mr. Peter Robinson or Mr. Whiteley were to inform her that he would be happy to send home her purchases on a Friday—his regular day—but that he would be obliged to make an extra charge for portage. It may be objected that the cases are not on all fours, since the books are only hired, while the other goods are bought outright; but let the objector hire a bath, a lamp, or some crockery at any of our large stores, and the goods will not only be conveyed to him, but fetched away again free of charge. It is really a pathetic sight on a rainy, windy day to see middle-aged ladies struggling along New Oxford-street with a strapful of books, an umbrella, and a long skirt. The first big library that starts a motor van for each district that it serves, supplemented if necessary by tricycle carriers, and exchanges books daily at its customers' houses will win the public gratitude. At the present time there are, it should be mentioned, a few small libraries in connexion with stationers' shops whose proprietors send home customers' books, but the stock at these establishments consists, as a rule, almost entirely of novels, with a sprinkling of popular biographies and travels, and is of little use to the reader who desires to range over a wider field of literature.

The "back-stock" of the ideal circulating library should rival that of the London Library, while modern publications should be provided on the most liberal scale. The proprietor should clear his mind of red-tape, and discard

all obnoxious little charity-school rules. At most of the existing libraries the rules seem to be framed with a view to saving trouble to the *employés* instead of to the customers. Take one or two striking examples. It is, I believe, the rule at every big library that clients may not change books more than once a day. Of course, in a general way, they would not want to. But consider the hard case of a man who only subscribes for one book, and who, having taken it home, finds that he has already read it, or that he does not want to read it. Is he to be left for the whole of a possibly wet day and sleepless night without any fresh sustenance for his mind, or—to put it on the lowest grounds—any effectual antidote for his sordid worries? Another irksome rule ordains that no country reader may "break a set"; that is, if he wants to read a three-volume novel he may not have one volume at a time—he must take all or none. Now, when a Londoner goes into the country for his holiday, he becomes a country customer for the time being, and subject to country rules. If, just before starting, he has read the first two volumes of a novel, and desires to take the third with him, he is obliged to saddle himself with the two volumes already read. This rule is less irksome now than formerly, because the three-volume novel is practically dead; but there are plenty of old books by such writers as Mr. Gissing and Mr. Henry James which are still alive, but which can only be obtained at the libraries in three-volume editions.

Again, a customer desiring an early opportunity of reading a book which is in considerable demand may put his name down for it at the libraries, but only on condition that he leaves a volume in pawn. Now, this is mere pandering to the big subscribers. The rich man whose subscription entitles him to ten or twelve volumes at a time, can always afford to leave one or two in pawn, and thus carries off all the new publications. The poor man, who only subscribes for one or two volumes, has never one to spare, and consequently seldom obtains a book until it is from four to six months old, which is like getting Saturday's loaf on Monday morning. The system of putting down names of applicants to be dealt with in turn would be perfectly fair if it were not accompanied by a demand for a hostage. But without that condition, say the authorities, the system would involve too much trouble. Trouble to whom? To the *employés*. The convenience of customers should be taken into account.

The proprietors of most of our important libraries ignore the immense floating population of London, which wants to hire books by the night, the week, or the month. As a rule, subscriptions cannot be taken out for less than three months, the small profits and quick returns so dear to the heart of all practical tradesmen being entirely disdained. The virtuous librarian of my dreams would arrange a separate department for clients who desired to subscribe for a shorter period than three months. No doubt the working of such a department would give a good deal of "trouble," but in any other lines of business the fear of trouble does not prevent tradesmen from letting out their goods by the night. It would be rather hard upon the hospitably-inclined if they were unable to hire plate, palms, and rout-seats for a period of less than three months!

A few years ago the libraries combined to boycott the three-volume novel published at a guinea-and-a-half. They insisted that all novels should be published in one volume at 6s. or 3s. 6d. There was a tacit agreement that the libraries would take so many more copies at these reduced prices that the trade would suffer no loss, while the reading public would benefit enormously. The actual result of the bargain has been that authors, booksellers, and the patrons of circulating libraries are all worse off than they were six years ago. The ideal library of the future, having raked in all the custom, would be able to compel the publishers to follow the good example set by foreign firms, and issue books in paper covers at half-a-

crown, or thereabouts. As soon as these covers became soiled or torn, a limited number of copies of each work that was thought worthy of the honour could be cheaply bound (by the libraries) in plain, strong covers. This seems to be the method practised at Rolandi's, and other foreign circulating libraries. Twice or four times a year there should be a sale of surplus unbound copies at a uniform price of one shilling. The volumes should be conveniently arranged, for the inspection of customers, on long trestles. Every big draper recognises the advantage of letting people (more especially women) turn over goods upon the counter. Purchases through the post consist of necessaries only, but purchases in a shop, at bargain time, consist of opportunities seized and temptations yielded to. Another leaf which the libraries should take out of the book of the big drapers is the tea-room. This should be well supplied with comfortable chairs and illustrated papers, and on each of the little tables should lie a monthly list of new books and a pencil, so that customers could read and mark while drinking their tea.

Descriptive Art.

In the January number of the *National Review* Miss J. H. Findlater writes interestingly on "The Art of Narration." Her main point is, that descriptive writing has made more marked advance of late years than almost any other form of literature. "The change is from prolixity to brevity; from colourless detail to vivid outline; from long words to short ones." Miss Findlater's examples of the old and new styles of description are happily chosen. She aptly contrasts an old and a new writer in the following passages:

Sir Walter Scott.

The Cheviots rose before me in frowning majesty; not, indeed, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterises mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining by their extent and desolate appearance an influence upon the imagination which possessed a character of its own.

Here, of course, the advantage is with the later writer, but we shall have a word to say on the value of such comparisons. Meanwhile, we are glad to see that Miss Findlater is alive to the young vices as well as the maturing virtues of the new school. She deprecates the method which relies too much on "words which express themselves." Such words are rarely classical, and they produce a sense of violence. They are expensive, in the old sense, and the best proof that they are in the long run ineffective is that they tire the reader. In *The Red Badge of Courage* Miss Findlater finds many examples of this assertive writing: "His canteen banged rhythmically, and his haversack bobbed softly. . . . The purple darkness was filled with men who jabbered. . . . The ground was cluttered with men. . . . A spatter of musketry. . . . His knees wobbled," &c.

Another doubtful method is the *staccato*. As Miss Findlater says: "Nothing is easier. The method is simple. It presents no difficulties. It is distinct. It appeals to many. It is new." The growing use of simile in description is, perhaps, too incautiously approved by Miss Findlater. We agree that a few similes may easily double the force of a descriptive passage; but Miss Findlater does not seem to recognise that here also many come to grief. A simile must be absolutely right to be acceptable: it must be accurate, and it must enlighten the reader swiftly

Mr. Kipling.

The animal delight of that roaring day of sun and wind will live long in our memory—the rifted purple flank of Lackawee, the long vista of the lough darkening as the shadows fell; the smell of a new country, and the tearing wind that brought down mysterious voices of men from somewhere high above us.

and graciously. We have noticed a strong tendency to drag in similes where none are needed, and to aim at clever juxtaposition of remote and unfamiliar things. We discussed this subject last October in connexion with Mr. Capes's fine novel, *Our Lady of Darkness*. Mr. Capes is of the new school of narration, and his enterprise is beyond praise; but we found him saying of a girl who was skimming cream: "The tips of her fingers budded through the white, like nibs of rhubarb through melting snow." Very likely they did, but it was scarcely wise or helpful to say so. Mr. Capes also wrote: "The girl stood solid on end, like a pocket of hops," which is simile run wild. Not that simile may never be pushed into new regions; but there is a discretion. Mr. Kipling is justified of this: "The weather was glorious—a blazing sun, and a light swell to which the cruisers rolled lazily, as hounds roll on the grass at a check." Of the following simile-laden passage from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* Miss Findlater thinks: "Description can no further go."

There had not been such a winter for years. It came on in stealthy and measured glides, like the moves of a chess-player. One morning the few lonely trees and the thorns of the hedgerow appeared as if they had put off a vegetable for an animal integument. Every twig was covered with a white nap, as of fur grown from the rind during the night, giving it four times its usual dimensions; the whole bush or the tree forming a staring sketch in white lines on the mournful grey of the sky and horizon. Cobwebs revealed their presence on sheds and walls where none had ever been observed till brought out into visibility by the crystallising atmosphere—hanging like loops of white worsted from salient points of the outhouses, posts, and gates.

This is good description. But is it better than the following passage, which has no similes, in *Eothen*? Kinglake is describing the desert march of a caravan:

You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. . . . No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

What we miss most in Miss Findlater's paper is a sense of the comparative unimportance of descriptive writing. She concludes her paper by expressing the belief that the younger men of the new school of writing may yet produce classics. True, but Miss Findlater has been talking about little beyond style, as applied to descriptions of scenery; and it is certain that this is not a basis of immortality. The masterpieces of fiction take their rank by virtue of qualities which are hardly hinted at in Miss Findlater's paper. In fact, to discuss the art of description apart from creation and insight is a rather dangerous proceeding. Mr. Crane's book, for instance, has substance and insight, and these are more important to it than its diction. Novels are not judged by their backgrounds. They live by their interpretations of human character, and that is why Scott's interpolated descriptions do not matter, and are even liked for their placidity. As candidates for the classical shelves, our young writers need something before style; even thought, penetration, and abundance.

The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

On the Abuse of Dialect.

A WRITER in the ACADEMY has justly given high praise to *On Trial* as a work of art, prophesying that in years to come, when the popular fourth-rate novels of the moment are forgotten, the work of "Zack" and of Walter Raymond will be remembered. But to the West Country-man there is a wide difference between these two writers. The author of *Two Men o' Mendip* must be "Zummerzet" born and bred, and it would seem to be an absolute impossibility for him to make a mistake in the dialect. He can probably think in it with as much ease as in modern English. The village folk in his tender idylls and sombre tragedies are therefore convincing, not only by reason of their strongly-drawn characteristics and individuality, but also because their speech is true to nature. The charm of their quaint sayings goes straight home to the hearts of all dwellers in the West, and although it may be contended that this does not add to the literary or artistic value of the stories, I cannot but think that the writing of fiction in a dialect which never existed, save in the imagination of the author, must in some measure detract from their value.

It is in this respect that "Zack," with so many others, offends. The others do not matter. It is not necessary to read their novels. But it is a real loss when the power and beauty of a work are made as nought by the unskilful handling of the dialect. *Life is Life* contains fewer errors than *On Trial*, though the reader will be brought up sharply now and again by some Midland or North-country expression never heard in the West. As a rule the swing of the dialect is true, and that is the chief thing. But in *On Trial* it is all wrong. The groundwork certainly is Devon, and there is a hint of Somerset which is also admissible in an Exmoor story. But why will "Zack" scatter over her pages such words as "happen," "main," "liefer," and "alles"? The last is particularly aggravating, and its continual occurrence is enough in itself to destroy the Devonshire atmosphere of the book. It should be either "alwes" or "alwa-a-ys," with the accent on the second syllable. The negatives, too, betray the unpractised ear. "Her'll no profit" may be Scotch, but it is not Devonshire.

These are a few isolated examples, and may seem of small account, but to a West Country reader the murdering of his beloved dialect is as irritating as the murdering of the Queen's English must be to one who has a keen delight in style. "Zack" is not dependent on any one form of expression. She is an artist, and should work in a medium she understands. She can write pure English, even if she cannot master the Devonshire dialect, and will, perhaps, one day give us an unspoiled work of art.

Blackmore and Walter Raymond are unrivalled in their use of the West Country speech, and for an example of the restrained suggestion of dialect Hardy's Wessex folk are unapproachable. The author never tortures the language with strange spelling, making it difficult for the uninitiated to understand; and yet by little turns of speech he suggests the intonation and the rhythm which, after all, are the chief features of dialect.

M. H.

The Topography of Reading.

Nor the reading of topography. Oh, no! I mean the topography of one's own reading. I speak of that charming association which links a good book to the place where one first read it. Only yesterday, in walking down Holborn, I saw a copy of Mr. Tarver's *Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert* offered as part of a "remainder" for 2s.

I bought it. In 1895 I had borrowed this book from Mudie's, and I see now the little heath, with its brambles and sandpits, and its little overflowing ponds that made skies in the grass, where I read the burning, sensuous thoughts and flashing atheisms of the author of *Salammbo*. Hugo, the Goncourts, Chateaubriand, were with me, and it seemed that only Frenchmen could write. A couple of horses, out to graze, moved off slowly as I read, and seemed always gravely keeping their distance. Over yonder hedge stretched the miles of Essex marsh; beyond these the Maplin Sands, and then the blue, dangerous sea, with the light-ships.

Seldom is the topography of reading logical or appropriate. Therein lies its charm. I first read Jane Austen in the window-seat of a Cornish farmhouse on a wild day. Cape Cornwall loomed out of the wrack, and retired; and, far away over the Atlantic, rain-storms moved slowly, like squadrons on a plain. I wonder whether my preference of Ann Elliot over all Jane Austen's heroines was assured in that hour?

Such experiences are the marriages of the mind, and they never fade. Never do I think of Carlyle but I am walking up and down a York playground. Down there, over the lawn, a football match is writhing. But I walk up and down with my book—my head in the clouds—and the Minster bells, chiming the quarter, set golden accents on the words of the Sage: "Came it never over thee like the gleam of preternatural eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts?"

W.

Inkhorn Terms.

No doubt Stevenson's work is responsible for a good deal of the *made writing* of the present day, as the contributor of the article in the ACADEMY for this week seems to suggest. But the practice of *fine writing* is of tolerable antiquity, and one can guess how such work will be valued in the future when one looks back, for instance, on the work of the Euphuists which followed John Lyly's famous book three hundred years ago. One cannot help deploring that there should be such a lack of thought in the work of Stevenson's imitators, for he never descended to mere verbiage. The following passage in Thomas Wilson's *System of Rhetoric*, published in 1553, might be quoted and practised, I think, with some effect at the present time:

Among other lessons, this should first be learned: that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say that they speak in their mother tongue if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English.

JAMES POSTLETHWAITE.

Superfine English,

THE article on "Made Writing" in the ACADEMY for this week reminds one of a comment on R. L. Stevenson's work which appeared in one of the daily newspapers at the time of his death. The writer claimed that Stevenson had even influenced the journalist, who now found time to put some finish into his work. It was a good influence—for there is some truth in the contention—but it is to be feared that it also had some doubtful effects. Stevenson, who loved to write about his work, has been the cause of sending a whole host of young men down a remarkably steep place, somewhat with the same result as did John Lyly three hundred years ago with his *Euphuos*. The man who has something to say is in no danger of making such a descent, but the mere stylist seems to follow Lewis Carroll's advice to "Take care of the sound and the sense will take care of itself" with a result such as you instance. A. BARTON.

Correspondence.

"Bulks Largely."

SIR,—As my use of the words "bulks largely" in *That Reminds Me* has been twice mentioned in your columns, I beg leave to say—though I am not enamoured of the phrase, and though I know that anyone who writes in a newspaper is expected to lie down under any reproach of bad English—that I find the use of "bulk" as a verb accepted without question in Murray's Dictionary. It is there attributed to writers who wrote in 1672, 1725, 1832, 1859 respectively; and among these is Carlyle, who wrote "bulked much larger." If the objection is to the adverb "largely" I fail to see that the use of it is more offensive than that of the adjective; and, if that matters, the adverb may seem to some more grammatical.—I am, &c.,

EDWARD RUSSELL.

The *Daily Post*, Victoria-street, Liverpool:
Jan. 2, 1900.

[Our objection to the phrase "bulks largely" had reference to Sir Edward Russell's context, in which cynicism was said to bulk largely in table stories. We think that the phrase "bulks largely" becomes incorrect when applied to an abstract quality like cynicism. A man may bulk largely in the dark; cotton goods may bulk largely in our exports; but surely cynicism cannot bulk largely anywhere.—ED. ACADEMY.]

Quintuple Rhythm.

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask some of your readers who are learned in the subject of poetical rhythms if there are any examples in English verse of the quintuple rhythm which is often effectively used by musical composers, and notably by Tchaikowsky in his "Symphony Pathétique"?

I do not know if the experiment has been tried or if it is worth trying.

In the doggerel I send you the beats are, I think, fairly correct, at any rate.

"Hear how merrily monks sing,"
Onut King calls.
"Row we cheerily, comrades,
Near their halls."
"Can we emulate their love
For their heavenly King?
Can we raise our souls till they
Likewise sing"?

—I am, &c.,
Belfast: Dec. 25, 1899.

CHABREZ.

"How Soldiers Fight."

SIR,—While in no sense objecting to the general tenour of your critic's strictures on my book, *How Soldiers Fight*, I would like to correct a false impression he appears to suggest as to the reason why it saw the light—to wit, my desire to catch the pennies of people who gloat over the present South African horror. As one who, maugre "an enthusiasm for 'blugginess,'" has sacrificed material gain to his aversion from our unhappy policy in the Cape, I think I have the right to ask you to allow me to deny this.

How Soldiers Fight, slight as the volume is, and whatever its shortcomings may be, represents not less than thirteen years' study of the history of warfare and its science. The writing of it was commenced in the year 1897; several of the articles (including that containing the phrases which your critic quotes) appeared in a popular magazine in the spring of 1898; and the whole book as it now stands was in the hands of the publisher at least three months before hostilities were declared between this country and the Boer Republics.—I am, &c.,

Jan. 7, 1900.

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

The S. S. McClure Co.

SIR,—In your issue of January 6 it is stated that Mr. Walter H. Page, formerly of the *Atlantic Monthly*, together with other gentlemen whom you mention, is to become a member of the S. S. McClure Company. Permit me to say that these statements are entirely erroneous and quite misleading. There has been no change in the membership of the S. S. McClure Company, and no change is contemplated. Neither is the firm's name to be changed, in any way, as you state. Your paragraph, doubtless, refers to the operation of another concern.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT MCCLURE.

10, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 16 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize for the best application of an anagram to verse after a model which we supplied. We have received a large number of replies, but the task of awarding the Guinea has been unusually easy. It goes to the Rev. Rosalyn Bruce, St. Ann's Rectory, Soho-square, W. Mr. Bruce's anagram-verse is as follows

Nay, great Kháyvým! a power more strong than wine
Controls earth's empires and the heavens above:
Thus Hamelin's piper sang of some divine
Ske-rat, which stirred the he-rats' hearts to Love.

Among other attempts are these:

Thou Muse, who rulest verse and trope,
May'st shed a lustre on my name,
Thou lurest me, e'en me, with hope
Of fair result to purse and fame.

[I. H. T., British Museum.]

Pedantic Muse! why dost thou bore us so
In artful anagram to robe our thought,
While Boer and British still give blow for blow,
And "Centuar" and "Ebor" help us naught?
And yet the brave who bear War's bitterest tests
Have time for other games, and life for laught'rous jests.

[H. A. W., Portobello.]

If Art prove cruel, and appear too proud,
Make *luore* God, and pander to the crowd:
Let some Thersites play the hero's rôle,
And bare to all the *uicer* of his soul.

[F. E. W., London.]

Ah! had I *time*, my teeming brain
Should countless anagrams *emit*,
And not an *item* prove unfit
Its *mitc* of eulogy to gain.

[M. A. W., Watford.]

That wise son of *Levi*, of whom Browning told,
Could *live* his life bravely, and bravely grow old;
He saw through the *veil* God's purpose revealed,
And *evil* and good were two sides of one shield.

[H. M. S., Manchester.]

The heart of earth is glad because of spring,
Fierce *hater* she of winter's cold and dearth,
The *ratha* primrose and the violet sing
With fragrant breath to herald the new birth.

[A. L., London.]

My fame will flame aloft when pales
Your ineffectual fire;
To *steal* the least of your *stale* tales
Is far from my desire!

[R. B. J., West Kensington.]

These silent counsellors with patience wait,
Not decked in *tinsel*, but adorned with gold,
Symbol of words we *listen* to, elate,
That *enlist* the mind, while treasures they unfold.

[SCOTIA.]

The *ablest* poet he whose fluent style
On *tables* broad can show the *stable* strength
Of *maasy* peaks, whose fronts the lightning dare,
But paints with skill no less sweet *Chloe's* smile
For piping *Corydon*, who lolls at length,
Of *beats* of thorn-caught ewe-lambs unaware.

[F. H. B.]

Mastering his pride, sets out King James,
With followers few, down *streaming* Thames.
Like *emigrants*, they all repair
To breathe *St. Germain's* sheltering air.

Replies received also from: J. D. A., Ealing; J. E. Y., Kilburn; W. S. Buxton; G. M. P., Birmingham; T. E. O., Brighton; E. B., Liverpool; J. B. W., Hove; S. B., Malvern; G. E. M., London; Rev. R. McC., Whitby; M. G. B., London; J. P. B. B., Liverpool; E. B., Liverpool; A. F., Sutton; K. P., Bangor; J. C. F., Elmdon; L. W., London; T. C., Buxted; D. M. S. S., London; K. de M., London; B. P., London; E. F. S., Bristol; A. S., Edinburgh; K. K., Belfast; H. G. H., Whitby; E. G. B., Liverpool; F. L., London; H. B. R., Bradford; M. F. L., Stafford; P. A. K., Dalkeith; A. B. C., London; H. H. C., Lee; J. A. B., Birmingham; H. C. H., Manchester; J. L. H., West Norwood; Miss G., Reigate; T. M., Oundle; Miss C., London.

Prize Competition No. 17 (New Series).

This week we return to more serious work. In a recent issue of the ACADEMY, a contributor to our "Amateur Critic" page, referring to a new edition of Earle's *Microcosmography* in the "Temple Classics" series, wrote:

"It is to be hoped that this admirable gallery of seventeenth century character studies will have an extended popularity. Now is the time for some modern Theophrastus to arise and give us a new series of characters of our age. I venture to submit the following titles for some of the word-portraits of modern literary characters: 'The Good Authors-Agent,' 'The Virtuous Publisher,' 'A Roaring Journalist,' 'The Downright Lady-Novelist,' 'A Very Laureate,' 'A Mere Dull Contributor,' and 'A Grub-street Phantastique.'"

We offer a guinea for the best character-sketch of the kind indicated. It should not be imitative of Earle's archaic style, on the contrary it should be modern in subject and tone.

Freedom of choice is given in the selection of a "character." We have no objection to competitors using the subjects suggested by our contributor.

The length of a character-sketch must not exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 40 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

CHATTERTON: A BIOGRAPHY. BY DAVID MASSON.

Forty-four years have passed since this biography was first published as part of a collection of essays. It has long been out of print, and is now re-issued in a handsome volume, revised throughout, with the concluding chapter much enlarged. It is a good and sympathetic piece of work, none the worse for a certain old-fashioned air that hovers about its leisurely pages. As in his *Life of Milton*, Prof. Masson suggests the atmosphere of the time, and the conditions of the period in which Chatterton lived out his brief, unhappy life. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE. BY R. W. TRINE.

This is one of those helpful, sympathetic little books about the conduct of life and the reality of the unseen world that are a particular characteristic of America. Their parent is Emerson; they champion no creed; they seek to unravel the "golden thread that runs through every religion in the world," and they are widely read. The volume is printed from the twenty-first American edition. Mr. Trine writes in clear, straightforward language, and his book makes for happiness and contentment. (Bell. 3s. 6d.)

AN ETHICAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL. BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

This sketch of an ethical Sunday-school will be studied by social workers interested in the young. The Sunday-school in question is at St. Louis, and the feature of the teaching is that boys and girls are first grounded in the rules of morality. "It has not been our purpose in any way definitely to antagonise religious beliefs. But instead of beginning our teaching with talks about 'God,' this latter feature comes in . . . at the end of the course, about the time when the young people are passing on into young manhood and young womanhood." The foundation of the teaching is a catechism, or "responsive exercise." The subjects illustrated in this sketch—it is confessedly no more—include the Bible, Habits, Home, the State, Religious Beliefs, &c. A suggestive little book, full of a new spirit. (Sonnenschein. 3s.)

THE AGE OF JOHNSON. BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

This book takes its place in the excellent series of "Handbooks of English Literature" which includes Dr. Garnett's *The Age of Dryden* and Mr. John Dennis's *The Age of Pope*. Mr. Secombe's qualifications for treating of eighteenth century literature are well established, and he brings to his task feeling as well as knowledge. Thus he deprecates the cold-shouldering which the eighteenth century has received from a long line of able critics who "have denounced the age unsparingly as dull and unprincipled, ugly and brutal." As to dulness, Mr. Secombe thinks the allegation is arrived at "by the same process that many Englishmen pronounce German literature stupid, and by which George III. doubtless decided that much of Shakespeare was 'sad stuff.'" The period covered by Mr. Secombe is 1748-1798; the book is written on the orderly plan of its predecessors, and concludes with a useful chronological table. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

A DIVIDEND TO LABOUR. BY NICHOLAS PAINE GILMAN.

Profit-sharing systems, called in the United States Employers' Welfare Societies, are among the most significant of modern developments in commerce. Mr. Gilman's book is, as far as we know, the first survey of such systems in Germany, France, Holland and Belgium, Great Britain, and America. The book is an intelligent account of the rise of humane and "moralised" relations between employers and workers, and its interest for both these classes at the present day is great. The particulars given about many English firms are both minute and readable. (Gay & Bird. 7s. net.)

In addition to the above, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Servants (F.), Isaiah (Headley) 1/6
Elli's (J.), Tools for the Master's Work (Alenson) 1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ruskin (John), On the Old Road, 3 vols. (Reprints) (Allen) each net 5/0
Earle (W.), Thought Sketches (Allen) net 1/6
M. B., Lambkin's Remains (Vincent) 2/3
Lingham (H. C. J.), The Last Hours of a Lion Heart
(Melville, Mullen, & Slade)
Thorpe (Elphinstone), Lyrics from Lazyland (Glaisher) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Sanderson (Edgar), Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus (Hutchinson) 6/0
Wilson (H. W.), The Downfall of Spain (Sampson Low)
Bessart (Annie), The Story of the Great War: Some Lessons from the
Mahābhārata (Theosoph. Pub. Soc.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Catholic Directory, 1900 (Burns & Oates) net 1/6
Hinschelwood (James), Letter, Word, and Mind-Blindness (Lewis) 3/0
Geldart (Rev. E.), A Manual of Church Decoration and Symbolism
(Mowbray & Co.) net 10/3
Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation (Murray) net 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Chiswick Shakespeare: Winter's Tale, King John (Bell)
Arber (Edward), Spenser Antology (Frowde) 2/6
Russell (Rev. M.), Altar Flowers (Gill & Son)
A Soldier, True Stories of South Africa (Burleigh) 6
Larger Temple Shakespeare: Vols. V. and VI. (Dent) each net 1/6

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Grange, 1827—Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1882—Moore's Alps in 1864—
Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843—Crow's Painting in Italy, 3
vols., 1864—King Glumpus: an Interlude, 1827. Rare Books
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The Literary Week.

WE print, on page 63, the titles of the six books published in 1899 which we have selected in connexion with the ACADEMY'S Awards to Authors.

THERE are ninety-five entries under the name of the late Dr. Martineau in the British Museum Catalogue. These include a fair proportion of new editions and a number of single addresses, pamphlets, &c. In mere number of catalogue entries Dr. Martineau does not compare with Dean Farrar, who has more than two hundred to his credit, or with the late Mr. Spurgeon, who has a still larger number.

WE hope that some effort will be made to compile a worthy and representative volume in which Dr. Martineau's ethical teachings, and the grace of his spiritual life, may be made easily available to readers to whom his works are still unknown.

THE public will soon have an opportunity of reading English translations of two further plays by Ibsen. To one of them, his latest work, "When We Who Are Dead Awaken," we have already made reference. The other, "Love's Comedy," begun forty-five years ago, and not completed till seven years later, has been translated by Prof. Herford, and will be published by Messrs. Duckworth in their "Modern Plays" series. Asked by the *Daily Mail* for a specimen of his translation, Prof. Herford obliged with the following:

Nay, Swanbild, do not jest! Behind your scoff
Tears glitter. O, I see them well enough.
And I see more; when you to dust are fray'd
And kneaded to a shapeless lump of clay,
Each bungling dilettante's scalpel-blade
On you his dull devices shall display.
The world usurps the creature of God's hand
And sets its image in the place of His;
Transforms—enlarges that part, lightens this—
And when upon the pedestal you stand
Complete, cries out in triumph, "Now she is
At last what Woman ought to be! Behold
How plastically calm, how marble cold!
Under the lamplight's soft irradiation,
How well in keeping with the decoration!"

(*He passionately seizes her hand.*)

But if you are to die, live first! Come forth
With me into the glory of God's earth!
Soon, soon the gilded cage will claim its prize,
The Lady thrives there, but the Woman dies;
And I love nothing but the Woman in you.
There, if you will, let others woo and win you.
But here my spring of life began to shoot,
Here my song-tree put forth its firstling fruit,
Here I found wings and flight; Swanbild, I know it.
Only be wise—here I shall grow a poet!

THE ill-luck of authorship takes many forms. One of them is for a writer to discover, when he is approaching the end of a laborious task, that a fellow author has been working at the same subject. It sometimes happens that

the two books are published in the same week. Three recent instances occur to us. During the past six months, at intervals of a few days, two books on *Danton* were published, two on *Greek Terra-Cotta Figures*, and two on *Pompeii*. And publishers are not exempt from this form of ill-luck. Messrs. Methuen, who had begun to prepare a series of Classical Texts, have just discovered that the Clarendon Press has a similar series in hand. After some negotiations it has been decided that the existence of two rival series would be unfortunate, and Messrs. Methuen have agreed to abandon their series and cooperate with the Clarendon Press in the issue of the Oxford Classical Texts. Unfortunately such a combination is not possible to authors.

So many conflicting reports have been published as to arrangements that have been made in regard to Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*, that it may be well to state just how the matter stands. Mr. Phillips has had three offers for *Paolo* from American managers, among them being Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. Alexander, however, declined to surrender the American rights, as he proposes to make the play a feature of his American tour. Mr. Mansfield thereupon commissioned Mr. Phillips to write a poetic play, with no restrictions as to subject, which he will produce in New York in the autumn. Mr. Phillips has also had a proposal to translate and produce *Paolo* in Paris; and it may be seen in Vienna.

MORE English as she is wrote. Messrs. A. & C. Black send us the following letter from an Italian newspaper editor, applying for a copy of Prof. Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*. The letter is a printed form, and runs as follows:

"SIR,—You will make a thing gracious to us and at the time useful to diffusion of knowledge, if you will send to us as a gift your recent publication signed in the address.

That might be useful, in the limits of our power to the diffusion of the book.

We will send to you the fascicles, in which the book will be announced and examined, and if the exchange of gifts will be pursued, our Review might be sent to you regularly. . . .

The Direction and Redaction
of the NUOVO RISORGIMENTO.

HARDLY a week passes but there is some change to announce in the journalistic world. The news of the week is that Mr. Mudford has retired from the editorship of the *Standard*. He is succeeded by Mr. G. Byron-Curtis, who for the last twenty years has been assistant editor. Then we are to have another sixpenny weekly. It will be conducted by Mr. Lathbury, late editor of the *Guardian*. We understand that the *Tribune*—that is the name of the new paper—will carry on the policy in ecclesiastical matters which the *Guardian* followed during Mr. Lathbury's sixteen years of editorship. With four new weekly sixpenny papers, the first month of the new year opens luxuriantly.

THERE is much talk about the forthcoming rivalry between the *Sphere*, conducted by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and the *Spear*, which will be launched, or shall we say hurled, by Sir William Ingram. The clashing of names is unfortunate, to say the least. Mr. Shorter's title was first in the field, and we should not have supposed that competition would have been carried so far as to confound the public ear. Folk will have to take their choice, and enunciate their words plainly at the bookstalls. We have heard only one objection raised to the title the *Sphere*. It was made by a grave young man in a railway carriage, who, being asked what he thought of this title, said he disapproved of it on the ground that it clashed with—the *Globe*!

THE American *Book Buyer's* summary of Transatlantic literature in 1898 takes the form of a comparison between English and American achievements. Admitting that "we have produced nothing to set beside the Letters of Stevenson or the *Life and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant*," that "we have no Mr. Lecky to write for us," and that "we have no poet's work to rank with Mr. Swinburne's tragedy," the *Book Buyer* takes courage to make a few comparisons against us. "We can offset Stephen Phillips's 'Paolo and Francesca' with Mr. Fenollosa's 'Lucifer,' and feel that we have done well. . . . In fiction we have been sufficient unto ourselves. . . . For Mr. Churchill's *Richard Carol* and Mr. Ford's *Janice Meredith* English fiction during the last twelve months offers no parallels. . . . Mr. Anthony Hope's *The King's Mirror* is best compared, so far as exquisite workmanship is concerned, with Mrs. Wharton's *The Greater Inclination*."

THERE was some excellent work in *The Greater Inclination*, but we knew nothing about the life of its author, Mrs. Wharton, till, turning to the *Book Buyer's* "Literary Querist" pages, we found this choice specimen of a literary reputation in the making according to modern methods:

Who is Edith Wharton? Has she not written poems as well as *The Greater Inclination*? Where does she live, and what does she do besides writing?—*M. W.*

She is Mrs. Edward Wharton, and was Miss Edith Jones, of New York. She has lived abroad for several years. The June *Book Buyer* contained a reproduction of her portrait painted by Mr. Julian Story. Her writings include, beside her volume of stories, a book entitled *The Decoration of Houses*. She is the author of several poems which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Mrs. Wharton's rise is proceeding on lines the most normal, the most correct.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish early in January a work on *Malay Religion*, by Mr. W. W. Skeat. This is a minute study of folk-lore, ceremonial observances, and magic in the Malay Peninsula—a country where Mohammedanism only superficially overlays a mass of aboriginal beliefs and customs. From a discussion of the more general views which the Malay holds as to the Creation, man's place in it, his relations with the supernatural, and the number and attributes of the gods, the book proceeds to detail the charms and ceremonies by which man attempts to influence nature—weather, beasts, water, and fire; and then deals exhaustively with magic rites affecting the life of man, in birth, marriage, death, &c. The work is specially addressed to students of folk-lore, and more particularly of Oriental custom, but should have some interest also for the general reader who has welcomed such books as Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Spencer and Gillen's *Native Tribes of Central Australia*.

MR. HENRY JAMES's article on Robert Louis Stevenson's Letters in the North American *Review* is as intimate and subtle as anything that has been written about Stevenson.

The man, the author, and the friend are all touched on with a fine pen; yet the article, taken alone, leaves the impression that Stevenson is for the few, not for the many. Mr. James seems to speak in low tones to the elect. He concludes with the following valedictory classification of Stevenson:

It has been his fortune (whether or no the greatest that can befall a man of letters) to have had the consent to become, by a process not purely mystic and not wholly untraceable—what shall we call it?—a Figure. Tracing is needless now, for the personality has acted and the incarnation is full. There he is—he has passed ineffaceably into happy legend. This case of the figure is of the rarest, and the honour surely of the greatest. In all our literature we can count them, sometimes with the work and sometimes without. The work has often been great and yet the figure *nil*. Johnson was one, and Goldsmith and Byron; and the two former, moreover, not in any degree, like Stevenson, in virtue of the element of grace. Was it this element that settled the business even for Byron? It seems doubtful; and the list, at all events, as we approach our own day, shortens and stops. Stevenson has it at present—may we not say?—pretty well to himself, and it is not one of the scrolls in which he least will live.

IN that broad, sagacious book, *Government and Democracy, and Other Essays*, Mr. John Jay Chapman had something to say about literary naughtiness in high places. "The literary man," he wrote, "is concerned with what will go, like the reformer who is half-politician. The attention of every one in the United States is on some one else's opinion, not on truth." That such reflections dwell in Mr. Chapman's mind is shown by some remarks he makes, in the *January Critic*, on the fleeting, yet tyrannical, fashions of literary criticism. Mr. Chapman says:

If any man doubts the hidebound character of our journals to-day let him try this experiment: Let him write down what he thinks upon any matter, write a story of any length, a poem, a prayer, a speech. Let him assume as he writes it that it cannot be published, and let him satisfy his individual taste in the subject, size, mood, and tenour of the whole composition. Then let him begin his peregrinations to find in which one of the ten thousand journals of America there is a place for his ideas as they stand. We have more journals than any other country. The whole field of ideas has been covered, every vehicle of opinion has its policy, its methods, its precedents. A hundred will receive him if he shaves this, pads that, cuts it in half; but not one of them will trust him as he stands. "Good, but eccentric." "Good, but too long." "Good, but new."

IN the *January Macmillan* Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who startled many by his onslaught on Jane Austen, writes with warmth and discrimination on Anthony Trollope. He says with justice that though Thackeray's and Scott's characters are more charming, and have more interesting traits than Trollope's, they are not more alive. In his truth to average English life Mr. Gwynn thinks that Trollope "immeasurably surpasses the novelists who are in fashion to-day." Mr. Gwynn then boldly compares Trollope's delineations of society with those to be found in Mr. Benson's *Mammon & Co.*, Mr. Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street*, and Miss Fowler's *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. His conclusion is that the notions of society conveyed by these novels are correct only as well-collected facts may be correct. They do not really supersede those which one might gather from the newspapers. Whereas Trollope, with less experience of society, but working from the essential to the accidental, produced dukes who live, financiers who breathe, and great ladies whose social power we understand. Hence, Mr. Gwynn concludes, Trollope can never be wholly out of date. Many things, indeed, would surprise us more than a revival of Trollope. Why has the sixpenny reprint passed him by?

THE *Monthly Guide to Periodical Literature*, of which the first number has just been issued by the Advertising Agency of London, Ltd., promises to be a useful publication. It is simply an index of the contents of the month's magazines, and it will be issued early in each month. The contents of fifty-four magazines are dealt with in the first number under the heads of their subjects and authors. Poetry, fiction, and serial fiction are distinguished by a simple device, and the whole arrangement of the *Guide* is clear and business-like.

Stalky & Co. is a militant sort of book, but we did not dream that it would lead to a libel action. Yet it is announced that an action has been brought by the *Cambridge Magazines* against the *Cantab*, for stating that four articles which appeared in the first-named paper, and purported to be written by McTurk of *Stalky & Co.*, were not written by McTurk. Mr. Kipling has been summoned to give evidence at the trial, which will take place shortly at Cambridge Assizes, Mr. Justice Ridley presiding.

As we anticipated, the *Daily News* has found the adjudication in its competition for a £10 prize to the compiler of the best list of a hundred Children's Books no light task. Our contemporary is, however, grappling manfully with its task: "an election count is nothing to this" is its perspiring remark. The prize will ultimately go to the competitor whose list is most approved by the lists of all his rivals. Meanwhile, the "first report" of the judges touches lightly on a number of questions suggested by the lists now under inspection. "What is a Child?" is one of these. "Up to 12 or 13," "8 to 16," "4 to 18"—such are the age limits selected by various competitors. The proper proportion which boys' books should bear to girls' books, and the necessity for any such distinction, are difficulties.

INTENSE eagerness characterises the letters and comments of the competitors, many of whom have been distracted by afterthoughts, and have sent new suggestions in letters and postcards. "One of these was written in a train by a competitor, who was so agitated by his 'ghastly misgiving' that he forgot to say who he was." All kinds of classification have been adopted. The most eccentric paper received contains the following list:

EIGHT BRITISH BATTLES.
LIFE OF CHRIST.
CARROTS.

More and more do we admire the wisdom of our contemporary in applying the unanswerable plebiscite system to its adjudication. The competitors include librarians, clergymen's wives, a Bishop's wife, authors, and a town missionary.

THE duties of a librarian in one of Her Majesty's prisons are not so simple as may be commonly supposed. In the current *Library World* Mr. William Harvey, chief clerk to the Prison Commissioners for Scotland, points out the difficulties that arise in fitting books to the needs and prejudices (both of which are carefully considered) of the prisoners. He says:

A large percentage of the prisoners are unable to make use of works which contain what is commonly called "stiff" reading; another section, being Irish and Roman Catholic, must have books which contain no attack upon the doctrines, customs, or priests of their Church. *Romola* may not be issued to a Catholic prisoner because it records Savonarola's declaration that "a man without virtue may be Pope"; *Esmond*, too, would be placed on the priests' *Index*, because those portions of the story which deal with the duplicity of Father Holt and his fellow-workers for the Stuart cause might be read as an attack on Catholics in general. . . . Care must also be taken that no book is admitted which is calculated to undermine the influence of the chaplains of the Reformed Churches; but there is

less danger in this respect in a country where the majority of authors are Protestant. Suitable intellectual food must be provided also for the many really cultured men in confinement (there are not many cultured women).

On the whole, it would seem, there is a good deal to be learned about books and their readers behind the prison bars.

WHATSOEVER is to be said against President Kruger, it must be allowed that he has a keen eye for a text. His message to the Boer generals—"Read Psalm 33. The enemy have fixed their faith on Psalm 83"—is worth following up. The verses in these Psalms which have rewarded President Kruger's untiring search of the Scriptures are evidently these:

PSALM 33: BOER.

B'essed is the nation whose
God is the Lord: and the
people whom He has chosen
for His inheritance.

There is no king saved by
the multitude of an host; a
mighty man is not delivered
by much strength.

An horse is a vain thing for
safety; neither shall he deliver
any by his great strength.

Our soul waiteth for the
Lord: He is our help and our
shield.

PSALM 83: BRITISH.

They have taken crafty
counsel against Thy people,
and consulted against Thy
hidd'n ones.

They have said, Come and
let us cut them off from being
a nation; that the name of
Israel may be no more in re-
membrance.

Fill their faces with shame;
that they may seek Thy name,
O Lord.

Let them be confounded
and troubled for ever; yea,
let them be put to shame and
perish.

One cannot but admire the President's selection of a Psalm containing the verse: "An horse is a vain thing for safety," since, humanly speaking, the Boers owe very much to their ponies. President Kruger's statement that "the enemy have fixed their faith on Psalm 83," tends to turn the words quoted against the Boers themselves: for the Uitlanders might well have adopted Psalm 83 as an expression of their grievances.

THE educational views of the Rev. Mr. Lambkin—to whose witty book we refer in our "Books Received" column—arrive in happy time to be noticed in our Educational number. We recommend his address on "The Tertiary Symptoms of Secondary Education among the Poor." It was delivered in 1868 to the Higher Spinsters, or rather to the "League of Progress" in which the Spinsters had been incorporated. Having smiled genially, and drunk "a draught of pure cold water from a tumbler at his side," Lambkin said:

"The Tertiary symptoms of Secondary Education among the Poor" is a noble phrase and expresses a noble idea. Why the very words are drawn from our Anglo-Saxon mother-tongue deftly mingled with a few expressions borrowed from the old dead language of long-past Greece and Rome.

What is Education? The derivation of the word answers this question. It is from "e"—that is, "out of"; "duc-o" "I lead," from the root Duc—to lead, to govern (whence we get so many of our most important words such as "Duke"; "Duck" = a drake; &c.), and finally the termination "-tio," which corresponds to the English "-ishness." We may then put the whole phrase in simple language thus, "The threefold Showings of twofold Led-out-of-ishness among the Needy."

We must leave Lambkin's further argument to his intending readers.

BUT we should like to quote from the address of Lambkin, as Bursar, delivered in Hall on the morning upon which the College went down:

In the past term . . . I know that life has become fuller for you . . . You arrived sure of a number of things which you had learnt at school or at your mother's knee. Of what are you certain now? Of nothing! It is neces-

sary in the mysterious scheme of education that this blind faith or certitude should be laid as a foundation in early youth. But it is imperative that a man—if he is to be a man and not a monster—should lose it at the outset of his career. My young friends, I have given you the pearl of great price. You have begun to doubt . . . As to the religious state of the College it is as you all know, excellent—I wish I could say the same for the Inorganic Chemistry. There is one last thing that I shall touch upon. We have been constantly annoyed by the way in which undergraduates tread down the lawn. The Oxford turf is one of the best signs of our antiquity as a university. There is no turf like it in the world. . . . I wish you a very Merry Christmas at the various country houses you may be visiting, and hope and pray that you may find united there all the members of your own family. Mr. Gurge will remain behind and speak to me for a few moments.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following "educational" "Things Seen":

"I was in the early suburban train to town. Wedged into the far corner of my compartment was a little fellow of, perhaps, ten, in the regulation hat and collar of a famous London school, listlessly getting up his home-work—as my professional eyes informed me—from a school edition of the Second Book of Samuel.

In the opposite corner was an adult enlargement of the picture, but with a characteristic difference—the father had superseded the historian.

For some twenty minutes the situation was unchanged, then, without a word, he folded his *Sportsman*, and scoring a passage with his thumb-nail, handed it to his son. The boy's eyes gleamed at the distraction; the paragraph evoked a responsive nod; some modern concrete interest took possession of his soul, and Samuel was dropped and forgotten."

Bibliographical.

THE announcement of the approaching appearance of biographies of Coventry Patmore and Edward Fitzgerald suggests a direction in which the literary class might find some honourable labour. The *Life* of Patmore will be official, and based in all probability upon wholly new material, ignoring, for example, such glimpses of Patmore as we get in the *Journal* of the "P.R.B.," just published by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. But glimpses such as these are often very illuminating—sometimes more significant than anything we find in "authorised" biographies. Now, why should not some industrious and careful persons go through the Sonnets, Diaries, Reminiscences, and Memoirs of, say, the present century, and compile from them a series of Anecdotal Biographies, to be used as supplements to the official Lives? This is very much, though not quite, what Mr. Melville did in his recent *Life of Thackeray*, and it is a useful, if a humble, work. I make a present of the idea to my brethren of the pen. Judgment would have to be shown in the selection, and skill in the handling of the material collected; and, with those qualities present, the Anecdotal Biographies I suggest should be not only of much service, but very readable.

I have not yet seen the *Index to the Songs, Snatches, and Passages in Shakespeare which have been Set to Music*, compiled by Mr. Kelsey White, and published by Mr. J. R. Tutin; but when it comes my way I shall have the pleasure of comparing it with the *Handbook of Shakespeare Music* compiled by Alfred Roffe, finished by him in 1867, and published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1878. This work includes "an account of three hundred and fifty pieces of music set to words taken from the plays and poems of Shakespeare, the compositions ranging from the Elizabethan age to the present time." Roffe's book

had been preceded in its turn by John Caulfield's *Collection of the Vocal Music in Shakespeare's Plays*, which was, in the main, a gathering together of the melodies traditionally associated with songs and passages in Shakespeare. Thus, Caulfield took the trouble to "take down" from the pretty lips of Mrs. Jordan the airs which she had been accustomed to sing when appearing in the character of Ophelia.

The "boom" in naval history and biography still continues, as we see from the announcement of volumes on *Our Naval Heroes* and *Britain's Sea-Kings and Sea-Fights*. The truth is, however, that books of this sort have always been popular in our midst. I remember that, when I was a boy, one of the most successful of books for juveniles was called *Neptune's Heroes, or the Sea-Kings of England*, and that, later on, much vogue was obtained by a work from the same hand, entitled *Famous Ships of the British Navy*. This reminds me that, about a dozen years ago, a two-volume work was issued under the title of *England at War: the Story of our Great Campaigns*. Would it not be a good idea to bring this work up to date, and re-issue it? *England at War!*—that, surely, would be a name to conjure with just now.

The *Daily Mail*, I see, has been publishing "advance paragraphs" about Prof. Herford's translation of "Love's Comedy," which our contemporary blandly announces as "Ibsen's latest play." It is, of course, the latest of Ibsen's plays to appear in an English form—that is all; and it is a little surprising, truly, that it should have been so long ignored by our translators. It was begun in 1855, but not completed till the summer of 1862, and not published till the following winter, when it appeared as the New Year "extra number" of the *Illustreret Nyhedsblad*. Ibsen started to write it in prose, which, however, he soon set aside in favour of the rhymed iambs which Prof. Herford has essayed to represent in English verse.

Mr. Alfred Austin, in one of his latest products, has been putting forward the confident assertion that

Who dies for England sleeps with God.

To this it has been objected that England has no special monopoly in the *dulce et decorum est*. But Mr. Austin has very good poetic authority for assuming that Providence takes particular care of Englishmen. Does not Tennyson, in his Wellington Ode, call upon us to

Thank Him who iled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers?

"His Briton," you observe!

A correspondent asks me to give him the name and date of the "little book of sentences from Disraeli's writings" to which I made allusion last week. I have pleasure in doing so. The booklet is entitled *The Beaconsfield Birthday Book*, and was published by Messrs. Longmans in 1884. A much larger collection, called *Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli*, had been issued by the same firm in 1881; but for reading in bed it is too heavy to hold, nor, moreover, is the selection particularly well made.

As an old pupil (at the Denmark Hill Grammar School) of the recently deceased Mr. C. P. Mason, I may be forgiven for drawing attention to the continued vitality of his educational works—such as his *First Notions of Grammar for Young Learners*, which reached its thirteenth edition in 1891, and his *English Grammar (including Grammatical Analysis)*, which attained its thirty-seventh edition in 1896. The last-named may fairly be regarded as a classic in its way.

It is very nice of the *Edinburgh Review* to state that "the work of Mr. Watson, Mr. Francis Thomson, and Mr. Yeats . . . is quite worthy to rank with that of Herrick, Crashaw, and Carew"; but why deprive Mr. Thompson of the "p" in his name?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Other Side.

The Eve of the Reformation. By Francis Aiden Gasquet. (Nimmo. 12s. 6d. net.)

FATHER GASQUET describes his new book as "Studies in the religious life and thought of the English people in the period preceding the rejection of the Roman jurisdiction by Henry VIII." In his introduction he explains that the time has not yet arrived for a history of the Reformation, or for any detailed and accurate picture of the period which preceded it. The volume, therefore, consists of "a series of separate studies, which, while joined together by a certain connecting thread," in no sense claim to be a complete account. The various essays deal, in no progressive order, with a number of common allegations about the Reformation and the state of the Church in the preceding age, and attempt to prove their utter falsity. The whole object of such proofs is to argue away the necessity for a reformation of the Church—at any rate, of so drastic a kind as happened.

The Church was not hostile to learning; the people did not object to the jurisdiction of Rome; there was no antagonism of clergy and laity; the Church was not hostile to the Bible in the vernacular; religious life in England was vigorous in the age before the Reformation. According to our author, the mischief involved in the separation of England from the Roman See was due to a combination of Henry VIII.'s lustful desires and the invasion of Lutheran teachers. With Mr. James Gairdiner, he thinks that Wycliffe has no claim to be called "the morning star of the Reformation," for that his influence, whatever it was, had long died away. On the other hand, it is strongly urged that the term "the New Learning," which Mr. Green has taught us to apply to the Renaissance, in the mouths of contemporaries referred to the new theological beliefs imported from Germany, and that the condemnation of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was aimed solely at the deliberate mistranslations which it contained, with a view to disseminating the opinions of the Lutheran reformers.

In support of all these assertions much contemporary evidence is marshalled. We have all heard of the comment on the vehement speaker, "that man says, 'and that's the truth,' so often that I begin to think he is telling a falsehood." Father Gasquet so overwhelms us with written testimony that we incline to suspect its absolute value. Any theory from the pen of Sir Thomas More would command our respect, but, dutiful son of the Church that he was in matters regarding the faith, his desire to defend and justify his own religious position would outweigh, as it has done in many wise and good men at all times, the critical sense which he would freely employ in all other departments of life. This consideration does not, of course, rule out of court all that he or any other defender of an existing system may advance in its behalf. All we mean to urge is that such evidence is not as conclusive as we are desired to believe it. The writer has done well in laying stress on the amount of real work which the Church was still doing. He has already shown us that the monasteries at the time of their dissolution were not nearly so black as they were painted by Henry VIII.'s Commissioners.

This did not mean that they were all the homes of pure and undefiled religion. Thus we may well hold that in the century which preceded the Reformation church life was still a real thing in England without believing that the whole of the anti-Papal movement was a trumped-up thing. Revolutions do not take place without a cause. The defender of the *Ancien Régime* sees no need for the French Revolution. The violence which attends all great

upheavals ends by discrediting the original movement and obscuring the necessity of any change at all. If the Church had really been doing its duty, if the church building and beautifying, on which Father Gasquet lays such stress, had really represented the strong and spontaneous love of Church people, if the teaching and preaching had really been as effective as we are led to suppose, not only would there have been no need for the Reformation in England, but we would venture to maintain that it would never have taken place. Henry VIII.'s lust explains much in his reign; it does not explain the practical acquiescence of the people in the anti-Roman position which he took up. After all, advantage always lies with the party in power which commands the machinery of organisation. Why was the Church at the mercy of the Crown? Why did the Pilgrimage of Grace not receive universal support? Why did an ecclesiastic of the stamp of Gardiner accept the changes made by Henry? Such questions are not answered by the antiquarian researches of our learned author. They are only to be solved by a careful study of the general course of English history for the two centuries before the Reformation.

Father Gasquet quotes very freely and appositely from More's writings to prove that no obstacle was placed by the Church in the way of the popular study of the Bible in the vernacular. Wycliffe's and Tyndale's translations were condemned because they contained deliberate mistranslations with intent to mislead the ignorant readers, and since most of those who called for such translations were suspected of unorthodoxy, the clergy did well to discourage the spread of the vernacular Scriptures. "As for the other old [translations]," says More, "that were before Wycliffe's days, they remain lawful, and are in the possession of some people, and are read." But what and where are these pre-Wycliffite translations? If they had existed, they would scarcely have disappeared altogether. All that our author can say is that it is by no means so clear "that such translations did not exist." We would suggest that so far as More's words state a fact they may have referred to translated portions, extracts issued under some ecclesiastical sanction. It is scarcely conceivable that a vernacular copy of the Scriptures if it was in circulation would have been lost or would have escaped subsequent mention, any more than Wycliffe's translation was lost. Father Gasquet seems to wish us to infer that such was the perversion of heretical writers that whatever copies do remain owe their continued existence to the malicious unorthodoxy of their authors.

But apart from the particular argument of these essays, and despite the somewhat tedious quotations from contemporary literature, the volume is full of interesting matter. It is always good to see the other side, and here we have set out with great knowledge and greater skill all that is to be said for the mediæval Church in England at the period which is generally marked as the period of its greatest corruption. The concluding chapters on the influence of the Church and the daily life of the people are full of interest and instruction. Anything that increases our knowledge of the fifteenth century is to be welcomed; but the scantiness of material drives our author to depend mainly on information from the early years of the sixteenth century. The material to which he has had recourse shows over how wide a field the modern historian roams. Chronicles as such play practically no part in the working up of the picture presented to us; contemporary literature of an ephemeral kind, wills, guild statutes, are the records to which Father Gasquet prefers to appeal. Nothing could be better. The author himself deprecates premature conclusions on the important matters of which he treats. His controversial object has probably carried him further in this direction than perhaps he originally intended.

In a Glass Coach.

A New English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Glass-coach—Graded. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE new part of Dr. Murray's great Dictionary opens conveniently with Glass-coach. We will e'en borrow that glass-coach and drive rapidly up and down the serried columns of the middle G's. A glass-coach, need it be said, was a coach into which glass windows had been let; they were thus superior to the hackney-coaches, which had only curtains. It follows that they were better horsed. "Abroad to White Hall, in a hackney-coach with Sir W. Pen," writes Pepys in 1667, ". . . we were forced to leap out. . . . Query, whether a glass-coach would have permitted us to have made the escape." Query, eternal query! "Gentlemen may have a Glass-Coach or Chariot instead of a Curtain Coach," says an advertiser in the *London Gazette* twenty years later. Serjeant Ballantine could remember, in 1890, how "when middle-class people went to the play . . . they performed the operation in what was called a glass-coach"—so recent is antiquity! No doubt the users of hackney-coaches "glavered" on the users of glass-coaches. To glaver, need we say, was to fawn upon with words of glozing courtesy, to flatter deceitfully. A seventeenth century preacher advised his hearers to carry themselves "at an equal distance from contempt and hautiness on the one hand and sneaking and glaving on the other"—thus sweeping the glass-coaches and the hackney-coaches into one net. In 1753 the word was used in the *Gray's Inn Journal*, and one hundred and twenty-three years later it suddenly started to life in the *Athenaeum* of July 7, 1866: "The doorkeeper is a wily, elderly Italian. . . . He . . . holds his face forwards, and looks down, with a steady glaving smile, or simper, in the corners of his mouth." Surely a useful word untimely dropped. A beautiful old word was Glead, meaning a live coal, an ember. "Those few weak gleeds of grace that are in me," wrote Bishop Hall, "might go soon out, if they were not thus refreshed"; and Bunyan speaks of "the sweet and warm gleeds of the promise." The word survives until 1891, but not beautifully: "They poke out the gleeds at the bottom with the tickler, and put them at the top with the tongs," a glead being now a cinder used by nail-makers.

Gleg, meaning quick in perception, has had a long career, recently helped by Stevenson and Mr. Crockett. "Ye're no very gleg at jumping"—we forget who says this in *Kidnapped*. "The Lord did not stint me as to glegness of eye," says one of Mr. Crockett's people. The word has done tragic duty too: "Death snaps the thread Wi' his gleg shears" writes a Georgian Scottish poet; here it means sharp, keen. Oddly enough, a water-tap that turns too easily and leaks from wear is still said, in Northumberland, to be gleg—*i.e.*, smooth.

Glib has had more varied meanings in the past. We apply it now only to a loose, facile tongue, but Browning recalled an older shade of meaning when he wrote in "Ivan Ivanovitch," "The snow lies glib as glass and hard as steel"—*i.e.*, slippery as glass, and, like glass, offering no foothold, or resistance to motion.

Glimpse as a verb is become rare, but Lowell wrote in his *Study Windows*: "I seem to glimpse something of this familiar weakness in Mr. White." How much sweeter than "detect"! Less happy was Hawthorne: "Glimpsing in, you see that a cottager's life must be the very plainest and homeliest that ever was lived by men and women." How much worse than "peeping"! Glissade is a good word on occasion. Spurgeon said: "The descent to eternal ruin is easy enough, without making a glissade of it." And Edwardes in his *Ballroom Repentance* writes, unexpectedly enough: "The hundred thousand miles glissade of some shooting meteor"; but a fall through space is not a glissade, which implies a steep place down which

objects slide with contact. "Here and there dwarf thicket clinging in the general glissade," wrote Stevenson in the *Silverado Squatters*.

Gloom is now but gingerly used as a verb. Morris wrote archaically in the *Earthly Paradise*:

But whoso gloomed at tidings men might show,
It was not Kiartan.

Yet Thackeray has the word, and Froude used it happily: "The Stanleys, Howards, Talbots, and Nevilles were glooming apart, indignant at the neglect of their own claims." And Tennyson wrote in a letter: "A black yew tree gloom'd the stagnant air." Glory as a verb meaning to boast is a fine old word, of which examples are given no later than 1673. A seventeenth century critic could write: "We have seen a glimpse of that perspicuity and modesty which is gloried to be in these annotations." What a scent of old leather bindings is wafted here!

Gnar, which means to snarl or growl, is a strong word invalidated. Carlyle, who gave new life to many an old locution, used it; and Tennyson uses it finely in "In Memoriam":

A thousand wants
Gnarr at the heels of men,

thus spiritualising the word as it is used by an older poet:

No lion here the traveller assails
With midnight roar, nor ruthless panther gnars.

Golly as part of a veiled oath is familiar, but golly meaning to shout with a thick voice is quoted only from Carlyle and Mr. Crockett. "The Annandale Voice gollying at them." "We heard the wrathful gollying of the great voice." Goody-goody seems to be very modern. The first instance of its use given is from Dr. Smiles's *Character*. Examples follow from the *Christian World* and Bishop Fraser. In the Minutes of the Congregational Council of the United States it is written: "Thick-headed goody-goodies, who were fit for nothing but to hold prayer-meetings and look after Sunday-schools." Those Minutes must be full of surprises. Gore, in its meaning of "a small strip or tract of land lying between larger divisions," survives, of course, in Kensington Gore. A whole indictment of certain modern literary methods is summed up in the quotation from Mr. Ruskin under gorgeable. Apparently no one else has used the word. "Chopping up its formerly loved authors . . . into crammed sausages or blood puddings swiftly gorgeable." Gracile is a delicate word, not much employed since De Quincey. It has no connexion with grace, and should not be used to mean gracefully slender. It means no more than thin, slender, or lean. De Quincey wrote: "In person he was tall, fair, and gracile." Milman even wrote: "As the niches became narrower the saints . . . shrunk to meagre gracility."

We have not found space to dwell on the interesting histories of such words as glee, glide, glow, gold, gospel, and gossip. Nor have we so much as touched on the thirty-four columns devoted to Go. Our glass-coach would infallibly have stuck in such wonderfully intricate and interesting columns. God and Good are treated with the same care, and the whole "part," which is the work of Mr. Henry Bradley, is rich in notable words.

A Popular Preacher.

Charles A. Berry, D.D.: a Memoir. By James S. Drummond and Mrs. Berry. (Cassells. 6s.)

DR. BERRY was of the people, the son of a small tradesman, and was educated in a Wesleyan day school. A promising pupil, he was picked out by his master to receive the training of a teacher; and when that career proved uncongenial, he served in a subordinate capacity for two years in the post-office. But already he knew himself a preacher. In his pinafore he had held forth to the edifica-

tion of his sisters' dolls; and clasped to his mother's heart, had been hailed by her fondly as the answer to her prayer that she might be the parent of a minister. At sixteen he knew himself "a dedicated spirit"; and at Christmas, 1869, he was sent to Airedale College. In the course of the following year he went forth, his pocket bulging with lumps of sugar (which he supposed to be good for the voice), and in his memory an original sermon written beforehand with diligence upon a slate, to supply the place of the evangelist at Grassington. He had the good fortune to preach with great acceptance on "cross-bearing." "Yon's a lad," discerned an elder, "wi' a bit o' grit." And in 1874, at the age of twenty-two, he was appointed to St. George's-road Church, Bolton. While there he quickly won his way to the front rank in his sect. He travelled as he found the opportunity, and enlarged his acquaintance, becoming intimate incidentally with the proprietor of the Greatest Show on Earth (whom he described as "a man of deep spirituality"), and with Henry Ward Beecher. It is the principal glory of Berry's life, according to the mind of his "co-pastor" and biographer, that from the other side of the Atlantic, upon Beecher's death, there came to him an invitation to occupy his room at Plymouth Chapel. To have declined this distinction is counted to him as self-sacrifice in the heroic degree.

The federation of the Free Churches was the noble obsession of his middle years; and for the furtherance of this end he set out, in 1891, upon what should have been a voyage round the globe. His health was precarious; he needed rest; and by this time he was a person of sufficient importance to travel incognito. A Mr. Macdonald was among the passengers, and a common secret presently drew the two together. They swore eternal friendship and a treaty of silence. But the third day out an American doctor, from Wisconsin, came up to Berry, and, said he:

That friend of yours ain't Macdonald, anyway. Do you think it respectable to keep up a ten-cent fraud like this, and keep your fellow-passengers from the proud privilege of knowing that they are ploughing the deep in company with Rudyard Kipling, eh? I found his picture in *Plain Tales from the Hills*; here it is; look at it, and then call your friend Macdonald if you can.

Upon his return, his views as to the possibility of a closer union between the bearers of the Christian name grew more comprehensive; and at the conference ridiculed by the profane as the "Grindelwald Pionic," he became known to Bishop Perowne of Worcester and the ex-Carmelite Père Hyacinthe, and had the honour of preaching before them in default of Dr. Guinness Rogers. His views as to the relation of the sects to the Kingdom of God he thus expressed to Mr. Gladstone, who, the biographer assures us, listened "with delighted acquiescence":

I took [said Berry] the heavenly city and its twelve gates, some of which were diametrically opposite to the others, as illustrating the vastness and variety of the Christian Church. . . . Through each gate crowds of people are hurrying to the one central spot of magnificent sunshine, in the glory of which all are bathed, and beneath the blaze of which all differences melt away. . . .

But his breadth did not include the Unitarians. On the Incarnation he was orthodox to the last: "for months he carried out a course of wide reading on the Kenosis," and among his papers was found a careful digest of St. Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo*.

As he lived his life before the eyes of his brethren, so he died a singularly dramatic death. He was conducting a funeral service. "Thou knowest that we would bear this burden for her," he was saying, alluding to the widow, "if we could, but this Thou dost not permit." With that he fell forward, and, after a few troubled seconds, died.

Of the way in which the biographer has done his work we can speak with warm, if not unqualified, praise. To those for whom the book is primarily intended—for the

disciples, the admirers, the relatives of Dr. Berry—this record of his doings, and this unstinted tribute to the best qualities of the man, will be precious; we others should have relished the dish better, it may be frankly confessed, for a pinch of salt. For the man must have had weak points—little vanities, little insincerities and jealousies. Which things are so endearing!

Powder and Shot.

How England Saved Europe. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. By W. H. Fitchett. (Smith Elder. Each 6s.)

HAVING dealt with "Fights that Won the Flag" and "Deeds that Won the Empire," Mr. Fitchett now sets out to tell the long and stirring story of England's struggle with France between 1793 and 1815. We find no falling off in his industry or accomplishment.

It is not necessary to examine his new narrative in the light of historical accuracy. Its general accuracy is patent, and it makes no challenge to the scholar. All we wish to do is to point out that the author knows how to play upon his readers' minds. Not the least of his distinctions is his economy of verbal thunder. He has learned from the soldiers and sailors whose fights he describes to reserve his fire. He has the tact to compare great things to small instead of straining to compare great things with greater. "The four British seventy-fours may be regarded as a claw clutching at the feathers in the French admiral's tail." "Nelson was throwing an overwhelming force on each ship of the French van in turn, and crushing it like a nut in a pair of crackers." He notes and registers some poetic moment—some haunting picture—in the quickly changing battle. Such a moment he finds in the grey dawn of the First of June, when Howe was clinging to the weather gauge and longing for the sky to clear.

Now and again a long line would open through the fog, and the ghostly image of a great ship would cross it, whether French or English it was hard to tell. The British look-outs, too, perched aloft, would sometimes see over the drifting fog, as across some continent of snow, the limp topsails of a dozen great ships, mere peaks of airy canvas, with no hull visible beneath them.

Here is a scene in the battle of that day:

The *Brunswick* drifted into the fight with all the ports on her lower deck strictly closed, and Harvey, its captain, sent an officer down with orders that not a port was to be lifted, nor a gun fired, until he gave the signal. The officer ran down with the order; the lower deck, with its double line of guns, and every officer and man at his station, was in perfect darkness. Coming out of the glittering sunlight into the worse than Egyptian gloom, the officer could distinguish no one. Standing on the lowest step of the ladder, he called out at the top of his voice that not a gun was to be fired till the word was given. Out of the darkness came in cheerful accents the voice of the lieutenant of the lower deck, "Tell the captain we do not mean to fire till we get the word, and that we are all as happy as princes, singing 'Rule Britannia.'"

A fine minor effect is caught by Mr. Fitchett in the Battle of the Nile, when the *Goliath*, anticipating Nelson's wish, manœuvred round to the land side of the French fleet to the amazement of the enemy:

Steadily the great English seventy-four kept on its course. The battery on the island spluttered angrily, but ineffectively, upon it. The shadow of the tall masts of the *Goliath* cast by the westering sun swept over the decks of the *Guerrier*; and just as the centre gun of the British ship's broadside covered the Frenchman's bowsprit, the whole length of the *Goliath* broke into the flame of an overwhelming broadside.

That picture of the soft shadows of the *Goliath's* masts and rigging caressing the *Guerrier's* decks, just before the fatal moment, is as good as it need be.

Fiction.

The Judgment of Helen. By Thomas Cobb.
(John Lane. 6s.)

MR. COBB is making progress. Of his three books, this is the best. It is considerably better than *Carpet Courtship*, and somewhat better than *Mr. Passingham*. He ought, however, to produce work on a much higher plane in the near future. The present novel, like its predecessors, is thin, scraggy. Mr. Cobb, if we may use the simile, should cultivate a tendency to *embonpoint*. In literature *embonpoint* means plot—plot which some clever writers have affected to despise, but which the greatest have always utilised for the furtherance of their greatest effects. Mr. Cobb is scarcely fertile in the invention of incident. He begins with a good situation (though by no means a new one), but he does not carry it definitely forward until the conclusion of the book is reached. That Helen should be cajoled into an engagement with the plutocratic and admirable Mr. Josiah Barbrook was quite probable, and that within three weeks she should convey to her mother her absolute refusal to marry the man was also quite probable; for Helen is well drawn. And the predilection of Helen's stolid cousin Patty for the stolid Mr. Barbrook is fully justified by their respective characters. Thirdly, it is obvious that young Maurice Vaughan is exactly the male creature for Helen. Indeed, all the signs point to a felicitous sorting-out of couples. Yet that sorting-out is postponed and postponed while interviews and petty intrigues occur in haphazard succession—in fact, while Mr. Cobb writes his novel. The fault of the book is that the initial situation is capable of an immediate solution. Helen's mother, Mrs. Christopherson, is only a sham obstacle, especially after she in turn is wooed and won by a well-preserved widower.

Still, the tale is uniformly agreeable—light and bright in its winding attenuation. Some of the scenes have wit. Thus, after the engagement between Helen and Barbrook, and before the former has decided to acquaint the latter of her intention to jilt, the country clergyman calls:

"He thought it necessary to offer us both a great deal of advice; almost a sermon," Helen explained. "And then he asked us to pray with him."

"How extremely provincial!" cried Mrs. Christopherson. "What did Josiah say to that?" she asked.

"He only looked at me. Of course, it was very embarrassing. But I didn't like to object, so we knelt down and Mr. Hodgson prayed."

"What a mercy no one entered the room!" exclaimed her mother.

"I didn't think of that," said Helen. "Mr. Hodgson seemed very earnest. I shouldn't very much have objected if—but, mother," she cried with a good deal of feeling, "he prayed that we might live happily together."

"What execrable taste!"

Mr. Cobb is a man of good promise. In future we hope that he will give the rein to his imagination and the spur to his invention.

The Infatuation of the Countess. By Percy White.
(Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE object of the Countess's infatuation was Arthur Gammellyn, a young and handsome fencing instructor at a Brompton gymnasium. The young wife of an elderly husband, Lady Reedsdale was one of those women who play with the emotions as gracefully as Mr. Percy White plays with women such as Lady Reedsdale; and it was only because Arthur Gammellyn was in love with Connie Adair, a new species of new woman, and because he was possessed of an innocence rather surprising in a man who has served Her Majesty in the ranks, that the Countess did not come to terrible grief

The comedy plays itself lightly out in the fencing school, in Connie Adair's studio, and in the boarding-house "situate in the neighbourhood of the park, the gardens, and the museums," where Arthur Gammellyn lives, and tries to keep his father the major in the paths of sobriety and financial rectitude. The major, with his magniloquence and his surreptitious borrowings, is the most amusing character in a very amusing book. Curiously enough the only unconvincing character in the story is the hero, Arthur Gammellyn himself. We can be interested in the women; but it would perhaps be impossible to interest us in a rather priggish young athlete whom countesses adore for his *beaux yeux* and young lady artists yearn to model in clay for his magnificent neck.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SOUR GRAPES. BY J. F. CORNISH.

A good, readable novel, in which the dark sides of life are shown; but the end is peace and wealth. "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge," is the motto of a story which anyone may read and enjoy. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

LAO-TI THE CELESTIAL. BY M. BIRD.

Chinese life seems to offer a basis for many novels. In following the story of Lao-Ti we have glimpses into respectable family life in China, and many fine traits of character are presented. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)

YEOMAN FLEETWOOD. BY M. E. FRANCIS.

In this story, by the author of *The Duenna of a Genius*, we are in rural England of the early years of this century. Later we are introduced to the Prince Regent's gay life at the Pavilion, Brighton. Mrs. Fitzherbert and her misfortunes, and Beau Brummel and his eye-glass, move across the pages. (Longmans. 6s.)

A FANTASY IN FUSTIAN. BY GEORGE WEMYSS.

A pleasant, well-conceived story, showing how town-bred Zenobia Gliddon, being left an orphan, goes to live at an old farm-house where contact with Nature refines her tastes. Her final choice between town and country resolves itself into a choice between a farmer and a fop, and she chooses well. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S OLD STORY. BY FRANCES SCOTT.

An artless love-story, helped out with italics. "I was glad and thankful for it," says the hero in Chapter II., "as rendering me perhaps more acceptable in the eyes of somebody, my reader knows who." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

BEN COMEE. BY M. J. CANAVAN.

A tale of 1758-59, mainly concerned with the wars with the Indians and the French, in which the English fought under Abercrombie and Howe. The assault on Ticonderoga is an incident, and the tale closes just before the War of Independence. (Macmillan. 6s.)

We have also received *Edgar's Ransom*, by C. Rysbridge (Digby, Long. 6s.), a beginner's novel, on novelette lines; *A Comedy of the Cloth*, by Thomas A. Lewis (Digby, Long), a better novel, showing how a farmer's coquettish daughter played on the hearts of two curates; *Narcissus*, by John Bede (Elliot Stock. 5s.), a short novel written to expose Ritualism; *Father Fox*, by Dorothy Martin (Elliot Stock. 5s.), a story written with the same end in view; *Drake and His Yeomen*, a romance founded on the achievements of Drake. (Macmillan.] 6s.)

The Academy, January 20th, 1900.

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The Theory of Education.

The Logical Bases of Education. By J. Welton, M.A., Professor of Education in the Yorkshire College. (Macmillan.)

THE teacher desiring to know the *raison d'être* of this book should first read through the last two chapters. The most cursory glance through that dealing with Definition, Classification, and Explanation will show the necessity for going a step further back than the ordinary text-books on special subjects. Prof. Welton selects those on grammar for examples of confused thought and consequent blundering; but a thoughtful reading of the chapter will well repay teachers of subjects other than language. The last chapter is in a double sense the conclusion of the whole matter. The gist of the book is here admirably put; here and elsewhere there is a discriminating criticism of educational reformers, and of some of their past and present watchwords. The various points made must give pause to the reader. How far should the educational development of the child follow that of the race? What part must authority play in education? Is it mere learning of facts from books, or development of the power to think and initiate, that is of prime importance? What are the best methods of education? These are some of the questions raised and answered. The author states in his preface that "but little of the traditional formal logic will be found in the book." This is a definite gain, and a careful reading of the book justifies the statement. There is a sane treatment of the syllogism; and the various forms of it and their uses are worked out in a most interesting manner. The modern mind can well dispense with the mnemonic *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, &c.*, although Dante has put its ingenious author into Paradise. The test of inference should be mental, not mnemonic. It is well to note, too, that logic is not so much a thing apart from ordinary talk and reasoning as once it was, and that no longer does it reject, as the traditional logic did, all inferences which do not give a certain and definite conclusion, the reason being, as Prof. Welton points out, that we are not so sure of our starting-point now as in the time when the axioms were "Nature abhors a vacuum," "All men are equal," "All children are born wholly inclined to evil," and the like. Indeed, the modern treatment of the subject is much more interesting and far more profitable than the study of the traditional logic. There is a fascinating chapter on the value of evidence. Apt illustrations and quotations abound throughout the book. One here given of the value of Froude's testimony is amusing: "He had visited the city of Adelaide in Australia. 'We saw,' says he, 'below us, in a basin with a river winding through it, a city of 150,000 inhabitants, none of whom has ever known, or will ever know, one moment's anxiety as to the recurring regularity of his three meals a day.' Thus Froude; now for the facts. Adelaide is built on an eminence; no river runs through it; when Froude visited it the population did not exceed 75,000, and it was suffering from famine at the time." No wonder the writers here quoted come to the conclusion that Froude suffered from "chronic inaccuracy." But the book should be read as a whole; it is an excellent example of logical exposition.

Educational Reform. By Fabian Ware. (Methuen.)

IN these short essays, some of which have already appeared, Mr. Ware discusses the educational organisation of our country, indicating, very roughly, where it is weak, and where strong; in particular, he concerns himself with the reforms which the Board of Education may effect in Secondary Education. Of course, the Board of Education Act commits the Government to nothing tangible, but many educationists hope, now that the first step has been taken—the formation of a Central Educational Authority—that very soon we shall have a register of efficient Secondary Schools, a Secondary School inspectorate, registration of teachers, and the formation of local authorities. The discussion of these and kindred subjects make up the material of this book. Mr. Ware does not address his appeal so much to the expert as to the general reader, although one soon discovers that the author is not only thoroughly within his province when tackling questions of organisation, but also when he is criticising educational theories and ideas. He is opposed to all regulations which will destroy initiative on the part of the teacher by "hedging him in with too

many restrictions," and although "the nation must insist on the attainment by all secondary teachers of a certain standard of scholarship, of a knowledge of the principles which underlie their art, and of skill in its practice before they can be recognised as fully qualified," yet this must be secured without "crushing personality and reducing all teachers to one dead mechanical level." We have not space at our disposal to do more than notice one point. On page 131 Mr. Ware writes that "France, owing to an incalculable extent to the subordination of the ethical to the intellectual aim in her education, has, it is true, so immeasurably weakened the moral foundations of her former greatness, that little short of national regeneration will restore her to the position of a rival to be feared." This is assuredly an entirely misleading statement. As M. Gustave Le Bon has shown repeatedly, education in France is not properly intellectual at all: what passes there for education is an atrophy of faculty by an oppressive and severe discipline. The result is a loss of initiation and real individual freedom, a consequence of which is an excessive love of bureaucracy and militarism. If the French would only change their educational system, and make it genuinely intellectual, then they would soon rise again, not to be feared as rivals but to be loved as friends. On the whole, then, this is a very readable and useful book; it is a popular exposition of the questions thrust into notice by the Board of Education Act, and we are therefore somewhat at a loss to know why Mr. Ware should anticipate severe criticism. He has stated his views with clearness and evident sincerity, and we cannot think that any critic could seriously differ from the great body of his conclusions.

Careers from the Inside.

Unwritten Laws and Ideals. Edited by E. H. Pitcairn. (Smith, Elder.)

THIS is a collection of essays, by "expert" writers, on the unwritten laws and ideals of the professions in which they have attained eminence. The successful student will find on reading the volume that much that makes for effectiveness in an active career has, naturally enough, not got into the examination syllabus. A barrister must know some law; but his real work is, says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "to get his client out of a hole" (and, we presume, the other man into one). Learning becomes a schoolmaster, as roses a garden, but to win the confidence of boys and to get them to do their best with their gifts, or, in Dr. Welldon's words, "so to train boys that they can after a time dispense with his training," is, for all Bacon's saying, a rare possession. Not many youths look—and it is well—to the embassy as a profession. If Sir Edward Malet speaks truth, the ambassador should be more sensitive than the most delicate chemical balance. He must take his hostess in to dinner, and sit at her right hand, or "his dinner will be as ashes in his mouth." He must not betray any sign of boredom when complaints are being poured into his ear. Nor is this all. He cannot, poor man! marry whom he would. Listen! "The ambassadress should be British-born, and of equal or higher rank than her husband; she should know French as well as she does her own language; and be not without such a grounding in other languages as would enable her to attain proficiency in them if necessary, &c., &c." Who ever was so compact of virtue as to satisfy these—there are many more—demands? At the other pole shall we place the Navy? Even here the "unwritten law" is sterner than the written. "Any lie," it says, "is justified to screen a shipmate who has 'got into trouble,' as the expression goes. More particularly is this the case if the trouble has arisen through smuggling liquor into the ship." And the Army? Disobedience may sometimes be necessary. "Suppose that under given circumstances I know that if I exercise my judgment in a matter entrusted to me and am wrong, I may be professionally ruined or shot, but have positive evidence under my eyes that if I do not vary my instructions the lives of thousands of men under me will be lost . . . nothing can morally excuse me if I set up the plea of discipline—the means against the end."

And so we might go through all the professions; but each demands qualities of heart and brain known only to the initiated and experienced: hence his collection of essays by "expert" writers will reveal to the uninitiated some of the stern realities of life; and therein lies their use. There is another side to the shield, and we should have read the book with greater pleasure if the "amenities" had been more emphasised.

Text Books, School Books, &c. English.

A Brief Survey of British History. By G. T. Warner, M.A. (Blackie & Son.)

MR. WARNER says, in the preface to this little book, that he has selected from each historical period what he considers the most important events; and he has endeavoured, so far as it was possible within such small compass, to present these events as links in a connected series of events. Considering the ground covered, it seems to us that he has accomplished what he set out to do. An example will make clear the author's method. In the chapter dealing with the Black Death and the Serfs, he shows how the real cause of the Peasants' Revolt (1381) was not the levying of the Poll-Tax—its immediate and apparent cause—but the terrible scourge which destroyed one-third of the population in less than three years (1347-1350). This plague, by decreasing the supply of labour, increased the independence of the serfs, raised their wages, and set going a train of events which resulted, by the time of Elizabeth, in the complete abolition of serfdom. What has here been condensed into a few words is allotted five pages of text, so it will be evident that the beginner is taught, at the threshold of his subject, to look upon events, not as isolated phenomena, but as acts in a drama. The maps, plans, and synopses add very much to the usefulness of the book, although we miss illustrations of buildings, armour, dress, coins, &c.

How to Learn Philology. By Eustace H. Miles, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THERE can be little doubt that the student who works carefully through Mr. Miles's book will obtain a sound, if elementary, knowledge of philology, textual criticism, and other related matters; and, further, if the subject is taught in class on the lines laid down by the author in his preface, very gratifying results must follow. But this is not a book to put into the schoolboy's hand, for it contains the answer—whole, or in part—to every question set, and, therefore, the teacher would never be sure that his pupils' work was the result of thought and effort rather than mere "cram." If Mr. Miles would split this book into two, or, better still, supplement the present volume by one specially written for class use, then we could heartily recommend the present text-book as a teacher's aid to the intelligent teaching of a most fascinating subject. The truth is, that too many text-books are written which are intended primarily to supplement bad teaching; such books enable the pupil to acquire the information necessary to pull him through an examination, but inasmuch as they do not encourage independent thought and research they are not properly speaking educative at all. Mr. Miles's book is an excellent specimen in the "old" style, but the least admirable in the "new" style is better than this. Of course the pupil's part should be something more than a mere collection of exercises: it could be made bright and interesting by facsimile reproductions from Latin and Greek codices, and photographs of inscriptions. The footnotes should be suggestive and stimulative rather than complete and tiresome. In this way the pupil would learn the look of an unemendated and contracted passage, and would also acquire under the guidance of the teacher a knowledge of his subject in the same historical order and by the same methods in which the subject has been built up to its present state.

Introduction to English, French, and German Phonetics. With Reading Lessons and Exercises. By Laura Soames. New Edition. Revised and Edited by Wilhelm Viëtor, Ph.D., M.A., Professor of English Philology in the University of Marburg.

To utter clearly and correctly the sounds of a language is an accomplishment of such rarity that none can possess it without winning the gratitude of his auditors. Why is this? Possibly because very little attention hitherto has been paid to the training of the ear at the only time when such training is effective—in childhood. It has been said that a false quantity has much less chance of passing unchallenged in the House of Commons than the mispronunciation of an English word. If, however, the interest which is now being taken in phonetics is sustained, there is hope that before long to speak beautifully will be as precious to us as the affected drawl of the public schoolboy is now.

Miss Soames's book, revised by Prof. Viëtor, will be found an easy introduction to phonetics; and we recommend the student to turn first to the reading lessons, and then, after familiarising himself with the new symbols for the sounds, he will find it not difficult to understand the way in which the sounds are produced.

We have one criticism to make: why are the reading lessons prepared for children who have already gone through the grind of learning to read and pronounce words in anomalous spelling? After a child has learnt to pronounce and spell correctly "cough," what possible sense can there be in spelling it "kof"? The anomalous spelling should follow, not precede, the phonetic spelling. If a child knows two ways of spelling the same word, what probability is there that it will choose one way in preference to another? Another cause of irritation is that, although Prof. Viëtor has himself written a book on phonetics, the symbols for the sounds in his own book are totally different from those in Miss Soames's book. Phonetics for some time to come will be useful mainly for learning to read and for learning the sounds of a foreign language; but we think it most inadvisable to attempt in schools the running of two systems of spelling, seeing that the anomalous or present system presents so many difficulties and wastes so much school time. The following selection will enable the reader to realise the value of phonetics in learning a foreign language: "Deù pti garson d la vil, Richa: r é Gusta: v, s'égarè: r eun jou: r danz un épè: s forè. Anfèn i trouvè: r un petit obèrj, ô milyèu d la forè, é iz i antré: r pour i pásé la nuit."

The Making of Europe. By Nemo. (Nelson & Sons.)

WHAT object Nemo had in view in writing this book it is impossible to find out by reading it, and it lacks a preface. It has the appearance of a text-book for use in schools; but a history of Europe without maps, or illustrations, or significant dates, cannot possibly be meant to be put into the hands of children, unless Nemo's aim is to make them hate history for the rest of their lives. The book is merely an uninteresting collection of snippets.

The Expansion of the British Empire. By W. H. Woodward.

As history grows from more to more, and as the picturesque and popular story of a nation too often veils the real significance of events, it is becoming more and more common for writers to detach a few strands from the meshwork of facts, and to leave to the student the reweaving of them into the general fabric. Unless Mr. Woodward's story of our territorial expansion is fitted into the body of general history, very much as a tile is fitted into a mosaic pavement, the effect of such a book as this is to do violence to the historic sense, and make the part seem greater than the whole. The purport of a sentence like the following, for instance, is quite lost if the reader cannot "fix up" the politicians referred to: "Clarendon showed, indeed, a broad and intelligent spirit in his Colonial policy, and in Shaftesbury he found an able colleague and successor." With this reservation the book can be confidently recommended; it continually provokes in the reader a mental reaction, and pushes him on to further inquiries; it contains some well-drawn maps, has an index and a table of important dates.

Readings in John Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," 1871-1884. Selected by C. A. Wurtzburg. (Allen.)

GREATLY daring would be the schoolmaster who should use *Fors Clavigera*—as yet—for his handbook of ethical instruction, and many are the dovescotes which would be fluttered by the reports brought back by impressionable youth of the strange new teaching. For such a purpose Mrs. Wurtzburg's carefully made selection of essential passages would be invaluable. She gently brushes aside the irrelevancies of the master, and under three heads—"Ethic," "Economic," "Didactic"—gives the gist of his social gospel. If an end of education is stimulus to thought, no book could be better designed to effect it.

Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by A. W. Verity. (Pitt Press.)

MR. VERITY'S school editions of Shakespeare's plays have by now their acknowledged position. "As You Like It" is the most elaborate and in some ways the best he has done. The commentary and illustrative matter is fuller than is usual with him. He prints the story of the play from Lamb's *Tales*, and

make an interesting appendix out of extracts from Shakespeare's source, the euphuistic romance of "Roselynde," by Thomas Lodge. Mr. Verity's work is admirable throughout. We demur, however, a little to his method of supplying æsthetic comment largely in the form of extracts from other critics, who naturally do not always agree either among themselves or with Mr. Verity.

Lucy's "Rape of the Lock." Edited by Frederick Ryland. (Blackie & Son.)

WE do not like the use of Pope for educational purposes nor do we quite think that the undeniable merits of the "Rape of the Lock" are precisely those best fitted to catch the imagination of the schoolboy. The edition, however, is a good one. Mr. Ryland has made it his chief object "to make as clean as possible the literary and social environment within which the poem was produced. To impart merely philological information has not been his aim." He is well acquainted with the eighteenth century, and his long introduction and brief notes are full of facts and interest without being pedantic.

Selections from Tennyson's Poems. 1832-1855. By E. C. Everard Owen. (Arnold)

THE introduction, which covers the whole of Tennyson's life and work, is full and good: but the notes give one the impression of having been written *currente calamo*, without much reflection as to the principles of annotation or the difficulties which a young student is or is not likely to feel in reading the poems. The citation of parallel passages is constant and childish. Mr. Churton Collins is general editor of "Arnold's School Series," and his method of commenting on Tennyson is not worthy of imitation. Nor is a selection of Tennyson's poems from 1832-1855 in the least wanted. The latter year is not a turning point in Tennyson's work: it is only the purely accidental period at which considerations of copyright obliged the editor to stop. We do not for a moment believe that "Charing" Cross has anything to do with *chère reine*. That is mere folk-etymology. There are other statements in Mr. Owen's notes which seem to us equally hasty.

Stories from the Northern Sagas. Edited by Albany F. Major and E. E. Speight. (Marshall.)

A CAPITAL reading book for junior forms—if translations are considered legitimate for the purpose. The extracts are from publications of William Morris and Eirikr Magnússon, Prof. York Powell, Sir George Dasent, and others, all of whom in their various ways have caught some share of the swing and vigour of the Scandinavian originals. There are no notes, but Prof. York Powell contributes a brief preface, and each Saga drawn on has a few lines of explanatory introduction.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools: Chronicles. Edited by W. E. Barnes, D.D. *Proverbs.* Edited by the Ven. T. T. Perowne, B.D.

NEARLY every book of the Bible, with the exception of those included in the Pentateuch, has now been included in this excellent series, excellent alike for its clear and convenient arrangement, for the high scholarship of most of its editors, and for the liberal attitude which many of them adopt towards matters of criticism. The new volumes will be found well up to the standard.

Wordsworth's "Prelude" as a Study of Education. By James Fotheringham. (Marshall.)

A THOUGHTFUL little paper, which should be of value to all teachers, as a supplement to M. Emile Legonis' monograph on the "Prelude."

French.

My First French Book. By Marguerite Ninet. (Blackie & Son.)

MME. NINET has laid child-learners under a further debt by putting into their hands this pretty little book of pictures and lively anecdote, well-suited to please and instruct. The lists of words which head the lessons will, of course, be learnt by heart. Two words, *rouge* (p. 40) and *bien* (p. 67), seem to have escaped registration.

Gems of Modern French Poetry. By Jules Lazare. (Hachette.)

THIS is a selection of short poems by authors of the present century, and illustrates well the grace and music of the French language, both in its deeper and its livelier tones. Those on child-life and on warlike themes are, perhaps, most attractive, and Mme. de Pressenac's imitation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" (p. 30) presents an interesting study. The introduction deals briefly but sufficiently with the various forms of French verse: if space had allowed, the section on poetic licences should have given the historical explanation of them, and not left the impression that they are arbitrary. The biographical notes are well done, and all needful help is given in a few pages of vocabulary.

Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingts Jours. Par Jules Verne. Edited by Louis A. Barbé. (Macmillan.)

M. BARBÉ has given boys and girls an excellent and amusing class-book in this addition to Siepmann's Series. The story of Phineas Fogg's achievement has been skilfully condensed, and the extravagance of some of the episodes will be no fault in boys' eyes. The notes are satisfactory, and so is the vocabulary. But *sous bénéfice d'inventaire* is best rendered by our own legal phrase "without prejudice" (p. 73); with *interdit* should have been noted the idiomatic use, "struck dumb"; and we think that it would have been more useful, and less troublesome, to include all common irregular verbs in the list given, instead of only those that occur in the text.

Cœurs russes. Par le Vicomte E.-M. de Vogüé. Edited by Eugène Pelissier. (Macmillan.)

THIS pleasant book gives an instructive view of the pathos and beauty as well as of the mental chaos of the great Russian people. The notes are adequate. Two things we would suggest to the editor: might not references be uniformly made to Fa-nacht's grammar? and might not the philological chapter be dropped, and the pupil referred to Darmesteter's *Historical French Grammar*?

French History for Schools. By Katharine Stephen. (Macmillan.)

MISS STEPHEN, who has an hereditary title to her task, here gives us an interesting sketch of the growth of France from the earliest times down to the present. All the main facts of social as well as political history are noticed, and the style is easy and attractive. There is, however, some lack of proportion in the narrative, and at times the effort after simplicity seems strained. The appendices are excellent, and so are the maps; but the chief dates should, we think, have been given in the text as well, and we should have liked uniformity of scale in the maps of France at different stages of her history. As a first book on the subject we can recommend the work.

Greek and Latin.

The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. Edited by H. Rackham. (Cambridge: University Press.)

IT is a pleasure to read over again, in such learned and helpful company as Mr. Rackham's, this most moving of Greek tragedies. The introduction is good, showing complete knowledge of the subject of the drama, and illustrating it from the latest sources as well as the earlier. The text is every way admirable, and the critical notes at the end show scholarship and sound judgment. The longer notes—*e.g.*, those which deal with Ios' journeyings, with Atlas, and with the mythology—present learning in most attractive form.

The Theætetus of Plato. A Translation with an Introduction. By S. W. Dyde. (Maclehose & Son.)

MR. DYDE's work is pleasant proof that we are linked with our great colonies by sympathy of intellectual pursuits, no less than by more tangible bonds. The translation reads well, and it is no small test of scholarship to give an agreeable version of one of Plato's great dialogues. But the author's chief labour has been spent on the introduction, which forms half the book, and to which the translation is illustrative and subsidiary. The examination of Plato's style and method, of his relations to the Sophists generally, and especially his points of agreement with and antagonism to Protagoras, is full and thorough; and the whole scheme of Plato's philosophy, as developed in this and the cognate Dialogues, is traced with full understanding.

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and the examination to which we have subjected the contents leads us to the conclusion that very few alterations and additions have since been made. The section (§ 45) called "Universal Gravitation" contains no mention of the repetition of Cavendish's experiment by Prof. Boys. The declination and inclination charts on pp. 264 and 266 are dated 1860! The information which is given about the spectra of common metals is sadly incomplete, and in some cases distinctly misleading—e.g., the number of lines in the spectrum of iron is stated to be about 460, whereas there are more than 2,000. Judging from the confusion between the terms "mass" and "weight" on p. 8, we suspect the translator does not always correctly interpret the original of Prof. von Lommel. Whatever be the source of this want of precision, it very much detracts from the value of a treatise on physics. The illustrations are poor and not always well chosen. Why is the lecture form of the quadrant electrometer (p. 325) given instead of the pattern which is used in all serious experimental work? And why is a "clinical" thermometer called a "fever" thermometer? The book has few merits and many faults and no useful purpose will be served by its publication.

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THE task of writing the social history of any period demands two things, at least, in a writer: industry and imaginative sympathy. Without the first he cannot collect the right materials; without the second he cannot give them life and colour and verisimilitude. Mr. Graham has brought these qualities to the task—never before undertaken with such a comprehensive aim—of drawing the social life of Scotland in the eighteenth century, a life widely different, because far more young and crude, than that which we associate with the London and England of Queen Anne and the Georges. He shows us a Scotland in which the gentry were just beginning to drink tea, adorn their rooms with wall-paper, and wear linen next the skin. He sketches the rise of the theatre, art, and a new literature in Edinburgh. The dress, the sports, the eating habits, and the social amenities of the age take life again in Mr. Graham's pages, in which literary style is the efficient, not obtrusive, handmaid of what may be called tessellated history.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

We have all heard of the gentleman in Molière who was more amusing than he had supposed. That is often Shakespeare's situation with regard to ourselves. His innocent blunders have become a source of delight. The mere line on the playbill, "Theseus, Duke of Athens," gives us a pleasing thrill—or would give, had not Mr. Tree (it is his one failure of tact) substituted "Theseus, Prince of Athens." This thrill you get from the strange blend of classic and romantic. One age is refracted through another for the pleasure of a third. So we enjoy a luxury denied to Shakespeare himself. In a footnote to the fifty-second, and last, chapter of his *Decline and Fall*, Gibbon says: "From these Latin princes of the fourteenth century, Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Shakespeare have borrowed their Theseus *duke* of Athens. An ignorant age transfers its own language and manners to the most distant times." It does, and in so doing it stores up gratification for a later age which, by acquiring the historic sense, has gained the capacity for being pleased with the incongruous. The incongruities of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are, of course, not all unconscious: the intrusion of the artisan-mummers into fairyland, the "topical" allusions to Queen Elizabeth from the mouth of a fairy king. But Shakespeare could not have felt, as we feel, the charm in the juxtaposition of the two mythologies, the northern fays and elves and the Greek heroes and amazons; nor can he have anticipated our relish of the quaint in the sight of Warwickshire peasantry clowning in Greek tunic and sandals; nor would that "wood near Athens" have delighted him as it delights us merely because we find good English oak and greensward there and no olive-clad rock. What a comfort (for us) that Shakespeare, after all, was not Bacon! For then he would have entered into the spirit of antiquity—"reconstituted an epoch," as the jargon goes—and balked us of all the pleasure we now get from his free-and-easy confusion of time and place and race. The later stage anachronisms—Garrick's Macbeth in scarlet coat and powdered wig, Gluck's Eurydice in sack and *paniers à la Watteau*—have their special flavour, too, for the judicious connoisseur; but Shakespeare's quaintness in this kind is more racy and thorough-going—the quaintness of your true Primitive and *naïf*, your Masaccio and Botticelli. For my part, I should like to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given something of the Boccaccio atmosphere. Titania should wear the "bunchy" draperies of the woman on the right-hand of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus"; Peaseblossom and Mustardseed should be little Florentine *bambini*; and through the "wood near Athens" we should have a glimpse of the dumpy hills and curving stream to be seen behind the *Monna Lisa*.

But that is another sort of dream, and I have no fault to find with the more traditional setting at Her Majesty's. I say "traditional," but a little hastily; for, after all, what is the tradition here? Probably the play was at first presented with all the crude, garish materialism of a masque. As Mr. Archer rightly says, the play is in form a masque, with Bottom and his friends to play the conventional anti-masque. But a masque is no more dream-like than a Lord Mayor's Show, and by degrees, as people grew to take a less matter-of-fact view of dreams, the demand for something more vague and impalpable in the presentation of this play became urgent. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, met this demand in a rough-and-ready fashion by the device of a green gauze curtain between performers and public. That is to say, like Johnson when interrogated by an inquisitive lady about ghosts, he "left the subject in obscurity." Now we have artful devices of illumination, electric lights dancing like Will-o'-the-wisps in "inspissated gloom," and so forth. In the last scene a peculiarly uncanny effect is produced by constructing what appear in daylight to be the massive pillars of Theseus's palace as hollow transparencies, which, at the

wave of Oberon's wand, glow with coloured fires. As the fairies troop off, the lights die away, and at the end the stage is plunged in darkness. Thus the vision dissolves, leaving "not a wrack behind"—a romantic conception, romantically carried out.

Traditional or not, the fairy scenes are the best things in this revival. Mr. Walter Hann's "Another part of the wood near the sea" is, if one must make a choice, the very best thing. The way in which the natural declivities and acclivities of a woodland clearing have been reproduced shows not merely mechanical skill, but a real, loving observation of Nature. And the naturalness of the "estate" extends, as Sir Anthony Absolute would say, to the "live stock" on it. The fairies are all young children; some of them are mere babes, in very truth, almost small enough to—

Creep into acorn cup; and hide them there.

And they are left to romp very much at their will; all suggestion of the artifice and elaboration of a ballet is avoided. Mrs. Tree is, perhaps, a slightly too "smart" Titania, a Queen of Mayfairyland; but I really do not think the Oberon of Miss Julia Neilson could be bettered—so gracious is she, so regal, living so manifestly that *auguste vis quotidiana*, which M. Maeterlinck, in a very different connexion, ascribes to Hamlet. Of the other elements in the cast, three, I should say, err on the side of modernity. Yes, modernity, for there is the paradox; though the incongruous blending of ages be one of the delights proper to this play, it must offer no suggestion of our own age. The enchantment of anachronism must always be accompanied by the enchantment of distance. Now, Mr. Tree, when he dwells, as he does, on the *cabotinage* of Bottom, when he represents Bottom as anxious in the play-scene to make a speech to the audience, is obtrusively modern. And Miss Sarah Brooke, as Hermia, in the scene of the quarrel with Helena, is obtrusively modern. And Miss Louie Freear, as Puck, is obtrusively modern. There are other things besides these velleities for the modern in the acting both of Miss Brooke and Mr. Tree—and very artistic, tactful things. But the Puck is all modern, hopelessly modern, vulgarly modern—a Cockney Puck, a "cheeky" street-arab Puck, a Puck whom you expect at every moment to break out into "sister Mary Jane's top-note." In short, the Puck is a mistake. . . . But the revival as a whole is no mistake; the intimate charm of the play, the sheer beauty of it, the fresh and blithe spirit of it, are there.

A. B. W.

James Martineau.

He helped me at every mental and moral crisis of my life. To the young soul, first awaking to a sense of the sadness of loss, came the words as a possession for ever: "God only lends us the objects of our affections; the affections themselves He gives us in perpetuity." In the struggle that comes to many of us later, between the imbibed faiths of childhood and the scepticism of new-born free thought, there was strength and healing in the injunction to "trust to the highest intuitions of our best moments." Worn and wearied with the strain of middle life, and threatened at times with the worst loss of all—loss of faith in self—there came a message from *The Tides of the Spirit*, gently but forcibly persuasive, by every mental, moral, and physical analogy, that "these intermittent movements of the Spirit are the signs of divine life, not of human weakness."

Dr. Martineau's especial charm lay in a certain stately humility. He expressed with childlike simplicity his unstinted gratitude to all who, in his own words, "have, by their deeds, words, writings, helped us on our heavenward way." To the last he would listen patiently and respectfully to the preaching of some younger man

whose best utterances were an echo of his own; and at the age of ninety-three he sent a pathetic acknowledgment of comradeship to one who, as his equal on the score of age alone, had thus addressed him. But with all these gentle and kindly courtesies, and amid the more familiar intercourse of his happy family life and intimate friendships, he still seemed to stand apart in a certain aloofness, which he has himself described as characteristic of souls self-surrendered to God in these words:

Hence the quietude and evenness of all their ways; a certain gentle, solitary air that seems too mild to give out so much power, a half mystic reserve . . . The completest self-sacrifice gives the completest self-possession; only the captive soul which has flung her rights away has all her powers free. Simply to *serve* under the instant orders of the living God is the highest qualification for command.

The inspirations of Martineau's own life were his absolute trust in God and his fidelity to the ideal Christ. These find utterance respectively in two hymns which he contributed to the collection made by himself as "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home." One begins:

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord,
E'en there I'll go with Thee.

And the other:

A voice upon the midnight air
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray.

Some might wonder that he who wrote these hymns should be the author of *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, the conclusion of which leaves but the barest minimum of historical "fact" in the accepted Christian record. But Dr. Martineau was no iconoclast, delighting in his work of destruction, and triumphantly reckoning up the number of idol statues defaced and columns overthrown. He did his work with gentle, even reluctant reverence; and if the earthly temple had to be destroyed, he strove to lay the foundations of another not made by hands, eternal in the heavens, and possibly to be yet reflected on earth as "the Church of the future."

To Dr. Martineau's Huguenot ancestry may perhaps be traced some of the sterner sides of his nature, his fearless independence, his ready sacrifice of all and everything for the truth's sake, his rapier-like thrusts in argument. But the influence exercised by him over the minds and hearts of men, women, and children flowed from his own individuality. There was never the faintest bid for popularity. The test of a public speaker's utterances lies in the effect they produce when read, and here Dr. Martineau never failed. The printed word has all the uplifting charm of the spoken one; and yet who that ever heard him can forget the inspiration of the far-seeing, upward gaze, and the rapid, nervous diction, tempered ever by a professorial reticence and dignity.

In the exquisite prayers forming part of the two concluding services of the ten which he mainly compiled, and of which these two are all his own, he petitions: "Amidst the din of earthly interests and the storm of human passions let the still, small voice of Thy Spirit be inly felt, and, though all else declines, may the noontide of Thy grace and peace remain." The keynote of his teaching was, that if the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. He was the apostle of spirituality. To me he will always remain one who walked this earth as a spirit clothed with flesh as but with a garment.

E. M. H.

O. P. Pym.

ENTER O. P. Pym to the gallery of Fiction. "O. P. Pym, the colossal Pym, that vast and rolling figure"—these are the opening words of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel, *Tommy and Grisel*, now auspiciously begun in *Scribner*. Of course we are to be interested mainly in Tommy, and yet Mr. Barrie must begin with Pym, cannot keep his hands, as it were, off the great man, whom he calls the king of the "Penny Number." And worthy he is of the title; there is nothing pettifogging about Pym. He "never knew what he was to write about until he dipped grandly." It is true that on the evening of our first acquaintance with Pym, his publishers had removed his boots in order to make it easier for him to finish his work at home. That was mere routine. We find Pym on his sofa at 22, Little Owllet-street, Marylebone. We say his sofa, because on this evening he happened to have a sofa. His room at No. 22 was a movable feast, for "he was a lodger who fitted placidly from floor to floor according to the state of his finances, carrying his apparel and other belongings in one great armful, and spilling by the way." Let us look at Pym on his sofa. He "lolloped, gross and massive," with one leg over the back of the sofa, "the other drooping, his arms extended, and his pipe, which he could find nowhere, thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, an agreeable pipe-rack." His yellow dressing-gown was pulled up and concentrated as a pillow under his head—and what a head!—big and round, "the plentiful gray hair in tangles, possibly because in Pym's last fitting the comb had dropped over the banisters. . . . There was sensitiveness left in the thick nose, humour in the eyes, though they so often watered, the face had gone to flabbiness at last, but not without some lines and dents, as if the head had resisted the body for a space before the whole man rolled contentedly down hill." There you have the portrait of O. P. Pym. Is it not promiseful? Insensibly, almost, we glide into his opinions:

He had no beard. "Young man, let your beard grow." Those who have forgotten all else about Pym may recall him in these words; they were his one counsel to literary aspirants, who, according as they took it, are now bearded and properous or shaven and on the rates. To shave costs threepence, another threepence for loss of time—nearly ten pounds a year; three hundred pounds since Pym's chin first bristled. With his beard he could have bought an annuity or a cottage in the country; he could have had a wife and children and driven his dog-cart and been made a churchwarden. All gone, all shaved, and for what? When he asked this question he would move his hand across his chin with a sigh, and so, bravely to the barber's.

Pym's door is haunted by his publishers, "two little round men," who represent the great public—which is to say, the public of nursemaids and milliners and other light, insatiable readers. It is a public that will not be denied. Immense issues, commercial and sentimental, wait on Pym to-night: the new story *must* be begun. But Pym has no ideas. The very plot of the story is non-existent in Pym's brain. The crisis is becoming unbearable, yet Pym declines to budge. "While all the world waited, this was Pym's ultimatum: 'I shall begin the damned thing at eight o'clock.'" To do Pym justice the situation was sometimes reversed. When Pym had the ideas, and the publishers had the money, Pym would sternly demand his "honorarium," which by the agreement was not due until he had finished the tale. If his request was not listened to, a chapter in the middle of his tale would break off like this:

Several years have passed since these events took place, and the scene changes to a lovely garden by the bank of old Father Thames. A young man sits by the soft-flowing stream, and he is calm as the scene itself, for the storm has passed away, and Percy (for it is no other) has found

an anchorage. As he sits musing over the past, Felicity steals out by the French window and puts her soft arms round his neck. "My little wife!" he murmurs. *The End, unless you pay up by messenger.*

When Tommy became Pym's amanuensis he brought diligence and ideas to 22, Little Owllet-street. The first quality was appreciated by Pym, who was much in need of a careful person at his elbow. "Among the duties of this amanuensis was to remember the name of the heroine, her appearance and other personal details, for Pym constantly forgot them in the night, and he had to go searching back through his pages for them, cursing her so horribly that Tommy signed to Elspeth to retire to her tiny bedroom at the top of the house." No wonder that Pym, struck by Tommy's worth, took more frequent walks round the corner, and that his absences on business became more protracted. Meanwhile Tommy's ideas were luxuriating. He found out that Pym's characters were not flesh and blood, and that opportunities for noble thought and sagacious comment on the springs of human conduct were neglected by Pym. Tommy, working on Pym's orders alone, began to exceed his instructions. "With a pen in his hand and woman in his head he had such noble thoughts that his tears of exultation damped the pages as he wrote, and the ladies must have been astounded as well as proud to see what they were turning into."

One day the inevitable happened. The publishers called and told Pym that he was falling off. Pym dismissed them haughtily, and then sat down "heroically to do what he had not done for two decades, to read his latest work."

At first Pym's only comment was: "It is the same old drivel as before; what more can they want?"

But presently he looked up, puzzled. "Is this chapter yours or mine?" he demanded.

"It is about half and half," said Tommy.

"Is mine the first half? Where does yours begin?"

"That is not exactly what I mean," explained Tommy, in a glow, but backing a little; "you wrote that chapter first, and then I—I—"

"You re-wrote it!" roared Pym, "you dare to meddle with—!" He was speechless with fury.

"I tried to keep my hand off," Tommy said, with dignity, "but the thing had to be done, and they are human now."

"Human! who wants them to be human? The fiends seize you, boy, you have even been tinkering with my heroine's personal appearance; what is this you have been doing to her nose?"

"I turned it up slightly, that's all," said Tommy.

"I like them down," roared Pym.

"I prefer them up," said Tommy stiffly.

"Where," cried Pym, turning over the leaves in a panic, "where is the scene in the burning house?"

"It's out," Tommy explained; "but there is a chapter in its place about—it's mostly about the beauty of the soul being everything, and mere physical beauty nothing. Oh, Mr. Pym, sit down and let me read it to you."

But Pym read it, and a great deal more, for himself. No wonder he stormed, for the impossible had been made not only consistent, but unreadable. . . .

"A few more weeks of this," said Pym, "and we should all three be turned out into the streets."

Tommy went to bed in an agony of mortification, but presently to his side came Pym.

"Where did you copy this from?" he asked. "It is when we are thinking of those we love that our noblest thoughts come to us, and the more worthy they are of our love the nobler the thought, hence it is that no one has done the greatest work who did not love God."

"I copied it from nowhere," replied Tommy fiercely; "it's my own."

Pym's real greatness begins when Tommy's is foreshadowed. Already we know that when Tommy's *Letters to a Young Man About to be Married* took the town by storm, and made Tommy the hero of a hundred drawing-rooms, no one was more pleased than "big-hearted, hopeless Pym." We like O. P. Pym.

Things Seen.

The Volunteer.

HE was fair and looked so young that when he announced at the boarding-house dinner table that he had volunteered for active service we did not take the news very seriously. "Can you ride?" I asked. He laughed, and said: "I begin the lessons to-morrow." From that day forward he lived in riding breeches and a Norfolk jacket. He was always late for dinner, and when he took his seat it was with a flushed face, elated or depressed, according to the progress he had made in the riding school. And still we did not take him very seriously. It seemed absurd that such a stripling should be going to the front, and on a horse too. Then he began to buy things—a telescope, a pocket camera, a knife that could do twenty things and none of them properly, a tin of acid drops guaranteed to be thirst quenching, and a pair of khaki puttees, which pleased him more than anything else. I believe he slept in them. Still we did not take him seriously till one evening when he came back in a state of great excitement, and told us that he had passed in riding. We subscribed two shillings each, and gave him a compass with a luminous face. A few days later he told us that he would sail on the following Saturday. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask, "Is your mother going with you?" but I refrained. Even then I could not take his departure seriously.

Two nights before he left he distributed the more bulky of his possessions. I received a patent trouser-press. Later in the evening he sent a message, asking me to come into his bedroom. It was littered with strange clothes, and he was polishing a bayonet with a flannel shirt. He introduced me to an elderly man with a professional air and a pen in his hand. Lying on the table was a document, headed "The Last Will and Testament of—." I signed my name.

In War Time.

"AWFUL Disaster at Colesberg! British Losses!" The quiet Square awoke and shivered!

Then a girl in black stepped out from a little door in the high wall adjoining the Convent.

It was my friend for whom I was waiting.

"You saw your sister?"

"Yes. Oh, it's sad, sad," she broke out, in sudden passion. "Not the mere seeing her behind the grille, not being unable to put one's small gifts in her hand—one gets accustomed to those things in seven years. Not even the pity of her having given up a world whose opportunities she had not guessed at in her three-and-twenty years!"

I did not answer. What was there to say?

"It is a small community," she went on presently. "Twelve have taken the final veil and there are two postulants. Of that number, six have brothers and cousins at the War, not counting friends. One—Grace, my sister—has two brothers and seven cousins. The rest have friends. Last Sunday I went there for Benediction, and afterwards had a 'parlour'—that is, saw my sister. The Mother, too, came in; her veil was, of course, lowered. They drank in my news of the War like thirsty children; their interest surprised me. I searched my memory for details."

She caught her breath.

"Here is my sister's letter," she said. "Read it."

I read by the light of a street-lamp.

"I must rely on you, dear one, to let me know all the war news you can in your weekly letter. Even our Mother does not get the papers. Occasionally some friend may send a 'cutting'—that is all. The men call their dreadful news around our enclosure walls—so often, oh, so often—"

and with no other response than a most fervent prayer, if one has the misfortune to hear them."

We looked back, in silence, to the black walls, behind which, also in silence, fourteen women listened, and prayed.

"I told them the news to-day," my friend said; "but to-morrow—?"

Outside the enclosure a remaining street hawker took fresh breath and heart, and altered his cry:

"Grave Disaster! Long Cas-u-al-ty List!"

The Conductor.

WITH many others I was seated in an omnibus. The time was 11 a.m., and the place a crowded thoroughfare in the metropolis. Not very young, accustomed to the country, and somewhat of a novice as regarded town life, a sense of nervousness oppressed me as we passed through one (to me) unknown street after another, never apparently getting any nearer our various destinations. My neighbours seemed to be possessed by calm faith, and were content to leave themselves entirely in the hands of the conductor, but I, being of an anxious temperament, wondered often if I had taken the right omnibus—if I were near my destination, and if I should be able to secure a place when I arrived.

"Put me down at the City Temple," I said to the guard, for the second time.

"In course," he responded, a trifle impatiently. "They all gets out there." Then, turning to my opposite neighbour, he continued: "I was there myself once, and my what a time we 'ad! We larft and we cried, and we 'ad a rare time. I'm going again some dye when it's my turn orf. You see," and he lowered his voice confidentially, "'im that preaches is so 'uman, and 'e's not so damned serious as some of those parsons are."

He directed his eyes, almost unconsciously, to the unmistakable cut of my clerical clothes as he spoke, but I bore the scrutiny with calmness, for a word—nay even a look to the wise is sufficient, and I took home with me a lesson which has since borne fruit.

Correspondence.

The Chastity of Flowers.

SIR,—It seems to me your recent correspondent "S. G. O." attempts a very extravagant reading *in* to Shakespeare's touching lines. When the moon looks with a watery eye the chastity of every little flower is maintained, not violated. The most inappropriate word, violated, would apply more to very fine weather, most favourable to the seeding of flowers, just reversing the lament in the verse. It is also making the flowers too much like human mortals to lament a violation of chastity, which in nature is no violation at all; violation in such cases is only human.

It is impossible to read anything *in* to the beautiful passages quoted, including Perdita's:

Pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids,

except in the sense that Shakespeare had an idea of the sexes of flowers. The expression "every little flower" is very significant, for centuries before in the East, in the case of the date and the fig only, the analogy had occurred (I think to Herodotus). The whole of Perdita's talk on flowers in Act IV., Scene III., of the "Winter's Tale" is worth studying in this connexion, and the "streaked gilly flowers," &c., might be read with the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Scene III. line 72. I see no good reason why Shakespeare should not have hit upon the poetic notion of the sexes of flowers, and have given the men of science the clue to be followed sixty years after. It is the only interpretation to be put on his pathetic verse without reading *in* to his words what is very far from being there.

On consulting Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary on the word "enforced," I find Shakespeare's "Richard III." quoted. Act III. Scene V. line 9: "Ghastly looks are at my service, like enforced smiles," not *violated* smiles.—
I am, &c., W. F. COLLIER.

A Translation.

SIR,—I am inclined to think that some of the artificial forms popular in Spain present the greatest task by reason of their short lines, their simplicity, and their music. Here, for instance, is a *potenora*:

Por tí me olvidé de Dios
Por tí la gloria perdí,
Y ahora me voy á quedar
Solea triste de mí,
Y ahora me voy á quedar
Sin Dios sin gloria y sin
Por tí me olvidé de Di
Por tí la gloria perdí

Will any of your readers translate it? With apologies to the shade of Cervantes, who held such temerity to be certain of disaster, I give you an attempt of my own, well knowing that the best way to encourage others is by showing a bad example. You will see that the sixth line of the original (perhaps the best) has got away from me altogether, while other failings are no less apparent. But here it is:

For you I put God and all by,
To you I gave honour and all,
And now you have left me to die
Alone with the pains of my fall;
And now you have left me to die
Without even hearing my call,
When for you I put God and all by,
To you I gave honour and all.

—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

"The Redemption of Egypt."

SIR,—In the notice of the above, which appeared in your issue of Saturday last, your reviewer writes: "Such elementary slips . . . should not have escaped the eye of a Master of Arts, who can quote Herodotus in a translation."

It has been pointed out to me that these last words may convey the impression to your readers that I have made extracts from a translation of Herodotus. Will you allow me to say that this is not the case? The translations from the Greek and other authors which are given in *The Redemption of Egypt* are done by myself, except in the one or two instances where the contrary is expressly stated in the text or notes.—I am, &c.,

Jan. 15, 1900.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

From a Reader.

SIR,—Two passages from two masters of literature were recalled to me as I read your issue of last Saturday. Your article on "Made Writing" might have for its text the maxim from Goethe: "The duty of an artist is not to make beautiful descriptions, but to describe beautiful things." When I saw the exquisite couplet on page 9—

Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun—

I instantly repeated to myself that pathetic wail of Horace (Carm. IV. vii. 14):

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunnæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

—I am, &c.,

FRANK WALTERS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne: Jan. 8, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN GOWER. Vol. I. BY G. C. MACAULAY.

We have here the first volume of a work which promises to take high rank in the esteem of students of romance and of early English literature. It is singular that no satisfactory text of Gower's *Confessio Amantis* exists, although the means of producing such a text exist at Oxford. At the desire of the Delegates of the University Press, Mr. Macaulay widened the task which his personal predilections had indicated, and consented to produce texts of Gower's French works as well as his English. Hence the first volume is devoted to the French poems, particularly to the *Speculum Meditantes* or *Mirour de l'Omme*, a didactic poem of nearly 30,000 lines. The second and third volumes will contain the English works, and will carry out Mr. Macaulay's main object—the publication of the correct text of the *Confessio Amantis*. A fourth volume will contain the *Vox Clamantis*, and other Latin poems. The entire work will be a monument of industry and a demonstration of the splendid resources of the Bodleian Library. (Clarendon Press.)

THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN. BY H. W. WILSON.

Mr. Wilson brings to the naval history of this war the expert knowledge which enabled him to produce his valuable work *Ironclads in Action*. The attractiveness of the theme to such a writer is greatly increased by the abundance of data on the American side, so freely furnished to all the world by the U.S. Navy Department. Although Mr. Wilson's main object is to print matter which shall be of use to the naval student, his work is written on broad literary lines and with full appreciation of the tragedy of Spain's utter helplessness. The book is well equipped with diagrams and photographs. (Sampson Low.)

HISTORIC PARALLELS TO L'AFFAIRE DREYFUS. BY EDGAR SANDERSON.

Mr. Sanderson undertakes to show instances in modern history of "crimes not rivalling the Rennes atrocity, . . . but procedures in which religious bigotry, popular panic, and political rancour, singly or combined, played a leading part." The narratives he offers are those of sufferings of John of Barneveldt, who was beheaded in 1619 at The Hague; the Roman Catholic victims of Titus Oates; Jean Calas, the Protestant martyr of Toulouse, who was broken on the wheel on the false charge of murdering his son; and Lord Cochrane, who suffered extraordinary injustice for assailing naval corruption, and was charged with conspiracy. The book has only an adventitious interest, but it is well and carefully prepared, and is as readable as a novel. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LAMBKIN'S REMAINS. BY H. B.

This book, by the author of *Danton: a Study* and *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, is not for everyone. But the Rev. J. A. Lambkin, the fatuous upholder of English respectabilities and upper-class traditions, is a delicious creation. His essays on "Success" and "Sleep," his address on "The Tertiary Symptoms of Secondary Education among the Poor," his "Sermon," and his "Article on the North-West Corner of the Mosaic Pavement of the Roman Villa at Bignor," are full of delightful fooling. (The Proprietors of the *J.C.R.* at J. Vincent's, Oxford. 2s. 6d.)

THE MYSTERIES OF CHRONOLOGY. BY F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

"This very slipshod work" is the author's own description of this book. His frankness need not be taken too seriously, it being Mr. Arbuthnot's opinion that to write a

really good scientific work on chronology would take about fifty years. Here the reader, or the student, may find clearly stated the most accepted facts about the date of the Christian era into Europe, about the date of the introduction of "Anno Domini," &c., &c. An interesting chapter discusses in order the dates of the births, accessions, and deaths of our English kings and queens from the Conqueror down. (Heinemann.)

VESPERS AND COMPLINE: BY THE REV. A SOGGARTH'S SACRED VERSES. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

In this and its companion volume, *Idyls of Killowen*, Father Russell has collected all that he wishes to preserve of three volumes of verse now out of print. Many of the verses in this volume deal with the lives and faith of saints, as St. Patrick, St. Monica, St. Thomas Aquinas, and others. (Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d.)

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

This is the first volume in a new issue of the Minerva Library, to which works not hitherto included will be added. The book derives interest from the fact that it contains Dr. Livingstone's account and indictment of the Boers. The new dress of the Minerva Library is a handsome one of red canvas, with gold design and lettering. (Ward, Lock. 2s.)

ON THE OLD ROAD. BY JOHN RUSKIN.

What *Arrows of the Chace* did for Mr. Ruskin's scattered letters to the press, these three volumes do for his fugitive articles. The first two volumes contain essays on Art, the third contains literary and other matter. Many of the contents are of great interest, as, for instance, "Pre-Raphaelitism," first published as a pamphlet in 1851; "Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery," from the *Art Journal*, 1880; "Railways in the Lake District"; "Samuel Prout," &c., &c. (Allen. 3 vols., each 5s. net.)

A MANUAL OF CHURCH DECORATION AND SYMBOLISM. BY THE REV. ERNEST GELDART.

This book has evidently been a labour of love, but yet a great labour. Its aim is to "direct and advise those who desire worthily to deck the church at the various seasons of the year" and to offer "the explanation and the history of the symbols and emblems of religion." The illustrations fill many pages, and equally with the text challenge the criticism of experts. Mr. Geldart is Rector of Little Braxted, and is himself an architectural designer. (Mowbray & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

CHILD LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS. BY ALICE M. EARLE.

Only Miss Earle could have produced this book, which is a companion to her *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Here, as there, one is struck by the rarity and choiceness of the material collected. Years of search and reading, and of what Emerson calls "a catlike love of garrets, presses, and cornchambers, and of the conveniences of long house-keeping," have gone to the making of these beautiful memoirs. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES. BY SIMON SHAW.

Simon Shaw, a not very flourishing author, published this account of the Potteries in 1829. Despite its faults, one of which is its fulsome compliments to every manufacturer mentioned by him, Shaw's book was well worth reprinting. It is full of information on its subject, and of topographical facts. A good unsigned introduction commends the book anew to the world, and gives supplementary information. (Scott, Greenwood & Co.: *Pottery Gazette*.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.	
Smith (R. R.), <i>The Epistle of St. Paul's First Trial</i> (Macmillan & Bowes)	
POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.	
Fruit (J. P.), <i>The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry</i> (Allenson)	5/0
POETRY, ETC.	
Hudson (Rev. J.), <i>Saint Augustine: Seatonian Prize Poem, 1899</i> (Macmillan & Bowes) net	2/0
Marble (A. R.), <i>Nature Pictures by American Poets</i> (Macmillan)	5/0
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.	
Kirkup (T.), <i>A History of Socialism</i> (Black)	7/8
TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.	
Kingsley (Geo. H.), <i>Notes on Sport and Travel</i> (Macmillan) net	8/0
EDUCATIONAL.	
Cambridge Series for Schools: <i>Virgil, Æneid, V.; Xenophon, Anabasis, V.; Geometrical Drawing, Part I.; Cæsar, De Bello Gallico, V.; Ovid, The Tristia</i>	
Nicol (J. C.), <i>M. Tullii Ciceroonis</i> (Camb. Univ. Press)	2/0
Eve (H. W.), <i>Athalie</i> (Camb. Univ. Press)	1/8
Sargeant (John), <i>Virgil—Georgics, Book IV.</i> (Blackwood)	2/6
Beak (G. B.), <i>A Compendious German Reader</i> (Blackwood)	2/6
Kastner (L. E.), <i>Select Passages from Modern French Authors</i> (Blackwood)	2/6
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.	
Allen (Phoebe), <i>Jack and Jill's Journey</i> (Wells Gardner)	3/6
Lancaster (Veronica), <i>Ann-Mary's Aftermath</i> (Curtis)	
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Chicken (R. C.), <i>An Index to Deering's Nottinghamia, Vetus and Nova</i> (Frank Murray, Nottingham) net	10/0
Young (E. M.), <i>Apis Matina: Verses Translated and Original</i> (Macmillan & Bowes)	
Ellis (W. A.), <i>Richard Wagner's Prose Works</i> (Kegan Paul) net	12/6
Hayes (M. H.), <i>Among Horses in Russia</i> (Everett & Co.) net	10/8
Hastock (P. N.), <i>Glass Working</i> (Casell)	1/0
Parker (T. J.) and Haswell (W. A.), <i>A Manual of Zoology</i> (Macmillan)	10/6
Allen (Phoebe) and Godfrey (Dr. H. W.), <i>The Sun-Children's Budget, Vol. I.</i> (Wells Gardner)	3/0
Worsfold (W. Basil), <i>The Problem of South African Unity</i> (Allen) net	1/8
<i>The Year's Art, 1900</i> (Virtue)	3/8
NEW EDITIONS.	
Raskin (J.), <i>Præterita, Vol. III.</i> (Allen) net	5/0
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), <i>Holmby House</i> (Ward, Lock)	3/8
Dickens (Charles), <i>Bleak House</i> (Temple Ed.) 3 vols., each	1/8
Craig (J. Duncan), <i>Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland</i> (Stock)	6/0
Adeler (Max), <i>Out of the Hurly-Burly</i> (Ward, Lock)	
Ward (Mrs. H.), <i>The History of David Grieve</i> (Newnes)	1/8

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 17 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best character-sketch not exceeding 200 words in length. Competitors have found this task difficult. The best sketch sent in is the following by Miss Gertrude Winter, Beechwood, The Park, Hull, to whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent:

A REAL ART STUDENT.

He was a real art student, and his name was Robinson. This he protested against, and longed for even Brown or Jones, which it has been proved may be made beautiful with prefixes and genius.

He was enthusiastic, and admired very nearly rightly. He was broad-minded, because, though his education was limited, he learned continually and his power of sympathy was immense. "Think like the man you're studyin' and you'll get the hang of 'im," was his argument, and he put it into practice. Studying Nature, painters, and students—thus he gained a great deal. He had not a large vocabulary; good things were either "heavenly," "smart," or "all right," but his way of saying it allowed for a whole dictionary. His "not much there," was equally sufficing when his contempt was raised.

Of his own work we never knew exactly what he thought—if we praised it, he contradicted; if we ran it down, he smiled. When pleased, he softly rubbed the back of his head, and a little tuft shot up, stiffly signalling his contentment. An occasional theatre and cigarettes were all that money could buy.

Art was his all. Happy fellow!

Among other character-sketches received are the following :

THE PRECIOUS GENTLEMAN.

The Precious Gentleman dwells on green slopes apart from the world. His study is book-clad, and conspicuous in it are *Ascania and Nicoleta* and a Froben folio of 1531. The glass of its windows is tinted with pink, which to the Precious Gentleman paints a blush on the cheek of youngsters who sing an English song. In the corner is a mechanical Pan which pipes soft Gregorians, and on the table stands a silver-gilt Priapus, with outstretched hands holding a phial of ink. The written words of the Precious Gentleman are arranged as a collector of butterflies arranges his specimens—they are impaled on the point of his pen and conveyed to their allotted positions on the paper. The Precious Gentleman's Lady is Nature, or Nature and his lady are interchangeable, for the hills that he sees on his walks will remind him of her, and a glimpse of her beauty will set him thinking of bunches of ripe cherries. His mission is to supply mankind with "little sacred cells filled with the gold of his stolen kisses." His food is the same as the food of other people.

[C. E. H., Richmond.]

THE INCORRIGIBLE COMPETITOR.

Week after week he competes, goaded by some dim, mysterious, indeterminate ostrum. It is not the poetic impulse which stirs his blood; he is as void of poetry as a blown nightingale's egg. It is not desire of gain, for he never pouches the editorial guinea. It is not love of approval, for he goes consistently unapproved. He knows, dimly, that he is the victim of a debasing habit. Every Saturday he vows he will compete no more. Every Sunday, every desecrated Sunday, he traduces de Musset into d'Agreval, concocts anaecoluthic anagrams, catalogues lists of books suitable for the knapsack or the bedside, or begets epigrams without sting in head or tail. That redeems him. He cannot sting. Drive him to admit that others carve cherry-stones more deftly than he, and his innocent mind emits a schoolboy tag of immemorial Virgil: "Non equidem invideo, miror magis!" Can you not see him with his patient smile, devoid of all envious rivalry? Allow him that thin praise, and dismiss him to his hebdomadal, Sisyphean, inexorable, ineluctable, inexpedient but not unpleasant task; his one weekly reward, to see in print—his initials!

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

We have also received character-sketches from: A. E. C., Brighton; T. E. O., Brighton; G. D., Harley; E. U., London; S. W. (no address); E. C. M. D., Crediton; A. E. S.-M., Brighton; E. S. C., Redhill; G. C., Brighton; H. J., Crouch End; and "Scotia."

Prize Competition No. 18 (New Series).

This week we ask our readers to make lists of six obsolete or rarely used old English words which in their opinion might be revived by authors with advantage. Portions of the review of the *New English Dictionary* (Glass-coach—Graded) which we print on page 48 will show what we have in view; but, of course, competitors are in no way limited to the letter G.

To each word recommended should be added its meaning and the briefest possible statement of its value, illustrated, or not, by a quotation.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 23. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 72 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

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IVOR JAMES Registrar of the University of Wales, Brecon. December, 1899.

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The Literary Week.

ON Thursday the mortal remains of John Ruskin were laid in the churchyard of Coniston Village. The natural wish that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey could not be granted if his strict injunctions were to be observed. Long ago he had said: "If I die at Herne Hill, I wish to rest with my parents in Shirley Churchyard, but if at Brantwood, then I would prefer to rest at Coniston." Among the floral tributes sent was a wreath of true Greek laurel from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., with this message from Mrs. Watts: "It comes from our garden, and has been cut before three times only—for Tennyson, Leighton, and Burne-Jones."

THE following list, which we take from the *Daily News*, shows the extent of the popularity of Mr. Ruskin's books. The list refers to those books only which are published in a single volume. *Modern Painters* and *Stones of Venice* are still too expensive to be widely popular. The second book on the list, however, consists of selections from *Modern Painters*. The figures give the number of copies sold since the several books were republished in their present cheaper form:

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THE touching details of Mr. Ruskin's last hours recall Lockhart's beautiful passage describing the death of Scott. Into the sick room of Sir Walter came the sound of Tweed pouring over her pebbles. Through the turret-window of the room in which Mr. Ruskin had just passed away came the glow of the first sunset he had missed for many a day. "The brilliant, gorgeous light illumined the hills with splendour; and the spectators felt as if Heaven's Gate itself had been flung open to receive the teacher into everlasting peace."

MR. RUSKIN possessed the original MSS. of three of Scott's novels. From a child he had fed on the Waverley novels, and his quotations from and allusions to Scott would fill a volume. He was a boy when the series was drawing to a close, and he has written: "I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible." Some of his judgments on Scott's work are superbly downright in their admiration. The Battle of Flodden in *Marmion* he thought "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature; the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conceptions of both." Of certain of the Waverley novels he said that they "are, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless throughout as human work can be." Although devoted to Scott, Mr. Ruskin had a fancy for modern stories of a certain kind. The last book from which Mrs. Arthur Severn read to him was Miss Edna Lyall's *In the Golden Days*.

MR. RUSKIN'S annual income from the sale of his books was, for many years, on the average, £4,000. Yet he did not "work" his writings for what they were worth. New editions, which would have been highly profitable, were delayed and delayed until the first editions rose to fabulous prices. It is doubtful if he would have approved the suggestion that the memorial to him should take the form of an edition of his works at a price within the reach of all. Mr. Ruskin's private fortune, derived from his father's capable and honest trade in sherry, was enormous; and it is believed that he gave away not less than £200,000 in his life. He parted with material wealth as one whose spiritual wealth was inexhaustible.

WHAT were Mr. Ruskin's methods of writing? Mr. M. H. Spielmann tells the readers of the *American Book-Buyer* that Mr. Ruskin disliked the drudgery of the pen, and abhorred proofs, at reading which, indeed, he was a poor hand. Mr. Harrison corrected his punctuation for years, and even set right "strange irregularities in grammar." He liked an inclined desk, and thought a flat table for writing injurious, but in after years he let this doctrine go by the board. It is not surprising that he liked to take a difficult task away to very peaceful surroundings and there wrestle with it. Still, he soon tired.

It must be three or four years now since I was
in London, Christmas in the ^{North} country packing scarcely
noted, with a white fork and a little bedding,
and I don't know London any more, nor where I
am in it—except the Strand.

FROM ONE OF MR. RUSKIN'S MANUSCRIPTS.

"Sir Walter Scott," he said, "wrote as a stream flows, but I do all my brainwork like a wrung sponge." He had his peculiarities about payment for his work. When he wrote a certain article, to appear in the *Magazine of Art*, he would neither give the article for nothing nor receive its market price. He simply insisted on "a penny a line, neither more nor less." This article, on "The Black Arts" (the arts of engraving, &c.), from which we reproduce a sentence of the MS. in facsimile, will be included in Mr. Spielmann's forthcoming biography of Mr. Ruskin.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE was a writer who ever refused to be gazed at by the public for whom he wrote. He wrote novels for a living, but grew pears and peaches for his pleasure. The novels paid best. Yet even these, it may be suspected, owed most of their success to the author's descriptions of nature. Blackmore drew characters that live, as John Ridd and Lorna Doone and Clara Vaughan bear witness. But the spell which he threw over his readers is inseparable from the West Country settings in which he placed his dramas. He knew Devonshire and all the morning and evening beauty of its lanes and valleys, and his own brisk delight in it went into his writing. He created a Blackmore country, and tourists have streamed thither ever since the days of *Lorna Doone*. Yet Blackmore was a Berkshire, not a Devon, man.

MR. BLACKMORE lived to be tired of the praises lavished on *Lorna Doone*. The success of that book was really something of a millstone round his neck. He felt he could not repeat it, yet he felt it was not his best. The devotion of the public to *Lorna* was a beautiful, yet maddening, obstacle to further progress, which Blackmore never overcame. Only in *Perlycross* did he again seem to hit the bull's-eye. Not long ago Mr. Blackmore saw his indocile, unswerving readers snap up 150,000 sixpenny copies of their first love. It grieved him, and he returned to his peaches.

In its obituary notice of Mr. Blackmore, the *Times* says of *Lorna Doone*: "Its merits were seen and appreciated at once." This is hardly true of the publishers, for no fewer than eighteen firms, it is said, rejected the book, which the author put away in a drawer for a year. Nor were the public much more discerning when the novel at last appeared. They let it alone until the title got absurdly mixed up with the marriage of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. From that day the book began to be inquired for, and its merits soon won the recognition *Lorna Doone* deserved.

We have recorded in another column our deep regret at the death of Mr. G. W. Stevens. The love and admiration that he inspired is shown by the messages of condolence that have flashed to this country from all over the civilised world. He was buried at midnight, in order that the officers at Ladysmith might have an opportunity of attending his funeral. Lord Roberts, amid the engrossing character of his present task, found time to telegraph his sorrow. Lord Kitchener has made the following statement to a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*:

I was anxious to tell you how very sorry I was to hear of the death of Mr. Stevens. He was with me in the Soudan, and, of course, I saw a great deal of him and knew him well. He was such a clever and able man. He did his work as correspondent so brilliantly, and he never gave the slightest trouble—I wish all correspondents were like him. I suppose they will try to follow in his footsteps. I am sure I hope they will. He was a model correspondent, the best I have ever known, and I should like you to say how greatly grieved I am at his death.

The *Daily Mail*, towards the success of which Mr.

Stevens contributed so much, published the following tribute from Mr. Henley:

We cheered you forth—brilliant and kind and brave,
Under your country's triumphant flag you fell,
It floats, dear heart, over no dearer grave—
Brilliant and brave and kind, hail and farewell.

THE following "In Memoriam" lines accompanied the *Morning Post's* memoir of Mr. Stevens:

The pages of the Book quickly he turned.
He saw the languid Isis in a dream
Flow through the flowery meadows, where the ghosts
Of them whose glorious names are Greece and Rome
Walked with him. Then the dream must have an end,
For London called, and he must go to her,
To learn her secrets—why men love her so,
Loathing her also. Yet again he learned
How God, who cursed us with the need of toil
Relenting, made the very curse a boon.
There came a call to wander through the world
And watch the ways of men. He saw them die
In fiercest fight, the thought of victory
Making them drunk like wine; he saw them die
Wounded and sick, and struggling still to live
To fight again for England, and again
Greet those who love them. Well indeed he knew
How good it is to live, how good to love,
How good to watch the wondrous ways of men—
How good to die, if ever there be need.
And everywhere our England in his sight
Poured out her blood and gold, to share with all
Her heritage of freedom won of old.
Thus quickly did he turn the pages o'er
And learn the goodness of the gift of life;
And when the Book was ended, glad at heart—
The lesson learned, and every labour done—
Find at the end life's ultimate gift of rest.

ONE word more. An old friend had set Stevenson's beautiful lines to music:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

He said one evening at his happy home in Merton Abbey, before he started on his last journey, that, when out in the Soudan, he crooned himself to sleep night after night with those lines which had been set to music by his friend. It is fitting that he should lie at rest out there in the spacious country, "under the wide and starry sky."

THE *American Bookman's* "Letter Box" contains the following question this month: "What is the significance of the word decadence when it is applied to style?" It may be worth while to preserve the answer furnished by Théophile Gautier, to whose style, as also to Beaudelaire's, the word was applied in the early fifties:

The style of decadence is nothing else than art arrived at that extreme point of maturity produced by those civilisations which are growing old with their oblique suns—a style that is ingenious, complicated, learned, full of shades of meaning and research, always pushing further the limits of language, borrowing from all the technical vocabularies, taking colours from all palettes, notes from all keyboards, forcing itself to express in thought that which is most ineffable, and in form the vaguest and most fleeting contours; listening, that it may translate them, to the subtle confidences of the neuropath, to the avowals of ageing and depraved passion, and to the singular hallucinations of the fixed idea verging on madness. This style of decadence is the last effort of language, called

upon to express everything, and pushed to the utmost extremity. We may remind ourselves, in connexion with it, of the language of the later Roman Empire, already mottled with the greenness of decomposition, and, as it were, gamey, and of the complicated refinements of the Byzantine school, the last form of Greek art fallen into deliquescence. Such is the inevitable and fatal idiom of peoples and civilisations where factitious life has replaced the natural life, and developed in man unknown wants. Besides, it is no easy matter, this style despised of pedants, for it expresses new ideas with new forms and words that have not yet been heard. In opposition to the classic style, it admits of shading, and these shadows teem and swarm with the larvae of superstitions, the haggard phantoms of insomnia, nocturnal terrors, remorse which starts and turns back at the slightest noise, monstrous dreams stayed only by impotence, obscure phantasies at which the daylight would stand amazed, and all that the soul conceals of the dark, the unformed, and the vaguely horrible, in its deepest and furthest recesses.

MR. GEORGE MOORE has written a play which he has called "A Tale of the Town." It will be produced first at a Dublin theatre.

NEXT week will be performed, for the first time, at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, "Schluck und Jauch," written in the Silesian dialect. The plot is described as slight and fantastic—an elaboration of Lamb's little chimney-sweep who found himself in a dual bed. Schluck and Jauch are boy and girl, and are met on the country road by a fine company from the neighbouring castle bent on amusing themselves. Schluck is invited to the castle, and is treated as if he were a prince. He succumbs to the dazzling illusion, but is finally sent back to his native fields with Jauch for his sweetheart, and a cottage and fields for his support. The burlesque scenes and situations evolved are said to be distinctly comical.

LAST October we gave some account of the retrospects and prospects of M. J. K. Huysmans, and referred to his intention to retire to Ligugé to pass the remainder of his days in solitude. It is now stated that M. Huysmans will definitely join the Benedictine Order on March 19. "On that date," he says, "I shall put on the clothes of an oblate, and shall thus have mounted the first step of the celestial ladder." We note, however, that M. Huysmans does not intend to put off the clothes of a novelist. As an oblate, indeed, M. Huysmans will not have to wear the dress of the order at all times, nor will he live within the walls of the monastery. He will reside in his own house at Ligugé, and one of his first occupations will be to complete his biography of St. Lydwine of Schiedam, and his novel, *L' Oblat*.

HUYSMANS' career has been a strange one. The routine of many years' quill-driving at the Ministry of the Interior did not weaken his capacity for violent mental and spiritual experiences. In *Ld-Bas* Huysmans looked down into the fetid abyss of Parisian Satanism. Through pessimism, mysticism, satanism, and what not, Huysmans reached Catholicism. It would be stupid and unjust to question the sincerity of Huysmans' conversion, but one feels that his is a life that must be lived out before it can be understood.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON has this week given some interesting reminiscences to the *Daily Chronicle*. Charles Reade had a fine way with him when dealing with his publisher. He wanted £3,500 for *Hard Cash*, and this is how he wrote to Mr. Marston:

Dickens has pronounced it incomparably my best production, and, looking at the research and labour I have bestowed, I should not be compensated by the sum I ask.

... With this fair warning I can only say that I shall be happy to see you here either as negotiator or visitor whenever you have half an hour to bestow on me.

"Happy to see you" is good.

MR. MARSTON seems to regret the demise of the three-volume novel, and his view of the new six-shilling system is compact and interesting:

The truth is this: of an average novel the libraries buy as few as they possibly can, frequently not as many as they used to buy in the three-volume form; and if they will not set the example the public assuredly will not buy. I am aware, of course, that there are exceptions, but only sufficient to prove the rule. In the three-volume days the risk of producing an average novel was reduced to a minimum. Now it can hardly be produced at all, except with a positive certainty of loss, for now there is nobody to buy, and borrow they cannot, because the libraries confine their purchases almost wholly to the books by authors who have been fortunate enough to get a hold on the public. All others—good, bad, or indifferent—are alike shunted. This is, of course, good for the libraries, but surely it is bad for young authors and too venturesome publishers.

Young novelists and would-be novelists might do well to ponder the advice just given by Herr Gustav Freytag to a student who had sent him the MS. of a novel for his opinion. Herr Freytag excused himself for not reading the novel, and then wrote (his words have a direct application to many a young man now in business, or in a non-literary profession, who "thinks seriously of taking to literature"):

Even if you possessed the greatest poetical power, and a talent for narrative as great as that of Walter Scott, Dickens, and others of the best, you ought not at present to think of putting your scientific studies into the background, and risk your future existence on novel writing or other poetical activity. You must first, by serious work and the position it may make for you among your fellow-men, ripen to manhood, and you must gain a certain mastery over life before you can have the right to idealise in an artistic work the fate of man. On the path you now are inclined to follow you will only reap disappointment and probably a speedy decline of your powers.

In the empty and uncertain existence of an "author," you will only learn to know the time imperfectly and from the wrong side. Observation alone does not educate a man, it needs above all a firm position in a circle of worldly interests and clear duties. As a young author you would, after a half-success, only be able to gain a tolerably secure place as a journalist, a profession very unfavourable to artistic creation. My warning is the result of what I have observed during my life of the fate of many young writers, and it is a truth which I have repeatedly had cause to state; for the number of those who, like you, would like to choose the pleasant game of free invention instead of the self-denial and exertion of scientific research, is very great.

Whether your talent is strong enough to support your whole life, I can say as little as any other man. If the impulse you have lasts, and the strength to carry it out, it will in any case break through all obstacles; and, if you now do your nearest duty perfectly, you may trust the future.

On this subject Mr. Andrew Lang is also pessimistic in *Longman's Magazine*. Nobody, he bewails, can give to writers "security of tenure":

There are good reasons why educated young men should beware, more than ever, of drifting into either journalism or literature without some more regular profession or occupation or source of income. They may be superannuated at thirty-five, or the "fashionable age" may come to be fixed even earlier. Even novelists with a vogue must see that a vogue is often ephemeral. Above all, times unpropitious for the providers of mere luxuries are coming upon us: and books are the first luxuries which people cut down. The "softness" of the penman's "job"

attracts people; it is amusing, too, and offers a promise of notoriety, if not of fame. But it becomes less and less of a stable and permanent job; the recruit of to-day is a veteran (and often not "a useful veteran") the day after to-morrow. Lawyers, doctors, dentists are not superannuated so rapidly. My sermon is accurate, but, like other sermons, will be unprofitable.

AN Edgbaston correspondent asks for the authorship of the following lines:

Thou art dead—who lived so well.
Thou art dead: but who can tell
Of the wondrous blood of thee,
Enriched by thy fertility?
In the veins of each sweet child
Runs a torrent undefiled, &c.

THE Rev. Walter Hobhouse, head master of Durham Grammar School, has been appointed editor of the *Guardian*, in succession to Mr. Lathbury.

Bibliographical.

RUSKIN, Blackmore, G. W. Stevens, Canon Dixon, and W. E. Tirebuck—all have passed from us since this column last appeared. In the case of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Stevens there is not much for bibliography to do, the achievement of each having been limited—in the one case from choice, in the other from necessity. In Mr. Ruskin's case the bibliographers had long been on the writer's track. The author of *Modern Painters*, like all great modern men of letters, had enjoyed fame during his lifetime, and had had both his biography and his bibliography "brought up to date." Canon Dixon, it is safe to say, had no great vogue. His work in verse was known to, and spoken kindly of, by a few, including Mr. Swinburne; but it will hardly attract much bibliographical enthusiasm. The latest volume from his pen that I have handled was his little collection of *Songs and Odes*, in the "Shilling Garland" (1896). Previously to that we had had (in 1891) a second edition of the most considerable of his performances—*Mano: a Poetical History in Four Books*, which first saw the light in 1883. In 1891 also we had the fourth (and, I suppose, last) volume of his *Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*. He is enshrined, of course, in that elaborate "omnium gatherum," *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, wherein he is celebrated by that penetrating and authoritative critic, Mr. Alfred Miles. But even that distinction, perhaps, will not secure to him the popular appreciation which, I fancy, whatever they may say, all verse-writers are anxious to obtain. Mr. Tirebuck was a native of Liverpool, where he became connected with the journalistic profession, and was for some years on the staff of the *Liverpool Mail*. Some six years ago he retired from journalism. He was the author of some critical and biographical works, among which may be mentioned *Great Minds in Art*, published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Lives Worth Living" series in 1888. He also wrote many novels, of which *Saint Margaret* was the first.

Somebody with leisure should set to work and write the history of the Literary or Dramatic Sequel. Mr. George Alexander reopens the St. James's Theatre on February 1 with Mr. Hawkins's dramatisation of his own *Rupert of Hentzau*, and the manager announces that he will give, during the "run" of "Rupert," afternoon performances of "The Prisoner of Zenda," so that those enthusiasts who like to pass the afternoon and evening of a day in Ruritania can do so. This is excellent as an idea, however it may prove in practice; and one wonders why something of the sort has not occurred to somebody before. Have modern playgoers ever been invited to witness in the same twenty-four hours representations of the two parts of

"Henry IV.;" or, still worse, the three parts of "Henry VI.?" Something might be said, from the educational point of view, for playing "Julius Cæsar" in the afternoon and "Antony and Cleopatra" in the evening of a day; but exertion of that sort is impossible, perhaps, to anybody but schoolgirls. Could any average person survive immediately-successive performances of "Our American Cousin" and "Lord Dundreary Married and Settled," of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man's Wife," and other such daring combinations? In the case of prose fiction, the thing is different. If the sequel in book form bores you, you can put it down.

My reference last week to the late Mr. C. P. Mason and his educational works has brought me several interesting communications—one, for example, from an experienced schoolmaster in the N.E. district, who testifies eloquently to the merits of Mr. Mason's books on English grammar; another, from a dweller in County Down, Ireland, who was a pupil of Mr. Mason's at Denmark Hill Grammar School between 1853 and 1857, and who evidently has many pleasant recollections of his stay there. "Living in this part of the kingdom," he writes, "I have, through all these years, heard little or nothing of our old schoolmaster or of any of my schoolfellows. Would it be possible to get the 'old boys' of Denmark Hill together? I would go all the way to London for such a re-union." I should be very glad to hear from "old boys" on this subject.

Two correspondents are so kind as to address me on the subject of my remarks on a proposed selection from Mr. George Meredith's prose epigrams. Both remind me of the production in Boston, U.S.A., in 1888 (with an introduction, fifty pages long, by Mr. R. F. Gilman), of an anthology called *The Pilgrim's Scrip: or, Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith*. I was, of course, aware of the existence of that book, though I have never seen a copy of it. And one of my correspondents, writing from Edgbaston, Birmingham, says: "It may serve to illustrate the short term of life books have in America, when I say that I searched New York and Boston for a copy of this some six or eight years ago, and even in the publisher's own shop was unable to find one."

I can quite believe that "Mr. Richard Mansfield, the New York actor, has written a volume of essays composed of studies in dramatic literature and other matters dealing with the stage." Mr. Mansfield is a very clever man, and particularly nimble with his pen. I have on my shelves a play which he wrote (and produced in America) on the subject of Don Juan. But why call him "the New York actor"? He is not an American. His youth and early professional life were spent in England. He was educated at Derby School, and learned his "art" in the British provinces.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is showing great cerebral activity in his old age. The other day he gave us two solid volumes on the United Kingdom, and now we are promised one on *Shakespeare the Man*. That naturally reminds us that we still await Mr. Frank Harris's book on the same subject and with the same, or nearly the same, title. Why tarryeth it? Invincible is this desire to penetrate into the personality of the Bard, despite Matthew Arnold's confident assertion that it is not to be discovered. I remember that Mr. Gerald Massey used to lecture a good many years ago on "The Moral Shakespeare." But Mr. Arnold was right, I believe, after all.

It is pleasant to know that "The Golden Legend" (not Longfellow's, i'faith) is to be included in the pretty "Temple Classics," and that the text will be vouched for by Mr. F. S. Ellis. There is evidently a revival of interest in the work, for it is only fifteen months or so since an elegant little volume, called *Leaves from the Golden Legend*, was put upon the English book market. Mr. Ellis's text, I take it, will be complete.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Theology of the Day.

Christian Mysticism (Bampton Lectures for 1899). By William Ralph Inge, M.A. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

Idealism and Theology: a Study of Presuppositions (Donellan Lectures, 1897-8). By Charles F. d'Arcy, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

The Apostle Paul's Reply to Lord Halifax. By Walter Wynn. (Elliot Stock.)

A Free Inquiry into the Origin of the Fourth Gospel. By P. G. Sense, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

Introduction to the New Testament. By F. Godet, D.D. Translated by William Affleck, B.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

The First Three Gospels in Greek, Arranged in Parallel Columns. By Colin Campbell, D.D. Second edition. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

MYSTICISM, in its wide sense—the immediate stretching forth of the soul towards the Divine—is an air breathed by all religions, alike of East and West. Christian mysticism, in these Bampton lectures, Dr. Inge traces through St. Augustine and Plotinus (who, outside the Church, was the perfecter of Platonism) to Plato, “the father of European mysticism”:

Both the great types of mystics may appeal to him—those who try to rise through the visible to the invisible, through Nature to God, . . . and those who distrust sensuous representations as tending “to nourish appetites which ought to starve,” who look upon this earth as a place of banishment, upon material things as a veil which hides God's face from us, and who bid us “flee away from hence as quickly as may be,” to “seek yonder,” in the realm of the ideas, the heart's true home.

The true Christian mysticism is distinguished from Platonism pure and simple, inasmuch as it “follows St. Paul in choosing as its ultimate goal the fulness of Christ, and not the emptiness of indifferenced Godhead.”

In an appendix to this learned and temperate treatise Mr. Inge considers the erotic mysticism to the revival of which, particularly among English Roman Catholics, so great an impetus was given by the appearance of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Unknown Eros* odes; though of Patmore the Bampton lecturer has nothing to say. His conclusions are eminently sane and uninteresting:

. . . We are forced to remember that in our mysteriously constituted minds the highest and lowest emotions lie very near together; and those who have chosen a life of detachment from earthly ties must be especially on their guard against the “occasional revenges” which the lower nature, when thwarted, is always plotting against the higher.

In *Idealism and Theology* the Rev. Charles F. d'Arcy reviews the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion from the standpoint of modern idealism. “Christian theism is the final philosophy”—so boldly does he enunciate his thesis. To him idealism is “the true stepping-stone to an appreciation of the philosophic value of theology.” Christian theism is to be established “by making use of idealism to gain a higher position.” All that is valuable in idealism “will be found to have taken its place in the higher system.” It is not possible to do more in this place than to indicate the standpoint of this notable book. Materialism, as a system, no longer holds what it had won. The fallacy it involves inevitably betrays itself to the earnest thinker. Matter may, indeed, win recognition, but its recognition implies a something, not itself, which recognises it and reasons about it. And that—call it mind or spirit—is, therefore, logically antecedent to it—nay, we are within our right in going further and proclaiming matter to be altogether contingent. We may, if we like, suppose it really to exist; but all we

perceive is our own sensations and the relations between them. “Matter is thus explicable in terms of mind, while mind is not explicable in terms of matter.”

Is the world, therefore, phantasmal—a mere show of fireworks let off against a background of nothingness? No, it is real; for it is a common possession: the appeal is to the experience, not of one, but of many. For at this point the idealist breaks away from the tyranny of mere logic, which would identify the universe with the individual percipient, and acknowledges himself to be one of many similar beings. Finally, as the idealist teaches that every element in the material world implies a spiritual principle which makes it possible, so Mr. d'Arcy seeks “to make plain the principles which underlie the possibility of a spiritual universe in which mind stands over against mind and will against will.” This design he works out with an ingenuity that may or may not carry conviction to the reader—for in this matter temperament is everything—but must certainly excite interest and admiration.

We step down on to another plane in opening *The Apostle Paul's Reply to Lord Halifax*. The general aim of the Rev. Walter Wynn, its author, may be gathered from the title. The Epistle to the Galatians is an eager protestation of the liberty of Christians from the vexatious ceremonialism of the Jewish law. It is possible to apply the argument of its writer against ceremonialism in the Christian churches, at least by way of analogy. Quite a strong case, as is fully realised by the apologists of sacerdotal Christianity, may thus be made out. But Mr. Wynn seems not to understand that the Apostle is addressing himself to the consideration of one particular ceremonial system; and further, that the argument from analogy can render, at the most, but a probable conclusion. His manner, too, is unfortunate; it is singularly ill-fitted to persuade. Neither can one who reverences the genius who did more than any one man, save his Master, to mould the mind of Christendom, easily stomach the wordy, acrimonious paraphrase by which Mr. Wynn, projecting himself into the person of the Apostle of the Gentiles, would present to the English Church Union the true sense of his deathless words. Besides, Mr. Wynn lets his prepossessions run so furiously away with him! St. Paul wrote: “Paul an Apostle. . .” In the course of six solid pages of elaboration, we read: “Peter did not ordain me, nor James, nor any of the church officials at Jerusalem.” Upon which two comments may fairly be made: that the writer of the Epistle does relate that at the conclusion of his three years' retreat in Arabia (upon which he entered shortly after receiving a revelation of his apostolic commission on his way to Damascus) he went up to Jerusalem, and there for some time remained in communion with Peter and other “church officials”—at which time he may very well have received holy orders by the laying on of hands; and, secondly, that the denial of his apostolate does not imply a negation of his priesthood, any more than—to take an historical parallel—in the days of the Great Schism the refusal to recognise a certain papal election implied a doubt as to the episcopal consecration of the putative pope. Of course, it is not for a reviewer in a secular paper to set himself to prove any theory of the Christian ministry. Our attitude towards the questions which rend the National Church at this moment is neutral. Judging Mr. Wynn's paraphrase, therefore, merely upon its merits, we find it ill-adapted to win assent from those to whom it is addressed, and too bitterly declamatory not to meet with a welcome from the more violent of those whose views tally with his own.

Mr. Sense is a man with a theory, which he would crown with a practical corollary. His theory is that the Gospel known by the name of the Beloved Disciple was in its main outline the composition of Cerinthus. Now Cerinthus was a heretic; whose teaching, as we learn from Irenæus, was in effect, that upon the man Jesus descended at His baptism, in the form of a dove, Christ—an emana-

tion from the Deity; that at the crucifixion Christ went forth out of the person of Jesus, Jesus died. The author of the Fourth Gospel narrates the descent of the form of a dove upon Jesus at His baptism; he says nothing of the dove's going forth. And here it is that Mr. Sense, breaking boldly away from the traditional respect for the written word, proposes to supply (in xix. 34) for "forth-with came there out blood and water"—". . . and a dove." This startling suggestion he backs by a reference to the authentic history of the martyrdom of Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna in the second century, which throughout preserves a remarkable parallelism with the Fourth Gospel. There it may be read—for despite the ingenuity of mystified commentators the phrase has survived—how, when the flames failed to consume the old man's body, the executioner pierced it with a sword and "there came forth a dove and a quantity of blood." Having made his emendation, Mr. Sense goes through the whole Evangel with a blue pencil, scoring out the passages inconsistent with his hypothesis. These inflations he attributes in bulk to a revision "committee" assembled under Irenæus; and a good deal of rather intemperate language is poured out upon the head of these unscrupulous clergymen. At this point Mr. Sense works himself up into hot anger against a principle which he designates, by a vocable unknown to Dr. Murray, Cretonism. This nefarious spirit he discovers at the root of most social evils. He proposes, therefore, the foundation of a society for the practice of Christian virtues (we seem to have heard of something of the sort before) from which even bishops and deans shall not be excluded, but only their distinctive dress. Also that the practice of confession among Roman Catholics shall be created a criminal offence. Mr. Sense thinks "there would be no difficulty" in enforcing this regulation. In spite of his many lapses from good taste and practical wisdom, from correct grammar and orthography (the habit of writing "impassable" when he means "impassible" does not inspire us with confidence in our theologian), Mr. Sense has written an interesting and suggestive book.

Of a very different temper is Dr. Godet's *Introduction to the New Testament*, of which we have from the hand of Mr. William Affleck a tolerable translation of a part of the second volume. Dr. Godet's first volume comprised the Pauline Epistles. The present instalment discusses the origin of the four Gospels, and treats in detail that according to Matthew. Dr. Godet rejects the theory which, in various forms, is generally favoured by exponents of the Higher Criticism both in this country and upon the Continent—that, namely, which derives the Synoptic Gospels mainly from two sources: the writings of Mark for the narrative parts, and the "Sayings" of Matthew for the teachings of Jesus. Also, with Zahn (*History of the Canon of the New Testament*), he attributes the formation of the four-fold Gospel, not to the second half of the second century, but to the end of the first. He sees the three authentic biographies emerging from the crowd of more or less puerile documents in which the wilder spirits had clothed their fancies, and receiving at Ephesus the seal of the last of the apostolic band. In the fourth he discerns a document from the hand of the Beloved Disciple himself, designed especially to supplement from the treasure-house of his memory the scanty record of those three years' teaching. Thus the universal Church, by a kind of instinct, singled out those pictures of her Founder which the corroboration of 1800 years has approved. In the quadruple Gospel is revealed the Christ in four several aspects:

That Christ of Matthew, in whom are revealed the riches of the work of God in the *past* of Israel; that Christ of Luke, a living germ of the *future* of the regenerated world; that Christ of Mark, acting, speaking, living before our eyes in His glorious and incomparable *present*; in fine, that Christ of John, hovering above the past, the present, and the future, like the eternal God whose image He is.

The Decadent Cuckoo.

Our Common Cuckoo, and other Cuckoos and Parasitical Birds.

By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (Burleigh. 6s.)

DR. JAPP has here fulfilled an ambition he shares with other modern naturalists—viz., to write a long book about the cuckoo. To our elders it was a poet's bird: "Loud orioth cuccu" was spring's unmistakable symbol, and this went on till past Wordsworth's day. But Dr. Japp's interest is more scientific than literary, and he doubts if the bards of old would have dared to glorify the bird had his history been known. It is testified by infallible signs that the nation of cuckoos is in decay. First, the males outnumber the females to the tune of seven to one, say some naturalists; others have it twenty. This saps all virtue, for as is well known the domesticities count for as much among the citizens of the air as among us poor plumeless ephemerals. The most affectionate of birds is the bullfinch—tender to his wife, kind to his children, faithful even to a human friend, and, as might be expected, he mates for life. When the last scarlet hips are rotting on the bare hedgerow, you may still see him and the wife he courted in the greenwood eating and roosting together. But the cuckoo is at the other end of the scale. He has not the decency to stick to his wife even for a season, and she spends summer flirting with a succession of males, and laying eggs from about the 9th of April to the middle of June. A lady robin or hedge-sparrow, knowing that she will have to feed and nurse her offspring, takes care that they shall not number more than four or five. The cuckoo doesn't care. Without making a nest she lays her egg at the hedge root, and then flies with it in her mouth to the first home that comes handy. She does not even inquire into the character of the nurse, since her egg has been found among those of over a hundred species, ranging in size from the wren to the wood-pigeon. From so careless and disreputable a parent is it reasonable to expect any but a monstrous progeny? But the young cuckoo, though wicked, is interesting. Indeed he presents to students of evolution a problem that becomes more difficult and fascinating as the facts become more fully ascertained. When newly out of the shell, the naked, feeble, sprawling monster proceeds to shoulder his foster chicks or eggs out of the nest. Long after Jenner's famous observation naturalists refused to believe a story so contradictory of nature's usual methods. If true it meant that an incalculable number of our sweetest and most harmless birds are annually sacrificed to preserve the worthless cuckoo. Further, it is a cardinal doctrine of evolution that a counter instinct is developed to meet every destructive one. Here there is nothing of the kind. Mr. Japp is not only able to reproduce the testimony of witnesses like Mrs. Blackburn and Mr. Hancock, and Mr. John Craig and Mr. Scot Miller—who show the process by a series of instantaneous photographs—but he furnishes proof that the mother acquiesces in this murder of her rightful progeny, and lavishes her kindness on the usurper. So much is now placed beyond the region of controversy. There are naturalists who go further, and say with Tom Speedy that a little bird like the wren will sometimes starve itself to feed the big foster-child, and though this is probably an over-statement, it is certain that many species take kindly to nursing the young cuckoo. Equally well known is it that little birds will sometimes mob an old one, as they do a hawk or an owl.

There is much about the cuckoo that, though curious, is open to plausible explanation. The present writer is of opinion that in regard to variation in cuckoos' eggs there has been much exaggerated writing. Within limits, variation occurs in the eggs of every species of bird; but a collection of nearly two hundred cuckoos' eggs made in the Home Counties during the last three or four years shows no such difference in the markings as a merely book student might expect to see. That a cuckoo can

adapt her egg to match in colour those of a particular nest we believe to be a fable. Many of those referred to were placed in the home of the hedge-sparrow; but not one is blue. One cannot dispute that a cuckoo might produce eggs of this colour, but, though Dr. Japp fully accepts it, the evidence of Messrs. Seebohm and Elwes is not conclusive. It amounts to this, that they believed that on breaking one they found on the embryo the characteristic zygodactile foot of the species. But how easy to make a mistake when dealing with the very tiny foot of a chick found in an egg remarkable for its smallness! At any rate, a blue cuckoo's egg is most rare.

But the murderous instinct of the nestling leaves a question unsettled in natural history. It cannot be inherited. If, as is generally supposed, the migration of the cuckoo shows that its original *habitat* became unsuitable, we may assume that in prehistoric times it hatched out its own young. In India and America the species does so still, though Dr. Japp insists on the evidence that parasitism is growing among them too. At what period, then, in this decaying process does the nestling begin to eject those who would otherwise shorten its food supply? To say that the instinct is supernaturally implanted would be tantamount to asserting that, with one bird at least, the spirit of evil had had his way; and the evolutionary hypothesis is equally at fault. There is nothing to fit the case. Perhaps some brilliant Darwin of the future may be able to suggest an adequate explanation. In the meantime, Dr. Alexander Japp has done excellent service by getting together this body of definite and trustworthy information. We are sorry not to be able to congratulate him on his illustrations—some of the more interesting are badly reproduced, and the list at the beginning is incorrect. There are no pictures on p. 28, and Mrs. Blackburn's drawing is on 13, not 15.

"Battles Long Ago."

The Franco-German War, 1870-71. By Generals and other Officers who took part in the Campaign. Translated and Edited by Major-General J. F. Maurice and others. (Sonnenschein. 21s.)

AFTER the arid Official History of the Campaign of 1870-71 had sufficiently bored even ardent soldiers, a desire arose for a popular account, in which the living forces, national and individual, that "rode the whirlwind" should be more vividly realised. This book, now first made English, is the result. It is an admirable performance, resplendent with knowledge, dignity, and conscience. It must take a foremost place in every military library. But we cannot say that even this book, despite its many and crying merits, appeals to us primarily as a plastic human record. For its human agency is occasionally as impersonal as its events, and both, amazing as they are, astound us with a sense of Brobdignagian machinery. We are oppressed by the whirr and clang of innumerable wheels and hammers doing their appointed work with the god distinctly out of the contrivance.

But here and there souls whom one can visualise take shape in the crowd of mere names. General von Hartmann, Commander of the Second Bavarian Corps on the field of Würth, presented the painter Bleibtreu with an unconscious portrait of himself that challenges comparison with the choicest of its kind. He wrote:

It was a heart-stirring thought for me that I had been present at the battle of Waterloo in 1815, and that I had in 1870-71 led an army corps against the enemy, on the 6th of August, in my seventy-sixth year; that I had remained on horseback for fully seventeen hours, at Fröschweiler, Reichshofen, and Niederbronn, and had had no food all day except a piece of the privates' black bread. I was enabled to do this by the great cause for which I fought. On my

jubilee day, on the 1st of December, all the cherished reminiscences of the campaign, of the kindness and hearty sympathy which was shown me in every quarter, and especially by the Crown Prince, came back to me and found expression in words of heart-stirring joy and deep gratitude. The wreath of laurel which my most gracious master sent me at Chatenay, by his Excellency General Blumenthal, lies in my room, on a vase made by Benvenuto Cellini, and the Prince's honour-conferring words, carefully framed, are hung up near it. I thank the Almighty for this beautiful evening of my life, and my prayer is that it may in no way be embittered.

Night has closed over the glorious old man, and in the day that has since dawned his Würth seems as obsolete as his Waterloo. Nearly thirty years ago a child pored over a slight contemporary record of the war, full of pictures. Now the same eyes explore the pages of this weighty history, again in search of pictures. There is a riotous abundance of them, and they are so much alive as to supply the vitality we sometimes miss in the text. But as combat after combat is disclosed, one is haunted by the notion that one views the battles of a lapsed warfare. Cataracts of sabre and cuirass rave around clubbed masses of men fringed with fire and volleying multitudinous smoke. Hundreds of acres are ridged with bayonets, and at the centre of each frantic line dance the delirious colours. Armies face armies with a turnip-field between them, and blaze away like princes at a battue. Officers cross blades at the head of their battalions like champions in a ballad. And while the majesty of the catastrophe is Miltonic, huge bodies of troops move, as troops probably will never move again, save in destined error, in Miltonic "rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings." For it is more than possible that the Arcadians of the Veldt are teaching the nations a new Art of War.

History for the General Reader.

The United Kingdom: a Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. 2 vols. (Macmillans. 15s. net.)

SOME years ago a team of English cricketers had returned from a tour in Canada, in the course of which they had spent a few days at Toronto. An Oxford tutor asked his pupil who had been of the company, whether they had met Goldwin Smith. "Oh," said the ingenuous youth, "we did meet an old fellow called Smith, who talked a fearful amount of rot." An older generation recalls the brilliant Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and the Joint Secretary with Dean Stanley of the first Universities' (Oxford) Commission of 1854. The present writer remembers with delight a chance meeting with a stranger who turned out to be the quondam Oxford professor, one of the most brilliant talkers of his time. Mr. Goldwin Smith has given the world far too little literary work at any period of his life, and much of what he has done is avowedly of an ephemeral character. His most substantial achievement in point of bulk, to use the writer's own expression, "has been performed by the hand of extreme old age."

Mr. Goldwin Smith may be described as almost the last of our literary historians. There is little or no trace in his works of that laborious research into manuscript and muniment room, which a more scientific age seems to demand from its instructors. To him the merit of his written work would seem to be not in its appeal to new material, but in its literary dress. There is little attempt at a dispassionate statement of facts: the author's political and religious opinions colour every page. Whatever may be the case in his other writings, the author's avowed intention here is "to give the ordinary reader . . . a clear, connected, and succinct view of the political history of the United Kingdom as it appears in the light of recent

research and discussion," but a list of the chief works and authors which he has consulted shows us that the research and discussion are not his own, but that of acknowledged masters of the craft. It would then be a captious criticism to say that Mr. Goldwin Smith is not absolutely up to date in his treatment of some important periods and subjects. He has nothing to say of Roman Britain. For him the history of the island begins with the coming of the English tribes. The substance of the few pages that he devotes to the Anglo-Saxon period is drawn entirely from the writings of Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Freeman; but the historical student knows that however much we owe to these two great past-masters in historical craft, recent research has profoundly modified many of their most important conclusions. Dr. Stubbs would probably be the first to acknowledge this. But of any such modifications the reader of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book would be utterly unconscious. Indeed, the very small space of fifteen pages into which the writer has compressed all that he thinks it necessary that the "ordinary reader" should know about the six hundred years before the Norman Conquest, betrays a rather unpardonable ignorance of the modern literature on the subject or of the importance attached by recent investigators to this long period in the making of the nation.

The question of proportion of treatment in narrative history is always a difficult one. Ordinarily the historian accepts the division of mediæval from modern history at the close of the fifteenth century, and divides in the proportion of one-third to two-thirds respectively.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's work extends to eleven hundred pages, of which three hundred bring us to Henry VIII., and the remaining eight hundred are spent on the more modern period. Apart from his evident predilection for recent centuries, the author would defend his division on the ground that "the histories of Scotland and Ireland now mingle their streams with that of the history of England." But considering the title of the book—the United Kingdom—the space given to the rest of the British Isles is disappointingly small. "The title of the United Kingdom," says our author, speaking of the union of the Scottish and English Parliaments in 1707, "was to be 'Great Britain,' which, however, its want of simplicity, combined with the force of tradition, has prevented from effectually displacing that of 'England' in the language of the world." To these influences, despite his evident intention, Mr. Goldwin Smith has unconsciously succumbed. Again, the only excuse on which, in our opinion, the writer might have based his disproportionate treatment of the mediæval and modern period would have been the ground of the imperial growth during the last two centuries. A single chapter of not quite fifty pages, at the end of the book, does not satisfy our sense of proportion. This is not the modern history for the general reader who is filled with the imperial spirit. Perhaps that spirit is of too recent a growth yet to find its historical exponent. We may confidently expect that the English histories of the future, when dealing with the last two centuries, will deal not so much with the obscure and unedifying party politics of the British Parliament as with the marvellous expansion of the nation. Meanwhile, no one would have been so fit as Mr. Goldwin Smith to point the way in which such history should be written. But to our thinking he has lost himself too much in the questions of religion and politics with which historians of past generations chiefly busied themselves. The battles that raged round the names of Arminian and Puritan, Whig and Tory, are too real for him, and he cannot refrain from taking sides. In his hands the great contests of English history far too much assume the form of the "good soldiers" and the "bad soldiers" of our children's games.

But, after all, this method of treating history is only a drawback in the eyes of serious students. To the general reader, for whom Mr. Goldwin Smith intends his book,

this partisanship, whether conscious or unconscious, will only lend force to the brilliant and incisive style. Such a reader may rather find a hindrance in the extreme allusiveness which seems to take for granted a very considerable knowledge of the groundwork of historical facts; indeed, the whole two volumes are rather a brilliant essay on English history, with the interpretative interest that belongs to the essay form, than a narrative account of events. To the ordinary reader, then, for whom it was written, we may cordially recommend this literary treatment of the story of England's past. Since the appearance of Mr. J. E. Green's *Shorter History of the English People* there has been none with such literary finish. The sentences have all the incisiveness of youth; the judgments, though often ingrained with prejudice, represent the thought of a vigorous and able mind. This History will not take a permanent place in English literature; but we are glad that the author yielded to the importunities of his friends. The result is an eminently readable, if somewhat ephemeral, volume.

Light on Darkest Africa.

In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country. By A. B. Lloyd. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

THIS, we believe, is a first book. Mr. Lloyd gives a clear, full, and interesting account of his journey across Africa from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo in suitable, natural English. If Mr. Lloyd did not realise when he left England, in 1894, how varied are the gifts that the Gospel vanguard is called upon to exercise, he soon learned that a missionary's life is by no means that of a Sunday-school teacher every day of the week. Here is his own view after a few weeks' experience:

He is a teacher, but he must also be a builder, for houses, cattle-pens, stores, and out-houses have to be constructed by the missionary. He must also be a doctor of medicine and a dentist; he must dose the sick natives, who will trust him implicitly to cure them of even leprosy, and he must be able to draw the most solidly-rooted molar that ever grew in the skull of a black man. More than this, he must be his own cobbler, and when his boots wear out he must be able to re-sole them with good understandings and must be content sometimes with nothing but a few French nails and a piece of cowhide with which to accomplish it. His own socks he must darn, and keep his temper while he does it. . . . He must be his own carpenter and house decorator, as well as furniture maker. . . . But he must also be his own lawyer, accountant, and book-keeper, and when the currency takes the form of cowrie shells, as it does in Uganda (where three hundred tiny cowries make a shilling), it is not easy to keep the accounts right. He must marry and divorce, give judgments, and baptize. He must be gardener, cook, and dairymaid; grow his own food and look after his live stock. In addition to all this he is the parish minister to help and comfort all who come to him.

Through all these little trials Mr. Lloyd goes rejoicing along. But he faced many real hardships and dangers as well. Fevers and chills, drenchings and exposure to the burning sun, were frequent incidents of his march up country; and it can hardly have been consoling to know, as he did daily in part of his march up country, that if any of his bearers dropped out from fatigue or laziness they promptly formed part of the next meal of the tribes on either side of his route. Now and then an unfriendly black was apt to stick his spear through the tent side—as one did to a colleague of Mr. Lloyd's, piercing the very bed on which he lay, but happily leaving him unscathed. But more serious and steady peril awaited him when he reached Uganda, for it was the time of the Soudanese rebellion: and he himself was a good deal under fire in the series of fights which happily ended in the breaking

of the power of Mwangi and Kabarega last April. This seems a strange entry for a missionary's diary :

I was standing by my men, who were firing volleys at intervals under a very heavy return fire from the rebels, when a bullet struck my hat, piercing the crown and just missing my skull. Then a rush was made upon the left flank, which was occupied by the Waganda, and who retired. It was with the greatest difficulty that I got my men turned in time to meet the attack. My boys, who had accompanied me on this occasion, also displayed great bravery. I was next sent up to the right flank to look after a Sikh who had been badly wounded. I found the poor fellow dying, and while I was by his side another rush was made upon us, and about twenty desperate fellows came charging down upon us, firing as they advanced. However, our Maxim was turned upon them, and they retired a little only to renew their efforts in a similar way; this time the Maxim jammed and had to be carried to the rear; we turned our flank and a second time repulsed them.

For pages, in fact, Mr. Lloyd is acting as a very capable war correspondent as well as a courageous combatant when he has to take his share. The little word-picture of the Soudanese captain who, after his right arm had been shattered, drew his revolver with his left, and despatched the rebel who had killed his white leader, is one that haunts the reader. But to many the most attractive passages will be those in which Mr. Lloyd tells of his brief intercourse with the Pigmies. His introduction to them was nearly fatal, for he was out shooting for the camp pot when, having failed to make a bag, he saw what he thought was a monkey. He had all but let fly when his "boy" stopped him with "Don't fire; it's a man!" Subsequent acquaintance proved the Pigmies to be pleasant, sharp little fellows. They are only four feet in height, but they are

broad-chested, with muscles finely developed, short, thick neck, and small bullet head; the lower limbs were massive and strong to a degree. The chest was covered with black, curly hair, and most of the men wore thick, black beards. Each carried either bow and quiver of arrows, or short throwing spear. Round their arms they wore iron rings, and some of them had these round their necks also. The women were very comely little creatures, and most attractive, with very light skins—lighter even than the men, being a light tan colour; the usual flat nose and thick lips of the negro and black curly hair; but their eyes were of singular beauty, so bright and quick and restless they were that not for a second did they seem to fix their gaze on anything.

From these few extracts it will be seen how pleasantly and picturesquely Mr. Lloyd can describe the incidents of his eventful journey; and the photographs and pictures which accompany his text, in spite of the losses caused by stampeding elephants and the like, deserve the highest praise. On the whole it is a light, bright book on a dark land, containing the unassuming record of a great deal of quiet courage and dominant common sense, such as one would expect from one who can traverse Africa practically unarmed.

The Tragedy.

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought
of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

From "*The Man with the Hoe, and other Poems*," by Edwin Markham.

Fiction.

In Connection with the de Willoughby Claim. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (F. Warne & Co. 6s.)

It is not to be denied that Mrs. Burnett can tell a tale, and put into it some imagination. This book is better than the author's recent productions. It is of America, and almost of the present time; and we may hope now that she has finished with her excursions into England and the eighteenth century. When we consider *His Grace of Osmond*, with its ingenious but sterile invention, and then this large, complicated, spontaneous, forcible picture of a national life which she really understands, we lament that Mrs. Burnett has wasted so much time on things British. The story begins before the Civil War, in a remote village of North Carolina, where huge Tom de Willoughby, estranged from his family by their fault, passes his existence in good-humouredly pretending to keep the post-office and a store. It was inevitable, perhaps, that huge Tom, who had once nearly been a doctor, should usher into the world a helpless girl, and should adopt her—the mother dying and the supposed father deserting. Felicia's queenly life in the rough village is done according to Bret Harte, but done well and sincerely. From such an inception the most elaborate intrigue is made to expand itself, and Mrs. Burnett is obliged, again and again, to throw back in her narrative so that, family by family and group by group, the characters may be fully presented. Felicia ultimately marries a handsome cousin, and the divulging of the mystery of her birth makes a melodramatic chapter in the history of a famous preacher. The whole book is tinged with melodrama, and we are bound to say that the author relies too often upon an effect of pathos, and exhibits a strong prejudice against certain characters. These three defects apart, the matter of the tale is sound, and some of it is brilliant. The recital of Margery's death, and the episode of Susan Chapman are indeed excellent.

Mrs. Burnett writes as crudely as ever, and this is a great pity. She does not always even achieve grammar :

He invested in tons of machinery, which were continually arriving from the North, or stopping on the way when it should have been arriving.

As regards the writing, the most annoying part of the book is the dialogue. When Mrs. Burnett uses dialect her dialogue is quite convincing, but when her characters speak English they usually lapse into something which is as unlike human conversation as it well could be. Thus Margery, describing the minister to her *protégée*, the mill-girl :

"There is one gentleman who comes sometimes to see Mr. Barnard at the studio. He is so wonderful, it seems to me. He has travelled, and knows all about the great galleries and the pictures in them. He talks so beautifully that everyone listens when he comes in. . . . You would think he would not notice a plain little Willowfield girl, but he has been *lovely* to me, Susan. He has even looked at my work and criticised it for me, and talked to me. He nearly always talks to me a little when he comes in; and once I met him in the Gardens and he stopped and talked there, and walked about, looking at the flowers with me. They had been planting out the spring things, and it was like being in fairyland to walk about among them and hear the things he said about pictures. It taught me so much."

Margery never talked so. It is merely that Mrs. Burnett has reported her carelessly.

A Kiss for a Kingdom. By Bernard Hamilton. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THIS novel is a different thing from *The Light* by which Mr. Hamilton arrived at some sort of reputation. As he says in a quite unnecessary preface, it is founded on "simple fancy." The fancy, in truth, is over simple, and

there is no imagination at the back of it. Mr. Hamilton's hero is a broken-down baronet, Sir Ronald Dering, who answers an advertisement for a "gentleman of birth" to assist in a "hazardous business." The advertiser proves to be one Julius Cæsar Jones, a stage-Yankee with an income of a million or so a year. Mr. Jones wants a man with the "English tradition" of fidelity, and he explains himself thus:

"Well, you're honest anyway," he said, gazing forward at the shore growing quickly nearer, "but that's what I value you for. Other people are bound to me only by money, but you also by honour. Now we're alone I don't mind telling you, there's a girl, a beautiful girl, in the States. She's rich herself, but she says Amurricans can't do nothing else but pile up dollars. Well, it's pretty bad when a man of my age is took with a girl, specially a smart girl like Clorrie, but when she said that, I said, 'I'd do anything. You're my queen.' 'Very well,' says she, smart as you please, 'make me one. When you can make me a queen I'll marry you.' I couldn't get anything more out of her, but I've got her crown ready, right here in my gripsack, and I guess she won't have long to wait now. Lord, how I've loved that girl. And now we'll be king and queen together, and sit on thrones. In fact, I don't mind being a king myself. It's a great idea of Clorrie's. We millionaires learn how to get, but not how to spend. There's nothing very distinguished in being a millionaire nowadays. There're too many of us. I want to get out of the herd and be a king."

Mr. Jones does, in fact, become king—of the erstwhile Republic of San Marino, but only to be jilted by his Clorinda, and subsequently to be killed. There is much slaughter, of a peculiarly horrible kind, in the book. Ultimately Sir Ronald finds himself king, and then abdicates in order to marry and live peacefully with a lovely creature whom he met at the Café de la Paix in the first chapter.

Taken as a wild narrative, the book is readable and fairly diverting. It is by a clever writer who has yet to learn that few things are more distressing than literary flippancy. The plot is ingenious; some of the descriptions good, some of the situations dramatic; but all is marred by the author's scampering, sniggering method of narrative.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SHAMELESS WAYNE. BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Mr. Sutcliffe is the novelist of the Yorkshire Moors, and here, as in *Ricroft of Withens*, we have a story of elemental passions set in a wild country. The terrific feuds of the Waynes and the Ratcliffes yield page after page that holds the reader. The story opens with these significant sentences: "The little old woman sat up in the belfry tower, knitting a woollen stocking and tolling the death-knell with her foot. She took two and seventy stitches between each stroke of the bell, and not the church-clock itself could reckon a minute more truly." (Unwin. 6s.)

FOLLY CORNER. BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Another strong study of marriage and heredity by the author of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken*. The action passes in London and the country, and sombre backgrounds are the rule. A searching eye is brought to bear on sordid social conditions. Says one character: "When I was at the Buttery buying things of the cottagers I had a fixed rule by which I ingratiated myself. If a woman was under fifty I inquired after the baby; over fifty, I inquired after the bad leg. It sounds horrid, but was invariably successful." (Heinemann. 6s.)

A SECRET OF THE NORTH SEA. BY ALGERNON GISBING.

A stirring story by the author of *The Scholar of Bygate*. Wind, and passions rage and range through it. A mother thus prays for her boy: "O mercifu' and powerfu' God! God o' the wind and water, o' the dark as weel as o' the light, have a care o' the lad ye hae taken from me! Guide him thro' the wild waste o' this world, and in Thy ain good time bring him safe back to me." (Chatto. 6s.)

A RISE IN THE WORLD. BY ADELINÉ SERGEANT.

A readable novel, opening with a committee meeting of the Society for the Help of Friendless Girls, attended by Lady Susan Pierrepont, the Hon. Ida Carruthers, the Countess of Astolat, the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, and others. A servant-girl case brought forward quickly assumes a dramatic interest. The story of a rash youth's marriage and its sequel. (White & Co. 6s.)

TEMPEST-TOSSED. BY M. E. WINCHESTER.

The hero is a young medical student, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and indolent in consequence. His loves and fortunes make the story, which is readable enough. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

IN THE NEW PROMISED LAND. BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Translations of stories by the author of *Quo Vadis* are raining on us. This opens on an emigrant ship bound for America. The action passes on the Atlantic, in New York, and in a pioneer settlement. (Jarrold. 2s. 6d.)

NEGRO NOBODIES. BY NOËL DE MONTAGNAC.

"A negro—at least, a Jamaica negro—is frequently a man of such excellent character that one is glad to make his acquaintance. More than this, he can be something of a gentleman. The truth is, there are some fine black people in Jamaica, and here is a book concerning them." M. Montagnac's little book is added to the "Overseas Library." (Unwin. 2s.)

PHARAOH'S BROKER. BY ELLSWORTH DOUGLAS.

Another novel of Mars. The red planet is reached in a projectile by Dr. Anderwelt and a young broker of Chicago, named Isidor Werner, who had made a corner in wheat. Isidor stayed three years on Mars, and on the whole was distinctly bored, and glad to return to Earth. After again cornering wheat, and marrying Ruth, the author announces his intention of visiting Venus. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

IN LONDON'S HEART. BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

The inevitable is often the readable. Here we have the lights of London, money-lending, murder, detectives, a twin brother, "just deserts," and then: "A beautiful girl comes laughing through the orange trees, followed by a young man who is carrying her sunshade and her work." (Chatto. 6s.)

THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE. BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

The title of this story, by the author of *Brown, V.C.*, reveals its tenor. Lawyers and love, entails and engagements, manors and marriage. (Unwin.)

THE WOOING OF MONICA. BY L. T. MEADE.

A wicked guardian and a true lover woo Monica. The usual complications and the usual ways out of them are cleverly handled by Mrs. Meade. (White & Co. 6s.)

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE. BY PHIL MARIL.

Two love stories and their complications, starting from the schooldays of the two heroes. There is a wicked Earl who is deservedly knocked down in a club. The end of a readable story of infidelity and dissipation is improbably happy. (Redway. 6s.)

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The Making of Ruskin.

THE mother of John Ruskin was one of those creatures to whom riches or poverty, culture or the comparative want of it, a sunny path or a grey, are of small account: she was "a prudent woman." She had the bright, firm efficiency to which everyone pays homage,



Photo by] JOHN RUSKIN. [F. Hollger.

seeing in the person so endowed a centre of rightness and a spectacle of sure daily living. What England owes to such women is beyond statistical or philosophical reckoning; it is enough to contemplate a new and illustrious instance. Margaret Ruskin was not of a very good family, and she was not highly educated. Her father was a sailor, who sailed many

times from Yarmouth in the herring business, and came home to Croydon to spoil his children in all matters except untruthfulness, which he visited with broom twigs. He died when his children were young. Margaret, a staid, clear-headed girl, and a born housewife, went to Scotland to keep house for the paternal grandfather of her future husband; her sister married a Croydon baker. In after years, when quite a child, Johnny Ruskin noticed—without at all comprehending it—"just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square [his birthplace], towards Market-street, Croydon." In the Scottish home Margaret put on stature in body and mind; she became a "faultless and accomplished housekeeper, and a natural, essential, unassailable, yet inoffensive, prude." One knows exactly what Ruskin meant by this description of his mother as an "inoffensive prude"; but he thought it worth while to instruct one or two dense newspaper writers on the subject. "There was a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irresponsible, laugh in my mother, never sardonic, yet with a very definitely Smollettesque turn in it." She enjoyed *Humphrey Clinker* with her husband, and "could exult in a harmless bit of Smollettesque reality." She hid no passage in the Bible from her boy, placing trust both in the Bible and in him. While stewardess in the Scottish home she pursued her brisk, careful, and sagacious life, never unbalanced by sentiment, though inclined to take a needless interest in moral philosophy—indeed, Ruskin tells us, in one of the delightful pawky asides of *Praterita*: "I noticed that [in recalling those days] she never spoke without some slight shyness before my father, nor without some pleasure to other people, of Dr. Thomas Brown."

The boy of the house, Ruskin's father, an active, sensitive youth of sixteen, sought the advice of his four-years-

older cousin on all occasions; "her sympathy was necessary to him in all his flashing transient amours." He was destined for commerce, but his equipment included Latin, learned thoroughly under Adams of Edinburgh, and he was born in happiest time to see his native city of Edinburgh basking and flaming in the rays of Scott's genius. A frank cousinly relation went on between the boy and girl, until, at three-and-twenty, the young fellow excogitated a notion that Margaret was "quite the best sort of person he could have for a wife." He spoke and was accepted. Ruskin says that his father chose his mother "much with the same kind of serenity and decision with which afterwards he chose his clerks."

They were married after a nine years' engagement, spent by the young man in unremitting attention to his business, and by the young woman in making up, as best she could, arrears of education. When her son came Mrs. Ruskin solemnly devoted him to God, and for years the parents hoped to see their son wear the cloth. Even to his Oxford days the father's forecast of his son was this: "That I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty, Primate of all England." It matters not what end the father and mother had in view, the memorable thing is that in their home their son found soil and air for the surest and most auspicious growth. The home on Herne Hill, on the southern fringe of London, shows as a kind of paradise in the descriptions of him who grew there. It was a home of calm and unwasted energies. "The routine of my childish days became fixed, as of the sunrise and sunset to a nestling." John James Ruskin was a merchant in sherry, honest and consummate, with whom everything went well in the best of all possible worlds. The dignity of home life was completely respected, and the child laid up no gnawing, soul-dwarfing memories. Perhaps the essential making of Ruskin is comprised and explained by him in the following passage:

For best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoon, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to me, and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variation in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

In the first volume of *Praterita* will be found the key and satisfying explanation of all Ruskin's love of the beauty of the world. In those days Herne Hill was beautiful. Infinite smoke has gone up to the sky since, infinite noise and ugliness have circled around the quiet grove on which the Ruskin garret windows looked down. It was the beautiful South London described by Byron in *Don Juan*, turnpike and orchard and villa graduating townward. Again we quote *Praterita*:

The house commanded . . . those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over

them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset.

Even the Sunday suburbanites and rather dismal chapel goings to Walworth were subject to glorious obliterations, for the family travelled much on business and pleasure, and Ruskin could recall such transitions as this—how wonderful to a boy!

Imagine the change between one Sunday and the next—from the morning service in the building, attended by the families of the small shopkeepers of the Walworth-road, in their Sunday trimmings (our plumber's wife, fat, good, sensible Mrs. Goad, sat in the next pew in front of us, sternly sensitive to the interruption of her devotion by our late arrivals); fancy the change from this, to high mass in Rouen Cathedral, its nave filled with the white-capped peasantry of half Normandy!

The boy was an incessant traveller. He accompanied his father and mother through England in a chariot, in unhurried quest of orders for sherry; he paid long visits to Scotland, where he passed his days "much as the thistles and tansy did, only with perpetual watching of all the ways of running water," the water being that of the Tay rushing round the precipices of Kinnoull. Books and pictures became surely and insensibly mingled with all these pilgrimages. Scott gave glory to the North, Miss Edgeworth to Mallock, and Mrs. Sherwood to Tintern and Malvern: "So that there was this of curious and precious in the means of my education in those years, that my romance was always ratified to me by the seal of locality—and every charm of locality spiritualised by the glow and the passion of romance." There came a day when the elder Ruskin brought home Prout's sketches in Flanders and Germany. Father and son gloating over the places depicted, the mother said: "'Why should we not go and see some of them in reality?' My father hesitated a little; then, with glittering eyes, said: 'Why not?'" So they went, coaching it round Europe, paying their way in the most comfortable fashion, keeping all their energies for exclamation and delight. The tour gave the boy his first view of the Alps, and his written recollection of the sight is a joy. They had trundled into Schaffhausen at midnight; they slept, and next day wandered about the place.

It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent—suddenly—behold—beyond!

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death . . .

I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

And there we may leave the newly-arrived boy and the oft-returning man. It has seemed well to us to go back to the boy and just see him starting on the career, then undreamt of, now the heritage of generations. Ruskin's home-life is scarcely imitable by most parents or children. But the record of it is priceless alike in the substance given to it by the parents, and the beauty of statement conferred on it by the son. It is a vindication of the middle-class home against its shallow critics and traducers. It is a classic instance of the environment into which every unborn child would love to enter; and, quite definitely and undeniably, it is the story of the making of Ruskin.

Ruskin's Prose Style.

WHEN we consider Ruskin as a writer, we must first of all recognise the cardinal fact that he was magisterial. He was not only one of the great masters of Victorian prose, not only one of the great masters of nineteenth-century prose; he was one of the great masters of English prose. He was a classic. He ranks with De Quincey, Landor, Carlyle, with those eighteenth-century masters, so different in aim, and with Raleigh, Milton, Hooker, Browne, and Jeremy Taylor—the earlier masters, some of whom were *his* masters. His aim and (what is much more important, since high aims are frequent enough) his achievement were from first to last nothing short of the "grand style." And the grand style he attained—his own grand style, which is the ultimate *cachet* of every writer who reaches the oligarchy of classics.

If, however, we essay to give any account of his style, we are fronted by the difficulty that there are in Ruskin several styles, not merely one. It is the way with every progressive writer. The public has perversely elected to recognise him solely as the author of *Modern Painters*, and, by choosing certain passages of youthful and sufficiently incontinent eloquence as representative of that book, has formed to itself an idea of "Ruskinese" remote indeed from the matured Ruskin. He was, in our opinion, right in protesting against the assumption that *Modern Painters* was—even in point of style—his greatest work. The later writings have a far truer, though less clamorous, beauty.

Even in *Modern Painters* itself (as has been remarked by a delicate critic of Mr. Ruskin's works) there are two styles in conflict. Ruskin had been a scientific student, as well as a student of art; and the scientific side shows itself in the logical and anything but verbose style in which the level portions of the book are couched. There is a manifest effort after clearness and precision. When, on the other hand, his subject-matter gives occasion for some "purple patch" of eloquence, he remembers the seventeenth-century writers, and breaks into those elaborate and vehement passages which support the popular conception of Ruskin. A feminine admirer of his edited a selection from *Modern Painters*, which he prefaced with his usual benevolence—it is well known. Yet even in such a preface he could not but regret that she had selected preferentially many passages which he did not care to have the public dwell on. In truth, the selection is full of just such passages as those to which we have referred, whereas the master would naturally have chosen more thoughtful or observant work. They are for the most part passages of natural description, and because they represent the popular view of Ruskin cannot be ignored. Nor, for that matter, on their own account. Their defect is, in one word, lack of reticence. Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently noted the over-emphasis of adjectives in such passages; and to this corresponds their outward form, with its too evident endeavour after Nilotic pomps and amplitude of sound. In many cases the sentences are shoreless deluges indeed. He was imitating such men as Hooker, not wisely but too well. The restlessness of adjective, however, is altogether modern; and upon this, more than upon their merits, one may fear the popular approval was founded. Upon this, and upon sensitive sweetness carried here and there to the too-much which is near the sentimental, or the florid. The most successful of these passages were undoubtedly fine, in a deliberate *bravura* way which we should ungrudgingly applaud, had not their author done so much higher work. The best known is this—a rhapsody on the cloud-forms:

Those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of

the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murderers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?"

Fine this is—but to the trained taste has a certain air of effort; not to say that it depends for its effect largely on a cunning *pasticcio* of Biblical phrases. It is the Ruskin generally admired—not, we think, the greatest Ruskin.

In his work subsequent to *Modern Painters* the research of precision and lucidity gradually adjusted itself with the romantic instinct; and did so, we think, under the influence of platonic study. The affinity of style in those later lectures is too marked to be accidental. The love of restraint, of terse yet open symmetry had drawn him towards the great Hellenic lecturer whom he often quotes. He acquired something of the Greek's noble limpidity without foregoing his own Gothic spirit of poetry, his own Teutonic love of colour and sensitiveness to external nature. This is for us the authoritative Ruskin; upon this balanced and matured style our estimate of him is based. Let it be said that it is impossible to separate, in this perfected style of his, mechanism from substance. This is as it should be. In the greatest work both are indissoluble; the outward form being the limbs and lineaments of the inward meaning, and without significance apart from it. Despite those leonine roars of invective in which he remembers Carlyle, the true Ruskin is essentially feminine and persuasive. That later style of his is a wonderfully adaptable thing, gracious and pliant, lending itself alike to exposition, description, playfulness, eloquence—all the needs of the lecturer. The old Hellenic verbal teacher was reincarnate in our midst. The sentences were mostly short, unintricate, but ruled by a supreme sense of form. Most subtle and suave, they moved in an atmosphere of exquisite luminosity and clarity. The earlier insistence of adjectives disappears, while the sense of apt and chosen epithet remains. He can be austere in gnomic wisdom, or full of fluent charm in description. And there is no trace of effort. He attains the note of the complete master, the presiding greatness of a sweet and lovely peace. Out of this un-self-conscious style, at grips solely with the explicit delivery of its message, the loftier passages blossom naturally. Such is that on the Cumean Sibyl of Botticelli in *Ariadne Florentina*.

Therefore, if anything is to be conceived, rightly, and chiefly, in the form of the Cumean Sibyl, it must be of fading virginal beauty, of enduring pathos, of far-looking into futurity. . . . She is armed, for she is the prophetic of Roman fortitude; but her faded breast scarcely raises the corset; her hair floats, not falls, in waves like the current of a river—the sign of enduring life; the light is full on her forehead: she looks into the distance as in a dream. It is impossible for art to gather together more beautifully or intensely every image which can express her true power, or lead us to understand her lesson.

There is no straining after eloquence; but impressiveness is beautifully, because righteously, attained. And the greatness of Ruskin's style at its best is that of most sweet adequacy and entire fulfilment; the adornment not a thing put on, but the expression of an innate grace.

It is, of course, the duty of all good economists, and kind persons, to prove . . . that respect for the dead is not really shown by laying great stones on them to tell us where they are laid; but by remembering where they are laid without a stone to help us; trusting them to the sacred grass and saddened flowers; and still more, that respect and love are shown to them, not by great monuments to them which we build with our hands, but by letting the monuments stand which they built by their own."—John Ruskin in "*A Joy for Ever*."

G. W. Stevens.

HE died at thirty in a beleaguered town thousands of miles from home. The work he did in his few years of life has made his name famous in four continents; yet now, when it is all over, it is the lad himself that lives in the memories of those who knew him. It is strange to think that he whose heart was tender as a girl's, who



GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS.
From a Photograph by Elliot & Fry.

went to and came home from his campaigns as if they had been summer-day picnics, should be the G. W. Stevens known to the world; but under that modest, amused, enigmatic manner there was grit. He did not talk about what he was going to do, he did it; he was thorough, and he never broke faith; he seemed to do things easily—that was his way; success made no change in him. He was always ready to help others, to give sympathy, to take his share in the interests of his ever widening circle of devoted friends. Through it all that alert, curious, brilliant brain grew, widening and hardening.

The few years of his working life told upon him, not upon his fine, sweet nature—that never changed—but on his appearance. From the curly-haired boy who came to the *Pall Mall Gazette* fresh from Oxford, seven years ago, his features developed the keen, resolute look, shown in Mr. John Collier's portrait: battles, and all they mean, brought that. But he himself remained to his friends the child who never grew old; he had all the child's watchfulness, the child's curious interest in the little details of life; he did not speak much in company, but you always knew he was there; he smiled often, but it was the smile of a reflective man, not of a man of action.

He came home from the Dreyfus trial last summer for a fortnight's holiday before starting for South Africa. When Ladysmith was cut off from the world his letters home ceased. It was not known that he had been down with enteric fever till the news that he was recovering was heliographed. The relief of Ladysmith meant that he could be removed to Durban. But it was not to be. One of his last actions before his illness was to send a rose grown in his garden at Ladysmith to the one he loved best—his wife, who devoted her life to him.

L. H.

Mr. Steevens's Work.

It has been our lot so often to draw attention in this paper to the brilliant qualities of Mr. Steevens's work as a Special Correspondent that we do no more at this time than remark once again upon the happy fortune which laid before his readers so unique a blend of sagacity, sense of colour, forcefulness, and humour. Those arm-chair travellers who prefer to do their globe-trotting by deputy were perfectly safe in Mr. Steevens's hands. He was careful that they missed nothing that was interesting, and he never scamped a description. Not only that: he brought the atmosphere of the country into his pages, giving not merely the particular object but the general spirit.

Consider his industry. For the *Daily Mail*, a paper only four years of age, he went to America and wrote *The Land of the Dollar*, to Greece and wrote *With the Conquering Turk*, to Egypt and wrote *Egypt in 1898*, to the Soudan and wrote *With Kitchener to Khartum*, to India and wrote *In India*, to Rennes and wrote *The Tragedy of Dreyfus*, to Ladysmith and began *From Capetown to Pretoria*, doomed, alas! to be unfinished, or finished by other hands. Also, he described Germany in a series of papers, and Paris in a series of papers, and he had begun a new series on London when he left England. And it was all good work, all carefully thought out and shaped, rich in striking phrases, in bold metaphors, in good sense and shrewd insight.

So much for his journalism, by which his name is known, and which often and often overstepped the bounds and became, as in the story of the Battle of Omdurman, literature. Latterly he had been meditating and occasionally working upon a novel, *John King*, but that, we fear, is only a fragment. One little book, however, he published in 1896, which has not, except by the few, won the recognition it deserves—*Monologues of the Dead* (Methuen). Here we see the scholar and wit, rollicking in his cleverness. The work is a kind of imaginative gloss upon Gibbon: one by one emperors and other great Romans and Greeks are set up by Mr. Steevens to reveal their innermost thoughts. The medium of the monologue is a fascinating one, and Mr. Steevens handled it with amazing dexterity and with a boldness that almost takes one's breath away, as when Vespasian is given the manner of speech of a vulgar vestryman, or the mother of the Gracchi talks like the late Rose Leclercq in a cynical comedy. But the end justifies the means: Mr. Steevens made his creatures live, even if one may demur now and then to their characterisation. We quote three brief passages from this little volume. This is Alcibiades:

What's that just put in at the quay? The despatch packet from Athens, if I know her. I wonder what the dirty democrats have got to say this time. Give me the tablets; I believe I'm general-admiral. "The Athenian people to Alcibiades, son of . . ." O furies! O earth and hell! O, plague rot the beasts! . . . Ha, ha, ha! I'm not general-admiral after all, it seems . . . Superseded by Styx! Superseded, when to-morrow I was to do the filthy dogs the best turn of their lives! A board of ten and Diomedon for the interim command! Where's Diomedon? O yes, I knew you would be somewhere near. You, you, you're commander here, you morning star of war, and you're a blockhead and a timorous fool to boot, if it's any service to you to know. Take the fleet and the army to hell, inspired Diomedon, by all means. You'll find me there to welcome you. Here, where are my people? Get out a pinnace. Yes, there goes Antiochus, of course, licking his new master's broken boots. I sail to-night for my castle in the Chersonnese. And this is the cursed Government I was idiot enough to save four years gone! Put the girls aboard—that new girl Phryne with them. Three or four of you go into the city and offer the rhapsode—the tolerably good rhapsode; you know him, I suppose, dolts?—offer him a talent to come too. If he won't, carry him. He shall recite me the Wrath of Achilles. Ha, ha! Run her out there, lads, handsomely, handsomely.

Thus Xanthippe talks to a stranger who has questioned her concerning Socrates:

Well, and then you know what he did when he was in prison. You must know that, because Plato put it in a book. I don't like Plato; he stares so hard and steady at you, just like Socrates used to, till you don't know where to look. But about the prison; you know what he did the last night? Gossipped with his young men, and me and the boys outside, crying our eyes out. Well, then, when we went in, I just burst out, bad husband and all as he'd been to me, I couldn't help it. Any wife worth the name would have done the same in my place. Then what does he do, the cruel wretch, but have me sent away—carried out by his men friends, I trouble you. You wouldn't catch me crying for him again. Then dying without leaving me an obol! If it hadn't been for Plato, we should have all starved, and he did about as little for us as he well could.

What say? I've forgotten the most important thing about him? Well, I like that. If his own wife didn't know him, who should, I'd like to know? A philo—what? A philosopher! Ah, I don't know; I can't tell you anything about that.

And here are some of Caligula's ravings:

I am perpetual: perpetual am I! I shall pile up all the gold of the world and swallow it. I shall out the throats of all the world, men and women and babies, and drink the blood. Then I shall wax and swell till I burst through heaven and squash the stars like flies on the walls of space. Then I shall shove down outwards, and extend on and on, for ever and ever and ever. There will exist nothing, nothing at all; only I. Great, perfect, only, all I! Oh! I . . . I . . . I . . .

The *Monologues of the Dead* were published in 1896, but written earlier, and contributed partly to the *National Observer*, where much of Mr. Steevens's uncollected work is to be found, and partly to the *New Review*. That is to say, they were written when their author was somewhere in the early twenties. A man who, having such a wonderful University record as Mr. Steevens, could do such work then, and in his late twenties could become the trump card of the leading London democratic newspaper, must have had a great and unique career before him.

The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

How I Think of Blackmore.

I DON'T want to know what the newspapers are saying about him. The friend who said, "Blackmore is dead," said it very quietly, as such a thing about such a man should be said, and he told me he was grown old when he left this noisy place for the smiling placidity of the Elysian Fields. But I am not to be persuaded of his age: to me he is imperishably young, and brave, and good; one who loved lovers, and all fair and gracious and wholesome things. Novelists and poets who keep out of the crowd, to be seen of it, are wise. Once I passed an evening with a distinguished poet, and I have never since been able to read his poetry with just the same pleasure; he said a thing that made me see his feet of clay, and the spell was broken. And quite lately I was in the company of an equally distinguished novelist, and now his books have lost something of their charm for me. But there has been no such fatal intimacy in the case of Blackmore: the enchantment of his imaginative atmosphere remains. You need not begin to say he was this or that as a writer; I am so

poor a critic that, if I listen, I shall not heed. I know nothing of his personal life, but I do know and love his books, and I know, too (or at least believe), that in creative art the artist must needs reveal his true, his profoundest self. There is a great, strong calm, a lucid honesty about him, and in fretful moments I like to be under his influence. I think of him as one who worked in the ideal way—the remembrance in tranquillity. Surrender to him is so easy that I have come strangely to fancy the touch of his hand on mine. He says to me: "Be not over anxious." He has little of the spirit of revolt, so he is not for all seasons; he is not of the greatest, I suppose. He cannot appall me in the deeps: he has never brought me to my knees by taking me to the mouth of hell. But in the quiet ways he is a very gentle, solacing guide. He is a scholar, and writes like a gentleman. His is the style of absolute sanity; and the treasures of the humble are in his thoughts. He has sweetened many an hour for me, lifted me gently out of many a psychologic morass. I can read him in bed, and there is no ironical smile when I wake and see him lying beside the Bible. He is so clean and manly, and so English in his prejudices. He is the last of the supreme painters of old-fashioned heroes and heroines; he loves the country; from the wayside comes his cheery voice: "Good morning, Cripps; good morning to you!" I can hear him call. And so I am not going to let myself be disenchanted. I shall continue to think of him as one living in a beautiful old English garden, now radiant in the sunshine of spring, summer, autumn, now mystical under hoarfrost and the winter moon—and the lovelier mystery of lovers' secrets. And I am sure there is an orchard; for do I not see the apple blossoms on a sapphire sky? And I am sure there is a farmyard; for do I not see those glorious Aylesburys waddling down to the horse-pond? So let me think of him! And if it is not all quite right—well—after all, the most precious things in life are one's idealised thoughts of good men.

V. BROWN.

Ruskin on War.

WHAT a bewildering teacher Ruskin is! To think that he of all men should favour war. Just now I picked up *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and on page 116 I find this passage:

All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people, if it remains at peace. . . . There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle.

I for one do not read Ruskin for his opinions. I read him for his magnificent prose. Again and again his phrases arrest and gladden one like a sudden burst of sunshine. In the same volume is a passage that always leaps to my mind whenever I read of the swift awful killing of brave men in South Africa:

The more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this intangible or intractable question [as to whether his audience believed or disbelieved in Eternal Life]. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brickfield; or whether, out of every separately Christian-named portion of the ruinous heap, there went out, into the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released.

How it tells, especially the last lines! There is style, there is temperament, there is literature!

CHARLES QUARTERMAIN.

Correspondence.

"Love's Comedy."

SIR,—Permit me to correct an erroneous statement which, through no fault of yours, occurs in your reference to my forthcoming translation of Ibsen's *Love's Comedy* in last week's ACADEMY. You say that having been "asked by the *Daily Mail* for a specimen of his translation" I "obliged with" the passage which you quote. I am not a reader of the *Daily Mail*, and I have not seen, or desired to see, the reference to me in its columns upon which your statement is doubtless based. But I am bound to say that if the *Daily Mail* has incurred any "obligations" in the matter, at my hands, it is by publishing this extract from my work, without my authority or knowledge, as if it directly emanated from me. I have had no communications whatever with the *Daily Mail*, or with anyone to my knowledge connected with it, on this or any other subject, at this or any other time. In May or June last, however, I did supply this extract to an acquaintance in the Press, with leave to make use of it, which he did shortly afterwards in an American paper. I do not therefore blame the *Daily Mail* for having published the extract, which it had a right to do, but for completely disguising the circumstances under which it came by it; and even here I conceive that the editor was merely misled by one of his purveyors of "information."—I am, &c.,

Jan. 24, 1900.

C. H. HERFORD.

Other Versions.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Maquarie's poetically-charming translation will probably have the effect of deterring others from entering the lists. But, with all due respect, I hold him to have erred by not being more literal.

The following lines will be found fairly exact as a translation, though they may lack beauty:

For you I threw God from my mind,
My hopes of bright heaven I threw,
And now I find myself left
Without God, without heaven—or you:
For you I threw God from my mind,
My hopes of bright heaven I threw.

It is an agreeable change to find anyone trying to arouse a little interest in the rich literature of the Peninsula.—I am, &c.,

Jan. 22, 1900.

R. E. G. S.

SIR,—The following seems to me a closer translation than Mr. Maquarie's of the Spanish rondel, and I think would sing better, one of the objects of the original. Can he fix the date?

For thee my God forgot,
For thee my honour lost,
Now there remaineth not
That love of priceless cost.
Lo, there remaineth not
Thee, God, nor honour's boast;
For thee I God forgot!
For thee my honour lost!

—I am, &c.,
Jan. 20, 1900.

AMES SAVILE.

The Chastity of Flowers.

SIR,—It seems your correspondent, Mr. W. F. Collier, errs as much in one way as "S. G. O." does in another. The passage round which the discussion has arisen is:

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Now, I think if Shakespeare, whose descriptions of nature

are as accurate as they are beautiful, had intended the "chastity" to be that of the flowers themselves he would not have employed the indefinite "some," but would have written:

. . . weeps every little flower,
Lamenting its enforced chastity.

The "chastity" is not that of flowers, but of human beings, or perhaps fairies, and the crux lies solely in the meaning of "enforced," and not in a question of botanical knowledge at all; although I am willing to believe, on the evidence of other passages, that Shakespeare divined the sexes of flowers.

On reference to Schmidt we find that Shakespeare used the word *enforced* very often, and in the following senses: to constrain, compel, provoke, obtain by force, to open with violence, urge, demand, lay stress upon, put in act with severity, and to violate.

I think it will be found, however, that where the expression is employed in direct reference to feminine chastity the sense is invariably that of violation. See "Henry V.," V. ii., 328; "Richard III.," III. vii., 8; "Cymbeline," IV. i., 18; and "Lucrece," 1623.

Mr. Collier's example, "an *enforced* smile," is beside the mark. One cannot compare a smile to chastity.—I am, &c., S. WELLWOOD.

Cathcart: Jan. 20, 1900.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. ACADEMY.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE
WORKS. Vol. VIII.

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS.

Mr. Ellis has now achieved his long and remarkable task of doing Wagner's voluminous prose works into English. In this volume he gives us posthumous writings and fragments of Wagner, "embracing all but half a century, from the first æsthetic criticism of youth . . . to the last philosophic reflection of the master within two days of immortality." (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

BY J. T. GREIN.

Many playgoers, and particularly those who hold advanced ideas, will be glad to have in volume form these criticisms on plays and dramatic questions of 1898. They include papers on "An Academy of Acting," "The Grave Responsibilities of Dramatic Criticism," &c. Among the plays considered are Sudermann's "Johannes," "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Ambassador," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Robespierre," &c. A preface and a better arrangement of the title section of the book would have been an improvement. (John Long.)

LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF A
LONG EPISCOPATE.

BY DR. HENRY BENJAMIN
WHIPPLE.

Dr. Whipple was, and is, the first Bishop of Manitoba. The interest of the book centres, of course, in Dr. Whipple's well-known work among the Indians. In the fierce Indian wars of the sixties he played an important part as a peacemaker, and the pages in which he recalls these stirring years are remarkable reading. (Macmillan.)

THE MIRAGE OF
TWO BURIED CITIES.

BY JOHN FLETCHER HORNE, M.D.

This work makes no pretensions to profound scholarship. It is as a "mere tourist" that Dr. Horne has visited and studied Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the book before us is really an expansion of a *brochure* on the same subject

which he wrote years ago. As a popular, well-illustrated account of the buried cities of Vesuvius, Dr. Horne's work is full of excellence—is, indeed, a fascinating book. (Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.)

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

BY STEPHEN PAGET.

Mr. Paget is not himself directly interested in his subject, but, as Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Research by Medicine, he has had to give close attention to its polemical aspects. His aim is to state, and prove, the good that has resulted from the researches condemned by the Anti-Vivisection party. Lord Lister contributes a brief introduction. (Unwin.)

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

BY FREDERICK LITCHFIELD.

Although this beautiful book is an expansion of Mr. Litchfield's handbook on the same subject, it is virtually a new work. It embodies all the information of the handbook, but the list of Ceramic factories, with their marks and monograms, has been lengthened, and revision and augmentation are the rule everywhere. Carefully arranged, and admirably illustrated from choice examples in public and private collections, the book forms an alluring guide to its subject. (Truslove, Hanson, & Combs, Ltd. 15s. net.)

AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA.

BY CAPTAIN M. H. HAYES.

Captain Hayes has produced a small library of books on the horse. In this new work he tells us that he is the first foreigner who has been allowed to visit the Remount Depôts of the Russian Cavalry Reserve. The information he collected in those visits is the core of the book; but there is much pleasant chit-chat besides. Having now studied horses in England, India, and Russia, Captain Hayes hopes to visit Australia and New Zealand on the same congenial errand. (R. A. Everett & Co.)

OLD LONDON TAVERNS.

BY EDWARD CALLOW.

Mr. Callow has drawn upon the treasures of a long memory. In 1845 he was a City clerk, taking his meals at the old City chop houses, of which few examples remain. In these pages, transferred with revision from the columns of the *City Press*, Mr. Callow talks about all the old taverns and coffee houses and eating houses he can remember, and some which he cannot. The book is clearly arranged and fairly well illustrated. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

A KIPLING PRIMER.

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

This is the second study of Mr. Kipling's writings issued within a year. We believe that a third is on the way. The book before us was originally prepared for American readers. Mr. Knowles considers Mr. Kipling's characteristics under such heads as "Originality," "Imperialism," "Treatment of Nature," "Characterisation," "Mastery of the Short Story," &c. More than half the book is devoted to a descriptive index of Mr. Kipling's writings. (Chatto.)

ST. PETER IN ROME.

BY ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

The intention of Mr. Barnes is succinctly expressed in the last sentence of his book. He "will feel himself amply rewarded if he has . . . contributed something to the historical basis on which we hold it to be a most certain fact that the prince of the apostles lived and died in Rome, and is buried beneath the glorious dome of the greatest church that Christendom has ever known." (Sonnenschein.)

THE YEAR'S ART, 1900.

ED. BY A. C. R. CARTER.

The twenty-first issue of this indispensable handbook has a series of portraits of the more prominent workers in Decorative Art. An article on "Applied Art," by Mr. Edward F. Strange, appears for the first time. (Virtue.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hogg (Quintin), The Story of Peter, From Bethesda to Babylon (Marshall & Son)	5/0
Conder (Col. C. R.), The Hebrew Tragedy..... (Blackwood)	
Müller (Edward), A Textual Commentary upon the Holy Gospels (Hell & Sons)	5/0
Banks (John S.), The Development of Doctrine (Kelly)	

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Masterman (Charles F. G.), Tennyson as a Religious Teacher ... (Methuen)	6/0
Mellows (E. G.), The Story of English Literature (Methuen)	3/6
Bell (J. J.), Songs of the Hour (Scotts Pictorial Pub. Co.)	3

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Conybeare (Edward), Alfred in the Chronicles..... (Stock)	
Leist (Frans), Life of Chopin (Reeves)	
Hurley (Lewis R.), Francis Lieber (Columbia Univ. Press)	7/8
Crofton (H. T.), A History of the Ancient Chapel of Stretford. Vol. I. (Chatham Society)	

EDUCATIONAL.

Fendlebury (Charles), A Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry (Bell & Sons)	
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NEW EDITIONS.

Fauquelle (L.), Lessons in French..... (Cassell)	
Coleridge (S. T.), The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner..... (Gay & Bird)	5/0
Bronis (Charlotte), The Professor, with an Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward (Smith, Elder)	6/0

* * * * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Candidates for the Vocabulary.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 18 (New Series).

In response to our invitation for new words—or rather for old words worthy of revivification—a crowd of claimants reach us. The best list, we think, is that sent by Mrs. G. Browne, 39, Rodney-street, Liverpool, because at least four of her words are not mere synonyms, but convey a meaning not now conveyed by any one word. Unless a synonym is a very good or pretty one (as "bird-alone" for "solitary," for example), there is no advantage in adding it to the vocabulary. Thus "yare," which someone advocates, is no better than "nimble," its equivalent. This is Mrs. Browne's list:—

1. *Clamping*. Enlightening like a lamp. A word suitable for cyclists.

"As when the cheerful sun, *clamping* wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray."

G. Fletcher.

2. *Commorient*. Dying together. A good word in time of war. "To which may be added equal and common constellations, the same compatiend and *commorient* fates and times."—*Sir G. Buck*.

3. *Bejade*. To weary. "But if you have no mercy upon them, yet spare yourself lest you *bejade* the good galloway."—*Milton*.

4. *Fulvid*. Tawny yellow. Too poetical a word for this century, perhaps.

"And colours to the life depaint
The *fulvid* eagle with her sun bright eye."

Morr's "Psychozia."

5. *Fardel*. A package, bundle, burden, &c. "You could hardly cross a street, but you met him puffing and blowing with his *fardel* of nonsense under his arm."—*Dryden*.

6. *Fridge*. To dance or play about. "The little motes or atoms that *fridge* and play in the beams of the sun."—*Holywell* (1681).

To Mrs. Browne a cheque has been posted. Other lists besides hers and those quoted below contain each one or two words with strong claims to be taken again into use. Among them we find: "Dimpsea," s. "twilight"; "Tirrineas," s. "fits of passion"; "Inwyt," s. "conscience"; "Resplend," v. "to be resplendent"; "Wimple," v. "to wind like a brook"; "Cantelous," adj. "crafty"; "Purife," v. "to ornament with trimmings"; "Lurdane," adj. "stupid."

Other lists follow :

1. *Assentation*. Flattering, lip assent. According to Trench the word was last used by Bishop Hall: "It is a fearful presage of ruin when the prophets conspire in *assentation*."

2. *Malapert*. A word whose meaning lies between insolent and pert.

3. *Maugre*. As the English language is too monosyllabic, this preposition might be used instead of the periphrasis "in spite of."

4. *Gentlesse*. The character or qualities of a gentleman. We have no abstract noun with this significance.

5. *Ocerpart*. Shakespeare uses the participle *oerparted* of an actor unable to sustain his rôle.

6. *Assoil*. This word could be used for "absolved," "discharged," in cases where there is no sense of legal acquittal.

[F. G. C., Hull.]

Each of the following words, now fallen into desuetude, is to be found in the writings of old masters, and each, I think, conveys a shade of meaning distinctly its own, which would be lacking in the substitution of any single word in popular use at the present time :

1. *Squiny*. In the sense of squinty, awry, crooked.
2. *Roynish*. In the sense of mean, mangy, despicable.
3. *Imp'ne*. In the sense of to wager.
4. *Voison*. In the sense of plenty, abundance.
5. *Sortance*. In the sense of adequacy, suitability.
6. *Squarer*. An argumentative, contentious person.
7. *Hook*. In the sense of to harbour or shelter.
8. *Subdolous*. In the sense of deceitful, subtle, sly.

But there were only to be six.

[C. R. B., Shirley.]

1. *Agnize*. To acknowledge or confess.

" . . . I do *agnize*

A natural and prompt alacrity."

Shakespeare's "Othello."

2. *Birdalone*. Solitary. "Then fared she forth *birdalone*."—*William Morris*.

3. *Dole*. Grief. "Then made they all great *dole* because of byrn."—*Malory*.

4. *Lated*. Delayed. "As when a man is *lated* or tarried."—*Chaucer*.

5. *Noyous*. Hurtful. "There is a virtue that is called *fortitude* or strength that is an affection through which a man despiseeth *noyous* things."—*Chaucer*.

6. *Wanhope*. Despair. "Now cometh *wanhope* that is despair."—*Chaucer*.

[E. U., London.]

1. *Algate* (conjunction). Expresses the idea "at any risk," "at all costs," by a single word.

"And that to late is now for me to rewe,

To Dyomede *algate* I wol be trewe"—*Chaucer*.

2. *Bush* (verb). To prepare oneself, to get ready to go. No word in present use quite expresses the idea. "*Bushed* hem to the boure."—*Piers the Plowman*.

3. *Derworth* (adjective). Combines the ideas of affection and value. "It is as *derworth* a brewery," &c.—*Piers the Plowman*.

4. *Hade* (noun). A better word than either "declivity" or "slope" to describe the descent of a hill.

5. *Litherness* (noun). Want of moral courage—an English anonym, e.g., in perhaps a slightly different sense. "Let her [Philosophy] hardly remit this vocall *litherness* unto evil."—*Florio's Montaigne*.

6. *Wanhope* (noun). Hope which has turned to despair. "Well ought I sterve in *wanhope* and distresse."—*Chaucer's Knight's Tale*.

[A. T. G., Malvern.]

Answers received also from F. M. D., London; E. S. H., Bradford; "Abbot," Winchester; E. T. P., London; T. C., Buxted; E. L., Burton; G. M. P., Birmingham; C. W., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; M. A. W., Watford; G. N., Bristol; S. C., Brighton; E. H., Didsbury; S. B. F., Crediton; R. M. C., Whitby; M. B. C., Egham; and C. S. J. C., Edinburgh.

Prize Competition No. 19 (New Series).

EVERYONE knows Lamb's Popular Fallacies, in which he takes one by one certain well-worn aphorisms, as "Enough is as good as a feast," "Handsome is as handsome does," and so forth, and riddles them until they have not a leg to stand on, at any rate, as accurate generalities. We offer a prize of a guinea to the best exposure of a popular fallacy on similar lines. In no case must 150 words be exceeded.

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Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 48, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 92 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

Two unpublished plays by M. Maeterlinck, entitled respectively "Sister Beatrice" and "Oviana and Bluebeard," are being translated into blank verse by Mr. Bernard Miall, the original text being in unrhymed hexameters. The "Sister Beatrice" of the former play is none other than the truant nun of Mr. Davidson's "Ballad," both poets having borrowed the story from the Flemish legend. The French versions of the plays are being set to music.

The Siege of Ladysmith, by Mr. G. W. Steevens, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood at an early date. It will contain the letters he sent home from his arrival at Cape Town till the day when he was struck down by enteric fever and could write no more. At a later date a volume will be issued containing his London, Paris, and Berlin letters. A memorial edition of his works will be published towards the close of the year. The first volume will include a memoir by Mr. W. E. Henley, and a selection of the articles Mr. Steevens wrote for the *National Observer*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *New Review*, &c. The Memorial Edition, which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, will contain all his best work.

We have already given some account of the clever and amusing contents of the *Ladysmith Lyrics*. It was edited, says the *Natal Witness*, by Mr. G. W. Steevens. It is not difficult to infer who was the author of "The Diary of a Citizen." Here are a few of the entries:

November 21.—Hear good authority that gunner of Long Tom is Dreyfus.

November 22.—Dreyfus rumour confirmed.

November 23.—Hear good authority that gunner of Long Tom is Russian.

November 24.—Gunner of Long Tom believed to be Esquimaux.

November 26.—Boers broke Sabbath, firing on our bathing parties. Believe they were so infuriated by sight of people washing that they quite forgot it was Sunday.

November 27.—Boers opened fire at breakfast time from forty-seven new Long Toms. Oh, Lord!

DR. FURNIVALL will be seventy-five years old on the 4th of next February, and it is proposed that the congratulations of his friends take shape (1) in a personal present, (2) in a *Festschrift*, and (3) in a public endowment. Dr. Furnivall's fondness for sculling suggests a boat as an appropriate personal present. For the *Festschrift*, to the contents of which English scholars in both Europe and America will contribute, Professors Skeat, Napier, and Ker have promised their editorial services. These first two objects are already provided for by Dr. Furnivall's personal friends. For the public endowment a public subscription is of course necessary. This endowment is to be a fund which shall put the Early English Text Society on a firm financial basis.

In the new *Fortnightly* Mr. George Moore takes an affecting farewell of London as a centre of art. With a velvet delivery, and an assurance worthy of an archdeacon, he chastises us in tones of languid regret. Thus:

For some time the necessity of explaining the intentions of the Irish Literary Theatre has been pressing upon us. So I take advantage of the publication of my play, "The Bending of the Bough," to explain why Mr. Martyn, Mr. Yeats, and myself prefer to have our plays produced in Dublin rather than in London. . . .

It is because we believe London to be too large, too old, and too wealthy to permit of any new artistic movement, and this belief rests upon knowledge of the art history of the world and some experience of London theatrical conditions. . . . We have therefore turned our backs upon London as men turn their backs on a place which has ceased to interest them. But we did not decide on our homeward journey without having considered the reformation of London. After some doubts, some hesitation, it suddenly came upon us that it was impossible. It was suddenly borne in upon us that England had produced her dramatic literature (since Shakespeare only two plays have outlived a generation); England seems to us to have reached the age of manhood, an age at which a nation ceases to produce art, for art belongs to the youth of a nation as empire belongs to its manhood, if it attains to manhood. . . . For some reason, so deep in the heart that we cannot define it, the glory of empire does not compensate for the loss of the song and the bust; without them the crown is incomplete and its glory the pallor of ashes. We become aware of this as we cross Trafalgar-square. . . .

Dear man!

MRS. MEYNELL'S book on Ruskin, to which she is devoting herself to the exclusion of all other work, will hardly be ready before the end of February. In form it will be something of a text-book, Ruskin's principal books being analysed and considered in separate chapters.

C. K. S., in his excellent Literary Letter in the *Sphere*, with which we are glad to renew acquaintance, states that Mrs. Grant Allen is about to open a bookshop in St. George's-street, Hanover-square. The *Sphere*, the first number of which was published after we had gone to press last week, is a welcome addition to the ranks of illustrated weekly papers. It is a handsome, well-designed production, and shows every sign of endurance and success.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN, author of that strong and beautiful story *The Choir Invisible*, has just finished a new novel. It is called *The Reign of Law: a Story of the Kentucky Hemp Fields*.

WE learn from an American paper that *David Harum* is selling largely in the Kansas belt, where it is advertised as "by that popular young author, R. Kipling."

A COMMITTEE is being formed for the presentation of a testimonial from members of the Press to Mr. E. F. Knight, of the *Morning Post*, who lost his arm while acting as correspondent for that journal in South Africa.

MR. RUSKIN has gone, and Count Tolstoy is openly preparing to go. "Although I am much better," he has just said to an interviewer, "my health is far from good. The end draws near. But I am quite untroubled thereat, and I go gladly forth to meet the inevitable." In the meantime, Tolstoy has something to say about things so mundane as the drama and literature. He considers the drama to be decadent. "There is a great deal of talk about Ibsen. I have read his last drama, 'When We who are Dead Awaken.' It is simply a delirium, and is devoid of life, character, and dramatic action. Thirty-five years ago such a drama would have been stifled by a cutting parody in the Press, and the piece would have been ridiculed to death. How can one now speak of the serious tasks before the theatre? They are at an end." Literature, the Count thinks, is as good as dead: "the daily Press has destroyed it."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It may possibly interest you to know that some time ago I bought at a 'sale of household effects,' at a Scottish watering-place, a volume containing Ruskin's *Poems*, *Arrows of the Chase*, and another for sixpence!" That was a good bargain. A few years ago a small knot of bookish young men established a small club which they called the "Treasure Trove Club," of which the fundamental idea was this: that the members should dine together once a fortnight, and that after a modest feast each member should produce a book which he had picked up for a sum not exceeding sixpence. The "finds" were even more surprising than the one mentioned by our correspondent; and the discussions that followed were often delightful.

"PUBLISH IT." That was all that Colonel Baden-Powell wrote on the proofs of his little book on Scouting, when he posted them to Messrs. Gale & Polden from Mafeking. The little package arrived safely in London in the same wrapper in which it had gone out, only reversed. The book must have passed, says the *Daily Mail*, through the Boer lines. It is now in its fiftieth thousand. Nearly everyone going to the front wants it, for it is the best work on its subject, and one chapter was actually written at Mafeking. Messrs. Gale & Polden give a South African address where the book can be obtained. This runs: "Pritchard-street, Johannesburg (after British occupation)."

THE new number of the *Anglo-Saxon* contains several contributions of literary interest. Mr. H. D. Traill exploits his gift of parody and analogue in a sketch called "The Unflinching Realist." Very wittily does Mr. Traill hit off some of the literary affectations of the day. The realist, Amiel Ingham, had so much originality and "so many other qualities ending in 'ality' that it was a little singular that his style should not have come to him by nature." Yet styles came to him, and Mr. Traill illustrates them. Amiel would feel an inspiration to write thus:

She wavered to him pityingly on a little sigh.

It was but the swaying of the sapling-tip—no more: stem of purpose still straight, and deep roots of resolve immovable below.

But Rodomont, man-like, triple-braided in vanity, saw only the flickering of the frond.

He would have clasped her. Mimosa shrank from him, elusive.

"Not, cousin, if I know it," she flashed. And then Rodomont knew, and cursed his confidence. She had tried to temper the blow to him; but he had chosen to meet it, full face, thwack on scone, after Dame Fortune's oldest-fashioned way of hinting to us that she is adverse.

"And when he wrote like this," says Mr. Traill, "the

resemblance of his style to that of the illustrious Mr. Surriehill appeared to him to be purely fortuitous."

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, impressed by the resemblance, which has been noted by scholars, and by FitzGerald himself, between the philosophy of Omar Khayyám and that of Lucretius, has versified parts of Lucretius in the metre employed by FitzGerald in the *Rubaiyat*. The idea of thus reducing both poets to "a common literary denominator" is curious and, on the whole, felicitous. Moreover, Mr. Mallock's verses justify his experiment. They have a fine movement, and are full of haunting phrases and stanzas. Indeed, Mr. Mallock's are the best verses we have met with in a magazine—nay, in a new book of verse—for a long time. Lucretius was the Roman poet of science: he held that men have no souls that can survive their bodies; and in his poem, "Concerning the Nature of Things," he unfolded "the gospel of the everlasting death." Here is part of Mr. Mallock's poem:

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

Those blue and shining seas in delicate haze
Shall go; and yonder sands forsake their place;
And where they are, shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

Behold the terraced towers, and monstrous round
Of league-long ramparts rise from out the ground,
With gardens in the clouds. Then all is gone,
And Babylon is a memory and a mound.

Where is the coolness when no cool winds blow?
Where is the music when the lute lies low?
Are not the redness and the red rose one,
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?

Death is for us, then, nothing—a mere name
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.
It hurts us not, for there is nothing left
To hurt: and as of old, when Carthage came

To battle, we and ours felt naught at all,
Nor quailed to see the invading ruin fall
On all our quiet homes, nor heard our fields
Shaken beneath the hordes of Hannibal,

But slumbered on and on, nor cared a jot,
Death to the stress, and tumult, though the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The rule of all—but we, we heeded not—

So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,
And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,

Even as our past was shall our future be.
Others may start and tremble, but not we,
Though heaven be darkened with the dust of earth
Or all the earth be sunk beneath the sea.

SIR WALTER BESANT recently deplored the freedom with which authors attack each other: his whipping-post being Mr. Buchanan's article on Mr. Kipling in the *Contemporary*. We do not know with what feelings Sir Walter will read the speech which Sir Edward Clarke delivered at the Browning Settlement the other day. After discoursing on the delights of reading, Sir Edward came to present-day literature, and putting a sting into the tail of his speech, said out loud:

It was humiliating to think that in the year just closed perhaps the two most notable books published were that shocking production of Mr. Swinburne's, *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*, the manuscript of which ought to

have been burned; and another book, almost as bad—he referred to *Stalky & Co.* To come down to those productions from the works he had spoken of was a depth of degradation in regard to which he sincerely pitied the boys of the present day. They had, however, a remedy, and that was to avoid following literature down to the gutter into which it had run.

ALTHOUGH the *Echo de Paris* is one of the most truculently anti-English papers in Paris, it is proud to regale its readers with good English fiction. Thus, at the present moment, Mr. Kipling's *The Finest Story in the World* is running in its columns. While that draws to a close, the following promise of more good things from perfidious Albion is held out to Parisians:

Immédiatement après la **PLUS BELLE HISTOIRE DU MONDE**, de **RUDYARD KIPLING**, nous commencerons la publication de :

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THOMAS HARDY

est l'histoire infiniment touchante, suave et tragique, d'une jeune paysanne issue d'une très ancienne et très aristocratique famille de l'Angleterre tombée peu à peu dans l'indigence et l'oubli.

En même temps qu'un roman d'amour, *Tess d'Urberville* offre une admirable peinture, sans analogue en France, de la vie des champs. Les émotions de l'héroïne se manifestent dans un milieu rustique, tour à tour plein de fraîcheur poétique et de farouche grandeur, où les travaux de la campagne, merveilleusement observés, se déroulent en puissante harmonie avec les phases successives de ses douleurs et de ses joies idéales.

Tess d'Urberville est peut-être le chef-d'œuvre du très célèbre romancier **Thomas Hardy**.

In the *Century Magazine* there is a capital article, entitled "The West, and Certain Literary Discoveries; or, How Fiction may be Stranger than Truth." The writer, Mr. E. Hough, points out that novels of the West are written in the East, and without knowledge. Incidentally he gives this accurate chaffing recipe for a New England novel:

In order to write a novel of New England life, it is necessary that one have at hand a mortgage, a spinster of rather slender habit, a young man who went away, and a quiet graveyard. These, with accessories such as an old settle or two, a tall clock, and a household interior of wax-like neatness, will always serve to meet a certain standard in books descriptive of life in New England, and from books of such nature a great many persons gain a portion of their knowledge of that region. It may be urged that such a knowledge must of necessity be a narrow and imperfect one. This is perhaps true. Yet you shall not change this thing!

SIMILARLY, the West is written up by East writers who imagine vain things about cow-punchers and red shirts and revolvers. Mr. Hough sadly points out that one fact about the West which these writers overlook is the simple one that the West no longer exists. It costs a thousand dollars now to kill a grizzly, and you may not kill a buffalo at all. In a generation the face of things has been changed. Miles of wire, and of railroad, have crossed the plains, tearing the antelope and frightening the buffalo. We could quote some fine passages of description, notably one in which the writer found a single line of wire fence crossing a boundless, untenanted wilderness, issuing from the horizon and fading into the horizon opposite. We will quote, however, a few sentences in which Mr. Hough criticises "that slovenly form of literary art,

the realism of which necessitates a continual search for 'local colour.' The literary market demands this. It is not necessary to have a knowledge of a field. The writer

finds nothing in the environment immediately about him, because he already knows it too well. He goes into a new field, his senses receive a fillip, and he—writes. It is not always necessary for him first to see and think, not to say first to sympathise and understand. True, such work does not endure. No great book was ever written in such haphazard fashion. Yet at the hands of such crude craftsmanship as this the West has certainly suffered."

Here Mr. Hough touches larger issues, and there is wisdom in what he says. The great novelists have never been curious searchers for local colour.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us an appreciation of Mr. Tirebuck's work, whose death we briefly acknowledged last week. The communication is too long to print, but we find room for a few extracts: "His most ardent admirers felt that his best was yet to come. They could not but feel that parts of his work were greater than the whole—to use a seeming paradox. Everywhere there were indications of a power to body forth character, to create a fitting atmosphere, to give movement and solidarity in the record, but the power came and went like blown flame. It is not too much to say that there is fiction of a very high order in some of Mr. Tirebuck's books—notably in *Miss Grace of All Souls* and *Sweetheart Gwen*. Mr. Tirebuck was greater than his work. His right foot, as it were, was never really put foremost. The singularly sweet seriousness that was his; the quiet impressiveness; the curious way he had of entangling common things in a transforming web of fancy; the winsome, affectionate manner; the deep-sea soundings that dropped suddenly into his ordinary conversations; the gentleness that charmed while it plainly indicated that it had no kinship with weakness; the absolute refinement of feeling; the flow of delicate and quaint humour, and—in days like ours, perhaps, most notable of all—the humility and disinclination to advertise himself, although he very much believed in himself; these are known only to the friends who have loved and lost him."

THE method of buying books by instalments, through the agency of a newspaper, has proved so popular that we are not surprised to see new enterprises announced. The latest offer of the kind is made by the *British Weekly*, which undertakes to supply lots of 100 or 50 books in the Bohn Library on the instalment plan. Thus a reader may have 100 volumes and a copy of Webster's *International Dictionary* for twelve guineas, in twelve monthly instalments; and fifty books on proportionate terms. An excellent feature of the scheme is that each purchaser may select what volumes he will from the Bohn Library, which now includes nearly 800 standard works. Seldom has a better chance occurred of forming, or completing, a good private library.

WE have received copies of two volumes of a new edition of the poems of Richard Crashaw, from so unlikely a spot as Bedale, in Yorkshire. It is really refreshing to find that down there, at Bedale, Crashaw's poems have been lovingly edited and accurately printed. The editor, Mr. J. R. Tutin, writes a modest and rather naïve preface, in which he adopts the editorial we, and ends a paragraph with the word "of." But Mr. Tutin's work is genuine and valuable. His task has been mainly to present the best text of the poet, to arrange his poems in the best order, and to print them in the orthography of the present day. Every page has been worked up in a leisurely way, almost as rare in these days as the apparition of Bedale on a title-page.

LOOKING through the larger of Mr. Tutin's volumes, containing "The Delights of the Muses," "Steps to the

Temple," &c., we are glad to renew our acquaintance with Crashaw's Divine Epigrams. Here are three examples :

DIVES ASKING A DROP.

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my pearl-tipp'd finger's top!
My wealth is gone; O go it where it will,
Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still!

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray! O, rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray;
One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not send his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

ON THE MIRACLE OF LOAVES.

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on Thee;
Thou to their teeth hast proved Thy Deity.

MESSRS. MUDIE'S new catalogue, just out, presents some notable improvements on previous issues. In it books are for the first time classified under subjects as well as under authors; hence subscribers can quickly look up works under Arts, History, Poetry, Sport, Travel, &c. It is the intention of Messrs. Mudie to make this classification more detailed and useful from year to year.

A CLEVER little "tautological tale," by Miss Grace Fraser, is published in the February *St. Nicholas*. Miss Fraser begins by declaring that she dreamed she was Dr. Roget, the author of the *Thesaurus of English Words*. All who know that useful work will appreciate the narrative of her dream, in which "a gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten, with the words:

'Come, come, my good fellow, bowl, trundle, roll along!'

'H'm,' thought I, 'what it is to be stout! Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!' And turning, I exclaimed:

'Go! begone! get you gone! get away! go along! be off! off with you! get along with you! go about your business! go your way! avaunt! aroynt! away with you!'

'Whew!' cried the saucy man. 'What an irascible, susceptible, excitable, irritable, fretful, fidgety, peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fellow it is!'

This annoyed me.

'Sir,' I said, 'you shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, flout, twit, roast, taunt, or make game of me; this is ill-treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, persecution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand!'

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively: 'What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub-faced, lubberly, hulky, unwieldy—'

This was more than flesh and blood could stand."

Exciting incidents followed, but finally the conversation, "which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terseness, compression, condensation, or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, *finis*, *finale*, finish, determination, and end."

Bibliographical.

THE example Mr. George Alexander has set in preparing and publishing an illustrated history of the theatre over which he presides is one which ought to be followed. Let each actor-manager in London do the same—that is to say, when he has anything to record, which is hardly the case with, say, Mr. Tree (at Her Majesty's) and Mr. Wyndham (at the theatre named after him). Truth to tell, the old theatres in London are but few. The Lyric, the Shaftesbury, the Comedy, the Prince of Wales's,

Daly's, Terry's, are comparatively mushrooms. But there is a good deal to be told about Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Strand, the Olympic, and even about the Vaudeville, the Opera Comique, the Globe, and the Criterion, which, though by no means ancient, has made its mark upon the drama of to-day. Drury Lane found an historian in Edward Stirling, the playwright; but his work is scrappy at the best: moreover, it is much out of date. The *Chronicles of the Gaiety*, as we all know, have been written, down to quite recent times, by Mr. Hollingshead. The late E. L. Blanchard told the story of many of our theatres in successive issues of the *Era* "Almanack"; he did not, however, collect and reprint his work, and so the only available accounts of London theatres generally, in volume form, are Mr. Michael Williams's *Some London Theatres, Past and Present*, published in 1883, and Mr. Barton Baker's *London Stage*, brought out in 1889.

Are Anthony Trollope's novels bought nowadays? Read, no doubt, they may be at the public and circulating libraries; but do people purchase his stories? To the best of my knowledge, none of them have been reprinted in the 'nineties; and in the 'eighties the reprints were confined, apparently, to a baker's dozen out of all his imaginative progeny. It may well be that the time has come for a reissue of his fictions; but, if I were the publisher, I should make a careful selection for the purpose. The "Barchester" series, we may take it, will live; but how about the many tales put forward by their author after the *Last Chronicle* of that cathedral town? Like Mrs. Oliphant, Trollope probably never wrote a wholly worthless story; but for the merely mediocre there is no life nowadays or hereafter. Trollope has lately enjoyed the distinction of being praised both by Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. C. K. Shorter. One wonders, however, whether these writers have not commended the fertile Anthony somewhat as Calverley eulogised the organ-grinder:

But I've heard mankind abuse thee;
And perhaps it's rather strange,
But I thought that I would choose thee
For encomium as a change.

So we are not to have a new *Life* of Leigh Hunt from the pen of Mrs. Thornton Williams, or any one else. Candidly, I do not think any such work is needed. We have Hunt's autobiography, to begin with; we have his correspondence (edited by his son); and we have the monograph, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, in the "Great Writers" series. It seems hardly worth while to write another biography in order to prove that Hunt was not the "original" of Harold Skimpole. At the same time, I hold that the prevailing opinion of Hunt's work and influence in literature is lower than his deserts, and implies a limited acquaintance with his products. The fairest estimate of him as a writer is contained, I think, in Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorpe*.

It is to be feared that the theatrical newspapers, whatever their other merits, do not cultivate a very close acquaintance with published literature. I notice that in its current number the *Era* (the Bible and Prayer-Book of "the profession") commits itself to the statement that "Aglavaine and Selysette" is the name of the new one-act play by Maurice Maeterlinck." Now, we know that "Aglavaine and Selysette" is in five acts, not one, and that an English translation of it was published two and a half years ago. The *Era*, therefore, perpetrates two inaccuracies in one short sentence.

More Meredithiana. A courteous correspondent, writing from Liverpool, tells me that in 1898 he printed, "for private circulation only," a Calendar of Meredithian Philology. This I have not seen, but my correspondent promises that I shall have the opportunity of inspecting a copy, and, in that case, I may describe it to my readers. All these things go to show how sharp an impression Mr. Meredith's "philosophy" has made upon his English-speaking contemporaries.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Art of Mr. Israel Zangwill.

They that Walk in Darkness. By Israel Zangwill.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. ZANGWILL is that rarity—a man who knows the homeless race not merely by a few columnar figures, standing grandiosely in the world's history, as Disraeli knew them; not by philosophical induction, as George Eliot was more or less obliged to know them; but by being a Jew, by living the Jew life, by loving the Jew language, and (it cannot be impertinent to add) by loving the Jew religion. You read that Mr. Zangwill was head boy in the Jews' Free School in Spitalfields; that he remained at the school as a teacher; and that, in the leisure afforded by his laborious occupation, he studied to such purpose that he graduated B.A. at London University with triple honours before he was twenty-one. The character of Herbert Strang, the gold medallist in *The Master*, shows that Mr. Zangwill is the last person to claim that the promise of brilliant success in letters was held out by his academic successes. Indeed, he began—shall we say, as a Jew?—flashily. *The Premier and the Painter*, written in collaboration with Mr. Louis Cowen, is just what you would expect during that period of insincerity when an abnormally clever writer is plotting to hit the public taste. Yet it is a work to be viewed indulgently, inasmuch as it is delightfully droll. It is the history of events which took place after an exchange of environments effected by two people who were, physically, almost the doubles of each other. One is the prime minister, the other an artisan. The history is written from the point of view of remote posterity. Characters such as Lord Bardolph Mountchapel and Sir Stanley Southleigh give the book the characteristics of a transparent *roman à clef*, and the way is clearly pointed for a serious burlesque like Mr. Max Beerbohm's *1880*. The book would have gained artistically if the footnotes—one of its most amusing features—had been more numerous. Nothing could be more ludicrously typical of a certain kind of sober history than the footnote on Mr. George R. Sims:

A popular journalist and dramatist of the period—afterwards member for a Metropolitan borough. Not to be confounded with Sims Reeves, a famous bass, not a baritone (as the author of *Social Life in the Reign of Victoria* affirms), who seems to have been referred to among his friends by his Christian name.

So far, and even in *The Bachelors' Club* and *The Old Maids' Club*, we see Mr. Zangwill an entertainer of the public, scarcely an artist. His sense of humour is an asset upon which he draws at random. He is at times as fatuously foolish as the young clerk making himself agreeable at a tea-party. Yet he can also write so witching a line as "I lent him the shilling with which he cut me off." An atmosphere of balderdashery surrounds the Club books, and all apparently because Shakespeare punned! It is not an atmosphere which a cultivated person can breathe with patience, however close together may be the intermittent flashes of real sprightliness. A peep into *Ariel* confirms one's opinion of the inequality of Mr. Zangwill's humour. Listen to this. It is the "new version" of the Lord of Burleigh:

He is thought a bold highwayman
By the village maiden's pa,
Who may hang as high as Haman
Though he boldly laughs Ha! Ha!

Is it not shocking—parody—in the pit, so to speak? But the series entitled "*Ariel's Press Cutting Agency*"—a series of newspaper pages imitated both typographically and as regards literature from various "esteemed contemporaries," were delicious essays in that difficult art. *Ariel* died February 5, 1892, and Mr. Zangwill proceeded to the

publication of a really great book. *The Children of the Ghetto* is a veritable epic of London Jewry. It is overlaid with effects of melodrama; it insists on entering our sympathies by a sort of pugilism. But how it glows and tingles with life! how copious is its information! Note, too, how the story depends on the local colour. His sophisticated and voluble Jews of the West are but stuffed men, however, compared with his Malkas and Moses Ansell. Pinchas, the Hebrew poet who replied "it shall be all besom" when the actor-manager reminded him that a broom should figure prominently in his play, is a marvellous portrait. Any of the figures in the Club books must needs shrivel up if set beside him, for he is, like one of Leighton's models, drawn from the very bones—a genius, a wind-bag, a colossal egoist, a child. Reb Shemuel, devout and recklessly generous, is a portrait which almost convinces one of the reasonableness of Judaism in spite of the reaction of his belief upon the fate of his daughter. A perusal of *The Children of the Ghetto* and the other Ghetto books strikingly illustrates the rooted Judaism of their author. Even now we can hear Hannah slam the door in her lover's face, and listen to his mockery of the law which prohibits a Cohen from marrying a woman who has got Gett. Yet Gentiles though we are, and deeply sensible of the tragedy of this love, we feel as the Celts felt when one of their number was called by the Ninth Wave, that David Brandon had to go forth alone and see his Hannah no more. Hannah was right in obeying the Rabbis, though all the Rabbis were wrong. It is the tragedy of the agnostical martyr. Once a Jew always a Jew would indeed seem to be one of Mr. Zangwill's convictions. One recalls four death-bed scenes at least where erring Jews yield up their ghosts to the slow music of orthodoxy. No one knows better than Mr. Zangwill that the religious sense is indestructible, and that there is no such thing as "emancipation" from it. For the rest he would seem to be in sympathy with the poet who exclaimed:

Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That man did ever find.

The remarkable little story in his last book about the Jewish mother who took her blind boy to Rome to be healed by the Pope, and a chapter (VII. of Book II.) in *The Master*, may be cited in this connexion.

In *The Master* Mr. Zangwill turned his back on the Ghetto. It is the story of an artist's struggle to succeed, and of the moral conflict which ensued on his success. From working in a saw-mill Matthew Strang proceeds, *via* house-painting and bird-stuffing, to exhibiting in the Royal Academy. It is a very hard climb, and described with so much circumstantiality that the reader shares the fatigue of it. Marriage makes Matthew a hostage to fortune—marriage without love. Not even Douglas Jerrold has depicted with more relentless realism the special terror wielded by the feminine nagger than Mr. Zangwill in Rosina. She has intoxicated Matthew once as women do; anon she fades; she has no secrets, no resources of intellect. And Matthew falls in love again. It is his author's decision that he shall not leave Rosina; it is the one note of Judaism in the book: *as a man has sown, so shall he reap*—a noble note when a man sounds it to himself. So Matthew gives up his sensual dream, and paints as he had never painted before. The book contains several vivid portraits of artists, and a great deal of clever studio talk. Yet one would not exchange Colthurst for Matthew or Culpepper or any other of Mr. Zangwill's artists, for about Lucas Malet's stutterer is a charm of more intimate humanity. Matthew, the self-taught, listening intelligently to a German song while he is swimming, is a little too Crichtonian. To return from particularisation, he is a little too vague as a man, however important he may be as a "master." The Nova Scotian

local colour of the first part of the story is admirably vivid. Here, at least, is a man who paints.

In *They that Walk in Darkness*, his latest book, Mr. Zangwill returns to the Ghetto, the Ghettos of the world. It has been said that he is repeating himself. This is scarcely true; but it is true that his Jewish love of sublime effects is a little undisciplined. He invites us to trace the decay of his imagination by comparing "Satan Mekatrig" with "Bethulah." There is no decay, and "Bethulah" is more delicate work than "Satan Mekatrig," which is a decade younger. Satan disports in "an unspeakable eeriness, an unnameable unholiness"; and it is easy to believe, as one listens to one claptrap effect after another, that the story is in very truth the product of youth. But is "Bethulah" quite good enough? A blaspheming Jew, spending his nights with Satan, and rescued by his wife's prayers, is an ambitious theme; a virgin waiting at the grave's gate to give birth to the Messiah is a theme either to be treated with such irony as only an agnostic of genius can command or with such pity as only a poet of genius can express. Mr. Zangwill is not agnostical enough, he is not daring enough, he is not poetical enough for his theme. Grant that the story has imagination, you must admit its inconclusiveness, its artificiality. But *The Keeper of Conscience* is worthy of the hand that drew Rosina and Malka. The coarse and vulgar natures whom Salvina, the board-school teacher, tries to keep in seemliness are felt by the pained reader to be fundamentally stronger than she; it is their very identity which they vindicate in their shameless triumph over their mentor.

To sum up, Mr. Zangwill is the unrivalled exponent of the modern Jew. Jews who read him admit it: there are other Jews who cannot bear with him, but who do not deny his accuracy. He has the gift of minutiae. He has tapped the wealth of higgling, sordid lives. He has a tenderness rare in philosophers. He knows the pathos of toil and of atrophy in the midst of strenuousness. His women are drawn with the hand of native chivalry. Such women as Hannah and Debby and Ruth cannot die, though it be a mortal hand that shaped them. The genius of patience is his, for to tell what you know is so hard a thing. Even he had first to write his topsy-turvy romance and Club books. But at last, instead of at first, he writes like an artist of what he knows—the thing he knows being a special world full of symbols and shibboleths, at which the public pricks up its ears. And this world is at home. To travel widely is to see things with splendid perfunctoriness; to talk to everybody is to litter one's language with argot. Hence—with genius—Mr. Kipling. Mr. Zangwill, tireless in pursuit of his race all over the world, is still at home, for they are homeless, and his argot is of stately origin. Hence—with genius—another great man, and a far more intellectual one. But it is just that intellectuality which makes him less great than he might be. The man of ideas has not quite learned how to become the artist in expression, partly because he has the lecturer's abnormal fluency. His metrical gift, however, evinced in the fine sonnet on the two greatest Jews of all time, which serves as a prelude to *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, and the remarkable achievement in choral prose at the end of that work ("Chad Gadya"), suggests that he may yet realise his own perfect definition of Art—"a revelation of beautiful truth through the individual vision."

The Making of a Book.

Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul. By T. Rice Holmes. (Macmillan. 16s.)

In a singularly interesting preface to this monumental book, Mr. Holmes tells how he came to make it. He set out with the simple and kindly object of writing an English narrative of the Gallic wars which should induce school-boys to believe that there is really good reading in the Commentaries. He looked forward to an easy task, a recreation after serious historical toil. He was undeceived. He had not reckoned, as he thinks, with the character of his material; in reality, with his own temperament. Unfortunately for himself, but fortunately for historical science, Mr. Holmes has the instinct for doing things thoroughly. He began to fill in Cæsar's gaps, and then all was up with trifling.

In the first place, the very narrative of the Commentaries raises more questions than it solves. Whatever Cæsar's object in writing them was, it certainly was not to explain everything to an inquisitive modern.

He has left many questions obscure—questions of geography, of ethnology, of sociology, of religion, of politics, and of military science. To throw light upon these questions, and to explain the difficulties in his language, has engaged the labour of a host of scholars—geographers, antiquaries, anthropologists, ethnologists, archaeologists, military specialists, philologists, learned editors; and the works which they have produced, the greater part of which are scattered in the learned periodicals of foreign countries, would fill a large library. If the bulk of these works are mainly controversial or exegetical, if they are largely devoted to the discussion and elucidation of ancient texts, yet on this point or on that many of them are virtually original authorities. They contain scraps of genuine information, which enable one to fill up gaps in the memoirs of the conqueror. Excavators have discovered disputed sites. Coins, inscriptions, rusty weapons, and even skulls have added items to our store of knowledge. Soldier-scholars, trained to observe the geographical features of a country, have travelled, Commentaries in hand, through the length and breadth of France, and Belgium, and Alsace, and Switzerland; and, if prejudiced zeal or local patriotism have often misled them, their united efforts have not been in vain.

Furthermore, Mr. Holmes was bound to be curious on certain points which lay outside his main theme, but were at least implied by it. Who were the Gauls? What were their ethnological relations to their German, their Iberian neighbours? To what level of political, of religious culture had they advanced before the Conquest?

Once launched on these lines, Mr. Holmes "read on year after year." His bibliographical note gives some idea of the formidable mass of printed matter through which he has waded. In the result, the "English narrative," as may be guessed, shows but small beside the vast mass of illustrative, controversial, and critical matter with which it is accompanied. This amounts to a complete survey, not only of the history of the conquest in its minutest detail, but also of every possible aspect of the pre-history of unconquered Gaul. The narrative occupies an hundred and fifty out of eight hundred and fifty pages. It is followed by a long essay on the nature and object of the Commentaries, and of Cæsar's credibility as an historian. This Mr. Holmes defends vivaciously against numerous attacks. Then come elaborate and profoundly learned sections on the races of Gaul, on the geographical names in the Commentaries, on the sociology of Gaul, on the military structure of Cæsar's army, and, finally, a series of discussions on one moot point after another, to the number of about a hundred, which the historian's own account of his campaigns affords. Finally he tops up, at the end of the preface, with a note on "The Busts of Cæsar," and another in which he pulverises an unfortunate recent edition of the Commentaries for some hasty theories with

regard to Colonel Stoffel's military excavations on the sites of Avaricum, Gergovia, and Alesia.

Of the total outcome of Mr. Holmes's labours we do not attempt to offer a critical opinion: that is work for a Mommsen. To the pains with which he has summed up a vast mass of erudition—gathered together, most of it, from innumerable and often profitless monographs, programmes, and periodicals; to the judicial temper in which he has sifted his material, and to the lucid manner in which he has set forth the outcome, we can at least bear witness. It is a book with which every future scholar, English or Continental, who touches the subject must reckon. Let us conclude by quoting, as a specimen of Mr. Holmes's manner, a passage from the close of his long inquiry into the alleged *mala fides* with which the Commentaries were written:

No history is absolutely true; and Cæsar assuredly made mistakes. He is often laconic to a fault: he often writes with a looseness of expression which was natural in a busy man who did not write for cavillers, who made large demands upon the intelligence of his readers, and who, moreover, had not the fear of modern critics before his mind: he was sometimes either uncritical or careless in reproducing the statements of his lieutenants; writing as a politician, not as a historian, he may have thought it discreet to withhold valuable and interesting information: he doubtless exaggerated, consciously or unconsciously, the numbers of his enemies, and the losses which he or his lieutenants had inflicted upon them: he may have glossed over a mistake or two; he may have concocted a partial narrative of the one defeat which he himself sustained; and I am willing to believe that his memoirs leave upon the mind an impression of his prowess, if not of his character, more favourable than would have been produced by the narrative of an impartial and well-informed historian. I am willing to believe that, if he had had a solid political object to gain, he would have had recourse, as we are told that Bismarck had recourse, to brazen mendacity. Mendacity is a weapon which, in this wicked world, no statesman can afford to do without. I do not claim for Cæsar that he had the passion for truth that inspires Mr. Rawson Gardiner. Even Mr. Baring Gould would hardly maintain that if Cæsar could have armed himself for his duel with Pompey by garbling the history of the Gallic war he would have resisted the temptation. Only the temptation was not there. On the whole, Cæsar could afford to tell the truth. He did full justice to his lieutenants: he wrote generously of his enemies; and I see no reason for believing that he was ashamed of anything he had done.

The Child and the Colony.

Child Life in Colonial Days. By Alice Morse Earle. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a companion and supplemental volume to Miss Earle's delightful book, *Homes Life in Colonial Days*. It is written and illustrated on the same plan as that work, and resembles it in the wealth of its rare collected information, its museum-like surprises. Miss Earle rightly points out that she gives us the fruits of many years of search, and of what Emerson calls "the catlike love of garrets, presses, and cornchambers, and of the conveniences of long housekeeping." Miss Earle has her hobby, and her books could be written by no one else.

The children of the Pilgrim Fathers! How little one has thought of them—those wide-eyed, twice dependent, children who crossed the Atlantic with their stern parents. It is delightful to learn from an old chronicler that they landed on a June day, "with a smell on the shore like the smell of a garden." Dark and deathful days were to follow. The conditions of life proved too rough at first for the younglings; the winters nipped them at their birth. The child that was born in winter had need to be born, not made, a Spartan. Within a few days of his

coming he was baptized in the meeting-house with water obtained by breaking the ice in the christening bowl. It seems incredible, but it was so. Judge Sewall, the grand old judge of Whittier's "Snowbound," diarised as follows under January 22, 1694:

A very extraordinary Storm by reason of the falling and driving of Snow. Few women could get to Meeting. A Child named Alexander was baptized in the afternoon.

Alexander the Great could hardly have stood that. In old family Bibles Miss Earle has found the saddest records of child mortality, yet it is a question whether the children perished most of privation or of the nostrums with which they were dosed. In 1647 a shocked observer wrote "a Most Desperate Booke against taking of Phissick"; it was ordered to be burned.

But if children died in heartrending numbers they were born in numbers that ensured the continuance of the race. Families of twelve to well-nigh thirty children were common. Sir William Phips was one of twenty-six children. Green, the printer of Boston, was the father of thirty. Franklin had sixteen brothers and sisters. The Rev. Cotton Mather had fifteen children. Mme. Austin, of Narrangansett, had sixteen children, all of whom lived to seventy years or more. And so on, and so on. The children received names packed with religious significance. "Mr. Buck celebrated the *Pelegging*, or dividing of Virginia into legislative districts, by naming his third child Peleg." A widow of a barber-surgeon who had died in the snow in his endeavour to reach a distant patient, named her child—very beautifully and sadly—Fathergone. In the Roper family Seeth was a common name. It was plucked by a pious Roper from the text, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth." "My child shall be named Seeth," was his exclamation, as he closed the family Bible. An entry in Judge Sewall's diary: "I named my little Daughter Sarah. Mr. Torrey said, 'Call her Sarah and make a Madam of her.' I was struggling between *Mehetabel* or Sarah." How long the struggle might have lasted we know not, but the usual searching appeal was made to the Bible, and the good judge adds: "When I saw Sarah's standing in the Scripture, viz.: Peter, Galatians, Hebrews, Romans, I resolv'd on that suddenly." The children of Roger Clap were named Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Unite, and Supply; and Richard Gridley named his three successive infants Return, Believe, and Tremble.

The children were sent regularly to the cold school-houses, and the parents supplied logs as part of the school pay and as the only assurance of their children's warmth when at lessons. The child of a parent who failed to send his tale of firewood was banished to the coldest part of the schoolroom. Paper was scarce, and the children did their sums on birch bark, which they took from the fragrant woods. The importance of the birch tree in the colonial educational system cannot, therefore, be easily exaggerated. Birch trees were wofully plentiful, and "Massachussetts's schools resounded with strokes of the rod." Queer, cruel chastisements were in vogue. The "flapper" was a piece of leather, six inches broad, with a hole in the middle, and fastened to a stick. "Every stroke on the bare flesh raised a blister the size of the hole in the leather." A brutal Boston schoolmaster bastinadoed his boys. A boy would be sent out to cut a branch from a tree; the cut end was then split, and his nose placed in it, making him suffer and look ridiculous. Miss Betty Higginson, who ran a school in Salem, used to make a child hold a heavy dictionary by a single leaf, and woe to the child who allowed the leaf to tear. It is only fair to record Miss Betty's generous reward of real merit: she would, on occasion, divide a single strawberry into six portions and divide these among the good scholars; to the very best boy or girl she gave a "bussee"—that is to say, a kiss.

Girls fared badly at school, and when more enlightened days came a farmer expressed the older feeling in these words: "In winter it's too far for girls to walk; in summer they ought to stay at home to help in the kitchen." The back-board, not the black-board, was the chief instrument of girls' training. Stays and coats were stiffened with ribs of wood and metal, and the race of women became erect and flat-chested, as their portraits show.

The story of Puritan life is always the story of a growing gaiety. In 1684 Increase Mather could preach against "Gynecandrical Dancing, or that which is commonly called Mixt or Promiscuous Dancing of Men and Women, be they elder or younger Persons together." But such preaching became more and more futile. Dancing, however, was taken seriously. A maiden who forgot her turn in a country dance at the Philadelphia Assembly was thus reproved by the M.C.: "Give over, Miss. Take care what you are about. Do you think you come here for your pleasure?" Sermons against dancing ceased, and "Ordination-balls" became an institution in the Church. But in Miss Earle's pages we never stray far from the wholesome restraints of the old order; we peep shyly at the world, and are kept from the flesh and the devil.

Urquhart of Cromartie.

Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie. By John Willcock. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 6s.)

RECENT times have shown the oddest sort of revival of the fame of Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, as all men know him, the most fantastic creature of mediæval romance and mediæval imaginativeness, as a few are now beginning to recall. In truth Urquhart may almost be said to have been the last of the mediævalists. The age to which he was born was emphatically the beginning, the throwing open of the gates, as it were, of modernity. Cromwell and the Restoration do not sound particularly mediæval. Yet here was one of that age who practically, despite an extraordinary literary capacity, subscribed nothing original of any sort or kind to the advance of any modern thought, or to anything which should be in the least to the advantage of posterity. Milton was writing *Paradise Lost*, Shakespeare was dead, Bacon had published *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum*; yet here was a man belonging to an age subsequent to that of these men, himself at one time a prisoner in the hands of the Lord Protector, a man of amazing keenness and subtlety of intellect, learned, accomplished, and living every ounce of his life, standing with his back turned most deliberately upon the times with which he was contemporary, and intent upon nothing but the curious love and intimate researches of an age that was as dead as Sisera. It is for that reason that we are persuaded that, had he never translated Rabelais, his name would never have emerged from the roll-call of his own generation. Everything he did, all his dreams and desires, came to the world a century and a half old. They were stillborn; and all the fantastic powers of his vivid and vital brain would not save his theories from their necessary fate.

Yet the man himself must always have extraordinary fascinations for the student. An imagination at all times bordering upon absolute intoxication, an acquisitive power over words to which Shakespeare's vocabulary can alone be compared, a belief in himself of the sublimest and most complacent kind, an aspiring and scheming brain which reeled off panacea after panacea for nothing less than the whole universe—he would not have been content with a bauble less splendid—a dreamer, a poet, a soldier, a mathematician, a traveller, a wit, a scholar, a theorist, a philanthropist (in speculation), a philosopher, a lover of fine dress, and a man of most elegant and charming presence—what picture could be more engrossing or more

provocative? Thanks to his translation of Rabelais we have the desire and the wish to make the acquaintance of so volatile and exquisite a spirit; for, as we have said, save for that amazing work, it would likely have gone hard with Urquhart's lasting fame. Yet, again, if we perpend, his Rabelais was still part of his innate—we say innate, because there is no sign in his life that he consciously fought for an ideal—mediævalism. For Rabelais points both ways—backward to the abuses of history, forward to the remedy of those abuses. And it is only reasonable to suppose that Urquhart was rather attracted to the backward pointing of his great hero than to the voice of the prophet.

Mr. John Willcock, in his endeavour to portray the character and undertaking of Sir Thomas Urquhart, has made rather than written a book. He has gone to the works of the Knight of Cromartie for his material, and he is not sparing of quotation. But we cannot conscientiously say that he has done his work well. It is good that a book of this kind should have been written, but it might have been so much better done. A great deal of the comment is merely fatuous. Let us speak by the card. It appears that in the sixteenth century vacations were suppressed at the Aberdeen University. Mr. Willcock actually adds a footnote to say that an "eminent Yorkshire educationist" introduced "the same rule into the establishment under his charge." Mr. Willcock refers to Mr. Squeers! "One of the ways," says he, "in which the elder Sir Thomas succeeded in impoverishing himself and his family was in becoming bail for people who absconded." This he "infers," because there is record that it happened once. Mr. Willcock describes Portia as "the fair critic"; and a little later on, again in a footnote, in all seriousness he trots out Mr. Micawber and Uriah Heep as illustrations of outright historical facts. These are all eclipsed, however, by the remarkable statement: "*It is probable that he died much sooner, a victim in all likelihood to fiery restlessness of spirit. This conjecture is, however, improbable.*" How can a man bring himself to think so loosely? When Mr. Willcock is playful he can gambol like any ichthyosaurus. "One of them [the Muses]," he writes, describing a picture, "seems inclined to give Sir Thomas a sprinkling; but refrains either because it was unnecessary or for fear of spoiling his nice new clothes." Mr. Willcock's reference to Browning's enjoyment of "a jolly chapter of Rabelais" "over a bottle of Chablis" is: "Some have turned over Rabelais and searched for the jolly chapter in vain, and have, perhaps, attributed their failure to the want of a bottle of Chablis." Comment is superfluous. Finally, a little specimen of Mr. Willcock's grammar: "François Rabelais was born in Touraine, according to the date usually given, and which there is reason," &c. In a word, Mr. Willcock has not, as a matter of fact, produced a worthy book on Urquhart. His writing is loose, his criticism is a trifle vague, and his humour is deplorable. We should have looked to the chapter on the translation of Rabelais as the most interesting in such a work; but we grieve to say that it is extremely thin, containing no novelty either in style, in thought, or in criticism. (In spite of a grammarian's protest, the present writer thinks that "either" and "or" may be applied to any number of qualities, for the simple reason that you may have any number of alternatives, or because there are more than two colours!) Page after page of this chapter, which is by no means a long one, consists simply of quotation from the translation—no less, that is, than twelve pages out of twenty-six. The remainder is to quite an appreciable extent gathered from other writers—Mr. Tytler, Sir Theodore Martin, and others; while Mr. Willcock's own contributions to the subject seem to us of quite insignificant value. In a word, the true Life of Urquhart, which shall be a brilliant summary of the man and his writings, has yet to be written.

Fluent and Unselective.

Rus. By Laurence Housman. (The Unicorn Press.)

To go about with a perpetual pencil, so to speak, ready to jot down perpetual little poems upon the smallest thought or impulse, is a perilous way of writing, and to commit them wholesale to print is a perilous way of publishing. We do not say that *Rus* was written in this way; but it contains far too much evidence of fluent and unselective composition. A poet should look askance at some of the moods which present themselves for verse, or at least he should be exacting as to the results. The remark as to the "perpetual pencil" was rather called forth by the appalling facility of versifiers in general at the present day than applied literally to Mr. Housman's book. We are, and have been, consistent admirers of Mr. Housman's poetry. In his first volume of religious poems, especially, we found a distinguished quality of compact and novel thought, taking one by surprise in its union with a quick and original fancy. But it is impossible not to express the fear that Mr. Housman is writing too much, or rather too fast. His books of late have followed on each other's heels; and *Rus*, in particular, comes when we had scarcely risen from the review of *The Little Land*. Quick publication, we are aware, may be deceptive. It may result from the accumulated store of years, not from hurried production. But the internal evidence of Mr. Laurence Housman's books tends to confirm our misgiving. *The Little Land* was distinctly more loose, less full of matter, than his previous volume, and this, we are sorry to say, is weaker than *The Little Land*. *The Little Land*, moreover, was leavened by some fine work, and one quite notable bit of work in the shape of the strikingly-lovely "Cupid and Christ." Here we have found no such radiant star. It is by way, apparently, of being a sequence; but the connecting thread is in the poet's mind; it is not made out—nor does it seem Mr. Housman's intention it should be made out—to the reader. That would matter little were the poems individually of interest. Our complaint is not that Mr. Housman has become cheap, or careless, or essays the modes of easy popularity; it is that he has become diluted. Of the poems which compose *Rus* we must needs say that they are thin. And that is exactly what we should expect from too much writing.

There is the old air about the poems, the point and neatness of expression; poem after poem wakens expectations of matter to come; but it fails, and we finish with a sense of disappointment. The thought, the idea, is not quite distinguished enough. A little more, you often feel, would have done it;

But the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

as Browning sang. We want that little more of Mr. Housman, and with a little less production he might surely give it us, as he has done before.

Another point in some of these poems is their difficulty. Mr. Housman has always been fond of curiously-knitted expression (in the higher sense of the word "curious"), and partly, perhaps, it is this carried to some interior extreme which accounts for the deficiency. Still more, we think, it is a complete failure to realise how little he has done to put his reader at the same mental standpoint with himself—the same *initial* standpoint. Of course, a poet may play the trick of stimulating his reader by keeping him in the dark up to the final stanza, and then bursting the meaning on him like an apex-bud. Mr. Housman does it at least once; but it is perilous, and cannot, moreover, account for all the difficulty we experience. There is a poem on page 17 which we have read several times; and the apparent insanity of each individual stanza can only be surpassed by the apparent insanity of the whole. The central conception remains in Mr. Housman's mind, and finds no way into the poem, which is like programme-music

without the programme. What is meant by such an image as—

Day drew forth its mandrake-root?

In Mr. Housman's better vein is such a poem as "An Empty Hermitage," with its fine idea regarding the prayer-hollowed stone:

Who knows in what dark anguish ailed
Yon soul of flesh and bone?
The prayer, because the spirit failed,
Hath carved itself in stone.

Would all were like that! But though *Rus* shows that Mr. Laurence Housman remains a poet, it is not the best we expect from him—and still expect.

"Practical John."

According to My Lights. By John Hollingshead. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

MANY of the papers in this book are very short, very thin, and have lost the interest they had upon their first appearance in newspaper or magazine. But they make pleasant reading, because of the genial personality behind them, the personality of a man who has known both success and failure, and has taken both with a delightfully cynical optimism. To most of us Mr. Hollingshead is known mainly as the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, the guardian of the "sacred lamp," the caterer of popular amusements. "Caterer" is the word he would use; for he has no illusions as to elevating the masses; he only wants to let them enjoy themselves in their own manner and pay in their own way. But he has played many parts in his time. Not only has he managed the Gaiety and rented a Rowton cubicle; he has been the friend of Thackeray and Dickens, and the two most interesting papers in his book are concerned with the famous editors for whom he wrote. Thackeray, it seems, had no head for business; but he had very long legs. Mr. Hollingshead remembers him on the box-seat of an omnibus. "I have often seen him going through Regent-street, in the middle of the day, with one of his long legs hanging down far below the foot-board." For the *Cornhill* Thackeray tried "(hard for him) to get a new set of writers together." But at the inaugural dinner "it was Tom, Dick, and Harry shaking hands with Bill, Sam, and Bob, and our chief standing before the fire smiling, with his hands under his coat-tails." "It's no use," he said, "trying to get new men; there's only a certain number of cabs upon the stand." Of Thackeray's manner of work Mr. Hollingshead has some curious observations. He had a secretary in Onslow-square, "a feeble secretary, but a good companion," who had acted in the same capacity to Carlyle. But Thackeray seems to have fled from his secretary:

He wrote a very small, neat hand, and used slips of note-paper. These he would often gather up and put in his coat pocket, leaving his secretary at work, and stroll down to the Athenæum Club. Here, if he could get a comfortable table and was not waylaid by any gossip, to whom he was always ready to give an attentive ear, he would pull out his slips and carry his story a few steps further. In an hour or two he would again collect the scattered papers and go on to the Garrick Club, where, if not interrupted, he would resume his writing. This habit of composing in public frightened many of the old club fogies, who thought they were being caricatured for posterity, and no doubt helped to get him blackballed at the 'Travellers'.

Dickens, for whom Mr. Hollingshead acted as Champion Outdoor Young Man on *Household Words*, "was as great a contrast to Thackeray in appearance as he was in his writings. Dickens was a short, upright man of spare figure, who held his head very erect, and had an ener-

getic, industrious, not to say bustling appearance." He was supposed to do all his literary work between ten in the morning and two o'clock :

But when he was struggling with a new and perhaps difficult story, this hard and fast rule was relaxed. At two o'clock he would start on those monotonous twenty-mile walks, undertaken with a mistaken idea that intellectual work required to be balanced with a plentiful amount of physical exercise. His walks were always walks of observation, through parts of London that he wanted to study. . . . He was a master in London; abroad he was only a workman.

Mr. Hollingshead thinks this physical exercise helped to kill Dickens before his time :

He knew and felt that he had earned his tombstone in Westminster Abbey. That he retired to this resting-place so soon as he did I fully believe was mainly due to his mechanical walks, and the exhaustion and excitement caused by his "dramatic readings." A day or two before he died, I am told on good authority, he was found in the grounds of Gadshill, acting the murder scene between Sikes and Nancy.

There are other curious reminiscences in Mr. Hollingshead's book; but the two opening articles on Dickens and Thackeray are by far the most interesting.

Other New Books.

SIDELIGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA. BY ROY DEVEREUX.

In this little book Mrs. Devereux gives a most readable series of impressions of all the chief centres of interest in South Africa. Cape Town, Kimberley, Mafeking, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Pietermaritzburg, not forgetting Zanzibar, Portuguese and German East Africa, are all sketched, and very ably sketched too. But one regrets that a writer who has so fine a fancy and so good a gift of hitting off both scenes and men should fill so much of her book with statistics and dry arguments easily found in the works of reference. This little pen-picture of Oom Paul shows her perspicacity and her fairness at once :

The spectacle of an ignorant peasant imposing a vexatious rule over an educated multitude strikes one as a relic of barbarism, the subsistence of which is, after all, the greatest testimony to President Kruger's ability. His is the strength to sit still—that invulnerable strength which only comes from the lack of learning and of imagination. . . . The younger generation of Boers who disagree with his policy either fear to oppose it or are powerless to do so. The Executive tolerate his despotic will because of what he has done for the land, believing that the end of his activity is not very far off.

And here is a pretty sketch of the view of Table Mountain from the *steep* of Groote Schurr, Mr. Cecil Rhodes's South African home :

In the foreground is a series of terraces that mount the grassy hill, radiant with red salvia, and golden with orange trees. Two giant cedars, standing like sentinels on the summit, throw a trellis of frail black branches across the background of the mountain. It rears its height in dreamy opalescence against the sky, which is always here the bluest of things blue.

These are samples of Mrs. Devereux's style. Anyone who can detach his mind from war details for a moment will have a very clear and up-to-date idea of the land we are battling for after reading these picturesque sidelights on South Africa. (Sampson Low & Co.)

FINLAND AND THE TZARS, 1809-1899. BY J. R. FISHER.

That a barrister-at-law wrote *Finland and the Tzars* is evident on every page of this most judicial contribution to English literature dealing with Finland. "Of late years,"

says Mr. Fisher, "one or two ladies have written bright and readable sketches of travel in Finland, but these writers could naturally devote but little space to the political and historical questions that have now come to the front." To these questions Mr. Fisher gives full and exhaustive treatment in a work which is certainly not primarily bright and readable, though once and again the wisdom in it brightens into wit, as when, in dealing with the notorious "Tartars" episode of the spring of last year, there is made this comment: "It was a reversal of the Napoleonic *mot*: they scratched the Tartar and they found the Russian." It is in connexion with that episode, duly set forth in all its grotesque hideousness, that Mr. Fisher so far throws off the stern restraint which he has imposed upon himself as advocate for Finland as to use the expression "blackguardly tactics." Having used that expression, however, he characteristically adds that no one would wish to hold "respectable Russian publicists or officials, still less the Emperor himself," responsible for the tactics thus described. Yet to some of us the saddest aspect of the Finnish question is that really quite respectable Russian publicists and officials, and with them another quite respectable person, would seem to have succumbed to a form of delusional insanity which makes them, how wise and fair soever in other directions, quite unable to distinguish here between fair and foul. If Mr. Fisher refrains from comment on that staring fact with a view to conciliating those potent persons, and thus helping towards a consummation devoutly to be wished for, well and good. Well and good, too, if he hopes to win credence when he writes that while there are comprehensibly points concerning which disputes "might honestly arise" between Russia and Finland, "it is beyond all possibility of argument that the question of conscription is not one of them." The fact is, that only after reading and weighing the admirable arguments put forward by Mr. Fisher in dealing with this matter will it cease to be with many—as it has heretofore been with the present writer—a rooted belief that the Panalavists here stood on very strong ground. In sum, while Mr. Fisher is perhaps at his best, as he is certainly at his bravest, in dealing with the army question between Russia and Finland, his book throughout is good and profitable reading. (Arnold.)

THE RACES OF MAN.

BY J. DENIKER.

Dr. Deniker's contribution to the "Contemporary Science" series falls into two parts. To adopt a current but not very valuable distinction of terms, the first half is anthropology, and the second half ethnology. That is to say, the first half is an account of the distinctive characters of man as a species of the animal world, in which stress is laid at once on such characters as relate him to and differentiate him from other mammalian species, and on those which, by the greater or less amount of variability which they present, afford a basis for the further subdivision of the species into varieties or races. These variable characters range, of course, from such physical ones as head-form, hair-colour, and eye-colour, to such psychical ones as social organisation and methods of war and commerce—a wide field, which Dr. Deniker surveys in a most learned, orderly, and suggestive fashion. The second half deals with the distribution and relationships of existing races, and with the assumed pure human varieties, or, as the writer prefers to call them, "somatological units," which went to form these. It, therefore, covers much the same ground as Mr. Keane's *Man, Past and Present*, reviewed a few months ago in these columns. Dr. Deniker, however, although evidently acquainted with the work of Mr. Keane and of the great Italian ethnologist with whom Mr. Keane has so much in common, Prof. Sergi, gives in many respects a very different treatment of the vexed question of the origin of the European peoples. Instead of the threefold classification of *Homo*

Europæus, Alpinus, and Mediterraneus, which they posit, he suggests a more elaborate one implying six principal and four secondary races. Between them the two books give a very fair idea of the present position of science with regard to this difficult problem. A forthcoming work by Prof. Ripley will perhaps take the matter further. (Scott.)

SPANISH LITERATURE IN THE
ENGLAND OF THE TUDORS.

By JOHN GARRETT
UNDERHILL.

This is a thesis for a Columbian degree: it belongs, therefore, to a class of work very familiar in Germany, but almost unknown in our own country. Somewhat painfully and tediously written, it contains the results of genuine research, and should provide useful material for future historians of sixteenth-century literature. Mr. Underhill traces the history of Spanish influence upon English writers from the time of the Humanists to the close of Elizabeth's reign with the greatest minuteness, but he makes no attempt to magnify his office unduly. Indeed, he does not conceal his opinion that the extent of this influence as compared with that either of France or Italy was very slight. Three or four names sum up the most of it: there was Ludovicus, or Luis Vives, the Humanist, who began to lecture at Richard Foxe's fine new college of Corpus Christi, Oxford, early in the century; there was Antonio de Guevara, to the English translators of whose terribly "faked" historical writings we owe the beginnings of Euphuism; there was Montemayor, whose pastoral romance of "Diana" afforded a model for Sidney's "Arcadia," and provided Shakespeare with hints for plots; finally, there were the innumerable pamphleteers of adventure, whose artless chronicles formed the basis of Hakluyt's immortal "Voyages." To all of these Mr. Underhill does full justice, and earns the gratitude of the student with a bibliographical appendix which must have been truly laborious in the compiling. (Macmillan.)

THE "HAMPSTEAD ANNUAL."

EDITED BY G. E. MATHESON AND S. C. MAYLE.

This interesting "annual" has again descended from the heights into London, reporting Hampstead's beauty, Hampstead's culture, and Hampstead's pride in its notable inhabitants of old. Among this year's contributors are Prof. Hales, Dr. Garnett, Canon Ainger, and Mr. Arthur Waugh. Canon Ainger writes a biographical appreciation of Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted a miniature portrait of Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. She painted no fewer (we grieve to say that Canon Ainger says "no less") than five portraits of the poet, in two of which Mrs. Wordsworth appeared. Miss Gillies's residence in Church-row, Hampstead, during some of the later years of her life, brings her record within the scope of the *Annual*. Prof. Hales's paper on the sign of the "King of Bohemia," which occurs on an old inn in the Hampstead High-street, is quite a solid historical essay. Dr. R. F. Horton discourses on "suburbanity"; after pointing out that Hampstead now contains as many free citizens as did Athens, and that "man for man they are as good or better," he inquires why Athens was "wreathed with beauty and genius and glory," while Hampstead has only villa culture and an *Annual*.

The most literary paper in the volume is Dr. Garnett's "Notes on Some Poets Connected with Hampstead," and the most interesting point in this paper is the author's attempt to identify the source of Keats's famous lines about "stout Cortez," and "a peak in Darien" in his sonnet on Chapman's Homer. Dr. Garnett thinks that Keats must have read a certain foot-note to Wordsworth's "Excursion" in which Wordsworth refers in kindly terms to a crazed poet named William Gilbert, author of "The Hurricane." Wordsworth quotes a note appended by Gilbert to a passage in that poem. It is this note of

Gilbert's Dr. Garnett suspects to be the source from which Keats took his grand simile:

Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Gilbert's passage is not unworthy to have inspired a poet. This is it:

A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. . . . But, when he walks along the river of Amazons, when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes, when he measures the long and watered savannahs, or contemplates from a sudden promontory the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial.

Dr. Garnett's surmise is supported by the fact that the "Excursion" was published in 1814, three years before Keats's sonnet appeared.

Books of Travel.

No one who read and enjoyed *Thres in Norway* is likely to need incitement to buy *Peaks and Pines* (Longmans). Mr. J. A. Lees is as sprightly and entertaining as ever. The humours of "roughing it" and his love of Nature race for the reader's attention, and his drawings are amusing where they are not intentionally artistic. Another excellent book on roughing it, in grim earnest this time, is Mr. Harold Bindloss's *A Wide Dominion* (Fisher Unwin), which describes the experiences of those who are yearly opening up the undeveloped corners of Canada. A journey undertaken under far more comfortable conditions is Miss Phibbs's *Visit to the Russians in Central Asia* (Kegan Paul). With a party of English ladies and gentlemen, under a special permit from General Kuropatkin and the escort of courteous Russian officers, she and her companions travelled as far as Samarkand. Her pictures of the sights of Central Asia, her deft allusions to their old-world glories and heroes, and her friendly view of Russia's mission in those parts, combine to make her little volume most interesting. The photographs are well chosen and admirably reproduced. Equal praise may be bestowed on the excellent photographs contained in Dr. Arthur Neve's *Picturesque Kashmir* (Sands & Co.). The author has spent eighteen years in Kashmir, and here gives an itinerary of various trips within and beyond its borders to Thibet, into which he and his friends penetrated so far as to Ladak. As a medical missionary he has much knowledge of the human nature of Kashmiris and Dogras, Chitralis and Tibetans: but it is of the beauties of Nature in that land of magnificent mountains that he has most to tell us. Similarly Mr. Jozef Israels, in his *Spain* (John C. Nimmo), has found most suitable material for his sketch-book, and some thirty-nine of his sketches are reproduced. The veteran Dutch painter—he is over seventy-six—depicts with vivid brush and agreeable garrulity what took his eye in his tour through Spain. Illustrations abound also in the account of the *Victoria Nyansa* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), by Lieutenant Paul Kollman. But their interest is ethnographical rather than artistic, for they are mostly sketches of the various native utensils, weapons, &c., which the author has brought home with him from German East Africa. His accounts of the various tribes are conscientiously complete, and likely to prove useful to students in the future.

Fiction.

One Queen Triumphant. By Frank Mathew.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THIS novel, of which one of the chief scenes is the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, brings to mind that great neglected historical novel of Balzac's, *Sur Catherine de Medici*, the first part of which gives a superb picture of the same Mary and the tragic close of her brief idyll as the young wife of Francis II. of France. Mr. Mathew has this in common with Balzac, that his principal concern is with character rather than event. He can draw a great character on great lines. His Elizabeth, the principal person in the book, is well done. She is no conventional swaggering Bess, but a woman of true overmastering force, imposing herself upon you as an authentic creation. Mr. Mathew's sense of style helps him to render her "royal" speeches extremely effective:

"You speak despairingly," she said smiling. "You are free. You would do well to leave England. Sail tomorrow, if you like, but return. You will forget this brief fancy. Remember how the philosopher Thales was asked when a man should marry, and answered, 'A young man not yet, an older one not at all.' These fooleries will please you less when you hear creeping Time at your gate. I am past my relish for them. I am glad of it. I was not moulded to dandle babies, croon lullabies to them, and please them with idiotical talk; no, nor to woo a man's tenderness and be a toy for his leisure. Cherish your freedom. When you are unfit for toil it will be time to enfeeble yourself with amorous dallying. Here comes the dainty witch," she went on, as Mistress Winifred entered. "Child, the still moonlight has a home in your heart through all the troubled day. In this February dusk you are April, with cheeks heralding the dawn of the roses."

There is no fustian about this. Mary is not so good, possibly because in her case Mr. Mathew has too much tried to be subtle. But the narrative of her execution is noble.

The book is episodically so good that one closes it with a sense of keen disappointment, for Mr. Mathew, though he has gifts, does not know how to use them fully. What he lacks is constructive power, a feeling for cumulative effect. One's idea is that, through some failure of technical equipment, he is continually missing fire. We are inclined to urge that Mr. A. E. W. Mason should give him a few lessons in the *savoir faire* of fiction. He plans his intrigue so clumsily that at the back of the reader's mind is always the lurking fear: "Has some important point escaped me?" He also allows himself sometimes to be pretty in a feeble, unoriginal manner. The sugary close of the novel, and the constant employment of the "Nut-Brown Maid" song, and the vaticinatory use of the "Morte d'Arthur" are instances of this.

She Walks in Beauty. By Katharine Tynan.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

PRESUMABLY this novel is meant for "girls of all ages." It is constructed according to a recipe with which Mrs. Hinkson has made us familiar, and which, though she by no means originated it, has been greatly improved under her accomplished hands. If the novel for girls must be written at all, it could not easily be better than this. For Mrs. Hinkson has not only grace, she has humour, Irish humour. The characters and scenes are usually Irish, and she can contrive a scintillation of sparkling wit as well as any Irishwoman that ever wrote. It is on that account that we are inclined to pardon the too-saccharine quality of much of the novel, and the conventionality of many of the people in it. We can even pardon the scene in which

Mr. Graydon, impecunious heir to a title and wealth, goes to see the stern "old lord" in the aristocratic square, and chats with the man-servant (who had married the house-keeper), "Why, it is Master Archie!" he said, quavering. "Master Archie after all those years!" We can even pardon the final scene in which the sister of the heroine (so that all may be duly happy) herself proposes to that other old lord whom the heroine had jilted in favour of "Sir Anthony," her first love.

The humour—unfortunately it cannot be cut out in sections for quotation—saves the book, and indeed almost lifts it into the category of literature; but we doubt if it is the humour which will chiefly appeal to the book's special audience. It is rather the sweetness which will captivate. As thus:

"After to-day I will not call you darling till I have the right before all the world. After to-day. I meant to have held my tongue, but you bewildered me, Pamela. You are not angry with me?"

"No," came almost in a whisper.

"Lift up your eyes to me and say it. That is right. How beautiful your eyes are, Pamela! Say 'Tony' now."

"Tony."

"Dear Tony."

"Dear Tony."

"How sweetly you say it! It is like silver in your voice. But, come now, we will go home. I have to be wise, you know. Ah, Pamela, Pamela, why did you bring me to the Wishing Well?"

Mrs. Hinkson has a tact, a "touch," an "indefinable something," which carry her through these impossibly ideal episodes of girlish and boyish love with positive brilliance. A single slip, one error of literary discretion, and the scene might be either mawkish or ludicrous, or both. But that error is never committed. We regard *She Walks in Beauty* as a most adroit and successful essay in a branch of fiction full of peculiar and special difficulties.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LOST CONTINENT.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

There is almost a sense of loss in a book by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne where Captain Kettle does not figure; but as this work tells of the splendour and the disappearance of the mythical continent of Atlantis a place could not well be found for the redoubtable Captain. Those who like a story crowded with adventures, where mammoth beasts and priests with occult powers over the forces of nature jostle one another, will like *The Lost Continent*. In the end Atlantis is submerged by the sea. Only two people survive. They sail away in an ark to repopulate the world. A spirited, incredible yarn. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

ONORA.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Lady Gilbert's new story, like those which have preceded it, is intensely Irish, and prettily and sympathetically written. It is a happier book than her last, *Nanno*, which was gloom throughout. Onora is an Irish peasant girl, who after many privations comes at last to good fortune. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

A COURT TRAGEDY.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

A story within a story, telling of a German Court and the curious fatality attending performances of "Othello" at the State theatre. On the eighth day after every performance a death occurred in the Royal Family. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

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“The Best Hundred Books for Children.”

THE list of one hundred books for children, just compiled by the united efforts of nearly a thousand readers of the *Daily News*, is interesting, but it is hardly admirable. This list has been used by the judges as their touchstone in judging the prize of £10; for, according to the terms of the competition, the award was to go to the sender of the list approximating to it most nearly.

First, of this *plébiscite* list. It is interesting because it shows what nearly a thousand readers regard as (here we quote the *Daily News*' original announcement) the “Best Hundred Books for Children” selected with “the immediate object of furnishing suggestions which may possibly be of use to the Corporation of West Ham in a most excellent scheme which they have on foot: the establishment of a Children's Library for the use of their borough.”

It will be noted that under the express terms of the Competition all competitors were constituted literary advisers, so to speak, to the West Ham authorities. They were not asked to determine what are now the *most popular* books in the nursery. They were asked to advise as to what books should be placed in the hands of children by a responsible body, anxious to form a good library for children.

Here, then, is the *plébiscite* list, with the number of votes given to each book:

Robinson Crusoe	921	Coral Island	282
Anderson's Fairy Tales	877	Second Jungle Book	280
Alice in Wonderland	867	Parables from Nature	278
Tom Brown's School-days	831	At the Back of the North Wind	277
Pilgrim's Progress	824	Jessica's First Prayer	275
Grimm's Fairy Tales	817	Don Quixote	273
Little Women	757	A Peep Behind the Scenes	270
Arabian Nights	730	Boy's Own Annual	265
Little Lord Fauntleroy	727	Ministering Children	261
Alice Through the Looking-glass	723	Red Fairy Book	258
Waterbabies	712	Child's Garden of Verse	254
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare	708	Round the World in Eighty Days	252
Uncle Tom's Cabin	705	Good Wives	245
Treasure Island	705	Feats on the Fjord	244
Swiss Family Robinson	691	Lamp-lighter	243
Ivanhoe	670	Lorna Doone	243
Gulliver's Travels	650	From Log Cabin to White House	241
Westward Ho!	633	The Cuckoo Clock	238
Jungle Book	675	The Little Duke	238
Wide Wide World	620	Dickens's Christmas Books	235
Aesop's Fables	617	Helen's Babies	234
Heroes	605	Longfellow's Poems	230
Hereward the Wake	483	Oliver Twist	230
Masterman Ready	484	Scott's Poems	221
Jackanapes	467	The Vicar of Wakefield	216
Carrots	460	Fairyland of Science	215
Eric	427	Vice Versa	213
Kidnapped	426	In the Days of Bruce	212
Last of the Mohicans	382	Hair of Redcliffe	211
Lays of Ancient Rome	376	Queechy	210
Story of a Short Life	365	Fifth Form at St. Dominic's	208
The Talisman	349	Three Midshipmen	208
Little Men	344	Dove in the Eagle's Nest	205
Blue Fairy Book	341	Kenilworth	205
Black Beauty	337	Peter Simple	203
St. Winifred's	336	Misunderstood	202
Madam How and Lady Why	315	Sweetheart Travellers	201
Mr. Midshipman Easy	331	Child's History of England	200
Stories from Homer	328	Christmas Carol	200
King Solomon's Mines	327	Sandford and Merton	199
Children of the New Forest	322	The Schonberg-Cotta Family	199
The Rose and the Ring	320	Christie's Old Organ	197
David Copperfield	315	Six to Sixteen	197
A Flat Iron for a Farthing	306	Pickwick Papers	193
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	302	Jan o' the Windmill	191
The Daisy Chain	301	A Gentleman of France	190
John Halifax, Gentleman	289	Girl's Own Annual	185
Tanglewood Tales	287	Voyage of the "Sunbeam"	185
The Old Curiosity Shop	284	Quentin Durward	183
Uncle Remus	283	Little Meg's Children	179

The most conspicuous feature of this list is the enormous dominance of fiction. No fewer than eighty-nine of the books named come under this head. Thus, only eleven books are left to represent science, travel, biography, poetry, natural history, and what not. A pretty commentary on the wisdom of the many-headed! The conviction grows that this “standard” list reveals simply the books which are believed to be *most popular* with children. Indeed, we are disposed to accept it as a fairly veracious statement of the obvious reading-tastes of the nursery. But as an advisory document compiled for transmission to West Ham the list is a failure. As a matter of fact, it has already reached West Ham; and Mr. A. Cotgreave, of the West Ham Library, has given his views upon it. These are just what we should have anticipated. Mr. Cotgreave feels “bound to say that, after due consideration, I believe that the larger number would merit the title of popular than of best.” Mr. Cotgreave holds, and we agree with him, that a children's library—formed, as any such library should be, with a mingling of sympathy and sagacity—ought to include “a fair proportion of interesting and simple works of a higher order than mere story-books.” He adds, “I therefore regret to see how entirely these instructive books are excluded from the competition lists from which your analysis is made.” Certainly, nothing would be a lamer action on the part of the West Ham authorities than the adoption of the *Daily News plébiscite* selection—a selection for which, of course, our contemporary is not responsible. To dismiss it, it contains: 89 stories, 4 books of poetry, 2 books of science, 1 book of travels, 1 biography, 3 annuals (mainly fiction).

We now come to the list which—by approximating most closely to the *plébiscite* list—has taken the prize. It was sent in by Miss May Price Williams, and its agreement with the standard list is represented by the fraction $\frac{61}{100}$; that is to say, it names sixty-one books which are approved by the united wisdom of all the competitors, and thirty-nine books which are not so ratified. It is on these thirty-nine that we at once concentrate our attention, and we are not surprised to find that the competitor who has shown by at least sixty-one inclusions that she understands the more obvious tastes of children, is alive to their rarer tastes and aptitudes. We find that Miss Price's unrated thirty-nine books include such capital stuff as the following:

Life of Our Lord (Mrs. Marshall).	Tales of a Grandfather.
Little Arthur's History.	Homes Without Hands.
The Story of the Heavens.	Men Who Have Made the Empire.
Glaucus.	Under Drake's Flag.
Evenings at Home.	With Clive in India.
How I Found Livingstone.	Book of Nonsense.

Miss Price's list is better than the standard list inasmuch as it combines sympathetic knowledge of what children like in the way of stories, fancy, and fun, with a certain good judgment of what they may be led to like in the way of histories, deeds, and natural wonders.

The *Daily News* has published one of the unsuccessful lists—sent in by Miss Grace Mackay. This deserves the praise awarded to its workmanlike qualities. It is impossible, without more space than we can afford, to compare Miss Mackay's list with the *plébiscite* and “champion” lists. It will be found in the *Daily News* of January 30. But it has many good inclusions, and if it errs, it is on the side of solidity; yet four books of natural history can hardly be too many in a hundred, nor six books of travels, nor five of biography, nor three of poetry.

It is amazing to find how few of all the many hundreds of children's books which have poured from the press in, say, the last ten years have been included in the lists. The proportion of such books is almost infinitesimal, and whether we take the fact in connexion with the *plébiscite* list or the “champion” list, the fact is significant.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

L'Agonie de l'Amour, by Edmond Jaloux, is a brilliant and an artistic novel, which, in its own form, casts upon the wearisome wave of decadent literature words of wisdom and truth. The writer has the greatest defect of the hour—too much style, and he abuses metaphor. When clouds blot the sun, he compares them to a crowd of dwarfs grouped on the breast of an assassinated god. His phrases are too bejewelled, his prose is too perfumed, too tufted, if I may borrow a French word. With a larger manner, less brilliance and more simplicity, M. Jaloux might aspire to become a great novelist, for this remarkable book contains all the essential elements of literature. Ideas of solid value abound, the satire is forcible and arresting, the characterisation admirable, the lesson penetrating and convincing. Dialogue is always more sparingly used in French fiction than in ours, and here it serves but to reveal the character and temperament of each figure in the book. Of course there is the usual charge of indiscretion to be brought against M. Jaloux. He follows his miscreant hero too faithfully, and shows him to us in places and in moods, knowledge of which we would infinitely prefer to dispense with. But this is part of French sincerity. While English novelists depict all their heroes as saints or inoffensive sages, and suppress all indication of the brute which slumbers in every man, the French prefer to tell the truth about themselves. They are apt to go too far, we know, for on this ground the reader gains by the writer's reticence. Still, as the object of *L'Agonie de l'Amour* is to show us what a vile and heartless and futile thing the mere man of literature may become, M. Jaloux' indiscretion is part of the pungent lesson of his satire. Luc d'Hermony is a poet, a brilliant young man of letters, with all the modern and contemptible taint of his calling. All life for him is literature, and consumed by this shallow and miserable mania of words, he has ceased to be capable of an honest or virile sentiment. His single quality is the sincerity with which he values himself. "Is it my fault," he bitterly asks, "if I belong to a race unquiet and suffering, impoverished and powerless, which has no passions?" and the last line is a still bitterer cry, when he falls most infamously: "Am I then a crapulous beast?" and recognising the fact, adds: "Very well, then, I am a crapulous beast, and I can't change myself."

The tragedy lies in the fact that the poor wretch honestly aspires to rise to better things. In the first chapter we find him at war with his books, bored and unhappy. "Books," he cries, "are like men. Few have a soul." He stamps on them, and kicks them furiously about his study. Modern novels, he laments, have ruined life for him. He has been the servant of a desolating and subtilised literature, which has only procured him disgust and apathy. He cannot love nor burst the shackles of a "moi" that has become his prison. When he thinks of Byron, Shelley, and Chateaubriand with envy, he says: "Ah, they suffered, but their sufferings were profound and superb. Their lives were full of overflowing, whereas I have come too late into a world without the unexpected, where there are no longer even Red Indians." At a symposium of choice decadent spirits, he bursts out against the absurd legend of love. "Love is but the awakening of all that slumbers in us of barbarous, animal and primitive. The day it enters our life we become stupid, vain and jealous; we betray our friends, our time is passed in the most mediocre occupations, we endure humiliations, outrages, dishonour even." This is where M. Jaloux inserts his excellent sermon. Among all these cynical and blighted youths, with nothing to live for except art and literature, which have utterly demoralised and unmanned them, is a grave and earnest fellow, a doctor, Apremont. Somebody

has defined love as a microbe, the element of fermentation and dissolution in society; and Apremont breaks out in a just and eloquent indignation. Love he calls "the terrible and mysterious breath which comes from the depth of the centuries, from the brazier wherein Troy was burnt and Dido killed." What have their mere sensual experiences to do with love? he asks, and forces them to admit that they know nothing about the mighty passion. Debauch was all they understood; they were cowards, retreating before the intensity of life, frightened of loving, frightened of suffering, frightened of responsibility. Under the mask of youth were lines and wrinkles of premature age. Wrapped up in themselves, full of envy and the thirst of success and money and luxury, they were incapable of sacrifice, of devotion, of generosity: their thoughts, their speech were simply bad literature. And then when Luc, in his moral distress, consults him, Apremont continues his sermon in still more eloquent tones. The entire chapter is admirable. Love, he preaches from illimitable experience, is not the gross, sensual affair Luc regards it, but the eternal need of the human heart. To be lifted above the animals we must live for somebody, devote ourselves, find our centre of existence in another soul; our vocation should be to love, to console, to help another. Happiness consists in making the happiness of another. Instead of marrying two fresh young lives, full of illusions, to-day the rule is to marry an ignorant, delicate, and sensitive girl, with ardent heart and an immense desire to devote herself, to a man morally aged, abominably selfish, tired of life, surfeited with experience, disillusioned, with heart as wrinkled as his visage, sometimes cruel, ever jeering against sentiment, worn by pleasures and deceptions. Is it wonderful, he asks, if, under such circumstances, the wife should seek a warmer and fresher sentiment elsewhere? and are not such unions made exclusively in the interest of adultery? The fault lies with men, he bitterly adds. *Ennui* is the mortal disease of the hour; the only cure is to return to purer, holier, and more natural sentiments. "Love simply," he abjures Luc; "devote yourself, give up this eternal mania of analysis, and make a young woman the aim and end of your existence." Wishful to profit by this excellent advice, Luc looks round inquiringly. He stumbles upon a celebrated Norwegian with extreme hope. But the delightful Norwegian only cares for rum and brandy. Then, in despair, he goes off to his native Provence, and here he fondly believes he has found the word of his destiny. He persuades himself that he has fallen in love with an exquisite young girl, and that he is redeemed. It proved but a radiant illusion. He soon perceived that his romantic love was only literary reminiscences. He was too saturated with literature for an honest emotion. Not even this cultivated love can lift him out of the old state of powerless and bitter egoism. Geneviève dies of a galloping consumption. Then her lover discovers the nothingness of his sentiment for her. His behaviour is monstrous. He is stupefied by his own want of feeling. "Drunk with unsatisfied anger, he flung invectives at the Deity, whom he only remembered in his hours of fury, and then merely to cast upon somebody the burden of his suffering." In telling himself that he could not possibly survive Geneviève he had almost a physical impression of his falsehood. He *felt* it was not true, he knew himself so well. This is the tragedy of this powerful study. The hero is a humbug and a blackguard, who would, if he could, be a hero and a sage; and he is horribly conscious of the fact. His sense of bereavement, in the face of the death of his betrothed, is, he knows quite well, artificial. He loathes himself, because he understands how differently Geneviève would have mourned his death; and returning from her funeral, he is placidly running after an unknown woman. "I am a blackguard," he moans, and continues his course.

H. L.

Comedy or Farce?

THE recent production of "She Stoops to Conquer" has inaugurated at the Haymarket Theatre a season of "old English comedies." Of this play, too seldom seen in London, one may say with enthusiasm that it is worthy of its renown. After 127 years, behold Goldsmith teaching the art of true laughter to a generation which has forgotten broad English humour in the sinister and monotonous futilities of "adaptations from the French." The play has undoubtedly earned the right to be called a masterpiece of mirth. At the same time, there is a noticeable tendency, as often with a classic, to apply to it the wrong terminology, and to praise it for qualities which it does not possess. To begin with, Mr. Austin Brereton, in a *brochure* given with the programme, describes the play as a "comedy." He also remarks: "The characters are types, not caricatures; therefore they are as much relished, because they are felt to be true, to-day as yesterday." Further: "The character-drawing is superb. The story and incidents are extremely interesting, and there is the same fidelity to nature" [as in "The School for Scandal"].

Now, in calling Goldsmith's play a "comedy," Mr. Brereton, of course, followed universal custom. But is it a comedy? If it be, then the word "farce" may be erased from the dictionary as useless. The distinction between comedy and farce is that, while comedy must be faithful to nature and probability, farce may use any means towards the end of hilarity. A comedy should show the effect of character on character, of character on event, and of event on character. It may be either serious (on this side of tragedy) or humorous, or both. "Cymbeline" is a comedy, and "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," and "An Enemy of the People." But in the category which contains these there is no room for a piece like "She Stoops to Conquer." To ask the audience to accept it as either possible or nearly related to nature would be to insult their intelligence. Goldsmith's aim was pure fun. He arrived at it, but not by the route of comedy. What he wrote was a farce. After the first scene, which is introductory, everything is sacrificed to mirth. And even the first scene, dramatically ineffective, has to be bolstered up with the interjected horseplay of Tony's passage across the stage. The inn scene, sharply and clumsily divided into (two halves) is simple farce from start to finish, and there we see that Goldsmith is about to avail himself of the old haggard farce-motive, Mistaken Identity. Thenceforward no semblance of probability is maintained. The plot gathers way, and, guided by Tony, plunges headlong into a rollick of gorgeous mirth. Some of the improbability (to use the polite term) might have been avoided, or at least glossed over, with ordinary care. For instance, it is inconceivable that Marlow never looked at Miss Hardcastle's face during their first interview. Some better device could surely have been invented to explain his subsequent acceptance of her as a barmaid. But Goldsmith seemed not to trouble himself about technique. The *Vicar of Wakefield* is one of the worst-constructed novels ever written by a man of genius.

As for his alleged character-drawing, where is it? Is it to be discovered in Marlow, who is labelled only by his freedom with harlots and his diffidence with modest women? Or in Hastings, as colourless a *beau garçon* as ever stepped the boards? Or in testy Hardcastle and his vain old wife, conventional figures both? Or in Kate and Constance, who, wenches of equal and similar sprightliness, might change places with no damage to the piece? If there is character-drawing in "She Stoops to Conquer," it is confined to Tony Lumpkin, who is decidedly the most human puppet of the crowd. One may admit that Tony has an existence apart from the mere intrigue; his colleagues have not.

A single character, however, will not make a comedy. And "She Stoops to Conquer" is not a comedy. It

certainly has, to quote Mr. Brereton, "a high and enduring place in our estimation," but that place is by no means due to its "truth to nature." That place is merely due to the fact that Goldsmith set out to be farcically humorous, and was farcically humorous. He must have said to himself: "At all costs I will make 'em laugh." He did make England laugh, as England has not often laughed before or since. Hence, and for no more serious reason, his immortality as a dramatist!

E. A. B.

Things Seen.

The Ferret-Lover.

I.—A FORAY.

THE half-moon had a star over it, and the top of the throne of "that starred Ethiop queen" was visible amid reposeful clouds, but the earth clasped a deep darkness to its bosom. "Just the sort of night to catch them," said the man; "my ferret's famishin' for a sparrow." He led with a lantern, and, when they were come to the farmyard, he whispered to the boy: "If you funk it because you hear a bark I'll kick you black and blue." But nor dogs nor poultry were surprised. The man picked out a hayrick the eaves of which he could reach with his hands. "Are the birds up there?" the boy asked. "You keep quiet!" The man scratched the hay. "I see them." He held up the lantern, and ran its light across the eaves. "They'll fly out!" said the boy. "No, they won't; they're dazed by the light." He gave the boy the lantern, and, standing with his breast to the rick, put up his hands. A bird flew out; something fluttered faintly. "Have you got one?" "Yes, but it's been starved." He broke its neck with his finger and thumb, and threw it away. Again he put up his hands, stretching himself on tiptoe; and again there was a feeble fluttering. "This one'll do; nice and fat." He killed it, and thrust it in his pocket. "I do believe," said the boy admiringly, "you could catch another." "Easy," answered the man; "but one's enough for his supper, and he likes them fresh. Give me the lantern."

II.—THE FEEDING OF THE FERRET.

They returned to the house; and the man, sitting before the fire, plucked the sparrow clean, letting its feathers fall inside the fender. Then he broke all the bird's bones. "Crack, crack," he said, looking at the boy. "What for do you break its bones?" "Because they might choke him. Why shouldn't he have his supper dressed in proper style?" They went into the scullery, and the man lifted the lid of a box. The big dog-ferret stood up on its hind legs, and the man, making a ring of his finger and thumb round its neck, pulled it out and let it crawl up his breast. The boy gazed open-mouthed on the long white creature, fascinated by its sinewy strength and relentless purpose; the beautiful undulations of its body were horrible to him; the dead-luminous pink of its eyes, peering through the man's beard, suggested incredible, illimitable evil to his imagination. "I donno if he's lookin' at me or not," he gasped. "Do he like to be kep' in the dark?" "Of course he does. How do you s'pose he'd live, you fool?" The man, having stirred the straw, and taken out an empty saucer, stroked the ferret affectionately, and then, on a sudden, glaring horribly at the boy, put its head in his mouth. The boy shrieked, and the man called him a name. "As if I'm frightened of him! I dug him out of a hole once, and there he was, with seven rabbits killed, and him on top of them, fast asleep, gorged with blood." He unbuttoned his waistcoat and let the ferret creep in on his flesh. "He's cold, poor old fellow; but he'll be all right when he gets his fill of blood." He let the ferret down into the box, and dropped in the naked sparrow. "You'll not see a scrap of it left in the mornin'." The boy said: "When I'm a man I'll keep a ferret, like you."

Correspondence.

The Poetry of Spain.

SIR,—As some of your readers expressed an interest in the poetry of Spain, I send you the following specimen, which seems to me peculiarly characteristic.

The translation of the poem given in the ACADEMY of January 20 was so successful that perhaps some one may be able to render these lines into English verse.

I should be glad if any of your readers could supply the date and the author.

Un pajarito qué yo tenía
Se me escapó,
Y una muchacha qué me quería
Se me murió;
Así son todos en este mundo,
Así son todos como estos dos;
Unos se marchan, otros se mueran,
Y el hombre dice: vaya por Dios!

The following is merely a literal translation :

A little bird I once possessed
Escaped from me,
And a woman who loved me
Died.
All things in this world are so,
All things are even as these two,
Some depart from us, the others die,
And a man says: It is the will of God!

—I am, &c., E. FORSTER.
Holm Chase, Ashburton, Devon:
Jan. 30, 1900.

Heine's Grave.

SIR,—Anent the paragraph in the ACADEMY of December 30, the writer is mistaken in naming the Parisian necropolis of Père Lachaise as being the place of interment of Heinrich Heine. There one may find the graves of Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Honoré de Balzac, Béranger, and Alfred de Musset, but Heine rests in the cemetery of Montmartre—"trim Montmartre," as Matthew Arnold has described it.

Thither I went one bright Sunday in the summer of 1893, and, not without difficulty, found the poet's grave, marked by a plain tombstone with a simple inscription thereon: "Henri Heine," and beneath the illustrious name, "Madame Henri Heine." A beautiful wreath of artificial flowers had been placed there as a token of admiration.

The bust by Hasselrius, besides commemorating the centenary of Heine's birth (he was born December 23, 1799, and died February 17, 1856), should be an adornment to the poet's resting-place.

The grave of Théophile Gautier is but a short distance from that of Heine.—I am, &c.,
Edinburgh: Jan. 17, 1900. ALWYN.

Arnold's School Series.

SIR,—In a notice of our *Selections from Tennyson's Poems*, edited by the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen, you say: "Mr. Churton Collins is general editor of 'Arnold's School Series,'" and proceed to criticise "his method of commenting on Tennyson."

As this may create an erroneous impression, will you kindly permit us to state that Mr. Churton Collins had nothing to do with the preparation of our *Selections from Tennyson*, and that he is not the general editor of "Arnold's School Series"?

Mr. Collins kindly acted as the general editor of our School Shakespeare, and of a small series called "Arnold's British Classics for Schools"; but the *Selections from Tennyson* are not included in the latter series.—I am, &c.,
EDWARD ARNOLD.

London: Jan. 23, 1900.

Words Worth Reviving.

SIR,—The public service done by you in endeavouring to revive certain good old words induces me to trouble you with three lists of six words each. Three guests of mine were discussing your recent competition. They agreed that the requirements were too vaguely stated for any list to be very useful; as the poet, the thinker, and the lover of a fine sonorous prose would all have different root ideas of words wanted. On this basis we draw up: List A, of words the poet would welcome as new rhyme-endings; List B, as making for more accurate thought-expression; and List C, for expressive or impressive sound:

LIST A.

Cote	...	Enclosure, shelter.
Thole	...	Suffer, endure.
Rede	...	Counsel, advice.
Blee	...	Complexion, aspect.
Dwine	...	To fade gradually.
Pleach	...	Intertwine.

LIST B.

Inwit	...	Intuitive knowledge.
Outwit	...	Acquired knowledge.
Buxom	...	"Willing," good-natured.
Ruly	...	Taking kindly to discipline.
Fay	...	For fairy (which is incorrectly used).
Kitting	...	For kitten (a pure English diminutive instead of a hybrid form).

LIST C.

Calenture	...	Feverish heat.
Gyre	...	Circular course.
Spoom	...	To run before the wind.
Stour	...	Battle.
Leman	...	Mistress.
Rood	...	The Cross.

—I am, &c.,
Jan. 26, 1900.

P. C.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE GREAT COMPANY (1667-1871). BY BECKLES WILLSON.

MR. WILLSON'S two volumes are of a convenient size, well illustrated, and handsomely stamped with the arms of the Company. No pretensions to exhaustiveness are made, and Mr. Willson refers in generous terms to the progressing works of two rivals. An interesting point about this great Company, which was established under Charles II., is that "it did not go forth among the natives with the Bible in its hand. Evangelisation was not even one of its excuses. Yet it was a true friend to the Red man. . . ." (Smith, Elder. 18s.)

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
THOMAS ELLWOOD. EDITED BY C. G. CRUMP.

Thomas Ellwood, Quaker, is known to the world as the pupil of Milton, and, above all, as the friend who, after reading *Paradise Lost* in manuscript, said to the poet: "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" Milton expressly gave Ellwood credit for having thus suggested *Paradise Regained*. Ellwood's autobiography is almost a classic, and as a picture of early Quakerism and a revelation of character it has been continually "called up higher" by bookmen who can recognise a "document." Mr. Crump furnishes an historical introduction to this complete reprint of Ellwood's book. (Methuen. 6s.)

A VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. EDITED BY HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

This edition of Shakespeare's plays is, without question, America's greatest literary gift to England. In this volume of 420 pages we have *Much Ado about Nothing*, preceded by one of Mr. Furness's delightful prefaces. We have a sneaking sympathy with Mr. Furness when he writes of Shakespeare: "His life was so gentle and so clear in the sight of man and of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us; for which failure I am fervently grateful, and as fervently hope that no future year will ever reveal even the faintest peep through the divinity which doth hedge this king." (Lippincott. 18s.)

SOUTHERN ARABIA. BY THEODORE BENT AND MRS. THEODORE BENT.

The journeys recorded in this book were undertaken in 1889 and afterwards by Mrs. Bent and her late husband—the distinguished traveller. The narrative is partly from Mrs. Bent's pen and partly from her husband's; but, wisely, there has been no attempt to separate or distinguish these portions, the authorship of which is often revealed by internal evidence. An excellent portrait of Mr. Bent is given as frontispiece. (Smith, Elder.)

A HISTORY OF GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND. BY EDWARD S. PRIOR.

This nobly produced book will probably give experts cause to wrangle, for Mr. Prior runs a-tilt at the doctrine that French architecture was the mother of all the Gothics; and again, he will not allow that there was a central Masonic Guild whose organisation monopolised design. He has found "rather national and local variations than European solidarity in Gothic, and would wish to point to the constant English tradition as proof, since the Conquest, of a native craftsmanship, free alike from Continental importation and Masonic dictation." (Bell & Sons.)

VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA. BY ARTHUR H. SMITH.

Dr. Smith's long missionary experience of China has enabled him to write this book about Chinese village life, which will be welcomed by readers of his *Chinese Characteristics*. The book is well and plentifully illustrated by photographs. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 7s. 6d.)

THE GRAMMAR OF SCIENCE. BY PROF. KARL PEARSON.

This second edition of a great work has been revised and enlarged by its author. It now contains two entirely new chapters on Natural Selection and Heredity, embracing a popular account of Prof. Pearson's own more recent work in this direction.

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Robertson (J. M.), *Studies in Religious Fallacy* (Watts & Co.) 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Harley (Lewis R.), *Francis Lieber* (Columbia Univ. Press)

Tomlinson (Mary), *The Life of Charles Tomlinson* (Stock) 5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Coddick (Helen), *A White Woman in Central Africa* (Unwin) 6/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hertz (Heinrich), *The Principles of Mechanics*. Translated by D. E. Jones and J. T. Walley (Macmillan) net 10/0

Zittel (Karl A. Von), *Text-Book of Palaeontology*. Translated and edited by Charles B. Eastman. Vol. I. (Macmillan) net 25/0

Palgrave (R. H.), *Dictionary of Political Economy*. Vol. III.: N-Z (Macmillan) net 21/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Baker (A. T.), *Outlines of French Historical Grammar* (Dent) net 3/6

Pearce (J. W. E.), *Tales of Ancient Thessaly* (Blackwood) 1/0

Balfour & Co., *How to Tell the Nationality of Old Violins* (Balfour & Co.) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mair (William), *Speaking* (Blackwood) 3/0

Hope (A. R.), *Half-Text History: Chronicles of School Life* (Black) 3/6

Kingsley (G. H.), *Notes on Sport and Travel* (Macmillan)

Oxford (M. N.), *A Handbook of Nursing* (Methuen) 3/6

Hundel (Fritz), *New Pocket English-German Dictionary* (Pitman)

Calverley (W. S.), *Notes on the Early Sculptured Stones and Monuments in the Present Diocese of Carlisle* (Wilson)

Blumhardt (J. F.), *Catalogue of the Hindi, Panjabi, and Hindustani MSS. in the Library of the British Museum* (B. Museum)

Stapleton (H. E. C.), *Second Series of Eton School Lists* (Drake) net 21/0

Wylie (Major H. C.), *The 95th (The Derbyshire) Regiment in the Crimea* (Swan Sonnenschein) net 1/6

Estlake (Allan), *The Oneida Community* (Redway) net 2/6

Lytelton (Rev. the Hon. E.), *Training of the Young in Laws of Sex* (Longmans) net 2/6

Fegan (J. H. C.), and Others. *Football, Hockey, and Lacrosse* (Unwin) 2/6

The Folk-Lore Society. Vol. XLIII. (Folk-Lore Society)

Catalogue of a Collection of Objects Illustrating the Folklore of Mexico (Nutt)

The Boyle System of Ventilation (Boyle & Son)

The Anglo-Saxon Review. Vol. III. December, 1899 (Lane) 21/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Tennyson (Lord), *The Princess, and Other Poems* (Dent) 1/6

The *Bibelots*: *Some Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* (Gay & Bird) 2/6

Défoe (Daniel), *A Journal of the Plague Year* (Dent) 1/6

Montgomery (Florence), *Transformed* (Macmillan) 6/0

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 19 (New Series).

WE asked last week for the exposure of some more Popular Fallacies, on the lines made familiar by Charles Lamb, in a space not exceeding 150 words. In consequence of this request a number of venerable and highly respected proverbs have come in for a bad time. The prize, we think, is due to Miss M. A. Woods, *The Pleasance, Watford, Herts*, for her treatment of the adage, "Speech is silver; and Silence golden." Here is her thesis:

This overpraises a merely negative attitude. Man lives to express himself; or rather, by means of the thing he calls "himself," to express some greater thing behind it. Silence may be noble, but too often it is ignoble—the result of pride or fear. The reticent man is a miser who hoards his money lest he should spend it unwisely; a sailor who hugs the shore rather than launch out into the deep. Even the good forget that the world suffers less from things said than things unsaid. In noble hands silence is made subservient to speech; it gathers strength, like the lull in the storm, for a mightier onset, or waits kneeling for a new inspiration. Silence prepares for speech, as the snows prepare for the bloom and fruition of summer, and has no other value. Surely we should reverse our proverb, and say: "Silence is silver; speech golden."

Other interesting fallacies follow:

That "We are all aiming at the same place."

"True! true!" assents the parson absently to this everlasting adage on the lips of his parishioners. Why discuss the fallacy with "Noakes, Stoakes, Styles, Brown, and Thompson?" Yet he muses, "The same place." Noakes's ideal is probably convivial, "a tavern with five fiddles going." Mrs. Stoakes's aim is stereotyped in the epitaph:

"Don't weep for me friends, don't weep for me never:
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever!"

Dreamy Miss Styles yearns with Baudelaire, "J'aime les nuages. . . les nuages qui passent. . . les merveilleux nuages." Gammer Brown with that "solar look" envisages "a truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew." Doctor Thompson is of the religion of all sensible men, which (Disraeli says) sensible men never reveal. The parson ejaculates, with a smile, "Videbunt faciem Ejus" "All aiming at the same place?" "À tantôt, mes amis, Je crains que non!" [R. F. McC., Whitby.]

That "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

This is the cry of the disappointed suitor. It is the fictitious balm for his wounded dignity, and by it he thinks to preserve his self-esteem in the eyes of the world. Misguided creature! Why, it is as though a man, insisting on bathing in a dangerous spot, after being carried away, and only rescued in a semi-animate condition, were with his first returning breath to gasp, "Well, I had my bathe, anyhow!" Again, do we not repent when, after feasting on trife or mince pie, we are reminded by internal discomfort that such delicacies are not always to be eaten with impunity? I for one should smile at anyone who asserted that it was better to have incurred the penalty of injudicious indulgence than to have subsisted on plainer fare. No, the only reason "to have loved and lost" is valuable is that it, like the bather's peril or the gourmand's pangs, unpleasantly warns you to avoid doing anything of the sort again. And can to have had an unpleasant, if salutary, warning be better than to have never needed it? [E. C. W., Oxford.]

That "Good wine needs no bush."

Whether this was true or not in the "good old days" (which, perhaps, need a "bush" themselves to indicate their antiquated merits), it is certainly a fallacy now. However good the wine may be, it must be pointed out to a blind and careless generation, who

discover nothing for themselves, by flaming posters, brilliant sky-signs, and endless postal communications. The most important "bush" of these days is the one known botanically as "Prestia Speciosa." It is absolutely a necessary one for statesmen, actors, artists, and authors. Poor Mr. Balfour has had several "bushes" lately, covered with thorns, which but a short time since offered him their sweetest flowers. Still, a prickly bush is better than none. Another world may recognise our goodness without one. This one will inevitably pass us by. [H. S., London.]

That "Procrastination is the thief of time."

To say that "Procrastination is the thief of time" is both unjust and illogical. For to defer is to prolong; to prolong is to lengthen—in other words, to add to; so that we can prove, and that most conclusively, that procrastination, or the art of not doing to-day what can be done to-morrow, actually increases the time at our disposal. To secure the full enjoyment that is to be derived from an ill-spent day it is necessary to constantly remind ourselves of that which we ought to do and are not doing. For by that means our time is doubled, and every moment stolen from unpleasant duty becomes more precious; and that which is precious we cling to, and do not lightly lose. The thief of time! Nay; it is the very forge of time, time measured, not by minutes, but by heart-beats.

[G. M. P., Birmingham.]

That "Honesty is the best policy."

It is a matter of right principle, not of policy at all. A man is honest in his dealings with his fellow-men in proportion to his sense of honour, not to his desire of success. In a world of "rings" and "corners," of bogus companies and other forms of gambling, where light scruples make heavy pockets, and the serpent's wisdom prevails, the upright man wins Fortune's prizes in spite, not because, of his honesty. This proverb may possibly keep sordid souls, whose only inducement to be honest here is the hope of gain hereafter, in comparatively straight paths. But to Mr. Worldly Wiseman it is unbusiness-like, to Mr. Valiant-for-Truth it is contemptible; it is a fallacy, not a proverb; one man's wit, possibly, but few men's wisdom.

[G. N., Bristol.]

That "Honesty is the best policy."

This links together two incongruous things. Policy implies compromise; honesty scorns it. Honesty insists on right in any case; policy is content with expediency. The proverb reduces honesty to prudence. Honesty cannot consider what will be gained, but only what must be done. Reward may ensue, but the thought of it can never give to honesty its due. The man who thrives through honesty will become corrupt if he adopts it in order to prosper. The fallacy of the aphorism is in taking the result and suggesting it as a motive. Honesty finds its reason in the moment of its call. It makes no conditions; it may fail or suffer, but it cannot calculate. It is an impulse; whereas policy is a plan. The proverb indeed lifts policy into a higher region, but it is false in supposing that honesty can make its choice by reference to considerations of advantage.

[H. W., Malton.]

Answers received also from M. S., Manchester; G. M., London; M. S., Manchester; R. W. M., London; C. Redhill; D. E. B., London; J. D. W., London; P. W. R., Birkenhead; J. D. A., Ealing; F. E. W., London; A. H. Darlington; B. R., London; E. E., Bala; G. H., Glasgow; W. G., Chalfont St. Giles; F. G. C., Hull.

Competition No. 20 (New Series).

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Might I suggest for a competition in the ACADEMY a list of the best mottoes for bookcases for different subjects"? We adopt the suggestion, and offer a guinea for the best set of mottoes for the following four bookcases: (a) History, (b) Poetry, (c) Fiction, (d) Biography. The quotations must be from English authors, and should be short enough to be really employed for the purpose named.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 93, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received: Kingston, Norma, The Outsider, Erce, Ydrak, Paradox, Dr. A., Merope, Athmar, Tory.

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The Literary Week.

ON Tuesday last an important first night was held at Christiania, the occasion being the initial performance of Ibsen's new play, "When We who are Dead Awaken." The performance, we learn, was an entire success, the first and third acts producing a strong impression.

THE play of "Hamlet," according to the printed copy of 1603 known as the First Quarto, will be acted by the Elizabethan Stage Society, on Wednesday, February 21, at 8.30 o'clock, at the Carpenter's Hall, London Wall. The text of the play where corrupt and imperfect will be revised from the First Folio. The performance will be given on an Elizabethan stage in Elizabethan costume, and on this occasion the women's parts will be played by boys, as in Shakespeare's time. The original music will be revived on instruments of the sixteenth century under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.

MR. CONRAD's beautiful story, "Youth" (which appeared in *Blackwood* in 1898), his "Heart of Darkness" (which appeared in the same magazine last year), and "Lord Jim" (which is just ending) are about to be published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the title *Three Tales*.

MR. W. E. HENLEY's spirited verses, "England, my England," which we quoted recently, have been set to music by Mr. Ernest A. Dicks. The words and score are published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.

A JOURNALISTIC situation of some interest is piquantly hit off in "The New Who's Who," a page contribution to Messrs. Hatchard's *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*:

INGRAM, Sir William, Proprietor of *Illustrated London News, Sketch, Spear, &c.* Publication: Shorter edition of 'De Amicitia,' 1900. Motto: 'Dum Sphero Spearo.'

SHORTER, Clement King, late editor of *Illustrated London News, Sketch, &c.* Founded *The Sphere*, 1900. Pseudonym: Nicholas Breakspear.

SEVERAL correspondents have sent us versions of the Spanish poem printed in our correspondence columns last week. Here is Mr. Walter Gurner's translation:

A little bird that I held dear
Flew away.
My love who loved me yester-year
Died one day.
So the course of love must run;
All things fade beneath the sun;
Life is doomed ere yet begun;
And we say, "God's will be done!"

In answer to Mr. Forster's inquiry as to the author, Mr. Arthur Maquarie writes: "I don't happen to be able to give any assistance in discovering the author of the original, but it is by no means necessary to suppose that he is known even in Spain. One cannot look to learn

names in anthologies of popular verse of this sort, for though there is at present a custom for strolling *trovadores* to sell printed copies of their songs (at halfpenny a sheet), great numbers of those now in books may have had to pass through a hundred mouths before finding themselves there."

MANY rumours are afloat as to the new morning paper which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is about to establish. We can state with authority that it will be called *The Daily Express*, it will be ready in a few weeks, it will cost a halfpenny, and Mr. Pearson, not C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., will own it.

THE competition among halfpenny morning papers shows signs of being as keen as that among sixpenny illustrated weeklies; for last Monday the *Morning Leader*, enlarged and improved, inaugurated a new series, with several interesting features.

THREE poets during the past week have expressed themselves on the War. Mr. William Watson reduced his opinion to the following parable which he contributed to the *Morning Leader*:

A certain man, quitting his own house, went to lodge in the house of another, and there demanded to have voice and authority in the ordering of the whole household.

And the other said: "No. You are free to remain or to depart, but this is my house, and I will suffer in it no second master out-mastering me."

So the lodger called unto his brave and gallant kinsmen to bludgeon that householder into submission.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS sounds a larger note in the poem he sent to the *Daily Chronicle*. It is called simply "A Man":

O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!
One that is happy in his height;
And one that, in a nation's night,
Hath solitary certitude of light!
Sirs, not with battle ill-begun
We charge you, not with fields unwon,
Nor headlong deaths against the darkened gun;
But with a lightness worse than dread:
That you but laughed, who should have led,
And tripped like dancers amid all our dead.
You for no failure we impeach,
Nor for those bodies in the breach,
But for a deeper shallowness of speech.
When every cheek was hot with shame,
When we demanded words of flame,
O ye were busy but to shift the blame!
No man of us but clenched his hand,
No brow but burned as with a brand,
You! you alone were slow to understand!
O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON contributed these touching lines to last week's *Sphere*, illustrated by a remarkable drawing by Mr. Hartrick:

O undistinguished Dead!
Whom the bent covers or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn, I weep,
O undistinguished Dead!
None knows your name.
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle's brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front,
This is your fame!

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER says that if he were a poet he would write an ode to Mr. Mauser. In an article in last Monday's *Morning Leader* he gives his reasons for this quaint aspiration. It has revealed to him a great deal about his country and himself. Nicholson's Nek was the eye-opening, heart-reaching incident. Mr. Archer concludes as follows:

That the blot of unredeemed disaster should blur back through all our military history—that it should appear to dim the glories of Wellington and Marlborough—was perhaps natural enough. But what have Shakespeare and Milton, what have Newton and Darwin, to do with Tommy Atkins and his fortunes? Do they not dwell in an ampler ether, a diviner air? They ought to, no doubt; but I found that, in my own instinctive conception, they did not. It was not only the existing generation that seemed to have suffered humiliation—it was the whole Pantheon of the past. Nay, in some still more inexplicable fashion, the physical beauties of England seemed to have fallen into eclipse—a light had vanished from her valleys, lakes, and woodlands; her castles, cathedrals, universities appeared less stately and less reverend. In short, I realised that the idea of "England" was to me nothing but a many-faceted jewel of pride, whereof no one facet could be dimmed but the others must pale in sympathy. And this the Mauser bullet taught me.

But Mr. Archer does not tell all. Having learned these things, he straightway went out and enrolled himself in a corps of volunteers.

APROPOS "P. C.'s" list, in our last issue, of old words worth reviving, Mr. Eyre Hussey sends us the following as "an illustration of the extreme value of resuscitated verbiage." We should first state that the new words suggested by "P. C." were:

Cote	...	Endlosure, shelter.
Thole	...	Suffer, endure.
Rede	...	Counsel, advice.
Blee	...	Complexion, aspect.
Dwine	...	To fade gradually.
Pleach	...	Intertwine.
Inwit	...	Intuitive knowledge.
Outwit	...	Acquired knowledge.
Buxom	...	"Willing," good-natured.
Ruly	...	Taking kindly to discipline.
Fay	...	For fairy (which is incorrectly used).
Kitting	...	For kitten (a pure English diminutive instead of a hybrid form).
Calenture	...	Feverish heat.
Gyre	...	Circular course.
Spoom	...	To run before the wind.
Stour	...	Battle.
Leman	...	Mistress.
Rood	...	The Cross.

Mr. Hussey's amusing illustration follows:

The wind howled as it slammed the front door behind me and left me to *stour* with its icy blast. *Outwit* led me to recollect that if I took a *gyre* the contest would at least be drawn, for then, in the latter portion of my short journey, I could *spoom*. As I entered the churchyard the *rood* upon the chancel roof stood out clearly out against the sky; one tiny star gleamed above it like the wand-tip of some celestial *fuy*.

The black branches of the yew trees bent and skipped like some gigantic *kitting*. It was a lonesome spot; but

what matter? Was I not there to meet the *buxom leman* of my heart?

Still, human nature cannot *thole* everything. I was compelled to seek some *cote*, for in the *calenture* of anticipation I had, contrary to the *rede* of *inwit*, left my ulster at home.

I waited in the porch; it was lonesome, but I am *ruly* by nature, and knew well enough that Sophia was often late.

I pictured her with the rosy *blee* upon her face *dwining* as she stood before me with *pleached* fingers to beg forgiveness—

(To be continued when a suitable supply of language is furnished. Impatient readers may as well know that, owing to cold weather, Sophia displayed her *inwit* by staying at home.)

MR. ANDREW LANG'S recent observations on the shortness and uncertainty of literary reputations find an echo in the February American *Bookman*. The *Bookman* has just completed its fifth year. Reviewing one short lustrum of its existence, it heaves a sigh of fatigue and bewilderment:

During that brief time many literary reputations have risen and waned; men and women whose names were household words in 1895 have, in the beginning of 1900, reached a commonplace acceptance even more cruel than their original obscurity; books that two or three or five years ago stirred the female subscribers of the village library to wire pulling and intrigue, and the occasional male subscriber to blasphemy, now repose undisturbed upon the shelves. There is infinitely more downright irony in this, the commonplace record of half a decade, than Washington Irving put into his *Mutability of Literature*.

THE *Bookman* illustrates its remarks by stating that in a town library not twenty-five miles from New York the two copies of *Trilby* possessed by the library have not been borrowed for six months; and it adds:

A magazine writer was recently asked to contribute a paper on Bohemian Paris to a new review. The works suggested as deserving treatment in such an article included Henry Murger's *La Vie de Bohême*, W. C. Morrow's *Bohemian Paris of To-Day*, *The Stones of Paris*, and several others. But of *Trilby*, that book which brought home to American and English readers all the romance, the poetry, the charm of the southern half of the French capital as no other book has ever done, and probably as no other book will ever do, no mention was made. The slight was in no way intentional. *Trilby* had simply been forgotten.

BUT if books are short-lived, their writers commonly attain to longevity. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, writing in the *Forum*, shows that the average age of literary men in the nineteenth century has been distinctly high. Take novelists, for instance. Mr. Thayer gives this table of twenty-six novelists and the ages they reached:

Angier, 79.	Reade, 70.	Ebers, 60.
Irving, 76.	Heyse, 69 (living).	Scheffel, 60.
Conscience, 71.	A. Trollope (67).	Flaubert, 59.
Meredith, 71 (living).	Collins, 65.	Dickens, 58.
P. de Kock, 71.	Mayne Reid, 65.	Daudet, 57.
Auerbach, 70.	Cooper, 62.	Marryat, 56.
Andersen, 70.	Du Maurier, 62.	Thackeray, 53.
Bulwer, 70.	Hawthorne, 60.	Sue, 53.
Balzac, 51.	Maupassant, 43.	

The average age of these writers is sixty-three years. Forty-six poets attained the average of sixty-six years. The ages of forty "men of letters" work out to the average of sixty-seven years. Historians live even longer; the average of thirty-eight of them was seventy-three years. Mr. Thayer includes musicians, philosophers, agitators, statesmen, and intellectual women in his survey; and his inference is striking:

The assumption has been that modern conditions are destructive to the vitality of just this upper class of brain-workers. The fact is, that these persons lived on an

average sixty-eight years and eight months—that is, nearly thirty years longer than the population as a whole. Were we to double the number of names the result would not be very different.

AN inquiry of some literary interest concerns boys and girls. The following question, among others, was put to a large number of school children, and their answers, which were given in writing, have been examined and compared: "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard would you most wish to be, and why?" The list of answers includes Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. Kipling. The boy who wanted to be Kipling gave the sensible reason: "Because he writes about soldiers who fight now, and not historical pieces like Shakespeare and Scott."

THE adventures of a story. In the *New York Literary Life* of January appears the following paragraph:

KIPLING.—During Kipling's illness Henry James was one night riding home in a cab from his club in London. The news had just come that the crisis was passed, and the great writer on the road to recovery. As he stepped out on the sidewalk, Mr. James handed the paper he had bought to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," he said. The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'awee," he said.

Our readers will remember that this story first appeared in the *ACADEMY*. But the incident did not happen to Mr. Henry James. It was the personal experience of one of our staff—quite a humble person. The story flew to the ends of the earth—the *New York* version is a mere ricochet.

THE *New York Bookman* makes the following curious parallel between the late Mr. Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, and Mr. Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe":

When Mr. Bellamy wrote *Looking Backward* he wrote it simply as a good story, a bit of imaginative writing, and with no particular intention of promulgating a new form of Socialism. But as soon as the book leaped to its extraordinary success, thousands upon thousands of impressionable persons insisted upon seeing in it a new sociological gospel. Then Mr. Bellamy himself began to feel that he had unwittingly done a great thing, and that he must have been inspired when he composed the pages of his novel. Then he practically gave up literature and started a crank paper, and gave his time and his talents to the foundation and encouragement of clubs for the propagation of the theories set forth in *Looking Backward*. What was the result? The faddists who took up the Bellamy craze soon grew tired and dropped both it and him; his paper failed; and he himself died, a literary wastrel and a sociological joke.

Mr. Edwin Markham's work is, of course, of a very different character from Bellamy's. "The Man with the Hoe," which America read as it has not read any new

And now here is poor Mr. Markham going the same way. His "Man with the Hoe" was very good verse. He doubtless wrote it as he might at a less mature age have written about *The Girl with a Beau*. From a literary standpoint it is all right. But now he has become persuaded by his admirers that the poem is full of hidden meanings, of profound lessons, of unutterable things, and he is going about the country explaining to "social reform clubs" just what those hidden meanings are. No doubt he is enjoying himself hugely, and the people who belong to the clubs will for a day or two speak with bated breath of his soul-searching elucidations; but to us it is all so pathetic! Why cannot every human being have a little of the saving sense of humour? Poor Mr. Markham!

poem for years and years, is an appeal to mankind to do something to lighten the burden of the agricultural slave, to widen his outlook and stimulate his higher feelings. The volume containing this and other of Mr. Markham's poems has just been published in England.

THERE lies on our table a book on which half a dozen visitors have already cast a longing eye. It is a large quarto, bound in a rich brown canvas, admirably stamped, with end-papers of a dusty old-gold; the edges are tinted in brick colour; and the whole appearance of the volume is excellent. It suggests a work on the stained-glass windows of Nuremberg; or a budget of Provençal songs, and their old-time musical scores; or a series of readings from Confucius for family use—in fact, anything grave and stately. It is, however, none of these things; but is the new illustrated *Catalogue of the Boyle System of Ventilation*. As a volume for the drawing-room table we commend it. Messrs. Boyle & Son should come into the book business at once.

WHEN receiving a testimonial at University College last week, Dr. Furnivall expressed the opinion that the English language was destined to be the universal language of civilisation. In face of the following statement, we take leave to doubt it:

The "Congregation" of the University of Chicago has adopted the following minute:

Resolved, That the adoption by the Board of the University Press, for use in the official publications and journals of the University, of the list of words with changed spelling, accepted by the National Educational Association, be approved.

The list of words thus "reformed" is as follows:

Program (programme).	Catalog (catalogue).
Tho (though).	Prolog (prologue).
Altho (although).	Decalog (decalogue).
Thorofare (thoroughfare).	Demagog (demagogue).
Thru (through).	Pedagog (pedagogue).
Thruout (throughout).	

Seriously, this divergence of spelling between English and American English is very unfortunate at a time when the two nations are, more and more, reading the same books, and when every notable author in the one country commands readers in the other.

LIBRARIANS take their work seriously. But card-catalogues and cross-references are not everything, and we feel some sympathy with a writer in *Scribner's* who complains that librarians are too mechanical and are apt to provide their libraries with everything except that atmosphere of peace and leisure necessary to the browser.

Let us suppose that the browser meets the cold glance of the young woman in shirt-waist and eye-glasses, who, at the circulating desk, is handling books with up-to-the-minute movements that indicate that this is no world to moon in. The browser's mood changes, and with the result that he finds it difficult to draw the two ends of the magic circle that before encompassed him together again.

This clearly is not as it should be. The perfect librarian is a subjective being. . . . He is subdued to the reverence of what he works in, and has the student's perceptions, discreet and catholic. He helps to create the ambient with which a library should be permeated, and even to those who have no feeling for the right spirit of the place his manners and personality are an instruction, unconsciously absorbed, and leading them to a humaner attitude.

The humaner attitude is perhaps coming. At any rate, it is a good sign that librarians are becoming playful at their own expense. In the *Library World* a writer gives ten good stock statements useful to librarians who are suddenly called upon to explain a decrease of borrowings to their

committee. The last reason is worth quoting for its delightfully-mixed reasoning and probable success.

We have to draw attention for the first time since the opening of the library to a decrease in the total number of books circulated during the past year. This decrease, however, is entirely due to the fact that the demand has so far exceeded the supply that hardly any of the more popular books were to be found on the shelves, so that it has been a customary thing for borrowers to go empty-handed away. This, though pulling down the issues, is an eloquent testimony alike to the zeal of our readers and the urgent need for more books.

A LITTLE magazine, bearing a close likeness to the *Quartier Latin*, has just been begun at Oxford under the title the *Quad*. Mr. Dent is the London publisher. The following neat and reasonable quatrain meets the reader's eye at the start:

TO THE READER.

We ask you (as our labours' modest meed)
Firstly to buy, and, secondly to read:
Then, having bought and read with kindly eyes,
Thirdly, and not till then, to criticise.

MESSESS. WARD, LOCK & Co. will in future publish, from their offices in Salisbury-square, the *Road*, and its affiliated publications: *The Road Coaching Album*, *The Road Coach Guide*, and *The Road Coaching Programme*. The monthly periodical, the *Road*, will shortly enter upon its tenth year of existence, and the occasion will be celebrated by adding to its attractiveness and utility.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH thus dedicates his *Historical Tales from Shakespeare* to Mr. Swinburne:

TO
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
WHO WITH THE NEAREST CLAIM AMONG LIVING MEN
TO APPROACH SHAKESPEARE CONFIDENTLY
HAS WITH THE BEST RIGHT
SET THEM THE EXAMPLE OF REVERENT AND
HUMBLE STUDY.

Bibliographical.

THE rumour that Mr. Bret Harte contemplates the publication of a second series of *Condensed Novels* is one that all lovers of prose parody will hope to find true. The first series, which came out in 1867, was called *Sensation Novels Condensed*; but it is to be assumed that the forthcoming travesties will have a wider range, the "sensation" novel being by no means the most striking feature of our present-day fiction. No; what we want is parody of our Marie Corelli, our George Moore, our George Egerton, and so forth; and Mr. Harte might well give some of his attention to the younger persons of both sexes who have distinguished themselves lately by startling novelty of subject, style, and treatment. The field to be covered is broad and rich—much broader and richer than that in which Thackeray wrought in his *Novels by Eminent Hands*.

The last few years have witnessed an agreeable revival of interest in the verse written by the sisters Louisa and Arabella Shore—the "A. and L." of publications dating several decades back. The death of Miss Louisa Shore suggested the issue in 1896, by Mr. Lane, of the *Poems of that lady*, prefaced by a memoir from her sister's pen and an "appreciation" from that of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Then came, in 1897, *Poems by A. and L.*, issued by Mr. Grant Richards, and, in 1898, from the same house, *Hannibal*, the mammoth dramatic poem by Miss Louisa Shore. The forthcoming *First and Last Poems of Miss*

Arabella Shore will probably bring to a close this brief but interesting series of Shore volumes. The deceased sister had, I think, a genuine poetic vision, but very little of the "faculty divine." Her powers were not sufficiently cultivated.

The announced new edition of the third Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times* should be welcome to many. It is by no means *de trop*. The work itself is one of those which are more often talked about than read. Few know, for example, that it is a collection of seven distinct literary efforts—including a "letter," an "inquiry," a "philosophical rhapsody," "miscellaneous reflections," and so forth—published separately at varied intervals. It appeared as a whole in 1711 and again in 1713. Gray wrote about Shaftesbury as a philosopher in rather scornful fashion (see his *Letters*). Pope, who was a friend of Shaftesbury's, thought, it will be remembered, that the *Characteristics* "had done more harm to revealed religion in England than all the works of infidelity put together."

A London morning paper, "noticing" a new edition of the works of Shakespeare, mentions that it has "a pleasant biographical introduction by Mr. Henry G. Bell." This "Mr. Henry G. Bell," were he living now, would be annoyed at the reduction of the second word in his name from "Glassford" to mere "G." There was a time when Henry Glassford Bell was a person of some potency in the literary world, and especially in that part of it which lies north of the Tweed. Some of us remember him best by a "poem" on Mary Queen of Scots, which used to be by far too great a favourite with the reciter-demon. Still, even the perpetration of this "poem" scarcely justifies one in describing him now as "Mr. Henry G. Bell."

Mr. Wilson Barrett is rapidly acquiring a name in the literary as well as in the theatrical arena. That he turned his "Sign of the Cross" into a prose narrative we all know; then came his "novelisation" of his "Daughters of Babylon," but in that he had the co-operation of Mr. Hichens. Now he comes forward with a tale called *In Old New York*, in which he has collaborated with Mr. Elwyn Barron. This, I believe, is a "novelisation" of a play by Messrs. Barrett and Barron which has not yet faced the footlights. Mr. Barron is already known here through his *Manders*, published in this country about sixteen months ago.

Mr. Israel Gollancz was happily inspired when it occurred to him to reprint, along with *In Memoriam*, in the "Temple Classics" series, the poetical remains of Arthur Hallam. We must not forget, however, that the credit of reprinting these remains in recent years belongs to Mr. Le Gallienne, who, in 1893, republished not only Hallam's poems, but his essay on the poems of Tennyson. Mr. Le Gallienne's little volume, which was issued by Messrs. Mathews & Lane, is, indeed, the best possible companion to *In Memoriam*, and I hope it is still in the market.

By way of motto to his new book, *In the Valley of the Rhone*, Mr. C. W. Wood prints the well-known lines:

Noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.

These he attributes to "Spenser"—a rather unfortunate misprint. And yet how natural on the part of a compositor! Who reads nowadays the works of that Hon. William Robert Spencer whose *vers-de-société* were once in everybody's mouth? It is not the first time that the two men have been confused, as students of Charles Lamb will remember.

Studies in Dedications—the title of Miss Arnold-Forster's new book—is a little misleading. It makes one think at once of literary dedications, whereas it is of church dedications that the lady writes. It will be remembered that Mr. H. B. Wheatley contributed a pleasant little volume on *The Dedication of Books* to the "Book-Lover's Library."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Santo Virgilio.

The Unpublished Legends of Virgil. Collected by Charles Godfrey Leland. (Elliot Stock.)

BAYLE, in his article upon Virgil—a plague upon the probable accuracy of pedantry which writes Vergil!—remarks: “Il n’y a rien de plus ridicule que ce que l’on conte de sa magie, et des prétendus prodiges qu’il fit voir aux Napolitains.” After which trenchant and terse verdict there follows, as usual, one of those delightfully colossal notes, which, for very wantonness of erudition, always remind us of Burton. But that *magis* and those *prodiges* have been the theme of laborious scholarship, and found to be of much significance. Signor Comparetti, of Florence—perhaps the most variously learned of living men—has, in his work on Virgil in the Middle Ages, given us once for all the finest word of scholarship upon the matter; and now there comes to us from Florence a little work, by way, as it were, of supplement to that masterpiece. Mr. Leland, creator of Hans Breitmann, translator of Heine, anthropologist among American Indians and European gypsies, has of late devoted himself to a singular, a fascinating, an (to put it Germanwise) in-difficulties-and-doubts-abounding field of investigation. A few years ago he published his *Roman Etruscan Remains in Popular Legend*, wherein he claimed to show that in Italy there exists, side by side with Christianity, a most venerable and primitive Paganism; not the formal civic religion of ancient cultured Rome, but a thing of the villages and woods and fields and vineyards—a true product of lusty, wild Mother Earth—never spoken of in senatorial edicts, nor merged into the hierarchal order of State religion. Etruria—that mysterious region of a vanished civilisation—was its chief home; and its practices remain, in the form of sorcery and magic, wizardry and incantation, witchcraft and necromancy, in the present Italy of to-day, dying, doomed to die, yet discoverable by research and patience still. In a word, that popular body of beliefs and superstitions, whereof the old classics, by tantalising glimpses, make us well aware as having prevailed in classic Italy, has never perished from the soil of Italy. Impoverished, contaminated, debased, jealously hidden out of sight, it is still there. Have patience and cunning, and you will find it in the hearts and upon the lips of withered crones, of peasants versed in ancestral folklore. It will reach you in the rudest of Italian dialects, and from the least modernised of Italian districts; but it also lurks even beneath the shadow of Santa Croce, at Florence, and of St. Peter’s, at Rome.

Mr. Leland is incapable of dulness, but he has his defects. He is vivid, picturesque, dramatic, exciting, at the expense of orderliness, sobriety, method. He gives us a brilliant bundle of notes and sketches, rather than a finished book. He would sooner be careless than pedantic, inaccurate than dogmatic. He is a writer whose veracity one cannot question, but whose authority one hesitates to quote: he is more enjoyable than useful. It is sometimes hard to make up one’s mind whether or not he wishes to be of real assistance to the scientific student of anthropology. His light-hearted indifference to precision infects his proof-reading: we shrink, in the present volume, from misprints which make Browning unmeaning, Martial both unmeaning and unmetrical. Another flaw, or fault, derogatory to any serious and courteous scholar, is his constant girding at the Christian religion, especially in its Catholic form, in a vein of humour which entirely fails to be humorous, and which would still be offensive even if successful. But let us turn from this, and come to the more alluring theme of *Santo Virgilio*.

Signor Comparetti devotes his great work to the study of the mediæval Virgil as he appears in the literature

of the learned, and of that literature as applied to the amusement of the less learned and the illiterate. He speaks of little else but what can be read in extant MSS. or print, and gives but a few lines to the Virgil whose transmogrified phantom flits yet in living legend underived from literary sources—that is, of course, to say, not immediately and consciously derived, but traditional. Mr. Leland, struck by this fact, set himself to collect, by his usual methods, Virgilian legends alive among the people, with the result that he presents to us some fifty tales; and it is safe to say that many, if not most, of them are assignable to no known source in the mass of mediæval Virgilian legend extant as literature. Obviously, the mediæval writers, of whatever kind, who have preserved for us the fantastic Virgil of popular myth could not record all they knew or heard; and there came a time when such legends ceased to be collected. But they did not therefore cease to be handed down among the people; and the popular Italian memory, which is a museum of confused relics, and the popular Italian imagination, which is a factory of things fanciful or grotesque, have between them produced these extraordinary narratives, wherein the medley mediæval conceptions of history and science and the supernatural are in full vigour. Recorded at the close of the nineteenth century, they essentially belong to the ages which made “Virgil, Duke of Naples,” the contemporary of Homer and of King Arthur and of the Soldan of Babylon: they descend in spiritual and imaginative lineage from the times when

Son nom, balbutié par les hommes nouveaux,
Fit se lever, dans les ténèbres des cerveaux,
Lauré d’or et de feu, le fantôme d’un mage.
Le peuple, qui vénère encore son image,
Broda sur sa mémoire un étrange roman
De sorcier secourable et de bon nécroman.

Assuredly, it is as “sorcier secourable et bon nécroman” that this “translated” Virgil figures in Mr. Leland’s books; he has still the “white soul” that Horace loved, and is still, despite his strange transformations, the Virgil over whose tomb at Puteoli, so they sang in the churches of Mantua, Saint Paul wept and said: “Ah, what manner of man had I not made of thee had I but found thee living, O prince of poets!” True, he is frolicsome, prankish, as well as helpful and benevolent; but then, as Faustus felt, if you are a magician, the temptation to merry jests and practical jokes is irresistible. Here, with one exception, he does nothing quite unworthy of the Virgil whom primitive and later Christianity hailed as the herald of the Nativity, the first discerner of the Star of Bethlehem, the Virgil who chanted in his inspired “Pollio” the Desire of the Nations, Him who should come. There is nothing of the Virgil whom harsher spirits accused of working wonders “by witchcraft and nigramansy thorough the help of the devylls of hell.” This, according to one of Mr. Leland’s stories, was the fashion of Virgil’s own coming, and it is exquisitely imagined of him whom Renan calls “le tendre et clairvoyant Virgile.” There was a lady of Rome called Helen, the world’s wonder for beauty, but she would not wed for terror of childbirth; she therefore fled to an impregnable tower far without the walls; but—and here, as Mr. Leland notes, we have the Danaë myth—Jupiter descended as a shower of gold-leaf, and it fell into her cup, which she had no fear to drink.

But hardly had Helen drunk the wine before she felt a strange thrill in all her body, a marvellous rapture, a change of her whole being, followed by complete exhaustion. And in time she found herself with child, and cursed the moment when she drank the wine. And to her in this way was born Virgil, who had in his forehead a most beautiful star of gold. Three fairies aided at his birth: the Queen of the Fairies cradled him in a cradle made of roses. She made a fire of twigs of laurels, it crackled loudly. To the crackling of twigs of laurel was he born; his mother felt no pain. The three each gave him a blessing; the wind as it blew into the window

wished him good fortune; the light of the stars, and the lamp and the fire, who are all spirits, gave him glory and song. He was born fair and strong, and strong and beautiful; all who saw him wondered.

It is characteristic, this mingling of Helen, Danaë, Jupiter, the Fairies, Rome; elsewhere in the piece we have the King of the Magicians, the Emperor, and the Turks. It were nothing wonderful if we also had Abraham, Socrates, Julius Cæsar, and the Pope, all meeting in this wonderland out of time and space. We should be grateful to Mr. Leland had he rescued for us no more than the perfect passage quoted, so unconsciously superb and glittering a praise of the everlasting Virgil. And there are other things in the book hardly less beautiful, together with a mass of legends depicting, in a strain of innocent jocularity, this Virgil of the mediæval phantasy, saint and mage. In this aspect, the work, as we have said, is a complement to Signor Comparetti's elaborate study; but it also continues Mr. Leland's studies in the survival of that secret paganism ineradicable, at least in spirit, from the thrice haunted earth of Italy. Here are spells, incantations, remembrances of infinitely ancient deities and powers, which at once impress the reader as far older in spirit than the tales and legends in which they are embodied; as older, not only than the historic Virgil, but older than the first foundation and walls of Rome. "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit": worship of "Madre Natura" is in some form inevitable. With the educated it turns to poetry or a poetical pantheism; with the less sophisticated it abides as something much more practical.

No poet has shared the astonishing fate of Virgil: no other writer of antiquity has been so familiar a name to Christianity. Signor Comparetti has supplied an abundance of historical reasons why this should be so, and, as all scholars know, a special veneration began, even in his lifetime, to gather round the person, and upon his death, round the tomb, of him whom Rome regarded as the laureate and paramount poet of Rome; in his own realm he held the throne, wore the laurel and the imperial robe. History explains why, even in after ages insensible to his essential greatness, he retained the pre-eminence. And yet that veneration, which is at its noblest height in Dante, at its lowest in certain of the most insensate myths concerning him, seems to have about it an inner propriety and congruity and significance. For the poet of imperial Rome is also the poet of human sadness and mortal longing; in him is the craving for a Golden Age, the apprehension of suffering and death, the feeling of fatality, the sense of the mystery of things, the mingled exultation and melancholy of man, the haunting appeals of nature, the mystical meanings of beauty, the manifold marvel of existence. Virgil is one of his own pale ghosts, stretching forth his hands toward "the farther shore," and dreaming of a world regenerate; he embodies

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

"The chastest poet and royalest that to the memory of man is known," as Bacon calls him, has a note of universality, a kinship with all the race of man. The "courteous" Virgil, as Dante loves to say, has a dignity of compassion, a priestly bearing, an ever gracious and majestic utterance. In a sense far deeper than that of mediæval writers or modern peasants of Italy, he is a magician, an enchanter, touching hearts to tears and thoughts of reverence. Like Plato, he sometimes seems trembling upon the borders of Christianity, groping for it wistfully, filled with the emotions of desire which it satisfies. Grotesque as often were the travesties made of him, in his mediæval character of supreme thaumaturgist and lord over the wisdom of the universe; absurd as it may sound to hear him spoken of to-day as a great "signor," something between Simon Magus and Saint George, and Haroun Alraschid

and Don Quixote and Prospero; yet we are not taken utterly aback by the unique destiny which has effected this. For in the melancholy majesty of his mighty line we commune with the "white soul" which, at the height of Rome's magnificence, was not of that age, but of all ages, in virtue of an intense humanity. If he did not, in man's service, control the powers of nature, none has more profoundly expressed and praised them, the august workings amid which man lives. If he did not with authority go about doing good to men, none has more fully and perfectly given a voice to the infinite longing of their souls, nor spoken with a tenderer austerity.

The Ancestor of Liberalism.

George Buchanan ("Famous Scots" Series). By Robert Wallace. Completed by J. Campbell Smith. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THIS contribution to the "Famous Scots" series is at once interesting and disappointing. Dr. Robert Wallace (to give him the title by which he was formerly known) was the late editor of the *Scotsman*, an able man, whose competence as a biographer of Buchanan does not need the certificate here given it by Mr. Campbell Smith. It is shown in the biography itself. His purpose, as he tells us, was to condense and popularise the work of Dr. Hume Brown "and the other scientific biographers" of Buchanan; while he disclaims for himself any originality of research. But he handles his subject like a man who is master of it, and his style has a vivacity for which we have probably to thank the editor rather than the theological student. He is overmuch given to explaining away the most trifling allegations of defect in his hero, and claiming for him a well-nigh ideal standard of character; but that is a malady most incident to biographers, and we are disposed to take it good-humouredly.

The trouble is that we have not enough of it. It is a fragment. Its author's death causes it to break off in the very outset of the biographical portion proper, leaving behind a *torso*. The biographical section is indeed continued by Mr. Campbell Smith, who brings it to a summary conclusion, apologising for the lack of facts regarding Buchanan; and this is all, with the addition of an explanatory epilogue and super-explanatory prologue. Mr. Smith's prejudices, as it happens, are only less strong than his language in expressing them, and are curiously mixed. He will hear no words against Mary Stuart, but he launches vituperative epithets worthy of M. Henri Rochefort and the *Intransigéant* against all monks and Queen Elizabeth. Franciscans are "the solid, well-fed, red-faced exponents of infallible truth." As for Elizabeth, she is "one of the cleverest, falsest, most hateful of women of all history"; and it is well Mary was no worse than she was "in a world with her royal cousin and rival flaunting her fictitious moral and physical beauties at the head of it, and getting prematurely canonised as the Good Queen Bess." Therefore, he concludes, "let the modest and honest muse of History cease howling and canting about her (Mary's) crimes, and try to refrain from lavishing eulogy upon her kindred in position and in blood—Henry VIII., the Royal Bluebeard, and his inconstant and deceitful daughter." From all which it will be gathered that the quality of Mr. Smith's censures is not strained.

The valuable portion of the book is therefore limited to a monograph on the genius and character of Buchanan, which—good though it be—is hardly sufficient to equip the book for its place in the series. One would have expected some account of Buchanan's writings, beyond the general reference to them in the opening, such as Dr.

Wallace evidently intended to give at a later stage; and this, one thinks, at any rate Mr. Smith might have supplied. As it is, the book is far too incipient to be satisfactory—and in a degree that might have been further remedied.

George Buchanan was a man whose work is important enough to merit modern recollection. By a singular chance, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century was long remembered chiefly as a jester—a Scotch Joe Miller—in virtue of a very terrible jest-book which passed under his name. Though he had the reputation of a humorist in life, Dr. Wallace's specimens of his humour prove chiefly Dr. Wallace's want of it. This George Buchanan, whom the modern world has somewhat forgotten, was of an old but poor Stirlingshire family, a lad whose first tongue was the Gaelic. What would Agricola have said had he been told that a descendant of the wild Caledonians, the very Atridis of his day, would in time to come be a poet in the Roman tongue, the tongue of Virgil and Catullus, nay, write history in it like his own friend Tacitus? For that and much more was George Buchanan. He was a great scholar in an age when the Scaligers and Casaubon lived, when it was no easy thing to be a great scholar; he was a powerful *criticist*; a keen controversialist; he wrote a valuable history; he mingled with men of affairs and was secretary to political assemblies; he flogged a king, and founded "Liberal principles"—at least, in the political order. Going very young to the university of Paris, he spent nearly all his early life on the Continent, except for an interval during which he was in Scotland, first as tutor to the Earl of Cassilis, and afterwards in the same capacity towards a natural son of James V. He taught at the university of Guyenne, where he had Montaigne for pupil; and it was on the Continent that he made his name—a European name—as a scholar and as the finest Latin poet of his day. Latin poetry was no such trifling then as it now appears. When many of the European languages were still half-barbaric, and there was no such thing as a literary public, it was only in Latin that a man could acquire a polite reputation as a poet. And Buchanan wrote as a poet, not as a mere Latin versifier. His Latin poetry not only receives the applause of modern scholars, but—what is a far higher guarantee of its poetic power—one of his poems was pronounced by Wordsworth to be equal to anything in Horace.

It was midway through his career when he landed in Scotland, about the same time as Mary Stuart, and began the rearing of his Scottish—and modern—reputation. He was all things to all men; read Livy with Queen Mary—who would take naturally to the Gallicised Scotsman—and chatted with the reforming nobles. But it was to the Reformation that his sympathies were given, and it was in its cause that he wrote most of his later works. He broke with Mary, and received distinguished political employment from her adversaries in the events which followed. He even drew up for them a too famous accusation against the Stuart queen. We do not think that Dr. Wallace successfully defends this act. Conviction might force Buchanan to oppose the cause of his patroness; but it could not oblige him to take away her fair fame. He was made tutor, after her English imprisonment, of the young King James VI., and held the office nominally till his own death.

But his great achievement of this period—greater than the history of Scotland, which time has necessarily put out of date—was his book *De Jure Regis*, put forth to defend the proceedings of the reforming nobles. It became, throughout Europe, the store-house of those political principles on which modern Liberalism rests. In virtue of this it is, chiefly, that this account of Buchanan appeals to modern readers. For this humorous, versatile, choleric *phrasaur*, statesman and scholar-poet in his day, was virtually, so far as any one man could be said to be, the founder of modern Liberalism.

Principal Caird.

The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity. By John Caird, D.D., LL.D. With a Memoir by Edward Caird, D.C.L., LL.D. Two vols. (Maclehose.)

THESE "Gifford Lectures," left unfinished at Principal Caird's death, continue the argument of his *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, which appeared as long ago as 1880, and which is recognised on all hands as probably the best statement existing of the Hegelian view as to the relations of philosophy and religion. That work dealt with the broadest outlines of its subject, the arguments for the being of God, the "necessity of religion," the development of the religious consciousness, and the connexion of religion with morality. The present Lectures go further, and taking up one by one the distinctively theistic and Christian doctrines—the Moral Government of the World, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Origin of Evil, the Future Life—attempt, still upon Hegelian lines, to present these in a form in which they may be justified before the bar of reason.

It will be doing the memory of Principal Caird no injustice to say that the sheer intellectual qualities displayed in the book are less striking than the spiritual fervour and grace of rhetorical style with which they were written. For the impression which you gather from the Master of Balliol's excellent "Memoir" of his brother is, that even in the opinion of those who knew and loved him best, he was less an original thinker than a great preacher. His part in the idealistic reaction of the last half century was no small one; but it was rather in the liberalising of theology than in the spiritualising of philosophy. The former task was for T. H. Green, for R. L. Nettleship, for the present Master of Balliol himself, for Prof. Wallace; Principal Caird was destined to do something of the same work in the Church of Scotland which Dean Stanley did, or essayed to do, in the Church of England. In the earlier days of his ministry, his lack of unction in preaching the specific dogmas of Calvinism awoke a suspicion of his "soundness," and although he came to attach more importance to dogma in his later life, yet even then he kept what he regarded as "essentials" before him, and "was almost indifferent to the causes of disagreement between the main denominations into which the Christian Church is divided." He was a bold man who, when consenting to address a congregation of U.P. Scotchmen, told them plainly that "he would not take the trouble of crossing the street in order to convert a man from their denomination of Christians to his own."

The testimony to his oratorical gifts is unanimous. "He spoke," says his brother of him in his youth, "with an earnestness and vehemence, with a flow of utterance and a vividness of illustration which carried his hearers by storm. . . . They were too much moved to be critical." The more chastened and reasoned eloquence of his riper years was not less impressive. Dean Stanley considered a sermon of his delivered at Balmoral "the best single sermon in the language"; and to the last he never lost the power to move and influence his audience. Withal a man of single purpose and unconscious simplicity,

He was, I think, the most modest man I ever knew in his estimate of his own abilities and acquirements; and his great power as a speaker never seemed to awake in him any feeling of self-satisfaction. It was, indeed so habitual and, I might say, natural to him to move men by his gift of speech that he never seemed to attach any special importance to it. On the other hand, he was apt to idealise and over-estimate the gifts of others, especially if they had any knowledge or ability which he did not himself possess.

A Victim of Sore Thunderbolts.

Hugh Latimer. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. (Methuen.)

"My father was a yeoman and had . . . a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and thereupon he tilled as much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, and himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. . . . He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. . . . He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor."

These homely words we quote out of the mouth of Master Latimer, as he spoke them, in the days of his prosperity, before the court of Edward VI.

In 1509 he was elected a fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Warham was Archbishop of Canterbury, and a good friend to him; so was Fox, Bishop of Winchester. Henry VII. sat on the throne, and Cardinal Morton was his principal adviser. The new learning was already enlarging the outlook; the mediæval luminaries, St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, were in eclipse; and Cambridge, more than Oxford, was sensitive to the *zeitgeist*. Yet at the time when Latimer was pursuing his studies he was "as obstinate a Papist as any was in England"; and, indeed, it was characteristic of his whole career that he approached the controversies in which the age was entangled from the side of life and of utility. He sounded the keynote of his life's symphony in his sermon on The Card, preached in 1529 before his own university. It was a denunciation of those who leave "necessary" works and "bestow the most part of their goods in voluntary [*i.e.*, supererogatory] works." In 1531 he was appointed by the King to the parsonage of West Kingston, Wilts, where he had "more business, what with sick folk and what with matrimones, than he should have thought a man should have in a great cure"; so that he wonders "how men can go quietly to bed which have great cures and many, and yet peradventure are in none of them at all." He soon fell under suspicion, and was summoned to London for examination by the Bishop's court. There was made an attempt to involve him in heresy; for when a very crafty and cunning question had been put by a certain one,

"I pray you, Master Latimer," said he, "speak out, for I am very thick of hearing." I . . . began to misdeem and to have an ear to the chimney [which was covered with an arras]. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the curtain."

Nevertheless, he prospered. He preached before the King and by his honesty did so win him that he was appointed to the see of Worcester. He was one of the bishops deputed to draw up the *Institution of a Christian Man*; and when Queen Katharine's confessor, Forest, was roasted alive for maintaining the papal supremacy, Latimer improved the occasion. Thenceforward he continued steadily to approach the ideals of the Continental reformers.

He denounced "solemn and nocturnal bacchanals and prescript miracles"; he preached in unmeasured terms against "our old purgatory pickpurse that was swaged and cooled with a Franciscan's cowl upon a dead man's back." But the promulgation of the Six Articles, affirming the whole of the Roman doctrine except only the authority of the Pope, drove him to resign, and presently turned upon him the keys of the Tower. "Marry, sir, this was sore thunderbolts!"

Returning to public life in the next reign, he preached in 1548, 1549, 1550 against the evils of the day. Particularly he denounced the covetousness by which the ruin of the yeomanry was being wrought, though this, in fact, was no more than the application to agriculture and cattle-raising of economic laws which in these days are recognised

as sound. He declares—strangely enough—that learning is no longer patronised as in the days of Popery. As to the judges, he likens himself to Esay, who denounced the unjust judges of Israel. He knows very well how the thing works: "Somewhat was given to them before, and they must needs give somewhat again; for Giffe-gaffe was a good fellow: this Giffe-gaffe led them clean away from justice." For such there lacks a Tyburn tippet, though it were my Lord Chief Justice himself. His brethren of the clergy are not spared.

Came Mary; came Pole; came bulls of absolution, reconciliation, and what not. Came also a pursuivant to summon Latimer to the Royal presence. Whither he went, said he, "as willingly, being called by my Prince to render an account of my doctrine, as ever I was at any place in the world." He was lodged first in the Tower; at Oxford the prison in the Corn Market, known as Bocardo (after one of the figures of the syllogism), was the meet abode of this impugner of the ancient logic. There he enjoyed the company of Ridley and Cranmer, and together they confirmed themselves in the conviction that in the New Testament was no warrant for the doctrine of a corporal presence in the sacrament. And there Latimer in his exercises "did so inculcate and beat the ears of the Lord God as though he had seen God before him and spoke unto Him face to face."

Of the examination of the three in St. Mary's Church we can here give no particular account. Only, we quote Strype's description of this poor old clergyman—who had forgot his logic, whose memory was gone and his tongue unused for twenty years to use Latin—at the moment of his appearing before his judges:

He held a hat in his hand, he had a kerchief on his head, and upon it a night-cap or two, and a great cap such as townsmen used with two broad flaps to button under his chin; an old threadbare Bristow freez gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, at which hanged by a long string of leather his Testament; and his spectacles without case hanging about his neck upon his breast.

The proceedings seem to have been somewhat huddled, and their result, consummated six months later, is familiar to every English child. It was one point at which the English Reformation touched heroism. The lurid record kept the hearts of Englishmen hot against the appeal of the Roman Catholic Church for three hundred years: not even the madness of the Powder Plot was so efficacious.

The work of the joint authors has been done with admirable efficiency. There is positively nothing in the record that could hurt the feelings of any reader, whatever his convictions on the dogmatic questions involved. It is the story, told to a great extent in his own words, of an honest old Englishman who was content to give his body to be burned for what he doubted not to be the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Mau's Pompeji.

Pompeii; its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. With numerous Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. (Macmillan. 25s.)

To the list of about five hundred books relating to Pompei in Furchheim's *Bibliotheca Pompeiana*, published 1891, there are by now several important works to add. Prof. Sogliano's learned *Guido de Pompei* came out last April at Rome, and M. Pierre Gusman's magnificent *édition de luxe*, entitled *Pompeii: la Ville, les Mœurs, les Arts*, was published at Paris in December. We now have the latest, which is a translation, specially prepared for English readers by an American gentleman, of a new German MS. by Prof. Mau, similar in some respects to the work that appeared in Germany about three years ago.

It would be absurd here to describe Pompei's history and destruction; all know its modern aspect. It is only necessary to refer to the late Senator Fioralli, who died in 1896, aged seventy-two; who was in charge of the excavations till 1875, when he went to Rome as Superintendent-General of Museums and Excavations; and was succeeded by Michele Ruggiero, followed by Giulio de Petra, and now by the actual Director of the Pompeian excavations, Prof. Sogliano, de Petra being Director of the Naples Museum and of the excavations in the province.

The twelve plates of this volume are beautifully soft and clear, and the plans and 263 illustrations all that can be desired. The restorations are very different from the fanciful and absurd attempts in Dyer's *Pompeii*: in that of the Forum Mau has rightly taken a suggestion from a marble relief; and another of the Greek temple and southern houses and walls of the city, by Weichardt, who happens to be the German Emperor's architect, is both beautiful and reasonable. The description of the Basilica restored is more trustworthy than that in older works, but it can never be thoroughly satisfactory owing to the insufficiency of the remains. Quite in the best German vein is the excellent comparison between the busts of Zeus from Otricoli and Pompei; thorough, clear, and pleasant reading, it is summed up by declaring that "the Pompeian god is more a sovereign; the Zeus of Otricoli is more poetic, more divine."

We knew already that Prof. Mau had shown the building to the west of the Stabian baths to be the town reservoir. But we notice several serious omissions; among others, there is no plan, view, or description of the temple lately excavated between the Basilica and the Porta Marina. This, according to Dr. Sogliano's *Guide*, is named the temple of Augustus, while M. Gusman claims it for that of Venus; and, as his reasons seem good, and we know that there were priestesses to Ceres and Venus in Pompei, we are inclined to agree with the latter. It is remarkable also in so complete a work that there is no mention of the few wells that have been found, of which the list, with depths, was given by FitzGerald Marriott's *Facts about Pompei* in 1895. Nor are Mason's Marks more than referred to; and the authorities quoted omit mention of both Richter's list in *Antike Steinmetzzeichen* (1885), and the later and only complete series of reproductions in twelve pages of Marriott's work. Moreover, all references to the identification of the Family Portraits of the inhabitants of the houses by the latter author, portrayed both by him and in Gusman's elaborate *Pompeii*, seem to be strangely ignored.

The chapter on "Three Houses of Unusual Plan" is interesting, but there is little about the extremely unique, five-storied, terraced cliff-houses in Regione VIII., 2, 14 to 23, such as is given in *Facts about Pompeii*; though a slight description of the older-excavated and smaller house, known as that of Giuseppe Secondo, is given as an example. Among new subjects described in full, however, are the country villa at Boscoreale and the House of the Vettii, excavated in 1894-95. Prof. Mau naturally describes everything, when possible, from the point of view which he has made peculiarly his own—*i.e.*, that of the style of decoration from which the comparatively later buildings can easily be classed under four periods; the successive, gradual development of these styles indicated by Marriott is here investigated on wider lines; and the fascinating origins pointed to are as far off even as Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, which is news for the elder school of British Archaeologists. These latter have too long ignored the four distinct styles of Pompeian and Roman house decoration, and are especially perversely ignorant of that delicate variety of the third style, which Mau, in his well-known German works, but not in this, distinguishes as the "candelabrum." His chapter on "Painting and Wall Decoration" is of the utmost value, that being Mau's strong point, as we know from his *Geschichte der decoration Wandmalerei in Pompeii*.

In speaking of "Sarno" limestone it would have been better to say Sarnus; and a few other orthographic flaws exist. But in spite of defects and omissions, this valuable and substantially-bound book has much that is new, and is the most thorough and extensive work on Pompei in all its many aspects that has yet appeared in the English language.

The New Dooley.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

We have from time to time said so much about Mr. Dooley that it is needless again to lay emphasis on the great merits of this laughing satirist and philosopher. Our readers know already how we regard him. His new book shows no falling off: his wit is as nimble as ever, his eye as quick to note incongruities, his satire as well directed and as brilliant. In one respect *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen* has an advantage over *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, which preceded it: for whereas the earlier book was almost exclusively American in application, the new one gives several chapters to the Dreyfus case and to English subjects.

For most readers the cream of the volume will be these Dreyfus chapters. Certainly Mr. Dooley never approached a scandal with more gusto and levity, and never left it so thoroughly exposed. His own evidence—as contained in an imaginary address to the Court at Rennes—shows his excellent good sense no less than his excellent gift of ridicule. Though he writes in English (of sorts), Mr. Dooley is not an Anglo-Saxon. Fortunately for his readers he is a Celt, and is thus in a position to hit all round. From the salutary lecture which Mr. Dooley delivered to Col. Jouaust we take the following passage:

"Th' throuble is, mong colonel, lady an' gintlemen, tha't it ain't been Cap Dhryfus that's been on thirle, but th' honor iv th' nation an' th' honor iv th' ar-rmy. If 'twas th' Cap that was charged, ye'd say to him, 'Cap, we haven't anny proof again ye; but we don't like ye, an' ye'll have to move on.' An' that 'd be th' end iv th' row. The Cap 'd go over to England an' go into th' South African minin' business, an' become what Hogan calls 'A Casey's bellows.' But, because some la-ad on th' gin'ral staff got caught lyin' in th' start an' had to lie some more to make th' first wan stick, an' th' other gin'erals had to jine him f'r fear he might compromise them if he went on telling his fairy stories, an' they was la-ads r-runnin' newspapers in Paris that needed to make a little money out iv th' popylation, ye said, 'Th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch people an' th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch ar-rmy is on thirle'; an' ye've put them in th' dock instead iv th' Cap. Th' honor iv Fr-rance is all right, me boy, an' will be so long as th' Fr-rinch newspapers is not read out iv Patee,' I says. 'An', if th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch ar-rmy can stand them pants that ye hew out iv red flannel f'r them, a little threashery won't injure it at all,' I says. 'Yes,' says I, 'th' honor iv Fr-rance an' th' honor iv th' ar rmy'll come out all r-right,' I says; 'but it wudden't do anny harm f'r to sind th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch gin'erals to th' laundry,' I says. 'I think ye'd have to sind Gin'ral Merceer's to th' dyer's,' I says. 'Ye niver can take out th' spots, an' it might as well all be th' same color,' I says. 'Mong colonel,' I says imprissively, 'so long as ivry man looks out f'r his own honor, th' honor iv th' country'll look out f'r itself,' I says. 'No wan iver heard iv a nation stealin' a lead pipe or committin' perjury,' I says. 'Tis th' men that makes up th' nation that goes in f'r these diversions,' I says. 'I'd hate to insure again burglars th' naytional honor that was guarded be that ol' gazabo,' says I, indicatin' Merceer with th' toe iv me boot."

The Dreyfus Case is, perhaps, the best thing in the new volume, but we recommend also particularly "A Hero who worked Overtime," "The Optimist," "The Performances of Lieutenant Hobson," and, for true Irish exaggeration and irresponsible fun, "The Union of Two Great Fortunes."

Other New Books.

HOME AND GARDEN.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

Wood and Garden, Miss Jekyll's first book, kept us in the open air: in *Home and Garden*, its sequel, or companion volume, we are taken indoors as well, and are regaled with more intimate and personal conversation and reminiscences than the author offered before. Otherwise the books are very much alike: the same charm is in both, the same love of Nature, the same striking good sense and distinguished taste. Perhaps the most interesting passages in *Home and Garden* are those describing the building of Miss Jekyll's house at Munstead. The building of the house in which the rest of one's life is to be spent is a serious business not to be lightly entered upon, and few experiences are more interesting than this can be to almost everyone, whatever their temperament. But to a mind so active and sound and luminous as Miss Jekyll's the spectacle, nay, the drama, of home-building is absolutely absorbing and full of significance. Nothing is too small for her notice and appreciation. She revels in every office, however mean, that assists forward steady and thorough completion. While her house was building Miss Jekyll occupied a little cottage eighty yards away, where she could feast upon the sounds of the men at work. "How well I got to know them!" she remarks, and adds this list, which there can be few of our readers so accurately unobservant as not to recognise vividly:

The chop and rush of the trowel taking up its load of mortar from the board, the dull alither as the moist mass was laid as a bed for the next brick in the course; the ringing music of the soft-tempered blade cutting a well-burnt brick, the muter tap of its shoulder settling it into its place, ended by the down-bearing pressure of the finger-tips of the left hand; the sliding scrape of the tool taking up the over-much mortar that squeezed out of the joint, and the neat slapping of it into the cross-joint. The sharp, double tap on the mortar-board, a signal that more stuff was wanted. Then, at the mortar-mixing place, the fat-popping of the slaking lime throwing off its clouds of steam; the working of the mixing tool in the white sea enclosed by banks of sand—a pleasant sound strangely like the flopping of a small boat on short harbour wavelets; the rhythmical sound of the shovel in the sloppy mortar as it turned over and over to incorporate the lime and sand.

The house itself, judging from the photographs reproduced in this book, is in external design what it should be. That it is a piece of honest thorough English—shall we say Ruskinian?—work is demonstrated by the simple fact that it is Miss Jekyll's property. An owner who can feel thus about the timber which is employed will not be put off with anything but the best labour:

Then there is the actual living interest of knowing where the trees one's house is built of really grew, the three great beams, ten inches square, that stretch across the ceiling of the sitting-room, and do other work besides, and bear up a good part of the bedroom space above (they are twenty-eight feet long), were growing fifteen years ago a mile and a half away, on the outer edge of a fir wood just above a hazel-fringed hollow lane, whose steep sandy sides, here and there level enough to bear a patch of vegetation, grew tall Bracken and great Foxgloves, and the finest wild Canterbury Bells I ever saw. At the top of the western bank, their bases hidden in cool beds of tall fern in summer, and clothed in its half-fallen warmth of rusty comfort in winter, and in spring-time standing on their carpet of blue wild Hyacinth, were these tall oaks; one or two of their fellows still remain.

That passage is typical of Miss Jekyll's mind. It is inspired by what we might call the Saner Sentimentalism. The architect of Miss Jekyll's home, though he comes in for many eulogies, is yet left unnamed by her. We are tempted to commit an indiscretion and say that it was Mr. Lutyens.

Home and Garden is not inferior to *Wood and Garden*, and all persons who own the one will need the other. They reveal together one of the most interesting and attractive personalities to be found in recent literature. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

This, we fear, is book-making pure and simple. From 1877 to 1880 Lowell was American minister at Madrid, and while holding that office he sent home a number of official despatches. From these a selection of some eighty pages, enclosed in double lines with side titles, has been made, prefaced by sixteen pages by Mr. Adeo—in Lowell's day American *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid—and five by Mr. J. B. Gilder, who "introduces" the book. We learn that on Lowell's arrival at Madrid the leading Government organ welcomed "the poet Russell equally with the diplomatist Lowell" while another paper alluded to him playfully as "José Bighlow." But Spain was a disappointment to the lover of *Don Quixote* (who first learned Spanish in order to be able to read that work) and his writing in this volume is a disappointment to us. The Lowell of the golden and honeyed mouth is not here. The observation shown in these passages from his despatches may be sound, but the matter, comparatively speaking, is always dull, and, speaking positively, is often dull. A good special correspondent for a paper makes far better reading and not much inferior prose. Here are a few—exceptionally characteristic—words concerning a bull-fight:

The loud screams to the amphitheatre was continually checked by the sullen of victims of every shape, size, colour, and discomfort that the nightmare of a bankrupt livery stableman could have invented. All the hospitals and prisons for decayed or condemned carriages seemed to have discharged their inmates for the day, and all found willing victims. And yet all Madrid seemed flocking toward the common magnet on foot also. I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped early. It was my first bull-fight, and will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalising spectacle, in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull.

(Putnam's.)

AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA.

BY CAPTAIN HAYES.

This is less an equine book than those with which Captain Hayes made his reputation. It is gossip, reminiscence, recreation. It stands in the same relation to *The Points of the Horse* that an evening at the hippodrome does to a day with the Pythley. But Captain Hayes is always entertaining, and his new volume, loosely written, slangy and happy-go-lucky as it is, will give "horsey" people a few agreeable hours. The author first went to Russia in order to gain information as to the exact kind of horses needed by the Chevaliers Gardes at St. Petersburg, the supply of which he had undertaken. While on this visit he broke in a young horse in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Inspector-General of the Russian Cavalry, a feat which led to his employment as a horse expert in various capacities. The narrative of his experiences is full of spirit, although the gallant captain's prose model, we regret to state, is more often Mr. John Corlett than, say, Mr. Matthew Arnold. He speaks of "doing himself well" on Haut Sauterne, port and green Curaçoa, of "gees," of "fagging" at his books, and so forth. But what matter? The picture given of Russian cavalry life is the fullest that we know, and Captain Hayes's photographs are extremely interesting. Here is the account of a bad Baltic Province stable boy named Lüpke:

Acting on the advice of Sorel, who had been in the circus with Lüpke, I gave this Baltic Province boy a tenner to stimulate him in looking after the grey gelding. He admired so much the breeches I rode in that I gave him a fellow pair to them. Then he got so uneasy in his

mind over a scarf-pin that I let him have it, lest he would do the gelding an injury. My only consolation now is that he got the order of the boot from the Grand Duke, and that the cirous girl, whom he married, wears the metaphorical and possibly my breeches. If I could only learn that she stuck the pin into him I'd be quite happy. The way nice horses get messed about by incompetent people is sickening.

Captain Hayes is excellent company throughout. (Everett.)

SPORT IN SOMALILAND.

BY JOSEPH POTOCKI.

Few departments of literature enjoy such magnificent editions as the department of Sport. Even the poets scarcely surpass sporting writers in glory of binding and illustration. Another sumptuous volume on African sport now reaches us—the record of the big game expedition of a foreigner. Mr. Joseph Potocki is a young Pole who left England in the autumn of 1895 to go hunting in the "Horn of Africa," otherwise Somaliland, a country which was not long ago unknown and utterly inaccessible, but which is now, thanks to English and Continental sportsmen, quite a fashionable resort for those who wish for wilder shooting than the rest of the world provides. Mr. Potocki started from Berbera, and worked his way due south to Hargeisa and Farfanyer, and then, marching eastwards, struck north again by way of Hodayu to Berbera and the coast. The book, which is an excellent record of sport, is translated from the Polish by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin; and, as far as can be judged by one innocent of the Polish tongue, is smoothly and readably done. But the illustrations are the most valuable part of the book. The frontispiece is a coloured portrait of the author, and there are fifty-eight coloured illustrations, eighteen page-photogravures, seven text figures, and a map. The pictures are wonderfully good, and the studies of lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, elephants, and such like, are drawn with far more knowledge and truth than is usually the case in books on shooting. This is a volume which no one who has ever gone abroad in pursuit of big game will care to be without. (Rowland Ward.)

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, SPORT,
AND ADVENTURE.

BY "THE OLD PIONEER."

Another good book on sport is this work by Mr. George Lacy, "The Old Pioneer," which deals with hunting in the Amaswazi and Gaza countries of South Africa, the Hot Lake District of New Zealand, the gold-fields of Victoria, the diamond-fields, Basutoland, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. Such a list of semi-savage countries should satisfy even the most exacting appetite, and "The Old Pioneer" has certainly had no lack of adventure. He calculates that he has travelled about 190,000 miles, of which five thousand were done on foot, eight thousand on horseback, and twenty thousand in cart or coach. As everyone is now trying to pronounce South African names correctly, it may be as well to record, on the authority of "The Old Pioneer," that the name De Villiers is the Smith of South Africa, and is pronounced "Filgee," for some unknown reason. Mr. Lacy traded a good deal in the Orange Free State and among the Boers, and found that a fine barrel-organ which he had bought from an eccentric Englishman helped him greatly in his trade. He and his companions used to play it after outspanning at a house. The organ was afterwards sold to Moshesh, the great Basuto chief, and it helped to solace his declining years. Mr. Lacy recounts his adventures with a good deal of freshness and spirit, and is altogether a most cheery companion. The book is well illustrated with reproductions from photographs. (Pearson Ltd.)

Fiction.

Shameless Wayne. By Halliwell Sutcliffe.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

HEAR, in the big way of big passions, we seem to have the genuine market-place article. The book is in the true spirit of romance: the reader is never brought quite down to life, and never taken quite away from it. The pages resound with the shock of the last feud of the houses of Wayne and Ratcliffe; and nature, in her most violent and gigantic moods, fills the background. Each family has a fair daughter: so there is fierce and lawless love. Each is barbaric, revengeful: so there is much bloodshed. In the end the home of the Ratcliffes becomes a shambles; the last fight is vividly described, and the Yorkshire moor would be the sweeter when the carcasses were underground. The tale will have an attraction for certain minds. It is diffuse, but that will be no bar to its popularity, for readers of this sort of thing like plenty of it. The work is strong, wholesome, and honest. The slaughtering has a downright manly vigour that makes one think of a thoroughly English stand-up fight; and at least one reader wanted to have a look in at that final splendid rumpus! It is capital reading; but one misses the note of awe. Killing may or may not be tragic, but death always has its own peculiar grandeur; and the act of slaying can surely have no artistic importance unless it appals. In Mr. Sutcliffe's new book men are slain right and left and there's an end of it; the wind wails over the moor, the skies are majestically terrible, but the President of the Immortals seems to be sound asleep all the while. The characters are not analysed: they are painted; and with a tragic motive—the feud begins with the dishonour of a woman and the murder of her husband—we require something more than surface anguish. Shameless Wayne, on the murder of his father, "sobbed as men sob once only in their learning of life's lesson." We are not moved: a strong man sobbing is an awful sight, but it is not enough to tell us that he sobbed. And Wayne never learned life's lesson except through the operation of his animal instincts, which scarcely make for intelligence. In short, in *Shameless Wayne* we have the fabric of both tragedy and romance. The romance is very good, but the tragic veil remains unlifted.

Folly Corner. By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

ONE reads this book under the insistent impression that it is the work of an extremely clever woman. As a story it is really interesting, and its interest does not depend upon the surprises of an intricate plot, but on the adequate development of a dramatic theme. The dialogue of the chapter in which the mysterious gaol-bird (a fascinating degenerate) suddenly confronts Pamela and Jethro at Folly Corner might be used almost bodily on the stage. The writing is generally vigorous and often brilliant; the comedy is first-rate. Gainah is a remarkable creation, and the dullest reader will realise Mrs. Clutton as a living being. It is, in fact, in the objective medium, a successful novel. The scene is laid in the Weald of Sussex, and the natural scenery is admirably done. Mrs. Dudeney wisely refrains from trying her hand at the Sussex dialect. The people, however, do not appear to have been so intimately studied; the present writer knows the county from end to end, and he finds it difficult to believe that during Pamela's drive with Farmer Jayne "every small girl they met bobbed her little skirts in the dust." Mrs. Dudeney is rather hard on cockneys; but this is cockneyism, stark, staring. Had the story appeared anonymously, the sex of its author could easily have been guessed. A young man is "hideous in his Sunday clothes" (he is merely driving past, and there is no reason whatever why his

clothes should be mentioned), and Pamela is "one of those mercurial women who can be made happy by a bar of French chocolate, and miserable by a shabby hat." Does it need a mercurial temperament in woman to be made miserable by a shabby hat? A graver objection is that this does not at all harmonise with what we are told about Pamela. And let Mrs. Dudeney try to imagine George Eliot (say) writing about a countryman's "hideous clothes"! Which brings us to the gulf between subjective and objective art. Nor does Mrs. Dudeney's dashing fancy seem to take kindly to the simile: "Her basket was three-parts full of seed-pods—like the fingers of dainty gloves stretched over bones," is not felicitous. She nevertheless reaches at times the expression of insight, or at least of poetic observation: "The anemones were widely blown, with the quiet watchfulness which comes before death." Sometimes she comes near to spoiling her picture by an excessive use of adjectives: "They went up the path to the brooding house in its tangle of ivy and its unpruned jungle of ancient plum-trees." This house is overdressed; and what kind of a thing would a pruned jungle be? Cleverness, indeed, exceptional cleverness, is all that can be assigned to Mrs. Dudeney's new novel. It is deficient in the highest qualities of imaginative creation. Her people compel a considerable interest. But one is rarely caught up in that fervent sympathy which makes one feel that all hearts have been opened, and that there is no more to be said.

The Man's Cause. By Ella Napier Lefroy ("E. N. Leigh Fry"). (Lane.)

Mrs. LEFROY'S book belongs to that almost obsolete category, the novel with a purpose—oh, but quite naked and unashamed. Need we say that the purpose, in this case, is to educate public opinion in the matter of masculine continence? A very laudable purpose; and seeing that the public at large dislikes tracts and is greedy for stories, who shall blame the vehement propagandist who selects the more appealing mean? Also from the day when a man wrote the lamentable history of Job this has been so. Besides, Mrs. Lefroy does apologise. "I know," she says in effect, in the person of Mrs. Chesney, the amiable and accomplished widow, recently set free from the "smothering horror" of an uncongenial marriage—"I know I am in the way to bore you, but what can a poor woman do who has had it laid upon her to say these things and, if possible, to make herself heard?"

So Mrs. Chesney, "a woman who knows a sight too much," is dumped down in the midst of a house-party of familiar types. The weakly animal is there, the bestial, the ecclesiastical worldly, and some tailor-made young women. There, too, is the distinguished author of "Triumph's Evidences," a collection of essays. To the essayist, as a congenial spirit—to whom, indeed, she owes it that in a fit of revulsion against the "smothering horror" she had not some years ago made away with herself—the lady explicates her views at large. Common-sense views enough, it may be confessed, if a trifle superficial: the laws of heredity, for instance, are, to the mind of this reformer, "remarkably plain and straightforward." Having frustrated, by very outspoken remonstrances, a certain number of marriages to which the tailor-made young ladies had been basely tempted, and having been proved absolutely right in those cases in which her advice was disregarded, the sprightly widow winds up the story by forgetting the stain set upon her by her previous loveless union in favour of the author of "Triumph's Evidences."

The book is pleasant to read, and in places comes near wit.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HEART OF THE DANCER. BY PERCY WHITE.

A melodrama redeemed by a light touch, and a sense of gay aloofness that does not desert the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, even when he is describing tragedy. A dancing girl, a decadent poet, a military hero, a foreign prince, a young woman—plain, rich, good—these are the people of the book, and their love affairs are its backbone. It is all quite readable; it is not in the least memorable; and when you have finished you just want to say to the author: "Thank you for a pleasant evening." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

BY WILSON BARRETT AND ELWYN BARRON.
IN OLD NEW YORK.

A novel founded on a play by the same authors. It tells of the nobility of a young Dutchman who, after a life of self-sacrifice, is slain in a duel by the young man he has done most to befriend. There are, indeed, three duels in the book and a horse-race (in which the favourite is shot dead a few yards from the winning-post). The authors have not quite succeeded in excluding limelight from their pages. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE CHAINS OF CIRCUMSTANCE. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

An ingenious melodramatic story by a skilful hand at such fabrications. The central character is our old friend the respectable merchant with a past. A figure from this past visits him in an early chapter, they scuffle, the merchant kills him with a paper-weight, and the merchant's head clerk buries him in a cellar. From that moment the merchant is in the hands of blackmailers, and remains there until it is discovered that the figure from the past was not really killed and buried at all. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. BY E. S. VAN ZILE.

A florid romance of French adventurers in America in the seventeenth century. "'Beware the omnipresent ear of the Great Order, Monsieur Le Comte!" exclaimed La Salle, rising to his elbow and searching the shadows behind him with questioning eyes. . . . "Where I go are ever savages or silence, but always in my ear echoes the stealthy footfall of the Jesuit." Later, Indians and Spaniards are added to the mixture. (Harper. 6s.)

UNDER THE LINDEN. BY GILLAN VASE.

A staccato, sentimental German story. The heroines are twain, two twin sisters Ottila and Gertrud, and life goes not too happily for them until the day when, side by side, they die of their own accord by asphyxiation; but sadness is mixed with gaiety in this curious and very feminine romance. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

GRACE WARDWOOD. BY "ATHENÉ."

A happy-go-lucky, genial Irish story, written sometimes in the present tense and sometimes in the past, rambling, sentimental, and always right-minded. It is dedicated to the author's mother and "to all who love a Christmas tale told in the delightful warmth and pleasant light of the crackling blaze of the Yule log, and who bring to the entertainment a pure heart, clean hands, and a clear conscience." (Dublin: Duffy.)

THOU SHALT NOT—. BY STANTON MORICH.

In the first chapter Mr. Calvert, a Clapham pietist and City speculator, turns out to be a forger and thief. He is removed to prison for fourteen years, leaving a young second wife and a daughter of about the same age. The story is concerned with the two women, life on the stage, and seamy people. The end is happy, but the way thither is rather muddy. (Pearson.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Book of the Winter Season.

It is red, but it is not *Red Pottage*. *Red Pottage* is bulky: the book of the winter is only four and a half inches by three and a half, and a quarter of an inch thick. It has only 138 pages, and it tells no story; has no characters save one—the author; is not written, in the literary sense, at all; and has but one picture, and that a very poor one. And yet within a week or so fifty thousand copies were sold, and it is being sold at this moment at a prodigious rate. It is called *Aids to Scouting*,* and the author is he whose full style is Bt.-Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, F.R.G.S., 5th Dragoon Guards, but who, by all who know him, and by all who admire him (and who does not?), is called simply “B.P.” “B.P.,” then, is not merely the invincible and resourceful commanding officer at Mafeking; he is also the most popular author of the 1899-1900 publishing season.

Why do we now pick up a modern military novel with only languid attention? Because war, so far as the outsider can judge, is no longer—if ever it was—an interesting pursuit for rank and file. The Commanding Officer, one supposes, has an absorbing enough time in preparing his plan of action; but thereafter the progress of the campaign is in the hands of men in packs. Emergencies may, of course, arise in which individual resource will be tried to the uttermost that adventurous man can want; but they are rare, and for the most part the soldier is a cog in the machinery, a thing quite apart from its motive power. That is why one has come to look to stories of modern war without any of that rapture which is excited in us by a romance of courage, cunning, and address such as *The Three Musketeers*. D'Artagnan, we feel, would be no better to-day, in a *mêlée* on Spion Kop, than the stupidest recruit from Little Pedlington. Not all his wit could save him from the true aim of a Boer sharpshooter, nor would avail aught the might of Porthos, the craft of Aramis, or the steel wrists of the Count de la Fère. It is this dread fact which has caused our makers of romance to hark back to the '45 and earlier times, or to invent German kingdoms where hand-to-hand contests and intrigue are still possible.

But the perusal of “B.P.'s” tiny red book reminds us that in excepting the Commanding Officer as the only one who finds in war full interest and full scope for his genius we have made a mistake. There is still another figure, belonging usually to the other extreme of the army—the scout. In modern warfare, it may be roughly said, the Commanding Officer and the scout divide between them almost all the opportunities for individual resource and interest; and perhaps the scout has the best of it. After all, if he fails he is only a scout, whereas the Commanding Officer. . . . Novelists who have their eyes open for the possibilities of the present conflict will do well to give the scout full attention, and by way of paving the way they should read this little book without delay, for though it will go in the waistcoat pocket, most

* *Aids to Scouting*. By Bt.-Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell. (Gale & Polden. 1s. net.)

of the romance of modern war is between its scarlet covers. Here is a passage to the point:

Use deep shadows of bushes, trees, and banks as much as possible. In danger lie close to the ground so that you can see anyone moving against the stars. Use your ears as much as your eyes.

By squatting low in the shadow of a bush, and keeping quite still, I have let an enemy's scout come and stand within three feet of me, so that when he turned his back toward me I was able to stand up where I was and fling my arms round him.

D'Artagnan, then, is not yet extinct! There is still use for the strong arms and the stealthy tread, still employment for the brain of the opportunist. Again:

Sleep whenever you can get the chance in safety, because there is no work that is more trying than the continual alertness required in scouting. But when you sleep be careful not to be caught napping. I believe it to be a matter of practice that a man can not only wake himself at any hour he may wish to, but also that he can sleep so lightly as to be awakened by the slightest sound or by the movement of anyone near him. It is a habit with me; as is also that of taking ten minutes' sleep here and there, and waking up as refreshed as if I had had a couple of hours' rest.

When sleeping be careful to have your revolver fastened to you by its langard. Many men sleep with it under their head or pillow, and as that is where a thief would naturally look for it, a better place is under or behind your knees, where it is safe and ready to your hand.

General Buller has been commenting lately in his despatches on the disregard of scouting shown by the ordinary British officer. After reading “B.P.'s” little book it seems to us a marvel that anyone enlists to be anything but a scout. The scouts have all the fun. To use “B.P.'s” phrase, they enjoy the best sport in the world.

But it is not only potential scouts and novelists who will be interested by this book. A man of peace might do much worse than permit Bt.-Col. Baden-Powell to quicken his observant faculties for him. Bloodless scouting might become a popular and serviceable pastime for pedestrians in a dull country. Measuring a river with the eye, after “B.P.'s” rules, would pass half an hour very capably. This is his plan:

Select a tree or other object on the opposite bank and one where you stand. Then move off at a right (square) angle to these and pace a distance—say, 100 yards; plant a mark (your sword will do) and go on half as much again (another 50 yards). Then turn at right angles to your original line and walk away from the river, counting your paces until you bring the sword in line with the tree on the opposite bank. The distance you have paced since turning will be one-half of the distance across the river. Thus, if you find you have paced 90 yards, the river is 180 yards wide.

(It is unfortunate that in the edition of the book which we possess there should be two serious errors on this page. They are, it is true, pointed out in an errata slip, but errata slips are often disregarded. A third error is in the diagram, the measurements of which do not tally with the results.) To measure one river is, however, to measure all rivers. More varied fun will come from the game of deduction. The author gives a specimen pacific morning's work of his own. This is Example II.:

While following the tracks of the rickshaw, I noticed fresh tracks of two horses coming towards me, followed by a big dog.

They had passed since the rickshaw (over-riding its tracks). They were cantering (two single hoof-prints, and then two near together).

A quarter of a mile further on they were walking for a quarter of a mile. (Hoof-prints in pairs a yard apart.) Here, the dog dropped behind, and had to make up lost ground by galloping up to them. (Deep impression of his claws, and dirt kicked up.)

They had finished the walk about a quarter of an hour before I came there: (Because the horse's droppings at this point were quite fresh; covered with flies; not dried outside by the sun.)

They had been cantering up to the point where they began the walk, but one horse had shied violently on passing the invalid in the rickshaw: (Because there was a great kick up of gravel and divergence from its track just where the rickshaw track bent into the side of the road, and afterwards over-rode the horses' tracks.)

DEDUCTION.

The tracks were those of a lady and gentleman out for a ride, followed by her dog.

Because had the horses been only out exercising with syces they would have been going at a walk in single file (or possibly at a tearing gallop).

They were therefore ridden by white people, one of whom was a lady; because, 1st, a man would not take a big, heavy dog to pound along after his horse (it had pounded along long after the horses were walking); 2nd, a man would not pull up to walk because his horse had shied at a rickshaw; but a lady might, especially if urged to do so by a man who was anxious about her safety, and that is why I put them down as a man and a lady. Had they been two ladies, the one who had been shied with would have continued to canter out of bravado. And the man probably either a very affectionate husband or no husband at all.

The Amateur Critic.

An Articulate Colony.

UNDER this heading in the ACADEMY of January 13 the reviewer quotes the following words from Mr. Reeves's book: "Of . . . poetic . . . talent . . . there is yet but little sign. In writing they (New Zealanders) show facility often, distinction never." As far as the poetry goes I humbly demur to this sweeping dictum. Chance, nearly three years ago, put into my hands a book of poems, entitled *Poems by a New Zealander* (Kegan Paul), and it is in this slim and green-backed little book that I find evidence of the "distinction" which has been denied to New Zealand writers of the past and present. I have no idea whether "A New Zealander" is a man or woman, but I have no hesitation in saying he (or she) is a poet, and to support my statement will quote from an "Ode to England," the England called "Home," but hitherto, "save in dreams," unvisited by the poet. The difference in the seasons is noted, but—

'Tis only that the months wear different hues,
And change for us wan violets to warm sheaves.
November here forgets her early dews,
Dun fogs and frost: she gives us lingering eves,
Incessant roses, ever lovely views
By peak and vale; is prodigal of leaves;
Busies the eager bees from morn till night;
Love fledglings, downy chickens, dragon flies,
And the bright creatures of the summer skies,
And in the first red cherries hath delight.

"Incessant roses" is summer painted in two words. I give one more quotation (from a "Song"), and hope that these two examples of how the Muse is tended in Greater Britain may send other readers to a book of verses not unworthy to stand beside those of Lindsay Gordon and A. B. Paterson on our bookshelves:

Take what thou wilt, thou canst not take away
My joy in loving thee!
Love doth not spring nor perish in a day;
And though thine cease to be,
Mine still lives on, to be its own sure stay,
Its own unasked felicity.

H. G. H.

A Man and his Work.

A NOTICEABLE feature which may be met with in almost all the obituary notices of the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore is the prediction that his fame will depend solely on *Lorna Doone*. The fact of this book's great popularity above his other novels is emphasised as if it was the singular fate of Mr. Blackmore to have won the approval of the public but once. Yet, if one reflects, it is by no means a rare thing for an author to be associated with one book. Others he may have produced—as did Mr. Blackmore—of even greater merit than the work which brought him his fame; but the public is obtuse in matters of taste, and often as not it refuses to divide the honours of its first choice with late comers. Take the case of Mr. Shorthouse, who continues to be described as "the author of *John Inglesant*," notwithstanding that there are several other brilliant works bearing his name, but, unhappily for the public, they are too little known. This attempt to summarise a man and his work in a single sentence has the disadvantage of popularising but one book, and that one not necessarily the best. Its origin is not far to seek: when a book first arrests the public attention, its author cannot be more than a mere abstraction to the general; in the second stage he gains a notoriety as its author; in the third stage in the author's progress, in which his personality is regarded apart from his writings, is only reached by a favoured few. No doubt, once upon a time it was "Mr. John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*," until his work became duly focussed in the public mind, when he was "John Milton the Poet." Thackeray is still known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, although he wrote *Esmond* and *The Newcomes*; and Charlotte Brontë as the author of *Jane Eyre*, though *Villette* is her really great novel. But this I hope, that to future generations the name of Blackmore will bring to mind not only *Lorna Doone* but a dozen delightful novels.

JONATHAN DEAN.

"Peg Woffington."

A GOOD many people have doubtless been reading Charles Read's *Peg Woffington* lately, incited thereto by the publication of Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations. I wonder whether many have noticed two rather curious inaccuracies.

In Chapter II, Cibber, speaking in the green-room of the Covent Garden Theatre, says: "When I was young two giantesses [Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield] fought for empire upon this very stage. . . . They played Roxana and Statira in the 'Rival Queens.'" Now this contest, which was immediately followed by Mrs. Bracegirdle's retirement from the stage, took place in 1707, not at the Covent Garden Theatre, which was not opened till 1733, but at the Haymarket. The rivals, too, appear to have played not Roxana and Statira together, but Mrs. Brittle, in "The Amorous Widow," on successive nights.

The other is, perhaps, a smaller matter. The date of the tale is (Chapter I.) "about the middle of last century"; and as Mrs. Bracegirdle, who was alive at the time, died in 1748, it cannot be later than that year. In Chapter VII. we find Mrs. Woffington going by coach to Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, pursued by Sir Charles Pomander and Mr. Vane. Other land journeys to and from the same place are mentioned later. But Westminster Bridge was not opened till 1750; and it is very improbable that anyone would go from Covent Garden to Lambeth by way of London Bridge, the only bridge till that at Westminster was built. Water would certainly be taken for part of the way. Of course there was the Horseferry; but it is not likely that it would be used for such journeys.

Such are the pitfalls that beset the writer of romances who brings in real persons, with their fixed and inexorable dates.

C.

Correspondence.

Ruskin on War.

SIR,—The opinion of John Ruskin upon *any* subject must necessarily be of great interest and importance. For the moment the question of War *versus* Peace is all-pervading, and, in addition to the reference to the subject which Mr. Charles Quartermain has pointed out in your last issue, in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, may I remind you of another in the third volume of *Modern Painters*? I believe it was written at the time of the Crimean War, and the sentiments expressed therein go far to prove that Ruskin's opinion on the subject was a settled one—an opinion, not a hasty thought. I venture to quote the following:

I believe war is at present productive of good more than of evil. I will not argue this hardly and coldly, as I might, by tracing in past history some of the abundant evidence that nations have always reached their highest virtue, and wrought their most accomplished works, in times of straitening and battle; as, on the other hand, no nation has ever yet enjoyed a protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline. I will not so argue this matter; but I will appeal at once to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest. I know what would be told me by those who have suffered nothing, whose domestic happiness has been unbroken, whose daily comfort undisturbed; whose experience of calamity consists, at its utmost, in the incertitude of a speculation, the dearness of a luxury, or the increase of demands upon their fortune which they could meet fourfold without inconvenience. From these, I can well believe, be they prudent economists or careless pleasure-seekers, the cry for peace will rise alike vociferously, whether in the street or senate. But I ask *their* witness, to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed in a moment under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-lines, who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and with theirs; that they would have it no otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gift of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the crocus on the breast-plate of England. Ask them: and though they should answer only with a sob, listen if it does not gather upon their lips into the sound of the old Seyton war-cry—"Set on."

—I am, &c.

GUY WILFRID HAYLER.

Capenhurst, Chester: Feb. 1, 1900.

The Decadent Cuckoo.

SIR,—Allow me, in thanking you for the excellent review of my cuckoo book, to say that the illustrations are all given in it. That which should have been placed at page 28 was, by the binder, put at an earlier page; and, in the list of illustrations, page 15 is an unfortunate misprint for 13. Your inserting this may save others who *already* have the volume from being puzzled, and these errors are put right in later copies. I exceedingly regret they should have occurred.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

"Ariel's Press Cutting Agency."

SIR,—Your references, in the current issue of the ACADEMY, to Mr. I. Zangwill's "delicious essays in the difficult art" of parody are so extremely flattering to me, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing to say

that it was I, not Mr. Zangwill, who contributed to *Ariel* the series of "press cuttings" which you praise so highly. They have been attributed to my friend Mr. Zangwill, I know, by a variety of papers of less consequence than the ACADEMY, and I hope I may not be considered unduly vain for not allowing the statement to pass without contradiction in the magisterial columns of the ACADEMY. For I recognise that some people may not think so generously of those bagatelles as your reviewer does. I know one person who does not. Yet it is a gratification to him to know that he is not the only one by whom they are still remembered.—I am, &c.,

Feb. 7, 1900.

EDWARD MORTON.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 20 (New Series).

WE asked last week for mottoes for four bookcases containing respectively works of History, Poetry, Fiction, and Biography. The quotations were to be from English authors, and suitable to be really employed for the purpose named. The following series, sent by Miss Evelyn Underhill, 3, Campden Hill-place, London, W., seems to us the most suitable:

History—

History is Philosophy teaching by examples.—*Bolingbroke*.

Poetry—

The crown of literature is poetry.—*M. Arnold*.

Fiction—

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

"Richard III." *iv. 4.*

Biography—

In books we find the dead, as it were, living.

Richard de Bury.

Replies received also from: T. C., Buxted; D. H. W., Pwllheli; R. D. B., London; E. B. V. C., London; E. C. W., Oxford; C. W., London; J. A. S. B., Edinburgh; H. A. W., Portobello; E. L. E., Rochdale; A. S. W., Westward Ho!; A. M. P., Lincoln; C. S., Brighton; G. N., Clifton; M. H. M., London; W. D. E., Wimbleton; A. T., Reigate; E. T., Manchester; Miss G., Newtown; L. C., Cambridge; F. L., Manchester; R. G. W., Kirkby-Ravensworth; F. E. W., London; L. P., Inverness; D. C. B., Birkenhead; E. E. L., Leicester; H. J., London; T. M., Rundle; E. H. Didsbury; D. S., London; Miss G., Reigate; B. G., Barnabury; H. B., London; Mrs. W. H. P., Alton; S. C., Brighton; F. M., London; J. B., Aberdeen; G. R., Aberdeen; F. M. D., London; S. S., Cambridge; A. D. B., Liverpool; A. C., Edinburgh; D. C. R., Birkenhead; R. W. D. N., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; G. B., Liverpool; B. W. M., London; O. E., Edinburgh; L. K., Highgate; and R. F. M. C., Whitby.

Competition No. 21 (New Series).

EVERY family where writing games are popular has some game of home manufacture. We offer a prize of a guinea to the description of the best original writing game—that is to say, of the best game for an evening party in which paper, pencils, and brains are involved. The word original would not exclude a good adaptation of a well-known game, which is the form that home-made games often take.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 132, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Isis, Grangemouth, The Outaider, Erin-go-bragh, Lancet, Unfledged, Kingston, Narcissus, Tredegar.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

AMERICA TO-DAY. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Last year Mr. William Archer braved the Atlantic to make a study of the American stage. He also accepted a commission from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Magazine* to jot down his impressions of America during an eight weeks' sojourn. The book before us contains those jottings or observations, together with four essays, dealing with American subjects, somewhat weightier in character, to which he has given the title of "Reflections." (Heinemann.)

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. BY SIR THOMAS MALORY.

The two new volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics." The page is ample and the type large. Mr. A. W. Pollard's bibliographical note reminds us that Caxton (whose preface is included in this edition) finished printing the first edition on the last day of July, 1485, some fifteen or sixteen years after Malory finished the book. An index has been supplied by Mr. Henry Littlehales. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 7s. net).

JOHN RUSKIN. BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

Mr. Spielmann's monograph on Mr. Ruskin is ready betimes. Portions of it were written for the *Graphic*, and one chapter appeared in the *Magazine of Art*. All has, however, been revised. An article on "The Black Arts," which Mr. Ruskin wrote for the *Magazine of Art*, is reprinted here, together with some correspondence concerning the article which passed between Mr. Ruskin and the author of this book. (Cassell & Co. 5s.)

HISTORICAL TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. BY D. T. QUILLER COUCH.

This is the book which was first announced under the title of *Q's Tales from Shakespeare*. Therein Mr. Couch supplies certain of the plays omitted by Charles and Mary Lamb. His original idea, he tells us, was to follow their plan of using only Shakespearian words, but in time he gave this up and wrote in his own manner. The plays are "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "King John," the two "Richards," and the three "Henrys." (Arnold. 6s.)

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE. BY W. H. FITCHETT.

The third volume of Mr. Fitchett's history of the great war. The reader now reaches the war in the Peninsula and the Duke of Wellington—a tract of time covered in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life*. The two books would make an interesting comparison. Maps of battles and portraits of soldiers illustrate the volume. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

THE ROMANTIC TRIUMPH. BY T. S. OMOND.

The new volume in Messrs. Blackwoods' "Periods of European Literature" series. The Romantic movement had its impulse in the last century—Rousseau in France, Ossian in Great Britain, Bürger in Germany, were among the leaders. Bürger, of course, influenced Scott, for it was the ballad of "Leonore" which first turned his thoughts towards romance. The movement soon gathered strength, and Mr. Omond traces it all over Europe. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

* * * Owing to pressure upon our space further acknowledgments of New Books are held over till next week.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

NEW WORK

BY THE LATE

G. W. STEEVENS,

War Correspondent of the "Daily Mail."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish about the end of FEBRUARY "FROM CAPETOWN to LADYSMITH: an Unfinished Record of the South African War," by G. W. STEEVENS, Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," "In India," &c. In One Volume, crown 8vo. With Maps.

45, George Street, Edinburgh; & 37, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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FAIRY STORIES FROM THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN.

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J. M. GIBSON, D.D."

ANDREW MELROSE, 16, Pilgrim Street, London E.C.

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Remarkable Introductory offer regarding

Readers of the preliminary announcements which *The Standard* made regarding its issue of the new "Library of Famous Literature" will recall the express conditions upon which the present offer was made. Instead of putting a very high price upon the first edition, with the intention of afterwards reducing this price from time to time, as has been the usual custom with publishers, *The Standard* announced that it would receive subscriptions in advance of the day of publication at the lowest price possible with the character and cost of the work. The result of this offer was an advance subscription for 3,000 sets before a single set could be delivered. Even after delivery was begun, the binders could hardly keep pace with the incoming subscriptions, so that now the orders for nearly 2,000 sets still remain unfilled.

So long as it was possible to make immediate delivery of the books, *The Standard* has kept its offer open, and under this arrangement 7,000 sets of the Library have been subscribed for up to the present time. A large force is now at work binding up the last sets of the present edition, so that not only will all present subscribers soon be supplied, but the remaining set of the edition will also be ready for delivery at an early date. It is in view of these circumstances that *The Standard* now announces that its advance-of-publication offer must be withdrawn. The present arrangement, whereby it is possible to secure the Library at about half the regular price, and the complete work, the entire twenty volumes, is sent to the subscriber all at one time, can remain open but a little while longer.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS THINK.

Below are printed a few letters from among the hundreds which *The Standard* has received from early subscribers to the Library, who now have these richly-bound volumes in their homes. Intending Subscribers may read with interest, especially, the letter in small black type. The latter affirms what *The Standard* has said repeatedly—that it is next to impossible to give, by means of any mere printed description or specimen pages, and specimen illustrations, an adequate idea of the great work which Dr. Garnett and his associates have produced. Only an actual day-by-day use of the Library may reveal its true value, the true wealth of its contents.

"Received with Favour by my Friends."
Therapia, 61, St. Andrew's Road, Southsea.
I was more than surprised on looking through the volumes. Dr. Garnett is, indeed, to be congratulated on the compilation of a work of such exceptional magnitude, which will be indispensable, and of the greatest value to students in every branch of literature.
The beautiful coloured plates and hundreds of well-executed illustrations, the paper, type, and binding make the work most attractive. The publishers are, I deem, to be congratulated for the excellence of their share in its production.
It is a pleasure to record the favour with which this work has been received by all my friends who have had the opportunity of glancing through its pages. They were not long in determining to order copies for themselves before too late.
WILLIAM J. J. SPRY, R.N., F.R.G.S., F.R. Hist.S., &c.

"Pleased beyond Measure."
Gayton House, Ashted, Surrey.
Dear Sirs,—Now that I have received my copies of "Famous Literature," I am beyond measure pleased with them.
It seems to me, however, that the public should by some means be better acquainted with the real nature of the publication.
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The Literary Week.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER will complete his eightieth year in April. A birthday address is being prepared in Australia, which will be signed alike by those who accept Mr. Spencer's philosophy and by those whom it has merely stimulated to opposition.

ON Sunday, February 25, the Stage Society will give a performance of Ibsen's "The League of Youth." There is a play, now in MS., which is well within the Society's scheme—indeed, an ideal candidate for their consideration. We refer to "The Egoist." Adapted and arranged by Mr. Alfred Sutro, it is an open secret that the dialogue, which Mr. Sutro has drawn from the book, has been revised, and sometimes rewritten, by Mr. Meredith. The play is in five acts, and those who were present at a private reading last Monday speak enthusiastically of its dramatic interest and force.

THE death mask of a girl, supposed to have been found drowned in the Seine, which gave Mr. Le Gallienne the idea for *The Worshipper of the Image*, is a reality. Discovered by a prowler after curiosities some time ago in a shop near Covent Garden, purchased by him, and hung in his rooms, the beauty of the cast sent many to the shop. Verses were written to this pretty, pathetic Unknown; she suggested a subject for one of our "Things Seen"; and now a book has been composed around her.

As our advertisement columns show, the books about South Africa and the War are many and various, including one by Mr. Frank Harris, wherein the late editor of the *Saturday Review* entangles Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, George Washington, and Lord Randolph Churchill in the discussion. In a few days books descriptive of the actual fighting will be ready. That by Mr. Steevens may well claim to be the most important. Called *From Cape Town to Ladysmith*: an Unfinished Record of the South African War, it will contain a long, final chapter by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, which will take the form of a record of the public interest and sympathy that Mr. Steevens's untimely death evoked.

MR. BENNETT BURLEIGH, we hear, has also a book nearly finished, and then there is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's narrative of his capture and escape from Pretoria. Mr. Alfred Kinnear also announces a volume, which will be called *To Modder River with Methuen*.

THE war has disturbed ordinary publishing, but Messrs. Methuen have evolved a method of making it help the sale of novels. In the new sixpenny story of their "Novelist" Library, *Prisoners of War*, by Mr. A. Boyson Weekes, will be found the offer of a prize of £100 to the reader who names the day and the month on which the Peace will be signed. There is the usual Coupon arrangement, and the result will be published in a future volume of the "Novelist" Library.

WHAT with his history of the reconquest of the Soudan, his brilliant work as war correspondent of the *Morning Post*, his forthcoming War book, and his novel, *Savrola*, the son of Lord Randolph Churchill is in no danger of being overlooked. The hero of *Savrola* is a young democrat, popular idol, orator, statesman, and fighter. This is Mr. Churchill's description of Savrola's library:

It was a various library: the philosophy of Schopenhauer divided Kant from Hegel, who jostled the Memoirs of St. Simon and the latest French novel; RASSELAS and LA CURÉE lay side by side; eight substantial volumes of Gibbon's famous History were not perhaps inappropriately prolonged by a fine edition of the DECAMERON; the ORIGIN OF SPECIES rested by the side of a black-letter Bible; THE REPUBLIC maintained an equilibrium with VANITY FAIR and the HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS. A volume of Macaulay's Essays lay on the writing-table itself; it was open, and that sublime passage whereby the genius of one man has immortalised the genius of another was marked in pencil. And history, while for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

A LITERARY curiosity will be found in the *Strand Magazine* for February. The last of the late Mr. Grant Allen's Hilda Wade episodes was not finished at his death. Dr. Conan Doyle has completed the story upon lines which were laid down by Mr. Grant Allen himself in conversation. The arrangement recalls Mr. Quiller-Couch's more arduous completion of *St. Ives*.

BETWEEN his sonnet sequence, *The Silence of Love* (published last year), and his new volume of poems *Without and Within* (now in the press), Mr. Edmond Holmes has issued an essay of a hundred pages on the question *What is Poetry?* It is refreshing to find a poet of to-day asking, and trying to answer, a question of such antiquity and breadth. We shall return to Mr. Holmes's little book. Meanwhile, dipping into it, we are glad to find him protesting against a notion which is now common that the diction of poetry requires constant renewal; that *golden*, for instance, the only English word which really describes sunlight, is worn out and must be replaced by *amber*, *saffron*, or *yellow*—words which convey less and, under a replacement theory, must themselves decay and be ousted. Mr. Holmes also holds that the effort to introduce exact, as distinct from vague, words into poetry is doomed to failure. "Vague words stir emotion; exact terms repress it. . . ."

MR. PUNCH this week makes a moving appeal on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street. This is the oldest and largest children's hospital in London, yet its funds are now so low that unless money is quickly raised its doors will have to be closed. Mr. Punch says he does not quote "Pay, pay, pay," but urges everybody, everywhere, to "Give, give, give." Donations should be sent to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Bouverie-street.

THE war is producing reprints as well as new books. Among the former is a facsimile reproduction of a very curious old pamphlet called *The Souldiers Catechisme*, printed in 1644. Only two copies of this Catechism are known to exist. The Rev. Walter Begley is the possessor of one, and he is the editor of the reprint now put forth by Mr. Elliot Stock. The author of this curious work is unknown, but his aim is sufficiently clear. The Puritan soldiers of Cromwell were peace-loving men, with a natural and acquired abhorrence of war. These men had to be convinced that it was right for them to fight, and that the sword they were asked to draw was really the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Mr. Begley thinks that the Catechism was "probably written to order at the suggestion of the chiefs of the Puritan Party. . . . It was evidently meant to be a companion to what is known as Cromwell's Pocket Bible of the year before (1643)."

PRACTICALLY *The Souldiers Catechisme* has been unknown and unquoted for three hundred years. Its character and aims may be judged by the following questions and answers:

Q. **W**hat are the principall things required in a Souldier ?
A. 1. That hee bee religious and godly.

2. That he be couragious and valiant.
3. 3 That he be skilfull in the Militarie Profession.

Q. How do you prove that our souldiers should be religious ?

- A. 1. By Scripture: *Deut.* 23.9. *Luk.* 3.14.
2. Besides, there be many Reasons to confirme it.
 1. Because they lie to open to death.
 2. They stand in continuall need of Gods affittance.
 3. They fight for Religion and Reformation.
 4. God hath rais'd them up to execute justitie.
 5. Men may be as religious in this Profession as in any other.
 6. We read of brave souldiers that have been very religious.
 7. A well ordered Camp is a Schoole of Vertue, wherein is taught, 1. Preparation to death, 2. Continencie, 3. Vigilancie, 4. Obedience, 5. Hardneffe, 6. Temperance, 7. Humilitie, 8. Devotion, &c.

LAST week we referred to Dr. Furnivall's recently expressed opinion (which has, of course, been shared and uttered by many) that the English language is destined to over-run the civilised world, gradually ousting all others. An unconscious tribute to the reasonableness of this prediction is furnished by an extraordinary scheme, recently put forth by a writer in the *Revue des Revues*, for vitalising and preserving the French language. This writer (M. Jean Finot) thinks that the only way by which to restore the ascendancy of his native tongue is to make it more than ever the language of literature. In short, he would make the French language a kind of literary asylum or receiving-house to which writers of all nations might commit their thoughts. Recognising that in all countries there are many gifted men who cannot hope to become "articulate," and that there are countries like Russia and Italy where even the greatest writers can command only small notice in their native tongue, M. Finot goes on to ask:

Does not this condition present a grand opportunity to France? Let her accept the noble and generous rôle of introducer of all the talents which are being stifled in the narrow atmosphere of their own country. Let our literature, besides her own virtues and beauties, become the godmother of the literatures and authors of the "Great Unknown," and she will thereby attach to herself and to her own destiny numbers of other tongues and cultivators of letters.

In a word, we dream of making France once more the great reservoir of intellectual humanity, where every production or idea of value, elevation, or originality shall find a country of adoption. In this way Russians, Italians, Poles, Swedes, Danes, Greeks, Finlanders, Roumanians, Servians, Bulgarians, and many other peoples, would, alike from necessity and gratitude, be induced to study French and its literature.

The idea is rather fine, and of late years it has even been, to a small and natural extent, in process of realisation. Yet surely, at bottom, it begs the question. For if the unwritten thoughts of Poles, Roumanians, and the rest, clamour to be read, surely they will flow, of their own volition, into the soundest and most capacious vessel—that is to say, into English.

PARENTS and schoolmasters who are in search of a good selection of poetry for children of, say, thirteen years and upwards will do well to look at *The New English Poetry Book* (Horace Marshall & Son), which has just been compiled by Mr. E. G. Speight. The pieces chosen are at once satisfying and germinative, and we are glad to see that Mr. Speight considers his work done when he has made the selection. There are no notes, only a short glossary, and we heartily echo Mr. Speight's wish that "the children be allowed to read without fear of the ordeal of examination, that their likes and dislikes be respected, and that ample trust be reposed in their power of assimilation." The book opens with some lyrics of Shakespeare, Herrick, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other Elizabethans. There is a sprinkling of old ballads. What could be better than the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens?

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
With the auld moon in her arm;
And if ye gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

Sir Patrick and his merry men all
Were ance mair on the faen;
With five-and-fifty Soots lords' sons
That langed to be at hame.

But they hadna sailed upon the sea
A day but barely three,
When the life grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlie grew the sea.

The poetry of to-day is represented in selections from Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henley, Mr. Bridges, William Morris, and T. E. Brown. Mr. Henley is presented as a poet of the sea to young Britons:

The full sea rolls and thunders
In glory and in glee;
Oh, bury me not in the senseless earth,
But in the living sea!

Ay, bury me where it surges
A thousand miles from shore,
And in its brotherly unrest
I'll range for evermore.

THE birth-rate of new papers is abnormally high; even doctors are contributing to it. The *Physician and Surgeon* is a new high-class medical weekly review. Its aim is to treat of all medical events and subjects in a style somewhat more broad and modern than that which is found in medical papers established many years ago. This aim is intelligible, it also spells difficulty; but the first number of the *Physician and Surgeon* inspires confidence in the methods and ability of its promoters.

AMONG magazines which enjoy less fame than they deserve is the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* (West, Newman & Co.), which has just begun its thirty-third year of issue, in a new cover and under new editorship. In the *Examiner* will be found from time to time articles of real weight and charm, by such writers as Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, Prof. Rendel Harris, Dr. Robert Spence Watson, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, and other well-known writers whose connexion with the Society of Friends is perhaps not generally known. The magazine represents all the widened ideals and sympathies of Quakerism; thus, a paper on the "Cultivation of Artistic Taste," which might have astonished the readers of twenty years ago, is now a typical contribution.

WE are always ready to find wit in a new undergraduate magazine. But in the *Alma Mater*, a new Cambridge production, this quality is lacking, and is replaced by no other. Indeed, *Alma Mater* seems born of the mere itch to write, or, shall we say, the itch to edit. Essays on "The Tyranny of Tipping," "The Delights of Dancing," "Drones," &c., are the fare provided, and they are written in the old, old amateur style, flicked with phrases of the hour. We really wonder how anyone can care to print such remarks as the following:

The contempt of an Autocrat for a humble slave is far surpassed by that pompous air of magnificent disdain shown by a waiter who has been paid sixpence for a sixpenny drink.

Does the last-mentioned individual imagine that some consolation of a pecuniary nature is due to him, owing to his sublime condescension in humbling himself by bringing to us so plebeian a combination as a Scotch-and-Soda?

Woe betide the man who does not tip; he will be lucky if he gets his luncheon lukewarm, or his drink in half-an-hour. The writer was once in a London restaurant, and by some mischance forgot to make the accustomed offering, and he has not yet forgotten the looks of scorn cast at him by the assembled minions.

Messrs. Methuen will publish, in a few days, a new edition of *A Book of Irish Verse*, an anthology of Irish poetry collected by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Yeats has revised and partly rewritten the introductory account of the Irish poets, and added a preface dealing with the literary movement in Ireland, and with the movement for the preservation of the Irish language. The book also contains some new poems which have appeared since the first edition was issued.

"THE Decorative Art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.," will be the subject of this year's *Easter Art Annual* (the Easter number of the *Art Journal*). The letterpress will be written by Mr. Aymer Vallance.

A WRITER in the New York *Nation* explores the field of Hindu proverbial philosophy with interesting results. The similarity of thought between the proverbs of ancient India and those now in use in modern Europe is curious. Thus, no one will need to be reminded of the English counter-parts of the following proverbs, taken from a recent collection of Marathi popular sayings:

If you kill, kill an elephant; if you rob, rob the treasury.

Wake not the sleeping tiger.

Excavate a mountain, and take out a rat.

A gift cow: why has it no teeth?

As the watercourse goes, so the water will run.

A lame cow is prime minister among blind cows.

When among other people, do like them.

Rochefoucauld's bitter saying, that there is something in the misfortunes of our nearest friends not wholly displeasing to us, is bluntly anticipated in the Marathi proverb: "Our goods are destroyed, our friends laugh." The untrustworthiness of averages is embalmed in a saying which has its origin in an old story. A traveller asked a wise man how deep was the river he had to cross. The scholar answered correctly, "The average depth is up to the knee." The traveller began to ford the stream and in its deep middle was drowned, the sage's answer remaining as a proverb on the misleading nature of averages.

MR. FRANCIS EDWARDS, of High-street, Marylebone, has shown enterprise in issuing a special and lengthy catalogue of military books which his shelves contain. Most of the books offered related to the wars of the nineteenth century, and in all about a thousand works are catalogued.

ONE might sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the deaths of "series"—how some have . . . and some . . . and some . . . But there are series which really go on, and have unity and purpose. Such a one is Messrs. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories." The number of volumes it contains is approaching thirty, and—let those mock at useful information who will—the set forms a little library of sound and simple knowledge. "The Story of the Stars," "The Story of the Weather," "The Story of British Coinage," "The Story of Ice"—how many are familiar with these stories? We are now offered "The Story of Life's Mechanism," a biological primer embodying and simplifying, within its limits, the latest conclusions of scientists—a most useful addition to a well-conceived series.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE left instructions in his Will that no biography or memoir of him was to be published.

It is announced that Prof. Knapp's forthcoming edition of George Borrow's *Lavengro*, to be published by Mr. Murray, will contain passages of the story which Borrow suppressed. These, we understand, will be placed in their proper positions in the text.

THE accidents of the composing-room have produced some strange results ere now; none stranger than the following paragraph in the *St. James's Gazette* of last Monday:

At about midnight on Thursday the alarm was given at the Boer headquarters that the Ladysmith garrison were trying to force a passage in the Pavonia, with drafts; the Malta, with Militia and drafts; the Norseman, with Cavalry; and the Afric, with Imperial Yeomanry.

BRET HARTE's complete works in ten volumes are now issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The last volume is entitled *Tales of Trail and Town*, and contains sixteen short stories. The set of volumes forms a worthy collection and monument of Bret Harte's writings.

THE following entries appear in the catalogue of a book sale which Messrs. Sotheby will hold at their rooms during five days, beginning on the 26th:

The Property of Mrs. Alice Kipling.

1043 KIPLING (RUDYARD) SCHOOLBOY LYRICS, in the original wrapper, which is decorated with two pen and ink drawings of flowers, &c. (printed for private circulation only).

Lahore, printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press, 1881.

* * EXCESSIVELY RARE. Printed when the author was only 16 years of age.

1044 KIPLING (RUDYARD) ECHOES, BY TWO WRITERS, in the original wrapper, with the autograph of Alice Kipling (R. Kipling's Mother) *ib.* (1884)

* * One of the scarcest of Kipling's writings privately printed while he was a young man on the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette." There are the following inscriptions in pencil at the beginning and end of some of the poems: "J. L. K." "Swinburne, R. K." "Amorphous Modern Poet-aster, R. K." "Joaquin Miller's Arizonian, R. K." and "Written at School, R.K."

1045 KIPLING (RUDYARD) DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, and other Verses, the extremely rare FIRST EDITION, printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press, Lahore, fine copy in the original wrapper, with the front flap; on the front of cover is the inscription "Mrs. Kipling." (no. 1 of 1886)

AMONG recent parodies we have enjoyed an imitation of Mr. Kipling by the "Arbiter"—a creation of the fertile H. B. The "Arbiter" is giving his views from week to week in the *Speaker*.

It is my custom when I deal with the Arbiter to ask set questions as though he were a book and I were a prig. It goes against the grain, but I notice that all the Arbiter's circle do it, especially John Doughty, the man with the wooden head. So I asked the Arbiter very solemnly: "What do you think was the chief mark of the nineteenth century; now past?"

A good thick question in the middle-class manner has the same effect on the Arbiter that a glass of cold water has on a sleeping man. He seemed to change his whole being, and replied in a very constrained fashion, "I should say it was sham. The attempt to seem more learned than you are especially, and hence the allusive style. . . .

"What's the allusive style?" I asked.

The Arbiter, with the gesture of an overfed lion aroused from deep slumber, uncoiled from his easy chair, and fetched down one of the prose works of the Bard of Empire (if, indeed, such a poet can be said to write prose at all).

"Listen to this," he said.

"The king-bolt flew through the massy grease-choke till the pivot caught the eccentric just under the pin-wheel. McArthur watched with his eyes trundling from his head like Dagawharri berries. "My—" he screamed, "_____? My _____ in _____. It can't hold!" Then the sob of a young teething child escaped him, and I saw the thyroid process coupling on the ganglion in his great throat, and he sobbed gingerly as the *Gentle Sarah* took it over on the port, and settled to the swing of the water!" That's the allusive style," he said simply.

"Well, I call it very fine," said I. "I'm told that was read to an optician and an analyst, and they both cried, it was so accurate."

"Don't you worry," said the Arbiter, "He got it all out of the Technical Dictionary. Do you suppose he'd know the meaning of any of those words if you woke him up in the middle of the night and taxed him with it? Why he'd cry for mercy!"

Bibliographical.

DR. A. H. JAPP reveals, by advertisement, the fact, that of four books lately published by him three bore on their title-pages a pseudonym—that of "A. N. Mount Rose," or that of "A. F. Scot." It is a little surprising that pseudonyms are not more largely in use, in literary circles, than they are. The working man of letters, to gain a living by book-production, must publish frequently; and if he always puts his name to his publications that name stands a very good chance of becoming, in time, obnoxious both to readers and to reviewers, who are apt to be bored by repetition. The late W. B. Rands had no fewer than three *noms-de-guerre*—"Matthew Browne," "Henry Holbeach," and "Timon Fieldmouse." We know that the late Mr. Grant Allen had more than one. And very wisely, too—the more especially in those cases where the writer is a specialist in several departments. The world is apt to look askance at versatility, murmuring to itself the old adage about "Jack of all trades and master of none." That, I believe, is one reason why Bulwer Lytton failed to impress his countrymen permanently.

It appears that the little pamphlet-full of verse called *Wagers of Battle*, by Franklin and Henry Lushington, consists for the most part of a reprint of some lyrics entitled *Points of War*, published by these authors in the days of the Crimean campaign. Only two of the pieces are new—"Lucknow, A.D. 1857," and "A.D. 1899, Play Out the Game," both from the pen of the surviving brother, Sir Franklin. Somebody with leisure should write an account of English war poetry—I mean, of poetry contemporary with our wars, and immediately suggested by

them. This would limit the field, for, of course, a good deal of our martial verse has been retrospective in view and subject. In our own days one remembers such things as Dobell's *Sonnets of the War*, Gerald Massey's *Hacelock's March*, and so forth, not omitting the war poems of the Miss Louisa Shore of whom I wrote last week.

I gather from the preface to Mr. Pemberton's book on *The Kendals* that Mrs. Kendal was unwilling that she should be made the subject of biography. This coyness was, I am sure, perfectly sincere. It does not, however, wholly square with the fact that about a decade ago Mrs. Kendal published a little work, practically autobiographical, called *Dramatic Opinions*, which had previously appeared in *Murray's Magazine*. It was issued here by Mr. Murray, and in America by Messrs. Little & Brown. To the American edition Mrs. Kendal prefixed a dedication to her daughters Daisy, Ethel and Dorothy, signed "Your devoted mother," and quite of a "personal" nature. Why, indeed, should a leading actress refuse to discourse, or be discoursed about, so long as there is no indiscreet revelations of purely private matters?

Mr. C. D. Trantom, of Liverpool, has been good enough to let me see a copy of the "Calendar of Meredithian Philosophy for 1898" which he compiled and printed "for private circulation only." Each day has its aphorism, or epigram, or quotation of some sort, the selection being made from thirteen of the novels, the "Tale of Chloe" volume, the "Selected Poems," and the "Essay on Comedy." These are all mentioned at the back of the "Calendar," with the names of their publishers. Mr. Trantom could have had, of course, no difficulty in finding material for his purpose; there would be, rather, an embarrassment of riches. The result is eminently interesting and suggestive, and one could wish that some such "Calendar," which need not be confined to any particular year, were within the reach of the general public.

Miss Alma Tadema, who is to have a little play of her own produced in London next week, has already displayed her interest in things dramatic by her translations into English of Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Les Aveugles." These appeared in a volume of the "Scott Library," with a preface exhibiting a keen appreciation of Maeterlinck and his work.

The issue of a treatise on the question, What is Poetry? must needs remind all students of *belles-lettres* of the delightful variety to be found in the extant pronouncements on that subject. Nearly every literary critic of eminence, from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold, has had his say thereon, and it is hardly too much to assert that no two of them agree upon essentials. It would be a useful thing if someone would bring together the views of the most noted experts, and analyse and compare them. The time is ripe for such a work. Until Mr. Holmes came forward, Mr. Watts-Dunton had seemed to have said the last word upon the topic; but his dissertation, unhappily, is not obtainable in separate and handy form.

When, the other day, I advised theatrical managers to follow the example set by Mr. George Alexander in distributing a "chronicle" of his present playhouse, the St. James's Theatre, I assumed, of course, that the history would in any case be accurately written. In the case of the St. James's the narrative is disfigured by several misprints and at least one misstatement. We have, for instance, "Daluna" for "Duenna," "Vanderhoff" for "Vandenhoff," "Dorincourt" for "Doricourt," and "Angus Reece" for "Angus Reach." The play of "The Dean's Daughter" is described as "adapted from a popular novel by Mr. Sidney Grundy." As a matter of fact, Mr. Grundy and Mr. F. C. Philips joined in adapting a novel by the latter. Altogether, this *brochure* is disappointing, and I cannot recommend it as a model for imitation.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Engaging Visionary.

Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Edited and Finished by Edwin de Lisle. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

AMBROSE DE LISLE, born in 1803, was the eldest son of a Leicestershire squire. To a strain of Huguenot blood on his mother's side may perhaps be attributed the note of mysticism which distinguished his temperament. His health did not allow of his entering a public school, and he received his early education at a private academy, where the gentle influence of an *émigré* priest, M. Giraud, dispelled the prejudice against the Roman Antichrist in which he had been nurtured by an evangelical uncle. The reaction was pushed further by a visit to the cathedral of Paris in 1823; and that same year, when he had reached the serious age of thirteen, true Antichrist was manifested to him during one of his solitary rambles.

"All of a sudden [he declared] I saw a bright light in the heavens, and I heard a voice, which said: 'Mahomet is the Antichrist, for he denieth the Father and the Son.' O! my return home in the next holidays I looked for a Koran, and there I found these remarkable words: 'God neither begetteth nor is begotten.'"

This theory he elaborated in later life, and upon it based an argument in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Eastern policy and much violent denunciation of the Ottoman Empire, of which he prophesied that it must come to an end in 1898! It was characteristic of De Lisle that, having been received into the Church, he permitted his life to be shaped largely by the vaticination of a Roman recluse, one Marco Caricchia. For fifteen years this venerable personage had been praying, in terms that witnessed rather to the fervour of his faith than to his progress in humility: "O, my God! give me these two great powers, England and Russia." He assured the young convert that he was the instrument chosen of God for the conversion of England. "And know this for certain," added the holy man, "that you shall not see death till you have seen all England united to the Catholic Faith." The peculiarity of this prophecy is that, falsified in the event, it has nevertheless been put on record.

The prophetaster had spoken of "a great movement of learned men of that kingdom," as the sign that the time was ripe; and the Oxford Movement answered reasonably well to such a description. The Conversion of England had been made the object of special intercession by Gregory XIII.; by St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratory; by M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice; and, among many other venerable names, by St. Francis of Sales. The Father of the Passionists, too, St. Paul of the Cross, had been a steadfast intercessor, and in Father Ignatius (Spencer), a recent convert and a member of that Order, was found an ardent apostle of the same cause. Europe resounded with prayer for the spiritual welfare of England. The movement at Oxford was the manifest answer, and the enthusiastic gentleman was presently constituted a channel of communication between its leaders and the Roman authorities. In his belief in its possibilities he found himself, of course, in a minority; for the old Catholic families regarded it with distrust and contempt, and their organs in the press loaded it with clumsy ridicule. Among those who, with De Lisle, recognised the earnestness and sincerity of Newman and his disciples was Lord Shrewsbury, to whom in 1811 the sanguine squire wrote:

I have been for some time now engaged in close correspondence with some of the leaders of the Catholic party at Oxford, to which I can only allude in general terms, as it is strictly confidential; . . . but of this you may rest assured, that the reunion of the Churches is certain. Mr.

Newman has received the adhesion of several hundreds of the Clergy: this is publicly known, and therefore I state it.

He believed in the validity of Anglican ordinations, and recounts with confidence how Newman, celebrating at St. Mary's, was permitted "to see our Lord in the Host." The Association for Promoting the Union of Christendom was founded to give effect to the project of Corporate Reunion, and De Lisle was its principal advocate with Cardinal Barnabò. But he had overlooked the fatal flaw in its constitution—the implication, inadmissible from the Roman standpoint, that the Church is divided. The Association was condemned by the Holy Office in 1857.

It was consistent with his general outlook that, against Manning and Ward, he took a liberal line on the question of permitting Catholics to enter the national universities, on the advisability of defining the papal infallibility, and on the question of the temporal power. This last, as a part of his theory of Antichrist, he saw prefigured in the text of the Apocalypse: "And the woman [the Church] fled into the wilderness [entered into the world], where she had a place prepared by God [Rome], that there they should feed her a thousand two hundred and sixty days," which is the time allotted by Daniel to the dominion of the Little Horn—which is Mahomet. The temporal power of the popes, that is to say (prefigured in the phrase, "that they should feed her"), was a providential but temporary breakwater against the rising flood of Islam. And as to the famous Syllabus of Pius IX. he scrupled not to write:

The idea of the modern civilised world accepting it as a rule of conduct, if it ever entered into the narrow and prejudiced conception of some besotted theologian in the obscure corner of a darkened cell, it is too ridiculous to be entertained by any serious thinker who knows what is passing in the outer world.

Newman once proclaimed that while the Anglican appeal was to antiquity, it was rather upon her ubiquity that Rome's claim rested. But De Lisle was one of a group to whom antiquity was all in all. The life at Garendon was toned to mediæval shades, and in consequence of the squire's intercourse with the leaders of the new departure in the Established Church the place was a focus of the Ritualistic movement. "It was what we saw carried out in your beautiful chapel," wrote the Protestant Bishop of Brechin with enthusiasm, "that first inspired most of us to imitate it, so far as in our sad circumstances we were able to do." The offices of the Church were performed with conscientious exactitude, and the strains of figured music never profaned the echoes of the chapel. The plain song was rendered from a Gradual compiled by De Lisle himself for the use of village choirs—who, unfortunately, found it quite unintelligible owing to its being printed in black letter! In De Lisle, when he looked upon the screen and rood, Pugin discerned "a Christian after my own heart"; and into his sympathetic bosom the tumultuous architect poured his confidences, rather after the manner of Boythorn. "Do not deceive yourself, my dear friend," he shouts in one of his epistles, "do not deceive yourself: the Catholics will cut their own throats, the clergy will put down religion." This when Propaganda had condemned vestments of his designing. At first he had hopes of "the Oxford men"; but, to his disgust, with their Protestantism they left behind them, when they entered the Church, their taste for Gothic also. De Lisle was almost as violent as his friend, and at one time Newman must write a serious remonstrance in order to compose differences of opinion between him and Father Faber which had issued in something like a deliberate malediction of the Oratory.

Such occasional extravagancies apart, De Lisle lived a blameless life, directed towards high aims, happy in his marriage, in his numerous offspring, and in his friends—the men most distinguished in their time for earnestness of religious conviction and purpose. The influence of such

a man, "visionary" as Cardinal Mauning fairly judged him, is a factor of history of which it is right that the world should possess a particular record.

The state of Mr. Parcell's health at the time when he began his task, and the fact that he left it unfinished, are a sufficient excuse for many imperfections. Of Mr. Edwin de Lisle's editorial performance it is characteristic that these two large volumes are issued minus an index.

South Africa and the War.

How to Beat the Boer: a Conversation in Hades. By Frank Harris. (Pearson, Ltd. 6d.)

Natives under the Transvaal Flag. By the Rev. John H. Bovill. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

In the Land of the Boers. By Oliver Osborne. (R. A. Everett & Co. 2s.)

The Transvaal Question. Prof. E. Naville. (Blackwood & Sons. 6d.)

Boer War, 1899-1900. By Lieut.-Col. H. M. E. Brunker. (Clowes & Sons. 2s. 6d.)

MR. HARRIS has turned aside from his Shakespearean studies to look into the causes of our failure in South Africa. He puts his observations and conclusions into the form of a conversation between George Washington, Dr. Johnson, Thomas Carlyle, Mr. Parnell, Lord Randolph Churchill, and one Aylward, a Fenian. There seems no particular reason why Mr. Harris should not have introduced Socrates and Lord Byron; but the dramatic form of the pamphlet is not important. The spokesman of Mr. Harris is Aylward, and he certainly talks some sound sense. Briefly, Mr. Harris demands more brains, and five thousand sharpshooters. Says Aylward:

I used to hate England so much I couldn't do her justice; but now . . . I can see her as she is, and whenever I want to understand her I think of a public school boy. The fourth-form boy hates brains, and admires nothing so much as physical strength and brute courage, and that is exactly England's case.

Aylward goes on to show that there have always been two theories of war: the barbaric, which believes in numbers, and the better theory which places quality before quantity. He tries to prove that England won at Crecy and Agincourt by quality, and lost at Lexington and Majuba by trusting to numbers and old-fashioned methods. "I put no faith in numbers. The way to beat the Boer is to send out men who are better fighters than he, better exponents of modern scientific warfare than he is." As we have said, Mr. Harris's practical suggestion is the formation of a corps of five thousand sharpshooters. We leave the reader to inform himself from Mr. Harris's pages how these men should be found, trained, and led. A striking and spirited pamphlet.

We know how the Boers treated the Outlanders. Mr. Bovill's aim is to show how they have treated their inferiors, the native races in the Transvaal. As rector of the cathedral church at Lourenço Marques, and also as British Acting Consul there, Mr. Bovill has had good opportunities of collecting sound information and forming just opinions. His book is a scathing indictment of Boer oppression. The Boer law as to natives is this: "The people shall not permit any equality of coloured persons with white inhabitants, neither in the Church nor in the State." From this principle have sprung three laws—viz., that a native must not own fixed property; that he must not marry by civil or ecclesiastical process; and that he must not be allowed access to civil courts in any action against a white man. These regulations speak for themselves, but Mr. Bovill is at pains to show with what varied banefulness they work

in practice. His book is a budget of orderly evidence, and he drives his conclusions home with appropriate force. "What would have become of us in our Indian Empire and our Colonies if we did not maintain the laws relating to property and marriage? . . . 'A few Mauser bullets is the best way of legislating for the natives,' is the usual answer one gets from the Boers when speaking to them on this question." Mr. Bovill's book supplies new proofs of the "inevitability" that has long existed of dire trouble in South Africa. We note that Mr. Bovill is also preparing a book on Delagoa Bay.

Mr. Oliver Osborne belongs to that cheery company to whom hardship is a mere excuse for jocularly, and positive peril seems generally to suggest nothing more terrifying than a pun. Seven years ago he published an account of the knockings about of himself and "the other man" in South Africa, and counsel taken with himself has led him to a revised issue of his record of nearly ten years' wanderings in the land of the Boers. It is an eminently readable record, for Mr. Osborne was in Kruger's country at a very interesting time—the days of Barberton and the De Kaap Mines, the days when the Outlander first began to loom large in the Transvaal. Though he is distinctly a jovial penman, who has not the slightest fear of lapsing into slang, Mr. Osborne can be, and is, serious enough when the mood takes him to mention a serious subject. This is not often, but seeing that his wanderings took him to Natal and Madagascar, Mauritius, Cape Colony, and Bechuanaland, as well as to the land of the Boers, he has occasion now and then to be instructive as well as amusing. The following recipe for learning Zulu from one's "boy" is typical of Mr. Osborne's style:

We adopted a kind of modified kindergarten of my own. For instance, if I told Salt (the Zulu boy) to bring me a spoon, and he brought me a shovel instead (which, ten to one he would), I threw the shovel at him and said "spoon" in my most impressive manner. This (after I had hunted up the article myself) would invariably cause Salt to go to pieces on a smile, and let loose the Zulu equivalent for "spoon." In this way, in a very short time, I acquired a remarkable knowledge of the language, which I propose to give to the world at some future date, in the form of a treatise on "The Zulu Language in its Relation to Sanscrit," by "One Who Knows."

Anyone who wants to fortify his opinion of the rights and wrongs of our war with the Boers can hardly do better than expend sixpence on the purchase of Prof. Naville's pamphlet on the Transvaal Question. It is a small compendium of very valuable and accurate facts, written two weeks before the war was openly declared. Its author is a scientist, and foreseeing the natural bent of the foreign press, he looked into the authorities on the subject as impartially as could be expected. His conclusions are startling in this respect: he finds the Transvaal Government in the wrong in practically every case that they have had to deal in with us since 1852, the year of the Sand River Convention. He is imperially impartial as a Swiss professor, who has given up many years to a study of Egypt, should be; but he properly dissociates the doings of the Boers from the dictations of the Boer Government. Impartial, sensible, well-informed, and readable are our four words of praise for M. Naville's study.

Lieut.-Col. Brunker's booklet of 125 pages, in a red paper cover, is the Whitaker of the war. It gives lists of the officers of all ranks employed in South Africa. The letters *k*, *w*, *m*, and *d* indicate those who have been killed, wounded, missing, or who have died of wounds. The whole of the British forces are accounted for, and the book makes a very useful companion to the newspaper. It will also be a revelation to most civilians of the complexity of the operations now being carried out between Cape Town and Mafeking, and between Kimberley and Durban. A map, and a chart showing the distribution of the forces, are given, and also a chronology of the war brought up to the 1st of February.

Popular Assyriology.

Babylonians and Assyrians. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, D.D., &c. (Nimmo.)

THIS is the first to appear, though the sixth in number, of a series of handbooks on Semitic antiquities. In it Prof. Sayce purports to deal, in a popular way, with the life and customs of the two peoples named in the title. Although he gives us no references to authorities—a practice which is, perhaps, excluded by the scheme of the series—he manages to fill some 300 pages very agreeably.

Prof. Sayce's main position seems to be how very closely the life of the Assyrians and Babylonians resembled our own. The likeness may not be mere coincidence, for our own culture comes in direct line from that of the Greeks, who, in their turn, owed it to what they were pleased to call "the Phœnicians," or, in other words, to the inhabitants of Western Asia. But a still more plausible reason for the resemblance may be found in the fact that the Babylonians (and, in a much lower degree, their colonists the Assyrians) were, like ourselves, a nation of shopkeepers. Not only did the rulers of the country indulge in trade—the Belshazzar of Daniel was a trader in wool; and Cambyses, when Crown Prince, lent money on mortgage—but the institution of the limited company flourished exceedingly in Babylon; and her women were allowed to engage in trade, either alone or in partnership with their husbands, a great number of the tablets discovered relating to their transactions. On all these points Prof. Sayce discourses well and clearly; and we can understand from his book how it was that "Babylonish garments" came to be such coveted possessions among ruder nations like the Hebrews, and Babylonian beds of ivory and gold and silver work became objects of export to distant Mycenæ in pre-Homeric times. Add to this that Babylon was the birthplace of architecture, all columns and pilasters being derived, apparently, from the palm-trunks used to prop up its brick houses in a stoneless country; that reading and writing were there the commonest of arts; and that she anticipated the discovery of printing by multiplying her clay books by means of wooden blocks, and we may get a fair insight into the circumstances which led to Babylon being, as she was in classical antiquity, the mart of the ancient world.

The fact that this should have been so may be full of interest for us at the present time. Babylonia was as unpromising a country when first settled as can well be imagined. She was, in fact, little better than a marsh formed by the confluence of the two great rivers the Tigris and the Euphrates, and she had no mineral wealth, unless it were an inexhaustible supply of clay. Yet she had two great advantages. From the earliest times she had an easily obtained supply of food in the shape of wheat, which there grows wild, and dates, on which a number of Asiatic people still live. Thanks to this the Babylonians were able to obtain a great body of cheap labour, the keep of a slave being, as Prof. Sayce tells us, 2½d. a day, and free workmen being quite willing to give their work in return for food and clothing, while it enabled the Babylonians to offer hospitality to immigrants of all nations who were willing to live under their laws, and had anything to buy or sell. Hence, neither war nor pestilence, and it had its fair share of both, could do the state any permanent injury. While Assyria, with far greater natural advantages, devoted herself entirely to foreign conquest, until in one of the periodical fits of exhaustion that it produced she was triumphantly snuffed out amid the jubilant shrieks of her outraged neighbours, Babylonia held so fast the even tenour of her natural way that the Jewish banking firm of Egibi of Babylon was able to hand down its business unimpaired from the time of Sennacherib's predecessor until the Persian dynasty of Darius. Although Alexander, who seems to have been born to make all things new, took £30,000,000 in bullion and specie out of her cities, it was

not until the foundation of the Egyptian city which still bears his name diverted the Eastern trade from her that her national prosperity was seriously checked. So strong and enduring a basis does trade lay for national existence. Let us hope that England and America, who resemble Babylonia in many things, may emulate her prosperity and avoid her faults.

Babylonian Religion and Mythology. By L. W. King, M.A. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS, too, is one of a series of handbooks which this time includes Egypt as well as Chaldæa. Mr. King, who is an official of the British Museum, acknowledges his obligation to the larger work of Prof. Jastrow (see ACADEMY of February 18, 1899), but has avoided his predecessor's heretical disbelief in the pre-Semite inhabitants of Babylonia. So far from following Prof. Jastrow in this particular, he, if anything, goes rather too far the other way, and thinks that the political power of the Sumerians did not decline till 2500 B.C. For the rest, he gives a clear and satisfactory outline of the Babylonian religion so far as it is known to us, and probably touches the point with a needle when he suggests that the identification of the different gods with certain cities of the empire indicated the division of the country among so many kinglets before it was united under one head. In his view of the relations between the Babylonian and the Hebrew religions he is well up to date, and points out that the accounts of Creation given in Genesis are plainly derived from different versions of the legend of Tiamat, which he gives *in extenso*. The time of borrowing he thinks to be that of the conquest of Canaan, though he does not think the Hebrews took over the accounts of the Flood, which he attributes to a like source, until a good deal later. He is not very clear as to the origin of the connexion which the Babylonians attempted to trace between their own deities and the seven planets (including in that phrase the sun and moon), a connexion which has so largely influenced all subsequent beliefs. Granted that the Babylonians thought each "planet" to be directed by one of their chief gods, he does not show on what principle any particular planet was assigned to any particular god. This is a very difficult question, on which Prof. Jensen, on whom he here relies, will hardly help him. The present writer's theory is that the Babylonians, who were great observers of the stars, noticed the wind generally prevalent when each planet was especially brilliant, and so divided the planets among the more and the less benevolent members of their previously-established pantheon. On the whole, however, Mr. King has done his work excellently well, and his books form as good an introduction to the study of Babylonian religion as the general reader can wish for.

Mr. Le Gallienne's Latest.

The Worshipper of The Image. By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

MR. LE GALLIENNE has a pretty gift for writing, a delicately lawless sensuousness, and an innate delight in sentiment on which time and toil seem to have no effect. The matter of *The Worshipper of The Image* does not interest us, and its persistent note of sentimentality cloy; but we hasten to acknowledge the freshness of the style, and the easy, the almost too easy, grace with which the book is written. The story, which is exploited by four characters, is best described as an allegory without a moral. Antony, a poet, with "a face shining with sorrow," is married to Beatrice. They live in a valley by a wood, and they have one child, called Wonder. The family is happy as the day is long, till Antony has the misfortune to buy a plaster-cast of a girl's head at a shop near Covent-garden, supposed to have

been modelled from a girl who was found drowned in the Seine. Thence all the trouble arises. Antony finds in her his dream of ideal beauty, and we are led to suppose that they hold converse together "at the rising of the moon," and on other occasions. Silencieux—that is the name he gives her—would seem to be an embodiment of the adventurous La Gioconda, as described by Pater.

"Tell me of your English lovers," said Antony on one occasion to Silencieux.

"Best of them I love two: one a laughing giant who loved me three hundred years ago, and the other a little London boy with large eyes of velvet, who mid all the gloom of your great city saw and loved my face as none had seen and loved it since she of Mitylene. I found the giant sitting by a country stream, holding a daffodil in his mighty hands and whistling to the birds. He took and wore me like a flower. I was to him as a nightingale that sang from his sleeve, for he loved so much besides. Yet me he loved best, as those who can read his secret poems understand. But my little London boy loved me only. For him the world held nothing but my face, and it was of his great love for me that he died."

Antony's infatuation for Silencieux grows, and ends in the practical annihilation of his wife, his child, and himself; but Silencieux, as the principle of eternal beauty, lives on to agonise other sons of men.

If there had been more thought, more grip of the subject, and more real feeling at the back of the conception, Mr. Le Gallienne might have produced a remarkable contribution to this form of literature; but that can never be till Mr. Le Gallienne faces (from a literary point of view) realities, and schools himself to avoid writing which is just pretty and little more. The chapter, "A Song of the Little Dead," which follows the death of Wonder, is an example. The unreality, the summer-day sentimentality of it all, are so insistent that the death of the child ceases to have any significance. It is merely a pretty exercise in literary sentiment, and quite untrue to life. Here is a passage:

It is on the little graves that the sun first rises at morn, and it is there at evening that the moon lays softly her first silver flowers. There the wren will sometimes bring her sky-blue eggs for a gift, and the summer wind come sowing seeds of magic to take the fancy of the little one beneath. Sometimes it shakes the hyacinths like a rattle of silver, and spreads the turf above with a litter of coloured toys. Here the butterflies are born with the first warm breath of the spring. . . . There are the honeycombs of friendly bees, and the shelters of many a timid earth-born speck of life no bigger than a dew-drop, mysteriously small. . . . Yes, the emperors and the ants of Nature's vast economy alike love to be kind to the little graves.

Mr. Le Gallienne may possibly take exception to our description of the book as an allegory without a moral. He may mean that in Antony he has presented the tragedy that must follow from the pursuit of ideal beauty on an imaginative, ill-balanced mind. If so, the retribution is indeed quick and sure. For Antony goes mad, Wonder dies, and Beatrice drowns herself. We are left wondering when Mr. Le Gallienne will grow up.

A Good Princess.

A Memoir of Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. By C. Kinloch Cooke. 2 vols. (Murray. 32s.)

MR. KINLOCH COOKE has no doubt had a difficult task, but, taking this biography as we find it, we must pronounce it far too long and diffuse. Its 850 pages might have been reduced to three hundred, with advantage not only to literary effect but to the memory of Princess Mary. It is idle to suppose that any great number of people will even attempt to read these volumes through. Their

formidable bulk is simply an invitation to skip. Princess Mary's life was well worth writing, for it is the life of a good woman. But why blur the portrait with endless trivial anecdotes and voluminous details of drives, visits, and luncheons?

The reader, then, must sub-edit while he reads. If he has the patience to do so, it will be because he has an antecedent knowledge of Princess Mary's kind and energetic character, and her unwearying efforts to do some good in the world. Very probably he can call up the vision of a grey afternoon in a London suburb, when bazaar flags fluttered gaily on their poles, and the street was all eyes and expectation. The event was the coming of Princess Mary from Kew to preside at a local function. She was the ideal princess in such surroundings. She played her part with an unusual freshness. Near enough to the Throne to have all the glamour of royalty, she was far enough from it to be very visibly human. She was the typical philanthropic lady, genuinely charitable and self-denying, yet finding real pleasure in her important work and the little pomps and occasions which marked its successive accomplishments. Moreover, the East End people adored a princess who looked as though she thoroughly enjoyed her rank, her privileges, and her carriage horses; and this sober certainty of royal bliss cheered the weariest wife, and sent a pulse of romance through every steaming collar-shop or laundry. The amenities of such visits are well illustrated by Mr. Cooke in the following anecdotes:

One day Her Royal Highness was driving along a very crowded thoroughfare. The street was narrow, and the windows full of faces. It was Saturday afternoon, and most of the men had returned to their homes early. Looking up, the Princess saw at an open window a man in his shirt-sleeves waving his hand to her. Entering into his enthusiasm, she waved her hand in return, saying, "I can see you; I know you are one of my friends." These words were distinctly heard by those around, and a deafening cheer went up from the densely packed multitude.

Another time Her Royal Highness had been opening the new wing of a hospital, and was driving away from the gates, holding a bouquet of choice flowers presented to her in honour of the occasion. In the crowded street leading from the hospital stood a poor woman with a bunch of rather faded wall-flowers in her hand; as the Princess passed she attempted to throw the flowers into the carriage, but the horses had already got into their stride, and the wall-flowers, falling short, lay on the ground. Princess Mary, however, had seen the action, and, stopping the carriage, bade the footman pick them up and bring them to her; then, laying the bouquet aside, she took the wall-flowers in her hand, and drove on smiling, bowing her thanks to the giver. All hearts were touched by the Princess's kind action, and the people shouted themselves hoarse with delight.

The training of the Princess in all royal accomplishments, her childhood at Kew, her marriage at the church in Kew Green, her stately life at Kensington Palace, her friendship with Lord Beaconsfield, and her constant association with the Queen, are recounted (only too fully) in these volumes. Mr. Cooke has wisely stood aside as much as possible, leaving the story to unfold itself in the diaries of the Princess, who was an observant, thinking woman. We might quote many passages which show her appreciation of good literature and acting. Here is one which illustrates her admiration of Dickens: it is from her diary at Brighton in 1861:

November 8.— . . . We went to the Town Hall at eight o'clock to attend Charles Dickens's reading of *Nicholas Nickleby* of Dotheboys Hall, and the Trial in *Pickwick*. He renders rather than reads his subject, and is admirable in his change of voice and manner, especially in the comic parts, which he gives with a great deal of drollery and humour. The first part was deeply interesting—the second intensely amusing.

November 9.— . . . Home by two o'clock to dress and have our luncheon before driving to the Pavilion to hear

Charles Dickens read *David Copperfield* in six chapters, four containing the pith of the history of Em'ly and Steerforth, Mr. Peggotty and Ham, one devoted to David's bachelor dinner at the Micawbers', and the sixth to his courtship and marriage with Dora. In the two last Dickens's comic drollery was irresistible, whilst his rendering of the pathetic parts was finer and more touching than in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It was over, I thought, too soon. Lord Robert Clinton was there in his chair, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Mr. Cooke has discharged a delicate task with tact, though with no literary distinction. There is nothing in these pages which can offend, and all who read them, in whole or part, will admire the bright and busy virtues of Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck.

Sins Against Instinct.

Historical Tales from Shakespeare. By A. T. Quiller-Couch (Arnold. 6s.)

"INSTINCT is a great matter," says Falstaff in this book; and his remark corroborated the thought which was in our mind as we read on and on and thought the while of those other *Tales from Shakespeare* which it supplements. For what Mr. Quiller-Couch has most notably lacked in the prosecution of his difficult task has been that same instinct which carried Mary and Charles Lamb so successfully through theirs. Instinct told them that the only way was to read Shakespeare through and through, forget him, and then tell the tale afresh; instinct led them (old maid and bachelor as they were) to do nothing unsuitably adult, and certainly to avoid all expletives and oaths; instinct warned them to omit Bottom from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Autolycus from "As You Like It"—not that their retention was absolutely destructive to the scheme, but because not all Shakespeare is food for babes, and there are certain things for which it is better to wait. Mr. Quiller-Couch has done differently, and his work is, we think, by so much the poorer. He has not been content to read Shakespeare and forget him; but has performed his task with the plays beside him, thus making his renderings less living tales than stiff and creaking paraphrases. He has thought so little of the safeguarding of the child's mind that we find such sentences as these: "'It is damnable work,' he admitted indignantly. . . . 'But as the devil would have it,' went on Falstaff, 'three accursed fellows . . . 'By the Lord!' . . . 'By Heaven' . . .'" and so forth. The inclusion of Falstaff at all we hold to be a sin against instinct. Falstaff is sacred: we must have him whole or not at all. There is no call to chasten him and tame him for the questionable amusement of children who would infinitely prefer comic figures more after their own heart, and who can well wait for Shakespeare's own treatment of this great and conspicuously adult man. We say questionable amusement, because robbed of their dramatic force and turned into narrative the Falstaff passages have, in Mr. Quiller-Couch's hands, very little flavour and spirit. Most of it will be Greek to the nursery. Instinct would have treated differently Falstaff's soliloquy after the death of Hotspur, when Prince Hal leaves the fat knight for dead too, remarking, "'Farewell, old Jack! I could better have spared a better man. Lie there by Percy until I return to see thee duly embowelled and buried.'" Mr. Quiller-Couch continues: "Falstaff watched him out of sight, and slowly heaved himself on his feet. 'Embowelled! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give thee leave to powder and eat me, too, to-morrow. Phew! It was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. The better part of valour is discretion, say I!'" Now what have children to do with embowelling?

We do not wish to enforce this point of instinct to the exclusion of any word as to the merits of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work. The historical plays are in the main well paraphrased; they tell the story clearly; but too little has been done to translate Shakespeare into narrative form—the real object of such a book. That is what the Lambs did to perfection.

Sweetness and Light.

Fellow Wayfarers. By Louis Tylor. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE Wayfarers were a little band of serious thinkers, literate or simple, who met together in a West of England seaport town. Their founder was a retired Indian soldier, Colonel Tristram, and the Wayfarers had three ways: meditation in silence, after the manner of the old Quakers; worship of God, whom, however, they refused to define; and the admission of equal rights, both in faith and doubt, to those who differed from them. They met in the little meeting-house which Colonel Tristram built; sat thoughtful for a while, and, after the meeting proper had closed, there was a period for discussion and for the elucidation of problems by the minister. This little book purports to give extracts from the records of these and other discussions, as kept by one of the band. Enough has been said to show that the book is not for everyone; the creed is too pacific, the tolerance too invincible, for such of us as would proselytise almost "to the fire." The "exquisite rancour of theological hatred," as Gibbon calls it, was as far from the Wayfarers as the West from the East. Conduct was their concern, not dogma; and yet dogmatic questions now and then arose, to be considered in a spirit of reasonableness. Here is a brief dialogue between one of the more argumentative of the Wayfarers and their second leader, Prof. Berners:

"Well, the Trinity is far enough beyond my comprehension. Pray tell me what commonplace mystery explains it."

"Look around on this room: it has length, breadth, and height, of which we speak as though they were separate like wood, iron, and stone. Yet if I could turn this room over, and twist it round as I can turn and twist the book which I hold in my hand, you would see that what is now its length might become its breadth, or its height—so, and—so. Thus, in one sense, length, breadth, and height are different; but, in another sense, they are similar; yet we are so used to this seeming contradiction, that we do not think it strange; only, if we are very precise in our language, we call diversities of this sort distinctions instead of differences.

"Now, the greatest of philosophers found just such a seeming contradiction when he considered these good qualities which we call virtues. We give them separate names, and, in one sense, we know them separately. Yet, in another sense, we find it impossible to separate them, for each seems to be the other, and, indeed, Virtue becomes vicious when we pull it to pieces. Try, for instance, to separate Love, Justice, and Wisdom, and what is the result? Justice without Wisdom or Love makes a machine; Love without Justice or Wisdom, a brute; Wisdom without Love or Justice, a devil.

"Thus the every-day puzzle which this room presents when we measure it and try to imagine what it would be under different circumstances, has its counterpart in the world of thought. By learning this nature-lesson we may get some clue to the way in which the most Wise may be also the most Just and the most Merciful, though Justice sometimes seems unwise, Wisdom unmerciful, and Mercy unjust."

A report spread that the Wayfarers were enlarging the meeting-house.

Mr. Tylor, it will be seen, has the clear mind of the teacher. He has wit, too, and an agreeable vein of humour, and we commend his little book to the notice of all right-minded persons who are called upon for popular exposition of moral truths.

Other New Books.

A WHITE WOMAN IN
CENTRAL AFRICA.

By HELEN CADDICK.

Miss Caddick's travels took her from the mouth of the Zambesi to Lake Tanganyika, and this book is the pleasant, gossiping record thereof. We cannot say that it is exactly "written," because the method is that rather of the familiar letter or journal for family perusal than a serious description in which any real effort is made to find the best adjective. But brightness compensates for much, and Miss Caddick is always bright. There are various indications that she is no common specimen of her sex. The fact that she took the journey above is evidence enough. The temper of the following passage is another:

At Kawimbe the rats in the house were terrible at night. They raced about my room and scampered over my bed in a thoroughly happy manner. I could not sleep at first; but at last I got used to them. I dropped off, only to wake up and find a rat with his foot in my ear. One night, at another station, something larger than a rat dropped from the rafters on my bed and awoke me. I lighted the candle, and saw it was a lemur. They are lovely little animals, and are covered with thick fur, like chinchilla, and have beautiful large round eyes. It looked most fascinating; but, not being sure what it would do next, I thought I would try to send it out. I opened the door which led on to the verandah, and proceeded gently to drive it out; but, alas! it objected to going, and sprang straight on to my shoulder, gripping my arm with its sharp little teeth, and refusing to let go till I well pinched its tail. As it turned round to bite my hand I tossed it out on to the verandah and shut the door.

The prospect of waking up and finding a rat's foot in one's ear is enough to deter many a person of average courage from visiting Africa at all. Miss Caddick seems to have enjoyed it. A writer more intent than Miss Caddick on getting the utmost possible out of a record of travel would have made good comic reading of an account of the little native boy who spoke English. Miss Caddick merely says:

His English, which he had chiefly learnt from the Bible, was often extremely amusing and quaint. One morning, soon after we set off, I called him several times without any result; at last I heard a scratching on my tent and a voice: "It is I; behold I am come." At other times he would use the words "verily" and "lo" in a droll way.

This is, altogether, a very agreeable book, if at times it comes perilously nigh a mere chronicle of small beer. There was a day, of course, when Zambesi small beer was a notable brew by the time it reached England. But too many books have spoiled its flavour. (Unwin. 6s.)

VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA.

By A. H. SMITH, D.D.

Mr. Smith is an American missionary who has already written an informing work on *Chinese Characteristics*. He knows the people well and has a mind singularly free from prejudice or bigotry; and as he has a genuine gift of observation and an inquiring mind, his chapters are both valuable and entertaining. Most travellers who write of China confine their attention to the cities, and either ignore the village community or dismiss it with large generalisations. Mr. Smith describes it patiently and with knowledge. We quote a passage touching a village funeral:

It is when the almost interminable feasts are at last over, and the loud cry is raised, "Take up the coffin," that the funeral's climax has arrived. Sixteen bearers, or some multiple of sixteen (the more the better), wrestle with the huge and unwieldy burden of the ponderous coffin and the enormous catafalque supporting it. Only the bearers in the immediate front can see where they are going, so that it is necessary that a funeral director take charge of their motions, which he does by shrill shouts in a falsetto key, ending in a piercing cry by no means unlike the scream of a catamount. To each of his directive yells the whole

chorus of bearers responds with shouts resembling those of sailors heaving an anchor. These cries, mingled with the ostentatious wails of the mourners piled into a whole caravan of village farm-carts, combine to produce a total effect as remote from our conception of what a funeral ought to be as can easily be imagined. When, by a slow and toilful progress, the family graveyard has been reached, the lowering of the coffin into the grave—sometimes a huge circular opening—is the culminating point of the many days of excitement. The cries of the director become shrieks, the responses are tumultuous and discordant, everyone adding his own emendations according to his own point of view, and no one paying any attention to any one else. Thus, amid the explosion of more crackers and bombs, the fiercer wails of the mourners, the shouts of the bearers and the grave-diggers, and the buzz of the curious spectators, the Chinese is at last laid away to his long rest.

The sum of Mr. Smith's inquiry is that there are in China many questions and problems, but only one great one, and that is, How to set Christianity at work upon them and thus solve all? His reasons for believing that Christianity is the panacea are given at some length; but we must confess that the pages preceding have contained so much evidence as to Chinese anti-Christian conservatism that the task laid down for missionaries seems to us one of a magnitude so considerable as to be practically impossible. (Olipphant, Ferrier & Co. 7s. 6d.)

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

By J. T. GREIN.

This is not, as the title might suggest, a book on "dramatic criticism"; it is a book made up of criticism which it is customary to describe—inaccurately, of course—as "dramatic." The comment may seem captious; but the ordinary newspaper criticism of men and things theatrical can never, in any sense, be "dramatic" in the proper meaning of the word, and it is a pity that the phrase has become so common as to be accepted. Mr. Grein's criticism is of the theatre, concerning which he is an enthusiast. Herein, as we think, lies the pathos of his situation. A Dutchman, we believe, by race, Mr. Grein came to the front in stage matters, some years ago, in the "dual rôle" of champion of foreign plays in England and pleader for an English school of drama. An alien by birth, Mr. Grein has distinguished himself by being, in regard to our native theatre, more patriotic than the patriots. He did his best to make contemporary English plays known and appreciated on the Continent; and if he supported English representations of plays by Ibsen, Björnson, Sudermann, and others, it was, we have no doubt, because he thought that a study of foreign methods and ideals would benefit both the English playwright and the English playgoer.

Now, after much striving both with pen and with voice, Mr. Grein publishes a book, compounded of his newspaper criticisms in French and English, which opens with a paper on "La Décadence du Théâtre Anglais." "Le théâtre Anglais est en plein déclin, après une renaissance fort courte": so wrote Mr. Grein in *La Revue d'Art Dramatique* in 1897, and, as he has republished the sentence, that, presumably, is his opinion still. The spectacle is sad. Sadder even is that presented by Mr. Grein in his discourse on "The Grave Responsibilities of Dramatic Criticism." He takes both himself and his craft too seriously. For criticism (in the best sense of the term) the present-day English theatre rarely supplies pabulum. Every now and then there is an interesting Shakespearean revival, occasionally there is an original play above the common. But how often, altogether, do these things happen? How frequently is our drama or our acting worthy of careful and sustained analysis, of thoughtful and judicious praise? No critic of the stage, however able, can hope to live in literature unless he has had for discussion material of permanent interest and value. That material absent, "into the night go one and all"—critic and criticised alike. (John Long.)

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. BY FREDERICK LITCHFIELD.

This is an expansion of a small handbook upon the same subject which is too well known to collectors to need praise. It is itself an imposing and most convenient volume. A brief sketch of the history of ceramics, of the ancient, mediæval, and renaissance types of pottery, and of the introduction of porcelain into Europe, is followed by some chapters of hints to collectors, a subject on which Mr. Litchfield naturally speaks with knowledge and authority. But the bulk of the book consists of an alphabetical directory of the chief factories, which is liberally illustrated both by facsimiles of "marks" and by excellent photographs of the leading types of ware produced by each. The beginner in this fascinating study could have no more useful book of reference. The only improvement which we could suggest would be a short bibliography of the somewhat extensive literature of the subject. Mr. Litchfield gives incidentally many bibliographical references, but they are dispersed. The value of every book of research or reference is doubled by a proper bibliography. Mr. Litchfield's historical chapters contain entertaining as well as instructive reading. Chinese porcelain reached England early in the sixteenth century. As late as 1588 Lord Burlleigh sent Queen Elizabeth "a porringer of white porselyn and a cup of green porselyn" as a valuable New Year's gift. Porcelain takes its name from the Italian *porcellana*, a shell shaped like a pig's back, and, as the Chinese carefully kept the secret of its composition from European travellers, it was popularly believed to be made of egg-shells and sea-shells pounded small and buried in the earth for a hundred years. Mr. Litchfield quotes—Pope, is it?

True fame, like porcelain earth, for years must lay
Buried and mixed with elemental clay.

We are prepared to cap him with Donne, who used the same metaphor, a century before, and still more happily. It is in his "Funeral Elegy on the Lady Markham":

As men of China, after an age's stay
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay:
So at this grave, her timbre—which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and mines,
Of which this flesh was—her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when His last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall
Make and then name th' elixir of this all.

The belief, in its various forms, is gravely discussed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. (Truslove, Hanson & Co. 15s. net.)

RIDING, DRIVING, AND KINDRED SPORTS. BY T. F. DALE.

A new series called "The Sports Library" is now being issued under the editorship of Mr. Howard H. Spicer, the first volume of which is on riding, driving, and kindred sports, by T. F. Dale, M.A. No better choice could have been made for the opening volume, as Mr. Dale is a well-known authority on polo, and is also an excellent mentor on the subjects of hunting and racing. In a little over two hundred pages Mr. Dale covers horsemanship, riding to hounds, polo, driving, hog-hunting, jackal-hunting, and racing, and on all of them he has something fresh and instructive to say in a pleasant and straightforward manner. His chapter on tandem driving is very good, and his hints will be found of much use, for it is always necessary and wise to remember that "if your leader will not work and wishes to turn round you cannot really prevent him. Much must be trusted to the honour of a leader." Tact and persuasion are needed, and Mr. Dale's remarks are worthy of all attention. This is a cheap and useful little book. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Fiction.

Parson Kelly. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 6s.)

THIS Jacobite novel is dedicated by the authors to the Baron Tanneguy de Wogan, a descendant of the Chevalier Nicholas de Wogan, upon whose deeds the narrative is "founded." It seems to us that the narrative is too much founded upon the deeds of the said chevalier—that is to say, it is too documentary, too servile in its attitude towards history, and too correct in the exactness of its detail. As a well of information concerning the frustrate "Bloody Popish Plot" with which it so exhaustively deals, it probably could not be bettered; but there are places where the authors appear to have sacrificed legitimate dramatic effect to considerations which should surely be minor in a work of art. We cannot claim to be specialists upon Mr. Lang's own special period; but if we are mistaken in assuming this earnest zeal for historical accuracy on the part of the authors, then so much the worse for the book, which could not claim to be good history when it did not happen to be good fiction.

For the most part, however, *Parson Kelly* is good fiction of a lightsome kind. It has no passion and little feeling, but it is a diverting picture of manners; and if the heart is continually disappointed in the expectation of moving drama, the fancy is well feasted upon wit and pleasing inventions. The three principal characters are George Kelly, the Chevalier Wogan, and Lady Oxford. Of these the first and last are most effectively realised; Wogan is consistently too old for his age. Lady Oxford, that unconscious jade, is exceedingly well done throughout, and the scenes in which she figures have a liveliness all their own. Her ultimate appearance, aged forty, as a convert to "the people called Methodists," is one of the cleverest things in the book. The long recital, too, of Lady Oxford's somewhat stirring "rout," in which Wogan, Kelly, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and that Rose Townsley whom Kelly afterwards married, all pit themselves against her, is contrived in Mr. Mason's best sustained manner. We think we can trace Mr. Lang's hand and influence, and we are certain we can trace his erudition, in every chapter. The interview in the carriage between Wogan and "Scrope," where the latter criticises the young man's poem to Lady Oxford, "Strephon to Smilinda running barefoot over the grass in a gale of wind," makes excellent "Lang":

"You seem to me to have missed the opportunity afforded by your gale of wind. A true poet would surely have made great play with the lady's petticoats."

"Smilinda had none," again replied Wogan in triumph, and he emptied his glass.

"No shoes and stockings and no petticoats," said he in a shocked voice. "It is well you wrote a poem about her instead of painting her portrait."

"Don't you comprehend, my friend," exclaimed Wogan, "that Smilinda's a nymph, an ancient Roman nymph?"

"Oh, she's a nymph!"

"Yes, and so wears no clothes but a sort of linsey-wolsey garment kirtled up to her knees."

"Well, let that pass. But here's a line I view with profound discontent. 'The grass will all its prickles hide.' Thistles have prickles, Mr. Wogan, but the grass has blades like you and me; only, unlike you and me, it has no scabbards to sheathe them in."

"Well," said Wogan, "but that's very wittily said."

"Now here's something more. The wind, you observe, makes lutestrings of Smilinda's hair."

"There is little fault to be discovered in that image, I fancy," said Wogan, lifting his glass to his lips with a smile.

"It is a whimsical image," replied Scrope. "It is as much as to call her hair catgut."

There is the matter here for a leading article in the *Daily News* upon the latest darling of literary five-o'clocks

Further Adventures of Captain Kettle. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
(Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

THIS sequence of stories about the already famous Captain Kettle may be called his *Purgatorio*, the purgatory being the Congo country and other various remote hinterlands and seaboard of the Dark Continent. Mr. Hyne describes the river Congo with admirable realism in a score of passages; also the native, the Belgian, and the Englishman. And, further, he amplifies the quaintly noble character of Captain Kettle till the man is more lovable, truculent, and miraculous than ever. Much might be urged against the Captain's morals and manners, but nothing against his heart. He is of the race of great little men. We do not know that these "further adventures" are better or worse than the original adventures; but they are very good; they must decidedly count among the best magazine work of the day. Indeed, it is astonishing how Mr. Hyne has continued to be popular without offending a nice literary taste. He writes well; he has imagination (only a strong creative force could have moulded Kettle), and he has a fine broad outlook. Much, of course, he owes to Kipling. We should call him a disciple rather than an imitator of Kipling. Constantly the river scenes remind us of *Judson and the Empire*, and not greatly to the disadvantage of the disciple. Mr. Hyne's sense of space, his appreciation of a big deed, his feeling for ships, the sea, cleanliness, nationalities, banjos, and flags, his notion of the romance of that modern machinery which knits together the British empire—all these things constitute him of the Kipling school. The last story in the book, the saving of the passengers of the burning emigrant ship *Grosser Carl* is, perhaps, the best and most characteristic. And might not this passage have been written by the author of *Captains Courageous*?

But, as it chanced, towards the evening of next day, a hurrying ocean greyhound overtook them in her race from New York towards the East, and the bunting talked out long sentences in the commercial code from the wire span between the *Flamingo's* masts. Fresh quartettes of flags flicked up on both steamers, were acknowledged, and were replaced by others; and when the liner drew up alongside, and stopped with reversed propellers, she had a loaded boat ready swung out in davits, which dropped in the water the moment she had lost her way. The bunting had told the pith of the tale.

When the two steamers' bridges were level, the liner's captain touched his cap, and a crowd of well-dressed passengers below him listened wonderingly. "Afternoon, Captain. Got 'em all?"

"Afternoon, Captain. Oh, we didn't lose any. But a few drowned their silly selves before we started to shepherd them. . . . Sorry for spoiling your passage."

The liner captain looked at his watch.

"Can't be helped. It's in a good cause, I suppose, though the mischief of it is we were trying to pull down the record by an hour or so. The boat, there! Are you going to be all night with that bit of stuff?"

The cases of food were transhipped with frantic haste, and the boat returned. The greyhound leaped out into her stride again the moment she had hooked on, and shot ahead, dipping a smart blue ensign in salute. The *Flamingo* dipped a dirty red ensign and followed, and before dark fell, once more had the ocean to herself.

The desired effect is rendered with precision. It is to such work as this that the epithet "graphic" may be properly applied.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WATERS OF EDERA.

BY OUIDA.

The scene of Ouida's new novel is laid in Italy, where we find a commercial company bent on diverting the course of a river, thus reducing a village to destitution. The

principal character is a priest, Don Silvario, and the exploring eye finds passages like this: "As they bound the sheaves, and bore the water-jars and went in groups through the seeding grass to chapel, or fountain, or shrine, they had the free, frank grace of an earlier time; just such as these had carried the votive doves to the altars of Venus, and chaunted by the waters of Edera the worship of Isis and her son." A story of strong passions and purposes. (Methuen. 6s.)

SAVROLA.

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

Mr. Churchill's first novel. It was written in 1897, and is dedicated to the officers of the 4th Hussars. The book is a spirited description of a revolution in the imaginary state of Laurania. Savrola, a young democrat, is the hero, and it is owing to his genius (he is a wonderful orator) that the tyranny of the President is overthrown. The love interest is small, but important, for Savrola meets his affinity in the President's wife. The descriptions of fighting by land and sea are excellent. (Longmans. 6s.)

MIRRY-ANN.

BY NORMA LORIMER.

A story of Manx fisher and Methodist life by the author of *Josiah's Wife*. Miss Lorimer is practically a native of the Isle of Man, and therefore she writes with knowledge. Mirry-Ann—"old Ned Gawne's girl"—is introduced as a preacher. In the opinion of the Squire's sister, "her religion's all humbug. . . . I feel sure she is perfectly well aware how much more striking she looks dressed like a Quaker than decked out in curled crows' feathers and cotton roses, like the other village girls." (Methuen. 6s.)

AN OCTAVE.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

Eight short stories by the author of *Giles Ingilby*. The first tells how Miser Morgan was transformed into a man of generosity, and how his son was thought to be drowned, but was living and well. The tales are slight, but only Mr. Norris could have written them. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CAMBRIC MASK.

BY R. W. CHAMBERS.

AN American story of avarice (and other passions) by an author who is best known for weird and cosmopolitan romances. Some of the most unlovely money-grubbers in fiction are revealed to the reader, notably Joshua Creed. "'Business,' said Creed, trying to smile till it hurt his jaw. 'A word,' he continued playfully, 'which ain't in the bright lexicon of the fair sect'; and he executed a wink with one horny eyelid." (Macmillan. 6s.)

FÉO.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Féo is an operatic singer beloved of Jerome, a scion of the Royal house of Austria. Austrian diplomatists spirit her away to Paris to keep her from the young prince, and for a while diplomacy wins. But with the assistance of a mighty undergraduate from Cambridge, Jerome conquers in the end. *En route* is much plotting and counter-plotting. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS.

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM.

The Marionis were a Sicilian family, and Margharita was the daughter. Over her Count Leonardo kept guard with the jealousy that only a Sicilian nobleman can muster. Margharita's love for a hated Englishman and Lord St. Maurice's love for Margharita's friend lead to quarrels, intrigue, and the duello. An intense romance. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

WILES OF THE WICKED.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Another sensational story such as only Mr. Le Queux can devise. Its object is to clear the honour of one of the most powerful of the Imperial Houses in Europe. While smoking a cigar in King's-road, Chelsea (after an evening at the Bolton's), the narrator's tongue is pricked by a poisoned needle hidden in the cigar, and he forthwith becomes unconscious for six years. Eventually, however, all is well, and he marries Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Marie-Elizabeth-Mabel. (White. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Sidney Lanier.

A FRIEND asked me the other day where a certain quotation in one of my articles came from. This was the quotation:

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and
the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

It made me proud and happy thus to have an opportunity of introducing another reader to the poetry of Sidney Lanier. Seven years ago Messrs. Gay & Bird published an edition of his poems in this country, yet he remains virtually unknown—and hundreds of poetry lovers are the poorer for it. I had been fortunate enough to know him two or three years before, through an article by Mr. Stedman in an American magazine. Some of the extracts then made had never forsaken my memory. With the publication of Messrs. Gay & Bird's edition I took the opportunity of knowing the whole poems; and two of my friends, not inglorious as poets themselves, will, I know, recall a night of poetical debauch—I mean a debauch of poetry!—in which I passed on my new-found treasure to them. They thought him no less wonderful than I did; and his strenuous, romantic, pitiful history moved them as it moved me. For Lanier fought a battle with death (technically, consumption) to which Keats's classic consumption was child's play. It is so easy to fight anything, even consumption, if you have nothing else to do; but if you have a home to keep going as well, and only a pen to keep it going with—well, you look upon John Keats as one of the sybarites of immortality. Fortunately, Lanier had a flute too, and thereby hangs much of his history, as well as the explanation of his temperament and gift. Lanier was one of the few poets who have loved music as well as, if not more than, poetry; and the music in him had an interesting ancestry: it came all the way from one Jerome Lanier, a Huguenot refugee, a musical composer, at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and it was successively transmitted by Jerome's son Nicholas, who was "in high favour" as a musician with both James I. and Charles I., and Nicholas's son Nicholas apparently no less favoured by Charles II. "A portrait of the elder Nicholas Lanier, by his friend Van Dyck," I read in Mr. W. Hayes Ward's memorial introduction to Lanier's poems, "was sold, with other pictures belonging to Charles I., after his execution." Thus Lanier's flute originally came from that enchanted period of English music when Campion was making his "Books of Airs." There can be few more romantic instances of the transmission of taste and faculty than this reincarnation of Stuart music in a boy born at Macon, in Georgia, February 3, 1842. As a child he learned to play, "without instruction," on every available instrument—flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar, and banjo, especially devoting himself to the flute in deference to his father,

who feared for him the powerful fascination of the violin." In fact, his relatives generally were more alarmed than happy about his music, as a man's relatives—very naturally—are at the appearance in him of a serious passion for any art. Besides, music used to induce in the young Lanier states of trance ecstasy which left him shaken and exhausted. That ecstasy, so feared by his friends, is, we shall see, the very quality of highest value in his poetry. But that all this artistic sensibility meant no lack of manly fibre the war between North and South was soon to prove. At the age of nineteen he was drafted—not forgetting his flute—into the Second Georgia Battalion of the Confederate Army, and with that army he was to remain, seeing much active service, and no little distinguishing himself, for four years. Among other things he was a blockade-runner. His blockade-running resulted in five months' imprisonment in Point Look-Out, from which he was released in February, 1865, to do a long tramp home to Georgia. It was the strain of this that gave his apparently hereditary consumption its opportunity; and henceforth, till his death at the age of thirty-nine, his life was to be a long fight with death—a fight carried on with a heroism which, in one or two instances, seems almost excessive, and from which it almost seems he might have been spared by friends who helped him now and then so much, that it seems as though they should have helped him more. He gained his livelihood during this time partly by writing and lecturing, and partly by his flute. He was "the first flute" in the Peabody Concerts at Baltimore, and his director has written of him as something like a great performer. Only nine months before his death we read that "when too feeble to raise his food to his mouth, with a fever temperature of 104 degrees," he pencilled his finest poem, called "Sunrise." Such, indeed, is what Mr. William Watson calls "the imperative breath of song."

All this, then, and how much more, lay behind the quotation which took my friend's fancy. That quotation is from an all too curtailed series of "Hymns of the Marshes," which Lanier had intended to make one big ambitious poem. There are four "hymns" in all, but only two are of real importance, namely, "Sunrise" and the "Marshes of Glynn." In fact, had he written all his other poems, and missed writing these (striking, suggestive, and fine-lined as those other poems often are), he could hardly have been said to succeed in his high poetic ambition—as by these two poems I think he must be allowed to succeed. In the other poems you see many of the qualities, perhaps all the qualities, which strike you in the "Hymns"—the impassioned observation of nature, the Donne-like "metaphysical" fancy, the religious and somewhat mystic elevation of feeling expressed often in terms of a deep imaginative understanding of modern scientific conceptions; in fact, you find all save the important quality of that ecstasy which in the "Hymns" fuses all into one splendid flame of adoration upon the altar of the visible universe. The ecstasy of modern man as he stands and beholds the sunrise, or the coming of the stars, or any such superb, elemental glory, has perhaps never been so keenly translated into verse. Those who heard Lanier play remarked upon "the strange violin effects which he conquered from the flute." Is it fanciful to feel that in these long, sweeping, and heart-breakingly sensitive lines, Lanier equally cheated his father, who, we have seen, "feared for him the fascination of the violin"? I shall need a long quotation, and even that may, properly, be inadequate to illustrate what I mean. Lanier is often exquisite and lovingly learned in detail; but his verse is large in movement, and needs room.

The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
 Oh, what if a bound should be laid
 To this bow - and - string tension of beauty and silence
 a-spring,—
 To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the
 string!
 I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphonous gleam
 Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,—
 Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
 Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
 Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?
 In the leaves? in the air?
 In my heart? is a motion made:
 'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
 In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stirring
 Upwards through the woods; the little ones, softly con-
 ferriog,
 Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so; they are
 still;
 But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
 And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the
 river,—
 And look where a passionate shiver
 Expectant is bending the blades
 Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
 And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
 Are beating
 The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
 Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
 (Run home, little streams,
 With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),—
 And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,

For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
 How merrily flutters the sail,—
 And lo! in the East! Will the East unveil?
 The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
 A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
 Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
 Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

I think this bears out what I have said—more than I have said. Anyone who pleases may find little literary faults. Even I could do that. But if only I could praise it as it deserves! Those who should imagine that Lanier wrote in this apparently "loose," Atlantic-roller, metre from metrical ignorance are, of course, very much mistaken. On the contrary, he was a very learned metrist, as those who have grappled with his book on *The Science of English Verse* will know. In that book the inherited music in him came out once more as theory, his contention being that metrical law must be based on musical law. Personally, I have no opinion on the subject; and, however valuable in its province Lanier's treatise may be, I can only wish he had spent the precious six weeks it took to write it (only six weeks for over 300 closely-reasoned pages—consumption too!) in writing another of his "Hymns of the Marshes."

I wonder whom these learned treatises on metre benefit. Not the poets, I am thinking. I imagine that Mr. Stephen Phillips would have written as good blank-verse though Mr. Robert Bridges's treatise on Miltonic blank-verse had never seen that dim light of publicity vouchsafed to technical masterpieces. It is to be feared that poetry comes by nature—and there is no poetry without a musical ear—and that all the metrical training a poet needs is birched into him at school. Indeed, I think most poets take lessons in metre after they are famous; for fear of awkward questions. The only training in metre a poet needs is the reading of great poets; not anatomically, but just—naturally. The study of metre is the study of skeletons. The study of skeletons never yet helped a man to dance.

R. LE GALLIENNE.

Things Seen.

The King of Beasts.

WHEN the last of the performing dogs had trotted from the stage, a thrill of expectation electrified the vast audience: the supreme moment was at hand. Automatically a cage, twenty feet high, rose from the ground and encircled the arena. Into it slouched a lion—sullen, indifferent. He glanced contemptuously at the thousands who were gathered on the other side of the bars, blinked at the lights, and settled down. One by one his companions followed till the arena was alive with twenty-one "forest-bred lions," tamed, ready to go through their tricks for the amusement of the children of men. Then the tamer entered, the lion-king, tall and straight, clad gaily, and with a perpetual smile on his face. He carried two whips, and when one of the beasts snarled he boxed his ears, or rapped him over the paws. How amusing! The twenty-one lions (not a child there but had been taught to call the lion "the king of beasts") played at see-saw with one another, and among them chiding, cajoling, frowning, smiling, moved the tamer. It was a unique entertainment—and yet, somehow, one did not feel unalloyed pleasure in the spectacle of a dandy foreign gentleman rapping twenty-one lions over the knuckles when they misbehaved. Foolish, perhaps, but I could not free my mind from the thought of what the lion stands for in the Imperial history of my native land. On the Royal Standard he ramps and roars to every wind that blows. Here with bleared eyes and broken spirit he plays at see-saw in a circus.

Sea Gulls.

"PENNY a bag?" said a boy, thrusting a paperful of sprats towards me. I waved him away: Sprats—and not fresh either—on Blackfriars Bridge—on Sunday afternoon? Absurd. And yet a minute later I was leaning over the parapet in a long row of men, throwing the fish to the sea gulls. The birds were a thousand strong; they obliterated the river; the world seemed full of grey wings and hard, wide, greedy eyes. Backwards and forwards, up and down, they flew and fluttered; their wings beat within a foot of our faces; one's eyes ached with watching them. One could go mad in the midst of fluttering white birds. It was restlessness supreme, but now and then would come a moment of relief, a pause in the tension, when a falling morsel, far below, an inch from the river, was intercepted by a swooping bird sailing masterfully, splendidly out of the darkness of the bridge into the light. The peace, the assurance, the cool refreshment of that majestic curve! It was like a sudden hush in the midst of a terrific discord.

Age.

I VENTURED to ask him yesterday: "Do you remember the building of the present London Bridge?" "Perfectly," he replied. "I was there on the opening day. The river was packed with barges, and the barges were packed with people. At first I appeared to have a poor chance of seeing William and Adelaide, but, when they arrived, there was a great surging of the crowd and without any will of my own I was carried to the front and saw everything. Oh, yes, I have crossed the older bridge many a time. The water fell six feet when it passed the arches, and shooting the bridge was a sport and a risk. That old bridge crossed the river a little lower down than the new one, so that the Monument stood close to the bridge-end. There was a rumour that it was unsafe, and many a time I went in fear lest it should fall on me. The fire glowed; a telephone bell rang in another room. I thought that Time has its defeats.

A Fervent Bookman.*

MR. BIRRELL is not a great critic. He is a rollicking, irresponsible, lovable dog of a reader. Hence these important looking volumes do not suit his essays half so well as the old dumpy, wide-margined, green-backed books which started with *Obiter Dicta*. They are too formal for such very informal talk about books as Mr. Birrell's, and they seem to turn some of the old fun into buffoonery. "Literature is a solace and a charm," says Mr. Birrell, and adds: "I will not stop for a moment in my headlong course to compare it with tobacco." Yet Mr. Birrell is continually stopping in his headlong course to do things as trivial and irrelevant. He has the trick of beginning an essay a hundred miles from its subject; thus, a paper on Sterne opens with a reference to a speech of the late Sir Edward Watkin to a meeting of railway shareholders; and in his essay on Milton Mr. Birrell illustrates the poet's dramatic treatment of God with a twopenny-halfpenny story about "an eminent barrister."

And yet in blabbing about his arm-chair relations with books Mr. Birrell is delightful. His secret is merely this, that he reads his books with zest, and loves to talk about them in the position in which he chooses to think that Milton dictated *Paradise Lost*—swinging his leg over the arm of his chair. That is an attitude in which it is easy to visualise Mr. Birrell, though as often as not he reminds us of a lecturer who gets off a good point, and then takes a happy drink from the adjacent tumbler. Mr. Birrell gives us preferences, not criticisms. They are often preferences which have good criticism on their side, but his language is not: "This is good," but "I like this; don't you?" He quotes the final lines of Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," and then (seizing the tumbler) says: "If this is not poetry, may the name perish."

It is these personal, honest verdicts that delight us in Mr. Birrell's pages. His quotations are often most happily inspired, and his playful insight sometimes works wonders in half a page. Take this story of Cowper:

In 1800, the year of Cowper's death, a relative of his, a Dr. Johnson, wrote a letter to John Newton, sending good wishes to the old gentleman and to his niece, Miss Catlett; and added: "Poor dear Mr. Cowper, oh that he were tolerable as he was even in those days when, dining at his house in Buckinghamshire with you and that lady, I could not help smiling to see his pleasant face when he said: 'Miss Catlett, shall I give you a piece of cutlet?'" It was a very small joke indeed, and it is a very humble little quotation, but for me it has long served, in the mind's eye, for a vignette of the poet, doomed yet *débonnaire*. Romney's picture, with that frightful nightcap and eyes gleaming with madness, is a pestilent thing one would forget if one could. Cowper's pleasant face when he said, "Miss Catlett, shall I give you a piece of cutlet?" is a much more agreeable picture to find a small corner for in one's memory.

That is delightful. All Mr. Birrell's remarks smack of book-in-hand judgments, formed in the glow of the fire-light; and the genial untidy style is appropriate to the bluff, discursive criticism. Here are a few specimens:

She [Hannah More] flounders like a huge conger-eel in an ocean of dingy morality.

Macauley's position never admitted of doubt. We know what to expect, and we always get it. It is like the old days of W. G. Grace's cricket. We went to see the leviathan slog for six, and we saw it. We expected him to do it, and he did it. So with Macauley. . . .

Great is De Quincey, but so elaborate are his movements, so tremendous his literary contortions, that when you have

done with him you feel it would be cruelty to keep him stretched upon the rack of his own style for a moment longer.

There are not many better pastimes for a middle-aged man who does not care for first principles or modern novels than to hunt George Dyer up-and-down Charles Lamb.

What silk merchant's apprentice in these hard times, finding a place behind Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove's counter not jumping with his genius, dare hope by the easy expedient of publishing a pamphlet on "The Present State of Wit" to become domestic steward to a semi-royal Duchess, and the friend of Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Lecky, who are, I suppose, our nineteenth-century equivalents for Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift?

There are any number of such ejaculations in Mr. Birrell's essays. They will pall on some minds. The man who *will* have his joke is sure to make a great many poor jokes. Mr. Birrell does. But his preaching often amuses when his jokes fail, and the words of Johnson, Burke, Pope, Lamb, and Hazlitt are so mingled with Mr. Birrell's own that we read on and on in easy delight.

Correspondence.

Audi Alteram Partem.

SIR,—Mr. Watson, as a poet, has no sincerer admirer than myself, and I appreciate the ingenuity of his parable; but a concise parable is not always the soundest way of presenting a difficult and very complicated political problem.

I doubt not that many of your readers who share my admiration for Mr. Watson's work will be impressed, and possibly misled, by his brilliant little fallacy; and this must be my apology for venturing upon a counter parable, clumsy enough, but having in it, I trust, the saving element of veracity.

A Poet's Parable.

A certain man, quitting his own house, went to lodge in the house of another, and there demanded to have voice and authority in the ordering of the whole household.

And the other said: "No. You are free to remain or to depart, but this is my house, and I will suffer in it no second master outmastering me."

So the lodger called unto his brave and gallant kinsmen to bludgeon that householder into submission.

A Cosmic Process.

A slave-fancier, feeling injured by the emancipation of his slaves, quitted his own country and took possession of a vast estate claimed by a black man.

Some squatters, with his consent, took to working the mines on a neglected part of the estate.

When the slave-fancier saw that their earnings were large, he forcibly deprived them of part of them.

Whereupon the squatters said: "Give us a share of authority in the ordering of the estate, and we will render thee a share of our earnings."

But the slave-fancier replied: "This is my estate, and I will suffer in it no second masters; and ye speaking a foreign tongue shall train up your offspring in mine."

And before the squatters had time to summon aid, he mustered his braves to bludgeon them on the spot.

—I am, &c.,

Haslemere: Feb. 14, 1900.

FRED. JACKSON.

* *Collected Essays*. By Augustine Birrell. 2 vols. (Elliot Stock.)

Sir Thomas Urquhart.

SIR,—In your notice of my book, *Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie*, your critic has inadvertently ascribed to me an error which I did not commit. He quotes the following passage and quite truly describes it as "remarkable": "*It is probable that [Urquhart] died much sooner, a victim in all likelihood to fiery restlessness of spirit. This conjecture is, however, improbable.*" And he adds: "How can a man bring himself to think so loosely?" The first part of the passage is itself a quotation from Sir Theodore Martin. The second is my comment upon it. Sir Theodore Martin thought it probable that Urquhart died several years before the date usually given as that of his death, I think the date usually given is correct. The use of inverted commas in the text of the volume makes my meaning plain, though, as I have said, your critic has inadvertently misread the passage. I quite agree with him in the severe criticism he has passed upon my book, and have no doubt but that the volume contains many more flaws than those which he has pointed out; but I hope that in justice to me you will kindly insert this letter in your next issue.—I am, &c.,
Lerwick, Shetland :
Feb. 7, 1900.

J. WILLCOCK.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS. BY TWO BARRISTERS-AT-LAW.

Into this volume of more than seven hundred pages has been gathered whatever legal information is most likely to be required by those who consult it. It may be described as a sort of first aid to litigants, and probably not its least service will be to restrain its readers from going to law. Many good citizens hardly come in contact with the law between the cradle and the grave, but even to these this work may be useful as a means of getting light on the conduct of law cases and criminal trials of public interest. To tradesmen, rate-payers, masters and servants, innkeepers, testators, and many other classes and characters, special sections are addressed. (Murray. 6s.)

SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

Miss Moira O'Neill's wistful poems of the love of Ireland have pleased many readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Spectator*. She finds words for the old sigh of the exile, often banished no farther than to England—in hay-harvest.

Ov'r here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyond the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

There are twenty-five short poems—shamrocks all. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. BY HAROLD E. GORST.

This is the new volume in the "Victorian Era" series, which includes biographies, histories, and scientific memoirs. Mr. Gorst says in his Preface:

Since the appearance of the existing biographies of Lord Beaconsfield, fresh light has been thrown upon an incident in his career by the recent publication, amongst the private papers of Sir Robert Peel, of a letter addressed by Disraeli

to Peel in 1841. It will be remembered that Disraeli, in 1846, denied having asked Peel for office five years before; and on that account the letter in question has been generally regarded as affording proof of a mean and dishonourable action on his part. I have submitted this letter to a high legal authority, and he at once pointed out to me the fact that Disraeli made no direct application for a post in the government. . . . Both the letter and its explanation find a place in this volume, and no doubt the unprejudiced reader will readily adopt the latter, in preference to tarnishing the otherwise spotless reputation of a statesman to whom the present generation owes a deep debt of gratitude.

(Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

De Margerie (A.), "St. Francis of Sales"..... (Duckworth)	3/0
Budde (K.), Religion of Israel to the Exile..... (Putnam)	
Gasquoine (C. P.), Scientific Theology..... (Watts & Co.)	1/1
Fraser (W. F.), A Cloud of Witnesses: Part I., St. Athanasius..... (Wells Gardner)	3/6
Ingram (A. F. W.), Reasons for Faith..... (S.P.C.K.)	0/8
Wynne (G. R.), Conditions of Salvation as Set Forth by our Lord (S.P.C.K.)	0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Hall (P.), A Few Short Poems..... (Burlingame) net	1/0
Henderson (Rev. Geo.), Lady Navine and Her Songs..... (Gardner)	
Arnold (Sir E.), Golden Pages..... (Burlingame)	1/0
Jack (Adolphus A.), The Prince: A Play..... (Macmillan) net	3/6
Smith (W. F.), The First Edition of the Fourth Book of the Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the Noble Pantagruel..... (Privately Printed)	
Turtum (A. J.), Music of the Waves..... (Jarrold)	
Adams (Arthur H.), Mauriland, and Other Verses..... (Bulletin Newspaper Co., Ltd, Sydney)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Tschudi (C), Napoleon's Mother..... (Swan Sonnenschein)	7/6
Rennovier (Ch.), Victor Hugo..... (A. Colin et Cie.)	
De Abini (F.), Marie Antoinette and the Diamond Necklace..... (Swan Sonnenschein)	5/0
McNeil Rushforth (G.), Carlo Crivelli..... (Bell)	
Dowson (E.), Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois. 2 vols..... (Smithers & Co.)	
Brown (John), Puritan Preaching in England..... (Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Stokes (G. T.), Some Worthies of the Irish Church..... (Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Bartlet (J. V.), Eras of the Christian Church: The Apostolic Age..... (T. & T. Clark)	0/0
Williamson (David), The Life Story of D. L. Moody..... (Sunday School Union) net	1/0
Clapham (J. H.), The Causes of the War of 1792..... (Camb. Univ. Press)	6/0
Mosbery (Right Hon. the Earl of), Oliver Cromwell: a Eulogy and an Appreciation..... (Melrose) net	0/8
Atkinson (C. T.), Michel de l'Hopital..... (Longmans) net	4/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carrs (Dr. Paul), Kant and Spencer: A Study of the Fallacies of Agnosticism..... (Kegan Paul)	1/0
Sirling (James H.), What Is Thought?..... (T. & T. Clark)	10/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Robinson (C. H.), Nigeria..... (Marshall)	
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EDUCATIONAL.

Plaistow (F. G.) and Mills (T. R.), Æchylus: Prometheus Vinctus..... (Clive)	2/8
Speight (E. E.), The New English Poetry Book..... (H. Marshall) net	1/0
Fearenside (C. S.), The Matriculation History of England..... (W. B. Clive)	
Navin (J. C.), The Odyssey of Homer. Book XI..... (Camb. Univ. Press)	
Tribe (Rev. O. N.), Teachers in Training..... (S.P.C.K.)	0/8
Woodhouse (W. J.), Isocrates: De Begis..... (S.P.C.K.)	2/8
Gudoman (A.), Tacitus: De Vita et Moribus Julii Agricolaæ..... (Allyn & Bacon)	

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clark (I. W.), Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere..... (Macmillan)	0/0
Bovill (Rev. J. H.), Natives under the Transvaal Flag..... (Simpkin, Marshall)	3/8
Chapman (E. C.), Legalised Wrong..... (Revel Co.)	
Conn (H. W.), The Story of Life's Mechanism..... (Newnes)	1/0
Cousins (J. H.), "The Voice of One"..... (Fisher Unwin) net	2/0
Cassabon (M.), The Wisdom of Marcus Aurelius..... (Gay & Bird)	
Murray (G.), Carlyon Sahib..... (Heinemann)	
Charley (Sir W. T.), "Mending" and "Ending"..... (Simpkin, Marshall)	2/8
Report of the U.S. Museum under the Direction of the Smithsonian Institution.....	
Denmore (Emmet), Consumption and Chronic Diseases..... (Sonnenschein)	3/6
Bowley (A. L.), Wages in the United Kingdom..... (Camb. Univ. Press)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Tennyson (Lord A.), The Princess, and Other Poems..... (Dent)	1/6
Dfoe (D.), A Journal of the Plague Year..... (Dent)	
Shakespeare (W.), Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Plays. Vol. VII. (Newnes)	
Beckford (W.), "Vstlek"..... (Greening & Co.)	3/6
Dickens (Chas.), Little Dorrit..... (Macmillan)	3/8
Grey (Henry), The Plots of Some of the Most Famous Old English Plays..... (Sonnenschein)	7/8
Dickens (Chas.), Christmas Books..... (Dent) net	1/6

** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 21 (New Series).

We regret to say that this Competition has been disappointing. The conditions were stated in the following terms: "Every family where writing games are popular has some game of home manufacture. We offer a prize of a guinea for the description of the best original writing game—that is to say, of the best game for an evening party in which paper, pencils, and brains are involved. The word original would not exclude a good adaptation of a well-known game; which is the form that home-made games often take." This, we think, makes some originality in the game a necessity; but, with the exception of two or three, all competitors send descriptions of games with which we have been familiar for years. The best answer—an adaptation—is this, from Mr. G. Howe, "Holwood," Grove-park, Lee, S E.:

Everyone has heard of the "book tea" or "book at-home," but few, perhaps, have thought of adapting it to the form of a writing game. A moment's consideration will show that it can be done in a surprisingly simple manner. Suitable slips of paper having been provided, each player sketches at the top a picture or diagram representing the title of a well-known book. For example, to take a few instances: from my own knowledge, a picture of a policeman in full chase of a runaway pickpocket; has been made to represent Kipling's *A Fleat in Being* ("A Fleeting Being"); the words "Robin Hood and his Merry Men" to represent *The Forest Lovers*; or portraits of Buller and Roberts to represent *The Heroes*. Many similar ideas will at once suggest themselves. The slips bearing these sketches are then passed round, each player in turn writing at the bottom of the slip what book he considers the sketch to represent, adding his initials, and then turning up the edge to cover what he has written. When the sketches have returned to their original owners the correct solutions are given by each player in turn, together with the guesses written on the slip, one mark being awarded the owner of every correct solution.

It is as well to limit the time for making the sketches, say, to three or five minutes, any who are not ready in time not competing in that round.

Answers received from: G. H., London; J. C. S., Dulwich; F. E. W., London; E. C. W., Oxford; B. R., London; M. H., Twyford; S., Cambridge; E. R., Coldharbour; J. C., London; A. E. H., York; E. C. M. D., Criediton; M. B. C., Egham; E. H., Didsbury; M. A. W., Watford; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; A. M., London.

Competition No. 22 (New Series).

To the current number of *The Artist* Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland contributes some mottoes for the fronts of houses. We quote three expressing different thoughts:

Though it a thousand years should stay,
This house at last must pass away.
And ere its shortest life be o'er
We shall have gone long, long before!

This house I've built for me and mine,
May it be of peace a shrine,
And may no enmity or sin,
Ever find its way therein!

If this house be fine or not,
That was ne'er my serious thought,
But it will have gained its ends,
Should I fill it full of friends.

A prize of a guinea is offered for the best four-lined motto suitable to be inscribed on a house. Mr. Leland's quatrains are given merely as examples: there is no need to follow their sentiments if others occur.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 152, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: The Outsider, Tetigit, Novice, A Variant, Illusion, Suberbia, "Florence Hope," "Georgiana Alexander," Adam White Queen, Redrae.

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The Literary Week.

THE death of Mr. H. D. Traill last Tuesday was a shock to his friends, and to the public. It was known a few days ago that he was confined to his room with a sprained ankle, but nobody thought that his fruitful life was so soon to be ended. He was conspicuous in many paths of literature and journalism, but it was as a brilliant satirist, humorist, and parodist in verse and prose that he shone. His original work had not been so plentiful during the past few years, owing, no doubt, to the engrossing character of his duties as editor of *Literature*; but he was able to add four new Dialogues to *The New Lucian*, a new edition of which was published last week. His prose was marked by a singular indifference to any kind of effect. He was always content to begin quietly; his humour was never forced—it occurred—and although much of his fugitive work was merely "pleasant and persuasive," it never lacked intention.

LONDON, according to Mr. George Moore, having become "too large, too old, and too wealthy to permit of any new artistic movement," the Irish Literary Theatre Society have been holding their second meeting during the past week in Dublin. Three plays were produced—"The Last Feast of the Fianna," a sketch of the heroic age in Ireland, by Miss Alice Milligan; "Maevé," by Mr. Edward Martyn; and "The Bending of the Bough," by Mr. George Moore. The last has just been issued as a book. According to the *Dublin Daily Express*, the organ of the Irish Literary Movement, and one of the few daily papers in the United Kingdom showing a distinct interest in literature, the performances were entirely successful.

THE Irish Literary Theatre has also an organ of its own—an occasional publication called *Boltaine*, edited by Mr. W. B. Yeats. In a preface called "Plans and Methods" Mr. Yeats gives some account of the plays which London is too large, too old, and too wealthy to permit. "Our plays," says Mr. Yeats, "this year have a half deliberate unity,"

Mr. Martyn's "Maevé," which I understand to symbolise Ireland's choice between English materialism and her own natural idealism, as well as the choice of every individual soul, will be followed, as Greek tragedies were followed by satires and Elizabethan masques by anti-masques, by Mr. George Moore's "The Bending of the Bough," which tells of a like choice and of a contrary decision. Mr. Moore's play, which is, in its external form, the history of two Scottish cities, the one Celtic in the main and the other Saxon in the main, is a microcosm of the last ten years of public life in Ireland. . . . Miss Milligan, not influenced by Mr. Martyn, or by anything but old legends, has the same thought in her "The Last Feast of the Fianna," which, as I think, would make one remember the mortality and indignity of all that lives. Her bard Usheen goes to faery, and is made immortal like his songs; while the heroes and Grania, the most famous of the beautiful, sink into querulous old age.

The object of the Irish Literary Theatre is to make Dublin a centre of intellectual activity. We wish them every success.

THAT must have been an interesting moment when Mr. Thomas Hardy's eye fell upon the account of the production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," at the Coronet Theatre. *Apropos*, he has made the following communication: "As I find I am naturally supposed to have something to do with the production of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' at the Coronet Theatre, I shall be glad if you will allow me to state that I have not authorised such a dramatisation, and that I am ignorant of the form it has taken, except in so far as I gather from the newspapers."

TOLSTOY's new novel, *Resurrection*, a notice of which, when it began in monthly parts, was printed in our issue of September 9, will be published by the Brotherhood Company early next month. *Resurrection*, written in the rough by Tolstoy some years ago and founded upon an actual occurrence, has been completely re-written by him during the last year and a half. The proceeds will be devoted to aiding the Doukhobors, the sect who are persecuted in the Caucasus for refusing to learn the art of war. Mrs. Maude will set apart the remuneration she receives for her translation to the same cause. The novel will contain thirty-three illustrations by Pasternak.

WITH an inscription to attest its genuineness Mr. Henley has contributed to the *Daily Mail* "Absent-Minded Beggar Fund" the inkstand which was used by Stevenson during two years of his wanderings in the Pacific. It passed into Mr. Henley's hands on Stevenson's death. So far £15 has been bid for it.

THE organist of Bloemfontein Cathedral asks for literary guidance. His letter, which will be found in our correspondence columns, is somewhat long, but we cannot resist such magnificent detachment. Roberts! The war! The organist of Bloemfontein Cathedral does not even mention them.

MR. H. D. LOWRY, author of *Make Believe*, is writing another book for children, entitled *Blossom's Word-Book*. It consists of a series of tiny essays on the vital meaning of the words most used by children, some of them running to little more than a sentence in length, while others are longer, and include stray verses and miniature fairy tales. The book will be illustrated.

"FIERCE books down Cellar" is the sign hung out by a foreigner in New York. Is it a theological library? In the same city an Italian junk dealer has this sign: "A Lot of Solemn Books Inside." Is this the humour of which our fathers have told us?

WHEN the present war broke out we ventured to deprecate the idea that book production would be seriously checked. Our hope has not been fulfilled to the letter, but Mr. Joseph Shaylor, an admitted authority, has just stated the actual effects of the war on the book trade, and these do not prove to be very serious. Fierce books down cellar, and solemn books elsewhere, have suffered, but "fiction, juvenile literature, and books which appeal to the multitude have suffered scarcely at all by the war."

MR. W. E. HENLEY makes several interesting remarks about the reading public, or, rather, publics, in an article on "Some Novels of 1899" in the *North American Review*. He thinks the public is like a set of Japanese boxes, one inside another, the larger containing the lesser throughout the series. Hence "a good writer and a good novelist is very often felt to some extent a great way outside the limits of the particular public which happens to be his." Mr. Henley adduces Stevenson as an instance of a writer whose appeal to his own first public, though seemingly futile, was felt in faint and widening waves. Thus, the comparative failure which attended the publication of *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow* in the *Young Folks' Paper* appears to Mr. Henley in this light:

He was but a *succès d'estime*; and you would have thought that he had worked in vain. But he had not. The masters who wrought for *Young Folks' Paper* were (so Stevenson told me) in no wise model citizens; they had their weaknesses, and (on his editor's report) were addicted to the use of strong waters, so that they had to be literally hunted for their copy. But, being writers, they were a level or two above the public for which they wrote. That public had seen little or nothing in Stevenson; they saw a great deal, and in his imitators Stevenson had, I believe, a very considerable success with a circle of readers which began by politely disdaining him. He had paid in gold, and his gold was not recognised as current coin until it was turned into copper. The currency was debased? Of course it was; and if it had not been—here is my point—it would never have passed with that public which Stevenson tried, and failed, to win. And this is the way in which publics are, not made but, effected and influenced by talent. In Stevenson's case, the provocation was unusually direct, the effects were unusually gross. But the same sort of thing has ever been, and is ever being, done all over the novel-reading world: so that many thousands have rejoiced in the gift of Ainsworth and Marryat, of Kipling and Barrie and Scott, who have never so much as heard their names.

In a word literature has solidarity as well as diversity, and a writer's influence is not to be measured by the sales of his book. This is a truism, but it is worth remembering.

OF the *Young Folks' Paper* itself Mr. Henley says: "Twas a capital print of its kind, and its editor and proprietor was a very able and intelligent man. . . . His name was Henderson: a Scotchman and a Radical. I rather think that he is dead; but, dead or alive, he is a person for whom I have a very great respect." Can any reader resolve Mr. Henley's doubts? The editor who accepted *Treasure Island* is surely entitled to share the triumph and partake the gale.

FROM a catalogue of autograph letters for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's auction rooms on March 5 we take the following passage. It was written by Browning to Mr. P. R. Jackson:

"I was not aware, nor I suppose can my publisher have been aware, that 'Hervieu Hervé Riel' had appeared in the *Royal Reader*; such an appearance without my knowledge and consent was a theft, and punishable. I consider the poem rather the publisher's than my property, because he gave me a hundred pounds for it, which I wanted for the starving French, and it was only at his urgent request the other day that I included the thing in a volume, which has just passed through the press, and will be out in a day or two. I could not, therefore, with propriety, allow that transfer to your collection, which the honesty and courtesy of your application would otherwise have induced me to permit."

A MINOR mystery of "Hamlet" seems to be cleared up by a discovery which has just been made at Elsinore, the scene of the play. An old document has been found in the archives of that ancient seaport setting forth the fact that in 1585 a wooden fence, which had been put up in the

year 1585 by the Burgomaster, had been destroyed by a company of English actors. The names of these actors are given, and they include some who are known to have belonged to Shakespeare's company. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whence the information comes, points out that Shakespeare "shows a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of that little seaport." The Elsinore local colour may not seem very strong to most of us, but only those who are familiar with the town can be good judges either of its quantity or quality. Horatio's words come back:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea.

So, also, one thinks of the lines:

Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erhears your officers.

It should be noted that Shakespeare's choice of Elsinore is curious. The older play which he worked up into his own, and which followed the legend, placed the drama in Jutland. Shakespeare's arbitrary preference of Elsinore, and his truthful touches about that place, are easily accounted for if we suppose that he consulted some of his fellow-players who were of the party that broke down the Burgomaster's fence. There is good evidence that troupes of English actors did wander Western Europe at the time necessary to establish this interesting theory. In fact, the Earl of Leicester sailed to the Low Countries in 1585, taking his players with him, and four years later Shakespeare, we know, was of that company. Many things remain unexplained, but if the Elsinore document be genuine there is ground for interesting research.

WITH a poet's ingenuity Mr. William Watson endeavours to show that Nature is on the side of the Boers. He states this proposition in two verses which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*:

PAST AND PRESENT.

When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her that she fell.

Ab, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow.

The prosaic fact is that the mountains and the rivers are on the side of those who at a given moment can use them best. A bolder figure than Mr. Watson's tells us that the stars fought against Sisera, but the stars only watched; and the mountains only wait for the victor's tread. But let a poet answer a poet. Sir Edwin Arnold has this gruff "Reply" to Mr. Watson in the *Daily Telegraph*:

Imputes he mortal passions to the mountains?
And, for a party stroke,
Feigns he that water-ways, and river-fountains
Fight for the Boer's ill yoke?

Enough to answer England's slanderous son,
And brand his calumny,
I bore her files to battle, every one—
Her Lover—Ocean—I!

LORD ROSEBERY has issued his own text of his recent speech on Cromwell through Messrs. Hatchard's, prefixing to it the brief and pregnant preface:

Published in self defence.

The insertion of this remark has reference, no doubt, to the version of the Cromwell speech already issued by a Scottish firm of publishers, and taken, with acknowledg-

ments, from the *Daily News* report. A comparison of the two versions leaves us in no particular wonder that Lord Rosebery has taken this course.

THE first number of the *Universal Magazine* (Horace Marshall & Son) contains a vociferous article by Miss Corelli, entitled "Patriotism—or Self-Advertisement?" We confess to some inability to read this article owing to the portentous length of Miss Corelli's paragraphs, which spread like prairies over the pages, relieved only by a scrub of italics. Miss Corelli is of those who consider that Mr. Kipling ought to have written finer war verses than the "Absent-Minded Beggar."

A real poem pushed vigorously down the public throat would have made the public voice sweeter and stronger. A real poem would not only have built up a Fund, but a Fame. Instead of degrading "Tommy," it might have improved and dignified his whole position. . . . "The Absent-Minded Beggar" stanzas will mark Mr. Kipling's name with a fatal persistency as long as he lives, cropping up with an infinite tedium and an exasperating sameness at every fresh thing he writes; and let him be wise as Solon, classic as Virgil, and strong as Samson, he shall never escape it. Like another sort of "Raven," he shall see it "sitting, never flitting," on every "bust of Pallas," or new work he offers to the public; he shall demand of it, "Take thy beak from out my heart and thy form from off my door!" and its reply shall be the one monotonous devil's croak of "Nevermore!"

MESSRS. SPALDING & HODGE send us "a new and important work in five volumes." They are entitled *Extra Light Ant. Wove Quad Crown*, and we have lovingly handled them ever since they arrived. Bound strongly in red cloth, stamped with a heraldic device in gold, and gilt topped, these volumes are not marred by any impertinent letterpress. The white vacuity of their 320 pages has refreshed our spirits, and inclined our hearts to the paper trade. Seriously, Messrs. Spalding & Hodge seem to know how to produce the best kind of book paper, a paper firm and light, rough enough to please the hand and eye, yet tractable enough to take photogravures.

SOME of the critics have complained that Mr. Benson, in his scholarly and interesting rendering of the character of Henry V., errs in representing him as a markedly religious character. Mr. H. C. Beeching, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, shows that Mr. Benson had warrant for his reading. "The key-note of one side of Henry's character," says Mr. Beeching,

"is struck in that speech to Falstaff with which Henry IV. closes: 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.' And in the play itself there is a great deal of religious reflection. The 'God of battles' to whom Henry throughout appeals is not the 'Dieu de batailles' by whom the Constable swears. Many of Henry's clergy would have been proud if they had originated the admirable saying:

'There is a soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.'

But in case your critic should say that the voice here is Shakespeare's and not Henry's, I would refer him to the ordinance after Agincourt reported in Act IV., which reveals the mind of a zealot:

'Be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take the praise from God
Which is His only.'

A NEWSPAPER devoted to the interests of Free Churchmen, with especial reference to the work and thought of Congregationalists, is about to be published. The new journal will be issued weekly, price one penny. The Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., of Highgate, will direct the theological policy of the paper, and with him will be associated Mr. Andrew Melrose and Mr. David Williamson, the latter as general editor.

THE Trustees of the British Museum continue to issue their series of facsimiles of royal, historical, and literary autographs. Among new reproductions is a fly-leaf in Izaak Walton's prayer-book which contains the epitaph which he wrote for his second wife:

Here lyeth buried soe much as could
Dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton
A woman of remarkable prudence.

And
of primitive pietie.

And
Her greate and generall knowledgy
being adorn'd with such trew humillitie,
and blest with soe much Christian
meeknes; as made her worthy of
a more memorabill monument

She dyed

April 17: 1662.

The epitaph should be read as follows:

Here lyeth buried soe much as could
dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton,
who was

A woman of remarkable prudence,
and

of the primitive pietie,
Her greate and generall knowledgy
being adorn'd with such trew humillitie,
and blest with soe much Christian
meekness, as made her worthy of
a more memorabill monument.

She dyed

(Alas! Alas! that she is ded)
Aprill 17: 1662.

THOSE counterblasts to "The Man with the Hoe" are now disposed of; the prizes are awarded; and oblivion threatens the incident. It will be remembered that Mr. Edwin Markham's gloomy picture of the toiling agriculturalist in his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," was resented by one American reader, who wished to see agriculturalists extolled and felicitated. He offered three prizes, of 400 dols., 200 dols., and 100 dols., for the three poetic replies to Mr. Markham's poem which should be judged best by a committee of three. The competitive poems were nearly a thousand, of which only a small percentage deserved attention. The awards are as follows:

"The Man with the Hoe (A Reply to Edwin Markham)."
By John Vance Cheney. First prize (400 dols.).
"The Incapable." By Hamilton Schuyler. Second
prize (200 dols.).
"A Song (In Answer to 'The Man with the Hoe')." By
Kate Masterson. Third prize (100 dols.).

WILL no deft poetic hand give us renderings of the *tanka*, those charming old songs collected in Japan eight hundred years ago under the title of *Iyakunin-ishū*? The man who has most right to the honours of the task is, perhaps, Prof. C. MacCauley, who has been lecturing on the subject to the Asiatic Society at Tokyo. The *tanka* fall into three classes: songs of nature, songs of sentiment, and songs of love. One *tanka* tells of love perfected, and is rendered thus by the Professor:

From Tsukuba's peak
Falling waters have become
Mina's still, full flow.
So, my love has grown to be
Like the river's quiet deeps.

Here is another :

Like the salt sea-weed
Burning in the evening calm,
On Matsuo's shore,
All my being is aglow,
Waiting one who does not come.

THE question whether it is well to issue a masterpiece of fiction with a searching critical introduction has not perhaps ever been debated properly. Obviously both the author's and the reader's interests are affected, and it may be injuriously. Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be conscious of a certain demerit to her introductions to the novels of the Brontës, for in introducing Emily Brontë's novel, *Wuthering Heights*, which forms part of the fifth volume of the "Haworth" edition, she writes :

When we are under the spell of the Brontë stories we admire and we protest with almost equal warmth ; we lavish upon them the same varieties of feeling as the poet, who brings to his love no cold, monotonous homage, but—"praise, blame, kisses, tears, and smiles." For inevitably the critic's manner catches the freedom of the author's. He will not hesitate dialike ; such a mental attitude cannot maintain itself in the Brontës' neighbourhood. He will strike when he is hurt, and raise the psalms of praise when he is pleased, with the frankness which such combatants deserve. In each of her novels, as it were, Charlotte Brontë touches the shield of the reader ; she does not woo or persuade him ; she attacks him, and, complete as his ultimate surrender may be, he yields fighting. He "will still be talking," and there is no help for it.

And as regards *Wuthering Heights*, Mrs. Ward thinks that criticism has a real work to do with this strange novel. She quotes Prof. Saintsbury's belief that Emily Brontë's work has been "extravagantly praised," and Mr. Leslie Stephen's opinion that Emily Brontë's "feeble grasp upon external facts makes her book a kind of baseless nightmare, which we read with wonder and with distressing curiosity, but with even more pain than pleasure or profit." Charlotte Brontë herself wrote of her sister's story with a certain caution, as did also Mrs. Gaskell. Mrs. Ward allows much to these and other critics ; but her faith in *Wuthering Heights* is stronger than theirs. She says : "For the mingling of daring poetry with the easiest and most masterly command of local truth, for sharpness and felicity of phrase, for exuberance of creative force, for invention and freshness of detail, there are few things in English fiction to match it."

Bibliographical.

BECAUSE I happened to say last week that readers and reviewers "are apt to be bored" by the frequent appearance of the same name on the title-pages of books, a correspondent, signing himself "The Lobworm," suggests that I have "let a literary cat out of the bag." Is it possible, he asks with unconcealed irony, that reviewers are influenced by names? And he goes on to propose a remedy for that evil. "Judges at shows are, or were, supposed to be in ignorance of the contents of the catalogue until the awards were complete. Why not hand over books to reviewers with no clue to author or publisher beyond a sealed envelope, 'not to be opened until the review is written'?" An ingenious notion! but one, I fear, which would not commend itself either to authors or to publishers. Authors, I fancy, would rather risk the possible boredom of the reviewers than always come before the world in anonymous fashion.

Talking of publishers, I note that an addition has just been made to the number of publishers who write. Mr. J. M. Dent himself supplies the editorial introduction to the reprint of *She Stoops to Conquer* which he has just added to his "Temple Classics." Every now and then

somebody revives the cry of "Every author his own publisher." How very much more to the purpose would be "Every publisher his own author"! However, I see in that suggestion a very real danger for the bibliographer. There is quite enough confusion of names as it is. I see, for example, that Mr. Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist, has been making a speech at a club dinner. Now, this gentleman's father was also a Charles Dickens—"Charles Dickens the Younger," as he subscribed himself. Well, if Charles Dickens the Youngest should write and publish books, the poor bibliographer of the future will have three Charles Dickens's to struggle with—which will be hard upon him.

"Somebody of leisure," I wrote last week, "should write an account of English war poetry"; and now there comes a "preliminary par" about a collection of war songs which is shortly to be added to the "Canterbury Poets." So far as I know, this will be the first anthology of the kind. We have had collections of patriotic verse in which war poetry has been included, but that should hardly bar the way of the new volume, which will, I hope, fulfil in all strictness the promise of its title.

"S. G.," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says there is a piece of information which he desires: "Who wrote 'Broken Vows,' the play which was in rehearsal at Mansfield Park when the august Sir Thomas returned from the West Indies?" It is to be feared that this question will not be answered until it can be put to Miss Austen herself—not, of course, by "S. G.," if it be true that he has an objection to meeting the lady in Paradise. A play called "Broken Vows" was produced in England about thirty years ago, but that was after Miss Austen's day. It is a little wonderful that there should not have been a dramatic "Broken Vows" before 1871. "The Broken Heart" and "The Broken Gold"—Miss Austen may have heard of the plays so named; but "Broken Vows" must have been of her own coinage.

Her *Title of Honour* has proved, up to now, the most lasting of the stories of the late Miss Harriett Parr. A new edition of it appeared so recently as last October. Next to it, apparently, in popularity are the *Legends of Fairyland*, of which there was a reprint in 1897. One well remembers when this lady's *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, *Katie Brands*, and so forth, were "books of the day." Her book of essays, *In the Silver Age*, was well worth reading. It was a good thing that she elected to publish as "Holme Lee"; otherwise there might have been a muddle in the public mind between Miss Harriett Parr and Mrs. Louisa Parr, as there was for a time between Miss M. B. Edwards and Miss A. B. Edwards.

I notice that Mr. Max Pemberton, in his new story called *Féo*, makes a Frenchwoman say to an English girl: "Ah, men have so much to live for, child. Your poet Shakespeare has said it better than you or I will ever say it. A woman's love is her little kingdom, but the man's world is very wide." Is it possible that Mr. Pemberton is under the impression that the lines—

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence,

were written by the Bard of Avon? Or is this only his exquisitely subtle way of reflecting upon French ignorance of English literature?

There have been of late frequent announcements of the fact that Sir Henry Irving's next production at the Lyceum will be a play dealing with the Massacre at St. Bartholomew and having Charles IX. for its chief figure. Nowhere have I seen any reference to the further fact that the subject was treated by Marlowe in a play, "The Massacre at Paris," which, however, has come down to us only in a fragmentary and (as regards the text) corrupt state. Sir Henry's drama, apparently, is to be an adaptation from the French.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Trend of Young Verse.

By Shore and Wood. By W. Cuthbertson. (James Thin)

Wild Easn. By George Woodberry. (Macmillan. 5s.)

Without a God. (Kegan Paul.)

Out of the Nest. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. (Gay & Bird.)

NEVER since the "spacious days of great Elizabeth" has there been such a widespread spirit of song as now, and song which quite frequently attains a level that demands respect. The English language is spread over two hemispheres, and from both this chorus of song arises, thickly as the voices of a wet morning-grove. For America swells the cloud of books of verse which descend on the editorial table. It is easy to sneer at it as "minor poetry," and set it aside with fine Britannic scorn of anything so superfluous as minor poetry—in the disparaging sense to which the word is now generally confined. Minor poetry in this sense it is; that is, work without strong and assured inspiration and marked originality. Yet it has its importance. Without some such state of widespread impulse towards song great poets seldom arise. These countless volumes of verse that annually drift over the land are, if you please, the dead leaves which quicken the soil of the poetic year; and many die that some one or two may grow lusty and thrive. But they do not die fruitlessly, as the Philistine would assert; the poetic soil is the richer for them, the more likely to fertilise great work. Not to say that here and there is work which does not all die, which has its charm for the unhasty reader who takes an interest in the lesser verse as in the lesser flowers. Wild flowers, if you will, not garden flowers; but let us welcome them with the daisies.

It is interesting, therefore, to note what these dragonflies, these many-hued *ephemerides* of literature, are endeavouring to accomplish; interesting, and perhaps instructive. What common impulse is working in the singer from ultra-modern America, him who rhymes on the garden-seat of a London omnibus, and the novice from the country? At first sight nothing seems so conspicuous in this cloud as its many colours, its extreme diversity. One follows Tennyson, another leans towards Wordsworth, Rossetti, Swinburne, and endless influences are apparent as we turn the pages. Undoubtedly that is the case: there is no school dominant at present, as Tennyson was dominant in the earlier Victorian era, and wide individuality as regards manner and form is a note of this lesser verse. But yet it is not impossible to arrive at certain general characters, to educe a ruling tendency: these very various poets are more alike than they deem. Let us take, as a first example, the work of an American lady with the curious name of Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Two of the very best of these recent volumes, by the way, are American. This lady's poems are notable in two ways. In the first place much of them is remarkably good; in the second place, more than half of them are concerned with Japan. They are the records of an American woman's residence in that delightful country, and gain all the novelty of Japanese scenery, which yet is not too novel—an important consideration as regards the theme of verse. Her work is full of promise, and contains some excellent performance. She has sensitive observation, a gift of really original fancy, and a rich and cultivated diction, more classic than is usual in female poets. These qualities she has applied to the illustration of a country which is ready-made poetry, poetry asking but to be gathered; and the result is full of delicacy and charm.

Here is her vignette of "Midsummer in Tokio":

A copper sky, grey-veiled in heated mist,
Blue roofs, white-ribbed, and clumps of sullen trees
Set close for shade, and dark with purple gloom!
The long straight moats gleam dully, set between
Stone-patient walls, whose mossy crests are twined
With forms of crouching dragons, pines that writhe
Red-sealed and rough, with fins of living green.
A crow beats heavily through the diluted air,
Aimless with years, and vaguely bound to tip
The ancient castle-gate, black-peaked and tall,
Lone sentry at the portal of the past.
Silence has slept, but from the infrequent grass
Comes prickling mist of myriad tiny sounds;
For there the cicadæ, those little men,
Sit twirling summer through shrill reels of song.
Off in the busy town the streets lie bare;
But under booths of straw old dames sell fruit
And many a cooling drink. There children play
More quiet for the heat, or, drooped like flowers,
Sleep in the doors with little faces flushed.
In long straight rows the nerveless willows stand,
Weeping green rain that never falls to earth;
While, piercing down the vista, comes a sound,
The keen, recurrent, many-fluted cry
Of Amma San, a human cicada.
O'er street, and moat, and granite-castled isle
The dusty glare of muffled light has crept,
And choked the world with languor, till the soul
Stirs panting, like the air's white flames that rise
Made visible with tremor. Then is blown,
Cooling the air with shaded petal-waves,
The great sound-blossom of a temple-bell.

It is in such impressions as this that Miss Fenollosa shows best, for she has no power of passion. You note the choice diction, the happiness of expression culminating in such a line as:

Sit twirling summer through shrill reels of song.

It shows also the writer's weakness: she is not artistic, she is deficient in selection, compression, and sense of form. Such a line as

Under booths of straw old dames sell fruit
And many a cooling drink,

is prosaic and were better away; while the whole description is too resolved and categorical in its detail. But despite all defects, it makes you feel and see the sultry Japanese town. Here is a sonnet on "Fujisan from Enoshima":

O thou divine, remote, ineffable!
Thou cone of visions based on level sea,
Thou ache of joy in pale eternity,
Thou gleaming pearl in night's encrusted shell,
Thou frozen ghost, thou crystal citadel,
Heart-hushed I gaze, until there seems to be
Nothing in heaven or earth, but thee and me,
I the faint echo, thou the crystal ball!

Time rolls beneath me, as the waves' long foam,
And thoughts, as drifting weeds, float vaguely by,
Leaving my ransomed soul to fill the dome
Which curves, by day, thy cloud-fringed canopy.
Measured by gods, I draw my human height;
Then hide me weeping, I have faced the height!

It is a far enough cry, apparently, from this lady to Mr. W. Cuthbertson, the best pieces in whose *By Shore and Wood* are ballades, rondeaus, and the like, couched in the lighter vein. Whether angling and golf have yet had their ballade we do not know; but Mr. Cuthbertson, at any rate, gives us both. His "Ballade of an Angler" is pleasantly touched.

When winds are breathing faint perfume,
And crimson tints the eastern skies,
When like a spectre from the tomb
The wan moon slowly fades and dies,

When overhead the skylarks rise,
And love-notes from the willows steal:
This is the melody I prize,
The music of the ringing reel.

When overhead the pine-trees gloom,
Where fitfully the low wind sighs—
The woof that threads the river's loom—
While o'er its face the swallow flies,
I mark the noon's half-sleepy eyes,
The murmuring river's wash I feel,
And hear, while sink the deadly flies,
The music of the ringing reel!

When from afar the bittern's boom
Sweeps weirdly, and the landrail's cries
Come harshly, when the cornflowers bloom,
Like never-ceasing threnodies.
When o'er the darkened river flies
My careful cast; to cheer my zeal
There comes a note of sweet surprise,
The music of the ringing reel.

ENVOY.

Prince, howe'er grey or bright the skies
At morn or noon or night may steal
Their onward way, I only prize
The music of the ringing reel.

Alien enough these graceful dexterities from the muse of
the lady of Japan, you think; particularly when Mr.
Cuthbertson sings of tobacco—as he does sing—and his
"triolet" we may quote:

There's no tobacco like Perique
Of all that's brought across the ocean;
From Galveston to Chesapeake,
There's no tobacco like Perique.
To praise it you will find a week
A space too short for your devotion.
There's no tobacco like Perique,
Of all that's brought across the ocean.

Yet under the wide difference of form there is a likeness
between the two. Both are impressionistic, both are busy
with nothing but the effect of nature—or tobacco—upon
themselves. The more one examines, the more is this
seen to be a common note of all these younger singers.
With most the interest is nature, with some it is life;
but all present to nature and life a purely passive attitude,
they face them sensitively only. Take up Mr. George
Woodberry's *Wild Eden* and you find the same trait.
This richly-coloured picture gives us the purely impres-
sionistic note again:

One rich hollyhock warden,
High in the midsummer garden,
Motionless points its blossoming spear
Up to the honey-pale, amber-clear
Dome of the golden atmosphere,
Shut aloft by the foliage-wall
Linden, rock-maple, elms over all,
Embowering, umbrageous, massive, tall,
That make of the garden a little dell,
A place of slumber for blade and bell—
Of sleep and circumambient peace,
From the crimson hollyhock's flowered spire
To the one deep rose-plume drifting fire,
Where, duskily seen as the shades increase,
'Mid molten flakes of breaking fleece,
And trellised with many a fading spark,
Through her summer-lattice peers the dark.

Yes, all these young men and maidens, as with one
consent, are making sensitised plates of themselves;
observing, feeling, reproducing, and no more. Therewith
is another and kindred symptom—the disappearance of
the "message." We note one poet, who publishes
anonymously with Messrs. Kegan Paul an appallingly long
and most contentedly and conscientiously prosaic poem,
Without a God, which is a kind of autobiographic novel in
verse, and deals with the development of an individual
soul, from the Agnostic standpoint. But the bulk care for

none of these things, and have no thought of a teaching
function in themselves. The "message" is not in season,
that is clear. This universal preoccupation with the
merely sensitive side of poetry is not quite a thing for
congratulation. It may be pardoned, on the ground that
it is the least ambitious way of writing. It is eminently
feminine, and, therefore, it is not surprising that women
are well to the front among these younger poets. In some
of the female writers there is a pathetic and wistful
consciousness of limited faculty, which does not go beyond
the detailed sense that life is bitter, or life is sweet. One
would not have these strain their throats. But in itself
the tendency to resolve poetry into a study of sensations is
regrettable—a vast abnegation of the greatest potentialities
of English song. Thought and intellect disappear; of
the Wordsworthian tradition but the husk remains, with-
out the life-giving soul. Yet, consciously or unconsciously,
the various flight of "new poets" are all in substance
impressionist—though you may search far for the delicate
methods of the French school which writes that title on its
banners. And a proportion of them, as we have gratefully
admitted and recognised, produce work having distinct
appeal and quality, though they may have far to go along
the difficult way of perfection. On the meanings of life
their voice is weak and uncertain, if that trouble them at
all: they have gone far from the day of *In Memoriam*, still
further from the day of Browning. And since they are
content with

The little life of bank and briar,
it is ungrateful to ask them for more than they offer.

The Ox and the Corn.

First Principles in Politics. By William Samuel Lilly.
(John Murray. 14s.)

MR. LILLY opens his treatise with what looks like a
paradox. From the general mind of to-day, he tells us,
the idea of law is almost unseated. We had supposed—
the opinion is in the air—that now at last, for the first
time, the popular mind had embraced the conviction that
things which happen, probably or improbably, happen in
subjection to law. But he makes good his pretension.

It is true, no doubt, that in the realm of physical phe-
nomena we ordinary men do at last understand that the
sun is not arbitrarily eclipsed, that the weather is not
altogether fortuitous, and that our Sodoms and Gomorrhas,
when they happen upon cyclones and earthquakes, are
not by their sins the immediate cause of those shocking
cataclysms. But Mr. Lilly very well points out that, in
the ultimate signification, the sequence of cause and effect
among physical phenomena does not properly contain that
which law connotes: for necessity has no place in pure
physics; it is not, for instance, of necessity that material
bodies attract each other according to a certain familiar
formula. It merely happens. Necessity can be connoted
properly only in the region beyond the physical. Law is
metaphysical, for law is a function of reason; and it is
to the devotion of the world to what is called physical
science that the general obscuration of the idea of law
sensu stricto may be traced.

Particularly in matters politic is this exemplified. "My
dear fellow," said a contemporary to Mr. Lilly, "... there
are no first principles in politics, or last principles;
there are no principles at all, and no laws giving expression
to principles; it is a mere matter of expediency, of utility,
of convention, of self-interest." This was the voice of the
Zeitgeist. And over against it he entrenches himself.

"Nothing is that errs from law"—law that, in the
order of thought, precedes all its manifestations, the first
fact of the universe. Upon that principle—not upon the
principle of might, or of utility, or of self-interest—the

State is built up, differing thus from the comities of beasts—of wolves, of bees, of ants. For man is rational; therefore is free-willed; and because he is free of will, can do justice or refrain.

Justice recognises the rights of the individual. The individual demands freedom; and, with proper limitations, Justice renders it to him, in four manifestations. He has the right to exist, limited by the duty of labour. He has an indefeasible right to live out his own life, to determine the use of his own faculties, so that they be innocuously energised. He has a right to hold what he gets or acquires, so that he hold it, in some sense, for the benefit of his brethren. Finally, in proportion to his aptitude, he has a right to a share in the legislation and administration of his country.

So far we go whole-heartedly with Mr. Lilly; it is agreeable to find a man who in these days cares to set forth his convictions on a broad *a priori* basis. The rest of his work is concerned with the application of his principles to the difficult details of our complex social environment; and it does seem, despite our prepossession by his calm and philosophic prolegomena, as though in the questions of Strikes and Rings, of Trade Unions and Lock-outs, he leaves matters very much where he found them.

Thus the old—the antiquated—theories of the school that grew out of the masterpiece of Adam Smith had at least the merit of an unimpeachable logic. Granted the laws of Supply and Demand, of the Higging of the Market, and the rest, the conclusion that prosperity depended absolutely and solely upon the strife between individuals and the bare survival of the fittest, did inexorably follow. But now, when the Shaftesburys and Ruskins have rendered intolerable to the humane observer the hideous cruelties which, in the name of Political Economy, must necessarily accompany the process of its actualisation, we find ourselves left, in effect—whatever may be our theories—in the dusk of haphazard. What, for instance, could be more futile than Carlyle's "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is as just a demand as governed men ever made of governing; it is the everlasting right of men"? "Fair"—it begs the whole question. Of course, a fair wage is a just demand: what the new political economy has to settle is precisely what is a fair wage, and upon what principles it must be determined. The gentle Pope's "It is a dictate of nature, more authoritative and more ancient than any contract between man and man, that the remuneration of the labourer must be sufficient to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort" is less vague, and proportionately less certain. For not seldom it happens that labour, eating and drinking as it goes, is found at the last to have produced nothing—or less. Surely, nature's recompense in such case would be famine.

The fact is, that there remains still room for an economy which shall formulate, upon a basis of reason and justice, the proportions according to which the accumulations of thrift, on the one hand, and, on the other, the industry and skill of labour, may rightly divide their increment.

Milton's Quaker Friend.

The History of the Life of Thomas Elwood. New Edition.
Edited by C. G. Crump. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THOMAS ELWOOD hardly ranks among the fathers of Quakerism. Not his, of course, were the spiritual fountains which welled up in George Fox; a comparison between these men would be absurd. But his name cannot be written alongside the learned Barclay, the sagacious Penn, or the patriarchal Isaac Pennington. He was no son of thunder, able to control the London mob, like Edward Burrough; and he left no pages which Charles Lamb could pore over with the rapture he

bestowed on those of the mild Dewsbury. Men as little known as Francis Howgill and Richard Hubberthorne were spiritual giants compared with Elwood. The eloquence of these fulminated over England, and made the Quakers a host of many times ten thousand; they were live coals from the altar. Unlike theirs, Elwood's books have no prophetic fire, no Davidean tears. His journal is an airy book, quaint, vivid, important by chance. This being so, we think that Mr. Crump, to whom we are entirely grateful for a correct text of Elwood's book, might have introduced his hero in a lighter manner. His Introduction is a capital *résumé* of the history and social conditions of early Quakerism, but it is serious and complete enough to usher in a new edition of George Fox's *Journal*—a work compared with which Elwood's is froth.

Elwood's conversion to Quakerism was in this wise. His father had stinted his education in favour of an elder brother, and the result was that Thomas lived in genteel idleness at home, attending his father, who was a justice of the peace, to the Petty Sessions, and aimlessly enjoying country life. Meanwhile a friend of the family, Lady Springett, a sprightly widow with a sprightlier daughter—the historic Guli who afterwards became the wife of William Penn—had married Isaac Pennington, and was newly settled with her husband and her daughter Guli (Springett) at Chalfont, only fifteen miles from the Elwoods. What was more natural than that Justice Elwood and his son Thomas should saddle their horses, and go cantering into Bucks to visit their friends? It would have been less natural if they had known that the Penningtons had become Quakers, but in blissful ignorance of this they rode up to the door with light words of greeting on their lips. Their disillusionment was sudden and complete. "So great a change from a free debonnaire and courtly sort of behaviour . . . did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have."

Young Elwood was fascinated by the Quaker rule, and began to visit the Penningtons on his own account. Lapped in Quaker kindness, and wanting an aim, he became a Quaker. He soon came to London, and was entangled in the nets of persecution which filled Bridewell and Newgate with inoffensive Quakers. Elwood's Newgate scenes are vivid and valuable; but the salt of his journal is in its earlier chapters, in which we see the impact of Quakerism on a family of social position. It is also to be found in the story of Elwood's connexion with John Milton, which he recounts sparingly, and drops as a "digression." It was as a young Quaker anxious to repair the defects in his education that Elwood was introduced to the poet, in London, in the capacity of a reader and pupil.

I . . . took myself a lodging . . . as near to his house (which was then in Jewyn-street) as conveniently as I could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week, and sitting by him in his dining-room read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consented, he instructing me how to sound the vowels; so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, who speak Anglice their Latin.

Elwood's simplicity, his well-bred, candid address, and his earnestness in religion won upon the poet. The casual relation quickly warmed to friendship, and when Milton wished to leave London during the Plague it was Elwood who took "a pretty box" for him near Chalfont. And here, visiting the poet, Elwood was handed the MS. of *Paradise Lost* by Milton himself:

He asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: "Thou hast said

much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither.

And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called "Paradise Regained," and with a pleasant tone said to me: "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

That scene and dialogue are Elwood's patent of immortality. Yet one must allow a closer significance to the forgotten "Testimony of the Monthly Meeting at Hungerhill": "He was a man of very acceptable and agreeable conversation, as well as sober and religious . . . his memorial is sweet to us."

Tabulated Hysterics.

The Psychology of Religion. By E. D. Starbuck. (Walter Scott.)

IN outward aspect this work is commonplace enough; to the ordinary reader it will not make an immediate appeal. But on opening it we found ourselves face to face with a new departure, and in ten minutes had decided that it was one of the most astonishing books of the day. For Dr. Starbuck, wishing to probe the religious experiences of his fellow-creatures, has adopted a method which, though fairly common in America, has not yet taken firm hold on English prejudices. He has "circularised" a large number of people, setting them certain questions to answer as to their age and weight, their mental and physical symptoms before, during, and after conversion; and, curiously enough, he obtained quite a number of answers. "What circumstances and experiences preceded conversion?" asks Dr. Starbuck; "any sense of depression, smothering, fainting, loss of sleep and appetite?" "How did relief come?" he continues. "What were your feelings after the crisis—sense of bodily lightness, weeping, laughing?" And so on up to Question Eleven. Fearing to miss a single pang, Dr. Starbuck adds: "State a few bottom truths embodying your own deepest feelings."

The questions were addressed mostly to Americans, and among the replies were bottom truths from Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Negroes, Japanese, and one Hawaiian. Knowing the difficulty of skimming the merest froth of thought, one sympathises with the solitary Hawaiian trying to state a bottom truth about his deepest feelings.

But this represents only the beginning of Dr. Starbuck's labours. Having obtained replies from 120 females and 72 males, he set himself to make deductions from those answers, and having collated the results, the weights, the ages, the sexes, the loss of appetite, the insomnia of the converts, he has set forth a series of tables in which we have as clear a view of the "conversion-curves" as the Meteorological Office gives us of the rise and fall of the barometer. The age curve, for example, shows us conversions starting at seven years, and mounting gradually till it reaches its culminating point at sixteen. But the curve differs in the cases of males and females. "Among the females there are two tidal waves of religious awakening at about 13 and 16, followed by a less significant period at 18; while among the males the great wave is at about 16, preceded by a wavelet at 12, and followed by a surging up at 18 or 19." And the chart gives evidence that if a man is not converted by his twenty-third birthday he runs very small risk of being converted at all. Moreover, the height and weight chart gives practically the same results. For "during the

period of most rapidly bodily growth is the time when conversion is most likely to occur." This is only what might have been expected *a priori*, for the age of puberty is, of course, the period at which the angel stirs the pool of emotion. But it is when he comes to the bottom truths that Dr. Starbuck is most interesting, for the replies he obtained do not by any means err on the side of reticence, and one would have recommended a doctor rather than a camp-meeting revivalist for the treatment of the symptoms described. "Loss of sleep or appetite" is pretty evenly distributed between the sexes, but "weeping" was naturally a predominant feminine symptom. It is not easy to conjecture why the number of males who were afflicted with temporary deafness before conversion should more than double that of the females, though we might hazard a reason to explain the fact that these premonitory symptoms last with a youth nearly three times as long as they last with a girl.

In justice to Dr. Starbuck, we should state that he treats his subject with perfect gravity. But it is rather startling to find the emotional experiences which most people regard as too sacred for open discussion set forth like the rise and fall of market prices. Nor can we admit that he has added anything to our sum of knowledge. We all know that the phenomenon called "conversion" by revivalist preachers is a sort of hysterical outburst which is likely to occur at the moment when the child becomes an adult; nor do we need bottom truths from Hawaii to teach us that.

From Oxford.

Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis. Edited by Robinson Ellis, M.A., and A. D. Godley, M.A. (Clarendon Press.)

THE power to write a neat copy of elegiacs or iambics is no longer regarded as the crown and coping-stone of a liberal education. Doubtless this is as it should be. Philology, archæology, palæography, and a dozen other interests have stepped in to fill the vacant place, and it is in every way better that the student should read his Greek and Latin texts largely, with some thought for the ideas which they convey and the modes of life which they mirror, than that he should spend his time in learning to reproduce, however faithfully, the diction and the prosody of a somewhat arbitrarily determined "classical" period. Even style he will probably learn better, so far as it is to be learnt at all, from attempts to express himself in his own tongue than in any other way. Verse composition is an accomplishment, a pretty trick of the finished scholar: it is not an instrument of education. As an accomplishment, however, we hope it may flourish long; and that it still does flourish, at Oxford at least, the elegant little volume before us is sufficient witness. The contributors are some fifty in number, and their University careers must cover among them about as many years. At one end of the series comes the late Master of Balliol, the only one of the company, we fancy, who is not still living; at the other Mr. J. S. Phillimore, the recently appointed and very young Professor of Greek at Glasgow. A few among them have attained to distinction in other than academic fields. Does Sir Alfred Milner, in the heat and dust of South African controversy, recall his "Kubla Khan" in Virgilian hexameters?—

And midst this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

At longe resonare audivit avitas
Æneas voces, certum et prædicere ballum.

The average level of merit seems to us at least up to that of any similar volume of the same kind with which we are acquainted. One or two of the writers deal with their difficulties rather cavalierly. The special point of "left

the daisies rosy" is missed when it is turned into "left the lilies red behind her." On the other hand there are some who are remarkably successful not merely in translating the words of their texts, but in preserving much of the atmosphere and poetic quality. In Latin we should single out the President of Magdalen's version of Tennyson's Invitation to the Isle of Wight:

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

Nil cenam tibi condiet maligni
Sed sal candidior, salubre vinum,
Et solus prope fabulator aves
Pinus culmine teotus increpabit.

Also Prof. Phillimore's really charming bits from "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy":

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring:
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors.
Or the warm ingle-bench, the smock-rocked boors
Had found him seated at their entering.
But, mid their drink and clatter he would fly:

Illam vere novo pastores colle vagantem,
Illum cinctutos peterent cum nocte Sabinis
Montibus hosp tium, sola invenisse taberna
Agricolae, sella ante Lares Vestamque sedentem:
Mox fugere elapsum turba strepituque bibentum.

Also almost any of Prof. Robinson Ellis's renderings into Latin lyrical metres. Perhaps the happiest is from Ben Jonson:

See, see, her sceptre and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.

Sceptrum cernitis ut vomat
Ignis flammifero cum diademate?
Ut de veste tremens deae
Decurrat liquidi fascia luminis.

In Greek Prof. Murray's choric ode and his Theocritean hexameters are admirable and ingenious: but best of all we think are Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's true and poignant renderings from Browning. Both "Never any more" and "O lyric love" are as good as they can be. And Browning's very modern subtlety must, so far as difficulty goes, be at quite the opposite pole from, say, "Samson Agonistes" or "Sohrab and Rustum." The absence of any index to the work of the different translators is most irritating.

South Africa and the War: II.

The War in South Africa: its Causes and Effects. By J. A. Hobson. (Nisbet & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Death or Glory Boys. By D. H. Parry. (Cassell & Co.)

To Modder River with Methuen. By Alfred Kinnear. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

Two Million Civilian Soldiers of the Queen, and How to Raise Them. By Richard Bennett. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6d.)

MR. HOBSON is on the side of the Boers, but he expounds their case so temperately that the most imperialist reader will find his book helpful. Indeed, all through these pages there is a see-saw of statement and admission which produces thought rather than conviction. Mr. Hobson writes with knowledge derived from a visit to South Africa in the summer and autumn of last year. His opportunities for studying the political situation were specially good: he was at Pretoria during the critical negotiations, at Bloemfontein when the Free State resolved to stand by the Transvaal, and at Cape Town when the first shot was fired. He talked with prominent men in the two Re-

publics and in the Colony, and that he made the most of his time is clear; still it is necessary to point out that a knowledge of South African politics acquired in a few months can hardly be profound. Mr. Hobson says many striking things, but he reveals the timidity of an honest learner rather than the assurance of a ripened student. Take Mr. Hobson's character-sketch of Mr. Kruger. On one page we are told that a perfectly sound explanation of his wealth is found in his legitimate land operations. On another we have this cautious passage:

It is idle to shirk the accusations brought against the President; they are not merely the vague whispers of agitators on the Rand. Many Transvaalers not hostile to the general policy of Mr. Kruger are evidently staggered and perplexed by certain aspects of that policy and certain incidents in his career. Enemies boldly cast in his teeth personal corruption, insisting that he has taken large sums of money, not merely for the dynamite, but for other concessions and dealings; that he has allowed some members of his family and a little clique of personal friends to enrich themselves by abuse of official power and by lobbying. Upon this matter I have probed many well-informed persons, and can get no sure conclusion. One thing is certain, that Kruger has not what we should call a "nice sense of honour" in these matters. The case of the Salati Railway is conclusive on this point.

Again in his analysis of the Outlanders' motives we have a double-action sentence like this:

Many of these men, as I shall show, were chiefly prompted by purely selfish motives, which would ultimately lead them to use politics against the common weal; but some were moved by a genuine interest in the cause of good government, quickened by the irritation which a sharp-witted business man feels when he sees incompetent people round him muddling things and wasting the public resources.

And when Mr. Hobson comes to the question of official corruption, he gives facts, puts in demurs, redistributes blame. But the same frank admission comes: "There does exist a corrupt gang at Pretoria." Then as to the aims of the war. Mr. Hobson thinks that in effect "we are fighting in order to place a small international oligarchy of mine-owners and speculators in power at Pretoria." We feel very sure that if such motives prompted the war, quite other motives will be enlisted in settling the country after a costly victory. But even Mr. Hobson admits that this international oligarchy—which we believe to have no future existence—"may be better for the country and for the world than the present or any other rule." Mr. Hobson's honesty may weaken his argument, but it is not wasted. His exposition of the state of affairs in South Africa, as he sees it, should sow valuable and humane ideas in the minds of those who read his book.

A handy addition to regimental histories is that of the 17th Lancers, otherwise the "Death or Glory Boys." The regiment, which is one of the smartest and most famous of the British cavalry, was raised in 1759 by Colonel John Hale, the friend of Wolfe, who took the despatches home after the fall of Quebec, and as a reward for his services was allowed to raise and command a regiment of light horse. Colonel Hale was not long in getting to work, as in 1761 a draft of the regiment was sent to Germany to serve under the celebrated Marquess of Granby and Prince Ferdinand. In 1775 it went to America, where it fought in most of the actions in the American War, returning home in 1787. In 1795-96 it was in the West Indies, in 1806-7 in South America, and from 1810 to 1820 in India. Later on it served through the Crimean War, taking part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, the Mutiny, and the Zulu and Afghan campaigns. Such a roll of services deserves a *vates sacer*, and Mr. Parry has accordingly produced a work which will be read with interest even by those who have never had the honour of serving under the skull

and crossbones. Of course, Mr. Perry's book is a mere tender to the Hon. J. Fortescue's standard *History of the 17th Lancers*, published some years ago. But the 17th is a regiment worshipped of the people, and the price of Mr. Fortescue's book soared above the ordinary pocket.

We hope that the desire to be early in the field with war books will not be responsible for much writing so undistinguished as Mr. Kinnear's. The following sentences, with the amazing printer's bungle at the end, are not untypical of this hasty newspaper performance:

The losses amongst the rankers have proved so heavy, however, that I am afraid to think of the track of sorrow that must follow the return of the Brigade to the Metropolis. I draw a decent veil over the sickening anxiety of the girls of the perambulator of the Bird Cage Walk and the Green Park. Many of these young ladies, wheeling their infantile charges in all innocence of the losses they have sustained, will look, and look in vain, for the once familiar faces, as I have said in detail, my friends the Guards held Methuen's right, and assisted in hurling the Boers slowly across the river.

Mr. Kinnear's book has its better and more informing pages, but haste mars it throughout.

Compulsory service in the Volunteer forces, as these are at present constituted, is suggested by Mr. Richard Bennett as the remedy for our unpreparedness for a great war. Every youth of eighteen years would, under Mr. Bennett's scheme, be compelled to join the local equivalent of the present Volunteer corps; and the author calculates that this diluted form of conscription would yield a splendid civilian army of two millions.

Other New Books.

NIGERIA.

BY CANON ROBINSON.

Canon Robinson, who is Canon Missioner of Ripon and Lecturer in Hausa in the University of Cambridge, here gives the results of his recent journeys among the Hausa people in the Western Soudan. His volume, both for its ethnological value and as an entertaining account of some of the myriad inhabitants of our new protectorate, should find many readers. It will perhaps be particularly interesting to those spectators of the Diamond Jubilee procession who were struck by the fine military fitness of the Hausa troops. The Hausas, of course, are not to be classed with savages in the ordinary use of the word: they are Mohammedans for the most part, and do not lack for good sense. Indeed, Canon Robinson, who comes to these people with much sympathy and a singularly broad mind, admits the *impasse* into which their questions occasionally led him. Once, for example, he was suggesting to a native the undesirability of the Prophet's law permitting four wives to each man. "The argument which he used," says the Canon, "was one to which it seemed impossible to suggest any reply": he held up his hand and drew attention to the fact that God had made it as a pattern of human society—as He had united one thumb to four fingers so He intended one man to be united to four wives. Another native—a boy—after being carefully instructed as to his divine origin, asked if God ("Up-Up") had also made the mosquito ("buz-buz"). The missionary hastened to say that He had. "Then," said the boy, "why does Up-Up let the buz-buz eat me?" There is, of course, a reply to this question, but it seems to be efficacious and satisfying only among more civilised querists. Some of the quotations from Hausa poets which Canon Robinson gives seem to suggest that there is as much moral wisdom among this nation as need be, and example and practice alone are required from us. These are fair specimens of the Hausas' higher sententiousness:

"This life is a sowing-place for the next; all who sow good deeds will behold the great city."

"Whoever chooses this world rejects the choice of the

next; he seizes one cowrie, but loses two thousand cowries."

"We have a journey before us which cannot be put aside, whether you are prepared or unprepared,

Whether by night or just before the dawn, or in the morning when the sun has risen."

But in certain practical matters the Hausas are less happily inspired. For instance, they will not eat eggs, the reason being that if the egg were left it would become a fowl, and that would make a much better meal. A very agreeable book. (Marshall. 5s. net.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BY HAROLD E. GORST.

The new volume in the curiously various and comprehensive "Victorian Era" series. If we say of Mr. Gorst's book that it is a useful guide to Disraeli's career, we shall, perhaps, be expressing the case fully enough; for it is much more than a guide to Disraeli himself. To penetrate that impassive Eastern exterior and lay bare the very man requires gifts of a different order from those exhibited in this work. But so far as it goes, the monograph is praiseworthy, although the author's view has not the largeness we should have liked. He is a partisan too steadily. For Mr. Gladstone and all his ways he has profound disdain, and no opportunity is lost of aggrandising Disraeli at the expense of his great opponent. An historian of nicer perception would have known that this is unnecessary: neither man was invariably right or wrong, and Disraeli would lose nothing by an insistence on certain of his faults. From the very first—when he went to the theatre in velvet, carried a tasseled cane, cultivated a bunch of ringlets over his left cheek, and wore his rings outside his gloves—a glamour settled upon Disraeli's personality; but it has changed in character since his death, and no one would be more amused than he to view the reverence, almost as for a saint, in which his name is now held by certain of the young Tory school—an emotion which will only be fostered by Mr. Gorst's book. For good Imperialists to venerate Disraeli's later policy and deeds is only right; but there is no call to drop the voice when they speak of him. He was too humorous, too cynical, too Oriental a man for that. With all his admiration, Mr. Gorst does not, even politically, make so much of his hero as he might. For instance, the very interesting and characteristic story of the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares is not told—a story in which Disraeli plays a brilliant part. On Disraeli's social side the book is weak: considering that his letter to Carlyle (his old enemy), offering him a pension, is described as exquisite in its delicacy, it ought to have been given, if only as an illustration of Disraeli's epistolary tact. And why did not Mr. Gorst find room for that perfect comparison of Gladstone and Disraeli which was produced at Chelsea in one of the old critic's more inspired sardonic moods? It is true that it hits Disraeli rather hard, but Mr. Gorst would have had the satisfaction of knowing that it hit Gladstone harder. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

OLD FRIENDS AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY J. WILLIS CLARK.

Mr. Clark tells us that this volume must take the place—at any rate for the present—of that volume of Recollections or Memoirs which frequently he has been urged to write. It is not, we fear, a very good substitute. The recollections of the Registrar of the University of Cambridge—one who has known most of her sons for the past half century, and is himself among the most zealous of them—would certainly be more to the point than a collection of reviews and biographical notices reprinted from the *Church Quarterly* and the *Saturday*. The book is interesting, for it deals, among others, with Whewell and Thirlwall, Lord Houghton and Henry Bradshaw, E. H. Palmer and Richard Owen; but it lacks the personal character which we have the right to expect from a work entitled *Old Friends at Cambridge*. Mr. Clark suppresses himself

totally. Instead of the record of his own friendships, the book might be merely the fruit of perusal as critic of the biographies of these men as they have appeared. Bishop Thirlwall, for example, Mr. Clark says he never even saw. More, the articles, with the exception of that on Whewell—the best of them—have been printed almost as they were written, at periods ranging from seventeen to four years ago; which means that much interesting information that has since come to light—and we are always collecting new data about notable men in whom we take an interest—has been disregarded; while in not every case have what Mr. Clark calls the obvious and necessary corrections been made, for the author of the *Life of Prof. Palmer* is alluded to throughout as Mr. Besant, although he has been a knight since 1895. In short, we cannot help looking upon this book as rather a scamped performance. With the expenditure of more thought it might have been a real biographical treasury—not, perhaps, worthy to stand beside Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*, for Mr. Clark lacks the required temperament, but worthy of an adjacent place.

We cannot find anything that is very quotable, but the story which Mr. Clark repeats of Whewell's indifference as a tutor may be new to our readers. Whewell took his duties very lightly, and considered the whole thing a bore and an interference; so much so, that it is alleged of him that among a list of pupils which he once gave to his servant to bid to a wine party after Hall was an undergraduate who had been dead some weeks. "Mr. Smith, sir? Why, he died last term, sir," said the man. "You ought to tell me when my pupils die," replied the tutor sternly. (Macmillan. 6s.)

QUEER-SIDE STORIES.

By JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

MR. SULLIVAN is not only an artist with an appreciation of the queer side of things; as a writer he is possessed of a rather extravagantly boisterous sense of fun; and many of the stories in this volume are undeniably funny. Funny is the precise word, for the reader's response to Mr. Sullivan is rather a guffaw than a chuckle. When he hits upon a good idea, as the idea of the surviving Centaur, or the man afflicted with the malady of foreseeing the future, who can spot the winning number at Monte Carlo, or see the coming misfortunes of his friends, then Mr. Sullivan is really funny: and the good ideas give colour to a considerable proportion of the volume. But when he strikes on a worked-out claim, such as the "Beauty College Co.," it is only natural that the comic element is small; for Mr. Sullivan depends entirely upon incident; and when the incident fails Mr. Sullivan fails. As an instance of his method we may take the story of Moozeby, which in motive has many points of resemblance to Mr. Wells's story of the man who could work miracles. It illustrates admirably the different methods of treating the grotesquely supernatural which the two writers adopt. Mr. Wells interests us in the commonplace clerk who suddenly discovers himself to be possessed of miraculous gifts; indeed, the charm of the story lies in the pathetic inability of the stick-and-a-pipe young man to raise his imagination to the level of his possibilities. That is comedy. Mr. Sullivan's Moozeby is only a puppet in the hands of circumstance, and we are interested only in the absurdity of incident. Which is farce. But if Mr. Sullivan's characters are not characters at all, only marionettes dancing to the jerk of the author's hand, it must be admitted that he jerks shrewdly. (Downey & Co.)

LUCIAN, THE SYRIAN SATIRIST.

By LIEUT.-COL. HENRY W. L. HIME.

It is a little difficult to see the object of this volume. Probably Lucian has been a leisure delight and solace to Lieut.-Col. Hime, but that hardly justifies him in writing a monograph. He has got up his subject carefully

enough, but he does not dispose of that first-hand learning which marks M. Croiset's *Essai sur Lucien*, nor has he the critical gift which made the brilliant exposition of the Syrian writer in Mr. Charles Whibley's "Studies in Frankness" so attractive a thing. In fact, Lieut.-Col. Hime shows rather a heavy hand in dealing with the literary felicities and delicate ironies of his chosen author. His solemn indictment of Lucian's morals can only provoke a smile. Lucian has no reverence or humanity. He laughs at Helen among the shades or the Cynic Proteus immolating himself in the flames out of philosophy—and in a dirty shirt. This, says Lieut.-Col. Hime, is "awful mirth." Well, but what does one go to Lucian for if it is not to be entertained by witty inhumanity? He does not claim our tears or our aspirations; and there are Sternes enough for the melting mood. We do not wish to part on terms of ill-will with Lieut.-Col. Hime, for after all it must tend to the emollience of manners that moderns should read the classics, even with imperfect apprehension; and, fortunately, he puts us in a good temper by finishing up with a long extract from the ever delightful *Vera Historia*. In the company of the Hippogygians, who dwell in the Moon, and are reigned over by none other than Endymion and the Lactanopters who ride upon fowls with wings of lettuce and wort leaves, and the Caulomycetes who have shields of mushrooms and spears of asparagus stalks, and the Cynobalians who are dog-faced men and bestride winged acorns, and all the rest of the happy Selenian host, we are willing to have done with criticism and end with nothing less than gratitude. (Longmans.)

Fiction.

The Princess Xenia. By H. B. Marriott Watson.
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

MR. CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT was idling his youth away in Dreiburg, the capital of an independent but particularly small Teutonic State, when a lawyer from London called upon him with the information that he had inherited four-and-a-half millions of money. Christopher did not rush immediately off to Paris to spend it, nor even to London. Being a young man of fancies, he conceived the idea of becoming Providence to this State and to the two equally small and equally independent States which bounded it on either side. Beginning with an entanglement in a revolutionary society, he gradually inserted himself into the politics of the three States, and took a hand in the great game of playing off Austria against Germany. The bestowal of the Princess Xenia in marriage made a large item in the game. Xenia desired one prince; policy demanded another. Christopher used his millions to please the lady. In the result his meddling brought death and disaster into the lands over which Christopher had constituted himself Providence. A German army corps interfered, and, when confronted with a German army corps, this Providence whose omnipotence extended only to four millions and a half had to confess a miserable failure. Xenia found herself without even a home, and we are led to suppose that she married the ex-Providence, who had still some three millions left.

Such, briefly, is the matter of Mr. Marriott Watson's modern romance. It is a most readable and carefully-wrought book, and though one may commence by being prejudiced by the author's mannerisms and affectations and his lack of resource at critical moments, one finishes by a surrender to the general charm and glitter of the tale.

It is ingenious, subtle, and sometimes brilliant, and some of the characters, notably the *quasi*-adventress Katarina, are very well done. The chief fault of it seems to be that Christopher possesses but little talent for intrigue. He

has a habit of getting himself into corners, and from these Mr. Marriott Watson extricates him by means that are neither novel nor convincing. His escape from the session of the secret society (end of Chapter II.) is an example of this: "A crash followed, the wall rocked and opened, and his body disappeared beneath the tangled confusion of the curtain." The curtain device is really too old. The author refers to the "magnificent imperturbability" of his hero. We may say that this imperturbability is carried to excess. And further, Christopher uses his millions crudely. He pays them, whereas a genius at the trade would merely have manipulated them:

"I understand that the claim of Germany is for ten million marks. Your Highness, Herr Chancellor, gentlemen of the Council—" He felt swiftly in his pocket, and produced a bundle of documents. "There," he cried, flinging them with theatrical effect upon the table—"there lies this miserable debt! In that packet you will find, Mr. Treasurer, securities for close upon twelve million marks. Your Highness, I think now that Germany can trouble you no further."

Amazement ran round the room like an electric shock, starting the faces of the Councillors; and then a cry broke from the Treasurer, who loved a full purse and had a pedantic pride in his office, and who had seized upon the roll.

"Ach, God! your Highness," he shrieked, "they are English! It is good. English consols, English railways, English corporation bonds—there is no sight so beautiful!" He wiped his spectacles, which had grown moist from his emotion.

"It is an answer to our prayers," murmured the Grand-Duke.

We have referred to Mr. Marriott Watson's mannerisms and affectations. These are mainly literary. We will mention a few instances out of scores. Would a man in the last distress speak to a girl thus: "I have the misfortune to be pursued; my life is at stake. *Believe me, I would not disconcert you so much upon a lesser provocation.*" On page 92, Xenia's eyes are described as "large and equitable." Did they, then, resemble a certain insurance company, or a right of redemption under a mortgage? On page 26 is the phrase: "A sudden thrill plucking at his nerves." A string would vibrate after being plucked, but how can a thrill pluck? Finally, we consider that the following sentence has been tortured out of both elegance and correctness: "The maid took him to the door, and as he passed out, placing his hat in the act on his silvered hair, watched him with rude respect."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY. By W. D. HOWELLS.

A pleasant story, full of the Howellian detail, of a tired New York editor and his wife who had met in Europe in their youth, and now, to brace their nerve and escape from American ruts, re-visit Europe. Their time is spent mainly in Germany. There is much pleasant travel gossip, and, indeed, this is strictly a novel of travel, written with the quiet alertness and comparative independence of dialogue which are the author's note: "There were not many young people on board of saloon quality, and these were mostly girls. The young men were mainly of the smoking-room sort; they seldom risked themselves among the steamer chairs. It was gayer in the second cabin, and gayer yet in the steerage, where robusiter emotions were operated by the accordion." (Harper & Bros. 6s.)

BABES IN THE BUSH.

BY ROLF BOLDRWOOD.

To remind the reader that this novel is by the author of *Robbery Under Arms* and *The Squatter's Dream* is to indicate its character. Prairie life, sheep-bells, hard riding, shrewd finance, and civilisation in the desert—these, and love, are the ingredients of a virile story. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE MONEY SENSE.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A story with an avowed moral. "The story of Angelique is not a far-fetched one; alas! it is not an uncommon one; . . . it is the story . . . of any woman who marries from other than the one motive . . . A comfortable home—what is it? A silken curtain—a flounce of lace—an indigestible dish!" (Grant Richards. 6s.)

CINDER-PATH TALES.

BY WILLIAM LINDSEY.

Athletics might well have produced more fictional literature than it has done hitherto. Here we have nine attractive short stories dealing with racing and jumping, &c., &c. A group of workmen who were "putting the shot" in their luncheon hour are well described in "The Hollow Hammer." Here we read: "Among the few remembrances of my books is that dialogue of Plato which describes the sensations of Socrates at first seeing the beautiful youth Charmides. Well (may Socrates forgive me the comparison), I had the same feeling when I first looked at Angus MacLeod on that June day, back in the 'sixties.'" (Grant Richards. 6s.)

UNCLE PETER.

BY SEMA JEB.

A work of somewhat tortuous autobiography. The story is not easy to follow, partly by reason of the author's interjections and asides; but at the outset Uncle Peter and he dwelt in unity on the Norway coast. Afterwards come school and university life, sport and love, and in the end Uncle Peter deals in furs and converts the heathen. (Unwin. 6s.)

DORA MYRL.

BY M. MCD. BODKIN, Q.C.

Mr. Bodkin's first work of fiction was *Paul Beck, the Rule of Thumb Detective*. Dora Myrl supplies Paul Beck with a companion, for she is a lady detective. This book is a series of twelve episodes, all tending to display Miss Myrl's superlative gifts of deduction and opportunism. We must confess that some of the mysteries which she unravels are fairly obvious. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

CAPTAIN SATAN: THE ADVENTURES
OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

FROM THE FRENCH.

This is a translation of Louis Gallet's novel founded on the exploits of the seventeenth century "poet, philosopher, swordsman, and hero," who has become one of the most striking figures in modern drama. A portrait of the hero, whose full name was Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac, is given as frontispiece, and the book has a timely relation to the forthcoming production, by Mr. Wyndham, of an English version of M. Rostand's famous play. (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE PREPARATION OF
RYERSON EMBURY.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN.

A novel of industrial life and social purpose laid in the Canadian college town of Ithica. The motto is from the *Light of Asia*:

. . . But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grew upon this rose of life;
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live.

(Unwin. 6s.)

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The Fiction of Popular Magazines.

An Inquiry.

THE large circulations achieved by the three principal sixpenny illustrated magazines are the fruit of the most resolute and business-like attempt ever made to discover and satisfy the popular taste in monthly journalism. The conductors of these periodicals postulated an immense remunerative public which knew only "what it liked," and cared for no other consideration whatever; and then they proceeded to prove its existence. They were so fortunate as to be unhampered with any preconceptions about art and the ethics of art. Training their ears to catch the least vibration of that *vox populi* which for them was divine, they simply listened and learnt; and they learnt the quicker by sternly ignoring those beautiful and plaintive cries which had misled their predecessors in the same enterprise—the cries of originality, of force, of cleverness, of mere loveliness, of artistic or moral didacticism. In other terms, the great Commercial Idea was at work naked and strenuous in a field where all previous labourers had clothed themselves in the impeding mantle of some genteel unmercantile Aim, divulged or unconfessed. Singleness of purpose, especially when reinforced by capital, is bound to triumph, and it has triumphed in this case. After much research and experiment, the formula for a truly popular magazine has been arrived at; development is accordingly arrested, at any rate, for a time; the sixpenny monthly is stereotyped into a pattern, the chief details of which can be predicted with exactitude from month to month.

Now the fine flower of every magazine is its fiction, predominant among the other "features" in attractiveness, quality, and expense. It is the fiction which first and chiefly engages the editorial care, which has been most the subject of experiment, and which (perhaps for that very reason) is in the result the most strictly prescribed. We shall be justified in believing that the imaginative literature now printed in the popular magazines coincides with the popular taste as precisely as the limitations of human insight and ingenuity will permit. It assumes, of course, varied forms; but we are concerned only with the most characteristic form—that which is to be found equally in each magazine, and which may, therefore, be said to speak the final word of editorial cunning. This form, without doubt, is the connected series of short stories, of five or six thousand words each, in which the same characters pitted against a succession of criminals or adverse fates, pass again and again through situations thrillingly dangerous, and merge at length into the calm security of ultimate conquest. It may be noted, by the way, that such a form enables the reader to enjoy the linked excitements of a serial tale without binding him to peruse every instalment. Its universal adoption is a striking instance of that obsequious pampering of mental laziness and apathy which marks all the most successful modern journalism. Dr. Conan Doyle invented it, or reinvented it to present uses. The late Grant Allen added

to it a scientific subtlety somewhat beyond the appreciation of the sixpenny public. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not disdained to modify it to his own ends. But the typical and indispensable practiser of it at the moment is Mrs. L. T. Meade. The name of Mrs. Meade, who began by writing books for children, is uttered with a special reverence in those places where they buy and sell fiction. She is ever prominent in the contents bills, if not of one magazine, then of another. She has the gift of fertility; but were she twice as fertile she could not easily meet the demand for her stories. With no genius except a natural instinct for pleasing the mass, she has accepted the form from other hands, and shaped it to such a nicety that editors exclaim on beholding her work, "*This is it!*" And they gladly pay her six hundred guineas for a series of ten tales.

In a sequence entitled *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*, by Mrs. Meade and Mr. Robert Eustace (it should be stated that Mrs. Meade employs a collaborator who, to use her own words, supplies "all the scientific portion of each story"), the hero is a philosopher and recluse, young, but with a past, and the sinister heroine is a woman of bewitching beauty who controls a secret society. Mrs. Meade has said to an interviewer that her stories "are all crowded with incident, and have enough plot in each to furnish forth a full novel." This is quite true. There is no padding whatever; incident follows incident with the curt-ness of an official despatch. In every story the recluse and the beauty come to grips, usually through the medium of some third person whom the latter wishes to ruin and the former to save. In nearly every story the main matter is the recital of an attempt by the heroine or her minions to deal out death in a novel and startling manner. Some of these attempts are really ingenious—for example, those by fever germ, tsetse-tsetse fly, focus tube (through the wall of a house), circlet and ebbing-tide, explosive thermometer. Others—such as those involving the poison-scented brougham and the frozen grave—seem a little absurd; and the same is to be said of the beauty's suicide in an oxy-hydrogen flame giving a heat of 2,400 degrees Centigrade. Besides all these mortal commotions, the book teems with minor phenomena in which science is put to the service of melodrama. Thus, after the detective had covered the heroine with his revolver, "the next instant, as if wrenched from his grasp by some unseen power, the weapon leapt from Ford's hands, and dashed itself with terrific force against the poles of an enormous electro-magnet beside him . . . Madame must have made the current by pressing a key on the floor with her foot . . . 'It is my turn to dictate terms,' she said, in a steady, even voice." But perhaps the marvels of modern science are best illustrated in this succinct and lucid explanation of the destruction of a priceless vase: "It was not till some hours afterwards that the whole Satanic scheme burst upon me. The catastrophe admitted of but one explanation. The dominant note, repeated in two bars when all the instruments played together in harmony, must have been the note accordant with that of the cup of the goblet, and, by the well-known laws of acoustics, when so played it shattered the goblet."

For the rest, the well-tried machinery of coincidences, overheard conversations, and dropped papers is employed to push the action forward. "It is strange how that woman gets to know all one's friends and acquaintances," says the hero of the heroine. And it is strange. The descriptive passages present no novelties. Of a duke it is said: "He was well dressed, and had the indescribable air of good-breeding which proclaims the gentleman." The symptoms of mental uplifting and extreme agitation are set forth in quite the usual manner: "Two hectic spots burned on his pale cheeks, and the glitter in his eyes showed how keen was the excitement which consumed him." On the rare occasions when the hero allows himself to soliloquise for the reader's benefit, his thought and

language are conceived on the simple theatrical lines of an address to a jury: "From henceforth my object would be to expose Mme. Kolusky. By so doing, my own life would be in danger; nevertheless, my firm determination was not to leave a stone unturned to place this woman and her confederates in the felon's dock of an English criminal court." Lastly, it is to be observed and specially remembered that the "love-interest," so often stated to be indispensable to the literature of the British public, amounts to nothing at all in *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*. Certain pretty and amiable girls (Vivien Delacour is one, and Geraldine de Brett is another) cross the stage from time to time, bringing some odour of pure passion; but in the dry light of that science which dominates and pervades every theme, these wistful creatures and their adoration are absolutely negligible.

"Wonderful imagination!" exclaims the reader whom the stories are so cleverly designed to allure, echoing the question of the hero's legal friend, Dufrayer: "Who would believe that we were living in the dreary nineteenth century?" Ask this reader what he wants in fiction, and he will reply that he wants something "to take him out of himself." He thinks that he has found that magical something; but he has not found it, nor does he in truth want it. Nothing in a literary sense annoys him more than to be taken out of himself; he always resents the operation. The success of these most typical stories depends largely on the fact that they essay no such perilous feat. In the whole of *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings* I have discovered not a trace of imagination, no attempt to realise a scene, no touch of vehemence nor spark of poetic flame. Nor is there any spirituality or fresh feeling for any sort of beauty. The spirit and the things of the spirit are ignored utterly. That coma of the soul in which nine men out of every ten exist from the cradle to the grave is thus never disturbed as imagination must necessarily disturb it. Imagination arouses imagination, and spurs the most precious of human faculties to an effort corresponding in some degree with the effort of the artist. To enjoy a work of imagination is no pastime, rather a sweet but fatiguing labour. After a play of Shakespeare or a Wagnerian opera, repose is needed. Only a madman like Louis of Bavaria could demand *Tristan* twice in one night. The principle of this extreme case is the principle of all cases: effort for effort, and the greater the call the greater the response. The listener, the reader, is compelled by a law of nature to do his share. The point about a member of the sixpenny public is that he coldly declines to do his share. He pays his sixpence; the writer is expected to do the rest, and to do it with discretion. There is to be no changing of the aspect; no invitation to the soul, that poor victim of atrophy, to run upstairs for the good of its health. The man has come home to his wife, his slippers, and his cigar, and shall he be asked to go mountaineering?

What, then, is it in these *gesta* of scoundrels and detectives which suits and soothes him? It is the quality of invention—a quality entirely apart from imagination. To see the facts of life—his facts, the trivial, external, vulgar, unimportant facts—taken and woven into new and surprising patterns: this amuses him, while calling for no exertion. He watches the wonderful process (and, of course, it can be made wonderful) as a child watches its Australian uncle perform miracles of architecture with an old, familiar box of bricks. But he surpasses the child in simplicity, because he fancies the box of bricks has changed into something else. He fancies he is outside the dull nursery of his own existence, and watching brighter scenes; yet the window-bars were never more secure or the air less free. Pathetic and extraordinary self-deception!

E. A. B.

The Amateur Critic.

The Style-Maker's Style.

ALLUSIONS to Mr. Henley's old literary dictatorship, and his brood of young stylists, are so numerous that it amuses me to see how Mr. Henley is now writing with new pyrotechnics of style. In the *March Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Henley takes solemn leave of the year 1899. "The year's end was ever a time for meditation." Ye gods and little fishes! Fancy Mr. Henley allowing one of his old contributors to "meditate" in print at the end of a year. Brixton might meditate, but no Scottish observer. "Mr. Phillips, who is (I insist on it) [when did Mr. Henley *insist* in the old days?—He merely legislated], has taken up the formula of *Leor* and *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and into this tremendous mould has poured his hectic, earnest, amiable, extremely well-meaning, and at times indubitably elegant self: with the result that everybody must applaud and admire him to a certain point; and that nobody outside the chorus but must urge him to cut Shakespeare and the form which Shakespeare beggared and exhausted, and do (I can't help it: slang is good enough for me in a high-toned case like his) 'a little bit on his own.'" Again, how different! In the next sentence we find Mr. Henley exclaiming: "Keats—dear Keats! You were reared in a sterner school." Henley—dear Henley—so were you. "I can say little of the Stevenson *Letters*; for the very simple reason that I decline to write, on any terms, about R. L. S. until the final estimate is given to the world." Does Mr. Henley expect to see the final estimate of Stevenson? I hope he will, that so he may live long, or Stevenson be soon "placed." Mr. Colvin's *Éloge* of Stevenson is "a thing chaste yet spirited, academic yet significant, elegant and at the same time touched with vision and emotion." Dear, dear!—in the old days Mr. Henley wrote nouns. To-day his "Ex Libris" is like his own description of *A Double Thread*: "a fairy absurdity tempered by effects in epigram."
W. S. H.

A King of Men.

I, too, have seen the forest-bred lions in the arena described in your "Things Seen" last week; but in the impression it left upon me they did not figure as bleared-eyed and broken-spirited; nor can I think of their tamer as a perpetually smiling gentleman. What I seemed to be seeing as this wonderful performance went forward was a most interesting pact between man and beast, a mutual compromise, an armed neutrality. In return for hours of indolence and repletion, and not too severe a discipline, the lions consent to a little submissive mountebanking twice a day; but they keep their dignity even on the see-saw, and a thousand signs during their possession of the arena made it clear to me that their independence is still intact, that the instant these terms are broken, the instant that the indolence and the repletion are interfered with or the hand of discipline is too heavy, the understanding will be broken, and the tamer must look to himself. His nerve was superb, his watchfulness unceasing and deadly. The faintest suspicion of mutiny and a dominating glance shot out, the terrorising whip flicked, and all was well. But think of the strain! At first the lions held all my gaze, but after a while it was the tamer and not the tamed that won. There went a man who held his life in his hand; a momentary giddiness, a fall, a second of mistrust in self, and the end would come: so one felt. Sooner or later, it has been written, the lions always conquer, the tamers always perform once too often. Yet here was a man in the midst of a score of them. Surely it is worth while for the king of beasts to be cramped and humiliated a little if a king of men can be thus evolved!

P. B.

A Gap in Literature.

How is it that no one nowadays will be at the pains to describe towns? Is Leicester so like Norwich, is Leeds so like Birmingham, and are all so like London that towns are no longer worth distinguishing and describing? A better field for observation than this does not offer, and yet it lies fallow. Our topographers write fine things about the country; they spin legends and day-dreams round our ruins; and they digress—ah, how they digress!—to London and books. A tall chimney on the horizon is their signal to retreat; and they boast of their ignorance of Sheffield. Even small towns are lightly dismissed. Where shall I find in a recent book four pages of observation and comment on a town the size of Pontefract? I turn to Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Highways and Byways in Yorkshire*, a charming book; but what do I find about Pontefract? Mr. Norway stands on the castle hill and gossips and laments in an improved Howitt vein about Richard the Second, and tells a tale of the Cavaliers, and wishes he had space to speak of "half the memories of Pontefract." Page after page passes, and I look in vain for a vignette of Pontefract of to-day. Yet the past should be seen through the present. The castle from which Mr. Norway surveyed history looks down on fields of liquorice. This liquorice is made into the Pontefract Cakes, tiny circular sweetmeats, on every one of which an impression of the castle is stamped; and these cakes are sucked by children all over the North of England. Not a word about this in Mr. Norway's pages. Not a word about the oldest inhabitant's memories. Ten or fifteen years ago a giant lived at Pontefract; was there nothing to say about him? And surely my memory is not at fault in recalling that Pontefract sent a prize-fighter to represent it in Parliament! Why do we miss these local facts and flavours? When he comes to Whitby Mr. Norway writes charmingly about Hilda—who could not?—but he has nothing to say about the Whitby jet, the peculiar wealth of the beach, and a source of profit to local lapidaries. In the same way York suffers by Mr. Norway's close pre-occupation with the antique and the picturesque. He can rhapsodise on St. Mary's Abbey without noticing Etty's grave. We are told nothing about the Ouse, its traffic and its winter floods; nothing about the city's populous railway life, its *campus martius* at Strensall. We are told how a very ancient mayor of Scarborough was tossed in a blanket, but the present place of Scarborough in the affections of Yorkshire, its spa and harbour life, and its strong Quaker tone, are not touched upon. When he comes to Leeds Mr. Norway sees Kirkstall Abbey—that is all. He says that, with this exception, "I am as ignorant of Leeds as Tristram was of Calais." As to Wakefield he is equally frank: It is "the town which was made illustrious by its association with Pinder who fought with Robin Hood," and Mr. Norway adds in excuse for another dive into legend: "I have neither patience nor leisure to search through the hilly streets for characteristics of the citizens." And yet this is the business of topography. Without such observation towns become mere texts for historical essays and sentimental retrospects. Is English town life of no literary account? I do not love Leeds, but I think I could find something to say about it. Leeds has its own life, and the Leeds man is not as the Manchester man. Is the roughness and jollity of Briggate not worth contrasting with the sober buttoned-up behaviour of the people in Corporation-street, Birmingham? In Mr. Norway's pages I find no attempt to describe Yorkshire towns; Halifax and Bradford and Sheffield are not even indexed. It may be said that this is a book for tourists, but are tourists entirely without curiosity in these matters? In any case, where am I to look for keen, clever characterisations of English towns as they are? Mr. G. W. Steevens's work was indeed unfinished.

W.

Illic Jacet.

Oh hard is the bed they have made him,
And common the blankets and cheap,
But there he will lie as they laid him:
Where else could you trust him to sleep?

To sleep when the bugle is crying
And cravens have heard and are brave,
When mothers and sweethearts are sighing
And lads are in love with the grave.

Oh dark is the bedside and lonely,
And lights and companions depart,
But lief will he lose them and only
Behold the desire of his heart.

Oh thin is the quilt, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose,
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

Correspondence.

An Enquiry from South Africa.

SIR,—I have lately been reading Lord Beaconsfield's novels, and write to ask whether you could either supply me with a key to the various characters, or else tell me where I may find one? It would, no doubt, be an easy task for anyone well posted in the political history of the earlier part of this century to identify not only every important character, but also all the important events which figure in these stories; and such a list would add immensely to the interest of ordinary readers like myself, who find themselves ill-supplied in this respect. There might, in the case of Disraeli's novels, be more justification than usual for the "Introductions" so fashionable at the present time.

In this connexion I have been wondering what may be the technical definition of (1) the historical novel proper, and (2) the modern *roman à clef*, and what the actual line of demarcation between them? In which class are we to place Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant works? The subject has raised some interesting questions in my mind, which I should be glad to see treated at length by a competent hand. For instance, how should we class *The School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes? I am, unfortunately, no historical student to appreciate fully the accuracy of Mrs. Craigie's sketch of her period; but I should suppose that both *The School for Saints* and its companion, *Robert Grange* (which I have not yet seen), will rank, in the next century, as standard historical novels.

Again, am I right in assuming that the true *roman à clef* must present one or more portraits drawn not merely from "the life," but from the life of some distinguished public character? On this assumption, Mr. W. H. Mallock's piquant *New Republic* would be a model of the *roman à clef*, for its characters are all thinly disguised portraits of more or less famous persons. We know that many of the actors in Dickens's and Thackeray's stories are literary reproductions of obscure people, known to and studied by these observant writers—but while they seem to have confined themselves to the delineation of character rather than of actual events in the lives of individuals, other authors, whose names occur to me, have combined both character and incident. The only instances among the classics which I can recall, for the moment, are George Eliot in one of *The Scenes from Clerical Life*, Charlotte Brontë in *The Professor*, and George Meredith in *Sandra Belloni* (?); but among the moderns examples are more numerous. *Stalky & Co.*, by Mr. Kipling; *The Green Carnation*, *Flames*, and "The Boudoir Boy" (short story), by Mr. R. S.

Hichens; *A Child of the Jago*, by Mr. Arthur Morrison; *The Journalist*, by Mr. C. F. Keary; *Dodo*, by Mr. E. F. Benson; *Aylwin*, by Mr. T. Watts-Dunton; *The Hypocrite* and *Miss Malcoloni*, by Mr. "R. G."; *The Colossus*, by Mr. Morley Roberts; and *The Individualist*, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, in which (*pace* the author) it is difficult not to detect more than one "study from the life." It is comparatively easy for anyone acquainted with "town" and "variaity" life since the early nineties to fit names to a great many of the characters in the above list—but there must be a great many more, either unread or undetected by myself. I can, for example, well believe that several of Miss Violet Hunt's creations have walked or do walk this earth, though I have either not met or not recognised their prototypes in the flesh. I cannot help feeling that a thorough treatment of this subject by a professional student of modern fiction would be of interest to the reading public.—I am, &c.,

South Africa: Jan. 29, 1900.

P. V. K.

"Her Sky-Blue Eggs."

SIR,—I have read with much interest in my ACADEMY your review of Mr. Le Gallienne's latest work. A gentleman with such a pretty pen for describing nature as Mr. Le Gallienne should know better than accuse a wren of laying a sky-blue egg.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS CALLOWAY.

Freshwater, Isle of Wight: Feb. 19, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

FROM SEA TO SEA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling has collected the stories, articles, and special correspondence which he contributed to the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* between 1887 and 1889. But he evidently does not wish these volumes to be taken too seriously. He says: "I have been forced to this action by the enterprise of various publishers who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations." Yet no student of Mr. Kipling's writings would be without his impressions of the United States, with the rollicking description of San Francisco, and the terribly uncompromising picture of Chicago. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 6s. each.)

THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

This is one of the three plays which are being given this week at the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin. Mr. Moore's play, which has five acts and eighteen characters, deals with municipal life, its ideals and corruptions. We have already quoted a portion of Mr. Moore's introduction, which appeared as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. (Unwin.)

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1899.

Once more this indispensable annual catalogue is issued. All the well-known and well-trying features are retained. (Sampson Low. 6s. net.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN NIXON. BY JAMES EDMUND VINCENT.

We have here a contribution to the literature of self-help. Mr. Nixon, a great South Wales coal-owner, rose from the position of a collier's overman to be a millionaire. His name was not widely known outside

South Wales. Commercial self-interest was the prominent principle of Mr. Nixon's life, and there is no endeavour to place him on a pedestal; but it is claimed by his biographer that he was the soul of honesty and "one of the chief founders and a pioneer among the principal promoters of the prosperity of a great district of the country." (John Murray. 10s. 6d.)

THE COUNTY PALATINE OF DURHAM.

BY GALLARD THOMAS LAPSLEY.

A work like this is sure of its interested readers, few but loyal. The aim of the book is clearly explained by its author. "During the middle ages . . . the county of Durham was withdrawn from the ordinary administration of the kingdom of England and governed by its Bishop . . . But the community of Durham had the same social and economic requirements and dangers as the rest of the kingdom; and accordingly there developed in the county a group of institutions reproducing all the essential characteristics of the central government. To exhibit the growth of these institutions . . . is the object of the present study, which thus becomes the constitutional history of an English county." (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

CYCLOPEDIA OF CLASSIFIED DATES. BY CHARLES E. LITTLE.

This is a big work in every sense. It contains about 95,000 entries of important historical events. There is a threefold classification: first, the classification by countries, or by geographical location; second, the classification by dates; third, the classification according to the nature of the event itself. This classification, it will be noted, answers the questions which one must ask concerning any event: Where? When? What? (Funk & Wagnalls.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Bartlett (J. V.), *The Apostolic Age: Its Life, Doctrine, Worship, and Polity* (T. & T. Clark)
Brierley (Helen), *Morgan Brierley* (Boohdale: James Clogg)
Grosor (H. G.), *Field-Marshal Lord Roberts* (Melrose) net 10

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hiller (H. Croft), *Herastes. Vol. II.* (Richards) 5/0
Halliburton (W. D.), *Handbook of Physiology* (Murray) 14/0

POETRY, ORITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Andrews (John), *A Journey Round My Room. From the French of De Maistre* (Bryan & Co.) net 2/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Stock (St. George), *Logic* (Blackwell)
Downie (John), *Macaulay's Essay on Horace Walpole* (Blackie) 2/0
Lyde (Lionel W.), *A Geography of the British Empire* (Black) net 10
Lyde (Lionel W.), *The Age of Hawke* (Black)
Laming (W. Cecil), *Livy, Book V* (Blackie) 2/6
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. X. (Ginn & Co.) net 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wilson (Dr. Andrew), *Brain and Body: The Nervous System in Social Life* (Bowden) 1/6
Little (Charles E.), *Cyclopaedia of Classified Dates* (Funk & Wagnalls) 40/0
Hymns of Modern Thought, with Music (Houghton & Co.)

NEW EDITIONS.

Browning (Robert), *The Earlier Monologues* (Dent) 1/6
Tennyson (Lord), *Maud, and Other Poems* (Dent) 1/6
Spencer (E.), *Cakes and Ale* (Richards) 2/0
Boulger (G. S.), *Flowers of the Field* (S.P.C.K.)
Borrow (George), *Lavengro* (Gresham Pub. Co.)
Goldsmith (O.), *She Stoops to Conquer* (Dent) net 1/0
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *The White Rose* (Ward, Lock) 3/6
The Works of Shakespeare. (Larger Temple Ed.) Vols. VII. and VIII. (Dent) 4/6
Milton (John), *Poetical Works* (Clarendon Press) 7/6
Milton (John), *Poetical Works, Oxford Miniature Milton* (Frowde) 3/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 22 (New Series).

We asked last week for four-lined mottoes suitable to be inscribed on a house. The response has been very large, and we should like to have room for more of the quatrains than are below given. The most suitable is, we think, this by C. C. Bell, Epworth, Doncaster :

I who designed this House to be
As 'twere the outer Shell of Me,
Would that Myself in It exprest
Might win my Friend to be my Guest.

Here is a selection of the best of the others :

I prithee stay, good friend,
Here is thy journey's end :
A home of joy and peace
Where cares and sorrows cease.
[F. E. A., Manchester.]

Look East for Light,
Look West at Night,
Seek God above,
At home seek Love.
[E. U., London.]

A window on the sunny side,
A little door, too low for pride,
Too strong for want and woe to pass—
Hic habitat felicitas.
[A. R. R., Forest Hill.]

Whenever from my walls my sons depart,
However far they roam,
I still must be a memory in the heart,
For I am Home.
[S. L. O., Cambridge.]

Brick is my body, human is my soul ;
Thus man and mansion make a perfect whole.
Body, long mayst thou unimpaired endure,
And soul, as long be happy and secure !
[E. C. W., Oxford.]

May this, my tent upon the field of life,
Prove a safe refuge from the ills of strife.
Here let me find, how'er my fortunes trip,
Good sense, good humour, and good fellowship.
[F. E. W., London.]

Though built of mortar, brick, and stone,
Hope, fear, love, joy, and grief I've known ;
And wandering hearts where'er they roam,
Still turn to me, for this is Home.
[M. C. B., Ascot.]

Saws, enough to fill a tome,
Speak the joys of "hearth and home"—
Stones supply a hearth, I take it ;
But a home is what you make it !
[L. W., London.]

This house of mine no palace is,
No lordly towers it hath, I wis ;
Yet am I blest—in that its nooks
Contain "old wine, old friends, old books" !
[F. M., London.]

Say not this house was built in vain
If ever in these walls be heard
Just one small faith-reviving word,
Or one small utterance soothing pain.
[E. G. H., Cambridge.]

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

One Shilling Monthly.—Contents for MARCH.
Ave. Caesar by W. E. Wallace.—Points about Speakers, by James Sykes.—The Founder of a Dynasty, by E. Perronet-Thompson.—A Black Night, by J. Lawson.—Ruskin Hall: the Poor Man's College, by M. Berkeley.—A West Country Potter, by George Sweetman.—The Dog in Literature, by C. Trollope.—Gast de Roussel-Boulbon, by D. Sampson.—New Year's Day 1900, by E. M. Rutherford.—Mr. Lang on our Taste in Literature, by Sylvanus Urban.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1452. Established 1869.

3 March, 1900.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE Society of Authors hope to begin the practical working of their Pension Fund with a grant this year of £50. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins announced at the annual meeting that while they did not invite outside financial help, they would not refuse it. At present the capital account is nearly £1,000, and the annual income close upon £100. It has been estimated that an income of £500 or £600 would meet all claims. Mr. Mullett Ellis's resolution, protesting against railway bookstall monopoly, inspired, we imagine, by Messrs. Smith & Son's treatment of his book, was defeated. Mr. Hawkins spoke good sense when he remarked, that it would do the Society no good to issue *bruta fulmina* of that description without a substantial grievance being first proved.

MR. DALTON, who has assisted Mr. Traill since the foundation of *Literature*, has been appointed editor of that journal. Another item of interest connected with Printing House-square is that Mr. A. B. Walkley has been made dramatic critic of the *Times*. It will be curious to see what effect his new environment will have on Mr. Walkley's volatile personality.

WE regret to learn of the death of Mr. Ernest Christopher Dowson, which occurred suddenly, on Friday of last week, from syncope. Ernest Dowson, who was only thirty-two years of age, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. Shortly after leaving the University for London he became a Catholic. His first work was published in the two books of the Rhymers' Club. This was followed by a volume of short stories with the title of *Dilemmas*, and by a poetical comedy, "The Pierrot of the Minute." Later his poems were collected into two volumes—one, *Verses*, published in 1896, the other, *Decorations*, to appear in a few days, and to contain prose as well as verse. In collaboration with Mr. Arthur Moore he wrote two novels, *A Comedy of Masks* and *Adrian Rome*. He published also several translations from the French, among them being his version of Balzac's *Fille aux Yeux d'Or*.

THE first few years after Ernest Dowson had left college he spent at Bridge Dock, Limehouse, which belonged to his father. Here he laid the principal scene of *A Comedy of Masks*, and much of the melancholy of the gray stream flowing sadly past the windows of his little library in the dock-house informs his sombre verse. On the death of his father he escaped from his somewhat irksome life at the dock, and went to France, a country which had a charm for him his own never possessed; and there, on the coast of Brittany or in his favourite "Quartier" in Paris, with rare visits to London, he spent the rest of his short life. He was hoping to return to those clearer skies and that freer existence when death came so suddenly. The bulk of his poetry is intensely personal, the expression of a delicate and mournful spirit with a very frail hold on life, almost an aversion from it.

THE pity of it is that it is impossible to help such broken, ineffectual lives, because they will not help themselves. Their sufferings are of their own making, and what that suffering was in Ernest Dowson's case he alone knew. Happily, he was cared for in his last days by the friend in whose house he died. When that friend found him, shortly before his death, he had been a day without food, and was in such an advanced stage of consumption that he could barely stand on his feet. Death, which came to him very quietly, was, indeed, the consoler. It was the easiest thing that had happened to him.

THE first number of the *Pilot*, Mr. Lathbury's sixpenny "weekly review of ecclesiastical and general politics, literature and learning," will be issued this week. On March 17 the *Londoner*, under the editorship of Mr. A. Kalisch, will enter the lists. It is described as "a new weekly review," and the price will be twopence. The title seems familiar; but it is, of course, of *London* that one is thinking—the little journal that flashed through the town in 1877, and disappeared, alas! in 1878. In the preface to *Ballades and Rondeaux*, published in 1887, the late Mr. Gleeson White wrote: "In a Society paper, the *London*, a brilliant series of these poems appeared. After a selection was made for this volume, it was discovered that they were all by one author, Mr. W. E. Henley."

IT has been remarked that the title of the new volume of poems, *Without and Within*, by Mr. Edmond Holmes, was used by Dr. George Macdonald in 1857. Mr. Holmes, however, can rest secure. The title of Dr. Macdonald's volume is *Within and Without*. The copy that lies before us has the bookplate and signature of Mr. Edmund Yates.

MR. PUNOR's appeal for funds for the Hospital for Sick Children has met with a magnificent response. In two weeks nearly £8,000 has been received.

THE next number of the *Anglo-Saxon* will contain some unpublished letters of Lord Beaconsfield.

THE formation of a Russian official Academy of Letters is announced. The first Immortals are elected, and one is mystified by unheard-of names. Tolstoy we know, and he is one of the band. The others are Vladimir Solovieff (philosopher and poet); A. M. Zhenichuznikoff (a humorist); A. A. Potyekhin (novelist, dramatist, and portrayer of the moujik); A. F. Koni ("jurist and orator"); Count Golenishtcheff-Kutusoff (lyrical poet); Vladimir Korolenko (writer on social subjects); A. Tchekhoff (psychologist); and the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch (author of a book of verses). We learn from the *Anglo-Russian* that the Grand Duke has just made a sensation in literary and theatrical circles by his Russian translation of "Hamlet" and by acting the chief part of that play.

AN American Academy of Immortals, unofficial, has been postulated by the readers of the New York *Literary Life*. The list includes publicists, philanthropists, painters, &c. We give below the names of the literary men elected by the wisdom of our contemporary :

	HISTORIANS.
John Fiske.	John B. McMaster.
A. T. Mahan.	Edward Eggleston.
	ESSAYISTS.
T. W. Higginson.	John Burroughs.
	DRAMATISTS.
Bronson Howard.	David Belasco.
	HUMORISTS.
Samuel L. Clemens.	Frank E. Stockton.
	NOVELISTS.
Wm. D. Howells.	Bret Harte.
Mary E. Wilkins.	Marion Crawford.
	POETS.
E. C. Stedman.	R. H. Stoddard.
Joaquin Miller.	J. W. Riley.
	CRITICS.
H. W. Mabie.	M. W. Haseltine.
	JOURNALISTS.
Whitelaw Reid.	E. L. Godkin.
	Henry Watterson.

Of the four men who obtained the largest number of votes only two are writers. Mr. Edison received the largest number of votes, 285; Mr. Clemens came next with 243 votes; and Mr. Carnegie next with 221 votes. Mr. T. W. Higginson was fourth with 198 votes.

COUNTERBLASTS to the praise of Ruskin were to be expected. The worst of the conscious counterblast is, that it usually has the exaggeration of a reply rather than the calm of a judgment. Its office, indeed, is to state the other side, not to sum up. Remembering this, we give a taste of the article, "Mr. Ruskin," in the March *Blackwood*. Maga was ever an independent thinker, and scornful of rash enthusiasms. Here are some of its home-thrusts at the seer of Brantwood :

His Disciples :

The moral pathologist of the future will have much to say of the parasites of the nineteenth century. A long chapter will be devoted to that well-known variety, the Gladstonian Toady (*assentator locuples*); and the cross-references to it in the index will be Place and Peerage. But space will, nevertheless, be found to do justice to the idiosyncrasy of the Toady of Robert Browning, and of the Toady of John Ruskin.

His Learning :

His erudition gets the better of him; much learning hath turned his brain. . . . In the middle of a discussion on some problem of political economy, he interrupts us by a long-winded and wholly fantastical commentary on some plain-sailing passage in Shakespeare. . . . Desirous of knowing the true theory of value, we are whiked off to St. Ursula or some other holy person of Italian nationality. Ambitious of grasping the *rationale* of genuine patriotism, we are transported to Victor Carpaccio. Eager for information as to the currency, we are fobbed off with an etymological explanation of the Florin. Thirsting for instruction about our cereal supplies, we are referred to the practice of the Otomac Indians.

His Art Criticism :

As regards the criticism of art, Mr. Ruskin's true progenitor was no less a personage than Denis Diderot. . . . Pictures have no charm for him unless they are anecdotal, or unless they give scope for "trimmings" and fine writing. The difference between the two men is the purely superficial one, that Diderot likes one kind of anecdote and "trimmings," and Mr. Ruskin likes another. Diderot writes like a good-natured, easy-going, free-living man, with high animal spirits and a boundless capacity for physical enjoyment. Mr. Ruskin is a sort of Puritan Procrustes. He curtails or extends the *corpus vile* of painting or sculpture to serve his own turn.

His Style :

His fine passages, if tolerably numerous, are neither long nor consecutive. Sabaras of insufferable pedantry lie between them. Yet the oasis is worth taking some trouble to reach. . . . He has enriched English prose with new cadences of extraordinary beauty, and that by a deft manipulation of the notes he has produced the most strange and moving effects can scarcely be denied by the most bigoted devotees of the older—and for common purposes better—school of writing. He is, *par excellence*, the master of the purple patch.

THE annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society (President, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales) will be held at 7, Chesterfield-gardens, Mayfair, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Beer, from March 20 to 23 inclusive, in aid of the Marchioness of Lansdowne's Officers' Families' Fund, the Parochial Mission Women Fund, and the East London Nursing Association. The Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, 8, Onslow-gardens, S.W., is the honorary secretary of the exhibition. The Loan Annexe will comprise, besides an interesting exhibition of photographs by members of the Photographic Salon (Linked Ring), a valuable collection of old miniatures on ivory of all countries, and specimens of pinchbeck. The Dowager Lady Newton will be much obliged if owners of either miniatures or pinchbeck, who are willing to exhibit, will kindly communicate with her at 20, Belgrave-square, as soon as possible.

In the current *Alma Mater* Mr. Oscar Browning describes the late Mr. G. W. Steevens's editorship of the *Cambridge Observer*, the paper on which he whetted his journalistic wits ere he came to London :

The *Observer* was very outspoken, and did not veil its opinions in decorous journalistic language. It was also somewhat abstruse, and its meaning might be mistaken by the casual reader. The consequence was that Cambridge printers, who seemed to be a puritanical class, were shocked at some of the things which they were expected to put into type, and not infrequently struck work. References to the Church Catechism seemed to them profane, and they were not prepared to question the fact that the world was made in six days. So it came about that Steevens not infrequently came to me just before the paper was to appear, "Both those printers." He did not say "bother," but words to that effect. The article had to be cut short and the gap supplied by bogus advertisements, which were never paid for. I do not know whether he met with similar difficulties in London. Still, the *Observer* went on, and happy are those who possess a copy of it. When Steevens went into London journalism the perusal of that Term's *Observer* was sufficient to secure him at once a regular engagement on a first-class London paper, and a good salary.

DEFOE had no answer to a cruel critic's question as to how Robinson Crusoe could have his pockets stuffed with biscuits while swimming naked from the wreck. He simply corrected the passage. Mr. Lang and Mr. Mason will make a similar correction, no doubt, in future editions of *Parson Kelly*. Meanwhile Mr. Lang says :

Mr. Mason and I owe our apologies to the readers of this [*Longman's*] magazine for making Mr. Wogan "rub his hands," while we, and history, had correctly stated that hands he had none to rub, having lost his arm at Fontenoy. Now when Agamemnon, in Homer, carves a lamb, after being wounded in the arm, German critics detect a multiplex authorship. But Agamemnon had been wounded a fairly long way back in the narrative, and I think the poet forgot, or did not care. We have no such excuse, and, as a matter of fact, it was the collaborator, who did not write the chapter, that foisted in Mr. Wogan's two hands, regardless of the statement of the other collaborator, who again overlooked the interpolation.

It is good that a man should be fully persuaded in his own mind. Mr. H. Croft Hiller, whose work entitled *Heresies* is continued by the issue of its second volume, is in this happy state. He says:

In the two volumes now issued of *Heresies* I profess to have established, partially or completely as the case may be, the following main points:

That truth is only any sensation of belief.

That right morality is acted belief and nothing else.

That the sole concern of morality is justice.

That our present social system is utterly inconsistent with justice.

That the only rationally tolerable religion is the theism I propound, involving one God and absolute determinism consistent with individual responsibility, but inconsistent with individual faculty-monopoly.

In future volumes Mr. Hiller will advance his views regarding God, creation, soul, and immortality.

What is Right? is the title of a thin penny monthly magazine in a yellow paper cover. The editor is convinced that the Boer War is not right. Apparently, too, the principle of non-resistance to evil is to be applied even to the law courts, for we have injunctions like this lightly sown up and down the pages: "Never attempt to punish anyone who has robbed you or has done anything in any way against you, for God never intended that one man should punish another." We are unable to gather from the first number what things will usually be labelled "right" by our new contemporary; but we are cheered, and a little surprised, to find that though it is not right to commit a pickpocket, it is right for wives to let their husbands smoke in the drawing-room.

THE imminent retirement is announced of Dr. Sewell, the venerable Warden of New College, Oxford. Dr. Sewell is said to be the only man living who has spoken to men who saw Dr. Johnson at work in the Bodleian Library.

The Elf, No. 2, amuses us; it is so clearly the work of happy amateurs. The letterpress appears on one side of the page only, and vast expanses of margin enshrine little flights of song and allegory. "We are the Gentle People," sings Miss Nora Hopper on one page, and without reading further we instantly apply the words to the young promoters of *The Elf*; here is the title-page of their frail and flaky little magazine. The literary matter of *The Elf* is one long Æolian murmur of pretty words and fancies. Thus:

THE ELF.

a little book.

WINTER

1899.

Published at Peartree Cottage,
Ingrave, Essex.

No word could I speak in answer, for the eyes of Death were full of tears and his voice was broken with sobbing.

As we drew on, great light began to glow through the dark trees, and the distant voices of a thousand angels burst into song. And, borne upon the faint last breeze of the night, came the sound of the bells of a New Year. And the heart of the city came out and wept under the

clear sky, and the gates of the Great Flood were opened, mercy burst over the earth, so that the stars leaned over and smiled each at his own image therein.

The illustrations of *The Elf* are incidents in a veldt of margin; but, being loose, they soon drop out, and become a sliding, vanishing litter of artistry.

STUDENTS of style should read Mr. David MacRitchie's article, in the March *Longman's*, on Scott's proof-sheets of *Redgauntlet*. Ballantyne's inept suggestions—they are mostly inept—and Scott's varying treatment of them, make these proof-sheets highly interesting. A complete survey of the sheets goes to prove that Scott wrote rapidly and revised little. Finish, selection, verbal research were out of his way. In such things, says Mr. MacRitchie,

he was the very opposite of Mr. Stevenson, who has told us how, in his youth, he deliberately made himself the "sedulous ape" of earlier writers, jotting down in his pocket note-book every word or phrase of theirs that he thought would aid him in acquiring an effective style. Scott was built on quite another plan from that. He was nobody's "ape"; but a great, original genius—and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. If, as his hurrying thoughts found utterance, they took shape in a somewhat inchoate form, that was a defect that he endeavoured to remedy afterwards, after a fashion. But of the self-consciousness of the stylist he had little or nothing . . . What we learn, then, from the *Redgauntlet* proofs is that Scott's "literary methods and style" hardly gave him a moment's thought.

Mr. MacRitchie's remark about Stevenson's dependence on other writers belongs to a phase of Stevensonian criticism of which we are hearing much just now. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Henley, comparing Stevenson and Bunyan, observes that Bunyan was born a master, while Stevenson was born a student of Bunyan.

THE editor of the *Literary Year Book* for 1900 has asked a number of critics to select, and discourse upon, the book published last year which particularly appealed to them. Some of the selections were as follows:

Mr. Andrew Lang: "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."
Mr. W. E. Henley: Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."

Mr. T. Herbert Warren (President of Magdalen): Poetical Works of Robert Bridges, Vol. II.

Mr. Laurence Binyon: "The Vinedresser, and Other Poems."

Mr. Quiller-Couch: Stevenson's Letters.

Mr. George W. E. Russell: Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs: Spencer and Gillen's "Native Tribes of Central Australia"; Prof. Ward's "Naturalism and Agnosticism."

Mr. Bernard Capes: Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant.

Mr. Horace Wyndham: Lieut.-Gen. Butler's "Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley."

Canon Benham: Edward N. Westcott's "David Harum."

PRODUCERS of short stories will do well to read an article on the subject by Mr. E. Charlton Black in No. 2 of the *International Monthly* (Macmillan). Mr. Black very truly represents the short story as the tentacle of fiction, or its active search-light—which ever you please, neither of the similes being Mr. Black's. "The short-story writer," says Mr. Black, "is the true explorer and conqueror of the modern world, and the work is only begun." On one point Mr. Black is very sound: he will have no art for art's sake in the short story. He is simply stating the truth when he says:

In all the short stories which have survived the generation that first read them, there is clear recognition of the fact that the light of every soul burns upwards; there are everywhere glimpses of the hidden nobilities that are the heritage of every human being, no matter how narrow and

sordid the physical environment may be. This is a truth that the elaborators of the later French *conte* never have been able to grasp; and no amount of "close atmosphere," no delving after freaks and freakish sentiments to be tricked out in freakish phrases, no extraordinary forms of speech or deviations from the honest, which is, after all is said and done, the only artistic way of telling a thing, will make these later *contes* live. Their literary art is simply one of vulgar, open-mouthed curiosity.

THE story of Sophie Dorothea of Celle, Consort of George I., is the subject of a new work by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, which Messrs. Hutchinson will issue. Much of Mr. Wilkins's matter is new; and many of the love-letters which passed between Sophie Dorothea and Count Konigsmarck will be republished from the originals.

IN his *Lettres à une Étrangère*, just published, Balzac has this advice for women writers: "Write as much as you please, only do as all women should, burn what you have written!"

SPEAKING of short stories, the New York *Literary Life* asks its readers to name the ten best examples from American authors. Meanwhile it asks: "What about this list: Hale's 'Man Without a Country,' Aldrich's 'Marjorie Daw,' Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' Stockton's 'The Lady and the Tiger,' O'Brien's 'The Diamond Lens,' Mrs. Spofford's 'The Amber Gods,' Rebecca Harding Davis's 'Life in the Iron Mills,' William D. O'Connor's 'The Carpenter,' Richard Harding Davis's 'Gallagher,' and Perkins's 'The Devil Puzzler.'"

To the *Times* of Thursday Mr. Swinburne sent his second contribution on the war. It is called "The Turning of the Tide: February 27, 1900," and concludes thus:

The winter day that withered hope and pride
Shines now triumphal on the turning tide
That sets once more our trust in freedom free,
That leaves a ruthless and a truthless foe
And all base hopes that hailed his cause laid low,
And England's name a light on land and sea.

Bibliographical.

Does "S. G." of the *Pall Mall Gazette* know *Mansfield Park* so thoroughly as a critic of Miss Austen should, or, when he wrote, the other day, of "Broken Vows" as the play of which so much is said in the early part of the story, was he guilty merely of a slip of the pen, the result of a momentary lapse of memory? I confess I took him at his word, whereas I ought to have known better, and corrected him. But, alas! it is many years since I read *Mansfield Park*, and I have never returned to it. Meanwhile the correction comes from Mr. Austin Dobson, who obligingly writes to my Editor as follows: "The play in *Mansfield Park* is 'Lovers' Vows,' Mrs Inchbald's adaptation of Kotzebue's 'Das Kind der Liebe'. It was produced at Covent Garden in 1798. John Taylor (*Records of My Life*) says that he supplied the lines for the 'rhyming butler' mentioned in Chapter XIV. of *Mansfield Park*; and it was in playing 'Lovers' Vows' that Charles Kean fell in love with his future wife, Miss Ellen Tree."

Genest, by the way, says that it was Thomas Palmer, of Bath, who wrote not only the butler's rhymes but the epilogue to "Lovers' Vows." Mrs. Inchbald (in her preface to the printed text of her piece) says that the lines were composed by the author of the prologue. Was the prologue, then, written by John Taylor? Perhaps Mr. Dobson can tell us. Is it, moreover, an absolute ascertained fact that Charles Kean "fell in love with" Ellen Tree while playing with her in "Lovers' Vows"? All

that Kean's biographer tells us is, that it was as actors in "Lovers' Vows" that Kean and Miss Tree "first met" upon the boards. This was in December, 1828. They were not married until January, 1842—a little over thirteen years later. Mr. Dobson may be—probably is—right; but what is his authority?

Under the title of "Barrie's First Book," a writer in the *Young Man* for March favours his readers with an account and analysis of *Better Dead* almost as long as the "book" itself. He finds the germ of the *jeu d'esprit*, as he calls it, in an article by Mr. Barrie which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* for April 21st, 1885—the "book" itself not being published till 1887. Of the precious first edition of *Better Dead* not even our great national library possesses a copy; its copy is one of the second edition, 1888. Thus early has *Better Dead* become "scarce." I believe Mr. Barrie has not reprinted the "book," and in so doing he has been wise. Some day, I daresay, collectors will be seeking for copies of the libretto of "Jane Annie," the Savoy opera in the production of which Mr. Barrie collaborated with Dr. Conan Doyle. This, probably, was one of the weakest librettos ever written; and the number of weak librettos has been large.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson, greatly daring, proposes to give to the world a poem on Savonarola, defiant (he cannot be ignorant) of the fact that he has been anticipated in this performance by a poet laureate. Really remarkable is the extent to which Savonarola has occupied the minds of English writers, from George Eliot downwards. There are some ten or twelve biographies of him from English pens, beginning with that of J. A. Heraud in 1843. R. R. Madden's came in 1853, A. C. Macleod's in 1882, P. E. Cooke's in 1883, A. J. Hapgood's in 1895, J. O'Neil's in 1898, H. Lucas's in 1899, and so forth. Milman devoted an essay to Savonarola thirty years ago, and Mrs. Oliphant put him more recently into one of her historical portrait galleries. And yet, even now, what does our reading public know about him?

The Rev. Anthony C. Deane appears to resent the harmless appellation of "Chaplain to *Punch*." Very rightly he takes his clerical calling seriously. Nevertheless, one cannot get away, alas! from the literary sins of our youth. History records that Mr. Deane published in 1892 a volume of *Frivolous Verse*; that was his own name for it. Two years later came some *Holiday Rhymes*, and, after another two years, some poetical *Leaves in the Wind*. There is record, further, of a book of *Poems*, by Mr. Deane, produced so long ago as 1889. Precisely when Mr. Deane took orders I do not know, but I need not tell him that English literature boasts of a good many clerical humorists—men who found humour and clericalism quite compatible.

One of the books promised to us for the spring is *The Queen's Garland*, a collection, made by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, of Elizabethan lyrics. This, of course, will range with *The Kings' Lyrics*, by the same compiler, issued by Messrs. Duckworth last December. *The Kings' Lyrics* was "composed" in the States, and Mr. Carrington, we take it, is an American.

It should be remembered concerning the late Mr. Andrew Tuer that, apart from his elaborate monographs on Bartolozzi and the Horn-Book, and his diverting adventures among old books for children, he was the author of an opuscle on copyright in titles, called, if I remember rightly, *John Bull's Womankind*, and printed in 1884.

In none of the notices of the late Mr. Traill have I observed any reference to what was, in fact, his last (complete) contribution to letters—*The New Fiction, and Other Essays on Literary Subjects*. This was published in the autumn of 1897, and consisted of articles reprinted (with revision and additions) from reviews and magazines. It included papers on Lucian, Pascal, Richardson, and Matthew Arnold (whom he hardly appreciated), with two or three Dialogues.

Reviews.

Literary Ventriloquism.

The New Lucian. New Edition. By the late H. D. Traill. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

The imaginary-conversation medium is one with which all persons should play who are seriously dissatisfied with history or with common verdicts upon history. Each puppet, after certain rules of the game have been observed, can be made to speak just as their summoner wishes, and he, at any rate, will have the satisfaction of seeing his own view of the case made plausibly vocal. The only vehicle for defence which can surpass the dialogue is the monologue, but that requires a finer artist. Many men can make a show with an imaginary conversation who would be lost if such a task as "Bishop Blougram's Apology" or "Andrea del Sarto" were set before them. We can conceive that a decent quality of invention can carry one fairly well through a dialogue, but for the satisfying monologue imagination is needed.

The first thing that we ask of an author, who, like Lucian and Landor, summons the illustrious dead and sets them conversing or justifying their lives, is that he shall be witty. Without wit no task could be so flat as, to take an instance from this volume, the discussion between Wilkes and Lord Sandwich. With wit all is well—provided, of course, that some attention is paid to the probabilities, and the minds of the shades approximate more than a little to the minds of the men. Mr. Traill is witty: what he chiefly lacks is interest in character. We do not feel in any of these dialogues that the people themselves interest him greatly; their point of attraction is their use in expressing opinions or proving a theory. Landor, we feel, often made conversations for the sheer love of hearing his favourites speak, and because it was for him a sure way of getting into their minds a little and identifying himself with them. We can believe that just as the great Tartarin found that he could think only when he talked, so did Landor find that only when he imagined himself to be using the words of his characters did he really comprehend those characters. Mr. Traill has not this sensuous pleasure in personifying the remarkable dead: the something to be proved, the point to be cleared up, the opinion of his own to be stated with the added force which the authority of the great name of the spokesman will give it—these are the important things. Hence his dialogues are largely polemical where Landor's are poetical.

An interesting example is the criticism—excellent criticism, too—of Matthew Arnold, in the dialogue between Landor and Plato. Landor (in Mr. Traill's book) thus speaks of the poet of "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles on Etna," and we feel that Mr. Traill thinks precisely so too:

LAN. A certain priest of our religion has told us that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. It is by informing the ideas, the imagery, the expression of the moderns with the Hellenic spirit; it is by cultivating the Hellenic passion for symmetry and balance, the Hellenic pride in continence and self-restraint, the Hellenic delight in pure beauty of form, and the Hellenic contempt for the glare of colour, that the elevation of our literature is to be compassed; and there was one in pre-eminence by whom this excellent work has been greatly advanced.

LAN. His poetry is instinct with the grace and soothes us with the repose of your most perfect art; and though in form it is chastened to the utmost severity of the statuesque, there can be few—and I should despise them—who have ever found it cold.

LAN. As a teacher I own he has been less successful. The qualities in which he shone as a poet appeared somewhat to fail him when he descended—or ascended, one would say with more propriety—from practice to precept.

PLA. Wherein, then, does he fail as a teacher?

LAN. I cannot better answer that question than by recalling your admired reply to the censure of Diogenes. Stamping rudely upon the carpet of Eastern fabric with which the floor of your abode was covered, "Thus," cried the Cynic, "do I tread upon your pride, O Plato." "And with greater pride, O Diogenes!" was your just and dignified retort. In pronouncing judgment upon the faults of his countrymen, our apostle of culture has too often merited a like rebuke. In his descriptions of himself as a modest seeker after truth, there is something too much of the pride that apes humility. He praises the noble *naïveté* of the "grand manner" in language which seems a little too conscious of its own elegance; and he preaches simplicity in a style which is by no means free from affectation. That grace of the nude which distinguishes his imaginative work gives place in his criticism to a picturesque, but too minutely studied, arrangement of drapery; and while his poetry has always affected me with the charm of pure English, I often find it hard to tolerate the Gallicisms of his prose.

We do not seem to be listening to Landor in this passage. Landor the enthusiast, Landor the intolerant, we know. This new Landor is too chastened, too low spoken. Indeed, this dialogue is one of the least successful. Personally we cannot forgive it for the shrinkage which Plato is made to undergo during its progress.

Among the new dialogues is an amusing passage of arms between Coleridge and Dr. Johnson on the matter of romantic poetry and the *Lyrical Ballads* revolution. Johnson is admirably done; but Coleridge suffers. Coleridge was a humorist and a wit and a Johnsonian; and Mr. Traill has forgotten all three characteristics. But Johnson is so good that the poorness of Coleridge may be forgiven. In order to illustrate the theories of the new school, Coleridge repeats the "Ancient Mariner," to which Johnson listens on the understanding that he may criticise. Johnson's argument is that the supernatural in poetry may be permitted only so long as the same law of causation is observed as that which governs the affairs of men. Coleridge holds that the poet may imagine whatever liberties he please. Here are some Johnsonian criticisms at the close of the recital:

JOHN. Stay, Mr. Coleridge. I promised not to interrupt your recital of the remainder of your poem, and I have not done so; but I am under no pledge to refrain from perstringing some of its more obtrusive absurdities. It seems from Part V. that your Polar Spirit—who, as we know, could raise "a good South wind" by a nod of his spiritual head—must needs slide under the keel "nine fathom deep" in order to propel the ship himself. Is that your notion, sir, of allowing your supernatural being to operate by natural causes? It further appears, too, that he was somewhat precipitate in slaying the whole crew as accessories after the fact to the murder of the albatross, since he has to raise them from the dead in order to navigate the ship; though why the navigation of a ship which is being propelled by a spirit under her keel should require the resurrection of anybody but the steersman, or why the other mariners "'gan work the ropes" of a vessel with no wind to fill her sails, you have not told us. No, sir, nor why the resuscitated dead should again fall lifeless on the deck—still less why "a man all light, a seraph man," should stand like a link-boy on every corse. Least of all do you condescend to explain the ship's course on her return home. She has been sailing northward through the Pacific, when suddenly the Mariner exclaims:

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"

Never was question more justified by circumstances. For if, as I presume him to be, your mariner was an inhabitant of the Eastern and not of the Western Hemisphere, he could only have reached his "own countree" by way of Bering Strait, and by skirting the continent of North America, through the impenetrable icefields of the Arctic Ocean.

The pity of it is that, as we have said, the Coleridge is not credible. Mr. Traill should have made some lesser shade contend with Johnson and recite Coleridge's poem.

The other new dialogues are Parnell and Butt, Wilkes and Lord Sandwich, Napoleon, Michelet and Renan, and Gladstone and Gordon. Beyond the definition of Gordon's religion the dialogue is not remarkable and might, we think, have been left undone. To our mind neither the true Gladstone nor the true Gordon speaks in it.

Finally, to illustrate Mr. Traill's idea of Tennyson's view of our present state, we may quote the very interesting and sagacious passage which brings the conversation between the two golden-mouthed poets to a close. Tennyson is telling Virgil that Claudian's lines, beginning

Hæc est in gremium victos quæ sola recepit,

are much quoted by the Briton of these days for their sentiment. The dialogue continues :

VIR. I applaud the sentiment, though I reprehend the verse. But why should the lords of a greater empire than the Roman take any Roman poet for their spokesman? Have you no poets of your own race to celebrate it?

TEN. None; or none at least in so majestic a strain as yours.

VIR. Yet you yourself, they tell me, were one of the greatest of your country's poets. How came you to leave the glories of its rule unsung?

TEN. I have not so left them, when occasion offered. But my opportunities were few and late. When my powers were in their prime, my countrymen were indifferent to their Empire; and when they awoke to its greatness, I was old.

VIR. And has no poet who has succeeded you been inspired by the theme?

TEN. Yes, many; but only one pre-eminent in power, and to him both grandeur and grace are lacking. His voice is a trumpet-blast and his song a battle-cry, the fitting poetry, doubtless, of a people whose empire, great as it is, is still in the making. Through his strains you hear the fierce delight of strife, and even the high elation of victory; but never, as in yours, the proud consciousness of dominion and the large calm joy of rule.

VIR. But when your work is accomplished, will not that note of sovereignty be heard?

TEN. It may be so; and perhaps I should rejoice that that time is not yet. For—let me not anger you—the history of your own nation instructs us, that when the poet of a people exchanges the Spartan fife for the lyre, and the untutored call to arms for the cunningly fashioned hymn of empire, it is a sign that they have scaled their predestined heights of conquest, and that their foot is already on the downward slope.

It is sad to think that the mind which gave us the clean and shrewd and penetrating common sense of this interesting book should now be lost to us for ever. Yet common sense is not the only note of the "New Lucian"; its dedication, at least, affords a deeper revelation of the author. We will end with it:

To E. T.

"LIVE joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which He hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—ECCLES. ix. 9-10.

What matter though such things have never been,

Nor shall be? the Ecclesiast hath said,

Though but in mockery the Samosatene

Imagined his confabulating dead?

What matter though nor knowledge nor device,

Nor work nor wisdom in the grave there be?—

Does not the Preacher bid us once and twice

Live out in joy love's life of vanity?

So live we, then! nor heed what whisper tells

That closest union heaviest reckoning pays

In shock of loss and anguish of farewells

At that eternal parting of the ways.

Moral Gower.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN GOWER. Edited by G. C. Macaulay. Vol. I.: *The French Works*. (Clarendon Press.)

THIS is the first instalment of one of those monuments of tedious and unremunerative toil which, even in these days of commercialised literature, there are still scholars to put together, and which the Clarendon Press, to its honour, is always ready to publish. The complete work will extend to four volumes, and is uniform in outward seeming with Prof. Skeat's magnificent editions of Chaucer and Langland. Nor, so far as we can judge, is Mr. Macaulay's careful and erudite work in any way unworthy to stand by the side of that of the older scholar. The present volume is in some ways the most interesting of all, for the *Mirour de l'Omme*, of which it is mainly comprised, has not previously seen print. Until 1895 it was believed to be lost, and the story of its discovery by Mr. Macaulay is one of the minor romances of letters. It is mentioned by Gower himself in the earliest version of his *Confessio Amantis* under the title of *Speculum Hominis*. In the later versions it becomes *Speculum Meditantis*, probably in order to secure a jingle of endings with the *Confessio Amantis* itself and the *Vox Clamantis*. Mr. Macaulay mentioned this one day to the Cambridge University librarian, Mr. Jenkinson, and he at once produced the MS. of the *Mirour de l'Omme*, and upon examining it Mr. Macaulay was able to identify it beyond doubt with the missing poem. Of the history of the MS. little is known. It came from the library of one Edward Hailstone, and about the middle of the eighteenth century it seems to have been lying about the kitchen of a farmhouse. This is inferred from some illiterate jottings upon several of the margins. On one page, for instance, occurs the name "Glosterr" and the statement: "Margat . . . leved at James . . . in the year of our Lord 1745, and was the dayre maid that year . . . and her Swithart name was Joshep Cockhad Joshep Cockhad carpenter." So are the fleeting pastoral loves of Margat . . . bound up for ever with the immortal verses of a dull, dead poet.

Mr. Macaulay tells us plainly enough that he has edited the book more in the interests of the philologist than of the lover of literature. As a storehouse of late Anglo-Norman forms—for, as Gower himself confesses, he very much speaks his French "after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe"—it is certainly valuable. Here and there, too, it adds an item to our not very extensive knowledge of Gower's personal history.

This is interesting, not because the poet's work is, at its best, worth much, but because he is a typical figure. With Chaucer, Langland, Wyclif, he stands at a parting of the ways in English history. More than any one of them, perhaps, he gathers up in his work the three distinct elements which were henceforward to be merged in the full stream of our literature. With almost equal facility he writes French in the *Speculum Meditantis*, Latin in the *Vox Clamantis*, English in the *Confessio Amantis*. He would seem to have been a man of good family, owning property in Kent and elsewhere. He was a layman, although he has been identified with the Gower who held the living of Braxted Magna in Essex. Some have tried to make him out a lawyer. Mr. Macaulay, more plausibly, suggests that he was a merchant. He desires, indeed, a special tax upon lawyers; but for the merchants he makes some exceptions to his general condemnation of society, and he evidently shares the antipathy of the "City" to the Lombards. Mr. Macaulay thinks that his special occupation was the wool trade. We know that late in life he married one Agnes Groundolf, but from the *Mirour* it appears that this was a second marriage. More important is the tale of his relations to Chaucer. It was to "moral Gower" and "philosophical Strode" that Chaucer dedicated his "litel myn tragédie" of "Troilus and Criseyde"; and Gower, in his turn, paid in the first

version of the *Confessio Amantis* a delicate compliment to Chaucer by the mouth of Venus :

And grete wel Chaucer whan ye mete,
As my disciple and my poeta.
For in the floure of his youth,
In sundry wise, as he wel couth,
Of ditties and of songes glade,
The which he for my sake made,
The lond fulfilled is over all;
Whereof to him is special
Above all other I am moste holde.

In the later versions of the *Confessio Amantis*, however, the reference to Chaucer was suppressed, and similarly Chaucer, in the "Man of Law's Tale," and its Prologue, takes occasion to make an attack upon Gower. The reason of this is not known. The two poets seem to have remained upon the same side in politics—they both courted Richard the Second, and both ratted to Henry the Fourth—and it can only be conjectured that some shadow of personal or professional animosity had arisen between them. Professor Courthope suggests that Gower had piqued Chaucer by forestalling him in his plan of completing a series of stories in English verse linked together by a central design, after the fashion of Boccaccio's *Decameron*; and as the *Confessio Amantis* is finished, while the *Canterbury Tales* are not, this is at least possible. An age which takes delight in the minor *personalia* of authors will doubtless find these speculations more interesting than Gower's verse at least can claim to be. In his old age Gower retired with his wife to the priory of St. Mary Overies. He was by this time blind, and he ended his days in pious observances. He benefited the priory largely by his will, which is still extant. Besides provision for the keeping of his obit, he left the monks two chasubles, a missal, a chalice, and a martyrology; and begged that he might be buried in the chapel of St. John Baptist. He is still at peace there, with a fine effigy upon his tomb. His chubby-faced head rests upon his three ponderous volumes. A collar of SS is about his neck, and his ample locks are bound with a fillet of roses. As we have hinted, it is difficult to read anything that he wrote, but it is none the less decent that lovers of London and of poetry should now and then do him the grace of a visit to St. Mary Overies.

Music and Melancholy.

Songs of the Glens of Antrim. By Moira O'Neill. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
And I wiaht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, and sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela and the blue sky over it!

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wiaht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runuin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to please;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—

Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

That poem has been singing in the present writer's head ever since he first read this book, a fortnight ago. *Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain, Sweet Corrymeela, an' the*

same soft rain, day after day. And not only this, but other poems too, for Moira O'Neill is one of those singers whose notes home in the inward ear which is the joy of solitude. They fall as gently and soothingly as Corrymeela's same soft rain.

There is little of criticism to say about this wistful, gentle, melodious book. It contains twenty-five poems, and all are intensely Irish, all are simple and true and very human and very musical. Here is a ballad—"The Grace for Light"—which, whatever one's own childhood was like, or however distant, cannot leave one quite unmoved. The grace for light may be a new phrase to many of our readers: it was new to us; but what a charming rite!

When we were little childer we had a quare wee house,
Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn;
The hares we'd see them scootin' an we'd hear the crowin' grouse,
An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,
An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just anywhere we might;
Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,
Au' "God be thankèd!" she would say—"now we have a light."

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,
An' think on One who called us to come and be forgiven;
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,
"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heaven!"

There's a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;
But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,
Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light.

Technically this, like all of Moira O'Neill's poems, could hardly be improved. Yet how familiar are all its words, how hackneyed its rhymes, how common its metre! Its secret is, of course, its personality. Just as Mill is said to have felt sad when he thought of the time that was coming when all the combinations of musical notes should be exhausted and new melodies impossible, so may students of poetry have felt that a day was imminent when "forgiven" and "Heaven" linked together could never be plausible again. Yet Moira O'Neill has done it. It is such poetry as hers that may for ever convince these pessimists that the death of poetical melody and freshness is no nearer than it was when poets first lisped. Technically, we have said, Moira O'Neill is almost beyond improvement. But this, we imagine, is the result only of extreme pains. The art has concealed art, for the singer seems to take her verse "as easy as the grass upon the weir," to quote the only poem (Mr. Yeats's "Down in Salley Gardens") of which we are ever reminded by this new singer.

Here is another haunting lyric, "A Broken Song":

Where am I from? From the green hills of Erin.
Have I no song, then? My songs are all sung.
What o' my love? 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

If she was tall? Like a king's own daughter.
If she was fair? Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather.
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

Where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
Who loved her best? There's no one now will know.
Where is she gone? Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I never can go.

Moira O'Neill is that rare blend, a poet who goes direct to the heart and a poet who satisfies the artistic eye.

“Where Forlorn Sunsets Flare.”

Innermost Asia. By Ralph P. Cobbold. (Heinemann. 21s.)

A MAN might choose a worse recreation than the arm-chair study of books about Central Asia. They would admit him to the most secret and awful parts of the earth, perhaps even to the most beautiful. Books dealing with these regions are multiplying fast, inspired mainly by the shadow of that tremendous event, which may never come, the Russian advance on India. This has been the inspiration of books like Lord Dunmore's *The Pamirs*, Lord Curzon's *The Pamirs and the Source of the Oxus*, Mr. E. F. Knight's *Where Three Empires Meet*, Krausse's *Russia in Asia*, and other works almost as well known. It is significant that Mr. Cobbold's own pages smell of Russia, although in his visit to the Pamirs he proposed only to shoot ibex. Perhaps the most interesting point which he makes about our great Rival is the anomaly which is presented by the unscrupulous cleverness and strength of arm shown by Russia in her dealings with the wild peoples of Central Asia, and the miserable financial outcome of all her operations. Hundreds of millions of roubles are squandered in the maintenance of garrisons and outposts which guard only sandy wastes or black-faced mountains. Mr. Cobbold confesses himself puzzled by a state of things which has now lasted many years, and shows no immediate sign of change. He has these words for our comfort:

It would take a bolder man than I to forecast the outcome of Russia's next departure, nor does it come within my sphere to discount it, but so surely as her onward strides have been aided by the vacillation of British governments, who have been unable to cope with her ability and her lack of scruple, so surely shall we find that Russia will be hoist on her own petard, and after being rent to her foundations will serve in succeeding ages as a lesson to future nations of the futility of ability without scruple, persistence without pity, and dominion without religion.

This is splendid optimism, all the more striking because throughout many pages Mr. Cobbold has been showing us, by instance and anecdote, how secret and vice-like is the Russian grasp both on the peoples and problems of innermost Asia.

It would be a shame if the glories of the Pamirs and of the passes by which these great upland valleys are approached could not be separated from foreign politics. Mr. Cobbold is happily able to detach his travel impressions from his imperial views. He is a traveller at heart, and with him travel is poetry and philosophy; a sojourn in London does but fill him with a new yearning for Himalayan heights and simple peoples. Nor can we wonder that Mr. Cobbold confesses to such feelings; to have seen what he has seen, and to have dwelt where he has dwelt, must mean, to a man of any imagination, a transformation of the mind, a complete change of perspectives and inclinations. How shall a man live in Kensington who has seen Rakapushi? Mr. Cobbold has seen Rakapushi.

Some five miles beyond Chalt we turned a corner, and upon the vision broke such a spectacle as would fill the least impressionable of mortals with wonder and awe. The great mountain Rakapushi, 26,000 feet high, towered above us, 19,000 feet rising before our eyes straight up from the valley. We all got off our ponies and sat down and looked silently. Speech would have been a vulgar intrusion, for it was a vision solemn and beautiful beyond any of this world's sights and shows. Rakapushi is the noblest of mountains, matchless in form and nature. Her sunny lower slopes lay green and smiling, giving place higher up to forests of mountain ash, juniper, and birch, golden and crimson and autumnal hues. Above stretched the dark moraine up to the vast snow-fields and glittering glaciers. Even the great quiet shades in the mountain

were radiant with reflected light more brilliant than man could depict; the sunlight moved along, revealing the delicate rippling lines which mark the concealed crevasses and the waves of drifted snow. It sparkled on the edges, it glittered on the icicles, it shone on the heights, it illumined the depths, till all was aglow and the dazzled eye returned for relief to the quiet forests. By sunlight or moonlight Rakapushi's splintered icy crest is the one object which unfailingly attracts the passing traveller; in the imagination it becomes invested with a personality.

We have left ourselves no space to describe Mr. Cobbold's route, or his principal stopping-places, which were Kashgar, Vierny, Balkash, and Charog. In the last place, and near it, he was detained by the Russian authorities, and really we are not so surprised as Mr. Cobbold would have us be at this event. We fancy that the Russian authorities who detained our traveller on honourable terms will curse their own leniency when they read his pages. Mr. Cobbold's photographs, by the way, are a joy.

“The Prince of Gentlemen.”

The Book of the Courtier. From the Italian of Count Baldassare Castiglione. Done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby, Anno 1561. With an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. “Tudor Translations.” Edited by W. E. Henley. (David Nutt. 18s. net.)

If you are not “too grave or too busy a man,” any book on any ideal is worthy of a glance. For, however dull it may be, human nature will “break in,” as Mr. Edwards's cheerfulness did upon his philosophy. We have passed a tolerable hour in surveying even *The Social Duties and Domestic Habits of the Wives of England*, assisted by the discreet Mrs. Ellis. One's pet books of the sort, where the subject and its treatment are alike noble or lovable in themselves, should always be kept within easy reach of one's armchair and the fire. Holy Mr. Herbert, meek Mr. Walton, mellifluous Mr. Taylor should never be out of a temperature of sixty degrees. Neither should *The Courtier* of Count Baldassare Castiglione. But the warmth of sunshine is emphatically for him. He is bland as a summer morning, magnificent as a summer noon, fragrant as a summer evening. He is the flower of the “Courtly Civilisation.”

Alas, how that gorgeous exotic out-flames our home-grown slips of the same stock! Peacham's “Compleat Gentleman,” although “fashioned as absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities” as poor Peacham could compass, is too much of an athletic Master Mumbazon and downright Peveril of the Peak to ride willingly abreast of this suave Signor from Italy. Braithwait's “English gentleman of selecter ranke and qualitie” wears too mortified a band and too steeple-crowned a hat to feel at ease with this Courtier in the “Citye of Urbin,” among “silver plate, hanginges of verye riche cloth of golde, aunoyent ymages of marble, verye excellent peinctinges and instruments of musycke of all sortes.” The sun's radiance in “Urbin” scatters indeed a “liberal largesse”: here it gilds clouds and glorifies fogs.

The flushed redundancy of the Renaissance is, of course, patent in the imperial profusion of the character and attainments of this Paragon of Pagan Christianity. He is a “Gentleman borne and of a good house.” “Of a good shape, and well proporcioned in his lymmes,” showing “strength, lightnes, and quicknesse.” “A perfecte horseman for everye saddle.” He has the arts of swimming, of leaping, of casting the stone, of wrestling. But he must beware how he practise them with “men of the cuntry,” for it is “too ill a sight and too foule a matter and without estimation to see a Gentilman overcome by a Cartar.” 'Tis almost surprising that he “may sette a

syde tumblyng, clymynge upon a corde, and suche matters." However, they may be waived as "tasting somewhat of jugglers craft." His voice is "shrill, clere, sweete and wel framed with a prompt pronunciacion." He "much exercises himselfe in poets, and no lesse in Oratours and Historiographers, and also in writinge both rime and prose." He is to have "cunning in drawing, and knowledge in the very arte of peincting," for "Lovers ought to have a sight in it." But it is impossible to schedule further his "chiefe conditions and qualities." Their "breef rehersall," appended to the book, occupies nearly five pages. And already they are sufficient to dazzle the reader. "Nay, more than sufficient," said the Lord Ludovicus Pius, "for I beleve that there is no vessell in the worlde possible to be founde so bigge that shal be able to receive al the thinges that you will have in this Courtyer." Certainly not: but then an ideal is to practise what the perfume of a rose-garden is to each several flower.

And yet we have peeped only at the accomplishments of the *Courtier*. Some critics, indeed, have not perceived that the book treated of anything else; but Mr. Raleigh has shown himself to be the perfect "whiffler" to the new triumphal progress of this "cullid and choise-drawn cavalier" by thinking otherwise. Although his Introduction is distinguished by minute learning, combined with a happy knack of generalisation and a clear sight of the correlation of his author with times past and present, perhaps Mr. Raleigh in no place shows his aptitude for his task more convincingly than where he says: "Castiglione deals less with accomplishments and decorum than with the temper and character which beget decorum." That is perfectly true, and doubtless, though Castiglione in part denied the accusation of his contemporaries that he "identified himself with his model," his book is, in fact, as consciously "a picture of his own disposition" as Walton's, for example, was of his. The Count's temperament was delicately sensitive to every stroke of beauty and of glory, finding in Nature and in Man—above both, in Art—a rich but ordered feast for the senses and the soul. To such an one high birth, fine raiment, kings' houses, valour, honour, love, and courtesy are but the fit environments and proper qualities. We will take our leave of the "Prince of Gentlemen," and of the good knight, his translator, in this strain of music, breathing his more exalted mood of platonic rapture:

Vouchsafe (Lorde) to harken to oure prayers, power thy selfe into oure hartes, and wyth the bryghtnesse of thy most holve fire lyghten oure darkenesse, and like a trustie guide in thys blynde mase, showe us the right waye: reforme the falsehoode of the senses, and after longe wandringe in vanitie gyve us the ryght and sounde joye. Make us to smell those spirituall savoures that relieve the vertues of the understandinge, and to heare the heavenly harmonie so tunable, that no discorde of passion take place anye more in us. Make us dronken with the bottomelesse fountain of contentation that alwaies doeth delite, and never giveth fill, and that giveth a smacke of the right blisse unto who so drinketh of the renning and cleere water thereof. Pourge wyth the shyninge beames of thy light our eyes from mysty ignorance, that they maye no more set by mortall beawty, and wel perceive that the thinges which at the first they thought themselves to see, be not in deede, and those that they saw not, to be in effect. Accept oure soules, that be offred unto thee for a sacrifice. Burn them in the livelye flame that wasteth al grosse filthines, that after they be cleane sundred from the body, thei may be coped with an everlastinge and most sweet bonde to the heavenly beawty. And we severd from oure selves, may be chaunged like right lovers into the beloved, and after we be drawn from the earth, admitted to the feast of the aungelles, where fed with immortall ambrosia and nectar, in the ende we may dye a most happie and livelye death, as in times past died the fathers of olde time, whose soules with most fervent zeale of beehouldinge thou diddest hale from the bodye and ooppleddest them with God.

Other New Books.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE.

BY EMMA SALISBURY
MELLOWS.

We are sorry for the children who are to be introduced to the enchanted realms of English literature through the medium of this barefaced compilation. A few extracts will best make clear the character of the work. Miss Mellows's conception of the evolution of poetic style is exemplified in these introductory remarks to the chapter on "The Age of Dryden":

Shakespeare, the great artist of the *natural* in poetry, had, with his wonderful genius, portrayed living men and women, and their lives and passions, in true and magnificent verse; but the later poets of his school indulged in most ridiculous flights of fancy, and sometimes expressed themselves in extravagant and sensational language which was really most unnatural. Thus a bot was spoken of as "the shining leather that encased the limb"; coffee was "the fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown." These degenerate poets had lost all the youthful fervour of the Elizabethans, and had not learnt that just and beautiful arrangement of nature which we call art.

We should be glad to know to which members of Shakespeare's "school" Miss Mellows ascribes these ingenious eighteenth century paraphrases. Her sense of proportion may be judged from the fact that she devotes a page and a half to Ascham, omits to name Campion, and dismisses the lyric of a quarter of a century as follows:

Robert Herrick wrote in his *Hesperides* some very delightful verse; and the names of Thomas Carew, Richard Crashaw, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Richard Lovelace, Sir John Suckling, William Habington, Edmund Waller, Abraham Cowley, Andrew Marvell, George Wither, and Francis Quarles, are remembered in connexion with many beautiful lyrics.

Finally, her notion of the sort of criticism of a writer which is likely to be useful to a child is here illustrated:

Matthew Arnold, with whom the critical spirit prevailed even in his verse, is author of poems which have been declared to be "as solid and pure as granite and gold."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote ballads and sonnets (including "The Blessed Damozel" and "The King's Tragedy") of great interest on account of their sincerity, novelty, and exquisite melody.

His sister Christina has gained a lasting place in literature by her sonnets, "Monna Innominata," numerous poems for children, and much sacred verse.

William Morris, a teller of old-world stories after the manner of Chaucer; Coventry Patmore, author of *The Angel in the House*; and Macaulay, whose ballads were at one time very popular, are other names connected with this era.

In the face of these grave defects of method and equipment mere blunders of fact, which are pretty frequent, may go disregarded. (Methuen.)

OLD LONDON TAVERNS.

BY EDWARD CALLOW.

That period which most of us never saw, and which history has hardly begun to record—that magical "sixty years ago" of the poets and sentimentals—will always furnish material for interesting books. Mr. Callow was dining and wining in London restaurants when Queen Victoria came to the throne. Enough! cries the reader, sure of interesting talk. "Cosy roughness," sociability, good plain food, and zealous waiting, were the characteristics of the chop-houses and coffee-houses of Mr. Callow's recollection. Homeliness had not been ousted by splendour. The well-to-do customers of the Fleece and Sun (long vanished from Finch-lane) selected their chops and steaks at Banister's, the butcher next door, and brought it to the Sun and Fleece to be cooked:

On entering the Fleece, a good-sized room with a sanded floor presented itself to view. On one side, half-way up the room, was a small bar, and opposite to it was the

fire and gridiron. Such things as silver grids were unborn at that time. All round the remaining space were the customary cosy little boxes with room for four, and no more, to sit with comfort. Decorations or embellishments there were none; but though the place looked rough it was scrupulously clean.

No customer was very long before being attended to by the waiter, who received his orders for beer or wine. The former, as at other chop-houses, was served in the pewter pot; and the wine, particularly port, was of a quality rarely to be met with nowadays. So soon as the chop or steak was ready, it was produced on a pewter or china plate, as required, and was flanked by another plate filled with floury potatoes, boiled in their "jackets," that would have delighted the soul of an Irishman to behold.

It must not be forgotten that these comforts and these cheery, sensible ways are kept alive in the City. "Joe's" and "Snook's" and "Monger's," and the Cock in Thread-needle-street (where spoons, forks, and even soup-basins were of solid silver) may have gone; but —'s and —'s still remain, supplying the juiciest chops and steaks on the real old willow-pattern plates, and beer in cleanest pewter. Sanded floors and black-handled cutlery complete the charm.

Mr. Callow's strength is in his personal recollections. When he goes farther back, and is dependent on books, he is less companionable, less accurate. We should like to know what grounds he has for the statement that the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet-street was frequented by Dr. Johnson, and that "wit and wisdom flashed and sparkled across the tables when such men as Johnson, Reynolds, Dick Steel, Goldsmith, Chatterton, and Garrick met there." The Cheshire Cheese is not mentioned by Boswell, and was certainly not the scene of such distinguished meetings as the above. That Johnson went there is not improbable, but neither is it established. We believe that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has stated that in his youth he met old men at the "Cheese" who had seen Dr. Johnson there. But the "Cheese" is more associated with the Johnson Club than with Johnson. (Downey. 6s.)

THE MYSTERIES OF CHRONOLOGY. BY F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

Mr. Arbuthnot is an irritating person. He tells us that to write a good book on chronology a man "must be a scholar with a good knowledge of Greek, Latin, Arabic, and many other languages, besides being well up in archæology, astronomy, chronology, geography, history, numismatics, and palæography." He also tells us that he possesses none of these qualifications. A very few pages serve to show that this is no mock-modesty on his part, and it becomes obvious that he had better have left the book alone. Chronology at the best is a dull subject, and a treatise which attempts to treat it more or less scientifically and fails is worse than useless. Mr. Arbuthnot does not appear to have so much as heard of the leading authority on his subject, Dr. H. Grottefend, whose *Chronology of the Middle Ages and of Modern Times* would have cleared up most of his difficulties, and corrected many of his errors for him. He would then have abstained from floundering after that will-o'-the-wisp, Hardouin, and would have done a real service by translating for English readers Grottefend's useful little "Taschenbuch" or "Manual," and appending to it a table of the regnal years of English sovereigns. We suppose that Mr. Arbuthnot intends a mild joke when he proposes "a new English era to be called the Victorian, dating from 1st January, 1837, the year of the accession of our reigning sovereign." But if not, does he expect other nations to adopt this era, or does he propose that a little mathematical calculation should be gone through every time a foreigner has to use an English, or an Englishman a foreign date? (Heinemann.)

A HISTORY OF GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD S. PRIOR, M.A.

This handsome volume, liberally illustrated with the most lucid of diagrams and with a number of admirable architectural drawings by Mr. Gerald C. Horsley, is uniform with Mr. Blomfield's well-known *History of Renaissance Architecture*. That is already a standard authority on its subject: so should this be. Mr. Prior writes of the great ecclesiastical architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with genuine enthusiasm and ample learning. His differentiation of structures and styles and schools is no merely formal or pedantic one. He strives to correlate these with their underlying causes in the mason-craft of the various groups of English stone-quarries, in the diverse architectural needs of the monastic, the cathedral, the parish systems. You may read his book, if you will, as a complement, or indeed an antidote, to Prof. Moore's *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture*, a revised and enlarged edition of which we lately noticed in these columns. Prof. Moore found the essence of Gothic in "a system of mechanism maintained by thrust and counterthrust," and, in harmony with this definition, declared that true Gothic must only be looked for in France—perfect true Gothic perhaps only at Amiens itself. Mr. Prior protests. He claims a distinct place and dignity for English Gothic, and in fact rejects the fundamental assumption from which Prof. Moore's theory proceeds. The essential aim of Gothic was not structural perfection, but beauty. Economy of material was only the means by which it arrived at beauty. "The Gothic spirit was that of aspiring growth, the leaping upwards of a flame, the piercing of the air with spire and pinnacle, the uplifting of the ribbed vault." Mr. Prior goes on to point out that structural perfection was reached as a means to the realisation of this ideal. Nor will he admit the dependence, often asserted, but hardly proved, of English Gothic upon French models. He claims for the two styles a common origin and independent developments, the English building remaining to the end "monastic," while the great French cathedrals were the monuments of "lay" or at least "secular" artists, in more or less conscious revolt against monastic domination.

Mr. Prior's treatment is perhaps hardly as wide as his title, for nine-tenths of the book is devoted to architecture. Sculpture, painting, glass-staining, and the like are treated with comparative slightness in so far as they serve the master art; and the minor and domestic arts hardly at all. In conclusion, Mr. Prior has our sympathy in his vigorous onslaughts upon the practice of so-called "restoration." Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr. T. G. Jackson, and other eminent persons, have amongst them destroyed more mediæval buildings than all the Puritans, and five centuries of wind and weather. (Bell. 31s. 6d.)

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA. BY LOUIS FRECHETTE.

Few people in England realise how the old French life and character still survive in Canada among a hardy race, transplanted under the old monarchy, and living contentedly under the British flag, secure from the revolutions and civil tumults which have distracted its mother country. To those who know the Frenchman of the Continent it seems little short of incredible that men of the same race should live among the snows of the far north, a race of farmers and trappers and *voyageurs*, free from the nervousness and excitability which distinguish their cousins left behind in Europe. M. Louis Frechette is a French Canadian who, with the laudable ambition of bringing home the characteristics of his race to the English public, has written in his second language, English, a collection of short stories and sketches dealing with the North-West. He takes us to the settler's isolated cottage, the well-to-do farmer's residence, and the homes of the city, revives the old legends, and brings back to life the

picturesque types whose idiom, habits, costumes, and superstitions have disappeared, or are disappearing rapidly. The stories are altogether delightful, and being written in a tongue slightly unfamiliar to the author, have an additional charm. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

THE XCVTH REGIMENT IN THE CRIMEA. BY MAJOR H. C. WYLLY.

This little volume is the first of the "Derbyshire Campaign Series," and will be followed by four other books dealing with the battles of the 95th in India and Egypt. The series makes an admirable start, and, with the exception of Balaclava, in which the regiment was not engaged, gives a sketch of the whole Crimean campaign. Being told from the point of view of a regimental unit, the story has more actuality than if it dealt with the whole army. By way of comparison with the present war it will be interesting to note that of the thirty-two officers who embarked in 1854 no fewer than twenty-two were killed or wounded, one receiving more than twenty wounds. Of the sergeants nineteen out of forty-six were killed or wounded within six weeks of landing, while of the rank and file 350 were killed or wounded in the three days' fighting in the autumn of 1854. Major Wyllly has produced a very excellent instalment of regimental history. (Sonnenschein.)

SPORT AND LIFE.

BY BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

Mr. Baillie-Grohman is well known as a climber of mountains and a shooter of big game, and any book by him commands the instant respect of all sportsmen. The handsome volume which he has just issued tells the story of fifteen years, on and off, in the hunting grounds of Western America and British Columbia. For some years Mr. Baillie-Grohman's temporary home was on the Pacific Slope, and he crossed the ocean to and from Europe some thirty times in that period. His earlier chapters deal with shooting big game and the Game Laws of America. Perhaps to the general reader the most interesting chapters will be those which tell how Kootenay emerged from its wild state, with stories of real Wild West experiences. Mrs. Baillie-Grohman contributes an informing chapter on "The Yellow and White Agony," which is, being interpreted, the Servant Question in the West. The book is illustrated with seventy-seven photographs, including pictures of the best trophies of North American big game killed by English and American sportsmen. This is a book for the country house, and for everyone who cares for free out-of-door life and untrammelled sport. (Horace Cox.)

Fiction.

Savrola: a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania. By Winston Spencer Churchill. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE situation of the republic of Laurania is not precisely defined by Mr. Churchill, but it undoubtedly lies somewhere between the Mediterranean and the Baltic, and it might fairly be called, in some respects, a "composite photograph" of sundry European states. Laurania had suffered for five years from a military dictatorship imposing itself by force against the will of the people, and the tale tells how, and with what bloodshed and dishonour, this dictatorship was overthrown. Savrola was the chivalrous leader of the people, and he is a fine character, though rather inclined to emit "views." The Dictator's wife, Lucile, is shamefully permitted by her husband to entangle herself with Savrola for political purposes, but she ends by loving Savrola (this is the "human interest"), and the book concludes with the flight of the lovers from Laurania, the Dictator having met his death.

The various incidents of revolution—the mutiny

of the army, the personal collision between Savrola and the Dictator, the street fighting, and the contest between the navy and the land forts—are described with an expert vigour and picturesqueness; but there is nothing in the book so good as Mr. Churchill's recent narrative in the *Morning Post* of his capture by the Boers. The satire in which the story abounds is rather forcible than keen. Thus, of newspapers, *apropos* of the shooting down of an unarmed mob by the soldiery:

The *Courtier*, the respectable morning journal of the upper classes, regretted that so unseemly a riot should have taken place at the beginning of the season, and expressed a hope that it would not in any way impair the brilliancy of the State Ball which was to take place on the 7th. It gave an excellent account of the President's first ministerial dinner, with the *menu* duly appended, and it was concerned to notice that Señor Louvet, Minister of the Interior, had been suffering from an indisposition which prevented his attending the function. The *Diurnal Gusher*, a paper with an enormous circulation, refrained from actual comments, but published an excellent account of the *massacre*, to the harrowing details of which it devoted much fruity sentiment and morbid imagination.

Savrola is an agreeable, "rattling" book, and an achievement remarkable enough for an author aged twenty-three. It is very obviously the work of a brilliant and original man, a man of multifarious experiences and aptitudes, a man who could shine in whatever quarter he might choose, and shine so that all must gaze on the effulgence of him. But it is not the novel of a novelist. Its real interest lies more in the personality it discloses than in the strength and beauty of the work itself.

Mirry Ann. By Norma Lorimer.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE Isle of Man has of late been vulgarised, not only by its tourists, but also by its novelists; the days of its aloofness and simplicity can never come back. On the other hand, many years will pass before, in the remoter parts of it and in the intimacies of its village life, it loses those characteristics which make it so valuable both to the ethnographer and to the student of human nature. Miss Lorimer, to judge by her acquaintance with Manx customs and her realisation of the Manx spirit, is probably a native of the Isle of Man; but whether she is or not she has written a Manx novel which is at once sincere, poetical, and in the best sense true. She knows the hearts of the fisher folk, and she has felt the influences of Manx landscape, so forbidding and yet so full of sentiment. Those who have idled through the fishing villages that lie between Douglas and Port Erin will appreciate her various descriptions of Colby and the perception that has gone to the making of them. Here is a little night piece:

In the little island there are lingering twilights, and the days were now touching their longest. But the villagers did not wait for darkness to close their day, work began too early for that. Before the heavens had deepened for the night, and while wide-winged bats were still floundering in the sky, the house-doors were shut and the white window-blinds drawn closely down. Enough coal and light had to be burned in the winter; and if in late spring-time it was still grey twilight when chapel was over, and the evening meal finished, what need was there of the unnecessary extravagance of burning lamp-oil? Here and there a light could be seen from some low window, where the geraniums and fuchsias, which shut out the bright sunshine in the daytime, were now reflected like skeleton flowers on the white blinds. At regular intervals of time Langness lighthouse from its distant point shot out its bright shaft and turned it on the village as if to show with greater distinctness the still peacefulness of the scene. Even on such an eventful day as this, if their men were at sea, bed-time came soon for the women, and the Colby street was early quiet. A new day would begin betimes, with its gossip and its sadness.

Beyond saying that the heroine is well and strongly drawn, we have no space to deal with the characters or the plot of *Mirry-Ann*; nor are these so important as the general atmosphere and suggestiveness of the book as a whole. Miss Lorimer has obvious limitations as a prose artist, and the slow march of her events by no means possesses that inevitability which is essential in a great novel. *Mirry-Ann*, in fact, is not a great novel; scarcely even a fine one; but it is distinguished for all that, and Miss Lorimer has within her the root of the matter.

The White Dove. By William J. Locke.
(Lane. 6s.)

We would not deny that this is a novel somewhat beyond the average in conception, and much beyond the average in execution, but at the same time we do not think that Mr. Locke is travelling along the true path of development. In fact, this seems to us the least satisfactory of his four novels. It is often mawkish—and that is the whole of our charge against it. The book is a tale of two adulteries; but this accident of theme has nothing to do with the mawkishness, for the story is neither impure nor ignobly suggestive. One of Mr. Locke's characters has a phrase, "the banality of meretricious prettiness." It is of this banality that Mr. Locke is guilty. An extract will illustrate:

"Perhaps after a time, when I am dead and gone—a man must die some day, you know—you'll like to come back to the old house and devote yourself entirely to research and be independent of two-guinea fees and that kind of thing. That would be nice, wouldn't it, Ella?"

The girl's heart throbbed at the share implied, but a tenderer feeling quieted it at once.

"It would be impossible without you, Uncle Matthew," she said.

He rose with a laugh. "None of us are indispensable, not even the most futile. I'm going to dress. You'll dine here, of course, Syl? And Ella, tell them to get up some of the '84' Pommery to drink good luck to Syl."

He walked out of the room with the brisk air of a man thoroughly pleased with life; but outside, in the passage, his face grew sad, and he mounted the stairs to his dressing-room very slowly, holding on to the balusters.

The younger folks remained for a while longer in the library. Sylvester bent forward and broke a great lump of coal with the poker.

"I'm not fit to black his boots, you know."

The sentimentality of the book is too crude. Mr. Locke is a clever man, with a feeling for art, and we cannot avoid the suspicion that in *The White Dove* he has sought to please others rather than himself. If the book is a full and sincere expression of the artist in him, then it seriously belies the promise of earlier work.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

ANDROMEDA.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan has chosen an admirable setting for his new story. It is on Canvey Island, that low, desolate strip of mud and grass opposite Benfleet, between Gravesend and the Nore, that we meet "Anniedromedy," as she is called by her foster-parents. "Half mermaid and half able seaman is our gel!" says old Endell, the fisherman. To young Somerset, the artist, she is the Goddess of Canvey Island. A story of love, a birth-mystery, art, water, and moonlight. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S MERCY.

By MAXWELL GRAY.

Stories by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*. The first, which gives the book its title, tells how a young doctor drank, and maltreated his wife; and how, in the end, she took to drink, was attended by her husband (now reformed) and died forgiving him. (Heinemann. 6s.)

NEMO.

By THEO. DOUGLAS.

Those who accept occult phenomena, and those who associate them with imposture, will alike be interested in this strong and well-constructed story by the author of *Iras: a Mystery*. The characters of the unscrupulous old conjurer, "Professor" Bannerman, and his frail and psychologically gifted daughter, Mary, are well drawn. Mystery, excitement, humbug, and detection keep the story thoroughly alive, and the love interest is never dropped. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A MAN OF HIS AGE.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

Readers of historical novels may remember an excellent story of Coligny's day entitled *For the Religion*. The present work is a sequel to that book, containing the further adventures of Blaise de Bernaud. It is equally rich in good intrigue and fighting. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE WEB OF FATE.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

Another of this practised writer's carefully constructed melodramatic stories. It is perhaps enough to say that the central character plots to kill his old sweetheart and her husband on their wedding day by luring them into a quicksand; and is afterwards captured, hounded, and tied to a mill-wheel, which is then set in motion. The rest must be looked for by the reader. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE WHITE TERROR.

By FELIX GRAS.

The success enjoyed in this country by Félix Gras' *The Reds of the Midi* will incline many readers to read this romance of the French Revolution and the years following that cataclysm. The story extends to the battle of Waterloo and is all action. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE LOYAL HUSSAR.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

Fourteen stories by the author of *A Fellow of Trinity*. The first three are military, and each is prefaced by a quotation from "The Absent-Minded Beggar." In "The Loyal Hussar," a young lover hearing, on the day that his banns have been published for the second time, that there has been another reverse in South Africa, gives himself up as a deserter in order to rejoin his regiment at the front. It is not, we believe, a sure way, but apparently he was successful. Of what happened after that the author is silent. (Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE ENGRAFTED ROSE.

By EMMA BROOKE.

A new novel by the author of *A Superfluous Woman*. The title refers to Rosamunda Thoresbye, a changeling. For three-quarters of the book the reader knows that she is a changeling, but can only suspect at random whose child she really is. An implacable old Squire, an ill-fated estate, and the two lovers of Rosamunda help to make up a story which would be more attractive were it not so heavily charged with fate and the sense of impending calamity. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MARVELS AND MYSTERIES.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Oh, the blessedness of Scotland Yard! "Mr. Bidder had a telegram in his hand. Here it is: 'Come up at once. Stone, Scotland Yard.' Mr. Bidder was the senior partner in the firm of Bidder, Tuxwell, and Harris, of Birkenhead." Of course. Such stories are always readable. We advance to yarns about hypnotic suggestion, and metempsychosis—nine entertaining stories in all. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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Unfinished.*

MR. STEEVENS'S journalistic method was in danger of tiring by its brilliance. His hail-storms of observation were magnificent, but their very fascination had their own monotony. The fact is, that the new and sensitive journalism which he originated, and which gave him his opportunities, employed only those faculties which were of instant market value. They left in abeyance so much that should have warmed, softened, modified, and given enduring import to his hot impressionism. Acting in strict and dutiful concert with his employers, Mr. Steevens collected raw material with unexampled quickness, and sent it to London, duly made up, with elfish skill and promptitude. But it was made up for to-morrow's use; it was a brilliant contribution to the breakfast-table. Mr. Steevens would have claimed no more. And yet more may be unhesitatingly granted. There is reason to think that the man who, at thirty, had developed certain literary powers so far, would have developed those other powers and qualities which were needed to give his writings the form and significance of literature. Emotion, reflection; revelation of personality, and not merely of personal faculties; spiritual, as distinct from physical, keenness of vision; these, and the ripeness which comes at its own pace, would have touched Mr. Steevens's powers to deeper issues. But it was not to be.

It was not to be; and with gratitude and interest we accept the last expression of Mr. Steevens's genius as a descriptive writer. There is little in the book before us that calls for new remark. Still we notice that it is precisely when things are "humming" that the writing is best. Steevens was a little at loss when dulness reigned. He would not relax his method, look within himself, and indulge other powers than those he was sent out to exercise; duty forbade, the conditions forbade. But when the bugles blared with purpose, what vigour, what efficiency! Mr. Steevens never did anything better than his account of Elandslaagte, unless it was his account of Omdurman. Perhaps Omdurman gave him the finer opportunity, for nothing like that host advancing in white linen and the love of Allah has been seen or heard of by living men. But now take the battle of lead and water—Elandslaagte:

It was about a quarter to five, and it seemed curiously dark for the time of day. No wonder—for as the men moved forward before the enemy the heavens were opened. From the eastern sky swept a sheer sheet of rain. With the first stabbing drops horses turned their heads away, trembling, and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting-paper. The air was filled with hissing; underfoot you could see solid earth melting into mud, and mud flowing away in water. It blotted out hill and dale and enemy in one grey curtain of swooping water. You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of man. And through it the guns still thundered and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on.

* From *Capetown to Ladysmith: an Unfinished Record of the South African War*. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)

The infantry came among the boulders and began to open out. The supports and reserves followed up. And then, in a twinkling, on the stone-pitted hill-face burst loose that other storm—the storm of lead, of blood, of death. In a twinkling the first line were down behind rocks, firing fast, and the bullets came flicking round them. Men stopped and started, staggered, and dropped limply, as if the string were cut that held them upright. The line pushed on; the supports and reserves followed up. A colonel fell, shot in the arm; the regiment pushed on.

Unwillingly we break the red-hot chain of narrative, and seize a later, the supreme, moment:

Fix bayonets! Staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slamming every man who could move into the line. Line—but it was a line no longer. It was a surging wave of men—Devons and Gordons, Manchester and Light Horse all mixed, inextricably; subalterns commanding regiments, soldiers yelling advice, officers firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling, all drunk with battle, showing through hell to the throat of the enemy. And there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last Boers galloping out of it. There also—thank Heaven, thank Heaven!—were squadrons of Lancers and Dragoon Guards storming in among them, shouting, spearing, stamping them into the ground. Cease fire!

How sure and vivid, too, is the after-picture of the old wounded Boer on the dark hill-side:

We found Mr. Kok, father of the Boer general and member of the Transvaal Executive, lying high up on the hill—a massive, white-haired patriarch, in a black frock-coat and trousers. With simple dignity, with the right of a dying man to command, he said in his strong voice: "Take me down the hill and lay me in a tent; I am wounded with three bullets."

Few Englishmen read those sentences in the *Daily Mail* without misgiving, none without pity.

Mr. Steevens's more humorous and dramatic vein is seen in the chapter "In a Conning Tower." They were drinking draught beer when the boom of a gun was heard. The captain picked up his stick and said "Come." They climbed up a ladder of rock and looked abroad.

"That gunner," said the captain, waving his stick at Surprise Hill, "is a German. Nobody but a German atheist would have fired on us at breakfast, lunch, and dinner the same Sunday. It got too hot when he put one ten yards from the cook. Anybody else we could have spared; then we had to go."

We come to what looks like a sandbag redoubt, but in the eyes of heaven is a conning-tower. . . .

"Left-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," said a bluejacket, with his eyes glued to binoculars. "At the balloon"—and presently we heard the weary pinions of the shell, and saw the little puff of white below.

"Ring up Mr. Halsey," said the captain.

Then I was aware of a sort of tarpaulin cupboard under the breastwork, of creeping trails of wire on the ground, and of a couple of sappers.

The corporal turned down his page of *Harmsworth's Magazine*, laid it on the parapet, and dived under the tarpaulin.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! buzzed the telephone bell.

The gaunt, up-towering mountains, the long, smooth, deadly guns—and the telephone bell!

If anything could add to the sadness of Mr. Steevens's death it is the sharp-set life that one meets in the best of these pages. Life, quick life, abounds, and vision such as one cannot associate with the darkness of death. There is a grim oddness in his remark, when he caught sight of Table Mountain in this his last journey—"more like a coffin than a table." A thousand regrets linger round this book, and hopes that almost refuse to die with him who inspired them. But the closing memorial chapter, written by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, recalls alike the certainty and the seriousness of our loss.

Things Seen.

Imperialism.

SUDDENLY through the open window came the joyous sound of fifes, cheers, and the rhythmic tramp of trained feet. Idly I turned to the window, and there were the men in khaki swinging down the street. The sun shone out, the fifes set the blood galloping, the people shouted, and the dark houses were alight with waving handkerchiefs. Overhead—strong, stern, fatherly—loomed St. Paul's, and as the men in khaki came swinging round her walls enthusiasm caught me and lifted me out of myself. I swept the world and saw everywhere the children of the old home waving their strong arms, shouting, and hurrying forward to the sound of the Imperial clarion. Patriotism, Imperialism—in a flash I saw all they meant! My temperate blood grew hot, my pulse raced, and leaning from the window I shouted, and cheered, and cried with the rest. The fifes died in the distance, the men in khaki swept westward, the crowd scattered, the omnibuses moved on, and I turned back into the room. A book was lying on the table, a little book, a collection of Coleridge's Table Talk. I opened it at random, and my eye fell upon this passage:

The true key to the declension of the Roman empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words: the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character.

Nevertheless, that afternoon I bought a khaki necktie.

The Lighted Window.

It had been a day of bitter weather—snow, sleet, frost, and a cutting wind, and the sight of my fellow creatures had given me sad thoughts. All mankind seemed to be stunted and warped. The men and women who had flitted past me, shoulders rounded, heads bent, proclaimed in every movement: "See to what mankind has come. We are spoiled by the hard life of cities." And as the cab in which I was seated crawled through the dark streets the procession of these figures passed and repassed before my mind's eye, and I thought hungrily of the ample, simple, joyous life that is our birthright, if we but knew how to claim it.

The rumbling of the cab lessened. I jumped out into the dark, unpropitious night—the night of hurrying, degenerate figures. The cabman, very old and grey, jerked his head towards the horse. It stood staggering, and he himself was frozen with the cold. I paid him, but his numbed hand could not hold the money. It dropped and disappeared in the snow. I gave him more money, doubling it within his listless hand. He swung himself off the box without speaking, coaxed the animal to move homewards, and I, turning away, came full face to a lighted shop window. Straightway that bitter day, and the poor travesties of humanity who had hurried through it, were forgotten. The window was full of glass-covered trays, and in the trays gleamed rainbow humming-birds; moths with diaphanous outstretched wings; butterflies of exquisite workmanship; radiant shells; and iridescent beetles gold and green, green and gold, and of perfect form. That shop-window in a dark London street was sheer loveliness. It proclaimed what all created things should be; what those hurrying, bent, undersized figures might be if man could but read the laws of life and follow them with wisdom. I turned away from that lighted window in the dark London street, but the hurrying, undersized figures no longer clouded my vision. I saw

through them and beyond. And those brave words of Philaster's drummed through my brain.

Oh that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling traits
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue!

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EDOUARD ROD is always a serious and healthy writer. You must not look for wit or humour in his books, still less for eloquence or charm. A prudent reserve is his great characteristic; sincerity and simplicity are his best qualities. His new book, *Au Milieu du Chemin* ("In Life's Middle Way"), is another of his sober studies of the consequences of passion. It breathes of troubled conscience, of an implacable rectitude, and an unsleeping preoccupation with truth. The hero is the inevitable man of letters so dear to the heart of a writer essentially a man of letters himself. He takes his profession gravely, as M. Rod does, but without enthusiasm; is like his creator, dull, sober and sincere. In analysing the position modern life and judgment have made for modern writers, he has the wisdom to pronounce it excessive: he qualifies poets and novelists as "the workmen of the illusions of the heart and the senses."

"Not only do our works harm," he meditates, when brought face to face with the distressing fact that a betrayed girl has committed suicide, prompted by a similar *dénouement* in one of his own novels, which was the last book she read,

it is our life, we ourselves, what we are, what the talent we have has made of us, or the fashion of the hour that has seized us. For we occupy a place prodigiously disproportionate to the efficacy of our social rôle; we are flattered far beyond our merit, unless we should be abused far beyond reason. In each case there is too much noise made about us. At a time when talent is the portion of the man in the street the little each one of us has lays claims to the rights of genius; and the imbecility of the public hastens to grant them. And so each of us grows to regard himself as the axle of the world, and gorges his throat every evening with the day's compliments, is occasionally made drunk by his own immortality as a plausible illusion. And both our life and soul suffer from these excesses. We end by disdaining the common law of men, which alone is good. We take pride in not resembling them or, at least, in possessing something which they lack, a gift that lifts us above them. We want to live after our own fashion with the sentiments, the pleasures, the passions that we guard from the control of usual experience, because they are our own. What errors thus do we commit without suspecting the consequences! What deformities art and poetry cause our being to undergo, even in our very acts . . .

M. Rod excels in a delicate and suggestive examination of conscience. Converted to nationalism under the influence of the eminent Brunetière, the discoverer of Bossuet, who has persuaded him that the entire world, to be logical and sincere, must become Roman Catholic, M. Rod jeers at his old religion, Protestantism; but he may thank that abandoned creed for the one quality that lifts him above the crowd of cheap novelists of the hour. It is because of that individualist training, which excites the anger of M. Brunetière, that M. Rod's heroes go wrong and suffer

and become strong in their own sincere and conscientious way. Their nobility lies in that personal delicacy of moral nature which forbids them facile errors and vulgar pleasures.

This, to-day, in France, suffices to constitute originality. In the end Clarence, the applauded dramatist, has decided he must regularise his relations with a divorced woman, whose faithful lover he has been for years. His arguments at last convince the lady, who, having suffered through marriage, loathes the institution.

We shall grow old without having anything that gives force to life when maturity comes: home, family, sure friends. We shall grow old separated in the eyes of everybody, while alone malicious voices will pronounce our two different names together. Never shall we be entirely the two beings that make but one, the strong single trunk from whence spread the branches of the future. Each will follow his way. For the moment our ways are mingled. But dare we assert that the chances of the journey will not separate them? So many can rise up at any moment. To-morrow, in an instant, the unexpected may start up between us, and neither our love nor our will suffice to abolish it.

The chain of marriage is such a simple necessity that almost all men accept it without discussion. The book is a moral and sensible one, above all a convincing sermon on the irrefragable necessity for the subservience of the so-called exceptional being to the common laws that have fashioned society, and by which alone society can be maintained.

The Liberal party in France (that is, the old sect of Dreyfusards) gained a triumph last week in the election of M. Paul Hervieu. All the forces of nationalism were brought to bear against him, but in spite of the efforts of that singular pair, MM. Coppée and Lemaitre, Hervieu was elected, to the grief and discomfiture of Nationalists, Catholics, and Royalists. M. Bourget, whose conversion has cast him upon the bosom of Brunetière, forgets his old masters and his old loves, Taine and Zola, and now wars against intellect and individuality, and, of course, voted against M. Hervieu. For the Academy has, alas! become an arena of politics instead of a temple of literature.

M. Auguste Filon's new book, *Sous la Tyrannie*, is a feeble satire upon Republicanism, and the no less feeble portrayal of life under the Second Empire. Gambetta is naturally a lively and obvious prey of the Imperialist caricaturist. But Gambetta has been turned to such vivid and excellent account by Daudet that we were in no need of M. Filon's insignificant portrait. Had Daudet not written *Numa Roumestan* M. Filon's false great man might have seemed to us a clever seizure of a type. The story is well written, but not exciting. The sordid-minded poet, histrionic, lying and hypocritical, excellent man of affairs, is doubtless a squalid caricature of Victor Hugo.

H. L.

Correspondence.

Stevenson's Beginnings.

SIR,—The following notes on the original publication of *Treasure Island* may help to resolve Mr. W. E. Henley's doubts.

The editor and proprietor of *Young Folks' Paper*, to whom Mr. Henley refers in his article in the *North American Review*, was Mr. James Henderson. Mr. Henderson is not dead, as Mr. Henley "rather thinks," although *Young Folks' Paper* is long since defunct. The paper was started some thirty years ago as a juvenile offshoot from the same proprietor's prosperous *Weekly Budget*, and it bore originally the title *Our Young Folks' Weekly Budget*. At the time when "Treasure Island" appeared in its columns it had

become known as *Young Folks*. In subsequent stages of its career it passed successively under the names of *Young Folks' Paper* and *Old and Young*.

It was Dr. Japp, I believe, who introduced Stevenson to Mr. Henderson. This was early in the year 1881. Mr. Henderson offered to take a story from the young Scotsman, and, as indicating the kind of story he desired for *Young Folks*, he gave to Stevenson copies of the paper containing a serial by Charles E. Pearce—a treasure-hunting story, entitled "Billy Bo's'n." In his "My First Book" article in the *Idler*, Stevenson seems to suggest that "Treasure Island" was already formed and planned in his mind prior to the time at which it was thought of as a serial for *Young Folks*; but there is evidence that in "Billy Bo's'n" he found and adopted many suggestions and incidents for his own narrative.

As a result of his introduction to Mr. Henderson, Stevenson wrote his story of Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver, and sent it in with the title of "The Sea Cook." Mr. Henderson did not like the name "The Sea Cook," and took an editor's privilege of altering it to "Treasure Island." The first instalment was published on October 1, 1881. Stevenson's name was not on it: it was set forth as being by Capt. George North, to convey the idea that it was the work of a mariner. It was not considered of great importance in the paper, for it occupied a second place to a serial called "Don Zalva the Brave," by Mr. Alfred R. Phillips, one of the "masters" whom Mr. Henley refers to as being "in no wise model citizens." Only the first instalment was illustrated—by a rude woodcut representing Billy Bones chasing Black Dog out of the "Admiral Benbow." The subsequent seventeen instalments were foisted into the paper in dribbles of two or three columns of small type.

Mr. Henley is right in his belief that "Treasure Island" was as a serial a comparative failure. It certainly did not raise the circulation of *Young Folks* by a single copy. Far different, however, was the effect of "The Black Arrow." This story was written designedly, and again at the suggestion of Mr. Henderson, in the style of historical narrative which had proved so popular in the stories of Mr. Alfred Phillips. It appeared in *Young Folks* from June 30 to October 30, 1883, by "Captain George North" again, and was enormously successful with boy readers, raising the circulation of the paper by many hundreds of copies a week.

I had myself the privilege of being editor of *Young Folks' Paper* at the time when Stevenson was living in Bournemouth, and I remember writing asking him for a new serial story in 1885. He agreed to write one, but demanded higher terms than those which had satisfied him in the cases of "Treasure Island" and "The Black Arrow." "You must pay me not less than thirty shillings a column," he wrote. The columns, I may say, contained each about 1,200 words. There was no haggling over terms such as these. Mr. Henderson, indeed, at once offered a considerably higher price for the work. The required story was frequently delayed, but at last it appeared as "Kidnapped," and ran serially in *Young Folks* from May to July, 1886.

In preparing "Treasure Island" for book publication, Stevenson did not alter much. Here and there he struck out a paragraph, here and there he added one. He softened down the boastfulness of Jim Hawkins's personal narrative, and Dr. Livesay, who was originally somewhat frivolous and familiar in his language, he made more staid, as became one of his profession. In only one instance was a chapter heading altered—"At the Sign of the Spy Glass" being substituted for "The Sea Cook."—I am, &c.,

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

40, Abbey-road, N.W.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE BOER STATES: LAND AND PEOPLE.

BY PROF. A. H. KEANE.

With the dignity of a scholar, and an accomplished ethnologist, Prof. Keane says: "This volume is not meant to be a fugitive piece . . . Written in the interests neither of Boer nor Briton, it aims at presenting a permanent record, such as may be consulted with confidence, of the more salient aspects of the Land and People." A work of clear aims and thorough execution. (Methuen. 6s.)

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY EDWARD PINNINGTON.

Not every volume of the "Famous Scots" series has appealed to English folk, but this biographical sketch of Sir David Wilkie should find readers everywhere. Still, Mr. Pinnington does right to restore Wilkie to his own country and kindred, and to maintain that the artist who spent most of his life in London was by temperament and constitution a Scot. (Oliphant. 1s. 6d.)

A HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

BY DR. HARALD HOFFDING.

We have here a portly contribution to the history of Philosophy, emanating from Copenhagen, where the author occupies a professorial chair. It is a characteristic circumstance, however, that the present translation, by Mr. B. E. Meyer, is from the German edition of the work. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. TRANS. BY JOHN ANDREWS.

Mr. Andrews has tried his hand at translating Xavier le Maistre's little masterpiece, and has produced a pleasing version. The "Journey" was written by le Maistre when, as a young soldier, he was confined to his quarters for forty-two days in consequence of a duel. The book is too well known to need description, but its humour, suggestive of Sterne, and its whimsical reflections, which are not unlike Elia, will always keep it green. (Bryan & Co.)

HOW WOMEN MAY EARN A LIVING.

BY HELEN CHURCHILL CANDLER.

"To all those women who labour through necessity and not caprice": such is the dedication of this attractive series of papers on "The Ideal Boarding-House," "Footlights," "Household Industries," "Architecture and Interiors," "Opportunities in Shops," and many other new-womanly industries. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Benson (Edward White), The Apocalypse: An Introductory Study of the Revelation of St. John the Divine (Macmillan) net	8/6
Gray (G. B.), The Divine Discipline of Israel (Black) net	2/6
Biggs (C. R. D.), The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians (Methuen) net	1/6
Wright (Rev. A.), The Gospel According to St. Luke in Greek (Macmillan) net	7/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

From the Book Beautiful (Greening)	3/6
Milligan (Alice), The Last Feast of the Fianna (Nutt) net	7/6
Bentley (H. C.), Poems (Hatchards)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Robinson (Wilfrid C.), Bruges: An Historical Sketch (De Plancke, Bruges)	
Badham (F. P.), Nelson at Naples: Refuting Recent Misstatements of Captain Mahan and Prof. J. K. Langton (Nutt)	1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Jevons (Frank B.), Evolution (Methuen)	
Andrews (W.), The Diurnal Theory of the Earth (Sampson Low)	

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reddie (Cecil), Abbotsholme (Allen) net	10/6
Apollo, Ideal Physical Culture (Greening)	2/6
Keith (G. S.), Plea for a Simpler Life (Black)	2/0
Hastock (Paul N.), Practical Staircase Joinery (Cassell)	1/0

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 23 (New Series).

A NUMBER of interesting replies have followed our request for four-lined mottoes suitable for an aviary. Best we like this:

No blast, no snows shall visit here;
No hawk shall swoop to spoil the nest;
Safe will I keep you thro' the year;
Then sing to me at my behest.

The author is L. Longfield, 15, Parliament-hill, Hampstead Heath; but whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, we have no knowledge, although one clause of the rules, printed each week, specially asks that this information be given.

Among other quatrains are these:

No prisoners we, but, on the wing,
Lightsome and joyous notes we sing;
Nor envy those that cleave the air,
For have we not all love and care?

[C., Redhill.]

"The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

Yea, Omar, these too have their little day,
And, wisely, fret not at their bars, but sing!

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Tho' our flight's not bounded
By the sky above,
Yet our life is rounded
By the hands of Love.

[T. V. N., South Woodford.]

This prison will but safety bring:
Yet should you for the lost scenes long,
Fret not that idle lies the wing,
But seek the skies again in song.

[L. L., London.]

H. G. H., Whitby, one of our most faithful competitors, has misread aviary for aviary, and sends the following:

A great queen rules within this humming cone,
Her court full many a slothful fav'rite see,
Yet—mark the moral!—at the last each drone
Falleth a prey to the assiduous bees.

Replies received also from W. E. T., Caterham; W. C. T., Liverpool; T. H. S., London; C. S. O., Brighton; T. E. O., Brighton; E. H. H., London; E. K. L., Birkenhead; L. M. L., Stafford; W. T. B., Manchester; E. W. London; R. H. L. S., Edinburgh; A. S., Edinburgh; R. W. M., London; K. E. B., Edgbaston; A. D. B., Liverpool; K. J. W., Gerrards Cross; A. D. H., Hove; J. D. A., London; R. O. B., London; R. M., Brighton; B. E., London; T. J. B., London; L. W., London; N. A., Beckenham.

Competition No. 24 (New Series).

We have been hearing a great deal of late about the best books for children; but nothing has been said of a branch of children's literature which is of high importance, and in the choice of which many parents are much in need of help. We refer to what are known in the family as Sunday books. We offer a prize of a guinea this week for the best list of ten Sunday books for children.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 192, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Babie, Saltire, Portage, Carl Grimm, Kingston, Bodno, M. Dunois, Larmia, Non Spero, Fern Seed, Psyche, Labia Minor, Charon, Job, The Scarlet Gown, Jack Straw, Puck.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BRIDE ELECT."

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NEMO. By THEO. DOUGLAS,

Author of "A Bride Elect," "Iras: a Mystery," "Carr of Dimcaur," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PART I., NOW READY.

THE HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR.

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS, PLANS, PORTRAITS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In Fortnightly Parts of 40 pp. each, crown 4to, 1s. each Part.

MESSRS. METHUEN have much pleasure in announcing that they are about to issue a military history of the present campaign in South Africa which shall supply the public with a connected and impartial account of the stirring events of the Boer War.

The text has been based primarily on official despatches, while free use has been made of the copious reports of correspondents and private letters. The best foreign criticisms, especially those of German experts, have been studied.

The work will be published in Fortnightly Parts. Parts I., II., and III. will include an Introduction dealing fully with the Boer forces and armaments and the history of the campaign in Natal down to the investment of Ladysmith. Parts IV. and V. will deal with the mobilisation of the Army Corps, and the operations of Lord Methuen and General Gatacre down to the battles of Stormberg and Magersfontein. The author has endeavoured to write with impartiality and accuracy, and he has very sparingly employed criticism of the tactics of individual generals.

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Great FRENCH TRIBUTE to WELLINGTON and the BRITISH ARMY of TO-DAY.

"THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES"
(the French *Nineteenth Century*), in its recent
Review of the War in South Africa, says:

"IF WELLINGTON CONQUERED
NAPOLEON it was not because of any
intellectual superiority, but by reason of that
OOOL STUBBORNNESS which his
countrymen of to-day have certainly not lost,
but which is also possessed in no less degree by
their present adversaries in South Africa.....

"Recent events have reminded the English
that campaigns begun by them with recesses
have often ended in victory for their arms, due
more to their stubborn tenacity than to their
courage, unsurpassed though that is.

"The battles on the Modder and Tugela
remind them of those famous LINES OF
TORRES VEDRAS, where Wellington
held at bay all the efforts of Napoleon's armies;
vainly they dashed themselves against that wall
of iron, yet they were composed of heroic
soldiers led by generals used to 'la grande
guerre.'

"This little corner of Portugal was the
theatre—we may say it although we were the
defeated—of ONE OF THE MOST
GLORIOUS MILITARY EVENTS IN
THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.
The English were invincible behind those
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The Literary Week.

THE *Author* is in meddlesome travail over the clause of our Special Competitions announcement which says: "The editor reserves the right of printing any of the MSS. sent in." This simple and usual condition was made in order that we might be free to print, for the encouragement of the writers, a few of the unsuccessful attempts. How does the *Author* interpret our words? Why, thus:

As it stands, which of course cannot be meant, this clause gives the editor all the MSS. sent in: he may do what he pleases with them—i.e., he may, if he pleases, sell them to other papers without giving the authors anything.

"Which, of course, cannot be meant." Then why suggest it, and why elaborate this idea—as the *Author* does at considerable length? We do not believe that our intentions are misunderstood, still less suspected, by a single one of our readers or competitors—the only people concerned. The suggestion that our clause might enable us to set up a MS. shop is surely the wildest ever made by the *Author*, and that is saying a good deal.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been given a pass by Lord Roberts, enabling him to go wherever he pleases in South Africa. That promises well for the booksellers.

A POSTHUMOUS book by Mr. Traill, not, unfortunately, in his humorous vein, will be published this month. A contribution to Messrs. Sands's "Imperial Interests" series, it will tell the story of Egypt from the date of English intervention.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, in her new novel *The Farringdons*, will follow the method, for which there are many precedents, of introducing characters from former novels. Thus Isabel Carnaby will appear, and Lady Silverhampton from *The Double Thread*. *The Farringdons* is mainly a story of Methodist life in the Midlands.

WE have received the following letter:

SIR,—I see by the ACADEMY that Mr. A. B. Walkley has been made dramatic critic of the *Times*. *Who is he?* Evidently I ought to know as his "volatile personality" is recognised by you. I plead ignorance.—I am, &c.,

F. C. BURNAND.

Mr. Burnand is quite right, he ought to know. But perhaps he wrote his letter as a joke for *Punch*—and rejected it.

A SUPPLEMENTAL volume of *Who's Who* has been issued dealing with personalities at the war. The biography of Sir Redvers Buller is more accurate, but not so amusing, as the following from *Books of To-Day*:

Buller, General Rt. Hon. Sir Redvers Henry, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.B.; b. 1839. General Commanding in Chief of Forces, Natal. Origin of name unknown, but supposed to be the comparative of John Bull. *Recreations*: Reading (anything but Joubert's Maxims) and crossing rivers. *Mottoes*: "No cross no crown," and "Faint heart never won fair Lady(smith)." *Club*: White's.

THE present war has created the woman war correspondent. Lady Sarah Wilson is in Mafeking, and Miss Mary H. Kingale has just left for South Africa to represent the *Morning Post*.

WHO would have thought that a Special Army Order issued in 1900 would destroy the significance of a popular song written in 1798:

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,

They are hanging men and women for the wearing o' the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,

But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under-foot 'tis trod.—From "The Wearing of the Green," 1798.

GALLANTRY OF IRISH REGIMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA—DISTINCTION TO BE WORN ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Her Majesty the Queen is pleased to order that in future, upon St. Patrick's Day, all ranks in Her Majesty's Irish regiments shall wear, as a distinction, a sprig of shamrock in their head-dress, to commemorate the gallantry of her Irish soldiers during the recent battles in South Africa.—From a *Special Army Order*, 1900.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, who began his career as an actor in Mr. Benson's company, will give a reading of *Paolo and Francesca* at 20, Dean's-yard, Westminster, on Thursday, March 29th. Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce will be Mr. Phillips's host and hostess. The public, we understand, can purchase tickets.

THE Queen has accepted a copy of Mr. G. W. Steevens's *From Capetown to Ladysmith*. In acknowledging the volume Sir Arthur Bigge wrote to Messrs. Blackwood & Sons: "I have to express the Queen's sympathy with Mrs. Steevens in the sad loss of her husband, cut off in the midst of his brilliant and useful career."

AGAIN we must testify to the excellence of Messrs. Gay & Bird's series of leather-bound Babelots. The latest contain the shorter poems of Keats, and it is a perfect pocket volume.

IN the course of the action by Mr. Edward Vizetelly against Mudie's Select Library, Limited, heard this week by Mr. Justice Grantham, one or two interesting statements about this old-established library were made. This was the first libel action that had been brought against it. From five thousand to six thousand books are offered by publishers to Mudie's annually. About four thousand are taken. The library has special "readers" for new French and German books, but not for English books, though some supervision is exercised over these also.

PROF. KNAPP has shown much tact in keeping his editorship of George Borrow's *Lavengro*, the first volume of the new edition of Borrow's works which he is editing, as inconspicuous as possible. This is all the more praiseworthy because his editorial services have been unusually large and important. The text of the present edition is based on the first issue of 1851, and seven passages of considerable length which Borrow for some reason suppressed in MS. have been restored to their original places in the story. These hitherto unpublished episodes will, of course, awaken the highest interest in all good Borrowians. Not one of them is short enough to quote here, but we are tempted to give a portion of the scene which Prof. Knapp calls

CROMWELL'S STATUE AND THE "DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

At last I came to a kind of open place from which three large streets branched, and in the middle of the place stood the figure of a man on horseback. It was admirably executed, and I stood still to survey it.

"Is that the statue of Cromwell?" said I to a drayman who was passing by, driving a team of that enormous breed of horses which had struck me on the bridge.

"Who?" said the man in a surly tone, stopping short.

"Cromwell," said I; "did you never hear of Oliver Cromwell?"

"Oh, Oliver," said the drayman, and a fine burst of intelligence lighted up his broad English countenance. "To be sure I have; yes, and read of him too. A fine fellow was Oliver, master, and the poor man's friend. Whether that's his figure, though, I can't say. I hopes it be." Then, touching his hat to me, he followed his gigantic team, turning his head to look at the statue as he walked along.

That man, had he lived in Oliver's time, would have made a capital Ironside, especially if mounted on one of those dray horses of his. I remained looking at the statue some time longer. Turning round, I perceived that I was close by a bookseller's shop, into which, after deliberating a moment, I entered. An elderly, good-tempered looking man was standing behind the counter.

"Have you the *Dairyman's Daughter*?" I demanded.

"Just one copy, young gentleman," said the bookseller, rubbing his hands; "you are just in time, if you want one; all the rest are sold."

"What kind of character does it bear?"

"Excellent character, young gentleman; great demand for it; held in much esteem, especially by the Evangelical party."

"Who are the Evangelical party?"

"Excellent people, young gentleman, and excellent customers of mine," rubbing his hands; "but setting that aside," he continued gravely, "religious, good men."

"Not a set of canting scoundrels?"

The bookseller had placed a small book upon the counter; but he now suddenly snatched it up and returned it to the shelf; then, looking at me full in the face, he said, quietly: "Young gentleman, I do not wish to be uncivil, but you had better leave the shop."

THERE has been much talk—and, we suspect, little understanding—of the term symbolism as applied to certain modern developments in literature. It was therefore to be desired that an enthusiast should tell English readers what is understood by symbolism by those who profess it, and how and why they came to profess it at all. Accordingly Mr. Arthur Symons has written an account of latter-day literary symbolism in the form of a series of essays on the symbolists themselves—from Gérard de Nerval, who is put forward as its unconscious father, to Maurice Maeterlinck, who "has realised, better than any one else, the significance, in life and art, of mystery."

An interesting feature of the book is Mr. Symons's dedicatory letter to his brother in symbolism, Mr. W. B. Yeats. In the course of this letter, which, in a double sense, is italicised, Mr. Symons says:

I speak often in this book of Mysticism, and that I, of all people, should venture to speak, not quite as an outsider, of such things, will probably be a surprise to many. It will be no surprise to you, for you have seen me gradually finding my way, uncertainly but inevitably, in that direction which has always been to you your natural direction. Still, as I am, so meshed about with the variable and too clinging appearances of things, so weak before the delightfulness of earthly circumstance, I hesitate sometimes in saying what I have in my mind, lest I should seem to be saying more than I have any personal right to say. But what, after all, is one's personal right? How insignificant a matter to anyone but oneself, a matter how deliberately to be disregarded in that surely impersonal utterance which comes to one in one's most intimate thinking about beauty and truth and the deeper issues of things!

THE mind which accepts symbolism with British caution, and finds much that passes for symbolism ridiculous, is reflected in an article on Maeterlinck, which Mr. A. R. Ropes contributes to the *Contemporary*. Mr. Ropes's contention is that symbolism should be used only when the writer has a meaning which cannot be put into plain words, or cannot be expressed in proper artistic form. "Beyond this symbolism is unnecessary and irritating. A painter may symbolise . . . , but for him willfully to abstain from rendering what *can* be rendered truthfully would be coxcombry." Applying such tests to Maeterlinck, Mr. Ropes asks:

Is Maeterlinck's written dialogue such that his silences can be credited with an infinity of meaning? Never, or hardly ever, do his characters utter the inevitably right word of passion or emotion: the one speech that the person would say. It is cruel to contrast the riotous exuberance of Shakespeare's young fancy with the absolute Ollendorf of *La Princesse Maleine*. Take the famous dialogue of the Cowherd and the Nurse:

COWHERD. "Good evening!"

NURSE. "Good evening!"

COWHERD. "It is a fine evening."

NURSE. "Yes, fine enough."

COWHERD. "Thanks to the moon."

NURSE. "Yes."

COWHERD. "But it has been hot during the day."

NURSE. "Oh! yes, it has been hot during the day."

COWHERD (*going down to the water*). "I am going to bathe," &c.

This is not simplicity; it is impotence. And it is the same in moments of strong emotion. The characters never speak out their souls like Lear over the dead Cordelia. They simply repeat ejaculations three times. Hjalmar finds his love lying murdered, and this is all he has to say: "Yes! yes! yes! Oh! oh! Come! come! Strangled! strangled! Maleine! Maleine! Maleine! Strangled! strangled! strangled! Oh! oh! oh! Strangled! strangled! strangled!" If this be tragedy, then tragedy can be written with a rubber stamp.

So Mr. Ropes—to whom the essential Maeterlinck has evidently not been revealed.

MR. W. B. YEATS, to whom, as we stated above, Mr. Symons's book on symbolism is dedicated, is himself beckoning us this week into a special path of literature. His collection of modern Irish verse is presented to us with an introduction, in which Mr. Yeats proclaims the existence and the revival of a genuine Irish poetry, native to the soil, and burning only in hearts where Irish ideals are cherished and Irish models loved. Mr. Yeats even believes that the movement for the preservation of Gaelic will result in something far higher. Gaelic is gathering new poets to its service, and Mr. Yeats assures us that some of Dr. Hyde's translations are passed from mouth to mouth, by peasants who can neither read nor

write, in Donegal, Connemara, and Galway. Nor does he doubt that

Ireland, communing with herself in Gaelic more and more, but speaking to foreign countries in English, will lead many that are sick with theories and with trivial emotion to some sweet well-waters of primeval poetry.

Here, at least, is a vernal voice in a tired, bookish age.

Is the general literary worker going to have seven lean years following seven fat years? The soothsayers say so, only they do not limit the years to seven. A little while ago Mr. Andrew Lang solemnly warned us that the age of superannuation for scribblers is getting dangerously near to thirty-five, and that times unpropitious for the providers of literary luxuries are coming upon us. "Claudius Clear," of the *British Weekly*, echoes this gloomy vaticination. There is to be a "Return to Grub Street"—not, indeed, for novelists, who will reside more and more in Park-lane, but for the reviewer, the leader-writer, the literary journalist. Writing in one or in all of these characters, "Claudius" says:

Things do not look so well for us. Leaders are gradually disappearing from the daily papers. The change is very slow, but it is sure. I could easily mention one or two great and powerful papers whose middle pages used to be covered with sparkling and erudite productions, in double-ledged type, containing the richest treasures of long accumulations of common-place books. In these papers now you will find two or, at the furthest, three columns of clear, orderly, business-like writing on the latest telegrams. But the Sala, or shall I say the salad, days are over. The halfpenny papers have come in, and they want no three-deckers. Their leaders are like the American, short and more or less pithy. Then what am I to say about the sixpenny weeklies, from which many of us have derived comfortable incomes? Will it ever be possible to establish another in this country again? Mournful is the story of recent attempts made, in some cases by very able men, but all ending in collapse.

"Claudius" has a suggestion to make. It is that Lord Rowton should be invoked to provide a home, say on the sunny side of Gower-street, for authors whose incomes do not exceed £300 a year.

Thus provided, we should hold the fort till a better time comes, till people grew tired of rubbish, till the system of education in this country was changed. We should be prepared to write for next to nothing, and so to help good papers to live through the time of stress, and with the dawn of a better day we shall be recognised as the saviours of English literature.

"Claudius Clear" bases his remarks on the overwhelming flood of non-literary literature—the "scrap" and "tit-bit" evil in its later portentous developments. That there is another and more hopeful way of regarding this "revolution in journalism" is shown in the article by "E. A. B." which we print this week. Our contributor contends that the masses are reading their way to the light, and that the present dissipation is but a symptom of youth, and of maturity to come.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has sent to the *Cornhill* his Edinburgh address of last November, on the riddle: "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" It is possible to wish to do so, and this wish, deeply felt and constantly used, is all. Certainly Mr. Birrell's expression of this wish was the most eloquent passage in his address:

Speaking for myself, I could wish for nothing better, apart from moral worth, than to be the owner of a taste at once manly, refined, and unaffected, which should enable me to appreciate real excellence in literature and art, and to depreciate bad intentions and feeble execution wherever I saw them. To be for ever alive to merit in poem or in picture, in statue or in bust; to be able to distinguish

between the grand, the grandiose, and the merely bump-tious; to perceive the boundary between the simplicity which is divine and that which is ridiculous, between gorgeous rhetoric and vulgar ornamentation, between pure and manly English, meant to be spoken or read, and sugared phrases, which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction; to feel yourself going out in joyful admiration for whatever is noble and permanent, and freezing inwardly against whatever is pretentious, wire drawn, and temporary—this indeed is to taste of the fruit of the tree, once forbidden, of the knowledge of good and evil.

If Mr. Birrell is not so witty as usual, it is probably because he has a depressing conviction that the literary conditions of the day tend to make "No" the true answer to the question, "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" He happily remarked: "A great crowd of books is as destructive of the literary instinct, which is a highly delicate thing, as is a London evening party of the social instinct." One thing, however, is possible. It is possible to read Shakespeare every day. How many of us do that?

APROPOS Mr. Birrell's remarks, the effect of excessive book production on literature may be studied best in Germany, where the annual production of books is equal to the combined productions of England, France, and the United States. No wonder that Dr. Hans Fischer can write as follows in a Leipzig paper:

In the year 1898 Germany published 23,739 works, which means about sixty-five for every day of the year. Of these, 3,063 belonged to the department of *belles lettres*, or an average of eight and one-sixth volumes per day of epic, dramatic, and lyrical productions. It is not to be wondered at that in view of this productiveness books have lost their influence and their dignity. They are becoming as multitudinous as old coats, and booksellers are beginning to dispose of them by the pound as though they were beefsteaks. And of all these books in the department of *belles lettres* there are exceedingly few that have any worth or value, the majority of them being more than objectionable either from a literary or from a moral point of view.

THE advertisement transparencies which twinkle and change by night in the streets of London are by no means eye-sores, and yet we had not supposed that "Bovril" in letters of fire would inspire poets. A contemporary draws attention to a love-sonnet, by a new singer, which concludes with these lines:

As a tall, gloomy building blazons high
Upon his forehead one bright jewelled name,
Frowning in darkness as the letters die,
Through swift withdrawal of their jetting flame,
To smile again in rows of rosy light
The instant that the sweet name reappears,
So smile I when you cross my inward sight,
Who otherwise am gloomy unto tears.

MESSERS. WARD, LOCK & Co. are about to issue their *Standard Dictionary*, for a short period, at two-thirds of the ordinary price. Thus, in half-russia this dictionary can be obtained for £2 instead of £3, and in the other styles of issue similar reductions are made. The *Standard Dictionary* is a fine work with many admirable features of its own. It contains nearly 5,000 illustrations, specially drawn, and a number of pictures in colour showing the natural colours of birds, gems, and flowers, and the correct appearance of national flags, &c.

THE "And other Stories" nuisance is the theme of a letter we have received from a correspondent, who signs himself "Old Bird." He was recently "gulled into purchasing a work the name of which, upon acquaintance,

proved altogether inappropriate." For less than a third of the volume truthfully represented the advertised title, the remainder being composed of—other stories. The cover of the book followed the same inglorious lines of deception. "In another flagrant example at my elbow only sixteen out of 173 pages give honest fulfilment of obligations; the rest contains—other stories." Our correspondent's grievance is a genuine one.

THE evolution of literary decency is the subject of a paper by Mr. Andrew Lang in the current *Blackwood*. Mr. Lang asks how it was that the coarse animal expedients for raising a laugh used by Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and their contemporaries, were completely abandoned within forty years, never to return. Two causes he finds: the rise of a large and middle-class reading public, and the Wesleyan reformation. As for the "new licence," Mr. Lang thinks its force is expended, but he points out—we are afraid with some justice—that "it is ladies to-day who throw their caps highest over the windmills, both in licentiousness of idea and physical squalor of theme—always, of course, for lofty moral purposes."

Bibliographical.

GOOD Mrs. Inchbald! If she could revisit the glimpses of the moon, she would be inclined, I think, to take pride in the measure of interest in her play called "Lovers' Vows" now being exhibited. 'Twas but a poor play, and lives, one may almost say, only in the pages of Miss Austen. Nevertheless, the "agreeable rattle" who once chattered in the columns of the *Star* has brought to bear upon it a goodly array of learning (it would seem, recently acquired); and Mr. Austin Dobson has not disdained to address my Editor a second time upon the subject. Mrs. Inchbald says, in the preface to her play, that the lines for the rhyming butler were written by the hand which penned the prologue. Mr. Dobson told us last week that John Taylor wrote the rhymes; he now tells us—on Taylor's own authority—that the prologue was by Taylor also. Genest, therefore, was wrong in ascribing the rhymes (and epilogue) to Thomas Palmer, of Bath. Incidentally, Mr. Dobson, in his new communication, admits that it is *not* certain that Charles Kean fell in love with Ellen Tree when they figured, in 1828, in "Lovers' Vows." The assumption that they did so was, he says, only "poetical," and "not confirmed" by Mr. Dobson's authority. Mr. Dobson adds: "There is, I may observe, sufficient information as to 'Lovers' Vows' in my introduction to *Mansfield Park* (Macmillan, 1897). But introductions, I fear, are not much read nowadays!" That depends. Mr. Dobson's introductions, one may fairly take for granted, have multitudinous readers.

I am a little sorry to see that Mr. Lewis Melville, who wrote the *Life of Thackeray*, proposes to give us by and bye a volume of Thackeray's *Stray Papers*. I take for granted that this book will consist of work by Thackeray which has not hitherto been reprinted. The question will be, Was it worth reprinting? We have already had—apart from the "authorized" publications by Messrs. Smith & Elder—the essay on George Cruikshank, and the volume entitled *Sultan Stork*, both issued by Mr. Redway; *Loose Sketches*, brought out by a publisher named Sabin; and, last year, reprints of *King Grampus*, of *Hitherto Unidentified Contributions to "Punch,"* and *Writings in the "National Standard" and "Constitutional."* These seemed to exhaust the Thackeray "finds," and one hoped that the great writer might be left alone for a time. But the passion for grubbing up the hack products of a distinguished author seems unappeasable, and its gratification is

one of the penalties which modern genius has to pay for its own existence.

Personally, I revel in Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Notes from a Diary*. It is, to my mind, the perfection of a bedside-book—easy to handle, clearly printed, and so scrappy (as well as varied) in contents that it can be put down at any moment without the feeling of breaking an intellectual continuity. I say "it" because I am regarding the work as a whole. As a matter of fact, the new volumes are the seventh and eighth. And how many more are we to have? The more the merrier, say I. Meanwhile, the prospect may appal the less enthusiastic. The first two volumes covered twenty-one years' diary; the third and fourth, seven years; the fifth and sixth, five years; and now the seventh and eighth cover only two years! They close with the close of 1888, and we are told by their author that he hopes to continue his diary to the last day of 1900. Future volumes, therefore, will cover twelve years, and one wonders if there will be as many volumes as years.

How large, in the literary life, is the element of luck! Before she wrote *Red Pottage* Miss Mary Cholmondeley had written and published *The Danvers Jewels* (1887), *Sir Charles Danvers* (1890), *Diana Tempest* (1893), and *A Devotee* (1897); it was not, however, till she sent forth *Red Pottage* that anything like wide popularity came to her. That *The Danvers Jewels* and *Sir Charles Danvers* made so little impression may have been owing to the fact that they were published anonymously. This, however, was not the case with *Diana Tempest* and *A Devotee*, while *The Danvers Jewels* was reprinted in 1897 with its author's name. Now *Diana Tempest* appears in sixpenny, paper-covered form, and, no doubt, will be carried by *Red Pottage* into hundreds of households into which it had never penetrated before. *Diana*, it is worth noting, came out originally in the old three-volume shape, going into a single volume in the following year.

I note that the new work on Dr. Robert Wallace is to include his Reminiscences, which, if they cover the ground of his Edinburgh professorship and of his connexion with the *Scotsman* newspaper, should be piquant enough. The *Scotsman* was never more readable than when Dr. Wallace wrote its leaders on ecclesiastical questions. We are to have, I see, reminiscences from Mr. Arthur à Beckett also. That gentleman's latest book (*London at the End of the Century*) was of the nature of "memoirs," and it is not so very long since he gave us his *Greenroom Recollections*. Journalists are rather apt to use up their "copy" of this sort in pursuance of their daily avocations, and then, when they come to write their formal reminiscences, it too often happens that they have scarcely anything left to tell us.

It is a happy thought which promises us at this particular time a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's *Spanish Conquest in America*. The work was issued originally in four volumes between 1855 and 1861, and there has been no reproduction of it during the past twenty years, at any rate. It will now re-appear in four-volume form.

The book on *The Egyptian Campaigns* which Mr. Charles Royle announces is, I take for granted, a reprint, no doubt revised and with considerable additions, of the work on the same subject and with the same title which he published in 1886. The narrative then extended from 1882 to 1885; and I presume it has now been brought down to date.

The recent feminine denunciation of free libraries, at Torquay, has naturally recalled Mrs. Malaprop's characterisation of circulating libraries as "vile places." It was, however, into Sir Lucius O'Trigger's mouth that Sheridan put the more familiar description of such a library as "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," blossoming through the year. What would poor "Sherry" think of some of our present-day novels?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Poet on Poetry.

What is Poetry? By Edmond Holmes. (John Lane.)

MR. EDMOND HOLMES has set himself a greatly daring task in this very suggestive little book. From Aristotle downwards men have attempted to answer the question, "What is poetry?" and have met with but indifferent success. We will not say that Mr. Holmes succeeds where they failed; but he does describe the *modus operandi* of poetry in a novel and stimulant way. At first sight the motto of his book, taken from Carlyle, seems to be in direct conflict with his thesis. "Poetic creation, what is this but seeing the thing sufficiently? The word that will describe the thing follows of itself from such intense clear sight of it." So speaks Carlyle, as quoted by Mr. Holmes. Yet the first postulate laid down by Mr. Holmes is that "Poetry is the expression of strong and deep feeling." The two appear irreconcilable, if either be laid down singly. The truth is, that neither should be laid down singly. The basis of the poetic faculty is neither intuition alone, nor emotion alone. (For, be it observed, Mr. Holmes is really investigating rather the poetic faculty than poetry itself: he is inquiring into the operation of poetry in the mind of the poet.) The basis of the poetic gift is intellectual insight, or intuition, combined with emotional sensibility. The union is so subtle, that the poet may be said in a manner to see *through* his sensitive nature. "I see it feelingly," he might enounce with Lear. Mr. Holmes had done better to take as his postulate: "Poetry is the expression of truth seen feelingly." For that, indeed, is the foundation, the *modus operandi*, of the poetic faculty. But, in fact, this is Mr. Holmes's basis, and his failure to enunciate it distinctly exemplifies a lack of precision in thought which somewhat mars a deeply conceived and mainly right essay.

He implicates sight in feeling—the very union which we have ourselves postulated. The more pity that his position is not made water-tight by being logically announced, instead of illogically implied. He arrives at it in this way: the poet's feelings, he truly observes, are not different from those of other men; or else they could awaken no sympathy in others. But what the poet possesses in a highly developed state is latent in other men. Now where there is feeling there is something to be felt. The poet's higher range of feelings, therefore, correspond to a higher range of truth (or realities, as Mr. Holmes prefers to say, curiously discriminating reality from truth—in which we refuse to follow him) latent or invisible to others as these higher feelings are latent in others. Through these intense and subtle feelings he is led to discern these higher truths, which in turn beget emotion, and emotion leads on to further truth, in perpetual interaction. It is justly and delicately apprehended. But here we have assumed that union of intuition and feeling, of intuition *in* feeling, which should explicitly have been postulated.

Explicitly formulated, it is absolute truth, and we can accept with pleasure and a clear conscience Mr. Holmes's further utterances. In his own words: "If the deeper and truer properties of things are to be apprehended at all, they must be apprehended emotionally, for they are so great and real that they must needs kindle emotion in all who are permitted to discern them. In this way insight is ever tending to generate emotion, just as emotion is ever tending to generate insight."

The poet, accordingly, through his emotional insight, discerns the real order of things. In himself, or in nature? asks Mr. Holmes. And he answers, in effect: "In both together." Self and nature are so interfused that they reciprocally illuminate each other. The poet projects himself into nature as much as he absorbs nature

into himself. They are, in Mr. Holmes's philosophy, as twin parts of a whole. Accordingly the poet "leaves it to the second-rate novelist to describe scenery, as we call it. It is the spiritual significance of outward things which appeals to him. The intense sympathy which he feels for outward things is thrown back, like reflected light, on the inner life of man; and the all-pervading unity of nature makes the outward order a symbol at every turn of the inward." Nay, Mr. Holmes proceeds, "feelings about outward things are ever transforming themselves into feelings about inward things." All this is admirably said, and quite true in application; though we would rest this unity between self and nature upon a more explicit, a deeper philosophy than that adumbrated by Mr. Holmes.

On the nature of the imagination Mr. Holmes's thought is more confused, though still full of suggestion. "The essence of imagination," he says, "is the perception of hidden truth"—the function which he has already (and truly) assigned to intuition, insight (or, as we should call it, the intellect) acting through the sensitive or emotional nature. In fact, he mixes imagination with intuition, whereas imagination is rather the servant of the faculty which sees into truth, though closely united with it, and indeed indispensable to it. It is the gift which discerns hidden analogy—it might almost be said hidden identity—the correspondences between the various orders of creation. Hence one of its chief manifestations (as the name would suggest) is in the discovery of images (excluding, however, that more superficial order of imagery which belongs to fancy, and has no root in reality). For the same reason it is a combining faculty, as Mr. Holmes realises. "Imagination," he says, "is the power of realising familiar in new combinations, in combinations which go beyond the limits of our actual experience." Which at least describes a mode in which it operates, if too partial for a definition or even a complete description. But he throws out an illuminative remark. "Nature is one with itself from pole to pole of its being; and, therefore, to know any given portion of it is to have a partial or rather potential knowledge of the rest." Just so. One plan runs through all the orders of nature—and man—though the expression varies with the conditions imposed by the medium in each order. To know one part of nature, then, is to know all which corresponds to it in the other orders, provided you have the key to the mode of correspondence. Imagination brings to light this unsuspected mode of correspondence; but to survey nature in its totality of relations more is needed. Again, Mr. Holmes gives the illuminative word. "We must have a knowledge of it so true and deep as to enable us to penetrate . . . to that centre of things which can be reached from all parts, and is the same for all parts, of the ensphering surface." Deeply true. To understand the ramifications you must survey them from the roots. This, "where one centre reconciles all things" (as Crashaw has it), Plato's repository of ideals is the poet's true goal.

Mr. Holmes has hardly reached the centre which he surmises, or there would be less blemishes of confused thought in his work. But he has written a brilliant essay, full of the insight of which he speaks. It is essentially poet's work, and Mr. Holmes will do yet better when he acquires the thinker's precision of statement. We wish we had space to quote his excellent words on the distinction between creation and imitation, which, he truly says, are one in the poet whose creation does but imitate that hidden order which he finds in nature. The poet, in fact, makes little worlds on the plan of God's great world. His creation is a re-creation. But this, and infinite other suggestive flashes, we must leave unnoticed. Our one quarrel is, that Mr. Holmes's manner of tracing everything to emotion, without explicitly bracketing with it insight, lends misleading countenance to those who would make of poetry an appeal to the emotions, and the emotions only.

Variants of the English Language.

America To-day: Observations and Reflections. By William Archer. (Heinemann.)

IN Mr. Archer's record of a recent sojourn in the United States there is a pleasant chapter on "The American Language." Perhaps it may be considered that he takes the subject too seriously. "Not all the causes of dissension between England and America," says Mr. Archer, "have begotten half the bad blood that has been engendered by trumpery questions of vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation." We are not at all sure that this is right. Sometimes a company of American actors play in a London theatre, and then the general impression is that the performance is effective by virtue of its singular restraint. French players rant, and English players rant; but American players, never. Even in the most exciting situation the Americans speak in a subdued monotone which is telling. In their theatrical speech the Americans have a repose which marks a caste seemingly a good deal higher than that which is represented by the players in the ordinary English house of melodrama. It is needful to point this out in considering Mr. Archer's generalisation about the variants of the English language. The fact is a broad one of much importance. At the first glance it seems to tell against his theory which we have quoted. The first glance, however, is not the final consideration; and we think that we can interpret Mr. Archer. Although all London admires the performances of American players, it is not at all clear to us that the quality which excites the admiration is either the written locutions or the cadence of our friends from over the sea. Frequently the locutions are beautiful, or neat; but they are never so beautiful or so neat as to be superior to those of any one of many English playwrights. Always the American manner of delivering the words is telling; but it would be hypocrisy to say that the American cadence is as good as that of educated Englishmen. The explanation is simple. That which tells in the American acting is its repose. The Americans, when they give us the pleasure of a visit, are like still strong men in a blatant land. They never raise their voices, and they never swagger. That is to say, what we admire in them is the peculiar virtue with which we Englishmen credit ourselves: reserve and quietude in times of crisis.

Still, in justice to Mr. Archer and his theory, it must be admitted that the ladies and gentlemen of whom we are speaking are persons who are playing parts. They are not quite themselves. They are exemplifying ideals of human character. They do that peculiarly well; but it is play-acting all the time. Now, here we have another problem. It is from America that many of the most humorous works in literature have come. Why do these books impress us so? They impress us, not because the situations are more comical than those which occur or can be invented here, but because they are described in minimising words. The Americans have discovered a secret of effect in humour. When a Frenchman or an Englishman has a funny experience to tell, he tells it pompously, in the biggest words that can be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and he delivers the yarn, smiling or frowning, as if he were on the stage of the resonant Adelphi. When an American is at the same point of vantage, he adopts another method. He talks as if he were bored, uses the smallest words he can find, expresses extremities of fortune in languorous phrases; and gains a great result. He impresses us by his repose in crisis, which is the most admirable of all manly qualities. Still, he is merely acting. There is absolutely no reason for believing that if an American and an Englishman were together in the forces which are fighting against our enemies in South Africa the casual remarks of the American would be in any respect superior to those of the Briton; but it is equally certain that if both had subsequently to

render an account of the warfare, the American would be humorous and dramatic, and the Briton either tediously matter-of-fact or nearly dumb. The American would tour about the country, like Lieut. Hobson, receiving the unanimous kisses of all the women on "both sides"; the Briton would withdraw himself to his club, or to some uninhabited wilderness where grouse were to be shot or trout were on the rise. From this thought it becomes obvious that, despite the reticence of their words and their restraint in cadence, it is the Americans who are the first artists in literature and in drama. Still, we do not blame them. They fight as well as the Britons; and, as they add another grace to life, the grace of literature, theirs be the due. They have a right to our respect, not only on account of their dignified bearing towards life and the drama, but also on account of English scholarship.

Archbishop Trench, one of our best authorities in philology, rebuked the Americans over certain "neologisms" which are not neologisms at all. Of these were the phrases "to belittle" and "to berate." Both of these, as Mr. Archer says, are thoroughly sound. The phrases were taken to America by the Pilgrim Fathers. They survive there, while they have become more or less obsolete in the land of their origin, England. Similarly, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. G. M. Tucker, and others, have condemned all the additions to our common speech which have been made by America. Mr. Ruskin pronounced them "vile"; Mr. Tucker, "absolutely licentious." Both critics wrote with insular and insolent arrogance. There is slang in every language; but he is an ignorant and unimaginative person who takes it for granted that all slang is necessarily in bad style. There are certain slang locutions which are of the highest rank in the art of literature. These are the locutions which, composed from words in common use, transfigure the speech of the commonalty into the speech of genius. Here are a few common words: *rogue, a, what, oh, peasant, am, slave, I, and*. Each of those words is a word in the vocabularies of all of us; but not all of us have the gift of making good use of them. Look at Shakespeare's arrangement:

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Here are a few other words: *Spain, came, seas, when, lofty, the, up, towering*. Each of these words is in the possession and at the service of every crossing-sweeper; but listen to the arrangement of them by Mr. William Watson:

When lofty Spain, came towering up the seas.

There is a great distinction in that phrase, even as there is a great distinction in the remark of Shakespeare about the rogue and peasant slave. Whence the distinction springs Mr. Archer does not know. He did not have the case before him when he wrote his essay; but he ought to have had it, or some other of equal relevance. Mr. Archer is in sympathy with the art of distinction in language; but, clever and charming as his essay is, it does not indicate a quite perfect analytic perception into the *nuance*. "Gentlemen," said an American statesman to a deputation of politicians, "you need proceed no further. I am not an entirely dishevelled jackass!" Mr. Archer cites this as an example of the American genius in the literary art. We admit that it is very good, because it is vivid and amusing; but we should have been glad had Mr. Archer, in his travels, found a better example of the American way with words. When Burns spoke of the "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower," he described the daisy with much greater distinction than the American statesman described himself. Still, we are grateful to Mr. Archer for his having given us the opportunity to show that good style in literary expression comes, not from the use of uncommon words, but from the uncommonly good use of words which are in the vocabulary and at the bidding of us all.

South Africa and the War.—III.

The Boer States, Land, and People. By A. H. Keane. (Methuen. 6s.)

Who's Who at the War. (Black. 6d. net.)

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts: a Biographical Sketch. By Horace G. Groser. (Melrose. 1s. net.)

The History of the Boer War. Part I. Illustrated. (Methuen. 1s.)

PROF. KEANE is an ethnologist of the highest reputation, and this succinct work is likely to be used for many years by those who wish to be parties, in act or spirit, to the solution of the South African problem. The noticeable weakness of nearly all the contributions which have already been made to the subject has been a lack of thorough historical and ethnological knowledge of the Boer race and of the vast inferior races with which the Boers have had dealings. The result has been that the South African question has been accepted in this country as comparatively simple. The large majority of Englishmen see in the Boers a morose and truculent race who are bent on securing huge political advantage for a paltry political return. A minority sees in the Boers a simple pastoral race which is being forced out of its cherished habits of life, and deprived of its sturdy independence, by a horde of gold-seekers and land-grabbers. Both these views are crude; and, as they stand, will prove unserviceable in the coming adjustment. It would be well if a book like this, which makes small appeal to passion, but rather seeks to state the broad truths of history and racial evolution, were to find ten thousand intelligent readers. The refreshing begin-at-the-beginningness of Prof. Keane's method should alone commend his book to every inquiring mind. At the same time his pages are tough reading, and require that the map belonging to them should be ever spread. Only so can the reader hope to follow Prof. Keane's description of the countries and climates of South Africa in their relation to the Boer character and history; only so will the parts played by the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the great Bantu nations in forming the character of their Boer enemies and oppressors be understood.

At last, but not till his eighth chapter, Prof. Keane allows the reader to put to him the question: Who are the Boers? The ethnological answer is not simple, but technically the Boers are "a new race, the outcome of a blend of divers old elements of Caucasian stock transferred from Europe to South Africa during the second half of the seventeenth century, and these modified under the influences of a changed environment." Prof. Keane expands this definition in many pages, not one of which can be called dull at such a time as this. He enables us to watch the formation of the Boer character, which is in some respects unlike any other national character in the world. The following passage has great weight and interest:

There is in the Boer temperament a strain of subtlety, of what is called "slimness," of which they are themselves fully conscious, and on which they rely in their political and social relations *inter se* and with the outer world. The quality was acquired in colonial times under an administrative system highly calculated to foster such a mental twist, and it found ample field for its expansion when the Boers trekking from the Colony were able to set up house for themselves on the inland plateaux. In studying their dealings with the lower and higher peoples with whom they have been in continuous contact, this factor, usually overlooked, has to be steadily borne in mind, both as a danger to be guarded against and as a cue in forming a just estimate of their deeds or misdeeds. At times they seem almost like irresponsible beings—like the Negro, non-moral rather than immoral—capable of terrible

atrocities in their treatment of the heathen and the "Canaanites"; capable of astounding duplicity in their negotiations with the paramount power. These things are often stigmatised in strong language, being, after all, mainly due to a mental obliquity of vision, which, however, has to be reckoned with.

The notion that there is something cruel and impious in our interference with Boer autonomy and the integrity of the Boer Republic will hardly survive in any man who is acquainted with the Boers' dealings with inferior races. It was mainly in order to keep their slaves, mis-called "apprentices," against the British Abolition Act that the Boers executed their "Great Trek" northward in 1834; and one soon begins to associate their lazy habits in those days with their more recent wish to thrive at the expense of the Uitlanders. A keen observer of Boer temperament has pointed out that habits of indolence which it will take generations to eradicate were acquired by the Boer when he wandered through the boundless wastes of South Africa, carrying with him his Hottentot slaves. "His pipe seldom quitted his mouth, except when he slept, or ate his three daily meals of mutton sodden in fat. The good lady of the house, equally disdainful of toil, remained almost as immovable as her lord. . . . Newspapers never penetrated the vast solitudes of the Karoo. Ignorance, stupidity, and prejudice found here a rich soil in which to thrive, and the fruits of it are to-day manifest in the condition of the northern border of the Transvaal Republic." But the Boers soon found that the world is not constituted for the advantage of a surly and wandering race, hovering between savagery and civilisation, and scorning both. Endless broils with the Kaffir races, wars and slaughters and hiring of mercenaries, brought the Boer community in 1877 to its last shilling of public money, and to its last feeble stand against the formidable Zulu nation. Had wise counsels, and particularly those of Sir Bartle Frere, been followed at that critical time Great Britain's championship of the tottering Boer Republic against savages might have become the basis of a great Federal act. What really happened we all know. What thousands do not seem to know, or to realise, is that the causes which have led to the present disastrous struggle in South Africa are seated very deeply in history, that the great fermenting-vat of South African politics has never ceased to simmer and threaten since the Great Trek, and that we are now witnessing a great racial adjustment which is bitter and bloody mainly because it has been postponed. Prof. Keane's work places the situation in the light of history—the only light in which it should be studied.

In *Who's Who at the War* we have a war supplement to the regular *Who's Who*. The matter is printed in the familiar double columns, and is as full as can be desired, except that the "recreations" of officers are stated rather infrequently. Hunting, shooting, polo, fishing, and travelling are the usual entries under this head. Colonel Baden-Powell figures as the most versatile recreator of all the band. He delights in "pig-sticking (winner of Kadir Cup), polo, big game shooting, hunting, yachting, stage managing, acting and singing, painting and etching."

The unassuming little biographical sketch of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts which Mr. Horace G. Groser has written will be useful to those who are not possessed of Lord Roberts's own autobiographical work. Mr. Groser incidentally makes it clear to us that Lord Roberts has always possessed those scouting instincts which have proved so needful in the Boer War. So clear a narrative of so fine a life can be welcomed as something better than a piece of book-making.

The serial history of the Boer War which Messrs. Methuen have begun to issue in fortnightly parts is a business-like and attractive production, and an admirable supplement to the newspaper records. The first part, consisting of forty pages, brings the history up to the Boer advance.

The Critics and 1899.

The Literary Year Book, 1900. Edited by Herbert Morrah. (George Allen. 3s. 6d.)

HITHERTO the editor of *The Literary Year Book* has been in the habit of summing up the year's achievements himself, in a rapid and more or less exhaustive summary, which was not as satisfactory as it might be. This year a new method has been adopted. The new editor in his introductory article avoids altogether the enumeration by name of 1899's illustrious books, and instead calls upon certain prominent critics to pick out their own fancies from the welter. The result certainly is a gain in piquancy, but we cannot consider the plan a good one for a work at once so impartial and informing as a *Literary Year Book* ought to be. The good year book's ideal surely should be to record faithfully and abstain from adjectives. However, Mr. Morrah, the editor, has thought otherwise, and since he has collected these appreciations let us examine them.

Mr. Lang begins, and with more than his usual breathlessness—in his best sprinting form—he extols *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, a diverting medley by the authors of *The Silver Fox*. Then comes Mr. Henley in praise of *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, which is not exactly a book of 1899, but happened to be reprinted then. In Mr. Henley's article we find this interesting passage:

Even in my own time rural England was not exactly a saints' nursery. And in Bunyan's day it may very well have been worse than it was in mine; so that I am by no means disposed to question either Bunyan's accuracy or Bunyan's sincerity. Especially as I find him expressing himself in an English as fresh and clean and wholesome as a morning meadow, as redolent of England as a new-turned clod. Reading this book, indeed, is like coming on the beginnings of Stevenson; and, to me at least, the beginnings are more pleasing and more refreshing than the end. Bunyan was born a master. Stevenson was born—a student of Bunyan. There is the difference.

We observe that Mr. Bullen, who writes about ships and sperm whales, has lately stated that from Bunyan and the Bible he also derives his style. Who would have thought that *The Pilgrim's Progress* produced *The Way We Have in the Navy*? The brave old tinker must have as many shoots as has the Bunyan tree.

We come to R. L. S. again in Mr. Quiller-Couch's admirable essay on the *Stevenson Letters*. It is late to say anything new about those fascinating volumes, but we do not remember to have seen the following point—and it is a good one—made before. Distance, says Mr. Couch,

while it makes the letter-writer's task especially irksome, gives him at least one tremendous advantage. It forces him above the level of the humdrum. As Bagehot says somewhere, you cannot sit down and address a friend in New Zealand as though he lived across the street. You say, albeit quite unconsciously, "This letter will travel so many thousand miles," and this gives you a sort of respect for the sheet of paper. It may not tie you down to seriousness, but it may deter from slipshod scribbling. We do not—I appeal to common experience—shout banalities in the ear of a deaf man. And the distance between you makes a deaf man of your correspondent. You insensibly raise the pitch of your voice, and just as insensibly economise your strength. You select, you cast out superfluities, you leave what you can to your friend's intelligence: you do all this merely for the sake of convenience—but you happen to be following the very first rules of good writing.

Hence part at least of the literary merit of Stevenson's Samoan and other foreign correspondence. The deduction is probably a fair one; but it is amusing to compare with Stevenson's heightened impetus Lamb's paralysis of mind when confronted by a distant correspondent.

Two poets come in for some strong "backing"—Mr. Bridges by the President of Magdalen, and Mr. Sturge Moore by Mr. Laurence Binyon. Mr. Bridges has, of course, been "appreciated" often before, and he will find nothing in the article (which seems to us sound and penetrating) to surprise him. But Mr. Sturge Moore, we conceive, is not yet accustomed to this kind of thing, and some of Mr. Binyon's superlatives should warm his poetic heart. This is the conclusion of the matter:

For my part, I cannot but hope that Mr. Moore will purge himself of certain awkwardnesses of manner which seem caught from Browning, such as the too frequently omitted relative; that he will care more for "divine limpidity"; that he will not allow his great pictorial gift to overcharge his verse; and that he will learn sometimes to be content with less expression to the eye, in order to be more expressive to the ear. But his faults are all faults of excess, not of lack; they are as nothing to his excellences; he is equipped for great things; and his present performance suffices to make some of us look forward to his future with the confidence of conviction.

After Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., on the *Life of Wellington*, and Mr. Joseph Jacobs on an anthropological work, and Prof. Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, we come to Mr. Bernard Capes on Mrs. Oliphant's autobiography, and Mr. Cope Cornford on Mr. Arthur Morrison—that is to say, we come to "style." Readers of the ACADEMY know that for literary architectonics Mr. Bernard Capes is the man. He begins this article with a dissertation on autobiography in general, treating it as the author's best vehicle for his rehabilitation—as the best means by which he can reply to his "oblique-eyed critics" and set himself right with the world. Thus:

He has been called, say, superficial, or artificial, or imitative: indeed, if he has any originality he can hardly escape one of these charges. But he knows he is none of these things, and why should he not make a last dying speech and confession—of what he is in fact? Well, supposing he makes it; and on Monday, perhaps, wrings from Posterity an acknowledgment of his innocence? On Tuesday, Posterity will be back again hammer and tongs at the old disproved evidence of platitude; and on Wednesday, Posterity will have forgotten all about him. The truth is, of course, that no author has a message that the public hasn't dictated to him; and if he insists upon it that he has—why, the deuce of an audience is he like to get to listen to him.

This, then, is the moral:

A l'œuvre on connaît l'ouvrier. Think not, then, poor Martinus, to profit thyself with an autobiography. Dost thou want thy quarrelsome critic with thee in Paradise, that thou wouldst urge him to repentance? Consign to Hades, rather—to the mosaic of its pavement—thy last volume of good intentions, that so shall he be for ever condemned, who once rejoiced, to sit upon it!

Among other English works picked out for recommendation are Sir William Butler's *Life of Colley* and Mr. Maitland's *Musician's Pilgrimage*. No word of the Browning love letters, of *Paolo and Francesca*, of Mr. Mackail's *Life of Morris*, or of Mr. Dooley's *David Harum*, however, has an appreciation.

On its practical side, *The Literary Year Book* is better than it has yet been. It is now fairly useful. But we expect, and the literary public will demand, that greater usefulness shall be attained. The obituary is not good. The lists of authors, booksellers, &c., contain inaccuracies; and we are not sure that the list of authors, necessarily incomplete, is a good feature. We should like to see the best novels of the year briefly described, with a statement of their plots, principal characters, &c. Other weighty books, useful for reference, might have their contents and standpoints indicated. When it comes to Year Books we are a very Gradgrind in our hunger for facts.

“The Irish Literary Theatre.”

The Bending of the Bough: a Comedy in Five Acts. By George Moore. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE fighting Preface to this play makes an unpleasant *hors d'œuvre* to a repast of some delicacy and distinction. Mr. Moore never does and never did shine in dialectics. He can feel; and that is the end of him. Also it is enough; he should be content to leave the rest to Mr. Bernard Shaw and other Ruperts of the movement. As for this peevish and resentful manifesto, at the best it is superfluous. A work of art ought to be its own manifesto. Ibsen—Mr. Moore's great exemplar—does not trouble himself or the public with manifestoes; nor, so far as we know, did Shakespeare. Mr. Moore's unfortunate preface is full of misstatements, crudities of thought, and hopeless inconsequences. His two complaints seem to be that artists don't make money, and that writers who are not artists ought not to make money. He will have it that masterpieces cannot be produced for money. Yet Mr. Sidney Lee tells us that Shakespeare wrote for money to the tune of something like four thousand a year. But really the whole argument about the remuneration of artists is *visus jœu*, and ought to be forbidden by pact, as tiresome and futile.

To come (by this so sinister avenue) to *The Bending of the Bough*. Briefly, it is a serious and worthy play, well conceived, well imagined, and well written. In the “municipality” of its theme (if we may change the meaning of a word), and in certain details of construction, it at once reminds one of a masterpiece—*An Enemy of the People*. Mr. Moore finds his material and environment in the purely civic affairs of a borough. The play opens with a meeting of aldermen. Impetuous Northhaven has a quarrel with wealthy Southhaven; and Jasper Dean, of Northhaven, possesses the gift of moving the people. Private interest demands that Northhaven shall not enrage its rich neighbour; public honour demands that a just claim shall be firmly enforced. It lies with Jasper to decide which course Northhaven shall take. But Jasper is betrothed to the niece of Southhaven's mayor. Under the influence of one Ralph Kirwan (the real hero) he starts righteously, but in the end he yields to his Millicent, and accordingly Southhaven triumphs. Mr. Moore would possibly justify Dean's conduct. Says one of the characters: “I do not expect my friends to agree with me; but I hope that in time they will learn what I have learnt—that the State is founded on such happy lives as Jasper's and Miss Fell's will be, that our private interests are the foundation of the State, and that he who does the best for himself does the best for the State in the long run.” Even Kirwan peaceably concurs. We have said that Kirwan is the real hero of the piece. He is decidedly the prime mover of the action—an idealist of the strictest austerity, and very Ibsenesque in his moral contours.

DEAN. My name is upon their lips, but it is you they are cheering.

KIRWAN. Very likely. The man who cheers never knows whom he is cheering.

And again:

FERGUSON. And so you spend your time thinking, Alderman Kirwan?

KIRWAN. If I've thought well, I've done everything that is required.

FERGUSON. We want action.

KIRWAN. If I've thought well, someone else will act well.

This is Ibsen, with a touch of W. B. Yeats (“The Song of the Sad Shepherd”).

There is more in *The Bending of the Bough* than may meet the Saxon eye. Jasper Dean says: “We were talking of the spiritual destiny of the Celtic race; because of its spiritual inheritance it is greater than any other

race.” And, indeed, for the Celt this play may well be a torch flaming in the darkness. It is certainly, *inter alia*, an allegory of the relations between England and Ireland, and sometimes the realistic envelope which should conceal that allegory runs too thin for artistic decency; as here:

LAURENCE. What do you think, my dear Mayor [of Southhaven], if you were to—well, to buy a house here, and grounds, and to say that you would stay part of the year with them, and spend money in entertaining?

THE MAYOR. I'd willingly do that (*looking round*), for I like the place; but I don't think they'd accept my company as an equivalent for the supposed debt.

This may raise a facile cheer in the Dublin Theatre, but it detracts from the true merit of the play.

What is the artistic significance of *The Bending of the Bough*? It is apparently put forth as something new and superior—at any rate in theory. But is it? We think not. Though Mr. Moore would look up to Ibsen (and rightly, for this play is steeped in Ibsen), he would look down on Mr. Pinero. Has he the right to do so? Again we think not. He may argue that he has widened the scope of the drama in England—that is to say, in Ireland. We do not see that he has done anything of the kind. We do not see that the passions of boroughs, and the large ethical questions which underlie them, excel in importance the passions of individuals and the large ethical questions which underlie them. Mr. Moore belongs to a class of artists who think that they have a monopoly of seriousness.

The Manners of the Malay.

Malay Magic. By Walter William Skeat. (Macmillans.)

THERE are at least two ways in which this heavy book might have been made both better and more attractive than it is. The author might, *more majorum*, have gone into the history of the matter, giving us some slight sketch of the Malay race and its affinities, of the different immigrations of culture into the Peninsula, and of the development in other countries of the superstitions which the Malays appear to have borrowed; and we should have then have had a work which would be interesting alike to the scientific and to the desultory student of folk-lore. Or he might, in the manner which Scott and others have endeared to us, have allowed his native authorities to speak and act for themselves, in which case he might have interested the general public, while satisfying the more exacting in notes showing the provenance and relationship of his different patches of local colour. But Mr. Skeat has chosen neither of these lines of attack. Assuming, apparently, that all his readers are alike acquainted with the history of the Malay Peninsula and with the growth of the superstitions that he sweeps together under the head of magic, he sets down in the dry and bald manner current in the Proceedings of learned societies the curious practices that have come under his own notice, while the timber-work of his structure is supplied by copious extracts from the charming little romances on native life of Mr. Hugh Clifford and Sir Frank Swettenham. The effect is as incongruous as would be the appearance of one of his own Malays in the free and graceful costume of his own country supplemented by the formal wig, powder, and patches of an early Georgian beau.

This apart, there is much that is both novel and of interest to be gathered from Mr. Skeat's book. Although the vast majority of the Malays are Mohammedans and the practice of magic is strictly forbidden by Islam, the “Pawang,” or medicine-man, is still the all-important figure in native life. Does the Malay want to fell a tree?—the Pawang must burn incense at the outskirts of the forest and repeat a charm before the timber can be

touched. Does he go camphor-gathering?—the Pawang not only accompanies him to show where the camphor is to be found, but compels him to speak a language different from that of his everyday life during the whole of the expedition. Does he wish to sow a field with rice?—the Pawang must burn incense in the plot and sprinkle it with rice-flour and water. When the rice is ready for reaping the Pawang must be in attendance to take "the soul of the rice," which is carefully laid up for future ceremonies. If the Malay goes a fishing, the Pawang offers sacrifice, repeats charms, and enforces the fishing taboo, which includes abstinence from ladies' society, umbrellas, and boots. When snaring birds, the Pawang must perform elaborate rites with the decoy, or nothing will enter the traps. If you take a tiger in a pitfall, the Pawang has to explain to the quarry that it was not he or you which set the snare, but the prophet Mohammed. And in domestic life the services of the Pawang are quite as much in requisition. He files the teeth of the young men—a ceremony only to be accomplished after many charms, and of course sees to the doctoring of young and old, which last, indeed, is probably his most important office. Even a theatrical company takes a Pawang round with it, who prays the god of theatres not to "afflict with poverty or with punishment any of the actors or actresses, the musicians and bridegrooms, and the buffoons both young and old." If all tales be true, the same wishes must often be repeated by theatrical companies in England. As for each of these services he receives, after the manner of Pawangs all over the world, a fee, small according to European ideas, but no doubt adequate to a Malay, a Pawangship in a family—the office is generally hereditary—is a very good thing to have.

To many people all this will, of course, seem nothing but charlatany and imposture; but it does not follow that this is the case. In many, perhaps in most, cases the Pawang really is what he professes to be, the "wise man" of the village community. In his knowledge are stored up the traditional signs of the presence of game, of the weather, of the fittest time for agriculture, and very likely of disease and of the means of its cure. Thus, Mr. Skeat tells us that the Pawang of a mine generally has a wonderful nose for tin, and can generally give a much better guess as to its whereabouts than the Chinese foreman. He is, therefore, often able to guide the simple community to the realisation of its wishes, and, at the very least, does much to continue the observance of customs which have been found to be beneficial to it. And if he finds that his commands are more readily obeyed if he appeals to the superstition of his flock rather than to their self-interest, is he, therefore, to be blamed? According to Prof. Haupt, the sanitary regulations specified in the Pentateuch were only placed under a religious sanction because none other would have caused their observance by a Semitic nation; and the theory has, at the least, been favourably received by distinguished Orientalists. Hence, the Pawang may be of great assistance, or the reverse, to the Englishmen upon whom the government of the Peninsula really rests; and it is of great importance to all concerned in it that the native ideas regarding his functions and office should be properly understood. This, as we read Mr. Blagden's preface, seems to be his main reason for recommending Mr. Skeat's book to the public; and we are bound to say that we think he has proved his case.

It is said that, when Henry D. Thoreau lay dying in Concord, his friend Parker Pillsbury sat by his bedside; and he leaned over and took him by the hand, and said: "Henry, you are so near to the border now, can you see anything on the other side?" And Thoreau answered: "One world at a time, Parker."

From "*Life Beyond Death*," by Minot J. Savage.

Other New Books.

MR. THOMAS ATKINS.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY.

Mr. Hardy has two qualifications to write an amusing and informing book about soldiers: he has long held the position of H.M. Chaplain to the Forces, and he is the author of *How to be Happy though Married*. The present work comes at the psychological moment. Mr. Thomas Atkins (Who invented this abominably ugly name, and why do we persevere with it?) is the man of the hour, and, apparently, it is impossible to read too much about him. Mr. Hardy's book treats him with extraordinary thoroughness in all his capacities, somewhat in the manner of a naturalist's memoir on a curious animal. Many good stories occur by the way, the best of which is in a footnote to page 79. "I once asked a soldier in hospital what kind of book he would like me to get for him out of the library. He replied: 'Well, sir, I can read almost anything, if it is not the life of a General.'" There speaks human nature and plenty of it! The hospital chapter has some grim fun. We read that a newcomer when assigned a bed in a ward will be told with glee by the others that "The last bloke what 'ad that cot pegged out." In Bermuda, says Mr. Hardy, the bandroom adjoined the hospital, and when it was known that a man would not last long "The Dead March in Saul" used to be practised. "This," he adds, "naturally depressed the dying man." Here is a recent anecdote: "The boys of a cavalry regiment who attended at my religious instruction had been reading of their youthful hero [the child who at Elands Laagte shot three Boers]; so the next time in the Catechism I asked one of them what was his duty to his neighbour, adding—'Suppose he be a Boer?' The boy replied, solemnly but firmly, 'To shoot him, sir!'" As these catechised boys of to-day are to be the fighting men of to-morrow the destinies of the Empire may be considered safe. (Unwin. 6s.)

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY EDWARD PINNINGTON.

On a popular day at the National Gallery few pictures have more interested spectators than Wilkie's "Village Festival," "The Blind Fiddler," and "John Knox"; and yet there are many English painters of eminence of whom the ordinary person is more eager to know personal facts. Wilkie's was scarcely the kind of painting that leads to curiosity concerning the painter's private life; whereas—to take the case of Wilkie's friend—though Haydon could not manipulate paint with a tithe of Wilkie's amazing skill and felicity, almost the slightest sketch of him excites the desire to learn something of the man behind it. Which is a roundabout way of saying that the failures are almost always more interesting than the men who notably succeed. Wilkie, once "The Village Politicians" was hung in the Academy, succeeded. Thereafter he was a prosperous painter, rising in time to knighthood and everything that the prosperous painter expects as his due. The whole story is to be read in this little book; but it is not very entertaining. That, however, is less Mr. Pinnington's fault than Sir David Wilkie's. (Oliphant, Ferrier & Co. 1s. 6d.)

PURITAN PREACHING IN ENGLAND. BY JOHN BROWN, D.D.

This is an edition of the interesting lectures which Dr. John Brown, the author of the *Life of Bunyan*, delivered at Yale last year from the Lyman Beecher Chair. Beginning with a study of the preaching of the Friars the lecturer passes in review various great preachers of the past—Colet, Latimer, Henry Smith, Thomas Goodwin, and Baxter—until he comes to our own times, the four examples from which chosen by him are Binney, Spurgeon, R. W. Dale, and Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester. Dr. Brown prefers always homely eloquence and inner fire

to beautiful periods and polished rhetoric. Of one of Latimer's sermons he says: "That was living talk straight from the soul of a living man, and if you could always get these two things together, no one would ever dream of saying that the time will come when the pulpit will be superseded by the press. For the great work of the Church of God in the world a living man must always be more than a printed sheet." We quote two passages cited by Dr. Brown for their beauty. Thus spake Thomas Playfair, Court Preacher to King James the First, in a sermon called "Heart's Delight": "For suppose now, as St. John speaketh, the whole world were full of books, and all the creatures in the world were writers, and all the grass piles upon earth were pens, and all the waters in the sea were ink; yet I assure you faithfully all these books, all these writers, all these pens, and all this ink, would not be sufficient to describe the very least part either of the goodness of the Lord Himself, or of the loving-kindness of the Lord towards thee." And thus spake Thomas Adams, who has been called the Shakespeare of the Puritans: "Oh, how goodly this building of man appears when it is clothed with beauty and honour! A face full of majesty, the throne of comeliness, wherein the whiteness of the lily contends with the sanguine of the rose; an active hand, an erected countenance, an eye sparkling out lustre, a smooth complexion arising from an excellent temperature and composition. Oh, what a Workman was this, that could raise such a fabric out of the earth, and lay such orient colours upon dust!" (Hodder & Stoughton.)

EAGLEHAWK AND CROW. BY JOHN MATHEW, M.A., B.D.

"Eaglehawk" and "Crow" are common clan-names among the tribes of Australia; and Mr. Mathew's book is partly an anthropological study of the Australian aborigines, partly a philological "survey" of the grammar and vocabulary of their languages. Upon the philology we shall offer no remark; the anthropological section is interesting as being the second detailed work on the subject which has appeared in the course of the last twelve months. Unfortunately, Mr. Mathew, though acquainted with some of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's researches among the Arunta tribe, does not appear to have written with their epoch-making work on Central Australia before him. His own independent account of Australian civilisation is, however, exceedingly valuable and interesting. He is particularly good and full on the ethnological question. The Australians, we gather, are not a pure stock. The *found* is a Papuan type, akin to that of the extinct Tasmanians; but there have been invasions at various times, firstly of a Malay element, and, secondly, of a higher Caucasian element akin to the Dravidians of India, both of which have left traces upon the physiology and the culture of the continent. Perhaps it is to one or other of these foreign elements that we should assign those "high gods" Daramulun and Baiame, so imperfectly assimilated with the general trend of Australian thought, and yet clearly not of missionary introduction, which have proved such a serious stumbling-block to Mr. Andrew Lang. This view is supported by the Indian character of the strange cave-paintings of apparently divine personages discovered by Sir George Grey and others.

A curious *lacuna* in Mr. Mathew's book is the absence of any account of the extent to which, and the circumstances under which, the Australians practised (or should it be practised?) cannibalism. He tells us that "grubs found in green trees were highly esteemed; so were snakes, bandicoots, porcupines, emus, and men." He tells us that the Tasmanians and certain "low" Australian tribes were not cannibals. And that is all, although no subject can be more important than cannibalism in its bearings on the evolution of culture in general, and of religion in particular. (Nutt.)

PLUM FOR A SIMPLER LIFE, AND
FADS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN. BY G. S. KEITH, M.D.

Both the books of which this volume is made up have been published separately. Dr. Keith has now brought them together, and added a new preface, in the hope that their helpfulness may be increased. Certainly it is a very reasonable argument that he advances—although it is hardly to be expected that all medical men will agree. Practically, except as surgeons and as sanitary authorities, Dr. Keith would have doctors superseded altogether, their place being taken by common sense. One of his great rules is rest for the system during an illness. "Keeping up," as the phrase is—that is to say, good feeding and stimulants—he abhors. Hot water is his principal stimulant; and he has always found fewer evils arising from starvation than excess. Men working too hard with their brains, and bent upon finishing a task, should, he holds, eat little or nothing until they have done. We can recommend this book very heartily. Its particular precepts may not suit everyone, but its tone is broad, healthy, and sane. (Black.)

Fiction.

Their Silver Wedding Journey. By W. D. Howells.
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

It happens that some time has elapsed since last we read anything of Mr. Howells's, and *Their Silver Wedding Journey* surprised us at once by its freshness and by its quick renewal of an old charm. In the midst of the towering beanstalk reputations which have sprung up during the last year or two across the Atlantic, the fame and importance of Mr. Howells have, perhaps, been temporarily overshadowed. But it seems to us that he must of necessity emerge again. This book is a most agreeable and delicate diversion, executed with a finished technical neatness quite Gallic in character. It is a trifle, made up of trifles; it may have neither breadth nor depth; but it is pretty almost to the point of beauty, and it is the negation of all crudeness, exaggeration, and stridency. Mr. Howells, on the title-page, is at the pains to call it "a novel." Yet it is scarcely a novel. The best description of it is to be found in a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. March, the staid married couple (their *Wedding Journey* is not forgotten) whose travels make the story:

"It could be done, if you were a mind to think so. And it would be the greatest inspiration to you. You are always longing for some chance to do original work, to get away from your editing, but you've let the time slip by without really trying to do anything; I don't call those little studies of yours in the magazine anything; and now you won't take the chance that's almost forcing itself upon you. You could write an original book of the nicest kind; mix up travel and fiction; get some love in."

"Oh, that's the stalest kind of thing!"

"Well, but you could see it from a perfectly new point of view. You could look at it as a sort of *dispassionate* witness, and treat it humorously—of course, it is ridiculous—and do something entirely fresh."

"It wouldn't work. It would be carrying water on both shoulders. The fiction would kill the travel, the travel would kill the fiction; the love and the humour wouldn't mingle any more than oil and vinegar."

"Well, and what is better than a salad!"

As a matter of fact, though the fiction and the travel in the book do not exactly engage in internecine warfare, the travel distinctly gets the better of the encounter. You might call the thing "Mr. Howells's Impressionist Guide to the Cities of Germany." Hamburg, Leipzig, Carlsbad (which has 150 pages to itself), Nuremberg, Ansbach, Wurzburg (which is honoured by an historical retrospect), Weimar, Berlin, Frankfurt, Cologne (exhausted in a couple of

paragraphs), Düsseldorf—all these honourable and picturesque burghs come in for treatment. The touch throughout is the touch of Howells at his best—quaint, tidy, ever so slyly humorous, diverting always. As for the plot, constructed upon flirtations and more serious affairs, it is negligible. We have enjoyed this mild and urbane volume, so much so that we are ready to condone its excessive length—over six hundred pages.

Lao-Ti the Celestial. By M. Bird.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

THE writer who endeavours to interest us in a story which has China for scene, a Chinaman for hero, and Chinese ideas as motive grapples with a difficult task; and it must be admitted that the creator of Lao-Ti has performed his task passably well. In order to enjoy the story the reader must, morally and intellectually, stand on his head, or he will not appreciate the inverted view of the Chinese. It will be difficult for the average Englishman to sympathise with a celestial who, wildly in love with his brother's widow, persuades her that she must seek her dead husband's soul by way of the "rope necklace"; the average English widow will scarcely enter into the feelings of Sien-sha, who determines dutifully to hang herself before an admiring crowd; nor would a European, lying at the point of death, find much consolation in the knowledge that his coffin was being made, and made with extra care, by an enemy who thought he was making it for himself. But the Chinese are different.

Later on that evening, as quiet fell on the barges, the regular tap-tap-tap of Yen-Chin's hammer came fitfully to their ears. Lao-Ti bent over Li-Chio, to whom consciousness had returned.

"Do you hear that knocking?" he asked.

"What?" queried Li-Chio faintly.

"It is Yen-Chin, who makes a grand coffin; and it is for you," he said.

Li-Chio listened with a keener interest, and smiled contentedly as the rhythmical pat-pat filled the silence.

"How very good you are," he said weakly. "You think of everything." And, still smiling, fell asleep.

The book is well written, though somewhat diffuse, since the plot will hardly carry the pages. One feels the desire to compress rather than the longing to know more; but the atmosphere, whether it be Chinese or not, is precisely the atmosphere we expect in a Chinese novel.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

RESURRECTION.

By COUNT TOLSTOY.

This is the complete version of the Russian novelist's new story, which has been appearing serially all over the Continent and in this country. In Russia the censor has interfered considerably with the text; but in the English edition, translated by Louise Maude, it is given in full. Thirty-three realistic and very interesting drawings have been made for the book by Pasternak, a Russian artist. (Henderson. 6s. net.)

LOGAN'S LOYALTY.

By SARAH TYTLER.

This popular novelist has solved the Scottish dialect question in her own way. Thus in this Highland story of the time of Waterloo we read: "Canny, Logan, canny (be quiet), you hurt me most of all when you give him the

wyte (blame) of whatever is wrong." And, again: "'You are too good for him, mother,' persists Logan, 'for what is he with all his gifts and graces but a cankered carle?' (crabbed elderly man)." (John Long. 6s.)

AMONG THE MAN EATERS.

By JOHN GAGGIN.

A thrilling story of cannibalism in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands. "Most of what I have written," says the author, "has come, at one time or other, under my own observation, and it is correct." The volume is added to the excellent "Over-Seas Library." (Unwin. 2s.)

MAITLAND OF CORTEZIA.

By F. L. PUXLEY.

Cortezia is a Spanish republic under British rule; Maitland is the British Administrator; and Mareinar is the chief of the National Party, who demand a wider franchise and judges of their own appointment. Maitland's resistance of their claims is not rendered less obnoxious by the circumstance that he loves Mercedes, who is loved by Mareinar. In the end comes a stirring revolution. A good story. (Richards. 6s.)

SIR WALTER'S WIFE.

By EMILY RICHINGS.

The heroine of this story is Elizabeth Throgmorton, the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the novel reader is assured that the story has been built up from papers in the Record Office, and from the works of half a dozen historians. Indeed, the preface seems to herald a serious history rather than a novel. (Drane. 6s.)

A HOST OF THORNS.

By H. COSTERTON-WILKINSON.

A story of agreeable conventional sentiment written round the "Old Hall." "The Old Hall was hallowed by many a legend. . . . 'Thoughts, dearie—thoughts.' . . . Dr. Pierce had pronounced concussion of the brain. . . . 'That's my box,' she said to a passing official. . . . Mrs. Lee saw the riderless horse galloping up the avenue. . . . 'Oh, d—— it all,' exclaimed Rivers, stamping up and down and disappearing through the shrubbery. . . . 'Grace, I shall love you for ever.'" (Simpkin Marshall.)

A MARTIAL MAID.

By ANNE ELLIOT.

Claire Bertram is the martial maid, but her fighting is not with lethal weapons. She fights in the interests of Theodore Leyburn, touching whose birth were many odd circumstances. For Theodore's mother was shipwrecked off Cape Town, and lost her memory for a year (in which Theodore was born); and meanwhile Theodore's father, in England, believing himself a widower, had married again. And when her memory returned, and she discovered this marriage, Theodore's mother did not interfere, but died in reality and left Theodore's claims to recognition to the martial maid. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

MARY PAGET.

By MINNA C. SMITH.

A story of old Bermuda, based on historical documents in Lefroy's *Memorials of the Bermudas*. It purports to be written by Mary Paget herself. Mary was the wife of Collingwood Paget, one of those who sailed in the *Sea-Venture* with Admiral Summers in 1609, and was wrecked on Smith's Island: an accident which led to the acquisition of England's first colony. A pretty, old-fashioned, simple story. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE GIRL AT RIVERFIELD MANOR.

By PERRINGTON PRIM.

Riverford Manor is on the banks of the Mersey, but the story opens, where it ends, in Kalara Bungalow, in the Queensland bush. A pleasant love-story with spacious backgrounds. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

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The Revolution in Journalism.

An Enquiry.

It is a common saying of literary reactionaries that this is an era of "bits," "cuts," and "snippets," that the taste of the reading public is fatally impaired, and that the golden ages which began with Chaucer are for ever closed. Our bookstalls (they lament) "groan" with "trash" that can appeal only to the half-instructed, while serious productions of an improving and solid nature ask in vain for attention. Such, stated briefly and stripped of vituperative epithets, is the indictment. The answer to it is, as to part, that it is unsupported by evidence; and, as to the rest, that the present condition of our bookstalls, deplorable though it may seem to the myopic and unimaginative, betokens not decadence, but progress. The praisers of times past, in their narrow survey of an epoch, have overlooked two important phenomena—the Education Act of 1870 and the growth of commercial enterprise. The Education Act created a new reading public, a public not to be confused with that which bought Macaulay—and Martin Tupper. This new public had no tradition of self-culture by means of books. It found itself with the mechanical power to read, but with neither the habit of reading nor the disciplined intellect which are both necessary to render that mechanical power effective. Put it in a library, and it was as helpless as a sparrow tugging at a biscuit. It felt a desire for what its detractors have called "literary pabulum," but it could not define its need further than to assert positively that the stuff offered was unsuitable.

Then, with the hour, came the man. The man happened upon a nice, interesting little paragraph in a newspaper, and, enjoying it, said: "That is a real tit-bit. Why should there not be a paper consisting entirely of such things?" Memorable and momentous words, making a historical occasion which was the inception at once of Sir George Newnes's vast fortune and of a whole publishing movement! *Tit-Bits* appeared, and was copied and elaborated in numberless forms. The innovation was welcomed not only by the public of the Education Act, but by a large section of the older public which had hitherto sought fruitlessly for what it wanted. The conjunction of these two masses, so different in everything except the lack of artistic and intellectual culture, produced a market gloriously dazzling to the commercial instinct. Lancashire discovering India was not more profoundly stirred than the man of commerce when the success of the *Tit-Bits* school of journalism indicated to him the existence of this market, which his instinct told him might be indefinitely strengthened and widened by a due application of mercantile methods of nursing. The man of commerce knew well the lesson enforced again and again by a series of checks to British trade in various parts of the world during the last two decades. He knew the reproach against England that the British merchant always seeks to dictate to the buyer what he shall buy; and he could see that this had applied in a peculiar degree to English journalism. At once he effected a revolution, and the attitude of publisher to public was radically changed. The public, which

hitherto had accepted meekly what the publisher provided, found itself elevated to a throne, with the publisher obsequiously bowing at the foot thereof. The old autocrats of *Maga* and *Cornhill* may be conceived as saying to their readers: "This is good for you; in consideration of a just payment we permit you to read it." And when these august periodicals were issued, the readers approached the perusal of them, certainly with some pleasure, but also with the austere and braced feeling of duty to be performed. The modern editor proceeds upon a different path. He explores the nature of the demand to be met as patiently and thoroughly as a German manufacturer. With a mixture of logic and cynicism he states boldly that what people ought to want is no affair of his, and in ascertaining precisely what they in fact do want, he never loses sight of the great philosophic truth that man is a frail creature. He assiduously ministers to human infirmities. The public would like to read, to instruct itself, educate itself, amuse itself, elevate itself, but—no effort and no sacrifice must be involved in the process. The way must be made straight, every obstacle shifted, every lion killed in advance. Inducements must be offered, and all the yielding must be on one side. Only by such means can a new market, however vast potentially, be set upon a secure and steady basis. The new tactics could not fail to prosper, and they prospered beyond any expectation; their prosperity was so conspicuous that the most stiff-necked and conservative purveyors of literature were fain to adopt them.

If it should be asked what is the immediate, or what will be the ultimate, result of this revolution, now so completely accomplished that the ancient condition of things is already forgotten, the reply would be that the one is not unfavourable and the other will surely be favourable. Let us admit that the new school of journalism, especially in regard to periodicals not newspapers, has in a sense swamped and flowed over the old; that was inevitable, seeing that the output of to-day is probably a hundred times that of twenty years ago. Let us admit that the "tone" (mysterious attribute!) of even the best organs has lost some of its former fine austerity under the contagion of modern methods: that does not prove that the general taste has declined; it proves rather that journalism, as directed by the commercial idea, is a truer mirror of the general taste than once it was. Why, indeed, should the general taste have declined? Why should it not have improved with the improvement of civilisation? Since our poets and novelists spring from the common stock, is not the multitudinousness of these, and the comparatively high level of their technical excellence, some proof that the inclination towards literary art is gaining frequency among us? For poets and novelists must still be born, must still be the result of inherited traits and of environment. Let us admit, lastly, that any representative modern journal is, judged by the absolute standard, compact of offence to nostrils delicate enough to appreciate fully the virtues of comeliness, quietude, and asceticism in art and culture. What then? There are degrees. Most questions are questions of degree. Is it not better that the man in the street, a creature scorned but nevertheless admirably unaffected, should read an English sixpenny magazine than that he should read, say, the Sunday edition of the *New York Journal*? And is it not better that he should read the Sunday edition of the *New York Journal* than that he should read nothing? Ignorance and indifference are the worst. A "smattering"—poor, despised achievement—is finer than these. And the crudest excitement of the imaginative faculty is to be preferred to a swinish pre-occupation with the gross physical existence. Therefore, when those of us with delicate nostrils happen to pass the bookstalls which "groan" with offence, let us, casting off the mere dandyism of art, remember that these same bookstalls disclose the germ of a tremendous movement, and that everything must have a beginning. E. A. B.

Thomas Hardy: an Enthusiasm.

Two men were discussing Thomas Hardy.

"His influence," said the younger, "is not solely the influence of a master of style. He has perfected the novel: a very lofty genius shall have arisen when Hardy's art as a novelist ceases to be the standard. He ideally completes his work. One may go back and try to discover how the enthralment, the absolute illusion, was wrought; but one must go on first simply believing. Hardy is a great thinker, a great seer, a great humanist—I had almost added a great poet; and, indeed, in the true, if not the conventional, sense he is that also."

"But," said the elder, "isn't he a bit of a pagan?"

"No, no! He has something of the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius. But he is certainly not a pagan according to the paganism so commonly expressed in modern literature—the puling, giggling, sniggling effeminacy that dawdles in utter cowardice and atrophy of soul about the pleasant weak things of sybaritic existence. Hardy is not content with sunning himself in decadent egoism by the shores of old romance. He is a man every inch of him! He has power; and he has the tenderness, passion, and pure emotion without which power in literature is no more admirable or spiritually significant than power in building a stone wall or laying a drain-pipe. But he has more than all this: he has an unerring conception of moral order—so unerring is it that he seems to be incapable of allowing wrongdoers to escape the consequences of their wrongdoing. He will weep over them, shelter them as long as he can under his wonderful sympathy. But he won't—he can't let them off!"

"I confess," said the elder, "that Hardy hasn't struck me in this light. Do you suggest, then, that he has what is called faith?"

"I not only suggest it, I assert it as being the only intelligent criticism of his work. One sees it everywhere—in his all-pervading compassion, in his terrible Hebraic inevitableness, in his power to bring his reader down to the dust in solemn questioning of the mysteries of life and death. He takes us to the doors of tragedy, of terror, and we gaze in and are purified. Reading him I have stopped to cover my eyes with my hand; he has shown me more than I could bear, and my soul has craved to be alone in the silence and stillness of an awful isolation. That, of course, is the ascendancy of genius; all the industrious talent under the sun could not do it. There are people—I have scarce patience to speak of them!—who say that Hardy is at war with heaven. God help that heaven! Hardy's so-called blasphemy is nobler and more instinct with faith than are the loud hosannahs of other men."

"But," said the elder, "what about *Tess* and *Jude*?"

The young man sprang to his feet, his eyes aflame. "Those books have a moral earnestness unequalled in English literature! This might be proved out of the mouths of the men who have had the incredible arrogance—or the sheer stupidity—to condemn them on the ground of morality. A bookseller told me that immediately after the review in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, infamously headed 'Jude the Obscene' (Ah, the shame, the shame, the infamy of it!), he had orders for the book from four men of notoriously loose life; and with one consent they came back and protested that that was not at all the sort of thing they wanted. Hardy has suffered, especially in recent years, from misrepresentation; for every pure and unique thing is liable to vitiation by impure and ignoble minds. And I don't think that even the finest critics yet realise how great a book *Jude the Obscure* is. They are, perhaps, content to leave it to the judgment of posterity. It sums up all the weariness and unrest, all the vague haunting terrors of this strange generation. It will be the most graphically suggestive of all documents to the religious and ethical historians of our

age. It is a beacon set on a hill, and we are gazing from the valley of our humiliation, and cannot quite comprehend. It is prophetic: one hears in it the cries of men afraid of that which is high and that which is in the way—the breaking of the golden bowl at the mud-poisoned fountain of a materialised civilisation; one sees in it the waning of the stars of hope, the shadows of the long night that is falling upon us. Ah!—think—think—Hardy can't help that! But he loves the truth; he faces it with brave sad eyes that are only dim with pity; and he must proclaim it. *Jude the Obscure* is a sublimely courageous appeal to the Lord God Omnipotent to have mercy once more upon His wandering children of the bondage. Believe me, so great a mind as Hardy's could not be profane! To think that you must imagine the deity of the littlest of Little Bethels! Surely he is great in the Christ-like way—because he dares to look on sorrow; dares to hold sorrow by the hand and call out for succour in the wilderness of an eclipsed faith almost universal in the world and in the Church. So of old the prophets called, and it was accounted unto them for righteousness. You know how precious exquisite workmanship is to me; and in this Hardy is my master. But literature that is beautiful merely in its technique is, after all, one of the luxuries of the intellectual Scribes and Pharisees. It cannot appease the deep perplexities and longings of the human heart. To do that it must be for all—like the parables of our Lord—not simply for two or three gathered together in the often unholy and more often selfish name of culture. It must touch the *soul*; and to do that it must possess what is at once the higher and the lowlier distinction of obedience to the moral law. There may be revolt, for man is weak, and foolish in his pride, and genius must express itself even at the footstool of the Eternal. But—as in Thomas Hardy—there will be acquiescence; and that in literature is the power that consoles, and inspires, and lives."

VINCENT BROWN.

The Amateur Critic.

Commendatory Verses.

ONE of the many features of interest in the folio editions of Shakespeare's plays are the verses contributed by the author's friends in commendation of his work. It is there that one finds the two most notable poems that have been written on Shakespeare—namely, Ben Jonson's lines on the Droeshout portrait, and the "Swan of Avon" poem. The custom was a popular one in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially in the case of a posthumous publication such as the folio Shakespeare. In modern reprints, however, these first generous tributes of Hugh Holland and L. Digges, with Heminge and Condell's "Dedication," and their address "To the great variety of Readers," are no longer to be found: fashion has eliminated them. The subject is one which would bear writing upon at some length, but my present object is to put in a plea for the revival of commendatory verses. Some years ago Mr. Herne Shepherd printed in front of his edition of Chapman's Homer three such poems, including Keats's sonnet. And Mr. Gollancz, to excellent purpose, has provided each volume of the "Temple Shakespeare" with a commendatory poem. I should like, I say, to see this practice revived; for instance, I would prefix "Adonais" to Keats's poems; in Shelley I would give Browning's "Memorabilia" and Swinburne's "Cor Cordium"; in Chatterton I would have the notable verse from Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence" and Coleridge's "Monody"; Browning should have Landor's fine sonnet and George Meredith's "To Browning Dead in Venice."

OLIVER GREEN.

A Book that Held Me.

I HAD rummaged the little corner of the Edinburgh University Library devoted to fiction for a novel. I was turning away empty-handed when my eye fell upon a thin volume in a corner. It was alone there, very forlorn looking in the gloom. I took it, never even glancing at the name. I read it, read it pantingly—devoured it is the right expression, I believe. I read it yet again, and it held me, and for three nights I tossed and dozed and dreamed. That girl—oh, most alluring and pitiful creature of man's imagination—that snakelike nature with its surging, curbed humanity—the idea of it baffled me. The child-like question buzzed—can't be true? Gradually the insistence of the question subsided, and, though little less moved by the poignant anguish of Elsie Venner, the beauty of the novelist's message appeared. I was an ardent youngster, and the desperate righteousness of the message, conveyed so kindly, so humorously, so whimsically, and I think I may add so passionately, fired my soul. I have since seen the same subject of human responsibility thrashed out by philosophers of dry, shackled minds, but the kindly generous lesson of Oliver Wendell Holmes seems best to hear.

As a story, the book has innumerable faults, but it is good to read; it leaves the mind sweeter and gives one a tenderer thought for faulty humanity. It is hard to read too; but the tears it compels are cleansing.

JOHN MACLEAY.

Dismal Fiction.

THERE is a popular belief that for every one novel reader who delights in having his feelings harrowed there are, perhaps, ten who go to Mudie's for something that is, if not exactly humorous, at least not doleful. But it does not argue that because the few books of a cheerful character published in the course of a year attain great success that public preference is given to them. Perhaps the gift of humour is rare; at any rate, the output of well-written novels with bad endings is far greater than of those that end well. There is little doubt that novels of a sad, if not tragic, cast are read by a large public, which is attracted rather than repelled by their sombre tones. The typical tragic novel is that from which the feeling of impending doom is never entirely absent; it may be relieved by the occasional introduction of some comic element, which does not, however, serve to dispel the gloom, for it is part of its atmosphere. Is it not the same *ἀνάγκη* that fascinated the old Greek playgoer which now attracts the modern novel reader? It may be the secret of the fascination of the "unhappy ending"; the following of that relentless fate which pursues the characters to the last chapter. During the past forty years the tendency of the great writers of fiction has been travelling in the direction of tragedy—witness the works of Turgenev, of Tolstoi, of Flaubert, of Hugo, of Thomas Hardy. At an earlier date it was otherwise; save for a few notable exceptions, the novels of Fielding, Scott, Miss Austen, Dickens, and Thackeray end well. An editor told me only the other day that among his unsolicited contributions powerful stories on tragic or painful lines so greatly predominate that he has often to decline excellent work for this reason alone, while he is in absolute want of stories in a cheerful vein. The *slum novel* as it is now known is, comparatively speaking, a new field for tragic writing, and its popularity is doubtless the result as much of mere curiosity as of a morbid love of the dismal; it has presented a new and sensational phase of life to the novel reader who delights in striking contrasts. In the hands of a writer of Mr. Arthur Morrison's power the gloom of the slum novel is much relieved by his native wit and fancy; but from a less capable pen it is a form of fiction that is far from pleasant.

O.

Correspondence.

Stevenson's Beginnings.

SIR,—The account of the origin of *Treasure Island* given by Mr. Robert Leighton in your last week's issue is at several points so much mistaken that I have asked Dr. A. H. Japp to tell the story in his own words. I herewith append his communication, which I think may interest your readers.—I am, &c.,

SIDNEY COLVIN.

British Museum: March 7, 1900.

"R. L. S. had often heard of me through friends of his in Edinburgh, and when I printed a letter in the *Spectator* about Thoreau, he wrote to me wishing to know me personally, and asking if I would soon be in Edinburgh, as he was going there to be for some time with his father and mother in Heriot Row. He found the Edinburgh east wind too much for him, and wrote to me, after some weeks, saying that he had to make 'new tracks,' and that he had gone with his parents to somewhere near Pitlochry, not far from his beloved Tummel, the 'wale o' Scotland,' as he called it. Still, my holiday and journey to Scotland were delayed, and again I was informed that the family had made another move, and had gone to the Cottage, Castle-town of Braemar. There, accordingly, I went as invited, and stayed some days—days that are delightful to me to think of. The pastime of the afternoon was the reading of a chapter of a romance of adventure, which had been begun mainly with the idea of interesting Sam [Mr. Lloyd Osbourne], his stepson, as Stevenson himself says, giving him 'something craggy to break his boy-mind on.' Stevenson himself tells that, as this had already gone on for a week or two, the kindly feeling of the family retreated from the idea of inflicting the former mutilated members of 'The Sea-Cook' on me; but I implored them not to deprive me of that pleasure, as I was sure 'my pleasure' would relieve them from any notion of 'infliction'; and in Stevenson's little attic there, where he wrote and worked, I listened to him reading those earlier chapters. And such reading—dramatic, varied skilfully in tone and inflection, as his slim body gently swayed in his characteristic fashion; MS. in hand as he read, and now and then swaying too—as I shall never forget. His father was as keenly interested in the story as Sam Osbourne was; his enjoyment was shown in his expression, and his judgment in occasional suggestions offered after the reading; and sometimes Mrs. Stevenson would put in a sagacious word too. It was a delightful *mélange* every way. I had thus heard the whole of the story in first pencil draught before I left. One half of the story, which had been revised carefully and recopied, I brought away with me in my portmanteau, with the view of insuring that it should be printed, and not lost to the world as dozens of Mr. Stevenson's former story efforts had been; and, though I had then no connexion whatever with Mr. James Henderson, whom I knew as coming from my own district in Scotland, I took the story to him—very proud, I confess, to be able to tell him that I had brought him 'a work of genius.' He accepted the story, as I had been able to give him an outline of the whole plot, and though he did not give quite so much as I had hoped for my 'work of genius,' yet it was something, and an assurance of perhaps more to come; since R. L. S. kept his copyright. Almost all the copy of the story passed through my hands to Mr. Henderson, who was never introduced to Stevenson by me, in any formal sense; but getting, of course, into correspondence with Mr. H. about proofs, R. L. S. naturally called to see him early in the following summer as he passed through London to Bournemouth; when, on special terms offered by Mr. Henderson, he agreed to write the 'Black Arrow.' This, strangely enough, had much more pull on *Young Folks'* readers than the more artistic 'Treasure Island' had had.

Mr. Leighton, therefore, is quite wrong in his statement that Mr. Henderson offered to take a story from the young Scotsman, 'and gave him papers indicating the kind of story he wanted.' *Treasure Island* was written absolutely for the sake of writing it, and in conformity with the ideas suggested by the map which R. L. S. had elaborately drawn and coloured in sympathetic competition with his clever boy step-son, as he himself tells in the *Idler* article (reprinted in the volume *My First Book*); so that the statement that he found and adopted many incidents from *Billy Bo's'n* is thus wholly met and disposed of.

The alterations on the final book form of *Treasure Island* were really slight.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP."

A Personal Explanation.

SIR,—In reference to a paragraph in your last issue relating to myself, will you permit me to explain that I don't "deserve the harmless appellation of 'chaplain to *Punch*'" except for the reason that it has given some people a false impression of my connexion with the paper. I am proud to be a frequent contributor to it, but I am not a member of the staff. And when a recent contribution of mine to another journal figured on the title-page as "By the chaplain of *Punch*," a number of strangers assumed that I make frivolous literature my one occupation. Thereupon they showered reproachful letters on me, suggesting that I am breaking my ordination vows! When one is being driven off their legs by parish work, and preaching five or six times a week, as I am throughout Lent, this seems a rather undeserved reproach to hurl at a humble curate who writes frivolous verse and prose as a recreation, and as a means of supplementing a not munificent stipend.

Nearly all my lighter literary work appears over my signature or initials. I am not in the least ashamed of it. But ashamed I should be, and rightly so, if—as these people have been led to imagine—I made it the main business of my life after taking holy orders.—I am, &c.,

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

March 5, 1900.

"Cog" and "Mich."

SIR,—I write with no eye, either single or double, towards your Prize Competition; but here, if I mistake not, are two good old English and good old Shakespearian words which should not be allowed—in President Grover Cleveland's phrase—to lapse into desuetude.

One of these words is "mich," in the sense of "play truant"; the other is "cog," used of a schoolboy who dishonestly purloins matter from his neighbour's slate. People now say "copy," but "cog" is by all odds the better word.

Both "mich" and "cog" were words very familiar to my youthful ears. But, you see, that was a long time ago.

By the way, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" Maria describes Malvolio as one "that cons state without book." Maria's meaning is anything but clear. Suppose we read "cogs stole wit out of books"—would not the phrase become at once much more intelligible and pertinent?

Passaic, New Jersey :

JOHN BAXTER.

Feb. 18, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

LAVENGRO.

BY GEORGE BORROW.

Prof. Knapp's edition of Borrow's works is inaugurated by the appearance of this well-equipped volume. The correct text of 1851 is followed, and certain passages needlessly suppressed by Borrow are restored. Prof. Knapp's notes are rigidly compressed and are dictated by need—not zeal. (John Murray. 6s.)

A BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. SELECTED BY W. B. YEATS.

The Young Ireland movement is exhibited, and will be stimulated, by this collection of verse inspired by Irish ideals, and Irish models, and written by Irish men and women in the last two centuries. We refer elsewhere to the hope with which Mr. Yeats regards the poetical future of Ireland. (Methuen.)

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

We acknowledge elsewhere the need for a statement of the aims of the modern "symbolists." Mr. Symons attempts to supply the need by critical sketches of such symbolists as Gérard de Nerval, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Larfougue, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and Maeterlinck. "To spiritualise literature, to evade the old bondage of rhetoric, the old bondage of exteriority"—such, Mr. Symons tells us, is the aim of these men. (Heinemann.)

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1886-1888.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff continues his reminiscences, of which six volumes have already appeared, from the date of his departure from Madras. He hopes to continue his anecdotal diary to the last day of 1900, so that it will cover just half a century. (Murray. 2 vols.)

PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE.

BY THOMAS ARNOLD.

This is the autobiography of a younger brother of Matthew Arnold. As the title of his book implies, Mr. Arnold has been a great traveller. After alluding to Dr. Arnold's precept to his children—*work*, Mr. Arnold remarks half regretfully on his abandonment of Oxford life and his emigration to New Zealand. The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Arnold strikingly recalls his distinguished brother. (Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

THE MORALS OF SUICIDE.

BY REV. J. GURNHILL.

Granted that a book against suicide is needed, or that its "morals" can be usefully discussed, this is a learned and thoughtful examination of the subject. The author approaches suicide from the standpoint of a Christian Socialist, and the metaphysical element is banished from his pages. (Longmans. 6s.)

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

Lancashire men and women, and all who are interested in local poetry, will find in this volume a well-edited selection of Laycock's verses. Only verse written for passing occasions, or conspicuously below the author's ordinary level, has been excluded. The volume is therefore a purified, and also an expanded, edition of Laycock's volume, *Warblin's fro' an Owd Songster*. Why not have retained this old personal title? Laycock sang of all the domestic and industrial life of Lancashire, though he was not above celebrating his own minor troubles in verse; witness the poem, "Oh, this Boil!" The illustrator, Mr. F. W. Jackson, has caught the poet's spirit admirably. (Oldham: Clegg.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.	
Little (W. J. Knox), <i>A Manual of Devotion for Lent</i> (Isbister)	6/0
Adderley (James), <i>The Epistle of St. James. With Notes for General Readers</i> (Wells Gardner)	2/6
Bourdillon (Rev. F.), <i>Handfuls Plucked and Rabbed in Walking through the Field of the Word of God</i> (Wells Gardner)	2/6
Dearmer (Rev. Percy), <i>The Little Lives of the Saints</i> (Wells Gardner)	2/6
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.	
Dickinson (W. H.), <i>King Arthur in Cornwall</i> (Longmans)	4/6
Adams (Charles F.), <i>American Statesmen: Charles Francis Adams</i> (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)	5/0
Dimock (Rev. A.), <i>Cathedral Series: St. Paul's</i> (Bell)	1/6
Bonsal (Stephen), <i>The Golden Horseshoe</i> (Macmillan)	6/0
TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.	
Wheeler (Mrs. C. H.), <i>Missions in Eden: Glimpses of Life in the Valley of the Euphrates</i> (Oliphant)	3/6
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.	
Burnet (John), <i>The Ethics of Aristotle</i> (Methuen) net	15/0
<i>Charities Register and Digest: 1900</i> (Longmans)	4/0
EDUCATIONAL.	
Higham (J.), <i>Ivanhoe. School Edition</i> (Black)	1/6
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Maret-Sanders <i>Encyclopædic English-German and German-English Dictionary. Abridged Edition</i> (Grevell & Co.)	
Reid (Herbert), <i>Play the Man: Talks with Boys on the Battle of Life</i> (Oliphant)	2/6
Aikin (W. A.), <i>The Voice: Its Physiology and Cultivation</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
Carpenter (J. E.), <i>Soldier Songs</i> (Warne & Co.)	1/0
Lucas (J. J. S.), <i>Nordrach at Home, or Hygienic Treatment of Consumption</i> (Arrowsmith)	
Gould (F. J.), <i>Will Women Help?</i> (Watts & Co.)	1/0
Smart (W.), <i>Taxation of Land Values and the Single Tax</i> (Maclehose)	
Leland (Charles Godfrey) and Ward (H. Snowden), <i>Useful Arts and Handicrafts</i> (Dawbarn & Ward) net	7/6
NEW EDITIONS.	
Rossetti (D. G.), <i>Poems (Siddal Edition): Containing "Dante at Verona," &c.</i>	
Cholmondeley (Mary), <i>Diana Tempest</i> (Macmillan)	4/6
Foster (M.) and Rivers (W. H. R.), <i>A Text Book of Physiology</i> (Macmillan)	10/6
Parkin (George E.), <i>Edward Thring: Life, Diary, and Letters</i> (Macmillan)	6/0
Sterne (Laurence), <i>Tristram Shandy and Sentimental Journey. 3 Vols.</i> (Macmillan)	7/0
Stanley (Arthur Penrhyn), <i>Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.</i> (Ward, Lock)	2/0

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

The Best Sunday Books.

Our Weekly Competition.
Result of No. 24 (New Series).

We asked last week for lists of ten Sunday books for children, that branch of nursery literature having been somewhat disregarded in recent inquiries into children's reading. A large number of answers has resulted, dealing with which it seems best to adopt the method of judgment by general sense. According to this method the following are the best ten Sunday books, against each being placed the number of votes it has received :

Pilgrim's Progress (Bunyan)...	31
Parables from Nature (Mrs. Gatty)...	15
Ministering Children (Mrs. Charlesworth)...	13
Agathos (Wilberforce)...	10
The Story of a Short Life (Mrs. Ewing)...	8
The Book of Golden Deeds (Miss Yonge)...	9
The Child's Book of Saints (Canton)...	7
The Prince of the House of David (Ingraham)...	7
Jessica's First Prayer (Heba Stretton)...	7
The Child's Bible...	6

The list that comes nearest to this selection is that sent in by Mr. John B. Payne, The College, Winchester, which runs thus :

The Child's Bible.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Wilberforce's Agathos.
Life of Our Lord (Mrs. Marshall).
Hebrew Heroes (A. L. O. E.).
Palgrave's Treasury of Sacred Song.
The Wide Wide World.
Prince of the House of David.
Throne of David.
Jessica's First Prayer.

Replies received also from J. R. M., London; P. L. N., York; M. H. C., Cambridge; C. M. W., Meltham; E. M. T., London; M. T., Hull; A. B. S., Epworth; M. F., Bridgworth; G. N., Clifton; A. C., Edinburgh; R. H., Carlisle; M. A. W., London; O. W., London; W. P., London; R. W., Sutton; H. W., London; O. F., Chard; E. M. W. B., Brighton; D. S., London; G. W., London; A. F., Tiverton; M. H. M., London; O. J., London; J. A. C., London; G. S. T., Redhill; A. B., Isleworth; C. F. P., Caterham; M. S., Beckenham; R. W., Over; Z. M., Whitby; E. K., Ambleside; "Ivy Leaves," Liverpool; M. A. C., Cambridge; R. W. M., London; B. R., London; A. S. M., Hollywood.

Competition No. 25 (New Series).

Two weeks ago, as most of our readers must be aware, an elephant broke away from the Crystal Palace and ran for some miles through Kent, pursued by hundreds of people. After many hours he was tracked to a wood near Bromley, captured, and then led back to Sydenham in triumphant procession. We ask our readers to celebrate this unusual event in verse, not exceeding fourteen lines. The poem may take the form of narrative, or an address to the elephant.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 212, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Sappho, Blank, Paul Roman, Vilmar, John Oragdon, Derryllawn, The Chestnut Cat, Ohaffinch, Iris, Adam, Columbia, Lyra, Irene, Tabberwook, Norlan C-It, Infelix, "The Boy Guessed Right," Salopean, Sandwich, Tantalus, Felix Stowe, Grange, Francis le Stening, Lois, George, Laurie, Burley, Marabau, Azul.

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REVIEWING *David Harum* in the *North American Review*, Mrs. Craigie points out that in capturing the hearts of all classes of Americans this novel has done what is hardly possible to an English novel acting on the English public. The best novel that could be written here would leave vast portions of the nation untouched. Mrs. Craigie suggests that Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and *David Copperfield* "most nearly accomplished a feat which has now become impossible to other English literary powers of the first rank."

MR. KIPLING has nearly completed a long story, the scene of which is laid in India. The opening chapter will be published in *McClure's Magazine* towards the end of this year.

It is often hinted that Tommy Atkins does not know his Kipling as Mr. Kipling knows Tommy. But a Highlander in Roodebosch Hospital was able to tell Mr. Kipling that he knew by heart several of the *Barrack Room Ballads* and also several pieces in the *Seven Seas*. Poet and reader were mightily pleased with each other, and the wounded hero writes thus to his friends:

How often have I read and admired Kipling without ever a thought of seeing him, let alone my having such a long talk with him. I recognised him at once from his photo. He has eyes that make you smile when you look into them. His utterance is very rapid and very distinct, and struck me as being decidedly Scotch. I wish he had stayed longer; I could have talked with him all day. I believe he is gathering material for his book.

We believe so too.

"THE ROMAN," Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, with a new series of "Dolly Dialogues" by Mr. Anthony Hope, will be the features of *The New Magazine*, an American venture, the first number of which will be issued on June 1st. Mr. R. H. Russell, who is described as "the American Harmsworth," will be the editor and publisher. Mr. W. R. Hearst will be a large shareholder in *The New Magazine*, and we understand that the resources of the *New York Journal* will be placed at the disposal of the magazine.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL must have been amused to see how seriously his suggestion has been taken that the sunny side of Gower-street should be utilised as a site for

a home for decaying authors. One of the commentators has gone so far as to assert that Gower-street has no sunny side. Still, there are many struggling writers to whom a superior kind of Rowton House, in a good neighbourhood, would be a boon.

THE *Topoka Capital*, the religious paper which Mr. Sheldon is editing for one week "as Jesus would," is a huge success, but clergymen think that the newspaper is irreverent, and rival journalists say it is a ponderous tract.

FROM the *Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart*:

Wanted, novels, cheap; or exchange new underclothing, dressing jacket.

Fiction's your only wear nowadays.

MR. J. T. BEDFORD, who died the other day at the age of eighty-seven, was our old friend "Robert," the shrewd and witty "waiter" of *Punch*.

MR. W. T. MAUD, the Special Correspondent of the *Graphic*, who was with Mr. G. W. Steevens through the two campaigns in the Soudan, and who shared with him a house in Ladysmith, has sent to Mrs. Steevens an account of her husband's last hours, from which we are permitted to make an extract. The letter is dated Ladysmith, January 18th, three days after Mr. Steevens's death. After explaining that they all thought the danger was past, his temperature having again become normal, Mr. Maud says: "On Friday, January 12th, his temperature suddenly rose, and hemorrhage set in." Three days later a consultation was held.

They told me there was no hope, though they did everything that was possible to save him. When they had gone, I returned to the sick-room, sent out the two nurses, and together we passed through the great ordeal. I said: "The Doctors think you are very ill. I will cable home, do you wish to send a message?" "Yes, write it out and read it to me for my approval," he replied. I wrote: "Steevens dangerously ill." "Do you mean that I am dying?" he asked. "They think it very serious," I answered, for I was afraid. Again, "Am I dying?" "Yes!" "Soon?" "Soon!" He was looking straight into my eyes. He never flinched. There was no trace of fear in that brave heart. Death had no terrors for him. He dictated the message which I sent to you. . . . After that he turned towards me, saying: "Well, this is a sideways ending to it all—let us have a drink." "Right, old boy, I will open a fresh bottle of champagne," and I did so. "But you are not drinking," he said. I made some excuse. All the morning we had been giving him teaspoonfuls of it every ten minutes, also brandy and milk. About one o'clock he commenced to rally, and took nourishment so freely that my hopes bounded up again. I left him in the charge of both nurses, and lay down to sleep. They called me an hour later, and I saw at a glance that the end was near. . . . He imagined himself back at Merton Abbey. Dr. Davies was present all the time, but there was nothing more to be done. He was asleep, breathing quite quietly and regularly. At 4.30 in the afternoon he passed away peacefully—so peacefully. There is nothing more to tell—save this, that all through his illness he was so patient, and he fought splendidly against it to the very end.

MR. HERBERT MORRAH, the editor of the *Literary Year Book*, writes to us:

Your reviewer suggests that the directory of authors should be omitted from the *Literary Year Book*. I am afraid that this would cause great discontent, and that I am more likely to please people by making it complete. But it is the counter-suggestion which puzzles me. I think it is a good one. Only it involves the old difficulty of criticism. How I am to give the plots of "the best novels" without making invidious distinctions is the question. And why novels more than other books? I hope your reviewer will find time to amplify his suggestions to me.

We do not doubt that the omission of the directory of authors would cause discontent among small literary fry. But Mr. Morrah may as well abandon all other features if he intends to make his list of authors complete, for their names would fill the book. What we wish to see in the *Literary Year Book* is more really useful information. We see no difficulty in giving the plots and characters of the best novels. Criticism would not come in at all. In these days of all-prevalent fiction it would be very useful to be able to recapture, at a glance, the background, local colour, principal characters, plot, and avowed moral (if any) of a last year's novel. The system might also be applied to the best biographies, histories, essays, &c., of the year—selecting the books likely to be consulted. Done well, this annual *précis* of the year's best books would be most useful.

MR. EDWARD MARKHAM, author of "The Man with the Hoe," that not very remarkable poem which has achieved in America a popularity second only to *David Harum*, has composed a new poem, from which we quote some strong lines. Called "Lincoln, the Great Commoner," it was read by the author at the Republican Club dinner in New York:

The colour of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and odour of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

ANOTHER light-hearted venture in magazinedom. It is called *International Art Notes*, and in shape is so long and narrow that we admire the self-control which at last put a limit to its attenuation. Primarily *International Art Notes* is the organ of a little band of women artists who have received their art education in Paris and have formed themselves into the "Paris Club." The "Paris Club" was opening an exhibition of its works at the Grafton Gallery, when it suddenly occurred to someone: If an exhibition, why not a magazine? So "the type was chosen, the shape of the publication decided upon, and the printers did the rest within ten days. . . . It rests with the Art public to say whether it shall rise or fall." It does—it always does.

THE *Memories and Impressions* just put forth by the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, contrast favourably, by their modesty and seriousness, with the general run of books of reminiscences. Mr. Brodrick was for many years a leader-writer for the *Times*, and his memories of that newspaper, and of Mr. Delane, are decidedly interesting. In all, he contributed about 1,600 leading articles to the *Times*. He wrote the leader on the Tichborne Case, and this cost him "the

greatest effort in concentration" that he ever attempted. Mr. Brodrick has some interesting remarks on that power of improvising which every journalist must acquire. The death of Cavour took the *Times* office by surprise, and Delane urgently begged Mr. Brodrick to write an obituary article. This was at about three in the afternoon, and, says Mr. Brodrick:

Few writers could have been less qualified to execute such a task, for I was very ill informed about Italian politics, and did not fully share the admiration of Cavour felt by many of my friends. Moreover, of the only two biographical records which I could procure (after considerable delay), one was in Italian, which I did not understand, the other being in French, and both ended before the most remarkable part of his career began. Meanwhile, I was ransacking my own memory and some other scanty materials which I possessed. Everyone has more in his mind on any given subject than he can realise, until he comes to rally it under high pressure. So it proved in this case. About five o'clock I made a start, and though I had to dine out, I escaped speedily from the dining-room, and completed two columns and a half by one or two o'clock in the morning. I have reason to believe that my hasty composition not only passed muster with the general public, but was approved by persons familiar with Italian history, one of whom afterwards assured me that, while he noticed some omissions, he could find no material errors in it. What amuses me now, in reading it over, is the suggestion of reserved knowledge which pervades it, whereas all my goods were really exposed in the shop window.

THE Vale Press artists think that "no edition of Shakespeare's Plays at present exists that is notable as a finely-printed book on paper whose permanence is undoubted." So the Vale Press is going to issue its own Shakespeare, printed in a new "Avon" fount of small pica type, and adorned with borders and half-borders by Mr. Rickett. Each play will be issued in a demy 8vo volume, and separate schemes of internal decoration have been arranged for the Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories. Good! The world will soon have its well-printed, enduring edition of Shakespeare. Scholars, book-lovers, critics—rise, welcome it in your myriads! Stay—what is this? "Only 310 sets of the Vale Shakespeare will be printed, of which 100 sets are for sale in the United States of America and 187 sets in Great Britain. . . . The whole of the English edition of the Vale Shakespeare has been taken up by collectors and the trade." *Vale!*

UNFORTUNATELY these special editions are always exploited by speculators, and those who have never before made a penny out of books succumb to the temptation. Only last week a gentleman having bought his right to a copy of the edition at 16s. a volume, transferred the right the next day, at a profit of 5s. a volume. The publication of the edition would have begun last year had it not been for the fire at Messrs. Ballantyne's, which destroyed the type and the sheets of the first two volumes.

THE author of "Father O'Flynn" has four spirited verses in the *Spectator* in the metre of "The Wearin' o' the Green." We quote the last two:

A heart of fire has Lancashire for fightin' inch by inch,
But the Irish, though they started last, were first into the
trinch;
They took the front, they bore the brunt, o'er kopje and
ravine,
On Pieter's Hill Majuba's ill they righted for their Queen.

And so upon St. Patrick's day the Queen herself has said
Each Irish regiment shall wear the Green above the Red;
And she is comin' o'er to us (who away so long has been),
And dear knows but into Dublin she'll come wearin' of the
Green!

It will be interesting to see how the critics deal with "Wynton Eversley's" novel, *The Dean of Darrendale*. Staring them in the face is the following modest notice:

As the Author's name happens to be that of a novelist of world-wide reputation, he sets aside his conviction that an Author should sign his work with his own name, and adopts the *nom de plume* of

WYNTON EVERSLEY.

Following this, and deepening the awe or the caution of the reader, is the following comprehensive dedication:

To all in perplexity, doubt, or sorrow, especially to the heart of Youth oppressed by the inequalities of life, the strenuous yearning after Truth, the sense, above all, of failure in noble effort, and the anguish of forbidden love; to the student, the wife, the priest, the operative, the social enthusiast, to all human elements in this confused epoch, I dedicate this book; not, indeed, flattering myself that it can solve problems, or by any magic anticipate God's appointed angel Time; but believing it to hold in solution the more necessary qualities of endurance, serenity, and hope.

THE growth and slow solidification of tit-bit literature is worth watching. Rusks are succeeding to pap, and year by year the readers who have been educated by the Board schools are being tempted with more solid fare. Mr. Newnes, who founded *Tit-Bits*, soon saw the possibility of developing the more instructive pages of that journal, and he produced his scientific "story" series. Everywhere the public is now offered compressed and carefully flavoured knowledge. Mr. Dent who has flooded the country with classics which thousands have bought for their dainty exteriors has now turned his attention to science and general knowledge; witness the first two *Temple Cyclopaedic Primers*. Here, in 137 pages, we have an *Introduction to Science*, and in 160 pages a *Roman History*. A great many other volumes, as dainty in dress and as informing in substance, are promised.

LITERATURE as she is organised. The American *Bookman* says:

Since Mr. Richard Harding Davis's recent marriage there have been signs that his attractiveness as a literary idol for the matinee girl is on the wane. His photographs are no longer so eagerly sought and so lovingly cherished, and there is only wanting the right sort of young man who will write the right sort of books with the right sort of *insouciant* hero and the right sort of stately heroine—and then will come the cry, "*Le roi est mort: vive le roi!*"

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has an entertaining article in the American *Bookman* on the mistakes made by English novelists in dealing with foreign life. Mr. Le Queux says he knows of no novel which describes the play at Monte Carlo correctly.

The novelist's rules of roulette—generally miscalled *rouge et noir*—are hopelessly wrong. The interesting character in fiction who goes to Monte Carlo never fails to play with higher stakes than the Administration permits, and always wins utterly impossible sums. Never once, to my knowledge, has a writer of romance been able to wholly avoid the many pitfalls in describing the easy, yet extremely involved, game of roulette; and as for trente-et-quarante, few novelists have ever been bold enough to refer to it. Monte Carlo sounds reckless, and therefore a scene there always "grips," even if written by one who has never presented his card at the bureau.

Similarly Russia is a sufferer, and Mr. Le Queux suggests a new light in which the obstructive tactics of the Russian censors may be usefully regarded by English authors:

The descriptions of Russian revolutionists and Russian police—always called the Third Section—are invariably ridiculous. Why the police should be called the Third Section is another unsolved mystery. I once lent one of the most popular and thrilling Russian novels—one that

had sold in England and America by tens of thousands—to a very prominent Russian writer and critic who had spent fifteen years in Siberia on account of his revolutionary writings. He returned it gravely, saying: "There is not a single sound fact in it from cover to cover! Such a book does the cause of Russian Freedom more harm than good. I don't wonder at the Press Bureau prohibiting such rubbish from entering Russia!" And this was a work at that moment on everyone's tongue in England—a real serious work which made its author's reputation, and brought him instantly to the front, and about which clergymen preached, taking the facts as genuine!

Lastly, Mr. Le Queux declares that of recent years, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Max Pemberton—he does not except Ouida—not a single author has written a novel about Italy without going to pieces. The use of "Si" for "Yes" is universal in English writers, instead of "Ja," which is the usual "Yes" of Italians.

IN an article on Mr. Ruskin in the March *Studio*, Mr. E. T. Cook suggests that Ruskin suffers as an art critic from two causes—forgetfulness and misunderstanding. The forgetfulness of what Mr. Ruskin wrote fifty years ago blinds people, for instance, to the fact that the present admiration of Velasquez is in no way in advance of what Ruskin wrote half a century ago, when he pronounced him "the greatest artist of Spain," and "one of the greatest artists of the world," a master of "consummate ease" who was "never wrong." Again, the emphasis with which Ruskin enforced the claims of artists who were not fully appreciated when he wrote has been attacked when the need for that emphasis has passed away, and has been treated apart from its context. In urging the claims of Turner Ruskin seemed to disparage Claude; but to say that Ruskin was blind to the merits of Claude is wrong. Such, in brief, is Mr. Cook's argument.

THE weakness of most of the war verse which has been poured of late into the newspapers is perhaps due to the fact that our poets have been content to sit at home and be inspired by censored telegrams. Not thus were the great war poems written, as Mr. Austin M. Steevens, who writes on "The Warrior Bard: Ancient and Modern," in the *Westminster Review*, is careful to show. In ancient Greece poets made their pens mighty by acknowledging their swords mightier and unsheathing the latter. Scott's minstrel boy had the root of the matter in him:

Land of song! cries the warrior-bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.

The author of "Chevy Chase" fought with those whose deeds he proclaimed, and hence Sir Philip Sidney could say that this ballad, although "sung by some blinde crowder," stirred his heart "more than a trumpet." And in the grand old Border ballad of "Kinmont Willie" it is no stay-at-home poet who stirs our blood:

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garred the bars gang merrilie.

Mr. Steevens says: "It is significant that the poet says *we*, not *they*; in this simple fact lies all the difference between the old Warrior Bard and the new." The contention is fair at the present moment; but, as a matter of fact, much fine war poetry has been written by poets who never took the sword.

In the March *Fortnightly Review* Fiona Macleod begins to write in her own characteristic way of Iona. Dr. Johnson's famous rolling passage about the island is in no way recalled—except in contrast—by Fiona Macleod's

more searching and flexible sentences, from which we are tempted to quote.

It is but a small isle, fashioned of a little sand, a few grasses salt with the spray of an ever-restless wave, a few rocks that wade in heather and upon whose brows the sea-wind weaves the yellow lichen. But since the remotest days sacrosanct men have bowed here in worship. In this little island a lamp was lit whose flame lighted pagan Europe, from the Saxon in his fens to the swarthy folk who came by Greek waters to trade the Orient. Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home, when the shadow of the sword lay upon all lands, from Syracuse by the Tyrrhene Sea to the rainy isles of Orca. From age to age lowly hearts have never ceased to bring their burthen here. Iona herself has given us for remembrance a Fount of Youth more wonderful than that which lies under her own boulders of Dun-I. And here Hope waits. To tell the story of Iona is to go back to God, and to end in God.

THE sudden making of the war-expert is one of the many curious literary accompaniments of the Boer War. Mr. Dooley has naturally looked the war expert up and down, and this is his account of that amazing person:

"A war expert," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man ye niver heard iv before. If ye can think iv anny wan whose face is unfamiliar to ye, an' ye don't raymimber his name, an' he's got a job on a pa-aper ye didn't know was published, he's a war expert. 'Tis a har-rd office to fill. Whin a war begins th' temptation is sthrong f'r ivry man to grab hold iv a gun an' go to th' fr-ont. But th' war expert has to subjoo his cravin' f'r blood. He says to himself, 'Lave others seek th' luxuries iv life in camp,' he says. 'F'r thim th' boat-races acrost th' Tugela, th' romp over th' kopje, an' th' game of laager, laager, who's got th' laager?' he says. 'I will stand by me counthry, he says, 'close,' he says. 'If it falls,' he says, 'it will fall on me,' he says. An' he buys himself a map made be a fortune-teller in a dhread, a box iv pencils, an' a field-glass, an' goes an' looks f'r a job as a war expert. Says th' editor iv th' paper: 'I don't know ye. Ye must be a war expert,' he says. 'I am,' says th' la-ad."

Bibliographical.

It is to be hoped that the representations of "Hamlet" in its entirety" which Mr. Benson has been giving at the Lyceum have sent playgoers generally to the actual text of the play as Shakespeare finally left it. It is astonishing how ignorant the ordinary theatre-goer is of the said text. He has never heard it in the playhouse (till now) "in its entirety," and great have been the surprises for him. Mr. Forbes Robertson brought Fortinbras on at the end of his "Hamlet" revival at the Lyceum; but even he shrank, apparently, from conceding to the warrior his earlier place in the play. For the most part, Shakespeare, as English men and women know him, is the Shakespeare of the "boards." All the more reason that the critical press should keep a stern eye upon the Shakespearean revivalist, and insist upon no tricks being played upon the Bard. "Cutting" there must be, in most cases; but the public should always be advised to turn to the play as printed.

The notion of issuing a selection from Archbishop Trench's verse, under the title of *In Time of War*, is good and timely. That the worthy prelate was genuinely a patriot he showed by many a piece of verse, notably by his sonnet on "Gibraltar." But the example thus to be set might well be followed. Why should not Tennyson's publishers make up a little volume of his patriotic verse, which would include, of course, the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," one of the most stirring of British manifestoes? It was really Tennyson who led the way in the modern patriotic movement among the poets. Now, too, seems to be the time for a reissue of Mr. and Miss Wedmore's collection of *Poems of the Love and Pride*

of England, which might be augmented with advantage. At present it contains nothing of Tennyson's, but why should it not comprise such verse (of the kind wanted) as is now out of copyright?

The best of us will make a slip now and then. Last week, in an illustrated paper of some pretensions to literary standing, there was a short story, at the head of which stood the motto:

God's in His Heaven, and all is well.

Now, if this was intended to represent a well-known couplet by Browning, I need not say how far it was from the fact.

"Captain Arthur Haggard (Arthur Amyand)" is the legend on the title-page of Captain Haggard's latest publication. It was in 1894 that the *nom-de-guerre* of "Amyand" was first used, in connexion with the book called *Only a Drummer Boy*; it was used again in the following year on the title-pages of *Comrades in Arms* and *With Rank and File: Sidelights on Soldier Life*. One sees that Captain Haggard has utilised the name of "Amyand" only for his volumes dealing with military matters. His first appearance as an author was made in his own name in 1889, when he put forward *Dodo and I*. His relative, Mr. Rider Haggard, had had five years' start of him as a writer of fiction—*Dawn* and *The Witch's Head* being published in 1884. Captain Haggard threatens to become quite a voluminous author, his publications (of all sorts) numbering nine already.

Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be reserving what she has to say about Anne Brontë for the reprint of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, which will appear shortly in the Haworth Edition of the Brontë works. It would be interesting to know what measure of popularity that story at present possesses. It is naturally included in all reproductions of the sisters' fictions—as, for instance, in Messrs. Downey's edition of 1898 and Messrs. Dent's of 1893. But is it much read, or even read at all? Since 1889 it has been published in separate form only once—in 1894, by Mr. R. E. King. This would seem to suggest that the demand for it—by itself—is not particularly great.

The announcement of a new volume of verse from the pen of the Warden of Glenalmond, the Rev. J. H. Skrine, reminds me that Mr. Skrine has been tolerably industrious as a poet. In that character he came out originally in 1892 with a drama called *Columbo*. This was followed in 1895 by the dramatic romance entitled *Joan the Maid*, and this, again, in 1896, by *Songs of the Maid*. Last year he issued *Thirty Hymns for School Singing*, but I have not seen the book. Last year, too, he published a collection of sermons. No wonder Mr. Skrine is a poet: he must find ample inspiration in Glenalmond and its picturesque surroundings.

"Who is Mr. Walkley?" Fancy that—from "The Baron de Book-worms"! I fear that when Mr. Walkley's *Frames of Mind* came out it was carried off by one of the Baron's assistants, and a similar thing must have happened eight years ago, when Mr. Walkley brought out his *Playhouse Impressions*. Truly "A. B. W." has not published much in book form, and ignorance of "Spectator" would have been just pardonable and no more. But Mr. Walkley has written largely over his own name in more than one daily paper, and he has been widely advertised by Mr. William Archer.

So Robert Burns is to be the central figure of a work of fiction called (not too complimentarily to the poet) *The Rhymor*. Burns, if he is permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, need not resent being made the hero of a story, for he has already been made the leading personage in a play. It is not so very long ago since a drama, called simply and nakedly "Robert Burns," was enacted on the boards of an Edinburgh theatre, from which, after a week's run, it disappeared into the illimitable inane.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Kipling as Globe-Trotter.

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 12s.)

THESE volumes are not uninteresting reading "on their own," as the London idiom has it; and they are valuable as the early fruits of their author's genius. They show Mr. Kipling on those travels without which his later books would have been very different, and they show also rather oddly how very like Mr. Kipling just out of his teens was to many other young men just out of their teens, with a kindred interest in life and letters. "O the little more and how much it is!"—of course; but working back from what Mr. Kipling has since done—from, say, the story of Purun Dass in the second *Jungle Book*, and "Without Benefit of Clergy," and "The Hunting of Kaa," and the "Recessional," and "The Finest Story in the World," and "The Courting of Dinah Shadd"—one is a little surprised by the ordinariness of these descriptions of travel. Except in one or two rare instances—notably the account of "seeing life" in Hong Kong—the book is only a shade better than many another of its kind. Also it is far younger than we knew that Mr. Kipling had ever been, especially when it is remembered that he had written *The Story of the Gadsbys* some half-a-dozen years before he left India on this voyage at all. This, of course, may very likely be due to the fact that Mr. Kipling is here, to some extent, off his guard. Also he was writing letters for a paper, and, being a good journalist, he did not unduly strain matters. Also, he was writing about himself, and that is always a betrayal of an author's age; in dramatic essays it can be hidden. And yet—so many years after *The Story of the Gadsbys*—one is a little amused by the youthful insistence upon jokes in which nakedness is involved, and the record of such scraps of conversation between himself and his fellow-traveller as this:

It rained monsoonishly, and the Professor discovered a castle which he needs must see. "It's Osaba Castle," he said, "and it has been fought over for hundreds of years. Come along."

"I've seen castles in India, Raighur, Jodhpur—all sorts of places. Let's have some more boiled salmon. It's good in this station."

"Pig," said the Professor.

Indeed, there are too many indications that Mr. Kipling, but for the goodness of Providence (of which he is in these pages repeatedly and vocally thankful), was within no great distance of becoming a new humorist.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to do with *From Sea to Sea* is to search for the seeds which afterwards bore fruit. Take, for instance, Hans Breitmann, the orchid hunter, whom we meet in "Bertram and Bimi" and "Reingelder and the German Flag" (in *Life's Handicap*). Mr. Kipling met him on the steamer running down to Penang—"a German orchid-hunter fresh from nearly losing his head in the Lushai hills, who has been over most of the world." The orchid-hunter told him the story of the Bad People of Iquique, which Mr. Kipling straightway narrated for the readers of the *Pioneer*. It is a poor story, not to be compared with "Reingelder" for a moment, and Mr. Kipling proves his instinct for a good telling by serving up the indifferent yarn to his newspaper and saving the others for careful treatment. In the same chapter, which describes a few hours in Burmah—Mr. Kipling's only visit there—we find this passage: "I should better remember what the Pagoda was like had I not fallen deeply and irrevocably in love with a Burmese girl at the foot of the first flight of steps." Surely that moment fathered "Mandalay."

But it is time to look a little at the truer Kipling as he is revealed in these early writings. A glimpse of him may

be had in the account, in "Letters of Marque," of a ramble through Jeypore. After a while the traveller (the narrative is rendered almost unreadable by the author's trick of alluding to himself as "The Englishman"—a mistake corrected into the first person singular in *From Sea to Sea*) strayed into the Maharaja's palace, and while he was idling there

a figure in saffron came out of a dark arch into the sunlight, almost falling into the arms of one in pink. "Where have you come from?" "I have been to see —," the name was unintelligible. "That is a lie; you have not!" Then, across the court, someone laughed a low, croaking laugh. The pink and saffron figures separated as though they had been shot, and disappeared into separate bolt-holes. It was a curious little incident, and might have meant a great deal or just nothing at all.

The ordinary young-man traveller would have missed that, or treated it differently.

Here is a grimly humorous illustration of the inveterate artistry of the Japanese, of their overpowering instinct for a picture:

Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko River and looked across at the trees, up-stream at the torrent and the hills whence it came, and down-stream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains. "It needs only a dash of colour in the foreground to bring this all together," said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing-gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite alabs of the river-ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The king smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here," he said to the court carpenter, "of just such a colour as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of grey stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it; and that is the story of Nikko Bridge. You will not find it in the guide-books.

Mr. Kipling for the most part escaped adventures. The world passed before him as a panorama, and he saw it in comfort. But at San Francisco, in a Chinese gambling den, he was for a moment or so in the midst of peril. A Mexican and a Chinese had a difference:

Mark how purely a man is a creature of instinct. Rarely introduced to the pistol, I saw the Mexican half rise in his chair and at the same instant found myself full length on the floor. None had told me that this was the best attitude when bullets are abroad. I was there prone before I had time to think—dropping as the room was filled with an intolerable clamour like the discharge of a cannon. In those close quarters the pistol report had no room to spread any more than the smoke—then acrid in my nostrils. There was no second shot, but a great silence in which I rose slowly to my knees. The Chinaman was gripping the table with both hands, and staring in front of him at an empty chair. The Mexican had gone, and a little whirl of smoke was floating near the roof. Still gripping the table, the Chinaman said: "Ah!" in the tone that a man would use when, looking up from his work suddenly, he sees a well-known friend in the doorway. Then he coughed and fell over to his own right, and I saw that he had been shot in the stomach.

After San Francisco the book loses interest. One feels that Mr. Kipling, at that period of his life at any rate, was wasted on America, nor was he happy there. He was happy in seeing the Bret Harte country:

There were the pines and madrone-clad hills his miners lived and fought among; there was the heated red earth that showed whence the gold had been washed; the dry gulch, the red, dusty road where Hamblin [Hamlin] was

used to stop the stage in the intervals of his elegant leisure and superior card-play; there was the timber felled and sweating resin in the sunshine; and, above all, there was the quivering pungent heat that Bret Harte drives into your dull brain with the magic of his pen. When we stopped at a collection of packing-cases dignified by the name of a town, my felicity was complete.

And he was happy in meeting Mark Twain; but between the two, the West and the East, he was wretched and bewildered, particularly so at Chicago.

We ought to point out that *From Sea to Sea* has been published in self-defence. Pirates are about, and if any edition is to be circulated there may as well be an authoritative one—that is Mr. Kipling's very reasonable argument. We could wish, however, that the proofs had been rather more carefully read.

At the Bar of History.

Exploratio Evangelica. By Percy Gardner, LL.D. (Black.)

THE interposition of qualified laymen has done much of recent years to give a bent to the speculation and research of divines. To name English writers only, Matthew Arnold, the author of *Ecco Homo*, the author of *Supernatural Christianity*, each in his turn has assisted to vitalise controversy, and to turn theological studies into something more than a *grimoire*. Ecclesiastical dove-cotes may once more be fluttered, but the impartial observer can only welcome the appearance in the same field of so critical and trained an historical investigator as the Lincoln Professor of Archaeology at Oxford. Prof. Gardner's competence has already been proved by more than one admirable volume upon the subjects of his chair. He now approaches a cognate theme, in the handling of which those habits of weighing and considering evidence which he has acquired, so to speak, *in corpore vili*, must necessarily stand him in good stead.

The title of the book is borrowed from a once famous treatise of Prof. John Grote's. The sub-title—"A Brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief"—expands and explains it, while the general trend of the conclusions arrived at is given by a quotation from Amiel to which the writer more than once returns. "What an age especially needs," said the French thinker, "is a translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology." Side by side with this dictum, Prof. Gardner puts another by Jowett: "Religion is not dependent on historical events, the report of which we cannot altogether trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history." These two quotations strike the keynote of the whole essay. Obviously, therefore, it is two-sided. Partly it is negative, or, rather, critical, for it discusses with the merciless logic of history the basis of traditions on which, in the mind of the plain man, Christianity rests: partly it is constructive, or, rather, reconstructive, for it attempts to replace that basis, found untrustworthy, by another in the heart and moral ideals of man. Prof. Gardner, in fact, emulates, on a more concrete plane, the feat of Kant: he excludes theological conceptions from the sphere of Reason as Speculative, to re-admit them in the sphere of Reason as Practical.

The critical section is wedged in between two sections of reconstruction in the actual ordering of the book; logically, perhaps it should come first. In a couple of hundred close-packed, but clear, pages Prof. Gardner gives a most luminous survey of most of the vexed questions of New Testament criticism. He deals successively with the character of the documents and the preconceptions and ideals, literary and doctrinal, with which they were written, the narrated events of the life of Christ, the element of the miraculous in these and the recorded teaching of the Master, the intellectual conditions, Jewish and

Hellenistic, under which the doctrinal ideas of the first centuries took shape. On all these subjects he gives, from the standpoint of an independent and judicial critic, a thorough-going support to the main contentions of the "advanced" writers of the second generation—such men, for example, as Adolph Harnack and Albert Réville. This testimony is all the more important, firstly, because, as we said, it is that of a trained historian; and, secondly, because it is in no sense that of a foe to Christianity. On the contrary, Prof. Gardner writes, "after many shrinkings and hesitations," from a profound conviction that a creed, to which he is sincerely and, we gather, even devotedly attached, can only gain from an honest and thoroughly-going study of its own foundations. His own conclusions are soberly but uncompromisingly expressed. He is not afraid to face the complete elimination of the miraculous from the Gospel narrative. Miracles, he insists, were bound to be attributed to the Founder of Christianity. They "have been in all ages of the world's history attributed to those who appeared to have a spiritual mission for mankind." The cause of this is "a confusion between the power of men over the souls and bodies of other men and their power over external things." History must draw a sharp distinction between "miracles proper—that is, complete deviations from the course of nature," and phenomena which, though abnormal, are not unparalleled by human agencies acting under scientific observation. Among the latter are included numerous recorded "miracles" which may be roughly classed as faith-healing, and which are not consequently miracles in the sense of acts of superhuman power testifying to the divinity of the agent. Of miracles which, if they happened, would really be miracles, so far as our present knowledge of the laws of nature can be trusted, Prof. Gardner sets aside (a) those recorded only in the Fourth Gospel, and (b) those recorded in the narratives of the infancy. The author of the Fourth Gospel is "a great constructive thinker," but "he regards reported facts as mere material to be accepted or rejected as may suit the necessities of his doctrinal fabric." Similarly, the miracles recorded in the early chapters of the Third Gospel, though "superior in ethical and literary character" to the childish fancies of the apocryphal gospels, are essentially of the same legendary type as these. Certain other miracles in the First and Third Gospels occur in distinctively Petrine passages, and Prof. Gardner suggests that Peter or the exponents of his tradition had "a readiness to accept the miraculous on easy terms." There remain some three or four "miracles properly so called" which perhaps offer the strongest resistance to dissolvent criticism, because they are found in "incomparably our most sober and trustworthy record" of the life of Jesus, the Second Gospel. These are the stilling of a tempest at sea; the walking on the sea to the boat of the disciples; the feeding of multitudes, twice repeated; and the cursing of the fig tree, with its result.

There are various ways in which the miraculous element may be eliminated from each of these stories without any violence of hypothesis. I do not care to attempt any such explanation, because it seems to me that no particular explanation can reach more than a moderate degree of probability. What is quite certain is, that any one of half-a-dozen explanations is more likely to represent the historic fact than an acceptance of the narrative as it stands in a perfectly literal and unimaginative fashion.

Prof. Gardner deals in a similar way with the question of the, for Christianity, infinitely more important miracles of the Incarnation and Resurrection. The "virgin-birth," he declares, is theology and not history. It is "a somewhat crude attempt to explain the nature of the Founder," and "partakes of the materialism which He seems to have constantly rebuked." It can be paralleled from almost every Gentile religion, and is not even accepted by several Christian Churches. Incidentally, Prof. Gardner combats

the renewed attempt of Prof. Ramsay to uphold the historic credibility of the tradition which places the scene of the Nativity at Bethlehem. As for the Resurrection, "the accounts are inconsistent one with another, and intertwined with false scientific views." St. Mary Magdalene was "subject to nervous derangement," and "in a matter of visions her evidence would be of very little value."

This brief analysis of a part of Prof. Gardner's argument is intended to illustrate the extreme nature of the position to which a by no means hostile critic, making use of the ordinary canons of historic evidence, is driven when he once begins seriously to consider the historic basis of Christianity. Naturally these and other of his conclusions will be—have been—impugned, and we trust that he will be led to support his precise and lucid summary of results by an exhaustive statement of the considerations on which they are based. It would be unfair to leave the book without a few words on its constructive chapters, to which we have no doubt that Prof. Gardner attaches even greater importance than to the rest of his book. Only, of course, he is a professed historian, and he is not a professed psychologist, and naturally his views carry most authority when he is on his own ground. Briefly, his position appears to be this: Cut adrift from the tradition, religion finds its basis in the experience of the individual and of the race. The individual is conscious "of sin and its removal, and of the answer to prayer." This leads to the conviction of a "Power within which works for righteousness." History reveals the working of the same Power in the ordering of the world. Myth, legend, prophecy, parable, doctrine, are various ways in which the consciousness tries to represent to itself the activities of this Power. They have no speculative validity, but they have a relative validity, just in so far as they are fitted to survive by their adaptability to the practical needs of man. On this view, our only criticism must be, that it seems to repeat Kant's hard and fast distinction between the speculative and the practical Reason. And in reality Reason is not two, but one. The value of such doctrines as those of the Divinity of Jesus or the Future Life to the Practical Reason itself, depends entirely on their being regarded as speculatively true. Destroy their speculative validity, treat them frankly as dreams, and at once their subjective validity vanishes. Prof. Gardner's psychologic evolution of doctrine was not its historic evolution, in which obviously speculation had a large share; and we do not think he succeeds in showing that the psychology without the history will uphold the superstructure. In any case, he shows no signs of being prepared for the rifle fire of psychologic criticism, which the constructive side of his theory of Christianity will have to face. And we warn him that this will be no less searching than that which he himself has brought to bear upon the historic entrenchments of the past.

After Hamlet.

The Prince. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a tribute to the vitality of the drama that, even under the most depressing circumstances, good wits will attack it. At the present moment few people will read even an excellent play, and no manager will do more than postpone the production of one. Yet there is rarely an ambitious writer who does not, sooner or later, essay the conquest of the medium in which the literary art becomes most nearly creative. Mr. Jack has written *The Prince* upon what we may call orthodox lines. He has no affinities to the symbolism of the Continental and the Irish drama. His precursors are Shakespeare and Browning, in both of whom he has obviously soaked himself. The play is in five acts of blank verse, and has an Italian

setting. To our mind it shows considerable achievement and greater promise, and deserves the careful attention of all serious students of poetry. The interest is, of course, mainly psychological. It arises out of a problem of conduct, one of those problems the very statement of which is a criticism of the scheme of things.

Men must choose

The best of two bad courses. That's the choice;
There is no other in the world of men.

The "Prince" is Francesco, son of the Marquis of Saluzzo. For him the choice falls between the sacrifice of, not kingdom, but kingdom, and the sacrifice of personal love and loyalty to a woman. He is brother to the heir to the throne, and, as a younger son, makes a secret marriage with the daughter of a merchant. Some days after he learns that his brother died a few hours before the marriage; that he was, therefore, himself heir at the time; and that, consequently, his marriage, by the law of the land, was null and void. He is now called upon to take up the serious responsibilities of heirship, and the claims of humanity and the personal life at once clash. He elects for humanity, weds his brother's intended bride, and sacrifices to his calling himself and his girl wife. Mr. Jack does not put it all as baldly as this. There is action and reaction. Francesco makes the juster and more merciful king for his personal experience of suffering and wrong. But this is the framework of the play, and the final judgment—whether he actually chose the best of two bad courses—is left in the equipoise. The handling of the theme, in its statement and evolution, seems to us somewhat unequal. The first two acts do not quite grip. The issues remain a little obscure, are not quite broadly enough put. But you learn, firstly, that Mr. Jack has a real power over blank verse; and, secondly, that he knows how to keep it in proper subordination to dramatic effect. The chief criticism that we should make on the style is that it is, if anything, too much under the domination of one of Shakespeare's manners—the involved, tortuous manner of parts of "Hamlet." There are phrases which startle one by the completeness with which they have caught the trick of it:

The sleep that's now upon him
Was not as welcome. What a cast was there
'Twixt churchyard food and youth.

Or again:

. . . . to remember me
Of these ambitious might-be's I forgo,
The weak thoughts of a mind that slips and swings
And starts at what it would.

The rhythm again, in the distribution of its pauses, the cunning variety of its accents, is curiously Shakespearean. But though it is a real achievement to be able to write like "Hamlet," it is perhaps better still to be able to do so and to refrain. The lesser authentic voice is really more than the inspired echo, and Mr. Jack will, we hope, strike out more freely. But, before we pass on, there are some fine passages in these first two acts—not purple patches, for they only stand out above a continuously high level of diction and phrasing—which we must quote. The first is a fragment of dialogue between the father and mother of Francesco:

MARCHIONESS. . . . There's nothing changed,—
Only, our sanguine garment's faded:
Oh, not more sweetly in the morning sang
The morning birds, when all our world was young,
Than sounds their pipe to-day.

MARQUIS. We'll seek them, then,
And in the garden where we found our loves
Dream, while we hear that plain song, Time has stood
In one continuing season.

The second is a bit of soliloquy by the blind Messer Gerardo Lanzetti, father of Francesco's love, Aurea :

LANZETTI. . . . I am so blind—
But then my hearing's rare. You cannot know them,
These frail delights that come to men who are old
And blinded. Music pipes all day. The breeze
Makes music, and the small birds with their wings
Beat a rat-tat for me; the air's alive
With voices and innumerable sounds.
The tree-squirrels hurry through the shaken wood,
I hear it, and I hear the breath of men,
And, when the silence and blank darkness comes,
The whistle of Time's passage.

The third is a fine dramatic movement, and makes us desire to see the play on the stage.

With the third act the dramatic situation gets hold of you. The scenes during which Francesco is deciding on his renunciation are admirable. He sends a letter of explanation to the deserted Aurea, and departs for Montferrat, to woo the Princess Domenica in his brother's place, and to assume the responsibilities of sovereignty there. How he understands those responsibilities, and the sincerity of the motives which led him to ruin his life and Aurea's rather than shirk them, are shown by another good scene, in which he does justice, not as the commoner mind conceives justice, upon two criminals. Meanwhile the letter has failed to reach Aurea. In the dress of a lad—Shakespeare again—she sets off in search of her husband, falls among robbers, and is rescued by the Count of Acqui, who, not knowing her story, falls in love with her.

AUR. You are a gentleman.
COUNT. And you the star,
The single planet burning in the west,
Making the other silver fires of heaven
Show faded as the lady moon, and cold
As all my world without you. Would I speak,
Or could I trust my life on few short words,
I'd say—O hear me!—when you came it seemed
As if the fielded grass was springing flowers,
And there was colour everywhere, sound, scent,
Warmth everywhere; and now I think the earth
Always contained but you, was always rich;
I cannot think what fashion had my thoughts
If it is truth I was without you once,
And wondered at the spiritual life of birds
That are a part of air.

Aurea and the Count reach Montferrat, and the Count, who now knows the story all but the deserting husband's name, puts it to Francesco, in Aurea's presence, whether she is not free to marry him.

We are not careful to enumerate all the defects of Mr. Jack's work. They are there. Not enough is made of the interludes with the dancing girls. Aurea's attitude to the Count of Acqui needs a little development; and so forth. But we can honestly say that few recent books of poetry have interested us so much as Mr. Jack's. He has put fundamental brainwork into it, a sense of style, a real feeling for dramatic expression. And all these things are rarer in literature than could be desired.

South Sea Thrills.

Among the Man-Eaters. By John Gaggin. (Unwin. 2s.)

"To be eaten," says Mr. Gaggin, without emphasis, "is mostly the ultimate fate of many of the hardy white adventurers in the western South Seas; such is the final result if the trader remains long enough. It may be postponed for years, or it may happen at once; but the result is generally certain, sooner or later." Mr. Gaggin went to Fiji in the cotton rush of 1871, and in later years he knocked about the Solomons and other fearsome South Sea paradises as a British Government agent. He appears

to know every beach, custom, and lingo. He has had cannibal acquaintances who recognised him after years of absence, and who remained true to him when they found he was still lean. Again and again the ovens of Fiji or Malicolo or Engela seem to have been heated for Mr. Gaggin's reception, but a stout heart and a ready revolver always brought him through. The superiority of many of these cannibal over non-cannibal races is very marked. Thus the islanders of Savo, the best canoe builders and sailors in the Solomon group, are compared by Mr. Gaggin to the Vikings. They flash over the seas in canoes sixty feet long and eight or ten feet wide, and the best whale boats cannot overtake them. A superb and pitiful scene is thus described by Mr. Gaggin :

While here at Boli harbour one day, the white missionary being absent, a great Savo war canoe, chanting their weird war song, came sweeping round the point under fifty paddles. All the villagers took to the bush at once, but our boat faced the canoe, and halted her. It appears the head chief of Savo had built a new house, and it had no "mana" yet, so it had been sent to Florida for two boys. One fine lad was tied up, covered with leaves, at the bottom of the canoe. The mute agony and entreaty in the poor lad's eyes were more than I could stand, so I offered seven brand-new Tower muskets, one after the other, for the lad, and was refused. I must say I longed to tackle this man-eating canoe. Yet I dare not. I was a Government agent, an official, I was at a missionary town. Even if the missionary was at home, we could not save the boy except by force. A British man-of-war was cruising around. Had I used force to save the lad I would have been arrested in a week, and tried for my life in a month. I hesitated. I suppose the native chief saw his danger from my face and yelled something. The canoe shot off like a great sea bird, my boat could not overtake her; the moment to act had passed. That poor lad's face haunted me for a week.

One day on a Solomon beach a little girl played Friday to Mr. Gaggin—her Crusoe. She ran to him and, before he was well aware of it, placed his foot on her neck :

One knows what this means well enough. In hot war it means that if a chief allows his foot to rest on the defeated one's neck the man's life is safe, but he is a slave for ever, rescue or no rescue. I was puzzled at the child's action. It was soon explained. Shortly afterwards down came a lot of villagers, and insisted on taking the youngster. I told them what she had done. They said they did not care; her mother was being cooked in the town, and the child should go to the ovens with her.

"Never," I said. "What! we who had eaten betel nut together many times to quarrel for a mere child, to whom I had granted life in their own way." I swore they should kill me first. They replied—

"Oh, that was an easy thing to do."
A bold front was the only thing now. Luckily I had my sixteen-shooter. Springing back, and putting a mark on the sand with my foot, I swore I would shoot the first man who crossed it. I said before, the natives do not care to face an armed white in the open. They knew I could answer for a dozen of them or so, and, although clubs were up and bows bent, they hesitated—as well they might; and I knew I had mastered them. Then one proposed I should buy the child fairly: they cared not to fight a friend. To this I at once agreed, and a *miss* was thus avoided, and a mission axe—worth tenpence—made me a slave-owner. Tell it not in Gath.

Treachery is the weapon of cannibals, and it is pleasant to have Mr. Gaggin's assurance that "no natives will face an armed and determined white in the open—even one. This is a rule." Certainly they never faced Mr. Gaggin, whose skill and bravery shine between his lines and make his off-hand yarns more enchainning than a golden style. A group of literary men would be silent in Mr. Gaggin's presence; they would give him strong cigars and bid him talk. A man who has rubbed noses by the half-hour with hideous chiefs on Pacific islands, who has held Christmas revel with cannibals in booming ocean caves,

who has known how near a good ship in a waveless lagoon may be to bloody massacre, may write as he pleases, if he will only write. This is the age of statement. Even our accomplished writers run to statement; they minister to the passion which men are feeling to know how life is lived in mean streets and Indian cantonments, and in the uttermost parts of the ocean. Mr. Gaggin goes on stating in his cool, horny-handed way, and for the time he is king. He says his stories are correct; you believe him. Indeed his stories do not greatly transcend what has been recently written in more sober terms by Capt. Cayley-Webster.

Mr. Gaggin thinks—with other authorities—that cannibalism began in sheer hunger for flesh food, and that the mitigation of the evil arose when Capt. Cooke brought pigs to the Pacific. It is "a South Sea axiom" that if fifty English people were deprived of all meat or fat for a sufficiently long period they would—but it is only a South Sea axiom. Mr. Gaggin's book is compact of grim realities—is such a tale as Othello whispered to the blanched cheek of Desdemona. Its general accuracy is above suspicion, and criticism has therefore nothing to say to its bluff and unassuming statements. We should add that the book is included in the "Overseas Library," a series which has our hearty admiration.

Other New Books.

BY MOOR AND FELL.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Here we have a novelist elevating his favourite back-grounds into a separate theme. In *Ricraft of Withens* Mr. Sutcliffe has shown himself the novelist of the Yorkshire moors, boldly occupying the ground on which the Brontës wreaked their passion and their genius. Passion abides with Mr. Sutcliffe: he really knows, really loves, the forlorn moors and sunny dales of West Yorkshire. His book deserves a finer word than topography, shall we say it is topography of a fine order? We named the Brontës: Mr. Sutcliffe has a chapter on them and on their bleak Haworth. By the same token he is at issue with Charlotte Brontë and with Mrs. Humphry Ward about the sources of Emily Brontë's inspiration in *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Sutcliffe pictures the shy Emily knocking boldly at the doors of moorland farmhouses, and making herself at home in their great kitchens; pictures her talking "like the upland folk who have given her welcome. . . . presently she will go to the far mistal, to have a look at the roan cow . . . she will be insatiably curious as to all farm implements . . . she will get into wordy conflict with the oldest farm hand." Mr. Sutcliffe says the Joseph of *Wuthering Heights* may be found in any low-lying farm among the moors. Thus he scouts Charlotte Brontë's idea, ratified by Mrs. Humphry Ward, that Emily "had scarcely more practical knowledge of the people round her than a nun has of the country folk who sometimes pass her convent gates." A pretty difference of opinion, involving the question whether we are to regard *Wuthering Heights* as a patient reproduction of Yorkshire moorland life by a keenly observant, yet imaginative, woman, or as a triumphant evocation of it by a woman of rare poetic and creative genius.

All this leaves unsaid needful words about this book, which no one who has truly loved one scrap of England can read unmoved. For here we have the language not of mere tourist description, but of yearning memory. The very stories which lighten the pages, like that of Jose Wark's bamboozling of the Army doctor, or the Bingley schoolmaster who saddled a stranger's mare in mistake for his own horse, are told, not for their effect as stories, nor for any Yankee symmetry or completed humour they possess: they are told for their slow revelation of character bred from the soil. Soil and sun and wind, and the human lives they have done so much to mould—these are

Mr. Sutcliffe's theme. How vast the starry night above the rocks of Ponden Kirk, how dolorous the rain-winds of November on Haworth Moor, how slowly in the summer heat the folk move about Rylstone village, how remotely under the moonlit fells throbs the dance of Burnstall Fair! Old squirearchical days, old Methodist days, old ghost stories—not yet out of the blood—Mr. Sutcliffe knows them all. In its small world and way, this is a true book. (Unwin.)

SHAKESPEARE'S MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

EDITED BY HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, M.A.

The merits of Mr. Furness's "New Variorum" Shakespeare do not, at this time of day, need preaching: it is enough to chronicle the welcome issue of yet another volume of the Comedies. Mr. Furness has, naturally enough, no revolutionary theories to propose about "Much Ado"; but his patient and laborious compilation of all the ore and much of the dross in what a hundred commentators have written on the play will save the brains and economise the time of many a student. His own critical divagations, moreover, are always learned, touched with humour, and on the side of sanity. He attempts to discover some traces of a "first state" of the play, and apologises: "This, of course, is pure conjecture—but does it herein differ from the majority of Shakespearean assertions?" He thinks that this "first state" was the "Benedicte and Betteris" played at court, according to Lord Treasurer Stanhope's accounts, in 1613. It is just possible, but on the whole it seems more likely that "Much Ado," like others of Shakespeare's plays, was known by more than one name. One does not see why a "first state" should continue to be played after the revision had taken place. The court of King James did not share the ideals of the Elizabethan Stage Society. In any case Mr. Furness will have nothing of Mr. Brae's theory that we are to look for a "first state" of "Much Ado" in the lost "Love's Labour Won" mentioned by Francis Meres. We think he is right. The name would fit any one of half a dozen comedies. The popular fancy is "All's Well that End's Well": the claims of the "Tempest" and the "Taming of the Shrew" have been urged: Mr. Furness thinks, and so do we, that there is something to be said for "As You Like It." "But it is all guesswork, from which the guessers alone retire with intellectual benefit. However, 'the fox is worth nothing,' says Sydney Smith, 'it is the catching alone that is the sport.'" Mr. Furness tilts at a dictum of Coleridge, that Dogberry and his comrades are dragged into the play, "when any less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." On the contrary, Mr. Furness thinks that Shakespeare "was forced, by the necessities of the action, to have stupidity rule supreme at those points where he has given us the immortal Dogberry," and his analysis of the dramatic value of the watchmen scenes is a pretty enough page of criticism. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

NOTES FROM A DIARY,
1886-1888.

BY SIR M. E. GRANT-DUFF

Reviewing Sir Mounstuart Grant-Duff has come to resemble the child's pastime of threading chestnuts on a string; with this difference, that the child deals with chestnuts exclusively, whereas the most engaging of living diarists varies them with other kinds. When he records with appreciation that a poor wicket-keeper has been compared to the Ancient Mariner, in that "he stoppeth one of three," we have to sigh a little, because this was a joke which we have known for a lifetime; but then will come such a story as the following, to atone for it: "When Lord Amptill was young he kept a collection of much-cherished serpents in a room which opened into his mother's. 'But don't you,' some one said to Lady William, 'find that very disagreeable?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied,

'very disagreeable indeed; but I like dear Odo to have home ties.'" We select several others. Thorwaldsen the sculptor said: "The clay is the life of the statue, the plaster is its death, the marble is its resurrection." On mentioning a trick that the Khedive had of saying continually, "Ceci et ça," someone told of an old country gentleman who similarly had a habit of saying, "Little dogs, little dogs," which he repeated incessantly, sometimes insulting those of his hearers who did not know him. Some one, in the time of the Russo-Turkish war, met Ruskin, and told him that Plevna had fallen. "Plevna?" said Ruskin; "I never heard of it. I know of nothing later than the fourteenth century." "Capital speech that of yours," said an M.P. to Lord Charles Beresford; "very good speech indeed; but you don't *look* like a statesman." "I daresay not; no more do you *look* like a weathercock." The diarist's discretion prevents us from doing more than guess at the weathercock's name; but everyone will do that. Lamartine was so fond of dust that he preferred always driving in the second carriage in order to enjoy it. An American paper once contained this announcement: "Mr. Browning has declined to furnish us with a poem in exchange for a thousand dollars. We find ourselves more unable than ever to understand Mr. Browning." Old Sir William Erle remarked to some one who offended him: "You don't know the strength of the expression which I am *not* using." Matthew Arnold wrote in a visitor's book in 1884:

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff cannot be said always to have elicited the utmost possible from the eminent persons whom he met. We find this entry in his diary for May 23, 1887: "I asked him [Bret Harte] what was the industry of Crefeld, where he had been consul. 'Silks and velvets,' he replied; 'in the production of these it comes second to Lyons.'" Whereas he might have talked about Yuba Bill, or told of one of the other occasions on which Mr. Brown's sarcasms had half cleared out the town! But these are very attractive volumes none the less. (Murray.)

Fiction.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy.
(Henderson. 6s. net.)

In the summer of last year we dealt fully with Count Tolstoy's new novel as far as it had then gone in its serial publication. And now that the complete book has been published, and we have read it to the end, we realise that in choosing that time for our article we acted upon what was nothing short of an inspiration. For the melancholy truth has to be confessed that this novel, which began so finely and of which so much was expected, declines into something very little better than a tedious tract. At a certain stage the publication was interrupted while the author made up his mind how to go on—or, at least, that was the report. With the book before us, there is, alas! only too much reason to believe it; for though the story is now brought to at least one of its possible conclusions, it is without life, tenseness, enthusiasm, and, worse than all, it is diffuse and wayward.

Prince Nekhludoff, it will be remembered, years ago seduced his aunt's servant. He forgets the whole affair until, serving on a jury, he recognises the girl in the prostitute charged with poisoning a merchant. She is convicted and condemned to Siberia, and Nekhludoff first throws himself into the attempt to procure her acquittal, and afterwards determines to go to Siberia with her and marry her in order that her lot may be the lighter. To do this he gives up his old friends, his social ties, his property. That is the story of *Resurrection*, culminating in Nekhludoff's discovery that perfect peace of mind is his.

The trial, the seduction, the dealings with lawyers and officials, and the Prince's relations and friends are, as we said last summer, done wonderfully. The whole thing lives. But with the departure to Siberia the story flags, and apparently the author's power weakens. Life stories of other convicts are drawn across the trail, and the end, in which Maslova, the prostitute, declines to permit Nekhludoff to carry out his part of the expiation, is inconclusive. In fact, what began as a convincing and realistic drama of awakened conscience and convict life constructed by a great artist, terminates as if it were part of the heavy octavo of a zealous prison reformer. It is sincere and moving in a way; but, oh, the novel that is lost!

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KISS OF ISIS. BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR HAGGARD.

Captain Haggard, who is a brother of Mr. Rider Haggard, tells how a British officer came under the power of the Spirit of Evil (who had a face like a leper), and remained in bondage until he could be released by the kiss of Isis. He at last wins to the goddess, and behold! she is Ena Feilden, an heiress and his love. (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE STRONG GOD CIRCUMSTANCE. BY HELEN SHIPTON.

A serious novel. The hero, a clergyman, is unjustly suspected of fraud in coaching his pupils for examinations. He makes a good fight, and is loved by two women, one of whom sacrifices herself that he may be happy with the other. A novel above the ordinary level. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MAKER OF NATIONS. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

The maker of nations is Mr. Joseph Spielman, who pulls wires to perfection. But it is Dick Durrington, soldier of fortune, who is the central figure of this story. When we say that it opens in a gambling saloon in Cairo, and passes to a South American Republic in a state of war, students of Mr. Boothby will know enough. (Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.)

THE HARVESTERS. BY J. S. FLETCHER.

This story is "truly rural," but it does not exclude tragedy. Love and poaching supply the chief interests. "Black Archer," the poacher, is not provided with the right vocabulary: a poacher would not speak of birds "outlined against the sky"; he would not speak of his "designs" when planning a night's sport; nor would he say to his son, "I have determined to shoot you if you persist in your stupid conduct." (John Long. 6s.)

WITHOUT THE LIMELIGHT. BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

In his own way Mr. Sims is always effective. Here he shows us what theatrical life is behind the scenes: how, for instance, the fairy queen of a pantomime had to turn out of her sordid lodgings on Christmas night and sleep in a mourning coach, and breakfast in the midst of an undertaker's stock. The little good-hearted servant-maid, who asks everyone to excuse her vulgarity, is an amusing figure. There are twelve stories. (Chatto & Windus.)

MARCELLE OF THE LATIN QUARTER. BY CHAS. HOLLAND.

In this story, Mr. Holland tries to do for the Latin Quarter of to-day what Henri Murger did for it fifty years ago. We are among artists and models, we sip absinthe on the Boule Miche. There is much café and studio talk like this: "If old Tissot illustrates the Apocrypha I should advise him to buy 'Le Bain de Suzanne' for a frontispiece." (Pearson. 6s.)

Spring Supplement.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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[Next week.]

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Spring Announcements Supplement.

SATURDAY: MARCH 17, 1900.

The Spring Publishing Season.

New Books and Announcements.

PERHAPS only an eye accustomed to the publishing arena would see in the following lists the restraining influence of the war on book production. That influence is really very marked, yet among the surviving announcements are many of great interest. Mr. Basil Champneys' *Life and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore* is a book to which many look forward. Mr. Lang's *History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation* and Mr. Leslie Stephens's *The English Utilitarians* will be welcomed by serious students. Science will be the richer for what it finds in Dr. Nansen's memoirs of his Norwegian North Polar Expedition. Prof. Knapp's edition of the works of George Borrow, begun by the issue of *Lavengro*, will be continued. Mr. W. H. Mallock will give us both prose and poetry. Mrs. Meynell's study of John Ruskin, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's critique of Mr. Kipling, are sure to excite discussion. These are but chance drops in the plenteous shower. On the whole, the Spring publishing season of 1900, though attenuated, is distinctly "in being."

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The Irish Literary Movement.*

Mr. Yeats as Shepherd.

AT the present rate of events we shall all soon be claiming Irish descent. We have seen Mr. George Moore sob his way from London to Dublin with Art in his portmanteau. On Saturday thousands of Englishmen will be wearing clover leaves in honour of St. Patrick. In April the Queen's visit. It is all very pleasant and important; and now, to give the joy its crown of song, Mr. W. B. Yeats comes wandering by—with dreams in his eyes—telling us that Ireland's new poets are to "lead many that are sick with theories and trivial emotions to some sweet well-waters of primeval song." It is most true that many of us are sick with theories; all the bolder then is Mr. Yeats when he advances another. It is not as though his chosen band of poets were living in Ireland, cultivating the Muse on a few potatoes. Mr. Yeats himself lives in London and has been seen in hansom cabs; and Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Nora Hopper, Mrs. Clement K. Shorter, and Mr. Lionel Johnson are all Londoners; several of them, indeed, have sung the praises of London with rapture. However, Mr. Yeats produces documents—an anthology of modern Irish verse and an introductory essay—in support of his message; the least we can do is to examine these.

At once we are captivated by Mr. Yeats's knowledge, his subdued fervour, and his golden phrases. He tells first how slowly and fitfully English-speaking Ireland found poets after the dissolution of the bardic order in the wars of the seventeenth century. Irish poets rose, but they were of little use to Ireland. Goldsmith came to London; Swift was, in Mr. Balfour's phrase, an Irishman only by the visitation of God, and against his will; Congreve turned gentleman at an early age; and Parnell, Denham, and Roscommon hardly count. Moore, with all his Irish melodies, was not very melodious. But at last a little band of translators arose who put old Gaelic verses into English; and then came a band of "Young Ireland" poets like George Darley and Samuel Lover and James Clarence Mangan and Edward Walsh. Most of these were too given to politics; "they had no time to listen to the voice of the insatiable artist, who stands erect, or lies asleep waiting until a breath arouses him, in the heart of every craftsman." Mangan—the laureate of the group—eschewed politics, but not opium. Mr. Yeats says of this unhappy poet: "Mangan knew nothing of the happiness of the outer man; and it was only when prolonging the tragic exultation of some dead bard that he knew the unearthly happiness which clouds the outer man with sorrow, and is the fountain of impassioned art." That explains "Dark Rosaleen," with its glorious energy that seems to outlive its last stanza, and go thrilling wordlessly through space and time. Undoubtedly, with Mangan we come to the 'osses. A little later came Samuel Ferguson, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere, working apart from politics, and turning an ear not

only to the Gaelic bards, but to the poets of the big world. To Allingham Mr. Yeats awards this fine praise: "He is the poet of the melancholy peasantry of the West, and, as years go on, and voluminous histories and copious romances drop under the horizon, will take his place among those minor immortals who have put their souls into little songs to humble the proud." That is the criticism of a poet. But Mr. Yeats knows that these poets of Fenian days are not worthy of all imitation. From their successors of to-day a finer and more alluring craftsmanship is asked, in alliance with the old passion, the immemorial legends. A spell more potent and more delicate is needed to evoke poetry from a world full of cross-currents of noise and vulgar energy. Unfortunately, the world is much with the young Irishman he goes to Trinity College, or to the English Universities, and the poet is worn out of him. "He loves the mortal arts which have given him a lure to take the hearts of men, and shrinks from the immortal, which could but divide him from his fellows." Still Mr. Yeats has his little flock of the faithful. Besides the London colony, there is the mysterious A. E., whose poetry "has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time." By the way, A. E. is accounted the "chief poet of the school of Irish mystics which has shaped Mr. Charles Weekes." When Mr. Yeats talks like that we realise that we have not the wedding garment. For of Mr. Weekes we know nothing beyond the fact, mentioned with respect by Mr. Yeats, that he "published recently, but withdrew immediately, a curious and subtle book." Such fawn-like flight is surely far above three signed copies, and unobtainable vellum. Then there is Mr. John Eglington, "best known for the orchestral harmonies of his *Remnant*," and behind these a pale wavering crowd of "young writers, who have thought the labours that bring the mystic vision more important than the labours of any craft." Is it possible that Mr. Yeats can at any moment lay his hands on a poet with mystic vision, and no visible means of support? If so, the Irish literary movement may indeed endure.

So much for the poets, what of their work? Criticism of individual poems is not needed. The questions to be answered are surely these: Do these poems, gathered from many hands in two centuries, seem to belong to each other; do they form a recognisable homogeneous body of verse about which general conclusions can be formed? Secondly, if they are homogeneous, have they qualities which entitle them to be accepted as good leaven? have we here an influence, and a valuable influence? To these questions our answer is "Yes." For setting aside all other and, as we think, minor considerations, we find in these poems a love of nature more intimate and spiritual than we think could be found in any collection of English or Scottish poets of the same, perhaps even of a higher, literary rank. The Irish heart has loved Nature not only with the love of a bruised patriot, but with the old indefinable temperamental love of the Celt for Mother Earth. These Irish poets do not seem to come to Nature with eyes, they seem to be dwelling with her in spirit; they love to be alone with her, not naming her trees and flowers, not curiously observant of detail, but deeply conscious of her large life and her warm permanent embrace of them in life or death. It recurs—this note—in many keys, many standards of expression, but it is the recurrent and magisterial note of all these poems. You have it in Sir Samuel Ferguson's ballad of "Aideen's Grave":

Here, far from camp and chase removed,
Apart in Nature's quiet room,
The music that alive she loved
Shall cheer her in the tomb.

The humming of the noontide bees,
The lark's loud carol all day long,
And, borne on evening's salted breeze,
The clanking sea-bird's song,

* A Book of Irish Verse. Selected from Modern Writers, by W. B. Yeats. (Methuen.)

Shall round her airy chamber float,
 And with the whispering winds and streams,
 Attune to Nature's tenderest note
 The tenor of her dreams;
 And oft, at tranquil eve's decline,
 When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,
 The lowing of Moynalty's kine
 Shall round her breathe again.

You have it in Mr. Charles Weekes's "Think":

Think, the ragged turf-boy urges
 O'er the dusty road his asses;
 Think, on seashore far the lonely
 Heron wings along the sand;
 Think, in woodland under oak-boughs
 Now the streaming sunbeam passes;
 And bethink thee thou art servant
 To the same all-moving hand.

You have it in alliance with fairy lore, in William Allingham's "Fairies":

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Sleeveleague to Rosses
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

You have it as the gift of memory—that childish memory whose lightest caprice is worth all the acquisitions of study:

Four ducks on a pond,
 A grass-bank beyond,
 A blue sky of spring,
 White clouds on the wing:
 What a little thing
 To remember for years—
 To remember with tears!

You have it as sheer description, which achieves more by what it selects than by what it says, in Mrs. Hinkson's "Children of Lir":

Dews are in the clear air, and the roselight paling,
 Over sands and sedges shines the evening star,
 And the moon's disk high in heaven is sailing,
 Silvered all the spear-heads of the rushes are—
 Housed warm are all things as the night grows colder,
 Water-fowl and sky-fowl dreamless in the nest,
 But the swans go drifting, drooping wings and shoulder,
 Cleaving the still waters where the fishes rest.

You have it when no bird sings, the poet refusing all material help to his thought. Thus A. E.:

What of all the will to do?
 It has vanished long ago,
 For a dream-shaft pierced it through
 From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?
 Some one offered it a cup
 Filled with a diviner drink,
 And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb?
 Only in the self we grope
 To the misty end of time:
 Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love?
 Sadder than for will or soul,
 No light lured it on above;
 Love has found itself the whole.

Wherefore, if we came gingerly to this book, and did not at once put away the smile of incredulity, we lodge it on our shelves with gratitude and respect.

Things Seen.

The Lesson.

HE asked for a match, which should, in the fitness of things (common decency, even!), have been denied him severely, but was not denied him; and, for the little comedy that followed, there is one who, realising everything, bears his responsibility lightly, nor can find it in his heart to be other than grateful exceedingly (to himself by example—the condemned match his!) and most impenitently glad.

The cigaretted, but matchless, was seven, perhaps—perhaps eight; his smaller companion, six. The owner of the match that changed hands is—well, never mind . . . old enough to know better! The attenuation of the cigarette, maybe, influenced him. It was such a cigarette as in Piceadilly or Bond-street you may see in neat crimson boxes, labelled "Ladies," and possibly "Scented": in less notable thoroughfares cigarettes of such narrow dimensions are to be seen in packets of six (is it ten?), in the windows of shops trading comprehensively in tobacco, sweets, newspapers (the like and unlike), at a penny a packet! Whatever the poison enwrapped in the meagre roll, its proportions were infinitesimal. So much excuse had the match-giver. . . . But excuse? . . . It was not the poison, but the principle—and, there! he hugs himself, making and seeking no excuse whatsoever. A favour was asked of him, he granted it regally—nay, more, giving quickly, he gave twice.

Seven, then, the asker, holding cigarette and match securely in one hand, took Six by the other, and led him to a doorway close by. Into the recess Seven pushed Six with some energy, and then, putting his head out, looked up and down the street. All was safe, it seemed. The giver of the match, as an accomplice, evidently "counted" no longer. Nothing was to be feared from him, it was plain—so do sinners commit themselves!—and he was suffered to look on undisturbed.

"Now," said Seven.

Six looked pale but determined—as one who has made up his mind and will see something through.

"Put it in y' mouth," said Seven. "Not that end, silly! Don'tch see the silver tip?"

"Aw-right," said Six.

Seven struck the match in a workmanlike way, shading the flame at once with his cupped hands. Oh, but Seven was experienced! And oh, but the match-giver was hardened, to have looked on unmoved—unmoving rather let us say—at the infamy!

"Draw," said Seven authoritatively.

"Draw?" said Six doubtfully.

"Yus, dror it, y' silly!"

Six drew.

"That's right," said Seven. "You'll do. Dror again. That's better. Now spit!"

The Flag.

WHEN midnight fell on the day of national rejoicing I turned from the garish streets still thronged with delirious crowds and went homewards. The shouts died away, glimmering lights took the place of the flaring illuminations, and so I came to a great Square silent save for the rustling of the tall trees. As I passed through it the door of one of the solemn houses opened, disclosing an old man with a letter in his hand. He paused a moment on the threshold, and then, reaching out, grasped a flag that had been stuck with others above the doorway, and descended the steps. A servant who came running up the stairs at that moment observed the incident and smiled. As the old man crossed the road to the pillar-box he shouldered the flag, squared his shoulders, and stepped out as if he

were marching to music. He posted his letter, and returned across the roadway with the flag fluttering in the night breeze, and his chin tilted in the air. Now all the day and night I had been watching patriotism—patriotism inspired and encouraged by the contact with excited patriots, patriotism whose infection caught and carried London away in a whirl of enthusiasm. But here was a man—alone, at midnight, and old—doing a thing for its own sake, without onlookers, without encouragement: doing it secretly, and so bravely. His action seemed to me rather remarkable, and I said as much to the policeman at the corner. His manner was noncommittal; but he stalked a few steps nearer to the house, at the open door of which the servant stood waiting his master's return. As the old man ascended the steps and replaced the flag, the servant caught the policeman's eye, smiled, and winked.

The policeman turned to me, and remarked with the air of one who says a good thing:

"No man's a hero, sir, to his own valet."

"You know how Hegel explains that proverb," I said sharply.

He stuck his hands into his belt and shook his head. "Can't say as I do!"

"Not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is only a valet."

"Well," said the constable as he turned on his heel, "there's room for all sorts in the world."

Mr. Kipling and Mark Twain.

THE interview with Mark Twain which Mr. Kipling enjoyed in 1889, and which is described in *From Sea to Sea* (reviewed elsewhere in this number), is in some respects the best interview that we have ever read. Historically the meeting was of the highest importance, for, as we have before remarked in the ACADEMY, Mark Twain was the greatest factor in the literary education of the younger man, and the younger man's homage suggests that he knew it.

The thing that struck me first was that he was an elderly man; yet, after a minute's thought, I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me, I saw that the grey hair was an accident of the most trivial. He was quite young. I was shaking his hand. I was smoking his cigar, and I was hearing him talk—this man I had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away.

Reading his books, I had striven to get an idea of his personality, and all my preconceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer. That was a moment to be remembered; the landing of a twelve-pound salmon was nothing to it. I had hooked Mark Twain, and he was treating me as though under certain circumstances I might be an equal.

That was how Mr. Kipling felt. And he wrote to the *Pioneer*: "You are a contemptible lot, over yonder. Some of you are Commissioners, and some Lieutenant-Governors, and some have the V.C., and a few are privileged to walk about the Mall arm in arm with the Viceroy; but I have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars—with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed, I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward." It must sometimes occur to the author of this interview, not without sadness, that there is now no one of whom he can write like this. Youth has its compensations—and, indeed, hero-worship is by no means the least of them.

For a while copyright was the subject of talk. And then the younger man asked if Tom Sawyer married Judge

Thatcher's daughter. The question was not answered, but this is how Mark Twain spoke of that immortal boy:

"I have a notion of writing the sequel to *Tom Sawyer* in two ways. In one I would make him rise to great honour and go to Congress, and in the other I should hang him. Then the friends and enemies of the book could take their choice."

Here I lost my reverence completely, and protested against any theory of the sort, because, to me at least, Tom Sawyer was real.

"Oh, he is real," said Mark Twain. "He's all the boy that I have known or recollect; but that would be a good way of ending the book"; then, turning round, "because, when you come to think of it, neither religion, training, nor education avails anything against the force of circumstances that drive a man. Suppose we took the next four-and-twenty years of Tom Sawyer's life, and gave a little joggle to the circumstances that controlled him, he would, logically and according to the joggle, turn out a rip or an angel."

"Do you believe that, then?"

"I think so. Isn't it what you call Kismet?"

"Yes; but don't give him two joggles and show the result, because he isn't your property any more. He belongs to us."

Then came humorous words on autobiography, truth-telling, and conscience, and anon Mark Twain dropped into autobiography himself. Says his companion and observer:

He spoke always through his eyes, a light under the heavy eyebrows; anon crossing the room with a step as light as a girl's, to show me some book or other; then resuming his walk up and down the room, puffing at the cob pipe. I would have given much for nerve enough to demand the gift of that pipe—value, five cents when new. I understood why certain savage tribes ardently desired the liver of brave men slain in combat. That pipe would have given me, perhaps, a hint of his keen insight into the souls of men. But he never laid it aside within stealing reach.

Once, indeed, he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the Star of India, blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to careless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of paupers' tobacco.

So, to a large extent, may young men to-day feel also about Mr. Kipling, for if any man may be said to have succeeded Mark Twain, it is he. Not that Mark Twain's sway is done, by any means, nor that Mr. Kipling has given us a *Huckleberry Finn*; but the American is read less than he was a dozen years ago and the Anglo-Indian reigns at this moment over the male Anglo-Saxon intellect.

Correspondence.

Stevenson's Beginnings.

SIR,—Allow me to endorse Dr. Japp's letter in the ACADEMY, March 10, as the correct account of my connexion with the original publication of *Treasure Island*. Following Dr. Japp's letter, Stevenson's own account of the origin of *Treasure Island* would be timely and conclusive. Here is an extract from his article, entitled "My First Book—*Treasure Island*," which appeared in the *Idler* magazine, August, 1894:

"At Castleton of Braemar, on a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began *The Sea Cook*, for that was the original title. (It was Mr. Henderson who deleted the first title—*The Sea Cook*.) . . . Day by day, after lunch, I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original

as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye. I had counted on one boy; I found I had two in my audience. My father caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his original nature. His own stories, that every night of his life he put himself to sleep with, dealt perpetually with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travellers before the era of steam. He never finished one of these romances; the lucky man did not require to! But in *Treasure Island* he recognised something kindred to his own imagination; it was his kind of picturesque: and he not only heard with delight the daily chapter, but set himself acting to collaborate. When the time came for Billy Bones's chest to be ransacked, he must have passed the better part of a day preparing, on the back of a legal envelope, an inventory of its contents, which I exactly followed; and the name of 'Flint's old ship'—the *Walrus*—was given at his particular request. And now who should come dropping in, *ex machina*, but Dr. Japp, like the disguised prince who is to bring down the curtain upon peace and happiness in the last act; for he carried in his pocket, not a horn or a talisman, but a publisher—ready, in fact, to unearth new writers for my now old friend, Mr. Henderson's *Young Folks*. Even the ruthlessness of a united family recoiled before the extreme measure of inflicting on our guest the mutilated members of *The Sea Cook*; at the same time, we would by no means stop our readings; and accordingly the tale was begun again at the beginning, and solemnly redelivered for the benefit of Dr. Japp. From that moment on I have thought highly of his critical faculty; for when he left us, he carried away the MS. in his portmanteau."

Before the story commenced (October 1, 1881) in *Young Folks*, Stevenson called on me, bringing the corrected proofs of the opening chapters, and it was at that interview—my first with him—I expressed my dislike to the title *The Sea Cook*, and suggested *Treasure Island* (the name of the "map"), which he readily agreed to. The latter part of the story was written at Davos, Switzerland.—I am, &c.,

JAMES HENDERSON.

Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street:
March 14, 1900.

A Revolution in Journalism.

SIR,—Referring to your most admirably written article called "A Revolution in Journalism," in this week's issue, may I enter a mild protest against the existing tendency in all serious journals to deprecate the class of papers represented by *Tit-Bits*?

Were such papers to consist exclusively of "snappy" paragraphs, bare of all useful information, the sneer would be justified. But this is not so.

In order to illustrate my contention I turn to a recent issue of *Tit-Bits*, and find among other things: (1) A detailed explanation of military journalism; (2) an account of the workings of the Meteorological Office; (3) a biographical account of Sir George White; (4) nearly 200 scientific facts; (5) a story which, although of minor literary merit, is possessed of a certain interest.

The above features alone should, in my opinion, redeem the paper from the charge of being made up of "snappy" paragraphs.

Further, I believe that papers of the *Tit-Bits* order build up a taste for serious reading—a taste which, in the absence of such papers, might never develop.

I have only expressed very briefly—and I feel very poorly—my opinion on this subject, and I sincerely trust that, with your usual impartiality, you will publish this letter as a kind of gentle counterblast to the article called "A Revolution in Journalism."—I am, &c.,

P. BEAUFAY.

Playgoers' Club, Strand, W.C.: March 9, 1900.

Obsolete English Words.

SIR,—If the fact that I live in *partibus infidelibus* (*videlicet*, United States) will excuse my belated letter, I would like to say how interested I have been in your lists of obsolete English words that your correspondents would restore. On reading them I took down my copy of a book which has attracted some attention over here among Shakespeare "cranks" (we Americans call all devotees "cranks"), *A Study in the Warwickshire Dialect*, in which Dr. Appleton Morgan (the President of the New York Shakespeare Society) claims to demonstrate the Shakespearean authorship of Shakespeare by discovering in every one of the plays an abundance of Warwickshire dialect words and pronunciations (*i.e.*, that the *puns* in the plays would be unintelligible unless the vowels were pronounced as pronounced to this day in Warwickshire), and out of it alone I have taken a few words which (if I am not *too* belated, as aforesaid) I would like to call attention to as being, I think, picturesque, suggesting to the mind's eye something of what the act itself, if performed before us, might sound like, or seem to eye or ear to be:

- (1) Backfriend, meaning a surety, a backer.
- (2) Bibleback, meaning stout (the Bible of those days being a stout volume).
- (3) Brevet, meaning to flirt.
- (4) Burning daylight, meaning to procrastinate.
- (5) Cumber, meaning tribulation, anxiety.
- (6) Cold crowdings, meaning hard times (perhaps a scarcity of fuel as produced by *res angusta domi*) and huddling together to keep warm.
- (7) Mumblenews, meaning a talebearer or gossip.
- (8) Next, meaning immediately.
- (9) Stitchwhile, meaning an instant or moment of time.
- (10) Still (*i.e.*, quiet), meaning respectable, gentlemanly, or ladylike.

Perhaps some of your ingenious readers will give us a narrative framed to contain these pictorial vocables.—I am, &c.,

IRA HOLMES HARRIS.

14, College-place, New York City: Feb. 25, 1900.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Competition No. 25 (New Series).

IN response to our request for poems of not more than fourteen lines, celebrating the adventures of the elephant which escaped from the Crystal Palace, we have received a budget of sonnets and other verse. The best of these effusions is that which follows, contributed by Mrs. Guy Branson, 44, Sandon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham:

He hatched a plot behind his twinkling eye,
He seized his chance—his longed-for liberty.
Free from his prison bars, his galling chain,
Free—and "My Lord the Elephant" again.
Alas! how brief a respite from his woes,
Fast round his hiding-place his captors close,
From Bromley Woods in hopeless tammels caught
Triumphantly he's back to Sydenham brought.
Once more the circus-ring, the gaalight flare,
The sea of faces and the music's blare—
The tricks and gambols he—a slave—must need
Perform to amuse this puny human breed.
Ah! sad, my Lord the Elephant, is he
Who—captive—knows the joy of being free!

Replies received also from T. C., Buxted; C., Redhill; F. H. B., Sutton; H. C. H., Oxford; P. C. F., Cambridge; R. F. M. C., Whitby; E. H. W., London; E. B. S., Ringwood; E. W. H., Streatham; R. W. D. N., London; C. L. E., Matlock; C. M. W., Huddersfield; S. T., Redhill; P. K., London; L. L., London; and "Sympathiser," Oxford.

Competition No. 26 (New Series).

A correspondent writes:—"This morning, as I was nearing the end of a journey in an omnibus, two elderly ladies got in, and at once continued a conversation which seemed to have been engaging them for some time. One said: 'Well, of course, it's her own affair; but what Peter's going to do I can't think. It isn't as if there was only Henry and the spaniel; there's Margaret as well.'

And John is expected home at any minute. Poor John! 'Yes, indeed,' said the other. 'Poor John! and so fond of it all, too!' In the pause which followed, in which both ladies shook their heads solemnly, I had to alight. Might there not be the kernel of one of your interesting prize competitions in this fragment? We take our correspondent's hint, and offer a prize of a guinea to what seems to us the most reasonable answers to the questions which follow:

- (a) Who was "she," and what was her own affair?
- (b) Who was Peter, and why should her conduct put him out?
- (c) Who was Henry?
- (d) Who was Margaret?
- (e) Who was John, why should he be called "poor John," and what was it of which he was so fond?

Answers should be as brief as possible.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 240, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Canadienne, Lethe, T. Lavicrep, Francesca, Inedito, Weyé Farrer, Bee-Bee, Endeavour, Kirodo, Klapa, Sirius, Mondelambe, Catfordian, Webspinner, Lamorra, Brynach, Dum Spiro Spero, Hathor, Whirlpool, Grellier, Florac, Woolhana, Dormie, Cecil Gray, Antique Mores, The Dingo, Maryomet, Kerma, Irene, Babie, Annonnylles, Ariel, Passionate Pilgrim, Catala, Sarasvate, Noé, Rose Mortimer, Chaam, F. Luckett, Hermon, Memor.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

RABELAIS. TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS URQUHART.

This is a most welcome edition to the Tudor Translations, and Mr. Whibley's introduction, running to nearly a hundred pages, puts the reader in possession of all the main facts about Rabelais and his translator. Mr. Whibley has some interesting remarks on Rabelais' contemporaries, whose freedom of expression seems to have rivalled his own. (Nutt.)

EDWARD THE THIRD (1327-1377). BY JAMES MACKINNON.

Some of the soundest historians have devoted their study to a single reign, and this method, which has many advantages, is carried out with great care by Mr. Mackinnon, who contends that a history of Edward III. required to be written. Official documents and the chronicles of the period form the basis of his narrative, which is by no means an apology for its hero. (Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.)

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF HAWKING.

BY E. B. MICHELL.

The modern revival of hawking has produced no book which, on a first glance, is more full and authoritative than this handsome treatise by a falconer of thirty years' experience. Every branch of the subject is treated. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

CHRONICLE OF THE YEAR'S NEWS OF 1899. COMPILED BY GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

This is the second year of issue of this publication, and we find useful memoranda wherever we dip. How deeply the Dreyfus case coloured the year is shown by nearly one hundred and fifty entries under this head.

Owing to the exceptional pressure on our space other acknowledgments are held over.

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The Literary Week.

MARCH 31 is the latest date for receiving MSS. for our Special Prize Competition, particulars of which will be found on page 2 of the cover of this number. Judging by the number of MSS. we have already received, the task of selecting the winners will be a heavy one. The awards will be made in our issue of April 21, on which occasion a Special Double Number of the ACADEMY will be issued.

Those who indulge in the mild excitement of our Weekly Competition will observe that this week it takes the form of the best Book Tea suggestion. Here is one which gained a prize at a recent gathering. A lady appeared with a war telegram pinned to her dress, giving the speech of a distinguished general to the children who had endured the siege of Ladysmith. He looked at the wasted forms and pallid faces, and as he looked tears came into his eyes, and he said in a broken voice: "It will be all right now, children. You shall have a long holiday and plenty of bread and jam." Auswer: "The Woman in White."

We who follow the trend of modern fiction are aware of three very plainly marked characteristics: (1) That women are increasingly active in this branch of literature; (2) That much of the best modern fiction comes from America; (3) That far and away the most popular form of fiction in America is the historical novel. Take, for example, Miss Mary Johnstone's *By Order of the Company*, which we review elsewhere in this number. It is a remark-



MISS MARY JOHNSTONE.

able performance when we consider that the authoress is not yet twenty-nine years of age. The *Book Buyer*, from which we reproduce the accompanying portrait of Miss

Johnstone, states that this novel raised the circulation of the *Atlantic Monthly* during its serial publication by 50,000 copies. Miss Johnstone is a Virginian by birth and ancestry.

THE *Dictionary of National Biography* will be completed in June. It is announced that the Lord Mayor will signalise the publication of the last volume of Mr. George Smith's heroic enterprise by giving a "literary entertainment." Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, and the Bishop of London are expected to be present on the occasion.

THE articles on village life which have appeared from time to time in the *Outlook* above the pseudonym "Clarissa" are to be published in volume form. The dedication of the book will run: "To my brother, George Wyndham."

WE regret to learn that there is no improvement in the condition of M. Edmond Rostand, who is suffering from congestion of the lungs. A chill caught at the rehearsals of "L'Aiglon" was the beginning of the illness.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has been on the old quest of trying to trace the personality of Shakespeare in the plays. The result will be contained in a short book, *Shakespeare: the Man*, soon to be published.

MR. GILBERT MURRAY, who wrote a scholarly *History of Ancient Greek Literature* three years ago, has attempted to recapture Greek life and feeling through the more literary medium of an original play, entitled "Andromache." Mr. Murray dedicates his effort to Mr. William Archer in the following interesting terms:

MY DEAR ARCHER.—The germ of this play sprang into existence on a certain April day in 1896 which you and I spent chiefly in dragging our reluctant bicycles up the great hills that surround Riveaulx Abbey, and discussing, so far as the blinding rain allowed us, the questions whether all sincere comedies are of necessity cynical, and how often we had had tea since the morning, and how far it would be possible to treat a historical subject loyally and unconventionally on a modern stage. Then we struck (as, I fear, is too often the fate of those who converse with me) on the subject of the lost plays of the Greek tragedians. We talked of the extraordinary variety of plot that the Greek dramatist found in his historical tradition, the force, the fire, the depth and richness of character-play. We thought of the marvellous dramatic possibilities of an age in which actual and living heroes and sages were to be seen moving against a background of primitive superstition and blank savagery; in which the soul of man walked more free from trappings than seems ever to have been permitted to it since. But I must stop; I see that I am approaching the common pitfall of playwrights who venture upon prefaces, and am beginning to prove how good my play ought to be! . . . We agreed that a simple historical play, with as little convention as possible, placed in the Greek Heroic Age, and dealing with one of the ordinary heroic stories, ought to be, well, an interesting experiment.

The "experiment" is issued at a price which would have commended itself to the democratic Athenian citizens—eightpence.

In the past week there has been a bad outbreak of politics among the leaders of the Irish Literary Movement. Mr. Edward Martyn, the author of "Maevy," has resigned his office of Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for co. Galway after certain correspondence had passed between him and the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Martyn had not, it is stated, favoured the singing of the National Anthem at his residence on the occasion of a meeting held there to promote the Irish Soldiers' Fund. Are we to believe that Mr. Martyn could act as the representative of the Queen in dispensing justice to her subjects, and yet refuse those subjects permission to acknowledge her sovereignty in the usual way? We hesitate to believe it. Meanwhile, Mr. Yeats has foresworn gentleness, and wishes to call a meeting, under the presidency of Mr. John O'Leary, to dissociate Ireland from the welcome to be given to the Queen in Dublin. Mr. Yeats says the advisers of the Queen have sent her to Ireland out of "national hatred—hatred of our individual national life." Mr. George Moore attributes the Queen's visit to the "necessities of empire." We are sorry these young men have such thoughts, but, particularly, we wish they would not talk about Art one week, and hatred the next; offer first to lead us to "well-waters of primeval poetry," and then brandish the shillelagh of primeval politics.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives an amusing new view of Stevenson, gathered from the speeches delivered at an essay-meeting held in an American puritanical circle. The best of it is that this view of Stevenson is quite logical—given a certain class of minds. Thus:

The evening's programme began with a biographical sketch of Stevenson, given by an elderly woman, who said that she had never had any esteem or liking for him, but she felt bound in fairness to admit that, on looking up the facts in his life, she had become convinced that there must have been something attractive about his personality to make so many people speak well of him. . . . It devolved upon another elderly woman to give her opinion of *The Master of Ballantrae*. She declared that the book did not contain a single pleasant paragraph. It was the sort of thing, she thought, which perhaps would interest boys. . . . A retired school teacher, who had been asked to give her impression of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, said she had found the literary style of the book very faulty in some respects. Many of the sentences ended with prepositions. With regard to the story considered simply as a story, she hardly knew what to say. It was a very disagreeable book. It might be that Stevenson had had a purpose in writing it. In that case, possibly it might do good. . . . An editor read a paper, in which he spoke in the customary strain of admiration of both Stevenson and his books. At the close of his eulogy, which was rather coldly received, the widow of a Baptist minister asked in a significant tone, "What were Stevenson's religious opinions?" The manner of the question clearly implied, "I am sure nothing satisfactory can be said of them." This was evidently, to many present, hitting the nail squarely on the head. . . . A returned missionary from some of the heathen islands of the Pacific said she had never met Stevenson, although his boat, the *Equator*, lay for some weeks at the island where she was. She had heard too much of him to wish to see him. . . . When pressed for details, she said that Stevenson's influence over the natives was pernicious, and the example he set them greatly to be deplored. By appearing in the native dress on certain occasions, he counteracted the efforts of the missionaries to make their converts wear the garb of civilisation and cease to go barefooted. He also smoked cigarettes in the sight of the islanders. . . . When the meeting adjourned, there seemed a disposition on the part of the members to regard the author of *The Master of Ballantrae* with charity.

THE battle of Open Access sways this way and that in the Library world. We are sending no war correspondent into the fray, but we hear the shouting of the captains. Mr. Edward Foskett sends us a pamphlet on the subject.

Asked by the editor of the *Library* to reply to a paper which that magazine had printed in favour of open access, Mr. Foskett wrote a caustic article against open access which the editor declined to print without considerable alteration. Mr. Foskett has now printed his article in pamphlet form. In it he insists that the evils of open access are manifold, and that they include serious loss by theft, damage by wind and dust, wearing out of bindings, and bewilderment to the poor "ignorant reader" to whom open access is supposed to be a blessing. Mr. Foskett watched a boy who came for "somethin' interestin', mister," exploring the shelves of a public library.

He climbed up the shelves, and in many odd positions handled books of all sorts and sizes up to a total of nineteen volumes. I have no note of his misplacements; but he was twenty-seven minutes at the shelves, and finally, in apparent bewilderment, he took a technical book on art in mistake for "somethin' interestin', mister," in the travel or tiger-hunting line. I found this out as he was leaving, and he said he should "bring the book back ter-morrer." . . . Now what that boy wanted was a little personal guidance and help. Such ignorant, yet deserving aspirants are increasingly getting aid in the most efficiently served libraries, and it is in this direction that development is eminently desirable.

In short, Mr. Foskett considers that where the indicator system is supplemented by personal advice, the best results and the least mischief are achieved. In such libraries "a reader, not knowing precisely what he wants, has only to give a hint, and all the likely books (except fiction) are actually brought to a table for him, where he can leisurely examine and choose the book for his home-reading." Meanwhile, the *Library* for March prints an article admitting that "unless open access is thoroughly safeguarded it must infallibly lead to anarchy and waste." For "safeguards" Mr. Foskett reads detectives, and on the whole he seems to have the best of the argument.

Les Jeunes—a new American monthly magazinette—is redolent of new art and vague ideals. The cover is of brown paper, and the letterpress and illustrations are printed in a bricky red. We really do not know what *Les Jeunes* is bent on doing, except to write Art with a capital A. It is lurid and languishing, or both. Sings a poetess:

I wish my lover were a tear,
That I might drink with burning lip;
Can there be rarer volupcy,
Than all his life and love to sip,
With passion-trembling lip?

We must find time to run over our list of volupcies before we answer this.

MR. A. E. FLETCHER writes on "The Ideal Newspaper" in the April *Young Man*. He tilts at capitalists who run newspapers, and editors who play up for baronetries or knighthoods. His general charge against present-day journalism is that it records what is least worth knowing, and forces upon the public information which had best be forgotten. On the literary side of journalism Mr. Fletcher has special right to speak, for it was under his editorship that the *Daily Chronicle* introduced a daily treatment of literature into the newspapers. Mr. Fletcher stoutly maintains that journalism ought to be literature, and says:

If the newspaper is to be the Englishman's Bible of the future, let us take care that it models its style on that of the sacred books from which all our best writers, poets, and orators have caught their inspiration. You can only have a great literature in great language—the strong and simple language of great men. The language of journalism compares, I think, badly with that of our best writers. I would earnestly urge young men and women who may be thinking about choosing journalism for their life work to think over the mischief they will do if, instead of going

back to the great masters for their style, they carry on the journalistic tradition that the language of dandies and nincompoops is rather to be chosen than "the tongue that Shakespeare spake."

We have received from Mr. David Nutt a handsomely produced volume containing facsimiles of all the signatures to the international petition presented last year to the Czar on behalf of the liberties of Finland. The interest of the volume centres in the English section, where we find the characteristic signatures of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Prof. Sully, and many others. In the French section we find on one page the signatures of M. Zola and M. Anatole France, &c.

MR. H. HEATHCOTE STRATHAM makes an amusing point about Ruskin in the *Fortnightly* when he says:

It is one of the most curious among the many paradoxes connected with him that, while he once emphatically declared that a man can hardly draw anything without benefitting himself and others, and can hardly write anything without doing mischief, he should nevertheless have chosen to comparatively neglect his artistic capabilities in order to become one of the most voluminous writers of his age.

THE original MS. of Sir Walter Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*, which Mr. Ruskin bought from Scott's publisher, has just passed into the hands of Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh. The MS. is said to differ somewhat from the text.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY names the following as "Disappearing Authors," in an article bearing that title in the *North American Review*:

Charles Kingsley.
Anthony Trollope.
Charles Reade.
Charles Lever.

Broadly speaking, we suppose that Mr. McCarthy is right, though it is, perhaps, too soon to say that Trollope's fate is sealed, since his claims have recently been urged in more than one quarter, and a new edition of his works is in prospect. Mr. W. D. Howells has added his voice to those raised on Trollope's behalf in England, and the New York *Literary World* recently opined that Trollope's best novels deserve a place on the same shelf as Dickens and Thackeray, if not between them. Mr. McCarthy justly distinguishes between authors who really disappear and authors of the revolving light order who blaze, fade, and blaze again. In this class he places Macaulay and George Eliot, Tennyson, and Browning, all of whom will grip the public again more thoroughly than they do at the present time. But Mr. McCarthy is surely wrong when he says that the modern reader, as we know him, "has never troubled himself even with an attempt to read Jane Austen's novels." An appreciable part of the work done in this office in the last three years has been that of entering, reviewing, and comparing new editions of Jane Austen's novels; and we happen to know that our work in this field is not yet completed. Is it all lost labour?

"My Favourite Novelist and His Best Book" is the general title of a series of articles in *Munsey's Magazine* to which English writers are making contributions. This month it is Dr. Conan Doyle's turn. The gist of his article is contained in the head-lines placed over it by the editor. "Dr. Conan Doyle finds something admirable in almost every school of fiction, but names as his special favourites the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and Charles Reade's great historical novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*." Charles Reade, it will be noticed, is among the "disappearing authors" named by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

LAST month Mr. Henley, writing of Robert Burns in his *Pall Mall* causerie, employed asterisks to disguise the poet's name. This month he writes it in full. The reason is that the Twenty-fifth of January has passed since he last wrote. "The 'Immortal Memory' has been drunk all over Scotland; and, as far as I know, only once have I been referred to as a 'body snatcher.'"

IN last week's *Notes and Queries* Mr. W. F. Prideaux began a series of "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald," which promises to be useful and interesting. The preoccupation of the public with FitzGerald's rendering of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Kháyyám has involved the neglect of his other works in which, as Mr. Prideaux points out, even the devotees of Omar may find much to interest them. It would be strange, indeed, if this were not so, seeing that FitzGerald brought nearly as much to the "Rubáiyát" as he found in it. In his "Agamemnon," for instance, we find lines which bear a striking affinity to the "Rubáiyát" translation. Thus:

Call not on death, old man, that, call'd or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena, who bit as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

And, again:

But thus it is; All bides the destined Hour;
And Man, albeit with Justice at his side,
Fights in the dark against a secret Power
Not to be conquer'd—and how pacified?

Mr. Prideaux finds another reason for the neglect of FitzGerald's less known works in the fact that they appeared in very small editions. When, in 1868, Prof. Cowell wrote begging a copy of *Euphranor* FitzGerald replied:

Oh, yes! I have a Lot of them: returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House; I would not be at the Bother of any further negotiation with any other Bookseller, about half-a-dozen little Books which so few wanted: so had them all sent here. I will therefore send you six copies.

A DRAMATISED version of Mr. Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers* is about to be produced by Mr. Frohman in New York. Should the play prove a success it will be seen upon London boards.

By a slip we last week attributed Moore's "Minstrel Boy" to Sir Walter Scott. We had certainly no intention to do Ireland another injustice, or (to use the expression of a correspondent) place "a fly in the ointment of a nation's grateful joy." Several correspondents have sent us facetious letters on the subject.

DURING the four months' siege of Kimberley the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* appeared daily until within four or five days of the relief, when it was stopped by the authorities for military and administrative reasons. A London journalist, who was in the besieged town, thus describes the efforts of the editor and his staff to maintain the semblance of a newspaper:

On many days the journal was a newspaper in name only—a composition of cuttings from many old numbers of *Tit-Bits* and other periodicals. Recourse, too, was had to the Kimberley library, and the history of the previous Transvaal war and sieges was re-written and re-served. Contributions were invited from residents, and we had some wonderful effusions in prose and verse, the latter being the most remarkable. However, the inhabitants paid their 3d. and got their paper—such as it was. Now and again we did obtain some interesting news, as, when a dispatch rider brought in a fairly recent copy of the *Cape Times*, for which, I believe, as much as £5 was paid. Then it was quite amusing to see the editor, sub-editor, and reporters eagerly scanning the paper, with breathless interest;

and, needless to state, scissors and paste were quickly *en évidence*, and the readers of the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* considered they had an excellent paper the next morning. Of course the paper was reduced in size.

Copies of this paper and of the *Ladysmith Lyre* should be valuable now.

WE notice this week the new Oxford edition of the *Complete Works of Molière*. In his interesting quarterly *Periodical* Mr. Frowde gives a list of quotations from Molière's plays which may be said to have passed into use in England, either in their French form or in translations. The list is not so long as one might have expected it to be, but it is of sufficient interest to quote.

- "Le monde, chère Agnès, est une étrange chose."
L'École des Femmes, Act ii., Sc. 5.
- "Ah! pour être dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme."
Le Tartuffe ou L'Imposteur, Act iii., Sc. 3.
- "Il y a fagots et fagots."
Le Médecin malgré Lui, Act i., Sc. 5.
- "Nous avons changé tout cela."—*Ib.*, Act ii., Sc. 4.
- "Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne."
Amphitryon, Act iii., Sc. 5.
- "Je parle à mon bonnet."—*L'Avare*, Act i., Sc. 1.
- "Les beaux yeux de ma cassette."—*Ib.*, Act v., Sc. 4.
- "Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien."
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act ii., Sc. 4.
- "Entre lui, vous et moi, jurons, jurons, ma belle,
Une ardeur éternelle."
Ib., Act iv., Sc. 1.
- "Je le soutiendrai devant tout le monde."
Ib., Act iv., Sc. 3.
- "Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?"
Les Fourberies de Scapin, Act ii., Sc. 7.
- "La grammaire, qui sait régenfer jusqu'aux rois."
Les Femmes Savantes, Act ii., Sc. 6.
- "Ah! il n'y a plus d'enfants."
Le Malade Imaginaire, Act ii., Sc. 8.

Bibliographical.

I DID not think that I should live to accord entire approval to any utterance by the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone; but the thing has happened. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are good enough to circulate monthly a publication which they call *The Book Lover*, and in which they give a disinterested account of the various works which they have just issued, or are about to issue. In *The Book Lover* for March there is an interview with Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is going to publish with them a biography of Sophie Dorothea of Celle. It appears that Mr. Wilkins, who put forth, eight years ago, a novel called *St. Michael's Eve*, was so fortunate as to include Mr. Gladstone among his readers. Of course, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Wilkins on the subject, and these were the golden words he used: "It seems to me that with us at the present day talent is running overmuch into the field of invention; and that, setting apart the few cases where an author is conscious of strong creative power, other fields of history and research are more fruitful." Mr. Wilkins says that he has acted on this hint. Now, if all good Gladstonians would accept the suggestion of the Master, and cease writing novels—unless "conscious of strong creative power"—what a much brighter universe this would be.

As a bibliographer, I have a sense of personal indebtedness to the gentleman who has just published a novel called *The Dean of Darrendale*. He says he has not put

his real name on the title-page because it happens to be identical with that of a novelist already well-known. He therefore calls himself "Wynton Eversley." He is wise. He is also fair, for obviously a new "Thomas Hardy" (to take an example at random) ought not, at this time of day, to take advantage of the popularity and fame achieved by the author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Moreover, if a new "Thomas Hardy" had any ambition to become popular and famous, he could not do worse for himself than produce books which (if really admirable) would almost certainly be attributed to the earlier comer. My own interest in the matter is purely bibliographical, and that is why I am sorry that there is an English and an American Robert Bridges, and an American and an English Winston Churchill. It is not right that the difficulties of the unhappy bibliographer should thus be complicated. The American Robert Bridges, coming after the English, ought to have called himself Robert Bridges the Second. That would have established his identity, and made everything pleasant.

Let us hope that it will never be considered the duty of a bibliographer to trace, for the benefit of the public, the wanderings of fictitious characters from novel to novel. One does not complain when the Mark Antony of "Julius Cæsar" turns up in "Antony and Cleopatra," and the Bolingbroke of "Richard II." reappears in "Henry IV.," because these were historical characters, and reappear legitimately; but when it comes to authors of pure fiction, whether of plays or novels, carrying their creations from one work to another, it is time to protest against the strain upon the memory and the recording pen. We know that the Sir Novelty Fashion of Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* reappears in Vanbrugh's *Relapse* as Lord Foppington; but the system is not to be encouraged, though Thackeray and Trollope used it. We are now told that some of the characters in Miss Fowler's *Isabel Carnaby* and (I think) *A Double Thread* are to reappear in her next novel, *The Furringdons*. It is just possible that some of us may not recognise them. The creations of the modern storyteller do not always make a marked impression upon the mind.

I am beginning to think that I am in my way a first-class prophet. Only the other day I suggested that Sydney Dobell's war poems might well receive attention, and lo and behold comes a brief announcement that they are shortly to be reproduced. Not very long ago, too, a correspondent wrote to ask me whether William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude* could be obtained in England. R. L. Stevenson had referred to the work in one of his letters, and that had given it a new lease of life. I told my correspondent that there had been comparatively recent reprints of the *Fruits*, but that I could not be sure any one of them was "in the market." I suggested that some publisher might find it worth his while to reprint the said *Fruits*. And now I read that the work is to be reprinted soon under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose labours at the Board of Trade happily are not so exhausting as to prevent his engaging in such literary enterprises.

"*The Cave of Illusion*, a drama by Alfred Sutro, with an introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck"—nothing could be more appropriate. It is a sort of *quid pro quo*. Did not Mr. Sutro translate into English M. Maeterlinck's *Alladine and Palomides*, and also his *Treasure of the Humble*? The least that M. Maeterlinck could do after this was to "introduce" a drama by his English translator.

Ought Mr. A. C. Benson to have christened his forthcoming book *The Professor, and Other Poems*? Somehow or other, that title, *The Professor*, seems sacred to Charlotte Brontë, though Heaven knows why. There ought to be no monopoly in literature. Professors, nowadays, are as numerous as blackberries. You remember with what admirable tact and irony Matthew Arnold deprecated the title.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A New-Old Movement.

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 6s.)

In this grave and admirably-written volume Mr. Symons has a subject which suits his idiosyncrasy; and the work is, in most respects, better—more spontaneous, more sympathetic, more constructive, and more homogeneous—than any section of *Studies in Two Literatures*. He has always had a tendency towards the exotic, the mysterious (if not the vague), the Un-obvious; and he has always shivered away from contact with that positivity of daily common facts, that hard Britannic physicalism (gilt of the cold tub), *toute cette vieille Exteriorité inflexible*, which characterise so deeply our nineteenth-century poetry and prose. Here, in this movement which found its most child-like exponent in Verlaine, its most brilliant in Mallarmé, and its loftiest in Maeterlinck, there is nothing to dismay, and everything to enhearten, a spectator of life and letters such as Mr. Symons. It is only natural, then, that he should be at his best. And his best is really something quite distinguished. Mr. Symons has nursed and watched over his critical talent with an almost maternal care and conscientiousness. We have seen it grow, during some ten years now, not only in strength, but in fineness and beauty. Essentially Gallic in literary temperament, Mr. Symons yet owes more to Walter Pater than to any other. His highly-wrought style possesses, in a measure, every quality of Pater's except the crowning quality of wistfulness. It is a notable style, elaborately perfected, ardent in its "chimerical search after the virginity of language," reverent in its attitude towards words, precise without being hard, and musical without affectation. As a critic Mr. Symons perceives gradually rather than by instant intuition. Instead of flashing the limelight into the cave, he examines it with a tinted lantern, showing you this and that, and ultimately directing an illuminating final ray upon the most secret arcanum of the grot. Take this, of Verlaine: "From the moment when his inner life may be said to have begun, he was occupied with the task of unceasing confession, in which one seems to overhear him talking to himself, in that vague, preoccupied way he often had."

In the art of personal portraiture—a valuable and legitimate, if somewhat modern, adjunct of criticism—Mr. Symons specially excels. There are several examples which might be quoted. We will give his picture of Joris Karl Huysmans at the house of "the bizarre Madame X.":

He leans back on the sofa, rolling a cigarette between his thin, expressive fingers, looking at no one and at nothing, while Madame X. moves about with solid vivacity in the midst of her extraordinary menagerie of *bric-à-brac*. The spoils of all the world are there in that incredibly tiny *salon*; they lie underfoot, they climb up walls, they cling to screens, brackets, and tables; one of your elbows menaces a Japanese toy, the other a Dresden china shepherdess; all the colours of the rainbow crash in a barbaric discord of notes; and in a corner of this fantastic room Huysmans lies back indifferently on the sofa, with the air of one perfectly resigned to the boredom of life. Something is said by my learned friend who is to write for the new periodical, or perhaps it is the young editor of the new periodical who speaks . . .; and Huysmans, without looking up, and without taking the trouble to speak very distinctly, picks up the phrase, transforms it (more likely transpires it) in a perfectly turned sentence, a phrase of impromptu elaboration. Perhaps it is only a stupid book that someone has mentioned, or a stupid woman; as he speaks the book looms up before one, becomes monstrous in its dulness, a masterpiece and miracle of imbecility; the unimportant little woman grows into a slow horror before your eyes. It is always the unpleasant aspect of things that he seizes; but the intensity of his revolt from

that unpleasantness brings a touch of the sublime into the very expression of his disgust. Every sentence is an epigram, and every epigram slaughters a reputation or an idea. He speaks with an accent as of pained surprise, an amused look of contempt, so profound that it becomes almost pity for human imbecility.

Regarding the "Symbolist movement in literature" (Mr. Symons should have said "in French literature," for he deals with nothing else), it appears to us that there is no Symbolist movement. There is a movement, but it is not Symbolist. Or, rather, it is no more symbolist than all poetry is symbolist. Mr. Symons fails, brilliantly, to justify the term. He quotes *Sartor* to the effect that in the Symbol there is "some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite—the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and, as it were, attainable there." And he adds that it is in this sense that the epithet is applied to the now famous French school. But is it? In order to arrive at the Infinite *via* a Symbol you must first have the Symbol. And it does not seem that the Symbolist work is rich in symbols. Mallarmé, who is the self-conscious artist of the movement, its authoritative expounder, lays stress on Suggestion, not on Symbolism. "To name is to destroy; to suggest is to create." There lies the formula, and Mr. Symons's chosen extracts (exquisitely translated, by the way) support it. Where, in any but the usual degree common to every true poet, is the Symbolism of Mallarmé's "Sigh" or his "Sea-wind"? The fact is, this movement ought to have been called the "Evocative" movement. (It never will be, but it should have been.) "To evoke, by some elaborate, instantaneous magic of language, without the formality of an after all impossible description; to be, rather than to express." That was the aim of the fine flower of this school. The miracle was to be immediate, not wrought by an apparatus either of Symbolism or any other *ism*.

There had been "evocatives" long before Arthur Rimbaud roused the wondering enthusiasm of Verlaine. Scores of examples of "creative suggestion"—conceived in the very spirit of our French Symbolists—exist in Elizabethan literature. Provided he had not read Shakespeare, would any cautious person be prepared to deny that the last line of the following description of a nun's life (note the second word particularly) was not translated from Mallarmé?

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd . . .
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.

Mr. Symons finds Symbolism (let us yield to the word) first in Gérard de Nerval, and he traces its course onwards through de l'Isle Adam, Rimbaud, and Laforgue, to Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck. And though, as we take it link by link, we see no flaw in the chain, it is ultimately clear that the Symbolism of Mallarmé was an essentially different thing from that of de Nerval. The movement might almost be divided into two halves, partly concurrent: the first consisting of de Nerval, Rimbaud, and Verlaine; and the second of de l'Isle Adam, Laforgue, Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck. The former were children of Nature, singing they knew not how nor why; the latter were children of Art, subservient to theories of almost scientific precision.

The essay on Mallarmé is the most brilliant in the whole volume; it stands unequalled among all Mr. Symons's critical work, with the possible exception of his appreciation of Aubrey Beardsley. It belongs, indeed, to a very high order of criticism. The subject is one of intense and complicated difficulty; but Mr. Symons has treated it with a delicacy and a sureness of perception, an instinct for clarity, which can scarcely be overpraised, and which nearly make plain some of the abstruse "divagations" of Mallarmé's decadence. His courage in advancing a theory of the way in which Mallarmé wrote verse and the reasons for Mallarmé's later unintelligibility is only surpassed by the persuasive convincingness of the theory.

The Jowett Lectures.

A Critical History of a Future Life in Israel Judaism and in Christianity. By R. H. Charles, D.D. (Adam & Charles Black.)

DR. CHARLES WAS for some years a curate of the Church of England at Whitechapel, Kensington, and Kennington successively, and is now Professor of Biblical Greek at that most Protestant of Protestant institutions, Trinity College, Dublin. He is also well known to science as the translator from the Ethiopic and the Syriac of the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, and other of the lesser known Apocrypha, and is, perhaps, since the death of Dillmann, the greatest living authority on Apocalyptic literature. He is, therefore, thoroughly well equipped for the task he has here set himself, and the trustees of the Jowett Lecture Fund may be congratulated upon having chosen him to deliver the lectures for 1898-1899, of which this book is a reprint. They could hardly have found anyone with better credentials either for learning or for orthodoxy.

Of the pre-Exilic or, as he prefers to call it, the Hebrew notions of a future life Dr. Charles has not very much to say. Passing by without mention the older view of Warburton that the Jews in the time of Moses had no conception of a future life at all, he tells us that their conception of a life after death was not wholly independent of "Yahwism," but actually opposed to it, being, in fact, itself a survival from heathen times. Following Stade and others, he regards the main body of the Israelites as given up to the worship of their ancestors, of whom he considers the teraphim to have been the images, and it is by this that he explains the law of the levirate, or the "raising-up of seed" to a deceased brother. Hence it is not to be wondered at they looked upon the dead as having vague powers of annoyance towards the living that could only be propitiated by sacrifices, and considered their Sheol as a dreary abode quite outside the sphere of "Yahwè's" rule. These views he thinks go back to the period when "the Hebrew clans lived in the valley of the Euphrates, and shared this and other beliefs with the Babylonians of that time"; and, although they received some modification as the worship of Yahwè became more prominent, they were not abandoned till a very late date. "Down to the Exile, and later, the beliefs of Israel with reference to a future life were heathen to the core, and irreconcilable with any intelligible belief in a sole and supreme God," and these beliefs, he says later, found their final expression in Sadduceism. It was the prophets, he thinks, and especially Isaiah, who first taught that the righteous should after death be restored to "communion with God and with the righteous community"; and it was this belief, strengthened, no doubt, by contact with Persian thought in Babylon, that led to the faith in the resurrection which filtered down through sects like the Ohasidim until it reached its fullest development among the Pharisees. But it may be noticed that the blessedness of the dead was never held to extend to the Gentiles. Some of the larger-minded prophets thought that the Gentiles might in the last days be raised again to be servants of Israel; but Ezekiel—of whom Dr. Charles seems to have a particular detestation—Haggai, Zechariah, Nahum, Habbakuk, and Daniel all prophesy their total destruction. By the time the author gets to his Book of Enoch (say 170 B.C.) he finds that the punishments of God, which for the Jews are corrective, are towards the Gentiles merely vindictive. "In no case," he says, speaking of the literature of the immediately pre-Christian period, "does it appear that the Gentiles could attain to a blessed resurrection."

Meanwhile, an idea destined to exercise a yet greater effect in the future of the nation was gradually taking the leading place in Jewish thought. This was the theory of a miraculous personage who should lead the Jews to the subjugation of the whole earth. This idea was not fully

developed, according to Dr. Charles, until after the Exile, as he considers that "the Branch" foretold by Jeremiah is not an individual, but a dynasty. "Most of the passages in Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah which promise the advent of the Messianic kingdom and of the Messiah" are, he considers, later interpolations, but during the Exile the idea took definite shape, and thereafter "the day of Yahwè," as it was called, was looked forward to as the period when the sceptre of the world should be given to Israel, leaving the Gentiles either to exist as slaves to the chosen race or to be totally destroyed. In the formation of this idea he again assigns the initiative to Ezekiel, although he points out that that part of the Book of Enoch which is known as the Similitudes is the first writing in which the Messiah is looked upon as a superhuman being. From that time onward the expectation of a supernatural leader who should enable the Jews to oppress the Gentiles never ceased to occupy their minds until it brought about their final rebellion and consequent extinction as a nation under Hadrian. This idea Dr. Charles traces with great distinctness throughout the whole range of Apocryphal and Apocalyptic literature. He does not tell us very much as to its ultimate origin, although he points out the influence of Parsism upon certain writers such as the pseudo-Daniel. But an unbiassed student might perhaps see in it the racial fondness for a "holy war" which has so often led Semitic nations to dream not altogether fruitlessly of an orgie of blood and plunder brought about by supernatural aid. The rôle of the Mahdists in the Soudan, now happily extinguished, is but the last as well as the most familiar instance of this.

There remains the eschatology of the early Christian Church, as to which Dr. Charles speaks with no uncertain sound. At the outset of the ministry of Jesus, he tells us, "He had, we can hardly doubt, hoped to witness the consummation of" the Messianic kingdom "without passing through the gates of death." That, later, He expected to return during the then existing generation he holds, too, to be proved beyond question, and to this faith the early Church were committed. He thinks, too, that Jesus plainly taught that only the righteous would rise again, although this doctrine was modified—as he thinks, wrongly—in the Gospel of St. Luke. The idea of "the Millennium, or the reign of Christ for 1,000 years on the present earth, or any other form of the temporary Messianic kingdom, cannot be said to belong to the sphere of Christian doctrine"; while the doctrine of eternal damnation is "a Judaistic survival of grossly immoral character." Finally, he considers the eschatology of St. Paul points "either to the final redemption of all created personal beings or—and this seems the true alternative—to the destruction of the finally impenitent." "This destruction," he says cryptically, "would not be of the nature of an external punishment, but subjective and self-executed."

Dr. Charles always writes with clearness and point, and the full references to authorities that he gives will enable scholars to check his conclusions for themselves. For our own part, we fancy that, like most clerical writers, he is rather too much inclined to look upon both the Jewish and the Christian religions as things to be considered apart from all other faiths, and to attach too little weight to the influence that the nations among whom the Jews were cast may have had in matters like eschatology. Thus, the theory that the world would finally be destroyed by fire was a favourite with the Stoics, and was publicly taught by them about the time when the Jewish ideas of a final cataclysm began to take shape. So, too, the idea of a superhuman being leading his own worshippers to the conquest of other nations, was familiar enough at the same period to the Greek worshippers of Bacchus, or of his prototype the Egyptian Osiris; while the likeness of the Johannine Apocalypse to the Persian book of Arda-Viraf has been often pointed out. But such points fall into the background when we consider the manner in

which Dr. Charles treats the Bible, which formerly was looked upon as the very mainstay and sheet-anchor of Protestantism. According to Dr. Charles, it was the non-fulfilment of prophecies which was "one of the main sources" of the numerous Apocalypses which profess to give an account of "the last things," and he uses those among them which are uncanonical as if they were on a perfect equality with those in the Canon. Ezekiel's views on many points he holds to be "demonstrably false," while he finds many incongruities and inconsistencies in the eschatology of the New Testament. He even thinks it "easily conceivable" that "some ideas morally irreconcilable should exist in the same [inspired] writer." As for the text, he treats it in the way that the higher critics have already made familiar to us. It has before been said that most of the Messianic passages in the early prophets are treated as interpolations; and the same treatment is extended to the statement in John v. 28, 29, that they have done good shall come forth from their graves "unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." This passage, says Dr. Charles, is so plainly inconsistent with its context that it must be cut out, and he would deal in the same way with the words "at the last day" where they occur in the following chapter. We do not pretend to take up the cudgels for the Protestant faith against one so well qualified to speak on its behalf as Dr. Charles, but if this is its last word on Biblical inspiration, we should like to know the sanction for the rest of its dogmas.

Molière.

Œuvres Complètes de Molière. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 5s.; India Paper, 9s. 6d. Miniature Edition, 4 vols., 14s.)

In these days, when farcical comedy (not always of the most laughter-moving quality) overflows our theatres, it is worth while to turn to the greatest master of laughter that has yet appeared, and realise how far we are degenerate. One could not do so in a better or handier little edition than that just issued by the Oxford Press. It will give all who wish to renew their acquaintance with Molière an opportunity of doing so with pleasure, and, it may be hoped, tempt to him many new readers. There is nothing in our own literature to expound the comedy of Molière; it is altogether French. It is not the witty comedy of our Restoration dramatists, with its glitter of epigram, antithesis, and ludicrous simile, couched in exquisitely turned and easy form. Still less is it Eliza bethan comedy. In fact, it is not comedy at all, but the sublimation of farce. There are exceptions: *The Misanthrope* rises to serious comedy; while *Tartuffe*, in construction and execution one of Molière's masterpieces, in conception is sombre and almost virulent to a repellent degree. The central character is so loathsome, that we are unable to abandon ourselves to the spirit of mirth; we feel ourselves in the hands of a serious and mortal-wounding satirist; and the delineation is carried through unflinchingly to the odious last, no detail of blasphemous hypocrisy spared us. It moves to hatred and indignation, which is not the function of comedy.

But this is by the way. What we have said holds true with regard to the bulk of Molière's work: it depends on broadly humorous situation and exquisite fooling, a constant succession of the most fertile and unexpected absurdities, put into the mouths of conscious or unconscious buffoons. The characters are nought, well-thumbed stage types which do not count, handed down from the old Italian comedy: the miser, the credulous old *pantaloon*, the clown, the brace of lovers (otherwise harlequin and columbine), the heroine's maid and *confidante*, who makes comic love with the clown, ultimately crystallising into the

soubrette of French comedy—these, with trimmings, provide the bill of fare in play after play. Congreve could remark even of the rich English stage that the characters available for comedy were really very few, and had a tendency to revolve round certain fixed types; but it is far more the case with the French stage of this period. Even when a new character seems to present himself in Molière, he presently proves to be one of the old lay-figures in an up-to-date dress. M. Jourdain, the rich *bourgeois* with an incurable wish to make himself a gentleman on the "while you wait" principle of refashioning, in point of character, is our old friend the pantaloon in a new situation. Molière does not attempt to draw you a French *bourgeois* as he lived, moved, and had his being, as Shakespeare would have done in like circumstances. He is content to have put his credulous old man into a new position, which affords endless variety for his capacity of blundering. It is on that capacity that the play turns: Jourdain is the unconscious buffoon, as in another play Sganarelle is the conscious one. Molière, being himself an actor, carries the element of farce as far as the most downright stage-tricks. In *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* there is a venerable bit of business about Sganarelle's bottle, which he passes from side to side, and finally hugs to his stomach, under the belief that his interlocutors are going to take it from him, which gestures, as the original remarks with delightful *naïveté*, "font un grand jeu de théâtre," make a fine stage-trick indeed. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in its final scenes adventures joyously upon wild farce; the egregious M. Jourdain seated solemnly in his chair, dressed as a Turk, while the rest of the characters, in similar masquerade, dance round him singing burlesque verses in *lingua franca*, and cudgel him, under pretext of making him a Turkish dignitary.

But individualised character, as it is outside Molière's design, so also it is not missed by reader or spectator. You do not even think of it while his personages are pouring forth their rich follies. His spirit of drollery is inexhaustible, and would cover the sins of a score of ordinary playwrights. He is an artist, of course, like all Frenchmen; his plays are skilfully constructed; and he is fertile in invention of comic situation. But the wonderful endowment of his animal spirits; the opulent flow of humour, saturating everything; the sheer mirth of the man—this is the prominent and unrivalled gift which carries us away. Fully half of the play to which we lately referred, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, consists of nothing but M. Jourdain's interviews with his various teachers; there is no plot going forward, no action. But the mere procession of the *bourgeois'* absurdities is irresistible. The best of these have passed into proverbs, such as the famous: "For forty years I have been speaking prose without having the least idea of it, and I am most infinitely obliged to you for having told me so." But the whole of the scene with the Philosophical Master, in which this occurs, is admirable humour:

PHIL. MASTER. The vowel O is formed by opening the jaws, and approaching the lips by the two extremities, the upper and the lower: O.

M. JOURDAIN. O, O. Nothing could be more just. A, E, I, O, I, O. This is admirable. I, O, I, O.

PHIL. MAS. The opening of the mouth makes exactly as it were a little circle, which represents an O.

M. JOUR. O, O, O. You are right; O. Ah, what a fine thing it is to know something!

The surprise and infantile delight with which the *bourgeois* receives and airs the most elementary scraps of knowledge is deliciously rendered. There is about the drollery in these scenes something of the *bon enfant* which is characteristically French; perhaps we might say characteristically southern! For there is a childlike easiness of unbending in southern fooling which northern fooling lacks, and whereby it escapes the jack-pudding offensiveness to which Teutonic farce is liable. If the Teuton can touch

greater heights than the man of Latin race (as seems probable from a comparison of literatures), it must be confessed he is very much less happy in coming down from them. Southern humour is gay; and it is this gaiety of humour, radiating through Molière, this ebullient laughter, which makes him the greatest of modern comic dramatists. Not Shakespeare has it in such wealth, though here and there he may touch a note of purer humour. Yet occasionally we find ourselves reminded of Shakespeare in reading Molière. For example, in the very play from which we have just quoted, M. Jourdain's ridiculous contest of politeness with Dorante recalls Slender's similar contest with Page in the *Merry Wives*; while the absurdity with which he closes it, "J'aime mieux être incivil qu' importun," is a literal translation of Slender's final sentence, "I will rather be unmannerly than troublesome." Yet Molière had never read Shakespeare! One likes to find such incidental coincidences and resemblances between the two great masters—both actors and both dramatists. If, however, as we have said, Molière has nothing of that character-drawing which, in Shakespeare, makes Sir Andrew Aguecheek totally distinct from every other Shakespearean fool, and Sir Toby Belch quite unlike Falstaff (whom in any other hands he would certainly have resembled), it would be a mistake to think that we get from Molière no picture of his age. On the contrary, he comprehensively reflects the France of his time. But that is dependent on other things than character-drawing. He did not so much set himself to paint manners as to seize on what he found ridiculous and laughter-worthy in the France of his day. Accordingly he must remain, perhaps, without influence on the modern stage, which is above all closely realistic. Yet our writers of farcical comedy might learn from him the secret of that fountain of laughter which was his above all men's. Perhaps, however, it cannot be transferred to our stage; and the history of adaptations from him would tend to prove so. For in all the spirit has evaporated. We must be content with our Molière in the pretty little volumes which the Clarendon Press has given us.

An Industrious Singer.

Songs of the Morning. By Nora Hopper. (Grant Richards.)

MISS HOPPER has her place among the band of Irish poets that constitute what is called the Celtic renaissance. They are a band whose claims to recognition it is impossible to ignore, as is shown by the specimens of their work collected in Mr. Yeats's *Book of Irish Verse*. Mr. Yeats himself, Mrs. Hinkson, Dr. Douglas Hyde (in his translations from the Gaelic), Mr. John Eglington, and the exceedingly strange and subtle writer signing himself "A. E.," can show a body of verse which makes high claim for the advances of the sister isle. Miss Hopper in this volume does not suffer us to forget that she belongs to the Celtic band. Yet it is hardly because of the poems which insist on their Irish birthright that we hail the present book as a gain upon her previous achievement. Those poems seem to us among the least original in the collection: they belong distinctly to a brand of poetry for which many writers seem to have the recipe, and are neither better nor worse than others in this particular "line" of goods. We know the substratum of Irish legend, the edifice of sentiment as cheap in Ireland as in England, and wearily common to both, the Irish phrases interspersed at due intervals in the composition like raisins. This kind of national sentiment is a flavouring essence, which can be applied to any poem with guaranteed effect. The spice of Gaelic names cannot render novel to English readers the mechanical picturesqueness of such ballads.

Nor yet do we care specially for Miss Hopper in another class of poems, which forego the deliberate consciousness of nationality, and essay that sensuous picturing of nature and glow of external colour which a whole school of writers have caught—directly or indirectly—from Rossetti. A profusion of words like stained glass characterise work of this order; and the words are all there in Miss Hopper's verse. But the glittering diction is not inevitable, seizes us by no magic; we can see (as it were) how the thing is done. Once or so she deliberately tries her verbal gift in an impression—"On the Embankment"; but she fails to endue her words with nervous organisation, they are but paints. The final stanza directly remembers Rossetti:

Of gifts it makes to days and nights
I took three memories away:
The scent of leaves that rotting lay,
The pigeon's call, the wandering lights.

The Pre-Raphaelite master sang:

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing alone is left to me—
The wood-spruce hath a cup of three.

That is a slight matter; more serious is it to speculate what Miss Hopper means in "Kew Gardens" by:

The peonies stand
Like purpled flames on either hand.

The *locus classicus* for the word is the passage where Milton speaks of Iris' "purpled scarf." One cannot help a dark suspicion that Miss Hopper supposed it to be a form of "purpled." Only so can we explain its application to peonies. But the poem (in spite of the cuckoos' "drawing voices sad and soft"—a luckless phrase) has a fine close:

The wild-fowl by the water-side
Cry as if man's first day had died,
And Adam, naked, stood alone
'Neath the first darkness he had known.

Miss Hopper, this would show, is capable of better things than "word-painting." She is capable of very good things indeed; and the best of them occur when she shuts one thought in a lyric closed like a lantern and complete. The lyric germinates from the single idea (to use another image) and ceases with the full unfolding of it. Of all this class, in which Miss Hopper most truly comes to her own, the finest is "Southernwood," to which we referred when it appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; a very beautiful poem, in which intimate feeling shelters its self-betrayal under gracious veils:

So I have harvested my womanhood
Into one tall green bush of southernwood;
And if the leaves are green about your feet,
And if my fragrance on a day should meet
And brace your weariness, why, not in vain
Shall I have husbanded from sun and rain
My spices if you chance to find them sweet.

I have grown up beneath the sheltering shade
Of roses: roses' poignant scents have made
My sharp spice sweeter than 'twas wont to be.
Therefore if any vagrant gather me
And wear me in his bosom, I will give
Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and live,
And wake to find the rose a verity.

Gather me, gather. I have dreams to sell.
The sea is not by any fluted shell
More faithfully remembered than I keep
My thought of roses, through beguiling sleep
And the bewildering day. I'll give to him
Who gathers me more sweetness than he'd dream
Without me—more than any lily could;
I that am flowerless, being southernwood.

Charming, in a lighter and impersonal vein, is the poem called "Monday," with its dainty and appropriate fancy.

Miss Hopper, indeed, frequently has happy lights of fancy, as :

The moon is a vampire to-night. She has sucked from the stars
Their splendour of silver : they lean to us weary and white
Like prisoners' faces pressed pale against window-bars.

Altogether, we may perhaps say that the thing in which Miss Hopper shows most distinct advance is the personal lyric. Her work is always accomplished, but in such poems as "Southernwood" it touches a higher mood and a more unquestionable inspiration. It is distinguished poetry indeed.

"The Great Clerk Grostest."

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By F. S. Stevenson, M.P. (Macmillan.)

ROBERT GROSSETESTE—"Seynt Roberd," as men loved to call him—stands side by side with his friend Simon de Montfort among the leaders of thirteenth century England. Eminent in letters and philosophy, he left the calm ways of academic life for the thorny thickets of political and ecclesiastical warfare. His life was written by Richard, a monk of Bardney, early in the sixteenth century, and by Samuel Pegge late in the eighteenth, and has now been re-written by Mr. Stevenson with sufficient learning, industry, and sympathy, and perhaps with an imperfect feeling for the vigorous and picturesque in biographical narrative. A man of Suffolk by birth, Grosseteste was trained at Oxford, migrated to Paris, and back again to Oxford, where he is believed to have become the first Chancellor of the growing University. He had rare learning for his age both in Greek and Hebrew, wrote on theology, philosophy, mathematics, and natural science, and earned from the erudite and critical Roger Bacon a commendation denied to Alexander de Hales, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas. Bacon, indeed, put him on a level with Solomon, Aristotle, and Avicenna. Wycliffe even thought him greater than Aristotle. In 1235 Grosseteste succeeded Hugh de Wells as Bishop of Lincoln. He rapidly rose to a real, if not a formal, primacy in the English Church, and for the rest of his life championed Anglican independence alike against the secular power and against the extravagant pretensions of the See of Rome. He wrestled with the Pope on the claim of presentation to English benefices and threw him. Within the borders of the Church itself he was a reformer, somewhat austere. His visitations were a terror to the laxer chapters and monastic houses. The secular clergy he compelled to observe sumptuary regulations long disregarded. He thundered against fairs in churchyards, the drinking bouts known as "Scotates," the Feast of Fools, and even, like the Puritans after him, the harmless ritual of the King and Queen of May. He was one of the first to welcome the Dominican and Franciscan friars when they landed in England, and he acted as theological lecturer to the school which the Franciscans set up in their cell at Oxford. Nor did his pastoral duties draw him wholly from humaner studies. He brought Greeks to teach in England, translated St. Ignatius, St. John of Damascus, and Dionysius the Areopagite, made an English version of Walter of Henley's *Treatise on Husbandry*, and wrote *Les Roules Seynt Robert*, not for monks or recluses, but for the management of a great estate.

At last he won his way, as Herodotus has it, "to the mythical." Matthew Paris narrates the mystery of his death :

On the same night also certain Minorites, who were journeying in haste towards Buckden, where Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, then was—for he was a comforter and father to the Franciscans and Dominicans—lost their way in the royal forest of Wanberge, and, while wandering

about, heard in the air a sound as of bells, amongst which they clearly distinguished one bell of sweeter note than any they had heard before. When the dawn appeared they met some foresters, of whom, after obtaining directions to enable them to regain the right road, they inquired what meant that solemn peal of bells which they had heard in the direction of Buckden, to which the foresters replied that they had not heard, and did not then hear anything, though the sound still greatly filled the air. Greatly wondering, the brethren made their way to Buckden, and were told that at the very time of night when they had heard those melodious sounds the Bishop of Lincoln had breathed forth his happy spirit.

As has been said, he received a local cult, and miracles are alleged to have been wrought at his tomb in Lincoln Cathedral. This tomb Leland saw, "a goodly one of marble, with an image of brass over it"; but it fell before the Puritan iconoclasts of the Civil Wars. Fifty years after his death, formal application was made for his canonisation by the Deans and Chapters of Lincoln and St. Paul's, the Abbot and Convent of Osney, King Edward the First, the Archbishop of York, and the University of Oxford. But the memory of Grosseteste's resistance to papal aggression still lingered at Rome, and his shade had to remain content with the lesser "seynt-ship" of popular acclamation.

Other New Books.

PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE. BY THOMAS ARNOLD.

Mr. Arnold is the second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and among his other justifications for venturing upon autobiography were his intimacy with Cardinal Newman and some interesting pioneer experiences in New Zealand in the forties. Mr. Arnold was born at Laleham, where his brother Matthew is buried, in 1823, and was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford. Among his schoolfellows were the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and Hodson of Hodson's Horse. Mr. Arnold's Fox-How recollections include a meeting with Southey—"So now you've seen a real live poet!" said he to the boy; and Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Christopher North flit across these pages. Of Wordsworth he says: "The poet's ordinary dress was a loose brown frockcoat, trousers of shepherd's plaid, a loose black handkerchief for a necktie, a green-and-black plaid shawl round the shoulders, and a wide-awake or straw hat, often with a blue veil attached to it." One would like a description of his extraordinary dress. Hartley Coleridge reminded Mr. Arnold of Scott's "Black Dwarf." He says of him: "He was a melancholy ruin; when he was in the vein he would talk in an eloquent and richly imaginative strain, walking about the room all the time." Of Derwent Coleridge and Hartley he says: "They were both short, thick-set men, and to see the head of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, the respectable divine, walking side by side with the incorrigible Bohemian, his brother, suggested a perplexing subject for meditation." We find Matthew in the Oxford chapter :

From the autumn of 1842 to the end of 1846 my time, and my brother's also, was chiefly spent at Oxford. He was cultivating his poetic gift carefully, but his exuberant, versatile nature claimed other satisfactions; his keen, bantering talk made him something of a social lion among Oxford men; he even began to dress fashionably. Goethe displaced Byron in his poetical allegiance; the transcendental spells of Emerson wove themselves around him; the charm of an exquisite style made him, and long kept him, a votary of George Sand. The perfect handling of words, joined to the delicate presentation of ideas, attracted him powerfully to John Henry Newman, whose afternoon Sunday sermons at St. Mary's he for a long time regularly attended. But, so far as I know, Newman's teaching never made an impression upon him.

After leaving Oxford Mr. Arnold went out to New Zealand, where he roughed it and met Alfred Domett—Browning's "Waring"; then he became a school inspector in Tasmania, married, and joined the Roman Catholic Church. His next move was to Dublin, where he met Newman, and soon after was established in a position in the Oratory school at Edgbaston. Thereafter the story loses interest to the ordinary reader, being much taken up with religious inquietude. There is, however, a record of Continental travel. Mr. Arnold is now, and has been for some years, a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland and Examiner in English Language and Literature. His is the candid narrative of a scrupulous and highly cultured mind, and as such it has value apart from the further light which it throws upon a great family. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

AMONG HORSES IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY M. H. HAYES.

"I have seen Hayes argue with a tough horse," says Mr. Kipling in one of his "Plain Tales," but he will probably never see a critic argue with Mr. Hayes. A thorough master of horsemanship and horse-breaking, Mr. Hayes can be argued with only by the most expert of his own class, and then who is to deliver judgment? Mr. Hayes also plies an easy pen. His books on the Horse, which are many, might be cited in a discussion on the relations between matter and style as examples of the charm of mere matter. The good horseman is always a man of the world; in studying horses he has to study men, and the odds are that he will talk or write about both with grip and picturesqueness. Mr. Hayes does; and we do not know when we like him best—in his horse passages or his man passages. Here is one of the former:

The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practised in any other country. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "school-master" is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out, until at last it can be taken off altogether. This is a capital plan if one has a good break horse, and if one knows no better way. Its great fault is its tendency to make a horse unwilling to go alone. Of course, it has no pretensions to giving a horse a good mouth.

Mrs. Hayes is hardly less the master of a tough horse than her husband, and Mr. Hayes's stories of her exploits add to the charm of a manly, horsey book. (Everett & Co.)

PEPYS'S GHOST. BY EDWIN EMERSON, JUNIOR.

This is a jest of a not unfamiliar type, but hailing from New York and carried out with great elaboration. Mr. Emerson resurrects Mr. Pepys and lends him his own autobiography. He describes the social and Bohemian life of "Greater Gotham," which is New York itself, likewise his adventures (as a special correspondent) in the Spanish War, and "His *Minor Exploits in the Field of LOVE and FASHION with his Thoughts thereon.*" The fooling is sprightly and well sustained, although perhaps it is continued rather long, and the Pepysian manner and temper, which Mr. Emerson catches admirably, are better suited to the urban business than to the soldiering. A few examples of this ingenious chronicle of small beer will not be amiss. Mr. Emerson takes the trouble to explain

his topical and personal allusions in footnotes, which we omit:

Twelfthnight. Lay long in bed to persuade my wife how we must spend our substance less lightly, my new great coate and the silken whisp that I did give her for Christmas of last year indeed costing out of all countenance, but she, poor wretch, doth so complayne of her dull lot that I in pity promise her to go to Mr. Daly his playhouse once more to see Mistress Rehan act her part, I thinking that it must needs be the play *Twelfth Night*, that merry comedy Jack Wendell did delight me in, when we ate hasty pudding together at coledge. So, after dinner, took coach, and thither, but were astonied to see her take the part of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, that pastoral play so cried up by Mlle. de Maupin. There saw we Will Winter and John Corbin, the pamphleteer who helpeth Mr. Alden in his office on Franklin Square, standing up right in the foremost pit, but I accosted him not espying Polly close by him, yet knew not one another, and I highly contented thereat, and glad withal to behold her smooth neck turning now this way, now that, as if for to vex me, albeit she feigned not to see me, because of my wife.

Mr. Pepys attempts to learn the bicycle:

In comes my cozen James, and he must have it for me to ride on his new-fashioned machine made of two wheels all a-tilt and saddled. Then he sustaining and I bestriding the pesky thing did we venture forth on the high road, I sweating over my whole body and pulling now this leg, now that, till he with a loud outcry overturned me where the road was most dirty. So vexed I was, that forgetting our kinship I out and called him a fool and like hard names, kicking the traitorous engine with my foot; but he not minding my choler, persuadeth me to mount again only to suffer a worse fall. Then became I as one furious mad, for my camelott suit was all ripped and soyled, and my new hatte, bought of Knox, the hatter, dimpled in shamefully, with no rewards for my payns but mocks and laughs, so I did sweare an oath to bestride none but horses and soft carriages if God help me out of this adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepys go to a Horse Show:

I in my white waist-coat and glossed beaver and shoen of the fashion that pleases me well, my wife in her new gowne and purple petticoat, very pretty. At the show we were nigh crushed unto death, the gentlemen and ladies stepping around the hall like ye hands on a poke dial with no regard to the horses, but to the many persons of quality in the stalls. All were gaping at the Duke of Savoy, late arrived, making him more uneasy in his place, till he up and out to avoid them. And so much finery and pretty laces and handsome smocks with silken sarcoets I never did behold, no not in former times, when the Duke of Marlborough brought his bride, but my wife thought it a shame to have all the frocks spoiled by a stench of stables.

(Boston: Badger & Co.)

ALFRED AND THE CHRONICLERS.

BY EDWARD CONYBEARE, M.A.

Another instalment of "Millenary" literature. Mr. Conybeare opens with a "popular and readable" sketch of Alfred's life, with some interesting extracts from his own proverbs, prefaces, and translations. Thus, or nearly thus, Alfred "expands and Christianises" the fine quatrain of Boethius:

Felix, qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidam;
Felix qui potuit graviter
Terrae solvere vincula.

In Mr. Conybeare's rendering of the Anglo-Saxon this becomes:

Lo! of all upon earth
Is the happiest he
Who hath heart to behold
That clearest of waters
That wellet in heaven
With light from the Highest:
Who eke from himself
All swartness, all mist,
All the murk of his mood,
To scatter hath might.

With God and His grace
By tales of old time
Thy thought will we teach,
Till thou readest aright
The highway to heaven,
That loved native land,
Own home of our souls.

The rest of the book consists of translations from the more or less "original" authorities for the history of Alfred, and in particular of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and of Asser's *De Ælfredi rebus gestis*. The latter, at least, might have been done as a whole. Mr. Conybeare's work is "popular and readable," which is all he claims for it. It is not very scholarly, and he does not appear to have taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the latest literature on his subject. He does not seem to be aware that Petrie and Hardy's edition of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" has been superseded by Mr. Plummer's, and some, at least, of his other texts by those in the "Rolls" series. (Elliot Stock.)

LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS. BY TWO BARRISTERS-AT-LAW.

This bulky volume of over seven hundred pages fails to disclose on its title-page the names of its authors, beyond the fact that they are two members of the Bar, and we gather from the preface that part of the work is due to a third gentleman of the long robe, hailing from Lincoln's Inn. While the work cannot for a moment be taken as seriously doing what it purports to do, it is not without a certain interest and value—though mainly to a lawyer. Its defects as a popular work are many, some of them almost inevitable, such as the constant use of legal terms and phrases not to be found explained within its covers; and certain of the attempts made at definition are not very happy, notoriously the attempt to define a tort. But the great defect of the work lies in its style and want of proper plan of arrangement under each topic. Important fundamental practical points ought to be kept together, and not to be scattered anyhow under the particular head. Thus what is said in regard to wills is so put that we defy any lay person to draw one up from the information given, and such an important matter as gifts to attesting witnesses is so placed as quite possibly to escape attention altogether. The authors would have done well to translate the Latin phrases they employ. We never expected to find a single woman masquerading under the style of *feme sole* in such a work as this. The volume displays evidence of considerable industry, and is really a fairly comprehensive, though ill-balanced, survey of the law. But for a work of this kind to be of much value there is required a legal knowledge and a power of expression in simple and lucid English that we fear is not possessed by these authors; and mere industrious compilation will never prove an equivalent, for judges deliver their judgments in the language of the law, and statutes, even when well drafted, are not to be fully comprehended by the lay mind. (John Murray.)

THE DERBYSHIRE CAMPAIGN SERIES.

BY OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

Two volumes of this excellent little series are before us—No. 2, *Central India*, and No. 5, *Tirah Campaign*—the first written by General Sir Julius Raines, and the second by Captain A. K. Slessor. In 1858-1859 the 95th, as they then were, took part in the Central India Campaign, and for eighteen months marched and fought through Cutch, Rajputana, and Central India, and took Gwalior on the day after Waterloo Day, 1858. After taking part in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and the Sikkim Expedition of 1888, the 95th, now the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, went through the Tirah Campaign of 1897-1898. They were at Dargai and the Arhanga Pass, and the other battles of the war. The Derbyshire Regiment is to be congratulated on these little books, which bear the appropriate motto, "Lest we forget." (Sonnenschein)

Fiction.

By Order of the Company. By Mary Johnstone.
(Constable. 6s.)

THIS is one of the best historical novels we have read for a long time. Miss Johnstone can write, and she can re-create a period. Particularly, she knows the spirit of the American virgin forest. Perhaps it is the sense of that encompassing beauty and terror which gives so pronounced an individuality to her books, and saves them, despite their lavish and often startling use of incident, from the taint of sensationalism.

The present romance is a clear advance in conception and execution on her earlier work, *The Old Dominion*, itself a fine achievement. There is the same Virginian setting, but the period, in this case the reign of James I., is more closely realised and more vividly presented, giving, indeed, an admirable study of Colonial life with some strong characterisation. Once launched on the story, we are swept on from adventure to adventure. Yet it is possible that had the author held in check that daring imagination of incident which is at once her great power and her besetting temptation, she would have given us a subtle as well as a strong study of character. There is demand for both qualities in the situation to which she introduces us. The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, a ward of the king, has fled over-seas disguised as a serving-maid, to escape the suit of Lord Carnal, the king's all-powerful favourite. When the men of the colony go out to choose their mates from the ship's cargo of women, Jocelyn, assailed by an insolent wooer, turns for refuge to Captain Ralph Percy, whose wife she becomes. But though she has accepted a husband's protection, she has no thought of yielding him more than the coldest dutifulness. Thenceforth Percy has two aims in life: to win the heart of the woman whose hand he has won, and to shield her from Lord Carnal, who has tracked her and appears in Jamestown in all his dangerous pomp and power. The duel between the two men is deadly, for Carnal is ready to use as weapons law or the king's whim, or, at need, the scalping knives of the Indians or the poisons of his Italian physician. Exciting episode is crowded on episode—plot there is practically none—and the perils and escapes would grow incredible were they one whit less vigorously related. As it is, there is but one part of the book, the capture of the pirate ship, where belief and attention are somewhat strained. The sea is not Miss Johnstone's element; she gathers strength in the gathering shadow of the woods. Unfortunately—at least, in one reader's judgment—the author, in the thronging external interest, has wearied of the spiritual drama. Avowed love succeeds too soon to the fascinating contradictions of gratitude and defiance with which Jocelyn met her husband, and we have thereafter only their outward fates to follow. But these are enthralling. Percy's flight from the Indians to whom Carnal betrayed him, bearing to Jamestown the message which is to save the colony, is a masterly piece of work, and Nautaquas, the Indian chief who turns traitor to his race to warn the English, his friends, stands forth an imposing figure.

The end of the book, where wrongs are righted and peace achieved, suffers from a comparison with the haunting close of *The Old Dominion*, with its spaces of desolation and of love. The happy ending, which is never a real ending, cannot be so impressive as the sorrow which may be ultimate. So the true climax of *By Order of the Company* is not in its final love passage, with its regrettable touch of prettiness, but in the farewell to Lord Carnal. Broken and baffled, scarred out of that beauty which had been his power, Carnal rises into a dignity of defeat. In that scene Miss Johnstone learns the restraint which is her chief need, and there is a memorable ring in the dying favourite's simple confession of failure: "The stakes were heavy, and I have not wherewithal to play again."

Andromeda: an Idyll of the Great River. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE right of dramatising this story its author has done well to reserve; for whatever may be thought of the book as a novel, it offers material for a hopeful melodrama. The entry of the heroine might tax the ingenuity of the stage-manager, but should immensely well repay it. Somerset, an artist studying Turner-esque effects on the lowlands where Thames flows into the German Ocean, strolled out at night and longed to be a Greek.

Suddenly his heart leapt within him, and he started in surprise, almost in terror.

Under the sea-wall on the side on which he had stretched himself, lay a creek of moonlit water; across it, almost fifty yards away, rose a grass-covered slope leading to shadowy sea-meadows; and suddenly, moving rapidly in the water below him, and floating up the creek, he saw—what? Did his eyes deceive him? Was he mad or dreaming? Of course it was impossible, but it seemed to his excited vision like the form of some human being! Something white like marble! Arms stretched out softly and oaring the still stream; a form submerged, yet dimly shining through the water as it swam along; and above the moonlight shining down upon it, a face set in black hair, which fell like seaweed over ivory shoulders!

To Mr. Buchanan, we remark in passing, must be assigned the honour of having discovered the extraordinary luminosity of the Essex moon. But we are soon snatched up to Bloomsbury; and there "Anniedromedy," having inherited wealth from her husband overseas, drops into an engagement with Somerset. The arrival of the Monster, the husband, at this point will fill the least experienced nursemaid with a delicious sense of verified prognosis. Perseus has his chance and—not to put too fine a point upon it—funks; and the Monster, after knifing his "lily-fingered" rival, behaves handsomely. Here lurks Mr. Buchanan's little surprise: "A new turn to the fable, isn't it? This time Andromeda is a modern missie, our friend Perseus a bit of a prig, and the Monster has turned out to be a man."

Only he had not, except in the intention of the author. For the fact is that, not in his case alone, the "char-drawing" is smudgy and unconvincing. Nor can we discern any serious effort to preserve the atmosphere of the fifties on which in his first page the author picturesquely insists. To be the work of a man who has done better, this is bad work—that promises worse.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE REBEL. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

A new historical romance by the author of *Galloping Dick*. Sub-title: "Being a Memoir of Anthony, fourth Earl of Cherwell, including an Account of the Rising at Taunton in 1684, compiled and set forth by his cousin, Sir Hilary Mace, Bart., Custos Rotulorum for the County of Wilts." Mr. Marriott Watson takes full advantage of the conversational opportunities of Stuart times. Charles the Second is among the characters. (Heinemann. 6s.)

HEARTS IMPORTUNATE. BY EVELYN DICKINSON.

A story of New South Wales and colonial emotions. The principal hearts are those belonging to Ralph Hazell and Avis Fletcher. "She shrank back quicker yet. 'You don't understand. Why do you make it so hard for me? The world was right. I ought to have been someone else's wife . . .' His eyes flamed. He stood a

minute weighing her words, then: 'What do I care for that? I have been someone else's husband.'" (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

An American story by a new author. The hero is an editor, who, coming to a town where corruption is rife, vows to cleanse it, and at his personal risk does so. The chief menace to the community is a lawless band known as the White Caps, between whom and the editor there is a deadly feud. The end is peace, but there are shootings on the way. (Richards. 6s.)

A KENT SQUIRE. BY F. W. HAYES.

Another historical romance ("One warm afternoon towards the middle of October, 1711") of prodigious length. To some extent the story is true, the hero being Ambrose Gwynett of Thornhaugh, who is not unknown to by-way historians. The scene is laid alternately in France and England, and the author not only supplies his own illustrations but announces that the sequel, *The Further Adventures of a Kent Squire*, is in the press. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WALLET OF KAI-LUNG. BY ERNEST BRAMAH.

The best way to describe this very novel book is to say that if Pooch-Bah of "The Mikado" were to set out to write stories, he would write much as Mr. Bramah does. The floweriness and dignity of his diction, and much of his humour, distinguish these pages. Kai-Lung is a wandering romancer. (Richards. 6s.)

LOVE, SPORT, AND A DOUBLE EVENT. BY W. B. GILPIN.

A story with an equine hero. "Bogside's" racing performances are described in great detail, and the author's last words of farewell are given to "Bogside." Incidentally, Hugh Carlton and Leslie and Nora McBride make love. (Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD, AND OTHER STORIES. BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Five short stories of New England life, very characteristic of their author, whose portrait is given as frontispiece. "Three Old Sisters and One Beau" is a charming little sketch, ending thus: "The old Bride passed up the aisle with her old Bridegroom, and a smile of youth, that triumphed over age and memory, shone on her old face through her white veil, and no one ever knew whether she wore her own or her sister's wedding-gown, or had wedded her own or her sister's old Beau." (Harpers. 6s.)

THE ACROBAT. BY JOHN D. BARRY.

"What's at the *Cirque Parisien*?"—"At the *Cirque Parisien*? There's Mademoiselle Blanche, the acrobat. They say she's a marvel, monsieur—and beautiful—the most beautiful woman in Paris. She dives from the top of the building backwards—hundreds of feet." This is the story of Blanche's dives, of her English rival Miss Lottie King, and of her lover Jules. (John Long. 6s.)

CHRYSTALLA. BY ESMÉ STUART.

A pleasant village-life novel with a few quiet characters, including an historian, who is in the midst of a work on the Saxon kings when he receives a legacy. The legacy is Chrystalla. Chrystalla's story and the Saxon kings mingle pleasantly in this flowing, unexciting story. (Methuen. 6s.)

GARTHOWEN. BY ALLEN RAINE.

Mr. Raine is the novelist of Wales, and here, as in *A Welsh Singer* and *By Berwen Banks*, he gives us a romantic idyll full of fresh air and sea-murmur, quaint character, folk-lore, and piety. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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The Eaglet.

I.—M. Rostand, Sarah, and Paris.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND, at thirty, found himself last week on the pinnacle of glory. True, Victor Hugo was there already at twenty-one; but M. Rostand is not by any means a Victor Hugo. Two years ago "Cyrano de Bergerac"—a "masterpiece" of superficial brilliance, of no solid literary or dramatic value whatever, but with a taking "go" and swing in measure and sentiments calculated to carry popular applause—made him famous. The success of "Cyrano" won him the grateful admiration of the College Stanislas, which in earlier days had expelled him; and on the occasion of a visit of the entire school to the theatre to applaud the ancient black sheep's genius, M. Rostand addressed it in lines composed expressly for the occasion, in which the youth of to-day was lyrically adjured to sport on all and every occasion *la panache*.

"L'Aiglon" is the Napoleonic *panache* worn with ineffectual fervour. From the dramatic, intellectual, and psychological points of view, the new play is a long step in advance of "Cyrano." It is more mature, and here and there may be detected a ringing echo of Hugo in his great hours. It is packed with vibrating lines that touch the chord of the French heart. There can be no doubt that as a play the piece, during the first four acts, is superb. This admitted, your attitude towards it will be intensified or modified by your sentiment with regard to the Napoleonic legend. Personally, I regard that legend as the hugest horror of history, and Bonaparte as a monster befitting a tale of Gehenna. And so all these magnificent lines about the tricolour flag of the Emperor washed above in star-dew and drenched below in blood, these frantic reminiscences of iniquitous victories, these French sentimentalities about the "Old Guard" and "The Little Hat," the Eagle and the Eaglet, leave me unmoved, with a feeling of lassitude and dismay before such a futile expenditure of emotion and generous sentiment. Besides, I find the moment ill-advised for the *panache*, with England and France showing their teeth to one another and rumours of war in the air. These exceptions made to the value of the play as a whole, Paris, M. Rostand, and his great interpreter, Sarah, have equal reason to congratulate themselves. Paris has a thrilling experience to register, and the triumphs of dramatist and actress are equally great. Sarah Bernhardt is incomparable as the Duke of Reichstadt. I went to see her with some misgiving, I will own, after my recent deception in her Hamlet. Here, too, she sometimes strikes the hysterical note of Hamlet, but here it shocks less. I would she did not scream or yell so much in her emotional crises; but, apart from this touch of dramatic charlatanism inseparable from her triumphant genius, her new *role* is undoubtedly one of the best I have seen her in. After the brutal disfigurement of Hamlet it comes as a refreshment and a wonder. She looks so young and charming, as if she really were at life's aurora and not at its wane; she makes such a slim, graceful, delicate young prince, with the touch of early blight upon a pallid visage, that it surpasses the belief of man that it is an old woman who has evoked for us this boyish silhouette of history.

I have said that the earlier acts of "L'Aiglon" are the best, and I will accentuate this statement by the assertion that the sixth act is a grotesque and hideous blot upon a really fine work. It is an accepted fact that Sarah must die in every piece, since she started by dying so well in "La Dame aux Camellias" and "Frou-Frou." And so, to afford her a new occasion to break her audience's heart by the moving sight of another consumptive death, M. Rostand had to compel us to assist at the last moments of his Franco-Austrian Hamlet. The whole scene is absurd and offensive; in the worst of taste and of a maudlin bathos—intended for pathos. I own my sympathies were altogether with Metternich, who seemed heartily sick of the dying Duke's tirades, his monologue, and the attitude of all the weeping women about him, and who cynically cried, the instant the long-drawn last breath left the Duke's body: "You will put on his white uniform." There is not an effect in this act that is not supremely ridiculous—from the first, when the Archduchess, the aunt who is in love with her eaglet of a nephew, begs him to communicate with her alone, the plot being that all the Imperial family shall assist at the Viaticum, as Austrian Court etiquette demands, unseen by the dying lad. Where was the necessity of this burlesque of religion, with its tawdry and ignoble sentiment. The Duke, who is not thinking of God or hereafter, but only of his missed fortune and his father's blood-washed glory, goes off in his dressing gown to receive the last sacrament, and a very motley, unimposing crowd of women pour in behind him and kneel down. The usual effaced evocation of la Vallière is there, who screams with emotion; and the Duke, turning, discovers the domestic plot. He is, I know not why, frightfully angry to find that he has been "robbed of his death," and hastens to make good the larceny by dying with all the proper amount of sentimentality and self-consciousness worthy of the son of Napoleon. He calls for the cradle presented to the King of Rome by Paris, and begins to rock it; and everyone weeps when he pathetically says that it is the Duke of Reichstadt who is rocking the King of Rome. Is it possible to conceive a more idiotic climax of a really striking play? Again, Marie Louise kneels to beg his forgiveness. Forgiveness of what? That she hastened to forget a brutal *parvenu* whom she never loved, and whom she was forced to marry to cover her father's humiliation? As an Austrian and a princess nothing could be more natural than her attitude to her exiled husband; and yet M. Rostand makes her son weep for the embraces and sympathy of Josephine, and heap curses on his mother's head because she could forget that she had been the wife of a hero. But Bonaparte was no hero for Marie Therese. He was the hard conqueror of her people, the price of whose conquest she was. It would have been more subtle, if less French, to have presented us with a Duke of Reichstadt with a complex mingling of sympathies on the Austrian side along with those of his father's race. Is it possible to believe that there was nothing of the archdukes in Marie Louise's son, the Emperor Franz' grandson, and that only the blood of the Corsican soldier prevailed?

One more criticism, and all the rest is praise. The evocation of the battle of Wagram is an ingenious and original scene, but the Prince is too hysterical, his monologue is spoiled by being made too long and "stringy," and his emotion, as is inevitably the case when Sarah's nerves are strained, is too violent and boisterous. The most effective and touching incident of the act is the death of the brave and sympathetic Flambeau, one of the Old Guard, excellently acted by M. Guitry, who dies on the field of Wagram believing himself back on the great day of battle. The Prince, holding him in his arms, fans the fires of delirium. "What is the Archduke doing?" he shouts. The Prince, with a splendid vigour and verve, describes the movement of the Archduke. "He has dashed

himself," shouts the dying soldier in the slang of the boulevards. "And what is the Emperor doing?" The Emperor makes a gesture and says—"Victory," shouts the Grenadier, and falls back dead. The Prince's monologue which follows is in parts singularly impressive, and the wave-like wail of the souls that haunt the field of Wagram is of a marvellous and poetic originality upon the stage. It is reverie that takes on corporeal shape when the voices of a sickly and imaginative boy's soul roar round him and fill him with the fatal significance of the past. May it not be, he asks himself with anguish, that he was destined as the expiatory victim of his father's glory? More concision and restraint would make this monologue worthy to take its place beside the great monologues of drama.

In the scene with the Emperor Franz, the Duke of Reichstadt is at first irresistibly charming, and, in his explosion of rage afterwards, superbly convincing. All the effects of this act are thrillingly dramatic—the apostrophe, full of concentrated hate, that Metternich addresses to Napoleon's hat; the scene with the Grenadier in his French uniform, who terrifies the Chancellor as a spectre of an abhorred past; the admirable climax of the mirror, when the unhappy and doubting Prince is confronted with his weak Spanish-Austrian countenance, in which lies no hint of paternal force and genius. "L'Aiglon" should end with the arrest of the Duke of Reichstadt on the field of Wagram. For all that precedes it, from the bright and effective opening, is a triumph of dramatic art. The play is full of lines that will be remembered, even after its vogue will have passed. Who will forget the Prince's scornful dissertation on the "but," the fatal limit of his freedom? or Flambeau's admirable description of the Old Guard's undying sources of enthusiasm? or the laconic bitterness and cynicism of the Prince's reply when asked what he wanted more than the space of the park of Schoenbrunn to ride in—"Europe"? One understands why "The Eaglet" should be something more than a new play for Paris—a sensation.

H. L.

II.—Which—the King of Rome, or Master Lambton?

It is naturally on the psychological side of the Duke of Reichstadt's character that M. Rostand has fixed his attention. The wonder is that the theme, with all its possibilities, has been left for so late a dramatist to seize. And the wonder grows when we learn the precise source of M. Rostand's inspiration, as communicated by himself to an interviewer representing the *Westminster Gazette*. We will quote his statement in full before making any comment:

The idea of placing on the stage the Duke of Reichstadt, or the "Son of the Man," as he was called (said the dramatist), was suggested to me by an *aqua-forte* reproduction of a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, representing the young Prince, at the age of twelve or fourteen, draped in the folds of a long mantle, and standing in a rocky and mountainous landscape. When still a child the portrait had been placed in my bedroom at Marseilles, and appealed to my youthful imagination by the expression of infinite melancholy and dreaminess which the English artist had imparted to it. In a like manner the reading of the marvellous adventures of *Cyran de Bergerac* during my school days prompted me later on to depict on the stage the career of the Gascon hero.

The work of Sir Thomas Lawrence I allude to (continued M. Rostand) must not be confused with another portrait of the Duke of Reichstadt, painted by him at Vienna in 1818. My *aqua-forte*, which I have, unfortunately, lost since, was a reproduction of a full-length portrait, painted in 1827, and which, I understand, is now the property of the Marchioness of Lavalette, in London.

There is surely a strange irony in the fact that M. Rostand's interest in the son of Napoleon the First was awakened by an English artist's portrait. The head of that son, here represented, is from an engraved copy of the drawing of the Duke of Reichstadt made by Sir



THE KING OF ROME.

Drawn at Vienna by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Thomas Lawrence at Vienna, about 1825. Our reproduction shows the upper portion of the "long mantle" mentioned by M. Rostand. But this mantle is really the only point in which M. Rostand's careful description agrees with Lawrence's drawing. For in the drawing there is no background of mountains, nor is the expression of the face one of "infinite melancholy or dreaminess." Moreover, no such portrait as M. Rostand describes is catalogued by Lord Ronald Gower in his exhaustive list of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, nor does the Print Room of the British Museum help us to an identification. M. Rostand's belief that the original of his *aqua-forte* is in the possession of the Marchioness of Lavalette, in London, seems founded on another misconception. We believe there is no Marchioness of Lavalette now resident in London, though there was a Comtesse de Lavalette many years ago. Moreover, it is incredible that a painted portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the second Napoleon should have escaped notice. Baffled by these difficulties, the present writer sought the help of Mr. Algernon Graves, of Pall Mall, who assisted in compiling Lord Ronald Gower's catalogue, issued with superb illustrations by the Goupil Company. Mr. Graves felt positive that no such portrait as M. Rostand describes is in existence. He also made a suggestion which is startling and whimsical, but which it is difficult to reject entirely. It was that M. Rostand had either been looking all the time at Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait of Master Lambton, or had hopelessly mixed up his impressions of two pictures—the Master Lambton and the simple drawing of the Duke of Reichstadt, from which our reproduction is taken. In the former portrait young Lambton is represented in the midst of a "rocky and mountainous landscape," and his expression can be accurately described as "one of infinite melancholy and dreaminess." It would be singular if M. Rostand had been inspired to dramatise the life of Napoleon's son by his vague recollection of the portrait of a young scion of English nobility. Yet the suggestion is not unnatural under the circumstances.

The idea of dramatising the short life of Napoleon's son, known variously as Napoleon II., King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt, was an inspiration. Many people

have almost forgotten that this unhappy young Prince ever existed. They have rarely, if ever, realised that, while Napoleon was meditating on his shattered life on St. Helena, his heir, for whose birth he had moved heaven and earth, was living a life of tame splendour in the Court of Vienna — oppressed by the shadow of his father. The prince's entry into the world had been so difficult that Napoleon, to hearten the unnerved doctors, told them to treat his Queen "as you would a bourgeoisie in the Rue St. Denis"; and when at last they asked him which life they should spare, he answered, with a justice which in his case had more than usual significance: "The mother's, it is her right." In the end all went well. The child uttered a feeble cry, and Napoleon, entering the ante-chamber in which the high functionaries were assembled, announced the event in these words: "It is a King of Rome."

The child was never King of Rome, except in a sense as hollow and titular as he was Emperor of France. Delightful stories are told of Napoleon's affection for his boy, how he would upset his toys in sport, or give him claret by dipping his finger in a wine-glass, and allowing him to lick it. When the crash came the young Prince was taken by his mother to Vienna, where he lived out his short perplexed life of twenty-one years.

Things Seen.

The Man with Mercy.

He literally carried it about with him. It was a newspaper: what, I suppose, would be called a new journalistic venture. There are many; but this peculiarly was his. He must, I fancy, have been proprietor, editor, staff, and everything else. Through the autumn and winter, in all sorts of weather, I have seen him on the Parade holding Mercy by the hand. I thought at first it was his favourite paper, and that, in the preoccupied way of enthusiasts, he had forgotten to put it in his pocket. Then I began to notice that he always held it precisely in the same way, with proud diffidence at arm's length: always so that the title was left conspicuous. He was a serious man; there was a kind of forlorn dignity about him. When he chanced to be gazing dreamily across the sea (and he was invariably doing this when the sea was calm) I would peer at the folded sheet: "Mercy, a Journal for——" That was as much as he would give away for nothing. He walked more resolutely on stormy days, in the manner of one making for a definite goal. I inquired at several newsagents', but no one seemed to have heard of Mercy. Then I began to feel shy as he approached me with his perpetual signal; the pathos of it grew upon me, and in nervous moments I would cross the road or bolt down to the lower esplanade to avoid him. Yet he seemed an exceeding gentle man. Once, however, I saw a flash of indignation in his eyes. This was when a florid parson, strutting patronage of the English Channel, in company with a brilliant young woman, smiled ironically and said something to her.

He is still keeping it up. I saw him again to-day. It was bitterly cold, and he had a benumbed look and walked with an unaccustomed weariness, as though the east wind had lowered his circulation and he was in despair of getting it up again. His hand was blue, and his nose was blue, and poor Mercy looked rather blue too. There were few passers-by, and none to care. The fashionable world, cosy in furs, rolled to and fro in its carriages. The sea had a great hungry roar.

Shadows.

A RAMSHACKLE conveyance awaited my arrival at the way-side station. The steed was a feeble-looking animal, the driver decidedly bucolic, and I prepared for a tedious and uninteresting drive with as much resignation as I could muster.

We rumbled off through the sleepy little Devonshire village, and out into the lanes beyond, at a pace that somewhat belied the mild incapacity of the grey mare's appearance.

I tried to draw my companion into conversation, but gave up the attempt, for I could elicit no more response than a laconic "Ees fay" or "I worn zo" to my most brilliant efforts.

It was a long drive, and a faint white mist lay close about the meadows, rising to the upland, and shrouding banks and hedgerows alike, until they stood shadowy, wraith-like phantoms on our way.

As I watched the change creeping swiftly over the landscape, a weird fancy stole into my brain, a thought of all the human life that through the ages had clustered about this country side. Long lines, generation after generation, stretching far back into history, of sturdy peasants and herdsmen, who had dug and planted, sown and reaped, and then had sunk themselves back to the earth they had known so well.

They seemed to throng the meadows, curious primitive folk, long since forgotten, voiceless multitudes of the past, dull bovine creatures, dumb almost as the beasts they had tended, they pressed about me in the eerie dusk. I had never given them a thought before, but now their ghostly hands constrained me; and a realisation of their hard lives, of their unilluminated toil, of the oblivion that had wiped away even their names, rushed over me, compelling me to understand.

As I stepped from the chill and darkness into the warmth and welcome within, and felt the clasp of friendly hands upon my own, there still lingered in my mind the thought of those cottage hearthstones cold for centuries, and simple homesteads long since bare and open to the winds of heaven.

A Fine Elegy.

IN reviewing Mr. J. C. Bailey's collection of *English Elegies* a little while ago, we quoted two stanzas from Mr. J. W. Mackail's beautiful poem, "On the Death of Arnold Toynbee." Since then we have been asked by several correspondents to print this poem, which we give below. It is taken from *Love's Looking-Glass*, published for Mr. J. W. Mackail, Mr. H. C. Beeching, and Mr. J. B. B. Nichols by Messrs. Percival & Co. in 1891.

ON THE DEATH OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

(March 10, 1883.)

Good-bye; no tears nor cries
Are fitting here, and long lament were vain.
Only the last low words be softly said,
And the last greeting given above the dead;
For soul more pure and beautiful our eyes
Never shall see again.

Alas! what help is it,
What consolation in this heavy chance,
That to the blameless life so soon laid low
This was the end appointed long ago,
This the allotted space, the measure fit
Of endless ordinance?

Thus were the ancient days
Made like our own monotonous with grief;
From unassuaged lips even thus hath flown
Perpetually the immemorial moan
Of those that weeping went on desolate ways,
Nor found in tears relief.

For faces yet grow pale,
Tears rise at fortune, and true hearts take fire
In all who hear, with quickening pulse's stroke,
That cry that from the infinite people broke,
When third among them Helen led the wail
At Hector's funeral pyre.

And by the Latin beach
At rise of dawn such piteous tears were shed,
When Troy and Arcady in long array
Followed the princely body on its way,
And Lord Aeneas spoke the last sad speech
Above young Pallas dead.

Even in this English clime
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel
When lovely souls and pure before their time
Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,
Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.
Lips that made musical their old-world woe
Themselves have gone to silence long ago,
And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,
O royal soul, for thine.

Beyond our life how far
Soars his new life through radiant orb and zone,
While we in impotency of the night
Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and light
Fails, and for sun and moon the single star
Honour is left alone.

The star that knows no set,
But circles ever with a fixed desire,
Watching Orion's armour all of gold;
Watching and wearying not, till pale and cold
Dawn breaks, and the first shafts of morning fret
The east with lines of fire.

But on the broad low plain
When night is clear and windy, with hard frost,
Such as had once the morning in their eyes,
Watching and wearying, gaze upon the skies,
And cannot see that star for their great pain
Because the sun is lost.

Alas! how all our love
Is scant at best, to fill so ample room!
Image and influence fall too fast away
And fading memory cries at dusk of day
*Deem'st thou the dust reck's aught at all thereof,
The ghost within the tomb?*

For even o'er lives like his
The slumberous river washes soft and slow;
The lapping water rises wearily,
Numbing the nerve and will to sleep; and we
Before the goal and crown of mysteries
Fall back, and dare not know.

Only at times we know,
In gyves convolved and luminous orbits whirled
The soul beyond her knowing seems to sweep
Out of the deep, fire-winged, into the deep;
As two, who loved each other here below
Better than all the world,

Yet ever held apart,
And never knew their own heart's deepest things,
After long lapse of periods, wandering far
Beyond the pathways of the furthest star,
Into communicable space might dart
With tremor of thunderous wings;

Across the void might call
Each unto each past worlds that raced and ran,
And flash through galaxies, and clasp and kiss
In some slant chasm and infinite abyss
Far in the faint sidereal interval
Between the Lyre and Swan.

Correspondence.

Mr. Barrie's "Better Dead."

SIR,—Our attention has been called to your paragraph in your issue of 3rd inst. relating to Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Better Dead*. The book has never been out of print, and several editions have from time to time been printed. The book, moreover, was included, with our consent, in the author's "Collected Works," published in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and here by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.—We are, &c.,

SWAN SONNENSCHIEIN & Co., LTD.

The Italian Affirmative.

SIR,—Mr. Le Queux is scarcely correct in his somewhat sweeping assertion upon the Italian affirmative. The Italian language is sometimes spoken of as "la lingua del si," and "si" is the grammatical expression employed in polite conversation. No doubt, colloquially, "gia" is used very much to express emphatic assent; but English writers scarcely display ignorance in adopting "si," considering that it is employed almost exclusively in d'Annunzio's romances, "gia" being seldom made use of by the writer.—I am, &c.,

F. H. PICTON.

Applegarth, Maidencombe: March 19, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH CHURCH, 1640-1660. BY WILLIAM A. SHAW.

Mr. Shaw tackles the very difficult period in the history of the Church of England created by the Civil War, when there took place the most complete and drastic revolution which that Church has ever undergone; when, in short, its whole structure was temporarily demolished. Incidentally, in his preface Mr. Shaw denounces the system under which parish registers are left in the keeping of incumbents, holding that all such precious muniments earlier than the present reign should be instantly removed to a specially organised department of the British Museum. (Longmans. 2 vols. 36s.)

A LIST OF ENGLISH PLAYS
WRITTEN BEFORE 1643
AND PRINTED BEFORE 1700. BY WALTER WILSON GREG.

A bibliographical work with an excellent aim. For the convenience of students the British Museum press-marks are appended to all the editions preserved in the national library. The book has been printed for the Bibliographical Society. (Blades, East & Blades.)

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.
BY JOHN K. INGRAM.

The "outlines" are those recognised by Comte, and the author's aim is to give the quintessence of Comte's system of religion in a form which will allure his readers to go direct to Comte's bulkier works. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

PINK AND SCARLET. BY BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL
E. A. H. ALDERSON.

The device on the red cover of this handsome book consists of a sword and riding-whip crossed, with an inner cross formed by an army revolver and a hunting horn. As the tools of war and hunting are blent in the device, so the author's aim is to show how a young soldier can make his hunting "the very best of instruction in his profession." Lieut.-Col. Alderson mentions that he has had to conclude his book hurriedly owing to his receipt of orders to proceed on active service. (Heinemann.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Boardillon (Rev. Francis), *Handfuls Plucked and Rubbed in Walking Through the Field of the Word of God* (Wells Gardner) 2/6

Iverach (James), *Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy* (Hodder & Stoughton) (Sands & Co.)

Costelloe (B. F. C.), *The Gospel Story* (Sands & Co.)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Sergeant (W. D.), *The Banks of Nene: Songs and Sonnets* (Bozeat Vicarage) 1/1

Robinson (Lilian), *Rosemary Songs and Sonnets* (Horace Marshall & Son)

Mackay (John), *War Songs and Songs and Ballads of Martial Life* (Scott) 2/0

How (Frederick Douglas), *Lighter Moments from the Notebook of a Bishop* (Isbister) 2/6

Walsham How (Isbister)

Whittaker (Joseph), *All in a Life: Poems* (Spring, St. Anne's-on-Sea)

Foskett (Edward), *Hugh Trebarwith: a Cornish Romance*.....(Unwin) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Iggulden (Capt. H. A.), *The 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment in the Sikkim Expedition of 1898*(Swan Sonnenschein) net 1/6

Cutts (Rev. Edward L.), *A Handy Book of the Church of England* (S.P.O.K.)

Brinton (Selwyn), *Correggio*(Bell & Sons) net 5/0

Gardiner (Samuel Rawson), *Letters and Papers Relating to the First Dutch War, 1662-1664. Vol. II.* (Navy Records Society)

Shaw (William A.), *A History of the Church of England During the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth, 1640-1660.* 2 vols. ... (Longmans)

Christy (Miller), *The Silver Map of the World: A Contemporary Medallion Commemorative of Drake's Great Voyage (1677-80)* (Stevens)

Jenks (Edward), *A History of Politics* (Dent) net 1/0

Eley (C. King), *The Cathedral Church of Carlisle*.....(Bell & Sons) 1/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Burnet (John), *The Ethics of Aristotle*.....(Methuen)

Warner (Francis), *The Nervous System of the Child*.....(Macmillan) net 4/6

Jones (Harry C.), *The Theory of Electrolytic Dissociation, and Some of its Applications*(Macmillan) net 7/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Rippmann (Walter), *Der Scheik von Alessandria und Seine Sklaven von Wilhelm Hauff*(Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6

Johnson (R. Brimley)

Byland (Frederick), *Pope's Essay on Criticism*(Blackie) 1/6

Lami g (W. Cecil), *Eutropius*(Blackie) 1/6

Lysias: *Eratothenes and Agoratus*(Clive) 2/6

Chrystal (G.), *Algebra: An Elementary Text Book. Part II. Second Edition*.....(Black) 12/6

Cookson (George), *English Poetry for Schools. Book II.: Secondary* (Macmillan) 3/6

Harris (Charles), *Goethe's Poems*(Isbister) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. H. B., *Thoughts for Nurses: Their Life and Work, Difficulties and Encouragements*(S.P.C.K.)

Peacock (Wadham), *The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race* (Grant Richards) 2/0

Brücke (Ernst), *The Human Figure: Its Beauties and Defects* (Grevel & Co.)

Hayes (M. H.), *Among Horses in South Africa*(Everett) 5/0

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 26 (New Series).

THE terms of this competition were set in the following way:—

A correspondent writes:—"This morning, as I was nearing the end of a journey in an omnibus, two elderly ladies got in, and at once continued a conversation which seemed to have been engaging them for some time. One said: 'Well, of course, it's her own affair; but what Peter's going to do I can't think. It isn't as if there was only Henry and the spaniel; there's Margaret as well. And John is expected home at any minute. Poor John!' 'Yes, indeed,' said the other. 'Poor John! and so fond of it all, too!' In the pause which followed, in which both ladies shook their heads solemnly, I had to alight. Might there not be the kernel of one of your interesting prize competitions in this fragment?" We take our correspondent's hint, and offer a prize of a guinea to what seems to us the most reasonable answers to the questions which follow:

- (a) Who was "she," and what was her own affair?
- (b) Who was Peter, and why should her conduct put him out?
- (c) Who was Henry?
- (d) Who was Margaret?
- (e) Who was John, why should he be called "poor John," and what was it of which he was so fond?

Answers should be as brief as possible.

Many ingenious theories have reached us, and we have decided to divide the prize between two competitors: Miss M. A. Woods, 17, Gower-street, W.C., who sends this:

"She" is a well-to-do widow, who is about to contract what her friends consider an imprudent second marriage, taking with her her little boy, pet dog, and younger sister.

"Peter" is the widow's impecunious barrister brother, in whose house she has hitherto lived, and whose resources will

be seriously diminished by the loss of the liberal boarding-fees she has paid for herself and her establishment.

"Henry" is the widow's little boy.

"Margery" is the younger sister, the sunshine of the home and darling of her brothers, but pecuniarily dependent on her sister, and obliged to fall in with her plans.

"John" is another brother, who is returning invalided from South Africa, and is pronounced "poor" both on this account and because of the disappointment awaiting him in the dispersion of a household to the members of which—especially to his little nephew and to Margery—he is greatly attached.

and Miss Boddington, 21, St. Petersburg-place, London, W., who sends this:

"She" was a lady with some small amount of money of her own, who looked after her brother "Peter's" children and superintended the management of his house, besides contributing something towards the maintenance of himself and family. Now she was going to be married, and Peter, a widower, holding a position as clerk, would not have sufficient means alone to keep up his home. "Henry" was his son, and was not yet old enough to earn anything. He had a spaniel of which he was very fond. "Margaret" was Peter's invalid daughter. "John" was an admirer of Peter's sister, but she did not return his affection. He was in the army and a connexion of Peter and his sister, and when in England lived with them. He had now been invalided home, and would return to find the inmates of the household, of which he was so fond, about to separate.

Replies received also from: K. E. B., Birmingham; C. L. E., Matlock; B. C. H., London; G. N., Bristol; B. G., Barnsley; A. B., Isleworth; Miss C., Ipswich; B. C., Ealing; C. B. F., Bagshot; F. A. A., Windermere; E. M. B. U., London; E. A., Ilfracombe; R. K. B., Glasgow; "Lingardia," Colwich; L. K., Highgate; E. S. H., Idle; H. G. H., Whitby; E. M. L., London; K. G. W., Slough; E. M. S., London; M. B., Matlock; C. I. P., Ross; G. M., Bedford; H. L. B., Groningen; L. L., Ramsgate; N. A., Beckenham; J. E. Y., London; A. S. H., Dalketh; Mrs. M., Montrose; H. S. U., Chesham; A. W., London; C. C., London; E. M. L., Burton; B. R., London; S. E. M., Edinburgh; H. W., Farnborough; S. T., Abingdon; M. W., Hull; D. A. L., London; P. K., London; Mrs. C., London; F. T., London; E. H., London.

Competition No. 27 (New Series).

Book-teas have now been in fashion in the suburbs for some time, but society seems only just to be awakening to their fascinating possibilities. In the book-tea each guest has to come provided with a symbolic book title. Thus, if the book chosen is *As a Man Sows*, a button loosely hanging by one or two threads will be displayed; if *Hazel's Annual*, there will be a bunch of catkins or nuts in the button hole. Another good instance is referred to on our first page—an effort of imagination which Mr. Arthur Symons ought to note for the second edition of his work on Symbolism. We offer this week a prize of a guinea for the best book-tea title. Competitors may send as many examples as they like, but in judging we shall prefer those that are new to us to those that are familiar.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 260, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Salitama, Bumpelstillykin, John More, Hilda Marcow, Hearthstone, Dum Spiro Spero, Shrewberian, Sudo, Hamerton Yorke, W. B. W., Rhymer, Ego, Glendower, Soho, Fern Seed, Miriam Forester, "The Boy Guessed Right," Blackwater, Fão-a-ballah, Michael Jones, Geo. Cusack, Rab, Kyo, Zodiac, G. J., T. C., Chyton, Chance, Scot, Moldore, Opal, Oarg, Ex-Coloniis, Nuneston, Ladore, Urbana, Baddesley, Semibreve, Eight Forty-One, Mig, Lois, Phintias, Manprat, Spero, Una, Veronica Lancaster, Shehallioni, Thurloe, Sextus, Natura, H. T., S. S. A., Ethelon, Silencieux, Lybian, M. Leigh, M. C. B., Iota, Rusticus, Calia May, Kenna, Imperia, Claymore, Old Pard, Jarno, Scriptor, Canadienne, Iris, Citoyen D., Unio, Teotric, Speranza, Criterion.

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The Literary Week.

THE flood of war books is rising. Four volumes describing the actual fighting are already in circulation—Mr. G. W. Steevens's *From Capetown to Ladysmith*, Mr. Bennet Burleigh's *The Natal Campaign*, Mr. Julian Ralph's *Towards Pretoria*, and Mr. A. Kinnear's *To Modder River with Methuen*. Mr. Winston Churchill's book carries yet a little. Most of the war books are merely newspaper articles strung together and characterised by that oracular method of utterance which the modern special correspondent has adopted. That note is less conspicuous in the letters that Mr. Charles E. Hands is contributing to the *Daily Mail*. His account of "The Fight for the Convoy," in last Tuesday's issue, had a humour and a detachment that made it delightful reading. If Mr. Hands cared to do so, we can well believe that he could write one of the few war books that will outlive the war.

"PERHAPS," remarks a contemporary, at the close of a two-column review of Ibsen's "Dramatic Epilogue" in three acts, "When We Dead Awaken"—"perhaps when the play is acted in England, much that is now dark may be made clear." That may be so, but it will require nothing less than the stage of Drury Lane Theatre to give the concluding episode its proper effect. Here are the directions:

[Suddenly a sound like thunder is heard from high up on the snow-field, which glides and whirls downwards with rushing speed. PROFESSOR RUBEK and IRENE can be dimly discerned as they are whirled along with the masses of snow and buried in them.]

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

[Gives a shriek, stretches out her arms towards them and cries] Irene!

[Stands silent a moment, then makes the sign of the cross before her in the air, and says]

Pax vobiscum!

[MAIA'S triumphant song sounds from still farther down below.]

THE Poet Laureate, being a Court official, has characteristically chosen *Spring and Autumn in Ireland* as the title for his new volume of poems.

APROPOS the failure of Messrs. Appleton of New York, the *British Weekly* understands that all royalties to English authors will be paid, including arrears, and that all contracts will be kept. Messrs. Appleton were the publishers of *David Harum*. It is said they cleared £40,000 on that transaction.

Two hundred pounds is still required to cover the estimate for the memorial to William Black, which will take the form of a lighthouse on Duart Point in the Sound of Mull. Contributions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, care of Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S grave Muse finds a sombre and sympathetic theme in the poem of sixteen stanzas, "The Souls of the Slain," that begins the April issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is hardly poetry; it is the utterance rather of a reflective nature, expressing itself uneasily and with effort in lyrical language. Like all Mr. Hardy's verse, it has a symbolistic undercurrent, haunting, and not soon forgotten. He imagines himself at the Bill of Portland, "which stands, roughly, on a line drawn from South Africa to the middle of the United Kingdom—in other words, the flight of a bird along 'a great circle' of the earth, cutting through South Africa and the British Isles, might land him at Portland Bill":

And with darkness and silence the spirit came on me
To brood and be still.

Thither flew the souls of those who have fallen in Africa,
"and I heard them say, 'Home!'"

Then, it seemed, there approached from the northward
A senior soul-flame

Of the like filmy hue:
And he met them, and spake: "Is it you,
O my men?" Said they, "Aye! We bear homeward
and hearthward
To list to our fame!"

But they are told that, now they are dead, it is not of their "glory and war-mightiness" that the bereaved at home think. It is on the little unhistoric acts of the beloved dead that they dwell, "deeds of fondness or fret, ancient words that were kindly expressed or unkindly."

Then bitterly some: "Was it wise now
To raise the tomb-door
For such knowledge? Away!" . . .

But the rest: "Fame we prized till to-day;
Yet that hearts keep us green for old kindness we prize now
A thousand times more!"

Thus speaking, the trooped apparitions
Began to disband
And resolve them in two;

Those whose record was lovely and true
Bore to northward for home: those of bitter traditions
Again left the land.

And the spirits of those who were homing
Passed on, rushingly,
Like the Pentecost Wind;

And the whirr of their wayfaring thinned,
And surceased on the sky, and but left in the gloaming
Sea-mutterings and me.

To the same number of the *Cornhill* Mr. Stuart J. Reid contributes a valedictory appreciation of his friend the author of *The Maid of Sker*, the book by which Mr. Blackmore chose to be known rather than by *Lorna Doone*. Mr. Reid gives a touching account of the old man's last days:

He said that he often sat half the night with a book over the fire in despair of sleep. I asked him what kind of book had power of solace, and I was not surprised to find that the old fastidious scholar was living in fancy in the world's youth, as became a man who in boyhood had seen the glory of life in the enchanted pages of Homer. To the last he knew the secret of eternal youth, and was never a pessimist, either in regard to himself or the world.

THE sale of the late Mr. Augustin Daly's books in New York last week was a peculiar affair. Great pressure had been used to have it transferred to London, but without success; and while Americans gloried in the most important sale of literary property ever held in the United States, English collectors may be said to have sulked and stayed away. Mr. Daly's collection was simply magnificent, and one's heart aches at the distribution of treasures so essentially English. Milton's own copy of *Paradise Lost*, scores of letters of Charles Lamb to his friends, the original draft of Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield, the original MS. of "The School for Scandal," and copies of the four folio Shakespeares were among the five thousand "lots." It is contended that better prices would have been realised in London, and the American catalogue of the sale is derided by English booksellers as a thoroughly unskilled piece of work.

THE fascinating, if murderous, process known as "grangerising" was never carried out more magnificently than by Mr. Daly. His masterpiece in this line was the Dublin (1792) edition of the Douai Bible, which in its natural state is a single quarto volume. Mr. Daly distended it to forty-two volumes royal folio by the addition of over 8,000 illustrations, which included original drawings by Raphael, Cipriani, Paul Veronese, and others. Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life* was enlarged by Mr. Daly from two volumes to ten by the insertion of over 2,000 portraits, views, and MSS.; while Cunningham's *Life of Nell Gwynn* was enriched by 800 portraits, autographs, and even the tradesmen's bills presented to the Merry Monarch's favourite.

THE new Carlyle letters, published in *Chambers' Journal* for April, show the shaggy sage in a kindly light. Therein he appears as a subscription-raiser on behalf of Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, who in 1842 was helped by a small Government pension and a private fund, instituted by Robert Chambers, to supplement it. To Dr. Chambers Carlyle writes as follows (the phrase, "Worship of Heroes," is explained by the fact that in the previous year Carlyle had published his lectures on Hero Worship):

Templand, Thornhill, Dumfries,
3 April, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Samaritan endeavour on behalf of Burns's sister is worthy of all praise. It strikes one as a most tragical fact, this that you announce. How many tavern dinners are eaten yearly in all quarters of the globe, and froth-speeches delivered, in elegiac commemoration of the broken-hearted Robert Burns, with "Ah, the barbarously-entreated Poet; ah, if we had him here now!"—and his own sister is yet here, and one of those tavern dinner bills would be a benefit to her; and froth-speech is still all that results! "Be ye warmed, be ye fed,"—our pockets remain buttoned, only our foolish mouths are open, to eat and to jabber. It is damnable. Such "Worship of Heroes" is like much else that it holds of—a thing requiring peremptorily to be altered. I for one thank you that you have stirred to act in this matter, instead of dining and talking.

The remaining letters show how thoroughly Carlyle pursued his object, that of rendering substantial help to Mrs. Begg and her two daughters. In the end the pension was fully secured to the three women, and £400 or so besides. Finally Carlyle wrote to Dr. Chambers in these terms of satisfaction and good-hearted interest:

Your project for these young women and their mother meets, in every feature of it, my entire approbation. They will do better in Ayrshire every way, since they themselves wish to go thither. The scene is, at any rate, more genial, as I suppose, for representatives of Burns; by removal from Tranent, where they have from poor become "rich," they escape a multitude of mean village envies, and other impediments; they have free scope to begin on new ground a new course of activities. Being,

to all appearance, sensible young women, I think there is no danger but they will do well. Their sixty pounds a-year is perhaps after all just about the happiest sum for them. Work is still useful, necessary; but no longer tyrannous tread-mill necessity; they are not dangerously lifted into a new sphere of existence, but rendered easy in the old one. We may hope, a blessing will be on that poor good household, and better outlooks on all sides are opening for them.

COLONEL PRIDEAUX continues his very full "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald" in *Notes and Queries*. Last week's instalment included notes on the three editions of the "Rubáiyát." Two hundred and fifty copies only were printed of the first edition, of which two hundred were made a present to the publisher. February 15, 1859, was the precise date of publication. From Col. Prideaux's notes the following facts may be gleaned:

The first edition of the "Rubáiyát" (1859) contained seventy-five quatrains. An Indian reprint of this edition, privately printed at Adiyár, Madras, with no indications of editorship, contained some critical matter and a few additional quatrains.

The second edition (1868) contained 110 quatrains.

The third edition had nine quatrains cancelled, leaving only a hundred and one.

The fourth edition (1879) shows little variation on the third.

CONSIDERING what has already been done by zealous Omarians (that is the word), no one need be surprised to hear of the existence of a Concordance to their gospel—a thing lovely in white vellum and crimson ribbons, ten and three-quarter pages of which—beautiful pages too, exquisitely printed—are taken up in informing the student in how many places in the four versions the article "the" occurs. We have nothing to say about the book except that it is; that it costs six shillings more than the poem itself; and that we wish we had as much time on our hands as its author, Mr. J. R. Tutin, must have had.

SOME of our poets have written war poems, but Canon Rawnsley has already written and published a whole volume of such verses. His *Ballads of the War* (Dent) contains fifty-three poems, dealing in poetic-journalistic, or journalistic-poetic, strain with events and incidents as they have risen. The inspiration of many of the pieces is found in the newspaper extracts appended to them. Mr. Winston Churchill's armour train exploit, the burial of General Wauchope, Lord Roberts's departure, the C.I.V. at St. Paul's, and a dozen individual heroisms receive their mead of patriotic rhyme. Bugler Dunn is not forgotten, though in this case the transition from the paragraph to the poem is hardly perceptible:

"What shall we give to you, bugler boy,
For the bugle they lost in Tugela's wave
The day you fell on Colenso plain?"
And the bugler-laddie he answered brave,
"Give?—give me leave, in the Queen's employ,
To go to the Front with my bugle again!"

Even the Queen's visit to Netley has received its sonnet.

MR. LANG'S "Sign of the Ship" this month is sad, gay, and acute by turns. He has tender words for Frederick Tait, of the Black Watch—a champion golfer:

His prowess at his favourite game was merely the cause that made him so widely known, and, where known, he was beloved by old and young; by everybody, from the boys who carried his clubs, to the men, women, and children that liked to follow him, and watch his smiling strength and honest, open face. He brought sunshine where he came, and his mere presence added zest to life. . . . Wounded in his first fight, slain in his second, he

passes into the world of those whom the Gods loved. In the words which Tennyson unconsciously borrowed from a magnificent speech of Claverh: use in *Old Mortality*:

His memory long shall live alone,
In all our hearts, like mournful light,
That broods above the fallen sun
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Passing on to the War, Mr. Lang protests against lies, false rumours, and premature statements, all calling for suspended judgment; and then comes a page about Mr. Traill. Concerning *Paolo and Francesca*, Mr. Lang has much to say in praise and blame. He doubts the acting qualities of the drama:

Lucrezia's speech on her want of progeny is merely excellent, and the second-sighted old woman is capital. But does not the most rudimentary sense of humour suggest that the business with the papers, and the eternal interruptions about not having any children, are grotesque, and, on the stage, must inevitably stir the merriment of any but the most friendly and desperately serious audience? *Risum Teneatis?* "D—n them, they have found it out," said Fielding, when the audience hit the blot which he had hoped they were too stupid to notice. You never can be sure that an audience will be too stupid to hit the blot.

FROM time to time we receive copies of school magazines. Three lie before us now. No. 1, *The Gryphon*, is the journal of the Yorkshire College, and is a well-produced monthly. In "Hints to Young Authors" one of its writers indulges in three columns of school-boy satire; but we look in vain for something to quote. More interesting are the reports of meetings of the College "Literary and Historical Society." Stevenson's philosophy was thus summed up by the writer of the paper on which the debate was founded:

His is a voice crying in the wilderness, not "Repent ye," but "Get pleasure!" Life is great fun if you have only brains enough to make a fool of yourself. Choose that vocation in life which will give you the worthiest pleasures. An artist's is the best life, for in the life of the artist there need be no hour without its pleasure; and if you cannot be an artist, see the artistic side of things. The really great and admirable, according to Stevenson, is the man who, whatever misfortune may come, keeps his lip stiff, and makes a happy fireside, and carries a pleasant face about to his friends and neighbours.

SCHOOL magazine No. 2 is the *Uula* of the Manchester Grammar School. Here, too, we have reports of an active Debating Society. On February 28 it was moved, "That, in the opinion of this House, the influence of the Press is injurious to the true interests of the country." The remarks of one speaker were "wound up by a quotation from Cowper, which evoked some laughter." Another debate started from the motion, "That much of the criticism directed against the modern Shakespearean revival is misplaced." One boy "drew an ingenious comparison between a play marred by the splendour of its scenery and a jewel flouted by the brilliance of its setting." The same speaker, who evidently has his eye on a bishopric, "objected to the representation of religious processions upon the stage accompanied by torchlight, this promoting, as he believed, ritualistic tendencies in the more susceptible of the audience." Prodigious!

SCHOOL magazine No. 3 is entitled *Past and Present*, and it differs from the others in being the organ of a group of schools. Published at the Friends' School, Botham, York, it is the receptacle of news gathered from other Quaker schools, such as Ackworth, Leighton Park, Saffron Walden, Sibford, &c. It is a newsy little print, and must be enjoyed by its subscribers. The sympathies of the Ackworth scholars for the sufferers in the Indian Famine have been aroused by the reading of Mr. Kipling's story,

"William the Conqueror"; while a new and broader Quakerism is suggested by the description of "a choir song, with full band accompaniment—'See the Conquering Hero Comes.'" It was not ever thus; but if George Fox's leather breeches are getting a little worn, a khaki patch will do no harm at the present moment.

THOSE of our readers who attempted, in last week's competition, to elucidate the fragment of conversation which passed between two elderly ladies in an omnibus will be interested in the following letter which we received on Monday morning:

March 24, 1900.

SIR,—My sister and I have been much amused by your competitors' attempts to unravel our little conversation. Now that the prize is adjudicated, it may interest them to learn the true solution of the mystery.

We were discussing my step-mother's intention of dismissing an aged, intemperate, but lovable old gardener, Peter—a serious matter for him, as he is too old to get a fresh place; and his paralysed daughter Margaret, his motherless grandson Henry (aged five), and a decrepit spaniel are dependent on him. Also, his soldier son John, who has been wounded in the War, is expected home daily. John is very fond of loafing round the Hall, doing odd jobs and generally identifying himself with the family.

Hoping this explanation may be of interest,—I am, &c.,
ONE OF THE OLD LADIES IN THE OMNIBUS.

BRITISH book production in its present state will be represented at the Paris Exhibition by a collection of 267 volumes, exclusive of Bibles and Prayer-books, especially selected by the Publishers' Association. A beautifully printed catalogue of these books has been issued, and the selections seem to have been made with much discrimination. It may be interesting to indicate their character by the following specimens taken at random:

- Encyclopædia Biblica*. Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne M.A., D.D., and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D.
The Plays of W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson.
A Study in Temptations. By John Oliver Hobbes.
From the Hills of Dream. By Fiona Macleod.
Gainsborough and his Place in English Art. By Walter Armstrong.
London Impressions. Etchings and Pictures in Photogravure by William Hyde, and Essays by Alice Meynell.
The Tidal Thames. Illustrations by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., and Descriptive Letterpress by Grant Allen.
The Art of William Morris. By Aymer Vallance.
Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes. With Introduction by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and John Ormsby.
Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen. By Joseph Pennell.
The Works of Lord Byron. Edited by E. H. Coleridge, M.A.
Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen. The Winchester Edition.
The Happy Prince and Other Tales. By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacob Hood.
The Life and Letters of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. Revised and Collected by Edmund Gosse.
The Poems of Shakespeare. Edited by George Wyndham.
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury, M.A.
Huon of Bordeaux. Done into English by Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners; and now Retold by Robert Steele. Illustrated by F. Mason.
English Illustration: "The Sixties," 1855-1870. By Gleeson White.
The Nature Poems of George Meredith. Illustrated by William Hyde.
The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. With Six Photogravure Portraits, and Sixteen Illustrations by E. H. New.
Children's Singing Games. Collected and Edited by Alice B. Gomme. Illustrations by Winifred Smith.
The Art of Velasquez. By R. A. M. Stevenson.
Footsteps of Dr. Johnson [Scotland]. By George Birkbeck Hill. With Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

Reviews.

Russian Literature.

A History of Russian Literature. By K. Waliszewski. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Littérature Russe. Par K. Waliszewski. (Paris: Colin et Cie.)

How difficult it is for the people of one nation to enter sympathetically into the national spirit of another people we all know, and a fresh illustration of this truth is afforded us by M. Waliszewski's *History of Russian Literature*. Somebody has remarked that German and Russian novelists have never been able to draw a sympathetic picture of a Frenchwoman; the fine shades and touches are always wanting, and the portrait becomes a caricature. Well, we fear that Russian literature stands to M. Waliszewski in the relation that a true Frenchwoman stands to the conscientious German novelist. Always he misconceives and misinterprets her, though he labours hard to make his picture accurate, complete, and enlightening. M. Waliszewski is both learned and vivacious, he has numerous credentials, he has followed up his subject with zeal, he is bold in theory, and has mastery over detail, but—he is notably deficient in sympathy and in intuition, and his own attitude, that of a French Pole, is half-antagonistic throughout to the Russian spirit he is seeking to unveil to the English reader.

He is unsympathetic to the Russian genius, because, for one thing, he attaches an extreme importance to the origin of the ideas of the chief Russian writers; and having (as he thinks) triumphantly traced Tolstoy to Buddha and Christ, Dostoevski to Rousseau, and every other Russian of note to some other European of note, he succeeds in falsifying his estimates of each writer's significance by using academical valuations. It matters very little where ideas come from, but it matters everything what use they are put to; and we ourselves would advance the theory that nine-tenths of the great authors of every country are great through being the warm and fertile seed-beds, as it were, in which their nation's genius, its inherited tendencies, and its potentialities fructify and come into bearing, under the special stimulus of each generation's particular outlook. The richer each individual's seed-bed, the more does he bring to flower in the light of day all the dormant inheritance of the nation's life. And in this respect Tolstoy's gospel of passivity and self-renunciation is a most valuable "find" to the critic, for it presents to us in the most emphatic way the Russian's tendency to mysticism and his devotion to an overpowering idea. Yet M. Waliszewski finds it necessary to argue with Tolstoy for twenty pages, and to criticise and refute his philosophy, whereas Tolstoy's philosophy of life is to his genius what the yolk is to the egg—i.e., the fecund principle of life! The only rational manner of criticising Tolstoy is to analyse the nature of his genius, as it manifested itself in his early work, from *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* onward, and to show that when he looks at the world it is with the piercing eyes of a great moralist in whose brain is always lurking the moral idea, "What is the nature of this man before me? Is his life good or bad?" And, further, it is the critic's duty to trace how Tolstoy's intense preoccupation with moral problems smothered his subsidiary artistic pleasure in the examination of life's problems, how the artist in him protested and broke away from time to time, and was finally silenced and held in bondage by the moralist. The whole world regrets Tolstoy's long silence in art, but it is for the critic to show how inevitably Tolstoy should develop into Tolstoyism.

We have said that M. Waliszewski is out of sympathy with the Russian mind, and our reason for asserting this is that throughout his volume he seems averse, disinclined,

and indeed resolutely determined not to take the verdict that the great Russian works of art pronounce on Russian life, civilisation and character, but to saddle them all with a side European verdict of his own making. Thus Turgenev's verdict on Bazarov, no! Gogol on Tchitchikov, no! Ostrovski on the old Muscovite civilisation, no! Dostoevski on Raskolnikov, no! On Sonia, no! Tolstoy on *Resurrection*, no! Tchehov on *The Peasants*, no! Dobrolioubov on Ostrovski, no! In dozens of cases M. Waliszewski advances ingenious or learned or brilliant reasons to show us why we should discount the beliefs and judgments of Russian literature itself. Now this extremely critical attitude of mind, however stimulating it may be to literary students, is out of place when you seek to introduce one people into the mind, the genius, the national spirit of another people. The first object the literary critic should set himself, in dealing with a foreign literature, is to explain this strange people's life, their conception of life, the spirit of each age, the inevitability of the intellectual movements of the various generations, and he will look round in the literature for the chief types, among authors great or obscure, whose work best reflects all that is a national revelation and fundamentally significant of the people's life and their mental characteristics.

The critic will seek to criticise very sparingly the conceptions and ideas of the great authors in particular, because by doing so he gets himself between the literature he is explaining and the reader he is seeking to reach. The reader does not want him the critic except as a far-sighted introducer, he wants to understand, to penetrate, to realise fully how this foreign nation feels and thinks and acts, and why it is these people have thoughts and feelings so different from his own. Each literature is valuable because it gives the clue to a new world of interest, beauty or strangeness, and the critic who would guide us there must be a sympathetic interpreter, he must not set himself above the literature he is criticising.

But M. Waliszewski too often does set himself above the work of the author he is examining. Let us take his treatment of Turgenev. He gives Turgenev high praise, glowing praise, for one half of his work, for his poetic idyllic power in *A Sportsman's Sketches*, and for some of his portraits of women, but he condemns unsparingly the "portraits of the men of his time"—such as Roudine and Bazarov—as "not being true." Now it is quite obvious that M. Waliszewski is in line here with the average commonplace man who does not understand that Turgenev, being the supreme artist, went in search of and found the essential, the underlying idea in men and movements, and because he did not draw the surface photographic truth of the movement round him, his portraits were voted untrue. To say that "there is nothing or hardly anything in Bazarov of the terrible revolutionary whom we have since learnt to look for under this figure," is absurd. Bazarov is the revolution, the revolution that science, applying itself to politics, evoked in the mind of the whole younger generation. Bazarov is Bakunin, Karl Marx, the Terrorists, the Anarchists in their whole attitude to life. But, of course, the average man never fathomed this, and M. Waliszewski comes too airily and positively with his verdict, "No, Turgenev the great artist was wrong!" And here we think that one lays one finger on M. Waliszewski's chief defect; for the accomplishment of his critical task he has very little artistic feeling, though he shows much aptitude for, and great responsiveness to, philosophic and critical investigations. Accordingly he is apt to underrate the Russian genius, which he rightly defines as resting "in certain methods of feeling," the while he is apt to overdo his "literary parallels" and derive Russian nature from Western ideas, and not the ideas enough from the Russian nature. To say of Turgenev, "his work as an artist is founded as a rule on that of the great English novelists, Thackeray and Dickens. His humanitarian and democratic leanings mark

him the pupil of George Sand and Victor Hugo, and his philosophical views betray the influence of Schopenhauer. The Russian does not possess the intellectual solidity and the virile strength of the Anglo-Saxon;” to say this, and to succumb to the mania for drawing “literary parallels,” is to get all criticism of Turgenev out of focus. Turgenev’s art was innate, his philosophy was innate, his humanitarianism and his pessimism were innate, and though the information that M. Waliszewski conveys to us in the above-quoted sentence is not literally incorrect, it deserves no more than a footnote to be added to the main disquisition on Turgenev’s genius.

We have not space here to combat M. Waliszewski’s judgments on other Russian authors, or on Russian literature generally, and we by no means wish to imply by this that we are ungrateful for the whole body of M. Waliszewski’s learned and often brilliant commentary. His pages on Nekrassov, Lermontov, Shtchedrin, Garchine, and many of his remarks on Dostoevski, strike us as being as just and sympathetic as his pages on Dobrolioubov, Turgenev, Pouchkine, and Tchekhov strike us as being arbitrary and inadequate. He may be more sympathetic to Russia and the Russian mind than we have gathered from his chapters; but if this be so we may point out to him that by carrying on in his volume half-hidden warfare with the two most striking movements nineteenth-century Russia has evolved—viz., the Slavophile movement and the Nihilist movement—he has at one blow placed in opposition to himself the most Russian of the Russian writers. Nowhere does M. Waliszewski condescend to draw a picture of the constant warfare the Autocracy has carried on against the *Intelligenti*; yet if he had once stated fairly and squarely the oppressive conditions under which the Russian author can alone make himself heard, the English would understand the course that Russian literature has inevitably undertaken and its own sombre character as well. M. Waliszewski has, however, kept a profound silence on this head, and perhaps this action of his is not so out of place in the French edition of his work as in the English translation.

South Africa and the War.—IV.

The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

Towards Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

Queen or President? An Indictment of Paul Kruger. By S. M. Gluckstein. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

War with the Boers. By Harold Brown. (Virtue & Co.)

The Transvaal in War and Peace. By Neville Edwards. (Virtue & Co.)

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH’S book may be named as the latest type of war literature. Consisting of 400 pages, every word of it has been written in unavoidable haste. It is the telegraphed record of battle and bivouac, lifted from the newspaper and put into cloth covers. It must be taken for what it is—a rough description of the war. Any comments or conclusions which it contains must be regarded as the comments and conclusions of the moment—needing ratification and subject to change. Mr. Burleigh will no doubt write another book describing the second half of the war, and write it under the same hard and hasty conditions. A third book, sifting both its predecessors, would doubtless be needed to give us Mr. Burleigh’s final and mature account of the Boer War. These things being so, we have only to remark that this book is very readable in the ordinary newspaper sense. Mr. Burleigh is a thoroughly experienced and very hard-working war correspondent, and if his descriptions do not fire and freshen the imagination like those of Mr. Steevens, they are always intelligible and packed with genuinely observed detail. They are printed almost

exactly as they have appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. Here is an anecdote in which some curious amenities of the battle-field are revealed. At Colenso Colonel Thackeray found himself in a dangerous corner to which he had advanced with a mixed lot of Dublins, Connaughts, and Borderers. This is what happened:

Some of the Boers pushed south, whilst Colonel Thackeray and his men were moving towards the rear. Having learned that a general retirement had been ordered, the Boer leader called to Colonel Thackeray that he was a prisoner, with the rest of the soldiers. “Oh no,” said Colonel Thackeray, “we were firing all the time. You advanced under the Red Cross, as if it were a flag of truce, and we let you.” “Well, now, you must lay down your arms,” said the Boer Commandant. “No; why should we?” asked Colonel Thackeray; “let us go back and begin again.” Then the gallant Inniskilling started to argue the point. Strange to say he almost convinced, and, at any rate, gained the respect of the Boer, who said at last, bluntly, “Well, I have no orders. Perhaps you are right. I’ll turn my back and won’t see you. So you can clear off with all your men.” Colonel Thackeray did so with promptitude.

If Mr. Burleigh’s narratives are told in the English of the morning paper, they often haunt the reader as mere statements of fact. It was Mr. Burleigh who told England of that superb incident in the battle of Colenso, when the gunners would not leave their guns. At the last,

four men persisted in serving two guns and remaining beside their cannon. One of either pair carried the shell; the others laid and fired their beloved 15-pounders. But two men were left. They continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case—their last shot. Then they stood to “Attention” beside the gun, and an instant later fell pierced through and through by Boer bullets.

Such deaths make life seem rich.

Mr. Julian Ralph brings less experience, but more literary resource, to his narrative of the operations under Lord Methuen. His chapters are in the main identical with his despatches to the *Daily Mail*. The battles of Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein were witnessed by Mr. Ralph, and he gives a description of each which may fairly be called vivid and stirring. It is the fact, however, that in the multitude of narratives there is an inevitable loss of effect; the reader looks instinctively for what is fresh or different in the work of any single war correspondent. Mr. Ralph’s fresh note is his descriptions of camp amenities, the feelings of battle, the life of the camps when no shots were being fired. He describes a modern battle as a singularly sober affair. The immense distances involved thin out the dramatic effects wonderfully. Sounds are many, but they are too far separated to mingle; the “roar of battle” is not often heard:

You may hear one of our big guns loosed three miles over on the right, and another two miles on the left. If you are near they make a tremendous noise, yet I have not heard any explosion so loud as a good strong clap of thunder. The guns of the enemy cough far in front of you, and their shells burst within your lines with a louder sound—but with no real crash or deafening roar. . . .

The scene of battle—the general view—is exceedingly orderly. There may be a desperate scrimmage where a company or two are storming a kopje, but level your glass on yonder hill, and what do you see—a fringe of tiny jets of fire from the top where the Boers are, and our men in khaki rising, and reclining, and occasionally firing, as they win their way upward. The general view displays an arrangement as methodical as a chess-board.

Then as to the “writhing and groans of the wounded.” There is no writhing, and the groans are few and faint. Nor are men made profane by their wounds—the exact contrary, Mr. Ralph says, is the truth. To receive a wound feels “exactly as if you had received a powerful shock from an electric battery, and then comes a blow as

if your foot (or arm, or whatever part it might be) was crushed by a stroke with a tremendous mallet. . . . The relief that is given by the dressing of a wound must be exquisite, for you hear next to no groans or moans after a doctor has given this first attention." The title, *Towards Pretoria*, could more properly be given to Mr. Ralph's next volume, already promised; this one should have been, *Towards Bloemfontein*.

The question in Mr. Gluckstein's title has been answered in few words by Lord Salisbury, and we confess that we have no great mind to read Mr. Gluckstein's extended echo of the only answer which commends itself to the nation. Mr. Gluckstein is patriotic, and we share his main conclusions; but his style does not attract. He deals in metaphors. The Boers are "biting the hand that fed them." We are "grappling" with a "crux." "The cataract before their eyes" (the eyes of the British masses) "is removed," and in their hearts is planted "the bulb of a new patriotism." What argumentative value can there be in this contemptuous statement about the Boers: "The Bible formed the alpha and omega of their education; an ancient and broken-down harmonium sufficed to gratify their musical instincts"? Mr. Kruger is by turns a "senile despot," a "polished conspirator," and "a haughty autocrat"; his fellow Boers are "mental pigmies." Since we are going to be flooded with war books, let it be asked of each: is it necessary? and is it well written? We are afraid that Mr. Gluckstein's is neither.

Although Mr. Harold Brown's book is obviously a product of the hour, it exhibits much painstaking inquiry into the deep-seated causes of the War. In its fifteen chapters only historical and preliminary events and conditions are discussed. Mr. Brown gives in popular form the varied information which Prof. Keane has already collected for a somewhat higher class of readers in his recent *Boer States, Land, and People*. The illustrations, which are many and excellent, aid the reader materially in forming a conception of the Boer race in its developments from the days of the Dutch East India Company downwards. Judged by its first volume, this work promises to be a stirring yet temperate record of a great racial struggle.

Mr. Neville Edwards supplies pointed, interesting notes to what is virtually a big photograph album of the life of South Africa. In these heterogeneous photographs of soldiers, guns, gold-fields, Boer homesteads, black miners, Transvaal market-places, level miles of veldt, and rugged passes of the frontier mountains, one realises bit by bit the bigness and complexity of the South African problem; and as the photographs are all good, one can examine with interest a pass in the Drakensbergs or General Buller's private saloon on the *Dunnottar Castle*. As a book of miscellaneous South African pictures and facts, *The Transvaal in War and Peace* is excellent handling.

An Untrained Bard.

Collected Writings of Samuel Laycock. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

THESE are the selected, rather than "collected," writings—almost wholly verse—of a Lancashire man born at Marsden, among the Lancashire moors, in 1826, who was placed in a Staleybridge cotton-mill when he was a boy, and spent the seventeen best years of his life as a weaver in that town. For six years he was librarian and hall-keeper in the same place, finally ending his days at the unpoetic seaside town of Blackpool. His verse is written in the Lancashire dialect, for the working-men of whom he was and among whom he lived. No one who is acquainted with the "self-taught genius," the "poet of the working classes," as he exists outside of romance, will expect high accomplishment from verse so conditioned. Burns was far from being "self-taught," and inherited a tongue which

had been made the vehicle of a veritable literature by a succession of singers, named and nameless. The truly "untrained bard" has seldom that originality which is looked for at his hands. It is a futile and ill-considered expectation—for this reason, if no other: that he has not the knowledge what to avoid. Much of a poet's force is absorbed in the preliminary exclusion of what is used and has lost its virtue—as the stomach excludes what is improper for nutrition—before he can proceed to the production of truly fresh work. But the untrained poet fails in this all-necessary elimination, because he is ignorant of what he should eliminate. He has not the width of reading which would inform him that this phrase, that idea, was hackneyed. And he uses with innocent complacency images and phrases juiceless as a sucked orange.

Nor has the Lancashire Doric any of the imaginative strength which often transfigures the homespun weeds of her Scottish cousin. She is a sturdy, clean-shaped lass, but un nourished by any breath of the heights. It is much then, above all in these modern days, if we get work which is simple, direct, and attempts no hackneyed graces. Laycock's work is at least this, and it is creditable that Lancashire operatives should be fed on such wholesome and genuine food. It is utterly above the stuff on which the London operative is fed. Here is Laycock's best known and perhaps best poem, "Bonny Brid," written during the hard days of the Lancashire cotton famine:

Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come when just tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short of pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tall,
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel'
Trade wur slack;
And neaw its hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee,—iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;—
An', as tha's such a pratty face,
Aw'll let thi have eawr Charlie's place,
On mi knee.

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
Aw am no blamin' thee, not I;
Settle deawn,
An' tak' this haupney for thisel,
Ther's lots of sugar-sticks to sell
Deawn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when first aw coom to th' leet,
Aw're fond o' owt 'at tasted sweet;
Tha'll be th' same.
But coom, tha's never towd thi dad
What he's to co thi yet, mi lad,
What's thi name?

Hush! hush! tha mustn't cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder-tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Thi feyther's noan been wed so lung,
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' thrung
Wi' yo' o.
Besides thi little brother Ted,
We've one upsteers, asleep i' bed,
Wi' eawr Joe.

But tho' we've childer two or three,
 We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee,
 Bless thee, lad !
 Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we have i' th' nest.
 So hutch up closer to mi breast ;
 Aw'm thi dad.

This poem, which we have quoted almost entire, was, of course, hailed as worthy of Burns at his best. It is far from that; the diction is not only homely, but plebeian; there is no magic in its simplicity. But it is heartfelt; mars itself by no unhappy ambitions; and has a household appeal which no man, untrained in the higher walks of song, need be ashamed of feeling. It discovers a heart of soundness in a people when they can put forth from their own ranks such truthful writers of verse, and relish their productions.

Omar the Manichee.

Solomon and Solomonic Literature. By Moncure D. Conway.
 (Kegan Paul.)

"SOLOMON is alive" — that is Mr. Moncure Conway's message to his brother Omarians, to whom he dedicates this book. For, essentially, Solomon is the genius of Free Thought.

The home of the wise king—for his existence as an actual person is not denied, though it may be held doubtful—cannot be certainly determined; for to the folklore of which he is the hero Palestine, Persia, Arabia, and India contribute. Thus the famous judgment was anticipated by the wise lady Visākha. When a similar case had perplexed the wise men of an Indian court, Visākha said:

Speak to the two women thus: "As we do not know to which of you two the boy belongs, let her who is the strongest take the boy." When each of them has taken hold of one of the boy's hands, and he begins to cry out on account of the pain, the real mother will let go . . . but the other, who has no compassion for him, will not let go. Then beat her with a switch, and she will thereupon confess the truth of the whole matter.

The visit of the Queen of Sheba finds many parallels in Oriental legend, but is not therefore necessarily deprived of its historical character. And she has the credit of contributing elements to the final personification of Wisdom. In literature the true Solomon has been garbled and glozed by insolent Jahvist editors, who made it their business to reconcile with what the Jewish Church taught as to the character of the national deity the traditional sayings of the Wise King—since they dared not altogether suppress them.

The orthodox legend being that the Lord had put supernatural wisdom into Solomon's heart and never revoked it, in spite of his "idolatry" and secularism, it followed that the naughty man could not help continuing to be a medium of this divine person, Wisdom, and that it might be a dangerous thing to suppress any utterance of hers through Solomon—unwitting blasphemy. However profane or worldly the writings might appear to the Jahvist mind, there was no knowing what occult influence there might be in them, and the only thing editors could venture was to sprinkle through them plenteous disinfectants in the way of "Fear-of-the-Lord" wisdom.

In Jesus of Nazareth the Solomonic spirit was manifested once more, manifested most admirably, to the world. He was nurtured upon the Solomonic literature, and in His public teaching, as Mr. Conway by an array of parallel passages endeavours to show, reproduced it freely for the instruction of His contemporaries. His original contribution to human thought was, says our author, the idea of a good God—"a unique God in Judæa, and almost in modern Christendom." This idea could be reached only by a process of dichotomy, deriving evil and good from several sources. "Deliver us from the evil one" is the

only original clause of the Lord's prayer. As to this aspect of the teaching of Jesus, Mr. Conway writes:

We live in an age whose clergy deal apologetically with the prominence of the Adversary of Man in the teachings of Jesus. For this fundamental principle of Jesus, Jewish monotheism has been substituted. But there are many records to attest that the moral perfection and benevolence of the Deity, which is certainly inconsistent with His omnipotence or His "permission" of the tares in nature, was the only new principle of religion affirmed. . . .

But the Master of Christendom also has suffered at the hands of "Jahvist commentators"; for He likewise,

when He took up the burden of Wisdom, and rebuked the Jahvist superstition that those on whom a tower fell were subjects of a judgment, must have his stupid corrector to add: "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

We have attempted no more than to give a general notion of an interesting book. It will be seen that Mr. Conway's philosophy is simply Manichæism; and into that old, old controversy we have not the slightest inclination to follow him. Nor can it be said that his curious research into the sources and significance of the Solomonic literature, incidentally interesting as are its results, makes any conclusion sure. But it provides him plentifully with illustration, and it is always refreshing to watch how the discarded heresy of a past age is new furnished to serve as a novelty for the passing moment.

Ending Drake's Work.

The Downfall of Spain: Naval History of the Spanish-American War. By H. W. Wilson, Author of "Ironclads in Action." (Sampson Low & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE smoke of those battlefields has hardly cleared, the wounds yet ache which were got in them, yet their history is here before us. We do such things now, and greater things—as the rising flood of Boer War books shows—and we do not know that it is less reliable than the older and slower way. Such productions are not histories, properly speaking, of course: they are *mémoires pour servir*; and such is the light in which we must regard Mr. Wilson's history of the recent Spanish-American war. But though it makes no claim to the wholeness and artistic quality of history proper, in point of careful accuracy it might compare favourably with many a narrative produced on the old tardy and solid methods. Of that the name of the author of *Ironclads in Action* is alone sufficient guarantee. No man was more technically competent to write the story of a war mainly naval, and he has done his work well, clearly, with the most conscientious reference to first-hand authorities wherever it was possible. He apologises, indeed, for giving the *ipsisima verba* of important orders, and so forth; but if it irritate the facile reader, it is none the less a fault on the right side in a work meant to have value for the reference of future writers.

The war, too, was worth doing, though not, as regards scale, of first-rate importance. It was none the less an historically memorable war: at the end of three centuries it completed the work which the ruin of the Armada began. Over two centuries after Drake was in his grave the great struggle against the Spanish colonial power reached its sorry last. And the *coup de grâce* was administered, not by England, which commenced the struggle, but by England's revolted colonies, by a Saxon race beyond the seas, not yet planted when the Armada sailed to its doom. And when the dust of Spain's aged colonial empire rolled away, Europe beheld in its stead the apparition of America in the Eastern hemisphere. Wherefrom what consequences shall come may no man say.

As a war it was curious to a point almost of burlesque from some aspects. For it was the strife of two nations neither ready to fight, and with great difficulty in getting at each other. As of two men, we will say, abusing each other across a high wall, while each strains violently to get on his misfitting boots. But unreadiness was the one point the strong new country and the weak old country had in common. Spain's councils were incompetent, her navies and armies misdirected by the politicians at home. Having a fleet none too strong, she divided it—as England did her armies at the beginning of the present war. The American fleet, on the other hand, seems to have been ably handled by the naval department of the Government. They had one object, and they kept steadily to it. Spain was to be beaten at Cuba, and beaten by blockade. Bar up the two chief ports—Havana and Cienfuegos—and either Cuba must be starved into surrender or the Spanish fleet must cross the seas and fight America in her own waters. So America girdled the ports, and waited. It was a misfortune for her that her long and undefended coast-line obliged her—in order to quiet popular fear—to keep half her battle fleet inactive at Hampton Roads, when it was badly needed to complete the blockade of Cienfuegos. But it was kept ready to join the other half, under Sampson, as soon as the position of the Spanish fleet should be known.

The game succeeded. Spain had to send her fleet across the ocean; but, most foolishly, she sent only part of it. The other part, under Camara, never took part in the war at all. Cervera did what he could, with his inadequate squadron. He could only dodge for a while, and as soon as his whereabouts was known all was over. Telegraphs and swift cruisers brought the two American fleets, Sampson's and Schley's, into junction before either could be attacked separately, and set them across the mouth of Santiago, "bottling" the unhappy Cervera.

The true hero of the war was not the popular Dewey, but the abused Sampson. Dewey occupies the front-piece of Mr. Wilson's book—in deference, we presume, to the public; for his opinion seems to be very much ours. Manila made a brilliant noise, but the war could neither be won nor lost in the Philippines. It was Sampson's patience, precision, and skill in the operations that led up to the "bottling" of Cervera, and ultimately the battle of Santiago, which decided the war.

His blockade of Cervera in Santiago was not only extremely skilful, but daring, and daring with knowledge. One device is thus described by Mr. Wilson:

On nights when there was no moon a battleship was stationed from one to two miles off the entrance to the harbour, and was ordered to throw a search-light beam up the channel and keep it there. "This," says the Admiral in his report, "lightened up the entire breadth of the channel for half a mile inside of the entrance so brilliantly that the movement of small boats could be detected. Why the batteries never opened fire upon the search-light ship was always a matter of surprise to me; but they never did."

Even riflemen firing on the search-lights might have caused serious loss and annoyance; but the Spaniards remained inactive. "What damned impudence!" said the British naval *attaché*, when he watched the blockaders' proceedings—and impudence it was, but of the coolest and most calculating kind.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, of the *Iowa*, gives a detailed account of his own share in this "damned impudence," which is eminently worth quoting:

"Admiral Sampson signalled me to take the *Iowa* up the harbour-mouth. 'How far must I go?' I signalled back, I confess with considerable anxiety, as, besides Cervera's fleet, the forts, and batteries, there were doubtless countless torpedoes in there. 'Go in until you can distinguish the movements of a small rowing-boat in the harbour,' came back the answer. 'How long must I stay?' I again anxiously signalled. 'All night,' was

the answer. I went up that harbour until I could not only plainly follow the movements of any small boat ahead of me with my glass, but could notice the blinking eyes of the Spanish sentries as the search-light struck them. For thirty-nine nights we kept that kind of watch on Cervera."

Such men were the worthy descendants of Drake; fit to figure in bolder enterprises than it has now become to "sing the beard of the King of Spain." The war, in such hands, was a foregone conclusion.

Other New Books.

THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1652-1654. VOL. II.

ED. BY S. R. GARDINER.

This, the second volume of this very interesting work, compiled under the auspices of the Navy Records Society, carries the story down to October, 1652, by means of a variety of documents: instructions to Sir George Ayscue, despatches from General Blake, Vice-Admiral Penn, Captain John Mildmay, Commodore De Ruyter, Vice-Admiral De With, and many letters from men with the respective fleets. On looking through these old papers one meets, on the English side, with something of the same strain of fervid piety and confident belief in particular protection by God, which characterises the other side's descendants in the Transvaal to-day. Captain Mildmay notes that, in a late encounter with the Dutch fleet, "God did much appear, in many circumstances very evidently checking the pride and arrogance of that insulting Enemy"; again, on the same occasion, "the Lord of Hosts appeared in His power, putting terror in the hearts of our enemy, and a spirit of great cheerfulness and courage in our own; wherefore let His great name have all the honour and praise, yea, magnified be His glorious name who hath owned our cause in this great dispute, and quelled the pride and arrogance of that insulting enemy." This brief praise of the *Sovereign's* performance in the battle of the Kentish Knock is memorable: "The *Sovereign*—that great ship, a delicate frigate (I think the whole world hath not her like)—did her part; she sailed through and through the Holland fleet, and played hard upon them." (Navy Records Society.)

RHYMES OLD AND NEW.

BY M. E. S. WRIGHT.

The author of this collection of folk rhymes, weather couplets, and old-fashioned scraps of verse, was inspired, she tells us, to bring them together by the circumstance that many of them have not been included in other volumes for children. This is true; but it is not unlikely that quite a large proportion were deliberately rejected by other editors, on account of their extreme paucity of interest. It is not enough for a rhyme to exist to justify its inclusion in a book for children. Children want more than mere jingle and assonance and rustic sapience. Such sentiments as these are not really interesting:

'Tis time to cock your hay and corn
When the old donkey blows his horn.

'Tween Martinmas and Yule
Water's wine in every pool.

The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.

Five score to the hundred of men, money, and pins,
Six score to the hundred of all other things.

And so forth. Now and then we come to something simple and good, as

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage;

but for the most part the couplets are rather cryptic and not very musical. In one case, at any rate, Miss Wright's

taste is to seek. This piece of verse would be funny in *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, or the *Detroit Free Press*, or "The Belle of New York," but in a book for children it is out of place:

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping-cough.

At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
"Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

And to put the trumpery version of "Mary had a Little Lamb" (on page 51) next Blake's beautiful lines, "Little Lamb, who made thee?" is another unhappy lapse. Among the country rhymes are two that we do not remember to have seen before—this from Leicestershire:

If all the waters was wan sea,
And all the trees was wan tree,
And this here tree should fall into that there sea.
Moy, sirs! what a splash-splash there'd be!

and this Somersetshire charm for tooth-ache (to be written and worn):

Peter sat on a marble stone,
When by here Jesus came aloan.
"Peter, what is it makes you for to quake?"
"Lord Jesus, it is the toothache."
"Rise, Peter, and be healed."

If Miss Wright had lost sight of the children fetish altogether, and collected her rhymes with a view to supplementing Halliwell, and added a few notes, she would have made a good book. We recommend her to consider this volume so much apprentice work and take up the greater task in earnest. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

AN AMERICAN GENERAL.

BY JOHN A. WYETH.

This book is published at a fortunate moment, for cavalry leaders are to the fore just now, and General N. B. Forrest, the Confederate soldier, was a born cavalry general. He was a wonderful man, and his troopers were devoted to him, though his very name is almost unknown in England. He was a planter when the war broke out, and had no training in military matters; but had his genius for war been reinforced by a proper education and a systematic military training he would, probably, have been the central figure of the American Civil War. Forrest's great principle in war was "to get there first with the most men"; and one of his favourite maxims was: "War means fighting and fighting means killing." He carried this out in practice, and is known to have placed *hors de combat* thirty Federal officers and soldiers, fighting hand to hand. General Taylor said of him: "I doubt if any commander since the days of the lion-hearted Richard killed as many enemies with his own hand as Forrest." He spared neither himself nor his men, and the one thing he would not endure was slackness or cowardice.

Every soldier under him knew it was expected that he would fight to the death if it became necessary, and he knew, moreover, that Forrest had no respect or mercy for a coward. It was his order to his officers to shoot any man who flickered, and he emphasised this order by his own conduct. There was no false sentiment in the mind of Forrest connected with war. There was an end to be reached—the independence of the Southern confederation. To that consummation everything must be subordinated. To his mind the killing of one of his own soldiers now and then, as an example of what a coward might expect, was a proper means to the end. At Murfreesborough, in 1864, he shot the colour-bearer of one of the infantry regiments which stampeded, and then succeeded in rallying the men to their duty. . . . In the fight near West Point, General Chalmers relates how Forrest leaped from his horse, and seized one of his troops who was running to the rear, and thrashed him soundly with a stick, forcing him to go back in line.

Being a genius, he learned his profession as he went on, and his favourite method was to attack the flank and rear, taking advantage of every scrap of cover. To anyone interested in cavalry and mounted infantry this life of the Confederate leader will be of great value. (Harper's. \$4.)

BOOKS ABOUT PLACES.

THE Northumberland County History Committee has issued the fifth volume of its great *History of Northumberland* (Andrew Reid & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne). This deals with the two parishes of Warkworth and Shilbottle, and with their outlying chapelries of Chevington and Brainshaugh. As in the previous volumes, the geology, architecture, and dialect of the Coquet valley are committed to special hands. No more romantic piece of England exists than this valley of the Coquet, a stream whose name is music to the angler as its shores are a land of promise to the antiquary. The crown of the district is Warkworth, with its castle, hermitage, and church. The account of the Hermitage has been written by Mr. Cadwallader Bates, who has also told in no iconoclastic strain the story of St. Henry of Coquet Island, who died there on January 16, 1126-1127. On that day "a man on the island thought he heard two choir of angels in the air chanting alternate verses of the Te Deum. The hymn ceased, the hermit's bell rang; the monk of the island hastened to the cell and found St. Henry seated on a stone holding the bell-rope, in all the calm of sleep—life had passed away, a mortuary candle that the saint had had no means of lighting was burning at his side." The only buildings on the island now consist of a lighthouse and its attendant cottages, lamp-stores, &c.; but these have been built upon, or adapted from ancient work. The seal, the eider-duck, and the tern have been banished from this little island of fourteen acres, within living memory; but the traditions of Saxon monks and kings, of Outhbert and of St. Henry, will cling to it always. Under its editor, Mr. John Crawford Hodgson, this magnificent county history is making good progress, and a word of highest praise is due to the Newcastle publishers for their part in this undertaking.—In *Nooks and Corners of Shropshire*, by Mr. H. Thornhill Timmins (Elliot Stock), we have one more proof—a very interesting proof—of the fact that every patch and scrap of England is a mine of historical and human lore. Many of us will never see Stretton Dale, the Clee Hills, Bridgnorth, or Mitchell's Fold—to say nothing of the villages that dot the highways of southern Shropshire—and yet Mr. Timmins's book reflects hours of rich and happy inquiry among these quiet spots. His book is all his own, for he has illustrated it himself; and we could wish for no more pleasant and gossiping guidance than he offers. Mr. Timmins is already known by his "Nooks and Corners" of Herefordshire and Pembroke-shire, and he has the real topographical *flair*.—*Haunts and Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers*, by Dr. Alexander Mackennal (Religious Tract Society), is a handsome picture book, in which, however, the literary matter maintains its importance among a crowd of beautiful illustrations. The book is a topographical history of the home-leaving of the Pilgrim Fathers. We visit the places to which the hearts of the Pilgrims went back when they founded a new Boston, a new Plymouth, and a new Cambridge on the other side of the Atlantic, and each spot on which they set foot in their journey thither—Amsterdam, Leyden, Delfshaven, Southampton, and finally Plymouth, whence, in the *Mayflower*, the homeless saints sailed for their New Plymouth.—*Scotland's Ruined Abbeys*, by Mr. Howard Crosby Butler (The Macmillan Company), is an American architect's discriminating treatment of a subject which needed a book less formidable than the existing standard works. Mr. Butler's book is of considerable interest to the general reader and of distinct value to the tourist. Mr. Butler is his own illustrator.

Fiction.

Scruples. By Thomas Cobb.
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

INTO a little pool of London society drop a beautiful girl of sentiment, conscience, and no sense of humour; what sort of a splash will occur? That is Mr. Thomas Cobb's problem, if so serious a word may be used in connexion with so light-hearted a story. And Mr. Cobb has cast his pebble with unerring aim, and caught the bubbles deftly. In *Carpet Courtship* and in *Mr. Passingham* he sported pleasingly upon the surface of life, but he has done nothing so deft as the present work. It is not a novel; it is a short story; there is no development of character, only a swift play of characters already formed; and the time is limited by days. The cleverness of the thing lies in the conflict of emotions felt by quite ordinary people under perfectly ordinary conditions. Of leading characters we have six: Strachan, a good and simple baronet; Venables, a young British officer with nothing of the man of the world about him but his clothes; and Wray Waterhouse, a modern pocket edition of *Don Quixote*. Then we have Joan Venables, the pretty aunt of the officer; Amabel Cathcart, a bit of a minx who makes things hum; and Pauline Cathcart. The question that will agitate the reader is who shall marry whom; for they are all in love in quite a gentlemanly and ladylike manner; and with Mr. Cobb's skilful stirring of the social pool, and Pauline's scruples, and Waterhouse's Quixotism, and Joan's innocent intrigues, and Amabel's flirting, one is apprehensive of *mésalliance* to the end. It is impossible to avoid "casting" Mr. Cobb's story, since his method lies by way of dialogue—swift, easy, apposite dialogue—which never turns aside to say a good thing because the author had jotted it down in his commonplace book, but carries the story forward with each sentence. The story is dramatic, because Mr. Cobb has learned that the art of writing drama is the art of throwing good things into the waste-paper basket. Therefore, without detailing the development of the plot, it is impossible to give an example of the adequacy of the dialogue. However, take this as an instance of its easy naturalness: Joan Venables, the pretty aunt, is talking to Bernard Venables, the youthful officer, about Amabel the minx; says the youthful officer:

"I can't stand her going on as she did last night. Everyone noticed it. I'm not going to put up with it. It's just a little too thick."

"You have only yourself to please, my dear boy."

"I don't please myself," he muttered.

"Have you asked Amabel?"

"I haven't exactly asked her," said Bernard.

"Wouldn't it be as well before your final renunciation?"

Joan suggested. "Take my advice: ask her plainly whether she will be your wife."

"You see, I've tried ever so many times," he answered ruefully.

"Tried?"

"She won't let me get it out, you know."

"How can she prevent you?" asked Joan.

"Sometimes she begins to play the piano. Last time she put her hand over my lips."

"What a curious method!" said Joan, very solemnly.

"I can't make Amabel out," he exclaimed. "She's immensely nice to me one hour, and she treats me like a criminal the next. Besides, she's just as nice to other fellows."

"It is to be hoped she doesn't silence them all the same way," Joan retorted.

The Engrafted Rose. By Emma Brooke.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

HERE is a good novel, at once strong and sound. Says the author in a passage dealing with the principal heroine, Rosamunda Thoresbye: "To be a genuine

artist is to view all the parts of existence with a special temperament, it is to possess a clue to the meaning of things which others are unaware of; to have an unwritten law of one's own by which to test all the manifestations of life and conduct. The power of the artist is a light cast everywhere." It is this "light cast everywhere," this continual poetising of reality without distorting its truth, which makes *The Engrafted Rose* notable among the fiction of the day. Mrs. Brooke's somewhat melodramatic theme turns upon the fortunes of the old aristocratic-barbarian family of Clarels, who had lived for centuries at a seat called Marske. (All the place-names and surnames in this novel have a fine northern sound—Clarel, Marske, Hawmonde, Liedes, Thirntoft, Twelves, Brackenholme, Ronaldsbigin.) We see the working of the Clarel blood in three people: Clement Clarel, who sold his happiness and that of others to enable him to transmit the family traditions unimpaired; Bryan Hawmonde, a distant cousin, whose existence is a prolonged defence of his own individuality against the "herd of ancestors" within him; and Rosamunda Thoresbye, who, changed at birth by an unscrupulous midwife, lived for twenty years under the impression that she was the daughter of eminently just and respectable mill-owning parents.

Mrs. Brooke succeeds better with her women and older men than with her young men. Bryan Hawmonde, meant to be an elaborate figure, is analysed before he has been constructed, and his friend Earnshaw, who marries Rosamunda, scarcely seems alive.

The chief blot on the book lies, not in the theatrical prologue, which is managed with all necessary skill, but in the chapter recording Rosamunda's gipsy-like adventures after she has learnt the secret of her birth. These adventures never occurred, they are utterly wrong—a trick played upon the author by an imagination which, approaching the end of a heavy task, had become slightly hysteric and unstable; but whatever the faults of *The Engrafted Rose*, impotence is not among them; even its crudities—and they are not few—have interest.

The Cambric Mask. By R. W. Chambers.
(Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

SINCE Mr. Chambers has produced a considerable quantity of serious and excellent fiction, we must regard this somewhat exiguous and crudely-tinted "romance" as the product of his lighter hours. The tale tells how a company of lawless night-riders (who rode their horses swathed in sheets) tried to frighten a determined man out of a remote part of a remote county of the "Empire State"; how, incensed by his obstinacy, they nearly murdered him; and how in the end, aided by the lovely daughter of one of their number, the determined man, Sark by name, won his immunity and a wife. The local colour is consistently well done. Several chapters are thrilling, and we do not object to these. We do object, however, to the facetious and sentimental chapters, which predominate. They are unworthy of the author of *The King in Yellow*.

The book is a quaint mixture of good and bad writing. We find, for instance, a sentence like this: "He rolled up his pajamas [*sic*], stepped out of his crash bath-slippers, and stole to the front door, upon cavorting bent, beaming bucolic beatitude." And a little further on, some admirable bits of landscape painting; as thus: "Out of the splendid azure of the west great white clouds crowded, squadron on squadron, standing gallantly on their course before the wind; and silvery flaws swept the water where the wind's wing-tips, trailing, brushed the blue surface of the lake."

The Cambric Mask is far too faulty to have any real value, but we should imagine that the history of its composition might be interesting.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

ARDEN MASSITER. BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

In this novel, by the learned author of *The New Antigone* and *The Two Standards*, we have a gorgeous arrangement of motives and colour—Socialism, Catholicism, love, asceticism, and Italian skies and ruins, all ending in a quotation from Sophocles in Greek. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE KINGS OF THE EAST. BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

A clever "romance of the near future," by the author of *Like Another Helen*. The motive is the re-peopling of Palestine, and in the opening chapters we see a syndicate forming for that purpose under the masterful "Count Mortimer"—an Englishman and a Gentile. His diplomacies make the story, which develops all kinds of interests, and is pervaded by an amusing cynicism. (Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

BREAKING THE SHACKLES. BY FRANK BARRETT.

A story of an innocent man—Dr. Munro—condemned to penal servitude for life, and the sleepless efforts of his friend, Captain Tom Vernon, to prove his innocence. A detective story, worthy of its author's reputation. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE GREEN FLAG, AND OTHER STORIES OF WAR AND SPORT. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

These thirteen stories are sufficiently described by their title. In "Captain Sharkey," a story of privateering in the years following the Peace of Utrecht, we have some snatches of verse.

So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay,
Pack it on! Crack it on! Try her with the stun-sails!
It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay,
Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay,
Waiting for their bully Jack,
Watching for him sailing back,
Right across the Lowland Sea.

(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

THE SON OF THE HOUSE. BY BERTHA THOMAS.

This novel, by the author of *The Violin Player*, deals with Mammon. A vulgar glove-maker's fortune is the rock on which a family of three splits up. The son of the house is relied on by his mother to complete those social ambitions which her vulgar husband had only partially gratified, but Oswald develops views about the responsibilities of wealth which unite his mother and his brother Ralph in opposition to him. Ralph steals his sweetheart, and his mother puts him into a lunatic asylum. But Oswald is reserved for better things. An interesting story with a variety of character. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

FORTUNE'S YELLOW. BY ELLA MACMAHON.

Another novel with Mammon-service for its basic passion. The reader's interest should be aroused by the meeting of Bernard Lake with his old fiancée, Louise Headingham, who arrives at his Italian hotel after twenty-one years' separation—a rich widow, with children, governesses, maids, and trunks. Louise's eldest daughter, Nora, is now a finely-grown young creature, and Bernard is still feeling young. Complications! (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A FAIR BRIGAND. BY GEORGE HORTON.

"I tell you, we're going to climb Mount Olympus. We are going to hobnob with the immortal gods! We start to-morrow morning for Volo, by boat, thence to Larissa, and from there on foot." Thus Anderson of the fiery whiskers to John Chandler Brown, expert in Argive

bronzes. Already one sees the "fair brigand" ahead. A good story of its type, capitably illustrated by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE RHYMER. BY ALLAN M'LAULAY.

The "rhymer" is Robert Burns, whose loves pervade the story—particularly his marriage with Jean Armour, and his affair with "Clarinda." Two sets of critics are challenged by such a story, but Mr. M'Aulay has obviously taken pains to satisfy both. (Unwin. 6s.)

A SISTER TO EVANGELINE. BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Evangeline is Longfellow's Evangeline, and the story is laid in Longfellow's Grand Pré, and it tells how Yvonne de Lamourie suffered exile with the rest of the villagers. The Acadian apple-orchards and linen caps of the girls give charm to the background of the story, while the rivalry of England and France occupies, so to speak, the middle distance of the drama. (Lane. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The fictional-monarchical vein once more. Sylvia is wooed at Richmond by Maximilian, Emperor of Rhaetia, and to Rhaetia the story quickly moves. There are baronesses, and burgomasters, and chamois and chancellors; also telephones. (Methuen. 6d.)

THE ACCUSED PRINCESS. BY ALLEN UPWARD.

Yet another unmapped monarchy, that of Rumelia, with its king, court, ministers, and sentinels. Throw in the "ruby of Bhuráni," and the British Government, and you have Mr. Upward's latest recipe for an evening's beguilement. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

A LOYAL LOVER. BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

Two sisters engage the reader's attention—Elsie, the flighty and selfish, and Venetia, the wise and good. Venetia's effort to save her sister from the effects of a past scandal, by marrying the man who had it in his power to betray Elsie, is the "vain sacrifice"; but there is more in the story, which is a readable library novel. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

ALL FOOLS. BY MARMADUKE PIKETHALL.

Some readers may find the London adventures of Mr. Lee-Stretton, his fellow-students, and their miscellaneous sweethearts, entertaining; others will yawn over such outworn, boisterous humour. Perhaps the whole book may be allusively described by the heading of Chapter XXXI.: "Of the Moon and others, with a full account of the circumstances attending the Breakage of a Suburban Hall Lamp." (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

THE BISHOP'S SECRET. BY FERGUS HUME.

More criminal mystery and melodrama by the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, who has dared to make a Bishop's palace the centre of a murder case, and has found a supernaturally clever detective in the Bishop's chaplain. The broader humours of cathedral town life are not missed. (John Long. 6s.)

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF NURSE DOROTHY. BY FLORENCE BAXENDALE.

"A worm eats at the root of the common hospital system, and causes suffering to patients and nurses alike . . . the microbe of over-work." The story seems to be written to establish this proposition, but Dorothy suffered more from a house-surgeon's love than from a matron's tyranny. (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.)

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The Craze for Historical Fiction in America.

An Enquiry.

THE historical novel is not at present flourishing in this country. It enjoyed a renewal some few years ago, when *A Gentleman of France* flashed sword in every face; but the brief force of that movement seems already to be expended. There can be little doubt, indeed, that the art of historical fiction is dead in England, and that he who would succeed in raising it must first create for it a new form, a governing convention more in accord with naturalistic tendencies than that which has miraculously survived all the artistic upheavals of ninety years. Matters are otherwise in America and France, the two countries nearest to us in art as in life. France is witnessing, or about to witness, a real renaissance of the historical novel—a renaissance which M. Emile Faguet, employing a theory more creditable to his ingenuity than to his sagacity, explains on the singular assumption that realism has exhausted the material offered by modern existence. In America the historical novel overtops every other sort: it is making authors rich and turning publishers into millionaires; the circulation of it counts not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, and the man or woman who, having omitted to peruse it, cannot discuss it with fluency, is thereby rendered an outcast. The two most notorious and amazing examples of its success (at the moment of writing), Mr. Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, although neither is a year old, have between them already reached a sale of nearly three quarters of a million copies in the United States.

These two long novels—they total over a thousand pages—both deal with the period of the American Revolution; they both include the figure of George Washington; and in other respects of tone, colour, sentiment, and incident they are remarkably alike. The chief thing to be noted of them is their perfect lack of originality; they are not the fruit of any inspiration, but a dish meticulously concocted upon a recipe; and the recipe is by no means a new one. Conceive a musical composer who at this date should capture the ear of the populace by an exact, but lifeless, imitation of Mendelssohn. It is such a feat in literature that these authors have performed. To read their amiable stories is to wonder whether the art of fiction has not stood still for fifty years, whether the discoveries and the struggles of a dozen writers in France, England, and America since 1850 are after all in vain. *Esmond* is a great book, but no man of a later period could possibly produce a great, or even a fine, book that resembled it; for time breaks every mould. *Richard Carvel* is by far the better of the two American novels which I have mentioned; and what one feels about *Richard Carvel* is that it is the work of a man who kept a bust of Thackeray over a bookcase crowded with eighteenth century literature, and wrote with one eye on this and the other (perhaps unconsciously) on that airy, fairy creature known in the States as “the *matinée* girl,” forgetting that he, even he,

ought to have a personality. Mr. Churchill has learned everything about his craft, except the two things which cannot be taught—the art of *seeing* and the art of being one's self. He looks only at pictures, and then, piecing this with that and that with another, confections an enormous canvas without once leaving the gallery. He is not himself—artistically he has no self—but rather the impersonal automatic result of a century of gradual decadence from one supreme exemplar. In *Richard Carvel* every primary tint is lost, every sharp relief smoothed down. The conventions which formerly had a significance and an aim properly related to the stage of art which evolved them, have been narrowed instead of widened, until they are become meaningless, arbitrary, and tiresome. The heroine with her peerless beauty, her royal tantrums, her feminine absolutism, her secret, her hidden devotion, her ultimate surrender; the hero of six-foot-three, with his physical supremacy, his impetuosities, his careful impromptus of wit, his amazing combinations of Machiavellian skill with asinine fatuity, his habit of looking foolish in the presence of the proud fair, and his sickening false modesty in relating his own wondrous exploits; the secondary heroine, pretty, too, but with a lowlier charm, meek, steadfast, with a mission “to fatten household sinners”; the transparent villain who could not deceive a sheep, but who deceives all save the hero; the “first old gentleman”; the faithful friend; the boon companions; the body servant: all these types, dressed with archaeological accuracy, perform at Mr. Churchill's prompting all the usual manoeuvres with all the usual phrases and gestures. Who does not know that speech of the heroine's ending: “And so, sir, you are very tiresome,” to which the hero must perforce reply “ruefully”; or that critical moment, half-way through the narrative, when a few words which if spoken would end the story on the next page, are interrupted in the nick of time—“Alas, for the exits and entrances of life! Here comes the footman”; or that astronomical phenomenon—“The light had gone out of the sky”; or that solitary wild outburst of my lady—“Her breath came fast, and mine, as she laid a hand upon my arm, ‘Richard, I do not care whether you are poor. What am I saying?’ she cried wildly. ‘Am I false to my own father?’”

Let it not be thought, however, that there is no merit in *Richard Carvel*, or in the more saucy *Janice Meredith*. What these authors, neither of them apparently with any strictly literary culture, could do that they have done. In the case of Mr. Churchill particularly, one cannot fail to perceive laborious care, a certain moral elevation, and an admirable sense of dignity. He has been satisfied with nothing less than his best. His style may be a beach pebble among gems, but it is polished. He may not be a student of character, but he knows his eighteenth century; he is a giant of documentation, and the mere factual basis of his descriptions of eighteenth century life in America and England is almost incredibly elaborate, and decidedly effective; whether he is giving you the interior of Brooks's or a naval battle with Paul Jones in it, he reconstructs the scene to the last limit of research. His historical portraits, including those of Fox, Walpole, Garrick and Washington, are as brilliant and hard and exact as the exercises of a court painter. He can plan out a work, arranging the disposition of its parts, and handling vast masses of detail with the manipulative skill of a transport officer. He knows when dialogue should be used, and when narration; how to give substance to a chapter, and theatrical ornament to an episode; when the reader will best appreciate a diversion from the main theme, and when the device of monotony will build up a pleasing tension. He is the type of artist who takes the Prix de Rome by dint of sheer mathematical calculation. And withal, there is no breath of imaginative life in him. He could no more avoid being tedious, profoundly and entirely tedious, than he could add a cubit to his stature.

America is a land of sentimentalism. It is this deep-seated quality which, perhaps, accounts for the vogue of history in American fiction. The themes of the historical novel are so remote, ideas about them exist so nebulously in the mind, that a writer may safely use the most barefaced distortions to pamper the fancy without offending that natural and racial shrewdness which would bestir itself if a means of verification were at hand. The extraordinary notion still obtains that human nature was different "in those days"; that the good old times were, somehow, "pretty," and governed by fates poetically just. Enquiry would of course dissipate this notion, but no one wants to dissipate it; so long as it remains, there is at any rate some excuse for those excesses of prettiness, that luxuriant sentimentality, that persistent statement of life in terms of the Christmas number, which are the fundamental secret of the success of novels like *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith*. There are, of course, other factors special to America which have their share in the dazzling result. One is the pride of the nation in its brief traditions. Shall not he who ministers to this pride be rewarded? It would be strange, indeed, if he were not. When a man hears that his name is in the newspaper he buys the newspaper, and a long time will elapse before he loses the habit. So it is with America. We, with a thousand thrilling years behind us, can scarcely understand the preoccupation of America with her Revolution and her Civil War. But why not? I say that the trail is as charming as the disturbance of a young girl after her first ball.

Another factor is the unique position and influence of young women in the United States. We are told that it is the women who rule the libraries in England; much more so is it the women who rule the libraries in America. And if you would know what sort of an intellectual creature the American woman is, what a curious mixture of earnest and gay, ardent and frivolous, splendid and absurd, read her especial organ, *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, which is one of the most brilliantly-edited papers in the world, and has a circulation of over eight hundred thousand copies a month. Here, in this glowing and piquant miscellany, where religion runs column by column with modes and etiquette, and the most famous English-writing authors are elbowed by the Tappers and Friswells of New England, you will discern at large the true nature of Mr. C. D. Gibson's girl—the width of her curiosity, the consuming fire of her energy, her strange knowledge and her stranger ignorances, her fineness and crudity, her imperial mien and her simple adorations. It is fitting to remark of the American woman that she has a magnificent future. In the meantime she cannot gainsay her *Ladies' Home Journal*, which stands as absolutely irrefutable evidence both for and against her. She is there in its pages, utterly revealed—the woman of the culture clubs, the woman who wistfully admires the profiles of star-actors at *matinées*, the woman from whom Paderewski, at the Chicago Auditorium, has to be rescued by the police, the Madonna of the home, the cherisher of aspirations, the desire of men. It is she who reads and propagates *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith*, artlessly enjoying the sugar of them, made oblivious of their tedium by her sincere eagerness to "get instruction" from them, to treat them as "serious" works—not as "ordinary novels."

An explanatory word. There are far better historical novels in America than the two mentioned. The best taste in America esteems *Richard Carvel* and *Janice Meredith* as the best taste esteems them here. The interest of these novels lies in their marvellous success, and the clue which they afford to the secrets of a whole people's individuality. For it is not those who read but those who (speaking broadly) do not read that make a book popular. The former are few, the latter a multitude. The former we know familiarly; the ways of the latter are as fascinating, as mystifying, as the ways of children. E. A. B.

Things Seen.

Augury.

FROM the hateful offices we emerged into the fog once more and the dull rain and the unhomey activity of the crowded city streets. The rude failure of our errand left nothing to stand between my companion and all the ugliness that was piling itself up to stare him in the face. I had wished to save Delaunay, where I could, from the England he hated, with no mean or little bitterness, as he saw us from his distant Paris. I would have kept him at home, in the unoffending West, and surrounded him, during the three short days of this rare visit, not with my countrymen in the mass, but with the charming individuals. A pious duty, however, drew him to the City, and the kindly thought of seeing again his father's ward, now some six months in London, learning English business ways, had lightened our journey up. But the young man (there was no hinting that English life, obviously, was not all to blame) had no welcome for the simple and warm gaiety with which the elder brother came ready. It was a shyness, a stupid boyish shame of his countryman in the office. I saw it directly he entered, awkward and flushing, the outer room where we stood; the beard Delaunay wore and his square felt hat—one hardly needed to look further for a reason. . . .

In the lack of converse, a silence that meant no separation between us, as we walked side by side, but rather an anxious and fruitless sympathy, I might acknowledge that the disappointment was a chance, and no more significant of our influence than the unfortunate fog and damp of this April day was fair to our climate; yet I could not help meeting with his eyes the oppressive stream of occupied men, I found myself seeking I know not what sign of grace in the drab crowd. In the doorway of the offices I read long names that covered schemes of plunder, and, as if to support their uttermost claims, newspaper boys thrust in our faces posters swelling with the name that on the Continent stood most for England's policy. We slipped into the comparative peace of a side street—would the spare church above the long wall pass unnoticed, or perhaps only add for him the missing touch of hypocrisy? As I stared helplessly at the brown wall, feeling that no human argument could persuade my companion that he was not in a heaven-forsaken city, the brownness seemed to lighten—surely a gleam lay on it—yes it was so, and, of a sudden, with the last drop that fell, the fog was a golden glow, intense blue in the shadows, the chestnut glistened in a mist from the churchyard, and at that moment there sang out from its branches, penetrating sweet, yet loud and authoritative, four notes of a blackbird. Arrested, we stood still for the bird to speak again, and, as fortune would have it, two workmen who were behind us halted also. The phrase came, longer, more elaborate, more daring and supreme than the first. Delaunay turned his clear brown eyes, smiling in the sudden sunlight, to mine, and laid his hand upon my sleeve—

"Tenez, le bon Dieu n'est pas de mon avis."

Relief.

IN the silent village the windows were all veiled; but as I passed down the little street one of the doors opened, and a woman came out of its shade. A young woman, hurried and anxious—scared at the unexpected sight of my figure, yet glad of the protection of my company. She was slight and frail-looking, and in her arms she carried a heavy child wrapped in a trailing white quilt. I raised the corner, which was dragging on the road, and asked if the baby was not too heavy for her. She poured out her heart in little gasping sentences: "Oh, no! she's not

a baby; she's a big girl—four years old—but I couldn't stay in the house any longer, and I couldn't leave her, so I took her out of bed and brought her along. You see, my husband's never come home,—I'm afraid there's an accident, and I can't rest in the house. I've walked up and down, and I can't stay in the room. Yes, ma'am; my husband's the baker at the shop. They're busy now, and it's terrible long hours for him to work, from half-past four in the morning till eleven or twelve o'clock at night—it's too much for him. He was bit by a dog about a fortnight ago, and it upset him; he's not been very well since, and—oh!—I'm afraid." She clutched the sleepy child tighter, and staggered on breathlessly.

At the gate of the little bakehouse yard the dog which had bitten her husband—chained now, but jealously watchful—barked furiously. She shrank along the further side of the yard to the bakehouse door, where she stood with her white burden in the yellow glare of the fire, while the moon shed its radiance over all. "Jim!"—a hurried, anxious whisper—"Jim! Jim!"—this last a sharp, terrified appeal to the silence—and then, as a dusky, wondering figure filled the doorway, a quick sob and an indescribable quiver of relief—"Ah, Jim! Thank you, ma'am; he's here!"

A Literary Lent.

We read, but we do not read again. How long is it since you read Milton? We run about, crying lo here, and lo there—and all the cool wisdom and unworn majesty of *Comus* is but a memory of one's youth. We bolt new novels as though *Don Quixote* had never been written. Time was when people did not find re-perusal hard. Byron read the Waverley novels "fifty times." Scott read Ariosto's *Orlando* once every year, and Macaulay was as loyal to *Gil Blas*. Father Prout found in Horace the joy of his youth and the consolation of his age. Goethe read the *Vicar of Wakefield* at twenty and at eighty-one, and several times between. Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, used to read through Theocritus every spring, a practice which St. Beuve quotes with approval.

Huet (l'Évêque d'Avranches) nous dit qu'il avait coutume, chaque printemps, de relire Théocrite sous l'ombrage renaissant des bois, au bord d'un ruisseau et au chant du rossignol. Il me semble que les Mémoires de Mme. de Staël pourraient se relire à l'entrée de chaque hiver, à l'extrême fin d'automne, sous les arbres de Novembre, au bruit des feuilles déjà séchées.

Is there one of us whose life would not be enriched by such rules and prescriptions? Consider Edward Fitzgerald—than whom a mightier re-peruser before the Lord never lived. His Letters are an education in the joys of re-perusal. The true Critic on the Hearth is he, with his "dear Sevigné"; and his "Great Gun," Crabbe; and Sophocles, "Oh, how immeasurably superior!"—to Euripides; and Montaigne, blessed cargo of his lugger at Lowestoft. He re-perused them all; and there is a whole philosophy of re-perusal, and of independent fireside reading, in a letter to his old schoolfellow, W. B. Donne, about Montaigne. Its dry good sense and secreted irony are delightful. Here is its salient passage:

When your letter was put into my hands I happened to be reading Montaigne, L. III., Ch. 8, "De l'Art de Conferer," where at the end he refers to Tacitus, the only Book, he says, he had read consecutively for an hour together for ten years. He does not say very much; but the Remarks of such a Man are worth many Cartloads of German Theory of Character, I think: their Philology I don't meddle with. I know that Cowell has discovered they are all wrong in their Sanskrit. Montaigne never doubts Tacitus' facts, but doubts his Inferences; well, if I were sure of his Facts, I would leave others to draw

their Inferences. I mean if I were Commentator, certainly: and I think if I were Historian too. Nothing is more wonderful to me than seeing such men as Spedding, Carlyle, and I suppose Froude, straining Fact to Theory as they do, while a scatter-brained Paddy like myself can keep clear. But then so does the Mob of Readers. Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred Years: still more, of two thousand. And, whether we be right or wrong, we prevail: so, however much wiser are the Builders of Theory, their Labour is but lost who build: they can't reason away Richard's Hump, nor Cromwell's Ambition, nor Henry's Love of a new Wife, nor Tiberius' beastliness. Of course they had all their Gleams of Goodness; but we of the Mob, if we have any Theory at all, have that which all Mankind have seen and felt, and know as surely as Day-light; that Power will tempt and spoil the Best.

FitzGerald, to be sure, lived a recluse, and had time on his hands. Time to be the apostle of sound reading, which is re-reading; and such he became and remains. Let us confess it, we do not read again as we ought. We need a literary Lent. Think of it—once a year—a time of re-perusal.

Correspondence.

Maeterlinck and the "Contemporary Review."

SIR,—All lovers of M. Maeterlinck's work must have read with mingled wrath and laughter Mr. Ropes's article in the March *Contemporary Review*, professing to give a full and unbiassed estimate of Maeterlinck's genius and intention. He deliberately passes over much of his best work and submits the remainder to the most cursory examination. For "Serres Chaudes" quotations from two rather obscure poems are considered sufficient; "La Princesse Maleine" is criticised by a comic song, and the old, old charge of repetitions brought up against it. The well-known parallel with Hamlet is again brought forward, but any discussion of the symbolism is carefully avoided. "Pelleas et Mélisande" is patronisingly approved; but we are told that it is unreal, remote from life. Did Mr. Ropes never see the intense and haunting acting of Martin Harvey and Mrs. Patrick Campbell? "Interieur" and "L'Intruse" are treated with something like fairness, but the mocking analysis of "Les Sept Princesses" is hard reading for the earnest disciple. In all these plays Mr. Ropes, while denying Maeterlinck the dramatic gift, allows his power over the chords of pity and dread—but rather thinks Mr. Kipling does it better. He entirely misses the note of Greek tragedy which Maeterlinck strikes; the inevitableness of the action; the chorus, generally supplied by an old man or woman; the strange stillness of the soul which is felt through his work. Finally, he attempts to assess Maeterlinck as poet, dramatist, and mystic, while considering no more than the bare plot of "Aglavaine et Selysette," and without mention of the essays, in which the whole of Maeterlinck's artistic creed may be found.

The Maeterlinck controversy, like the Browning quarrels of the past, seems destruction to all fairness and literary courtesy. We still await a cool and judicial critic whom symbolism affrights not, and mystics do not annoy.

—I am, &c.,

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

3, Campden Hill-place.

"Disappearing" Lever.

SIR,—We observe in your notes a list of "Disappearing Authors" [from Mr. Justin McCarthy's *North American Review* article], among whom Charles Lever has a place.

During the last few years the public has paid for editions of Lever's novels issued by us about £9,000. Considering that several of his books are out of copy-

right, and that there are numerous editions of these non-copyright books in the market, we should be inclined to regard Charles Lever as an author who was "disappearing" with a flourish.

In a series of sixpenny out-of-copyright novels issued by us, extending to nearly fifty volumes, the first three books in point of sales are written by Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and Lever. The series referred to contains novels by Scott, Dickens, Marryat, and various other masters.—We are, &c.,

March 23, 1900.

DOWNEY & Co., LTD.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE ROMAN OCCUPATION. VOL. I. BY ANDREW LANG.

The revival of Scottish literature, particularly History, is one of the marked features of the time, and Mr. Lang's work has long been expected with interest. It will be complete in two volumes. Mr. Lang dedicates the work to Sir Herbert Maxwell in these terms: "In studying the records of our past, your name has come under my eyes many hundreds of times since the days of MACCHUS, ARCHIPIRATA, and never without pleasantly reminding me of you, and of hours among books, or by the banks of Test and Lea. You will oblige me by accepting this work, that, some day, may remind you of me." Of the present volume Mr. Lang says that it is "an attempt to examine the elements and forces which went to the making of the Scottish people, and to record the more important events which occurred between the Roman occupation and the death of Cardinal Beaton in 1546." (Blackwood & Sons. 15s. net.)

THE TRIALS OF THE BANTOCKS. BY G. S. STREET.

Here we have Mr. Street quizzing a social type, as he did in the *Autobiography of a Boy*. The Bantocks were perfect in their way, "admirably correct"; their town house and their country house were each admirably situated and appointed. "Mr. and Mrs. Bantock alike had a large and unwavering dignity. . . . Russell Bantock, my contemporary, was a notable personage at school, and in all the best clubs of 'the House,' in my unpretentious days at Oxford." Yet the Bantocks had their trials, and what these were, and how they bore them, is the matter of this volume. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOVE OF AN UNCROWNED QUEEN. BY W. H. WILKINS.

The romantic and clouded life of Sophia Dorothea, consort of George I. Mr. Wilkins has found new material for his life of a "Queen" whose fate rivalled that of Mary Stuart's in sadness; and with a view to doing the work thoroughly he has visited "Celle where she was born; Hanover, where she lived during her unhappy married life; and Ahlden, where, for more than thirty years, she was consigned to a living tomb." These handsome illustrated volumes will be welcome to all readers who like such lives of queens as were written by Agnes Strickland. (Hutchinson & Co.)

LETTERS TO MADAME HANSKA. BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

This is the translation of a volume recently published in France, entitled *H. de Balzac Œuvres Posthumes. Lettres à l'Étrangère, 1833-1842*, purporting to contain letters, written by Balzac to the lady who afterwards became his wife, which were not included in the definitive edition of Balzac's work published by Calmann-Lévy in 1876. The translator, Miss Wormeley, throws considerable doubt on

the genuineness of many of these new letters. Others she accepts as Balzac's. We are afraid that many readers will be put off the volume by the complicated statements and arguments—necessary though they be—in Miss Wormeley's preface. (Hardy, Pratt & Co.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Clark (William), *The Paraclete: A Series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit* (T. & T. Clark) 2/6
Ethics and Religion. A Collection of Essays by Sir John Seeley, Dr. Felix Adler, and others (Sonnenschein) 5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Barr (Robert), *The Unchanging East* (Chatto & Windus) 6/0
 Cecil, M.P. (Evelyn), *On the Eve of the War* (Murray) 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lankester (E. Ray), *A Treatise on Zoology. Part III. The Echinodermata.* By F. A. Bather, J. W. Gregory, and E. S. Goodrich (Black) net 15/0
 Cunningham (J. T.), *Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom* (Black) net 10/0
 Kant (Immanuel), *Dreams of a Spirit-Seer. Illustrated by Dreams of Metaphysics.* Translated by Emanuel F. Goerwitz (Sonnenschein) 2/6
 Hight (George A.), *An Essay on Mental Culture* (Dent)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Goodyear (W. H.), *Renaissance and Modern Art* (Macmillan) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Smyth (H. Weir), *Greek Melic Poets* (Macmillan) 7/6
 Hyslop (A. R. F.), *The Andromache of Euripides* (Macmillan) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Conway Parish Registers, 1541-1793 (Charles J. Clark) net 25/0
 Oole (R. W.), *The Struggle for Empire* (Stock)
 Pétavel (E.), *The Rights of England in the South African War* (Blackwood) 7/6
 Gant (F. J.), *Mock Nurses of the Latest Fashion, A.D. 1900* (Baillière, Tindall & Cox.)
 Greener (W. W.), *Sharp-Shooting for Sport and War* (Everett & Co.) 1/0
 Murray (Dr. James A. H.), *A New English Dictionary. In—Infer.* Vol. V (Clarendon Press) 5/0
 Sherwood (Rev. W. E.), *Oxford Rowing* (Frowde) 10/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Burrow (George), *The Romany Eye* (Murray) 6/0
 Larger Temple Shakespeare. Vols. 9 and 10 (Dent) each net 4/6
 Little Library: In Memoriam. With Analysis and Notes by Rev. H. C. Beeching (Methuen) net 1/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 27 (New Series).

JUDGING by the number of replies we have received to the Book-Tea competition, this mild and pleasant form of amusement is still popular. A few competitors accompanied their examples with drawings. Certain books, illustrated by practically the same symbol, were submitted from several sources. Among those thus favoured, were: *Nicholas Nickleby*, *In Varying Moods*, *Red Pottage*, *Middlemarch*, and *We Two*. We have decided to award the prize of one guinea to Miss H. B. Stephen, Queen Mary's House, Inverness, for the following:—

A sketch of two unmistakable angels in conflict.—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

We print below a selection of other attempts:—

An ingenious lady went to a book-tea with a card, on which was inscribed the name "Godiva," pinned to her dress. The title of the book represented was *Tom Sawyer*. [G. O. P., Chelsea.]

D

B r.

Under the Deodars (D odd r's). [E. R., London.]
 A small boy, in a deserted schoolroom, doing his sums.—*The Solitary Summer*. [J. S., London.]

Two penny wooden dolls, the jointed kind, fastened on the shoulder, one doll to be bent nearly double, the other only slightly.—*The Greater Inclination*. [G. N., Bristol.]

A bulb—worn in buttonhole or elsewhere.—*Cometh up as a Flower*. [E. P. B., Bournemouth.]

Guest brings a hoe.—*Ivanhoe*. [E. M., Brighton.]

Wear pinned on dress following announcement: Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.—*From Sea to Sea*. [F. H., Braintree.]

I love. I will love. I have loved.—*In Varying Moods.*

[J. W. G., Liverpool.]

A small picture of Mr. Kruger smoking a pipe.—*Paul and Virginia.*

[V. S., London.]

Wear a label clearly written with "All Well."—*Well After All.*

Wear inscription: "To my dear niece the sum of £20."—*The Little Legacy.*

[S. C., Brighton.]

An empty purse.—*Life's Handicap.*

[E. M. H., London.]

Wear a piece of paper with "March 15th, 12.30 p.m.," written on it.—*Middlemarch.*

[B. S., London.]

A bottle of hair tonic or oil must be displayed.—*For the Crown.*

[F. M. W., London.]

Blank card.—*No Name.*

[A. A., Southport.]

Wear a large sheet of white paper pinned in front of you with a tiny (2) upon it.—*We Two.*

[L. M. L., Stafford.]

A sealed envelope on which is written the information: "Herein are contained 24 sheets of note-paper."—*The Choir Invisible.*

[M. B., Derby.]

Toy crab and lobster.—*Toilers of the Sea.*

[G. B., London.]

"Oysters now in season."—*The Return of the Native.*

[G. B., Birmingham.]

Replies also received from: L., Dover; C. R., Manchester; R. N., Sunderland; H. J. P., Birmingham; H. W. D., London; C. M. G., Monmouth; Z. McC., Yorkshire; G. E. M., London; G. M. P., Birmingham; A. W. G., London; H. J., Leeds; A. S. H., Dalkeith; D. L., Felix-towe; T. B., Cheltenham; J. H. C., Edinburgh; H. G. H., Whitby; H. J., London; W. P., London; D. E. B., London; F. K. F., London; J. Y. S., Hyères; A. H., Durham; C. L. E., Matlock; M. A., London; G. Beigate; J. B., Kirkcaldy; R., Guildford; P. R., Manchester; E. O., London; A. E. R., London; F. M., London; K. F., London; H. W., London; A. W. D., London; A. M., London; B. J., Cardiff; F. F. A., Manchester; H. D., London; A. D. H., London; W., Cheshire; C., London; L. W. L., Burton; G. S. H., Bradford; M. P. F., Birmingham; F. P., Maidencombe; H. V., Brighton; M. M. D., London; G. M., Bedford; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. F. E., London; F. S., London; G. P. B., London; G. W. Hull; J. F. H., London; E. M. C., Ipswich; A. F. T., Hull; W. A. B., London; A. C. C., Wakefield; P. L. N., York; C. M., Darlington; G. A., Oxford; A. S., Gravesend; N. A., Kent; B. R., London; S. E. M., Edinburgh; E. B., Liverpool; E. H., Didsbury.

Competition No. 28 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of one guinea for the best suggestion, within the limit of 200 words, of a subject for a historical novel. The central interest of the story and its literary possibilities should be indicated.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 280, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(Closes March 31st.)

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The Literary Week.

Our Special Competition closed on March 31, and the judging is now proceeding. The results will be published, and, if space permits, the Prize Competition in each section printed, in our issue of April 28. The largest number of replies were received from poets.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING telegraphed to the *Times* a poem of twelve lines on the death of General Joubert. We quote the first stanza :

With those that bred, with those that loosed, the strife
He had no part whose hands were clean of gain;
But, subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.

In *A Kipling Primer*, the author, Mr. Knowles, remarks that the lines addressed to Wolcott Balestier beginning—

Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled—

“touch almost the high-water mark of Kipling’s work.” Mr. Knowles does not seem to be aware that the poem in question is but an adaptation, shorn and changed, of a longer poem called “The Blind Bug,” contributed some years before by Mr. Kipling to the *National Observer*. There’s husbandry in poets.

THE *Publishers’ Circular* understands that for the serial rights of his new novel Mr. Rudyard Kipling is receiving the highest price ever paid to an English writer of fiction. The sum is said to be equal to the annual salary of a Cabinet Minister.

MR. JOHN GLYDE, the author of the *Life of Edward FitzGerald*, published last week, is an Ipswich bookseller, whose business was established more than half a century ago in that town. Mr. Glyde is also the author of *Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century*.

ARPROPOS of the Boat Race, the *Daily Mail* published the following tables of “odds” showing what are the chances of the individual Blue’s choice of a profession :

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
11 to 8 on the Church.	5 to 4 on the Church.
5 to 2 against the Law.	11 to 8 against the Law.
10 to 1 against the Army.	33 to 1 against Medicine.
20 to 1 against Medicine.	33 to 1 against the Army.

A NEW accession to the ranks of London publishers is Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, whose name has hitherto been associated with the editing of English reprints. Mr. Johnson, who has been appointed the London representative of the Century Company, New York, will shortly bring out a second series of *Essays in Liberalism* by a group of Oxford men who represent the advanced, though not the collectivist, wing of the party.

At the head of each chapter of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler’s new novel, *The Faringdons*, stands a snatch of verse, and, as the verses bear no quotation marks, it is to be presumed they are the author’s composition. It should not be difficult for the reader to construct the chapters from their preliminary verses. Chapter V., for example, to which this is allotted :

You thought you knew me in and out,
And yet you never knew
That all I ever thought about
Was You.

THE *Sphere*, in its issue of April 21, will publish a story by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, it is announced, will act in South Africa as one of the correspondents for Messrs. Pearson’s new paper, the *Daily Express*. Taking advantage of the lull in the operations, some of the correspondents are returning to England for a short while. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the war artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is among these. During his brief stay Mr. Villiers will lecture on his experiences.

MR. W. ALGERNON LOCKER, late editor of the *Morning Post* and of the *London Letter*, has been appointed editor of the *Irish Times*.

IN 1877 Lady Dorothy Neville sent Mr. Mallock’s *New Republic* to Lord Beaconsfield, who read it and replied : “It is a capital performance, and the writer will, I think, take an eminent position in our future literature.” Mr. Mallock has written much prose and verse since then, but it would be too much to say that he has repeated the success of *The New Republic*. However, he has now offered for criticism a distinctly ambitious work dealing more or less with that very conflict between science and religion which has recently been dramatised, so to speak, in the last controversy, and death of Dr. St. George Mivart. We need not remind our readers that the aim of Mr. Mallock’s philosophical writings has always been to show that science, taken by itself, can supply man with no basis for religion. In his present work, which is addressed to those who identify Christianity with doctrine, Mr. Mallock seeks to show how the existence of religion is bound up in formal doctrine as human life is inseparable from a physical frame, and he affirms that “the only possible authority for supernatural Christian doctrine is a Church which is an inspired and developed organism. Such a Church cannot dispose of the cosmic arguments, which tell against all religions equally : but these being set aside, and the need for doctrinal Christianity being granted, Rome appeals to the world, as a living personal witness, a belief in whose veracity will carry a reasonable acceptance of the whole doctrinal system with it.” Mr. Mallock tells his readers in a foot-note that he suspended this work for a month or two in order to make that rendering, in English verse, of the moral philosophy of Lucretius, to which we drew attention when it appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon*.

THE unexpected death of Dr. St. George Mivart has a dramatic interest which will be felt by everyone who followed his recent remarkable controversy with Cardinal Vaughan. Great as were Dr. Mivart's scientific attainments and career, we think that he will be remembered—and that for a long time—for his strenuous, pathetic, illogical, yet noble attempt to reconcile the authority of his Church with the conclusions of his scientific conscience. Writing to a friend a few weeks ago, Dr. Mivart said :

The various articles and few books I have written have always represented my convictions at the time as accurately as I could represent them. My last work, *The Ground-work of Science* (John Murray), has undergone no ecclesiastical supervision, my convictions when I wrote it being almost fully what they now are. I have no more leaning to atheism or agnosticism now than I ever had; but the inscrutable, incomprehensible energy pervading the universe and (as it seems to me) disclosed by science, differs profoundly, as I read nature, from the God worshipped by Christians.

There is something tragically memorable in Dr. Mivart's long suppression of his doubts, their final outburst, his terrible break with his Church, and his death without sacrament, though assuredly not without honour.

AFTER the fiery sunset, a little breeze. Ten years ago Dr. Mivart wrote a "simple tale of our time." It now appears in regular novel form under the title of *Castle and Manor*. Although high matters of faith are discussed by the characters, the story was written "without any didactic or controversial intention whatever, but was merely suggested by personal, social, and local experiences by the author." To which is added: "One or two persons who suggested certain characters therein depicted are no longer living, but as nothing has been said to their discredit, it has not been thought necessary to suppress them."

THE doctrine of perpetual copyright was felicitously upheld on Thursday by Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) before the Royal Commission on Copyright, Lord Monkswell presiding. Mr. Clemens maintained that cheap editions of deathless books would be ensured, not extinguished, by perpetual copyright. Only one book in the world, he thought, had been fairly treated since the days of Queen Anne, and that was the English Bible. It enjoyed perpetual copyright, and this had not deprived the people of cheap editions. Mr. Clemens also pointed out that the number of books which would be affected by the extension of the forty-two years' limit to perpetuity would be very few—only sixty-five books in each year's output. Of these very few would survive a century—say, 650 volumes in half a million. "In America," said the witness (we quote the report of the *Daily News*), "when the number of slaves subject to the lash equalled the population of London to-day, a woman wrote a book which aroused humanity, swept slavery out of existence, and purged the fair name of America from reproach. The author is now dead; the copyright is dead; the children live and the book lives; but the profits go to the publishers." In the course of his remarks, Mr. Clemens told the Commission that his MS. was once taxed as "gas works"—"that hurt me, that did."

THE first number of the *Ruskin Union Journal* gives evidence that the Ruskin Union, formed on February 8 at St. Martin's Town Hall, is already at work. Most people, we fancy, will think that this ambitious Union, which, we see, already claims to be a "national organisation," has been too hastily formed. We are quite doubtful whether it has in it the seeds of success. There seems no reason why the Union should not have been formed ten years ago, instead of springing to life in the mind of the Rev. J. B. Booth "after returning from the Memorial

Service held in the Abbey on the day of Ruskin's funeral." The present number of the *Journal* contains the correspondence read at the Inaugural Meeting, the address of the Rev. J. B. Booth, and some flowers of Ruskin's prose.

The Book of Book-Plates (Williams & Norgate), a new quarterly, in a brown paper cover, has just made its bow to artists and bookmen. The purely artistic book-plate, as distinct from the heraldic, is to be studied; and in the first number we have six designs by Mr. James Guthrie and others by Mr. R. Anning Bell, Mr. Edmund H. New, and others. The magazine will satisfy enthusiasts, to whom alone, indeed, it appeals.

THAT famous aphorism in *David Harum*—"A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him f'm broodin' on bein' a dog"—is not without a good scientific basis, as a correspondent of the *New York Nation* points out. In his *Inquiry into the Human Faculty*, Mr. Francis Galton says:

The stimuli may be of any description; the only important matter is that all the faculties should be kept working to prevent their perishing by disuse. If the faculties are few, very simple stimuli will suffice. Even that of fleas will go a long way. A dog is continually scratching himself, and a bird pluming itself, whenever they are not occupied with food, hunting, fighting, or love. In those blank times there is very little for them to attend to beside their varied cutaneous irritations. It is a matter of observation that well washed and combed domestic pets grow dull; they miss the stimulus of fleas. If animals did not prosper through the agency of their insect plagues, it seems probable that their races would long since have been so modified that their bodies should have ceased to afford a pasture-ground for parasites.

That reasonable pain and discomfort stimulate thought is, of course, within most people's experience.

In the *Anglo-Saxon Review* Mr. Howard Paul has a vigorous defence of Macaulay against his harsher critics. Here is a salient passage:

The despairing editor of a serious journal once said that the world was divided into people who knew what they were writing about but could not write, and people who could write but did not know what they were writing about. Macaulay combined knowledge with the literary faculty, and to Dryasdust the combination has always been an offence. . . . Apart from detailed criticism, some of which is exceedingly interesting and important, the general accusation against Macaulay really resolves itself into this, that he overstated his case, and was too much of his own opinion. I do not think it altogether wise to deny that there is some truth in this charge. The proper answer is that the vehemence of Macaulay's Whiggery and the unqualified manner in which he condemns Marlborough and Penn are incidental defects of a very noble quality, the quality of moral indignation. . . . He had an almost passionate belief in the progress of society and in the greatness of England. For the opponents of the one and the enemies of the other he had neither toleration nor forbearance.

Mr. Paul's argument, which is well sustained, is not of course to be judged by a single extract. Speaking of the charge brought against Macaulay by Miss Martineau, that he had no heart, Mr. Paul quotes his description of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower, where Monmouth was buried, as an example of Macaulay's perception of the tears in things. Here it is:

In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable

enemies; with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends; with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

When it comes to answering Matthew Arnold's well-known criticism of Macaulay's style, Mr. Paul is more personal than convincing:

To say with Matthew Arnold that it has the perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality, is in my judgment absurd. Macaulay habitually hit the right nail on the head, and he did not, as Mr. Arnold sometimes did, knock out two tacks in the process.

In another part of the *Anglo-Saxon*, we find Lady Dorothy Neville giving reminiscences or letters of Lord Beaconsfield, Cobden, Thackeray, and Dickens.

THE six best selling book in America, as reported in the *New York Bookman*, are, with one exception, historical romances, and they are popular in the following order:

To Have and to Hold.
Red Pottage.
Janice Meredith.
Richard Carvel.
Via Crucis.
When Knighthood was in Flower.

A MONKEY story from over the water: a pet monkey belonging to a son of the Rev. W. G. Herbert, pastor of the Caroline Street Methodist Church, of Baltimore, got into the study of the clergyman the other evening, opened a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and tore out sixteen pages of the article on Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Then it turned to Butler's *Analogy*, and it was examining it with great apparent delight when the clergyman returned and put a stop to the proceedings.

LITERATURE as She is Pushed may be studied to advantage in American bookselling organs. There is a hustling directness about their paragraphs which is not unamusing in its place. We read:

SETON THOMPSON'S BOOKS

Seton Thompson's books are on the boom. In New York his lectures are the fad, and his books are in great demand. To date he has written:

Animals I Have Known.
Sand Hill Stag.
Autobiography of a Grizzly.

It is not true that Mr. Thompson was once a circus man.

Here is a searching query:

Why does Munsey publish the *Argosy*? An examination will prove that it is not made to sell. No illustrations, the cheapest kind of paper, and no writers of merit contribute to its pages.

Here a piece of literary biography:

STEDMAN.—Edmund Clarence Stedman, the "banker-poet," has sold his seat on the New York Stock Exchange for 39,500 dol., but will not retire altogether from business life. He will retain offices at No. 16, Broad-street. Mr. Stedman will thus have much more leisure than formerly, which he will devote to literature. He has nearly completed his *American Anthology*, a large volume upon which he has been engaged with a corps of assistants for nearly three years. This he regards as a rounding out of his critical works on poetry. Mr. Stedman has been active in "the street" for thirty-six years.

And here is an obituary notice which somehow recalls certain examples in *Elbow-Room*:

I miss my dear old friend Chrysestom P. Donahoe very much. His father, Patrick Donahoe, is still vigorous and bright, and gives evidence of many years' health. Chris.

Donahoe was ill only a short while, but none of his friends expected death would result. *The Pilot* is in good hands, and will be maintained under the able editorship of James Jeffery Roach as the leading Irish-American periodical in this country. Chris. had all the best qualities of an Irish gentleman. To illustrate a point, a friend remarked that if St. Peter likes a good story and Chris. Donahoe gets within ear-shot, he will have no trouble about his future occupation. Another addition to the host of good fellows who have gone before.

A more sober paper than the above is *Personal Impressions*, a little budget of book-talk, issued by a San Francisco firm of booksellers. Apart from literary matters this paper is concerned for the preservation of certain noble groves of the biggest of trees, the *Sequoia gigantea*, which are now threatened by the lumber merchants.

THE question of the Housing of the Poor in crowded towns is one of rapidly increasing importance. Mr. George Haw has devoted much attention to the subject, and the series of papers contributed by him to the *Daily News*, under the title of "No Room to Live," will be published immediately by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., in book form, with revision and additions by the author.

NON-COPYRIGHT books go cheap in England now; you can have all Shakespeare, or all Byron, for sixpence. But an American publisher would be shocked at such niggardliness. Here is a price-list from the *New York Herald*:

CLOTH BOUND BOOKS IN SETS.	s.	d.
Shakespeare, 15 vols., in cloth box	8	3
Charles Dickens, 15 vols.	10	5
Sir Walter Scott, 12 vols.	9	4
Bulwer Lytton, 13 vols.	9	4
George Eliot, 5 vols.	4	7
Charlotte Brontë, 6 vols.	4	7
Nathaniel Hawthorne, 5 vols.	2	3
Conan Doyle, 5 vols.	2	3

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's semi-public reading of *Paolo and Francesca* last week, at the residence of Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce is thus described by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

Mr. Stephen Phillips had everything to fight against. A sunny afternoon set jaded Londoners, like the dying Falstaff, "a' babbling of green fields," inviting them rather to the freedom of the open road than to the closeness of a drawing-room in Dean's-yard; nor are the "rustle of lace, the purr of pretty women," however delectable in themselves, anything but a jarring accompaniment to poetry. Add to these the fact that every one checked the reader from the printed page, the turning of leaves punctuating the cadences; and that the author, discarding any tricks of elocution or gesture he may have acquired as an actor, was almost austere in his methods, and it will be realised how severe was the handicap. Yet the effect on the crowded room was thrilling in its intensity. As the speaker's voice rolled easily on with just the ebb and flow of the verse periods, the jangling of ornaments and frou-frou of skirts gave place to the hush of expectation. The very simplicity of Mr. Phillips's reading provoked thought, and thought unlocked the door of imagination.

THE *Daily News* is entitled to acclaim the late Mr. Archibald Forbes as "the ideal war correspondent." Later men have written as brilliantly, and have even struck new notes; but reporting a war is, after all, technical work, and Forbes combined technique with literary ability. He had been a soldier, and was always a student of military science; he was the master of a pithy, glowing, and tender style of narrative, and he could write with the speed of a whirlwind.

MOREOVER, Forbes was a commercial success. He knew, as the *Daily News* points out, that a war correspondent's duty is to be the first to see the fighting and the first to leave the field. Many good stories have been told of his devices for getting first to the nearest telegraph office. One told by Forbes himself was this:

Here is a little scene: Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work; everybody done up. "Hullo, Jones," says Smith, "there's Forbes already asleep, like brass." "By Jove, yes," quoth Jones (incipient snore from Forbes); "it would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in," says Jones; "time enough to get our stuff off to-morrow, eh?" "Right you are," responds Smith. In ten minutes the wearied warrior-scribes are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost; sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow candle; writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours; finishes with the last flicker of his dip; saddles a horse; off he goes, helter skelter, across country; gallops for an hour; delivers his letter; gallops back; is in bed by four; sleeps, this time, "like brass," and no mistake. "Hullo, lazy-bones," exclaims Smith at 7 a.m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" quoth Forbes, drowsily. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil you are. Why hurry? Let's have another snooze." At last Smith and Jones get their stuff off; and in three days discover, to their bewilderment, that they were twenty-four hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse, he would have been the first to laugh over it and to congratulate his successful competitor.

Mr. Forbes died at his residence, near Regent's Park, where in his last days he had followed the struggle in South Africa with the keenest interest.

Bibliographical.

THE appearance of the *First and Last Poems* of Miss Arabella Shore forms, I suppose, the *finale* to an interesting little chapter in the by-ways of literary history. Miss Arabella and Miss Louisa Shore, the able and accomplished daughters of a divine and scholar, began to publish verse in 1855, when they issued a little book of *War Lyrics* under the pen-name of "A. and L."—initials which also appeared on the title-pages of *Gemma of the Isles* (1859) and *Fra Dolcino* (1870). Then came an interval of twenty years, at the end of which "A. and L." put forward a volume of *Elegies and Memorials*, followed, in 1897, by *Poems by A. and L.* In the last-named year the anonymity of the sisters was discarded. Miss Louisa Shore had died, and a selection from her *Poems* was now brought out, with a memoir, by Miss Arabella Shore, and an "appreciation" by Mr. Frederic Harrison. In the following year came a new edition of Miss Louisa Shore's dramatic poem, *Hannibal*, with a preface by her sister. Now Miss Arabella Shore has made a selection from her own poems, and lovers of verse can pronounce upon the poetic outcome of both ladies. Miss Arabella Shore, I may mention, has already been before the public as the author of a book on *Dante for Beginners* (1886).

The correspondent of the ACADEMY who in last week's number protested against Mr. A. R. Ropes's estimate of Maeterlinck's genius and work is not aware, perhaps, that Mr. Ropes, under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Adrian Ross," is in the habit of writing comic songs for modern "musical comedies." It is true that, sixteen years ago, Mr. Ropes published, with his real name, a little volume of serious *Poems*, in which (besides translations from Gautier, Baudelaire, and De Banville) there were evidences of freshness of thought and fancy. Of late, however, Mr. Ropes would appear to have confined his rhythmic gift to the production of "lyrics" for such theatrical entertainments as "Go-Bang," "The Ballet Girl," "Morocco Bound," and other effusions of our lighter stage—a class of literary product

which can hardly help its producer to an appreciation of the powers and performances of Maeterlinck. Mr. Ropes has, in his time, edited several French classics for the Pitt Press, but even those labours, apparently, have left him unprepared to recognise the fascinating qualities of "The Princess Maleine" and its fellows.

In the introductory note to Mr. John Glyde's *Life of Edward FitzGerald*, Mr. Edward Clodd says of Mr. Glyde that he "has not only spent his life among books, but has added to their number in treatises of value for knowledge of the history of his native country." Surely for "country" we ought to read "county"? I can find no trace of any contribution by Mr. Glyde to the literature of English history. On the other hand, he seems to have issued several publications concerning the county of Suffolk—such as *The New Suffolk Garland* (a collection of anecdotes, ballads, songs, and so forth), *Glyde's Guide to Ipswich*, and *Illustrations of Old Ipswich*. He appears also to be responsible for *The Norfolk Garland*. Two books, one on Ipswich and another on *Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century*, were issued in 1850 and 1856 respectively, and these, I take it, were by an elder John Glyde than FitzGerald's biographer.

With reference to the epigram I quoted last week from Bishop How's *Lighter Moments*, Mr. J. G. Alger writes from Paris: "On the death, nearly twenty years ago, of James Crossley, of Manchester, my friend John Eglington Bailey credited him with the lines:

You say your curate has fine eyes;
How should I this divine?
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches closes mine.

Wit, antiquary, and bibliophil, Crossley was not likely to be a plagiarist, especially as he wrote other epigrams, one of them on Dr. Fraser [Bishop of Manchester], beginning:

Pray where did Mr. Gladstone pick up
This great steam-engine of a bishop?"

The fact that Mr. J. E. Bailey "credited" Mr. J. Crossley with the above quatrain is not quite to the point. The question rather is, Did Mr. Crossley himself ever claim to be its author? It would have been singular had he done so, for the epigram, as quoted by me last week, is included in the *Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous* of George Outram, the Scottish journalist, who died in 1856.

Some of my readers may find it useful to have a list of the chief publications of the late Mr. Archibald Forbes:—*Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke* (1882), *Chinese Gordon* (1884), *Souvenirs of Some Continents* (1885), *Afghan Wars, 1839-42 and 1878-80* (1891), *Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles* (1891), *Csar and Sultan: a British Lad in the Russo-Turkish War, 1877-8* (1894), *Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde* (1895), *Memories and Studies of War and Peace* (1895), *Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places* (1896), "The Black Watch" (1896), *The Life of Napoleon III.* (1898).

I see that some of the newspapers have been gravely ascribing the new book on Mrs. Delany to "Mr. George Paston," though it is a matter of common, if not universal, knowledge that "George Paston" is the *nom-de-guerre* of a lady. A writer's desire to be known only by a pseudonym should, I think, always be respected; and the book in question, therefore, would be properly described as by "George Paston," but, I would suggest, without the "Mr." No one ever talked or wrote about "Mr." George Eliot.

The promised *Random Recollections* of Mr. William Tinsley will, no doubt, comprise a good deal of interesting matter. Publishers usually have something piquant to tell about the authors with whom they have been associated—and *vice versa*. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Tinsley has already published some Reminiscences in the pages of the magazine to which he gave his name, but which, I believe, is no longer in existence.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Inexhaustible Book.

Lavengro. By George Borrow. (Murray. 6s.)

"So, sir, I am told by your friend there, that you are fond of the humanities."

"Yes," said I; "I am very fond of humanity."

THE inch of dialogue goes to the heart of Borrow's personality. He is a scholar by accident, and by a certain waywardness of the intellect which takes delight in the wilder philological surmises, the crack-brained philosophies, the obscure by-ways of history. But by instinct he is the student and lover of man. His book is a singular picture-gallery of human types, observed with a catholic imagination, which turns the most unpromising material, not, indeed, "to favour and to prettiness," but to wholesome and whimsical humour. How they live, drawn with what few and broad strokes, ineffaceable from the memory!—the Flaming Tinman and Isopel Berners; Jasper Petulengro, the gipsy; Peter, the Preacher, who had committed "the sin against the Holy Ghost"; the fat landlord and the maid Jenny; Francis Ardry and the "small, beautiful female with flashing eyes"; the Armenian merchant; the apple-woman, who sat on London Bridge receiving faked clies, and absorbed in *The Life of Blessed Mary Flanders*; the publisher who sweated Borrow to compile *The Chronicles of Nevogate*, and to review and translate into German his own cosmic philosophy, destined to prove that the world was not round, but pear-shaped. What delicious fooling he evokes!

I at first felt much inclined to be of the publisher's opinion with respect to the theory of the pear. After all, why should the earth be shaped like an apple, and not like a pear?—it would certainly gain in appearance by being shaped like a pear. A pear being a handsomer fruit than an apple, the publisher is probably right, thought I; and I will say that he is right on this point in the notice which I am about to write of his publication for the Review. And yet I don't know, said I, after a long fit of musing—I don't know but what there is more to be said for the Oxford theory. The world may be shaped like a pear, but I don't know that it is; but one thing I know, which is, that it does not taste like a pear; I have always liked pears, but I don't like the world. The world to me tastes more like an apple, and I have never liked apples. I will uphold the Oxford theory; besides, I am writing in an Oxford Review, and am in duty bound to uphold the Oxford theory. So in my notice I asserted that the world was round; I quoted Scripture, and endeavoured to prove that the world was typified by the apple in Scripture, both as to shape and properties. "An apple is round," said I, "and the world is round; the apple is a sour, disagreeable fruit, and who has tasted much of the world without having his teeth set on edge?" I, however, treated the publisher, upon the whole, in the most urbane and Oxford-like manner, complimenting him upon his style, acknowledging the general soundness of his views, and only differing with him in the affair of the apple and pear.

Borrow's sympathies are limited only by Protestantism, and his prejudices against the Church of Rome, "vile Rome, crumbling Rome, Batuscha's town," best set them off. He is not, however, at home in cities, happiest when he doffs civilisation and gets down to the elemental, the naked buff of man. He is untamed. His is no God who "taketh no pleasure in the strength of a horse, neither delighteth He in any man's legs." He "questions whether philology, or the passion for languages, requires so little apology as the love for horses." His description of the old stallion at the fair is classic:

An old man draws nigh, he is mounted on a lean pony, and he leads by the bridle one of these animals; nothing very remarkable about the creature, unless in being smaller than the rest and gentle, which they are not; he is not of the sightliest look; he is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But stay! there is something

remarkable about that horse, there is something in his action in which he differs from the rest. As he advances the clamour is hushed! all eyes are turned upon him—what looks of interest—of respect—and, what is this? people are taking off their hats—surely not to that steed! Yes, verily! men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn ah!

"What horse is that?" said I to a very old fellow, the counterpart of the old man on the pony, save that the last wore a faded suit of velveteen, and this one was dressed in a white frock.

"The best in mother England," said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth, and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest; "he is old like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my swain; tall and overgrown ones like thee never does; yet, if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great grand-boys. Thou hast seen Marshland Shales."

Classic, too, is the chapter on the "Bruisers of England," with many another passage in which the red blood is manfully drawn. Borrow's own pugilistic career was not, indeed, fortunate. His father made a match of it with Big Ben Brain, but Mr. Petulengro found him "less apt with the morleys than the stuffed gloves"; and it would have gone hard with him at the hands of the Flaming Tinman, in spite of Belle's help, had not that redoubtable ruffian brought his fist against a tree. The fact is, that, like most who write about blood, Borrow is himself a dreamer and not a doer of deeds. What delights him in the pugilists, as in the gipsies, is their closeness to mother earth. He has the passion of earth, and the intimate charm of *Lavengro* is its out-of-dooriness. It is the epic of vagrancy. Borrow and Stevenson are the born vagrants: with them—and with how few?—you might safely trust yourself upon a pilgrimage. Out of doors, Borrow catches the note of essential poetry.

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

Consider, too, the visit to Stonehenge, seen dimly in the dew and haze of morning, like "a small grove of blighted trunks of oaks, barked and grey." And the Sunday morning beneath the red oaks, while Peter and Winifred were at worship.

After a time I sat me down at the foot of the oak with my face turned towards the water, and, folding my hands, I fell into deep meditation. I thought on the early Sabbaths of my life, and the manner in which I was wont to pass them. How carefully I said my prayers when I got up on the Sabbath morn, and how carefully I combed my hair and brushed my clothes in order that I might do credit to the Sabbath day. I thought of the old church at pretty D—, the dignified rector, and yet more dignified clerk. I thought of England's grand Liturgy, and Tate and Brady's sonorous minstrelsy. I thought of the Holy Book, portions of which I was in the habit of reading between service. I thought, too, of the evening walk which I sometimes took in fine weather like the present, with my mother and brother—a quiet, sober walk, during the which I would not break into a run, even to chase a butterfly, or yet more a honey-bee, being fully convinced of the dread importance of the day which God had hallowed. And how glad I was when I had got over the Sabbath day without having done anything to profane it. And how soundly I slept on the Sabbath night after the toil of being very good throughout the day.

And, finally, the idyll in "Mumper's Dingle," with its wonderful realisation of night and silence, with the invasion of the Flaming Tinman and his "mort," and the pathetic story of Isopel Berners.

It is an inexhaustible book; and the episodes omitted when it was first printed, and now by Prof. Knapp's

care restored to the present edition, are quite on the level of the rest. There may once have been reason for suppressing them, but neither Charles I. nor Byron are any longer sacred, and Borrow's criticisms upon one and the other are not likely to impair the popularity of *Lavengro* to-day. The bit on Byron, indeed, written before 1851, is singularly interesting as an early voice in the reaction against his fame :

" I saw the living man at Venice—ah, a great poet."
 " I don't think so," said I.
 " Hey!" said Francis Ardry.
 " A perfumed lordling."
 " Ah!"
 " With a white hand loaded with gawds."
 " Ah!"
 " Who wrote verses."
 " Ah!"
 " Replete with malignity and sensualism."
 " Yes!"
 " Not half so great a poet as Milton."
 " No?"
 " Nor Butler."
 " No?"
 " Nor Otway."
 " No?"
 " Nor that poor boy Chatterton, who, maddened by rascally patrons and publishers, took poison at last."
 " No?" said Francis Ardry.

We have already described the general features of Prof. Knapp's editorship of the volume, which is as modest as it is thorough. "Borrowians" have every reason to rejoice that Borrow's novels are to be given to them, one by one, under these auspices.

The Passion-Play.

The Passion-Play of Ober-Ammergau. Complete Text. Translated from the German by Mary Frances Drew. (Burns & Oates.)

The Passion-Play. By the late Lady Isabel Burton. Edited, with Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE Passion-Play of Ober-Ammergau is once more with us, after revolving through its decennial cycle. Thousands will crowd to the little German village to witness this year's representation, reinforced by the overflow of American tourists from the Paris Exhibition. For them come forth these two books. The one is a translation of the complete German text of the play, by Mary Frances Drew. The dramatic portion was issued in 1881, the translation of the choral portions in 1891; but the two are now for the first time published in a combined form, so as to present English readers with a version of the complete play. The other book is an account of the Passion-Play written by the late Lady Burton in 1880, after she had witnessed it together with her husband. He wrote his own impressions of the performance, which were published at the time; but his wife's book is now first issued, with a preface by her biographer, Mr. W. H. Wilkins.

The preface reminds us that this year will witness several changes in the cast. Most important of all, Joseph Mayer will no more play Christ. The famous peasant-actor, of whom all spoke with such enthusiasm in 1880 and 1890, suffered a severe accident in woodcutting among the hills, and relinquishes the part to Anton Lang, whom he has himself trained in its representation. Lady Burton writes with vivid impulse, and her book is full of interest, but she has not the gift of recording visual impressions. We learn what she felt, we do not see what she saw. A passage quoted in the preface from Sir Richard Burton's companion volume sets the great Crucifixion scene before

us with a force that she has not the art to achieve. We must quote it :

Two crosses are seen at the Podium as the curtain rises; the thieves, with bare heads and wild hair, hang on by their arms being passed over the cross-piece. The central cross, slowly raised from the ground by the hangman, drops into its socket, and the tall white figure, apparently only nailed on, hangs before us. The idea is new—a live crucifix. We have seen them in thousands, artistic and inartistic; but we never yet felt the reality of a man upon a cross. The glamour of the legend is over us, and we look upon, for the first time, what we shall not forget to the last.

Miss Drew's translation of the play shows it to be a remarkable achievement from a structural, no less than a scenic, standpoint. The Four Gospels are gathered into a dramatic whole with conspicuous architectonic skill. And the book of the play is an able, if not exactly a literary, performance. There is more than one conceivable way in which a dramatist might have confronted the difficulty of adapting the severe speech of the Gospels. He might have "reformed it altogether," as unsuitable for stage purposes, substituting speech of his own. He might have amplified it. He might have poetised it, perhaps, after the example of skilful fidelity with which Shakespeare has poetised the orations of Coriolanus in Plutarch—which, with such scant matter, would have involved also amplification. He might have overlaid it with decorative luxuriance and florid Corellinthian adornments. The Ober-Ammergau adapters have followed none of these methods. Their reverence has spared us the first, their judgment has spared us the last. Possibly *Barrabas* has not penetrated the mountain-girdle of the German village. They have chosen, we think, the most excellent way that could have been devised. The words of the New Testament are preserved in their primitive dignified simplicity. But since some addition must needs be, they have introduced just what was requisite, not for amplification, but for connexion—dramatic or merely explanatory. The Gospel sentences are the nodal points, about which these additions are but reticulated. It is done with exceeding care and no little skill, such as a professional dramatist, more self-conscious or eager to show forth his own power, might have lacked the detachment to imitate. Only here or there is there amplification of the evangelistic speeches, where it is clearly demanded by dramatic exigency. Even the inartificiality (in a literary sense) of these additions favours their unobtrusiveness. It must be added, on the other hand, that in the translation their style does not always lend itself to this laudable self-effacement, or subserve the *callida junctura* with such aptness as the substance. It lapses sometimes into conventional degenerations of language, or again runs frequently into slipshod colloquialities, which refuse to amalgamate with the clean sincerities of Biblical diction. We trust this may be as un-German as it is un-Scriptural. Returning, however, to the qualities inherent in the original, these complementary speeches of the adapters elucidate with remarkable clearness and economy of means the concatenation and significance of the New Testament narrative. In this aspect it would be hard to better them. Perhaps we can best illustrate this, and the judicious process of dove-tailing, by going through a typical act of the drama, which will also exhibit defects and qualities, on some of which we may afterwards comment.

Let us take the first bringing of Christ before Pilate. It opens with an allegorical tableau of Daniel impeached before Darius the King. The Chorus expound the tableau, and the scene shifts to the front of Pilate's house. The High Council, the Temple tradesmen, and the witnesses appear, with the Saviour encompassed by the rabble. After a brief and needful introductory scene between Caiaphas and his followers, Pilate emerges on the

balcony of his house. He asks the accusation against Christ, and receives the Scriptural answer: "If this man were not an evil-doer we should not have delivered Him unto thee." The Biblical recommendation follows, that they should judge Him according to their law, with the Biblical answer, that they are not suffered to inflict death; and Annas interpolates the required explanation that the Sanhedrim has found Christ worthy of death (not furnished in Scripture). Pilate refuses to condemn Him without knowledge of His crimes, while Caiaphas persuades the Governor to accept the examination of the Jewish High Council as sufficient. Pilate refuses. "I must know under what law and in what way He has transgressed." For the sake of dramatic clearness, Caiaphas is made to anticipate a subsequent answer in St. John: "We have a law, and by that law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God." It is a very rare liberty. "In such a speech, which is at most but the fruit of a vain imagination, a Roman can find nothing worthy of death," replies Pilate. "Besides, how can I know whether He be the son of a god, or no?" The indifference and the superstition are both characteristically heathen, and good dramatic touches. Caiaphas declares Christ "a rebel and a seducer of the people." The Governor doubts whether He could have excited sedition without the knowledge of Roman officials, and asks where or when? They recall Christ's crowded entry into Jerusalem. "I know this, but no rebellion has arisen from it," rejoins Pilate. Following the hint of Scripture, Caiaphas charges Christ with forbidding tribute to Cæsar, and, asked for proof, replies: "Proof enough, since He has given Himself out as the Messiah, the King of Israel! Is not that a challenge to the rule of the Emperor?" "I admire," ironically says Pilate, "your suddenly awakened zeal for the Emperor"; and asks Jesus, almost in the words of Matthew: "Hearrest Thou what heavy charges they are bringing against Thee? What answerest Thou?" Receiving no answer, he supposes Christ bewildered by the fury of His accusers, and orders Him to be brought within the palace. The private interview follows Scripture with scarce a break, including the explanation that Christ's kingdom is a spiritual one, and ending with the famous "What is truth?" But dramatic exigency forbids the repetition of the interview; and—by a very bold departure—the words of the second interview are interpolated in the middle of the first. Immediately after follows the message from Pilate's wife; he promises her to work for Christ's deliverance, and is confirmed by a brief scene with his courtiers (perhaps not quite necessary). He returns Jesus to the priests as guiltless. They renew the cry that He has outraged Jewish law, and Caiaphas adds: "Is he not also guilty before the Emperor who has outraged the law which his will has guaranteed?" We may quote to the finish.

PILATE. This is just as I have said. Had He sinned against our law, He would have been punished according to our law, so far as you have a right to it. I cannot pronounce the death sentence over Him, while I do not find that He has deserved death according to the law in which I am His judge.

CAIAPHAS. If He set Himself up as a king, would not that be rebellion? Would He not deserve punishment for high treason—the punishment of death?

PILATE. If this Man has given Himself out as a king, I should not judge these ambiguous words cause enough for me to sentence Him. With us it is openly taught that every philosopher is a king. You have not made it evident to me that He has arrogated to Himself kingly power.

NATHANAEL. Is there not evidence enough when through Him the whole people were in a tumult, when the whole of Judæa was filled with His teaching, from Galilee, where His first disciples assembled, even to Jerusalem?

PILATE. Comes He out of Galilee?

ALL. Yes, He is a Galilæan!

RABBLE. His home is at Nazareth, in the dominion of King Herod.

PILATE. If this be so, then I am spared the duty of

judging over Him. Herod, the King of Galilee, is come here to the Feast. He can now judge over His subjects. Take Him then and bring Him to His king. He shall be conducted thither by my bodyguard.

Amid the cries of the rabble, dragging Christ away to Herod, the act closes. Of course, there is no literary grip in this dialogue (at least in the English version), nor can we expect skill in characterisation. Pilate is conventionally self-consequent, Herod's easy-going nature is indicated with rather puerile touches in the succeeding act. But the nature of Pilate's difficulty, the course of his successive attempts to shirk it, is shown with a minimum of addition to or alteration of the Gospel details and speeches. This is in its way a triumph, and the whole play is in its way a triumph. For, in the judgment of assembled Europe, it acts.

In High Latitudes.

Modern Philosophy in France. By Lucien Levy Bruhl. (Kegan Paul. 12s. net.)

Darwin and Darwinism. By Dr. P. Y. Alexander. (J. Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Advance of Knowledge. By Lieut.-Col. Sedgwick, late of the Royal Engineers. (George Allen.)

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S staunch friend and profound expositor, John Fiske, is responsible for an amusing story about Hegel—a story which, though probably mythical, is significant of the value to be attached to those "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," which are dissolved by science and common sense and "leave not a rack behind." On being asked to explain a difficult passage, written many years before, the great German metaphysician gave it up in despair, frankly declaring, according to Fiske: "When I wrote that passage there were two who understood it—God and myself. Now, alas! God alone understands it." The story, if not true, is typical of the dense clouds which are certain to envelop those who deal in "fog and fustian," and who construct the universe on unverified and unverifiable *a priori* assumptions. Propositions built up of empty verbal symbols, and the fatal vice of playing with high-sounding but vague words, cannot permanently satisfy humanity; and, indeed, it is marvellous that the old metaphysics have held sway so long. But the tide is turning at last. Philosophy is now being revised under scientific conclusions, and a large number of the inquiries with which philosophy habitually concerned itself are being abandoned as incompatible with well-grounded scientific truth, and consequently utterly useless. From time to time, however, efforts are made in our universities to stem the tide, and now and again a man like Prof. Ward, of Cambridge, cries in the wilderness, and essays the Quixotic task of restoring philosophy to its former position in the clouds. But these efforts are unavailing, for an immense body of established scientific truth now checks the extravagance of the intellect left to itself.

Books dealing with the subject-matter of philosophy or with the history of philosophy must therefore be leavened with the historical and evolutionary tendencies of the age; otherwise they will not find favour with many readers. M. Lucien Levy Bruhl's *History of Modern Philosophy in France* is, however, conceived in the right spirit, is built up in the right way, and an English version of it can scarcely fail to meet with a cordial reception. The author makes his book cover a wide canvas, for, in addition to recognised philosophers like Descartes, Malebranche, Cousin, and Comte, he includes thinkers such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Renan, and Laine, who are not usually grouped with the philosophers "by profession." His critical summaries of the teaching of his great countrymen

are brilliantly executed, for, being deeply imbued with the modern comparative method, and thoroughly acquainted with English philosophy and English evolutionary thought, he separates the wheat from the chaff, disengages what is permanently true from what is doubtful and erroneous, and enables his readers to trace step by step the evolution of philosophic thought. All this is excellent; surprisingly so. For M. Levy Bruhl is a French professor, and M. Gustave Le Bon has lately been writing in disparaging terms about French professors. We are glad, therefore, to find that there is at least one writer who does not come within the scope of Le Bon's sweeping indictment. The book is well translated, is illustrated with portraits of the leading French philosophers, and is enriched with an exhaustive bibliography of modern French philosophy.

To pass from a book on French philosophy to a volume on *Darwin and Darwinism, Pure and Mixed*, may at first sight appear somewhat insane; but in reality there is method and purpose in such apparent madness. For just as the general doctrine of evolution at large has revolutionised philosophy, so one domain of phenomena—the biological—has important bearings on the general doctrine. And at the present day organic evolution, with which Darwin was solely concerned, is passing through an acute crisis, the gravity of which is fully recognised both by scientists and philosophers. The fact of evolution is universally admitted, but scientists are divided into two hostile camps upon the question of the process of evolution. One party, called the neo-Darwinian, is championed by Weismann, and holds to natural selection as the only factor required; while another party, called the neo-Lamarckian, is championed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and holds that other factors must be taken into account, and particularly the transmission of acquired characters. Good books on this important controversy are much wanted; but unfortunately Dr. Alexander has not produced a good book. We say "unfortunately" because, from his wide reading and careful study of plant and animal life, he, as a pronounced neo-Lamarckian, was capable of doing signal service to the side of the controversy which at the moment most needs the support of powerful advocates. But Dr. Alexander has simply thrown his chance away. He does not explain, as he ought to have done, the "little rift within the evolutionary lute," and then proceed to calmly marshal the facts and arguments which demonstrate the inadequacy of natural selection, as Mr. Herbert Spencer did in his rejoinders to Weismann. On the contrary, his book is one long, bitter, and at times almost absurd, attack against Darwin and Darwin's chief adherents and expounders. According to Dr. Alexander, Darwin was a poor thinker, who ought to have revised his books, but did not because "the books went on selling—as they were, as they were"; while his friends—men like Huxley, Ray Lankester, Russell Wallace, and Grant Allen—are "all so logical, these fine fellows, so philosophical, deeply philosophical and scientific, as well as see so far—so very, very far!" Even those who are influenced by Darwinian literature are abused, for they are described as "people who swallow what they read from those who have gained authority by the false and bad process of booming or of being boomed, and who can no more compare, analyse, and think for themselves than can the pump-handle." All this is simply atrocious, and no Spencerian evolutionist (and the present writer is one) will have anything to do with an author who soils his pages with such palpable absurdities. But Dr. Alexander is an enigma—a *crux criticorum*—and when he leaves off drivelling about Darwin and Darwinians, and takes to launching forth into bitter invectives against Lord Rosebery and the individualistic régime, we simply gave him up in despair.

In *The Advance of Knowledge* we are transported into the lofty regions occupied by Mr. Herbert Spencer, albeit that we are regaled with arguments, inferences, and theories that must greatly astonish that eminent philosopher,

unless, as seems likely, he has long ago ceased to be surprised at anything that emanates from critics and apologists. Colonel Sedgwick's aim is to reconcile religion and science, and this can, he assures us, be satisfactorily accomplished by what he calls the principle of antagonism. He details Mr. Spencer's teaching about antagonistic forces, and the alternate play of evolution and dissolution, progress and retrogression; but whereas Mr. Spencer holds that every form of phenomena is a manifestation of a Power utterly beyond us, Colonel Sedgwick believes that in evolution and dissolution we have proof of the existence of two "antagonist Powers which severally work good and evil in the world, and thus operate personally within us and about us, as religion teaches." One Power is said to be all for law and order and the side of Good, and the other Power is all for lawlessness and disorder and the side of Evil. These opposing Powers are said to represent the working of two Unknowables, if they represent the working of any Unknowable at all, and our author contends that even some of Mr. Spencer's writing points to the same conclusion. "Lawlessness" in phenomena and "two Unknowables" are utterly beyond us; but then we do not hold a brief to bring back the good old gods of the race, and are therefore thoroughly uninspired. But once the author works out the two powers of Good and Evil, all the rest follows in succession, and science is said to agree with the scene of man's development as given in the Bible, the experimenting in the eating of forbidden fruit, and the expulsion from Eden; while science is even stated to have shown that the Day of Judgment must come, and may even come now at any time. Though the author usually gives references, he does not mention scientific authorities for any of these particular statements. We must, however, add that throughout the entire volume there is an utter absence of misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse; and the author is so calm and dignified towards opponents that we hope his example will be followed by other writers of the same school.

Southern Arabia.

Southern Arabia. By Theodore Bent and Mrs. Theodore Bent. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THERE is so much that is excellent and informing in this book that we can only wish that it were better compiled; and that the matter which, however interesting to travellers, is purely irrelevant in a serious book of travel had been omitted. The general reader, looking at the sketch-map at the commencement, will be astonished that so stout a volume should be justified by the few red lines which mark the routes of Mr. and Mrs. Bent round about Arabia. The places visited were the Bahrein Islands, Muscat, the Hadramut (where the longest journey into the interior of Arabia was taken), Dhofar and the Gara Mountains, the littoral of the Eastern Soudan (where, strange as it sounds now, the authority of the Khalifa was a source of dread, if not of fear), the island of Sokotra, and Beled Fadhli and Beled Yafei.

The mounds of Ali, Bahrein, were examined by Mr. Bent, and in one of them were found ivories bearing a close and unmistakable resemblance to ivories found in Phœnician tombs on the shores of the Mediterranean, and to the ivories in the British Museum from Nimrod, in Assyria, universally accepted as having been executed by Phœnician artists. The result of the work left no doubt in Mr. Bent's mind that the mounds are of Phœnician origin, and that they were a vast necropolis of that mercantile race. The islands, Mrs. Bent holds, are, then, either the land of Punt, from which the Puni got their name, or a sacred spot for the burial of their dead. She inclines to the former supposition, judging from the mercantile importance of the Bahrein Islands, and the excellent school

they must have been for a race which was to penetrate to all the other known corners of the globe.

The most interesting part of the journey down the western shores of the Red Sea was the expedition into the interior from Mahomed Gol to a very ancient gold mine in the Wadi Gabeit. There is an ancient Egyptian plan of a gold mine on a papyrus in the museum of Turin of the time of Seti I., which M. Chabas considers to represent an auriferous vein in a desert mountain situated to the east of higher Egypt and very near the Red Sea. Mrs. Bent observes: "There seems every probability that the mine discovered by my husband was the one illustrated by the most ancient plan in the world, and, curiously enough, the fresh inscription we found seems to give a combination of vowels closely resembling the name given on the plan." It is improbable that the ancients, with their limited knowledge of mining, can have exhausted the place, and though the absence of labour and water seem against working, the mine is situated so conveniently near the sea, with comparatively easy road access, that labour might be imported, and artesian wells might possibly do away with the water difficulty.

In the account of the visit to Dhofar there is a characteristic little piece of eastern colour. Sultan Hussein told Mr. Bent on February 1 that a consul had been murdered at Jedda; but on reaching Aden they learned that no murder had taken place, nor did the murder occur till May, when several consuls were, it will be remembered, set upon by the natives. Here is a parallel case. The present writer landed in Turkey after the Berlin Conference on September 1, 1878, and was told by the Turkish major in charge of the detachment of troops on the beach that Mehemet Ali Pasha had been murdered at Ipek by the Albanians, whereas, as a matter of fact, the Pasha was not murdered till a day or two afterwards. This shows that these murders are generally part of a long pre-arranged plan, well known to everyone except, perhaps, the victim, although he, too, is often aware of the fate which is awaiting him.

The book is well illustrated with photographs and elucidated by some useful maps of the routes travelled. In the appendices will be found a list of plants from the Dhofar Mountains communicated to Kew Gardens in 1895, and a list of the land and freshwater shells collected by Mr. and Mrs. Bent in Sokotra. There is also a most valuable list of Sokoteri and Makri words, collected by Mr. Bent in the island of Sokotra, with the English and Arabic equivalents.

Fiction.

The Novel of Action.

The Rebel, being a Memoir of Anthony, Fourth Earl of Cherwell. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Maitland of Cortezia. By Francis Lavallin Puxley. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

It is to be confessed that the novel of action, so-called, furnishes a peculiar pitfall for the critic. He is but human, after all, and he has, in common with the average man, the power of visualising incidents that never occurred and becoming excited over them. The factitious hurry of the novel of action makes him "breathless," and this he often counts to the glory of the book. In short, when he is through with his reading he would as soon think, in nine cases out of ten, of criticising the artistic value of a real conflagration or a real shipwreck as of coldly dissecting the fiction that has "winded" him. And it is a fact none the less strange than true that the most intelligent commentary on the novel of action is supplied by ladies of middle life who have no notion of Art with a capital *a*, but a considerable liking for the probability, for what we may

be permitted to call the tidiness, of plot. These cold-blooded madams will sit down to *The Rebel*, for instance, and, while the assassin Harrington is crying "Stab him!" (p. 193), quietly put a strip of perforated card "in the place," rise from their tea and wait till the recurrence of that meal before finding out if the rebellious Earl of Cherwell left the room alive. For these elderly ladies, topography—and there is a plague of topography in most novels of action—is in no wise negligible; a too speedy recovery from a wound is an occasion for a sniff, and a too expansive heroine is as likely as not to be entitled a hussy or a minx. They will have you know that the laws of nature persist even amid battle and murder and sudden death, and that they mean to protest against their violation in the pages of fiction. They are very sane are these elderly ladies, and we may, perhaps, do worse than look at the novels of action before us with some regard to their point of view.

Mr. Watson presents us with a seventeenth century narrative written, we are to imagine, by a minor participator in the events which it records. The theme is the defence by the Earl of Cherwell (the Rebel) of a woman's honour against the machinations of the august inventor of the Boot. The character of the Earl is a clever conception. He has moments of clairvoyance and moments of crass stupidity. He is mixed up in treasons and uses men of the kind that fought at Sedgemoor for his private ends in the name of the public good. Yet affronted honour becomes in him a madness. His heroisms smack of the stage, but on these the book will sell. Mr. Watson's style, or rather that of the putative writer, is characterised by a precision of balance, a literary primness which is in striking contrast to the incessant commotion of the plot which it develops.

Another anomaly is afforded by the fact that the witty artist who delights in barbing the satirical tongue of Charles II. should betray such a weakness for posturing. Listen to this; it is the narrator talking to the heroine:

Look you, madam, there lies a watch-dog whom no threats can avert, and no prayers melt. For good or ill there is he set, with his eyes upon your door. And when you are retired into your chamber upon your Tower, and are crept in terror to your bed, with but your thin white veil and fallen hair to shield this delicate body, yonder, you shall remember, rest those eyes that watch and guard you.

This is caricature, you say. Not a bit of it; it is simply romance finding itself out, finding out its own incurable hollowness and trick of the tom-tom. Needless to say Mr. Watson is too clever to commit himself more than once or twice in this particular way. In the matter of incident—"action," by your leave—his book makes lavish demand on our credulity. Take, for instance, the passage (pp. 267-8) where Cherwell, on his way to London as a prisoner, manages to get out of his carriage while it is in motion, spring upon a mounted trooper riding by its side, gag him, and with a highwayman's assistance stuff him along with another trooper into the vehicle without attracting the attention of the rest of the escort! What is best in Mr. Watson is a native delicacy and poetry in the delineation of women. The Countess of Cherwell is a figure of much allurements; and we can call to mind few scenes where the pathos is at once so keen and so restrained as that in which she is suddenly confronted with a woman who was or wished to be her husband's mistress. As to the immorality of fastening fictitious crimes on historical characters, however bad, the elderly ladies whose assistance we invoked are, we think, agreed.

Maitland of Cortezia is a different type from the rebel earl. He is a glorification of the English administrator, and represents therefore Authority upholding the Standard. Perfect self-composure in the most trying situations is the nineteenth century ideal offered by Mr. Puxley. "One unmoved Englishman against an infuriated people"—that

is the spectacle, and who will refuse to cheer it? Cortezia belongs to the geography of fiction; but, though you will not find a British dependency on the Pacific coast of South America, it is plain that it may stand for either Chile or Peru. On the whole, the romance is successful in preserving its actuality, yet we cannot imagine an Englishman's sister even under strong emotion addressing her brother in the words of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." The sentimental *motif*—a girl falling in love with a man whom she is sworn to oppose—is a *cliché*, and in these pages she will not live for seasoned old ladies, but only for *ingénues*. The sketches of official types are admirably done, however, and although we have deprecated one of her utterances, the Administrator's sister is a real live woman. The book ends, as all elderly ladies will agree, tantalisingly. It withholds information which only the artistic sense can supply, and that is a pity, for after all *Maitland of Cortezia* is simply a yarn. Mr. Puxley's Cortezian patriots, it must be added, are of the rankest, although, "whatever else he might be, Fernan Mareiner was a gentleman" (p. 189). There is something wrong here, for this is what we learn of him: "What are you doing, Don Fernan?" asks the heroine. "I am about to execute a malefactor," he replies. "You are not going to kill him in cold blood?" she insists. "No, Señorita," he retorts, "it will not be cold, but who can avoid an accident? His Excellency is about to be so unfortunate as to be burnt in his own house?" And then this "gentleman," who has already promised to "amuse" himself with "His Excellency's" sister, proceeds to threaten the heroine with his licentious attentions. Mr. Puxley is, however, a novelist "of parts," and may, we think, be favourably compared with his young contemporary, the author of *Savrola*, whose imagination, though better trained in some respects, has not proved its power to bestow such pleasure.

In conclusion, if we were asked to define the weakness of the novel of action, we should express it in one word—posturing. It postures not because its authors are insincere, but simply because by renouncing the analytic method they surrender to the necessity of constantly signifying the heroic type by speeches, gestures, and surfaces.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SOPHIA. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman's new story is one of fashionable life in the West End in the eighteenth century. It opens in 1742, and there are routs, and visits to Vauxhall and coach rides into the country; and a deal of pleasant description of manners is wrought into a story which is concerned mainly with love and social comedy. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE FARRINGTONS. BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A new novel by the popular author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *A Double Thread*. The story deals with Methodism, love, and society, and is laid in Mereshire, "which is in the middle of England." The dedication to the book runs:

For all such readers as have chanced to be
Either in Mereshire or in Arcady,
I write this book, that each may smile and say,
"Once on a time I, also, passed that way."

(Hutchinson. 6s.)

BECKY. BY HELEN MATHERS.

This popular novelist's latest heroine has some—just a few—of the qualities of the great, the only Becky. But

the happier trend of her fortunes in love is indicated by the motto-lines:

Would you know, O curious Ben,
What true women want in men?
Only titles that are won
By some act that they have done;
Only manners that impart
Knowledge of their source—the heart.

(Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

CASTLE AND MANOR.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

This posthumous story was suggested, we are told in a brief preface, by the personal, social, and local experiences of the author. Its contents suggest that this description is very accurate. We have aristocratic and cultured people talking about the Anglican and Roman Churches, faith and science, Newman and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the equality of the sexes, forms of government, &c. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

TWO SUMMERS.

BY MRS. J. CLENNY WILSON

A quiet romance, something in the manner of Mr. Howells. One of the two summers is spent on the Pacific coast, and the other in a peer's house in England. The plot is slight, the strength and main interest of the book—a very charming one—being its character-drawing. (Harpers. 6s.)

THE TIGER'S CLAW.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

We do not gather at a glance why this cheery story of London life—oscillating between the West End and the City, between the Albany and Clement's-lane—is so fearfully entitled. But there is a tiger's claw, perhaps, in every novel. Mr. Burgin describes various phases of London life, including a Quakers' meeting in Bishopsgate-street. We are a little sorry that he has joined the ranks of the prologue writers. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT
SHADOW.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDS-
WORTH.

A sad story, with a happy ending, by the author of *The Years that the Locusts hath Eaten*. The scene is an Alpine health resort, peopled by invalids, and the principal character is the doctor. "Life, Death, Love—these three," are the last words; "but the greatest of these is love." (Heinemann. 6s.)

A STORY OF THE ESTANCIA.

BY GEORGE CRAMPTON.

A romance of the Argentine Republic. "Fast galloped Don Santiago and his man over the brownish-yellow pasto, leaving Las Aromas behind them," and so forth. Horse-racing, intrigue, love, and cigarettes. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

"A 439."

BY TWENTY-FIVE MUSICAL SCRIBES.

A 439 is the autobiography of a piano, and it has been written "with a hope that the profits on the sale of this book may yield a considerable sum for the funds of the Incorporated Society of Musicians' Orphanage." The piano dedicates its autobiography "To My Tuners, Good, Bad, and Indifferent." Each writer takes a stage in the piano's career, and we have such pleasantly suggestive chapter headings as "My Début," "She Kissed my Cold Keys," "In Hospital," "The Prima Donna's Jewels" (written by Mr. Frankfort Moore), "Keyboard Love," and "The Touch of a Sovereign Hand." (Sands & Co. 6s.)

CELESTE.

BY WALMER DOWNE.

This novel, by the author of *Shamrock and Heather*, deals with life in the Southern States after the War of Secession, when many gentle Southern families felt the pinch of poverty. "Yes, when rude poverty has made it necessary, these high-born women have . . . graced, with their nameless charm of manner, circumstances which would have made men harsh or sour for life." Of such was Celeste. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

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The Words of Rabelais.

SAY rather the words of Urquhart. But, as Mr. Whibley says in his masterly introduction to the new edition of *Rabelais* (the Tudor Translations), Urquhart "knew Rabelais to the bone . . . he was, in a sense, Rabelais incarnate." Rabelais was drunk with new words. So was Urquhart. In translating Rabelais the Scotsman could find word for word, or better the words of his master. Thus Urquhart's pages are a kind of drift and deposit of Renaissance pebbles of speech. Some of the pebbles have lain where they were first flung; others have been polished and worn, and then discarded; some have survived, and many might well have survived that have not.

Mr. Whibley is careful to show that Urquhart was enormously indebted to Randal Cotgrave, whose *Dictionaris of the French and English Tongues*, published in 1611, is a very "treasure house of words." A wonderful man was Cotgrave—a kind of George Borrow among words, a loving wanderer of all the lanes and alleys of English speech, in an age when that speech was both old and new. "Scholar though he was," says Mr. Whibley,

Cotgrave shared with Urquhart a love of the street-corner and the tavern. It was not in the homes of the great that he gathered the outcasts and footpads of speech, for which his dictionary is (so to say) a literary doss-house. Many an hour must he have spent wandering up and down among the thieves and rufflers of London, or in the narrow streets which filled the Latin Quarter of ancient Paris. But he was no mere loafer in the cities of Europe: he knew the countryside as well as the tavern, and you can picture him as he tramps between the hedgerows, or sleeps at necessity under the stars.

It is easy to see when Urquhart is drawing on his own scholarship, acquired in the European centres of learning, and when he is leaning heavily on Cotgrave for homely slang, or words for the cries of animals. If Cotgrave's work is a treasure house, Urquhart's translation is a treasure city which every philologist loves to sack. It is not only stored, but is paven, with innumerable curious words, suggestive, appetising, marvellous. As:

perennity
cunniborow
emberlucock
kekke
inpulregafize
condisciple
substantific
opprobries
decrott
hulchbacked
chirm
dunsical
cardinalise
flabell'd
shable
hydropic
bruzzing
empoison
squinance
supputation

repercussive
bedusked
swashring
suss
anatomastical
tropological
chinnified
aleatory
pervicacious
wheen
antilogies
rickling
brangled
compotent
occasionative
thropole
drintle
amated
behooful
interjacent

nectarian
chitterling
philosophating
quagswagging
dandyprat
disposure
detrude
unnestle
sedulity
mirific
aquosity
patrocinate
unruinable
illicitous
imbused
clutterments
destinated
twattle
primipilary
scatcal
consistorian
commensal
primolicientiated
predicamental
unstraightness
fatielical
jectication
plangorous

hulchy
skreak
juramentally
fatilicency
condescendments
posited
preallably
belammed
promoval
ambage
ehrangled
impetrate
sprucified
pestilentious
stentoriphonically
emblustricated
oogging
fatiloquent
swindging
stinched
metagrabolize
brabbling
fabriciant
hebetation
anfractuosity
cautulous
imburse
sententiated

Many of these words are not wanted now. Cunniborow (cony- [*i.e.*, rabbit] burrow) is an Urquhartism for a nook, a cranny. "There is not a corner, nor cunniborow in all my body where this wine doth not ferret out my thirst," exclaims one of the drinkers at the celebration of the birth of Gargantua—a birth which you are to accept as recounted, and "never emberlucock or inpulregafize your spirits" with vain doubts. Condisciple is a good word still at need, and the need is surely frequent enough. "Condisciples of Mr. Ruskin" describes the members of the new Ruskin Union; and it is written in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that "Vigors found an energetic condisciple and coadjutor in Swainson." Perennity and prejudicate need no commendation, nor clounch for clown; substanific is substantival writ sharp; and dunsical is now spelt with two *c*'s when it is spelt at all; "I have no patience with the foolish dunsical dog," says someone in *Clarissa Harlowe*. Hulchbacked is old hunchbacked; and it was with hulch-back't demi-knives that the monks of Seville slit the wezans of the shepherds of Gargantua in one of those terrible rows that arose out of the affair of the Cake-bearers of Lerne. The monks may be said to have *cardinalised* the ground with the blood of their invaders. Flabel is to fan: "it is continually flabelled, blown upon, and aired by the north winds." A shable was a short sword, like a sabre; the Monk of Seville had "a good slashing shable by his side," and the weapon is found in *Rob Roy*. The verb empoison was an obvious, if trifling, advantage over poison; it was used by Mandeville in connexion with a king of Damascus, and by Dickens in connexion with the refreshment buffet at Mugby Junction. Hydropic (produced by or containing water, hence dropsical) is old, but common; the word is good in surgery. Squinance has been shortened to quinsy. Supputation is become computation; but one would not enforce the change on Rabelais: "You must therefore remark, that at the beginning of the world, (I speak of a long time, it is above forty quarantaines, or forty times forty nights, according to the supputation of the ancient Druids) a little after that Abel was killed by his brother Cain. . . ." verily this was supputation, not mere computation. Mirific is a good poet's-word, and patrocinate is more dignified than patronage, and disposure might be used in connexions where disposal seems thin and hackneyed. Says Panurge in praise of Debt: "Yet it doth not lie in the power of every one to be a Debtor. To acquire Creditors is not at the disposure of each Man's Arbitrament; you nevertheless would deprive me of this

sublime Felicity." And in Pantagrue's counsel to Panurge on Marriage: "It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolved for once to take a trial of the state of Marriage, that, with shut eyes, bowing your Head, and kissing of the Ground, you put the business to a Venture, and give it a hazard in recommending the success of the residue to the dispose of Almighty God." And how the word thrives in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*!

A life that knew no noise, nor strife;
But was, by sweetening so his will,
All order and dispose still.

Sedulity is a very good word, yet we now rarely see anything but its clumsier form, sedulousness, which cannot, like sedulity, be used in the plural. Milton wrote in one of his State Letters: "That your Sedulities in the Reception of our Agent were so cordial and so egregious we both gladly understand, and earnestly exhort ye that you would persevere in your good Will and Affection towards us." Skreak is an obsolete form of shriek, and might well be kept for certain kinds of shrieking. A frightened woman shrieks, but a small animal skreaks. One can prefer twattle to twaddle sometimes. When Panurge and Epistemon came back from consulting the Sibyl of Panzoust, "having presented to him the Leaves of the Sycamore they show him the short and twattle Verses that were written in them." Fatidicency, meaning divination, is pretty obsolete. Says Pantagrue, praising the counsel of dumb men: "Let us make trial of this kind of Fatidicency." Oddly enough the *Century Dictionary* prints the word "Fatidicency" and quotes this passage where, as we have said, the word is Fatidicency. Preallably is simply previously, but may be preferred to it as in Pantagrue's remark: "However, it passeth for current, that the imminent Death of a Swan is preaged by his foregoing Song, and that no Swan dieth until preallably he have sung." The word is rare. Cogging is a good old word; it signifies cheating by means of loaded dice, or by flattery. When Panurge is trying to minimise the prophecies of the poet Raminagrobis, he says: "He answer'd but by Disjunctives, therefore can it not be true which he saith; for the verity of such like Propositions is inherent only in one of its two Members. O the cozening Prater that he is! I wonder if Santiago of Bressure be one of these cogging Shirks." And Shakespeare makes Coriolanus say:

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd
Of all the traders in Rome.

Swindging is but swingeing, in the sense of lashing. Milton has it in his "Ode on the Nativity":

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

Stinched is but stunched, and brabbling babbling. To bedusk meant to smudge. Belam is still a North-country word meaning to thrash; more usually one hears simply "lam." Ambage is a good word, meaning circumlocution, roundaboutness; the physician Rondibilis explains to Panurge how the blood passes through several Circuits, Ambages, and Aufractuosities, to the heart. The word was used by Chaucer, Locke, and Swift, but is now rare. Impetrate is an interesting word, meaning to obtain by prayer or petition, particularly of the Pope. Hence, in Rabelais, the Pope says to the Abbess of Toucherome: "There is not anything fitting for you to impetrate of me which I would not most willingly condescend unto." And Jeremy Taylor says: "When I fast, it is first an act of repentance for myself, before it can be an instrument of impetration for him." Commensal is a very good word, signifying "eating together at the same table." Smollett has it in his translation of *Gil Blas*: "They surrounded me, and with the utmost complaisance expressed their joy at seeing me become a commensal officer of the palace."

Behooful (needful, advantageous) is more familiar as behooveful. Shakespeare makes Juliet say:

We have cull'd such necessities
As are behooveful for our State to-morrow.

Pervicacious, meaning obstinate, is found no more, though it is found in Dryden. Rickling is a useful little word. When Panurge gave Triboulet, the fool, a bladder with peas in it, Triboulet was so pleased that "he slipt himself out of the Company, went aside, and rattling the Bladder took a huge Delight in the melody of the rickling and crackling Noise of the Pease." So may we, without foolishness, take delight in the wonderful words in the Rabelaisian bladder, even though many of them be now less nutritious than pease.

Things Seen.

Passengers.

THE Broadway cable car was overcrowded. An old man made his way up to the front where a younger man, wife, and child were seated. The younger rose promptly at the approach of the elder, and, with a good-natured smile, said, "Take my seat, sir."

"Oh, no!" protested the new passenger; "keep your seat, sir."

"Take it, sir, take it."

Looking gravely over his spectacles, the new-comer said: "But why should I take it? Tell me that."

"Well—well, now, for many reasons: because it's the proper thing for me to give my seat to an older man."

"H'm! ah! I should like to know, sir, about how old you think I am, sir?"

"Sit down, sir, sit down."

The car at this point gave one of its series of hiccoughs, and everybody standing was wrenched and twisted out of temporary joint. The old man was jammed into the vacant seat. Everyone had some personal damages to repair. The air was lively with exclamations and apologies. A passenger sitting opposite left the car. The older man then rose, and, motioning to the younger, said: "There now, thank you, sir, there's your seat again; but I'd just like to ask you once more, how old you think I am, just for curiosity. I'd like to know."

"Oh, now! that's rather an embarrassing question to answer before such an audience." And with a merry laugh—"I don't like to say. Besides, it wouldn't be polite."

A growing interest was manifested by the other passengers. The young wife lifted her little girl to her knee and whispered something to her husband.

"What does she say?" queried the old man.

"Oh, dear! Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the younger. "Why, my wife says you don't look any older than I do. By Jove! is that so?"

There was a craning of necks in the rear of the car. Someone called, "Down in front!" No one seemed to be getting out anywhere.

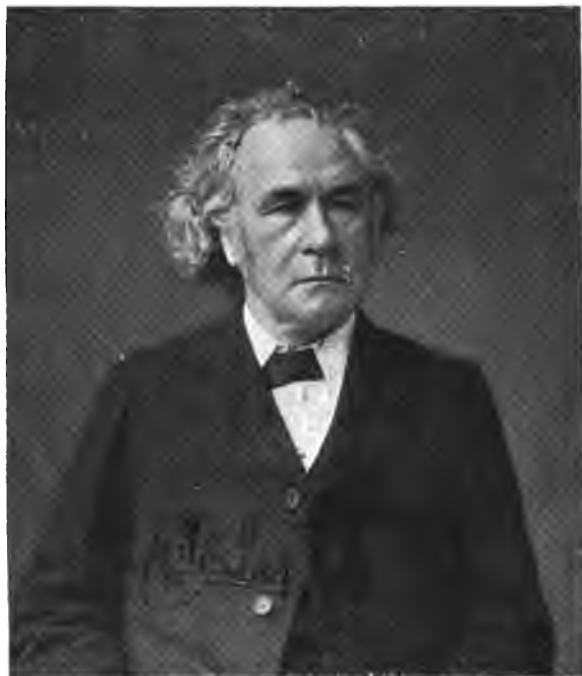
"That's pretty tough on you, sir. I was born in 1826, and am in my seventy-fifth year."

"Well, I was forty-one last month. There's something wrong about one of us." An explosion of laughter followed. Even the conductor joined in, and the motor-man peered through the door to see what was up. The little girl waited for the laughter to subside, and as it died out piped up shrilly, "Say, Popper, are you getting acquainted with the people in the car?"

Car No. — turned the curve at Forty-Fifth-street with the conductor and one passenger in an agony of embarrassment.

A Great Preacher.

ON Monday Dr. Joseph Parker, the minister of the City Temple, will enter upon his seventieth birthday, having been born at Hexham-on-Tyne on April 9, 1830. In this connexion it may be interesting to recall a comparison which has been drawn between the eloquence



REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

From a photograph by Messrs. Killick & Abbott.

of Dr. Parker and that of Chrysostom. It was on the occasion of Dr. Parker's pulpit jubilee, in 1898, that the Rev. Vaughan Pryce, Principal of New College, London, spoke as follows:

"I have often thought that an interesting and striking parallel might be drawn between Chrysostom, the most famous preacher of ancient time, and the distinguished minister whom we congratulate to-day.

Both may be described as by special vocation preachers, as obviously and distinctly called to preach as was the great Apostle himself: the numerous homilies of the one, with their varied and abundant excellencies, may not unfitly, I think, have placed beside them the sermons that have issued from the City Temple. Both preachers have dealt with the same text-book—the Bible—and have aimed at making its voice clear to the men and women about them. The method of both may be truthfully called exegetical and expository. The one is said to have expounded the whole Bible in the services of the sanctuary; the other, apart from numerous volumes of discourses all occupied with biblical ideas and with the relation of these to the active life of busy men, has published the result of years of systematic exposition in the many volumes of the People's Bible. The claim of both is to be interpreters of the Word: here is the basis of all argument and of all appeal. In both cases the spirit of the preacher is throughout warmly and intensely evangelical in the best sense of that term, the Gospel being to them the mind of God in deepest and most loving expression, a message of life, and therefore more than a philosophy, more than a theology. Both are known as men of conspicuous native gifts, men of great vitality, with power of incisive speech, pungent wit, regal imagination, with natures capable of passionate feeling and utterance when the wrongdoings of

men have to be denounced; of tender, sympathetic, and healing words when the sorrowing have to be comforted. Neither can be called the preacher of a philosophy, but there is philosophy in the preaching of both—the truest philosophy, because a philosophy which is true to human nature and the human heart. In the preaching of both the ethical element abounds, and the supreme aim is to shape the lives of men to high and noble ends, to gain influence over them with a view to their spiritual well-being. Consequently, with neither is the message that of a formal orthodoxy, but always that of a vital Christianity. The whole ministry of each may be called a protest against unbelief, against narrow conceptions of God, of man, and of life, a call to men to place the best highest. In both the preaching is an epitome of the character; the preacher's own soul struggles are depicted; the preacher's own spiritual conflicts, sorrows, and victories are portrayed in the work of encouragement and warning. Each may properly be described as an extemporaneous preacher in the best sense of the term, with the gift of felicitous expression, of subtle (and sometimes almost boisterous) humour, and with the faculties well in hand in the moment of utterance; each, in the best sense, popular, partly, perhaps, through clearness and directness of speech and urgency of appeal, partly through the power of conceiving and expressing the emotions and thoughts of men of the living present, and partly through fulness of apt, lively, and often homely illustration. It is a delicate task to compare two men like this, no doubt; nevertheless, the comparison best expresses the present speaker's conception of him whose long and conspicuous service we recall to-day, and is the contribution he ventures to offer to the celebration of this Jubilee."

Stevenson Looks In.

SURELY someone is there in the shade . . . Don't go away! Yes; I am the watchman to-day: the Immortals are having their afternoon nap. Who are you? Robert Louis Stevenson. You were only passing, and looked in? A picturesque figure! I hear your friends love you. They wish you to stay? You don't seem to be quite sure about it yourself! That is the Empyrean: a rather dazzling light, isn't it? Ah!—lean on me; come this way. It is doubtful if you would feel at home here; questions might be asked about your diplomas—perfect artistry as distinct from genius. . . . What do I mean? Your work! So runs our verdict! Do rest on my arm; this radiance staggers you. The shade gave you a chill? You are one of the unfortunate fortunates! Had your intellectual and imaginative capacity been equal to your superb gifts as an artist you would have taken your place in the sacred circle. Your case has a personal sweetness and grace; you have been acclaimed by the elect among mortals. But there is an infallible criterion of greatness. Let me call it genius. It is indefinable. Those fellows down there scramble to the housetops with their proclamations of it. They have been trying to define it ever since Adam knew he was naked and hid himself; explaining this and that about it; giving their own impressions of it. But the secret is still concealed; and it never can be divulged. Here we never make any mistake! . . . You are an extremely interesting imitation man of genius. You are the very genius of the temperament of genius. You deceived others—sometimes yourself; you are acquitted of base intent! You danced all your life on the border-line of genius. Very clever, skilful; in *Weir of Hermonston* you almost crossed the frontier. It was then that your name was uttered in the Empyrean; there was a moment of expectant silence; then a moment of regret; Jeremy Taylor said a fine thing about you (I must not repeat!), and I saw a tear in Bunyan's eye—but he did not speak.

Ah! pitiable, lovely fate! . . . I must tell you that you have failed to make good your claim. In the literature of imagination the only irrefragable proof of genius is creative power. It is not artistry, however exquisite. It is a unique revelation: a new birth: it gives to the world a new thing. It is never imitative; it may confess its masters, but it does not follow them. Now you . . . Oh, yes: these things you bring are well done; but have they not all been done before? Your graceful egoism was farther graced by that word of inspired modesty about the sedulous ape. Your style is the agglomeration of an immense variety of styles informed by your own fascinating idiosyncrasy, your highly cultivated taste, your enchanted ear for the music of words. It is only original, only peculiarly your own, in the sense that a woman exquisitely dressed retains her individuality. She is the same person; but much of her charm is adventitious. So—we must speak the truth here!—your outfit is an exceedingly ingenious arrangement of almost all the beautiful things in the universal literary wardrobe. . . . Plagiarism? Not at all! You are far too honest and fastidious to be a vulgar plagiarist. It was, indeed, unnecessary. For you could add colours to another's rainbow; filigree to another's embroidery; facets to another's jewels. You have in the superlative degree the decorative mind. You are the M. Worth of English fiction. . . . Pray do not misunderstand me! You are more than that. But, being that, what could you do with the fire of the stars, the wonders and terrors of the illimitable deep? You have bequeathed to your fellow-mortals a charming little kingdom; but was it not made out of the great empires of the Immortals? You were sadly given to talking about your art and yourself as an artist. The "phrase of distinction" (that last infirmity of half-genius) was your Holy Greal; you lived in a kind of beatific adoration of it. Your insight was curbed by experiments in technique. You would pause to decorate an emotion; but pure emotion always springs to its own ideal expression, and needs no dressing, being the perfect nude. You would write—write—write the passion out of a love scene. Oh, how beautifully dead *Catrina* is! You would disfigure a character with a distinguished phrase. That is the dementia of artistry! You know how you would worry about "the hang of a thing" (Stevenson! genius doesn't know, doesn't care!), and would give the most delightful analyses of your feelings under the sweet torment of getting it to satisfy your sensitive artistic conscience. That is the way of the artist. It is not the way of genius. Not one of those radiant ones in the Heights is there by virtue of phrasemongery. Why—let me tell you—the exultant irresistibility of their impassioned souls was impatient of the medium in which they were compelled by the dulness of mortals to express themselves. . . . Am I a depressing person? You must not be downcast! Tens of thousands have yearned to get as far as you have got: they are out there in the shade, and I must not call them. You can barely exist here; but you will live in the glimpses of the moon. The generations who love fragrant personality in art will not suffer you to die. The common man, with his big hungry heart, will find small sustenance in you; so you will live less and less vividly. Your place will be among the dainty, the curious, the literary "well-attired" (as Milton said of the woodbine—Ruskin has just been pitching into him for it); the dilettanti will arise in their children and children's children and call you blessed. You are the cleanest and most wholesome of all the decadents. You wince at that! But the decadent is the worker in art whose work has no spiritual significance. . . . You fought death nobly—brave, bright spirit! but as you fought it you embalmed its mask in your art. I would not willingly grieve you; but that was your nearest approach to an unconscious effort of genius. . . . My dear Stevenson! here is *Jekyll and Hyde*. You are not, of course, to be judged finally by this story. But it is

very characteristic of you! Here you had a theme of inspiration; it was your chance of immortality—and what did you do with it? You saw in it a tale to make your readers' flesh creep, and so you left it. There is nothing in your books, before or after, equal to that idea. It was a gleam upon you from the regions beyond, and had you been a man of genius you would have been compelled in spite of yourself to lift the whole thing out of the barren triviality—I had almost said the silliness—of decoctions from a chemist's shop. Not so have the great ones dealt with the awful truth of man's dual nature! You were there at close quarters with the most stupendous fact of human existence—the eternal conflict between good and evil, the pestilence that walks in darkness, the terrific unseen forces before which some of the finest spirits of all time have gone down in nameless ignominy—and yet—and yet you were content to treat this august problem through the agency of a chemical powder on the stomach! The tale has no profundity, no symbolism worthy the name; its terrors are the terrors of the mechanical ghost trade. I was about to say that its only sincerity is the sincerity of craftsmanship. But you are plainly sincere in the entire business. It was to you a yarn—just a yarn—nothing more. . . . I have brought you so far, and I ask you to lift your eyes to that shining place, and try to imagine what *they* would have made of it! They could not—they simply could not—have confined to a mere exercise in writing the overwhelming mystery of the angel and the beast in the human soul. They would have given to it the accent altogether peculiar to intuitive imagination—the significance which is at once illuminative and indescribable. The divine spark in them would have blazed forth, and humanity would have had an apocalypse of its glory and its shame. And they would not afterwards, I assure you, have been able to tell much about it. For genius sees, and seeing reveals, and the miracle that is wrought remains a miracle even to itself. . . . Robert Louis Stevenson! you have not wrought miracles, or, if you have, they are the miracles which can be taken to pieces and examined. And that is the difference between the artist and the creator, between fancy and imagination, between artistry and genius. . . . I am glad, nevertheless, that you have looked in. Don't be alarmed; that is only the Immortals beginning to awake. You may stay awhile. Go over there and rest on the lower slope; you will find it quiet and sunny; there are blue-bells and heather, and a tranquil sky. . . . See! there is Bunyan. He is almost always alone. Shall I ask him to come and speak to you? . . .

VINCENT BROWN.

Correspondence.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—A few days ago Lord Stratheona, the High Commissioner for Canada, in his place in the House of Lords, repudiated the word "colony" in referring to those parts of the Empire which are not washed by the waters of the Narrow Seas. At the time of the great Jubilee, Sir Wilfred Laurier referred with equal directness to the fact that Canada was no longer a colony; that its inhabitants were no more colonists than the inhabitants of Kent. Canada is a nation. The Afrikaner Dutch of South Africa, particularly the old families loyal to the British Crown, have long resented the use of the word "colonists" because they say they never were British colonists, though they yield to no Briton in loyalty to Queen Victoria and her heirs. In Australia, the affected assumption of superiority by New Chums over the "colonists" is bitterly resented, and the stony stare of the British administrator in dealing with the inhabitants of Britain beyond sea has been the raw material of rebellion for 140 years. The lost possessions of England are due to this cause more than

to any other. Why is this? The term "colony" implies servitude, inferiority, suzerainty, subordination of lesser breeds in a lower state to that of the high mightiness of the mother country. This was the Roman and Napoleonic conception of a colony, and we know the result. The derivation of the word "colony" is uncertain, but the learned Skeat suggests the root to be from *kal*, "to drive." If there is one thing that the American rebellion taught the Anglo-Saxon race, it is that the "colonists" will not be driven or coerced even in word. What wonder, then, that the terms "colony" and "colonist" should be as vigorously and sincerely repudiated by Canada as by Kent: by Victoria or Natal as by Midlothian or Lancashire? If the British people wish to federate the British Empire there is no tie more effective than the abolition of the words "colony" and "colonists," and the frank and whole-hearted acceptance of the idea that the man in Ottawa or King William's Town is no less a Briton or a Britisher than the man who reads his *Daily Mail* on the top of the Peckham omnibus, or takes his morning gallop in the Row. But it is necessary to clear away the jungle of misconception that has sprung up from the bad old days when Englishmen claimed from settlers across the sea tribute and respect, not merely to the Queen, but to political institutions created by them for their own, not for colonial, convenience. In order to dispel this misconception, a word must be found that shall describe the subjects of the Queen in all parts of the Empire. The matter has been discussed for some years, but no one has yet hit upon a happy solution. The word "Briton" excludes the Canadian, the South African, or the Australasian. I am inclined to think that the word "Britisher" is the only one that satisfactorily includes the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race, and even then the Celtic Irish may consider themselves excluded. After the fighting on the Tugela no word will be satisfactory to the Empire that is unsatisfactory to the Irish. Perhaps you will, therefore, open your columns for a discussion as to the best substitutes for "colony" and "colonists," which by common consent should be relegated to the dust-bin of disused language.

The part taken in the war by the Anglo-Saxon communities over sea requires their recognition not as dependencies but as equals; as partners in the assets of the British Empire. Parliamentary federation may be impossible, but the need for a continuous foreign policy, the necessity for raising the social and educational standard of all classes throughout the empire, and the certainty that the tendency of British thought is to grow more like that of Canada and Australia than the daughter nations to become like that of England, emphasise the importance of discovering a word without further delay that shall be finally accepted as descriptive of Queen's men and women all over the world. Downing-street cannot help us. Will not the poets, the men of imagination, and masters of language, and even the men whom language masters, come over and help us? The Queen is the Queen of Canada, but the Parliament at Westminster has no more power to coerce Canadians than the Parliament of Ottawa to coerce the men of Camden Town. If sympathy is closer between the Canadians, the Australians, and the Cape men at the outset of an acquaintance than with New Chums or Tender Foots, the comradeship on the outskirts of the nation, comes from greater knowledge, larger sympathies, and a wider outlook than that of the sedentary and insular stay-at-homes whose separatism and peace-at-any-priceism has now received a blow that has staggered inhumanity.—I am, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

Lettres à l'Étrangère.

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR.—On nous communique une note publiée par votre journal dans son numéro du 31 Mars dernier, et d'après laquelle l'auteur d'une traduction, d'ailleurs non autorisée par nous, et par conséquent

tout-à-fait incorrecte, d'un ouvrage publié par notre maison, et intitulé *Lettres à l'Étrangère*, par Honoré de Balzac, aurait émis des doutes sérieux sur l'authenticité de quelques-unes de ces lettres.

Nous donnons un démenti formel à cette allégation qui est de nature à nous causer un préjudice matériel et surtout moral que vous comprendrez facilement.

Toutes les lettres publiées par nous sont absolument authentiques; les originaux sont entre les mains de M. le Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul (37, Boulevard du Régent, à Bruxelles) qui consentirait certainement à les communiquer à toute personne autorisée qui lui en ferait la demande.

Nous vous demandons de vouloir bien publier la présente dans un de vos plus prochains numéros et vous prions, Monsieur le Directeur, de recevoir l'assurance de nos sentiments distingués.

P. PON. CALMANN LÉVY.

Paris: 4 Avril, 1900.

Maeterlinck and the "Contemporary Review."

SIR,—It is not my wish to answer in any detail Miss Underhill's attack on my Maeterlinck article. I merely want to explain, first, that my article was not intended as a complete study of Maeterlinck, but rather as a discussion of his poetry, regarded chiefly from the technical standpoint. His essays, his mysticism and philosophy, were outside my consideration, except in so far as they enabled a reader to understand his artistic methods. No doubt I ought to have called the article "The Poetry of Maeterlinck," or something of the sort, to avoid misunderstanding such as seems to have occurred.

In the second place, I must caution your readers against accepting Miss Underhill's summary of my article as accurate. I quote a sentence from her letter: "In all these plays Mr. Ropes, while denying Maeterlinck the dramatic gift, allows his power over the chords of pity and terror—but rather thinks Mr. Kipling does it better." This obviously refers to the following paragraph of my article (the only place in which Kipling is mentioned at all): "This method of suggesting the supernatural [the passage refers to 'L'Intruse,' and to that play alone] without describing it, of building up an insistent horror out of common but inexplicable things, is not peculiar to Maeterlinck; it is, in fact, the well-known device of skilful modern writers of weird and supernatural tales. Kipling has used it with great success, so has Guy de Maupassant. Maeterlinck's style is more poetic than theirs, but less convincing." This is what I said, and the meaning is tolerably obvious. "L'Intruse" is a study in supernatural horror, in which Maeterlinck uses, and successfully uses, literary methods common to many modern writers. I mentioned Kipling and Maupassant, as I might have mentioned Stevenson and Sheridan Le Fanu. But such practised literary craftsmen as Maupassant, and Kipling give their readers a stronger shudder than does the mystical Maeterlinck, possibly because these two are habitually in contact with hard realities. I venture to assert that what I wrote is not in the least like what Miss Underhill says I wrote. Let your readers compare the two passages and judge for themselves.

I must plead guilty, however, to ignoring "the strange stillness of the soul which is felt through his (Maeterlinck's) works," and I should be glad if Miss Underhill, or some other disciple of the Belgian master, would so far have pity on me as to explain what and whose soul is referred to, what this stillness is, whether serenity or silence or both, and why this serenity and silence of somebody's soul should make a great dramatic poet, when Shakespeare had to content himself with emotion and expression.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

April 2, 1900.

"Mudie's!"

SIR,—I feel surprised that the verdict against Mudie's Library in the Vizetelly case has attracted so little notice. Surely it is against the public interest. Mudie's will now have to start a corps of censors, and books which the public ought to read will be rejected by the Library because of references to living persons which are doubtful in their significance. Besides, on this new principle, where is responsibility for the circulation of a book to stop? How many people "handle" a book before it reaches the public? Wholesale distributing agents, Her Majesty's mails, wholesale carriers, retail booksellers, &c. Is an action for libel to lie against all these? I represent in my family an unbroken subscription of over forty years to Mudie's, and feel that they are good servants of the reading public, who ought not to be hampered in the way they bid fair to be.—I am, &c.,

London Institution, J. SPENCER CURWEN.
Finsbury Circus, E.C.: April 4, 1900.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 28 (New Series).

WE offered a prize last week for the best suggestion, within the limits of 200 words, of a subject for an historical novel. Apparently the task was too heavy, for very few readers have competed. The best suggestion is, we think, the following, contributed by Miss Grace Stebbing, West Dene, Moat Croft-road, Eastbourne:

Why has no historical novel ever been woven around that wonderful Prince Henry of the fifteenth century, fifth son of John I., of Portugal?

Could more fascinating hero of romance be found than the young governor of the just-conquered military post, ardent student, prophetic learner, and, uncommon combination, philosophical mathematician with practical mind?

Britons, for gratitude, owe tribute to the memory of this prince-scholar. Many beloved invalids have been restored to health, many precious lives prolonged by the discovery of Madeira—discovery primarily owing to his determination and intuitive knowledge of what existed in the mysteries of the unknown seas.

As for the festively inclined, what thanks don't they owe the wonderful sun-fed grapes of Madeira! What a picture might be the famished sailor's first feast on the lovely island which they had just named from its wealth of building wood.

For a touch of comedy comes his captain's discovery of Porto Santo, and letting loose thereon one solitary rabbit and her babies, which in two years had so multiplied as to eat their home into a desert, which, strangely enough, was the dowry of Columbus's first wife about fifty years later.

Other suggestions include these:

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

A youth burning to serve his country, becomes absorbed in the problem of life presented by the masses. He is sent to South Africa on a search for health. He finds it and wealth. There he sees a way to realise his dreams—in a vast region holding illimitable possibilities as a British possession. With indomitable courage and energy he pursues his object.

He meets and becomes deeply attached to the high-souled, ill-fated hero of Khartoum, who is the one man that perceives the best in him. Inclined to follow his hero to Khartoum, he yet sticks to his guns in Africa, feeling his mission lies there; and also (perhaps) because of a secret, but hopeless, attachment to his hero's sister, which he would overcome.

Sheer force of character, with a singleness of purpose that brings all his powers to bear on the one issue, carries him through with eminent success, but not without jealous envy, and aspersions on his character as a money-grubber.

The mistake of the Raid brings enmity swarming upon him. His adherents are the more enthusiastic. Undaunted by frustrations and disappointment, he still pushes on his work. He rescues a despairing lad from gambling away his life, and shakes him up to better things.

Then war intervenes to carry out his designs. In the siege of his beloved Kimberley the real heart of the man shows itself to all. The lad, hit by a chance shot, dying, confesses his name a false one, and begs him to convey his few treasures to his mother—the love of his early life.

[A. C., London.]

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Pietrus Joubert, Boer, orphaned in childhood, inheriting from Huguenot ancestors higher instincts, finer feelings than those around him, poverty and hardships, endured as a matter of course by helpless ignorance, arouse his sympathies. He determines to rise, to show them a higher life than the mere wresting subsistence from Nature with little regard for humanity.

He seizes opportunities, but honour often prevents him from pushing his advantage. Generally more or less misunderstood, he is regarded watchfully, suspiciously.

Acting-President in Burger's absence fires his mind with the idea that here lies the way of usefulness. He contests the Presidency with his friend Kruger, is juggled out of his majority—as he may have lost his bride, owing to his rival's superior riches.

Krugerite influence opinion against him as a progressionist desiring unwished, and unneeded reforms; as a friend to the hated Englishman—his visit to England later, a supposed proof.

Accusations of treachery after the Raid nearly break his heart. Then, only, he becomes aware of Kruger's jealousy, and the prevailing feeling.

His opposition to the war goes against him; but his conduct of it is trusted in. Misfortunes follow and oppress him. Cronje's surrender forbodes the end. He succumbs to Death with a broken-hearted sense of his life's failure. Then his loss is deplored, and his character appreciated.

[A. C., London.]

THE ROMANCE OF THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD, AND LUCY, LADY CARLISLE.

The exciting events of the time form an excellent framework for a study of the celebrated characters who made history by the force of their own personalities. The group of popular leaders, headed by Pym and Hampden, once Wentworth's intimates, becoming his mortal foes, who hound him to death; his own complex character urging him, by a mixture of ambition and unselfish devotion to Charles, to adopt a policy that has made his name execrated; the vacillating King, persistently thwarting till he ruined the man he loved, and stooping to accept the supreme sacrifice of his death; Henrietta Maria, mischievous and intriguing, trying to win over Strafford's enemies by midnight and backstair conferences; Lady Carlisle, beautiful, witty, and gay, courted equally by Voltaire and by Laud, accused of every moral baseness, but using her utmost finesse to save the man she truly loved—these are the actors in the swiftly moving tragedy that brought Wentworth to the scaffold, where, noble and dauntless, never reproaching the master who abandoned him, he died with a courage worthy of a better cause. Here is material for a dramatic and touching story.

[M. C. B., Ascot.]

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Eg., London Bridge, commenced 1176 on site of old wooden structure, and completed by the French priest-engineer Isembert, 1209. Charter of engagement given by King John, though probably thus thwarting English feeling, the masons of the country being noted for their powers in throwing arches.

It is an early instance of an almost national undertaking, lists of donors in all parts of the country showing that the public spirit was stirred by the endeavour to serve and beautify London.

Or, the Order of the *Pontife* or engineer-monks of the twelfth century, whose bridge-building and roadmaking were great aids to the progress of civilised intercourse.

Or, the building of Bow Bridge by order of Queen Mathilda (who, it is suggested, was wetted in crossing the ford); the maintenance and repair undertaken later by the Abbess of Barking, and by her handed on to the later monastery. The abbot permitted a house to be built and the charge of the bridge to devolve on the tenant, who levied taxes on passers-by, except the nobility!

This would be a romance of work, not of fighting, and claims a Kipling or a Stevenson. The curious hero of the present historical novel, who has five sore wounds, but recovers from them after a meal of bread and burgundy sufficiently to ride thirty miles, would be absent. There need be no absence of love-interest, however the race of engineers and masons still continues.

[S. C., Brighton.]

Replies received also from Miss C., York; L. G., Reigate.

Competition No. 29 (New Series).

ON page 296 of this number of the ACADEMY will be found a letter from Mr. Arnold White, pointing out the necessity for a word to cover all Greater Britons, and not only Greater Britons but also Irishmen. "Colonial," he points out, is too local, and "Britisher" excludes the Irish. We offer a prize of a guinea for the best suggestion.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 10. Each answer must be accompanied by

the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 300, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITION.

The following were received up till the date of the closing of the competition on March 31. The names of the prize winners will be announced in our issue of April 28: Josefa, Perseverantia, Nix, Utimo, Ruppedito, Ruaby, Leonard Eliot, Peter Wynsel, Dick Whittington, Persevero Magda, Y. A. M., Bevil MacDonald, Sleepy, Free-will, Rhymer, Lena, Paul Ives, Aspira, Erin, M. C. B., Arden, Annandale, Boye Tara, Coz, Sir Guyon, Catherine Seyton, Tancred, Pegasus, Will o' the Mill, Pierrette, Bismullah, Sostratus, Hampton Clovelly, Chione, Locria, Hippens, Hugo, Linda, Mabel Cook, Oleander, Sunshine, Franca, Parva, Tarantula, Wanderer, Simple Rondeau, Sadelbia, Weller, Percy Schofield, Sohola Regia, Joan Symple, Letebos, Sterne, J. J. Ellis, Il Penseroso, Lorraine, Viking, Waterwitoh, Ylime, A. H., Theta, Puffin, Chelsea Bun, Mary Jane, Walfruna, Aquæ Sulis, T. Valmot, Erin-go-bragh, Urss Minor, Scribbler, Davy, Bonnet Rouge, Stella, Lee Lorton, Anna Howe, Cornubia, W. H. L. Pool, Grace Hope, Goos, Prox, Abana, Ambo, John Quill, The Young Usurper, The Black Rosary, Sybilline, Mayre, Red Feather, Tweep, Seph, Tutus in undia, Ad arma cessantes, Yacol, A. D. A., Brentano, Wintonella, Romeo, Job Wilkins, Brugglesmith, Errie, Iona, Stream, Verbeia, Dunkald, Super, Westminster, Schatz, Omioron, Boreas, Bentor, Stina, Tramp, Porlock, Trebla, Sweet Pea, Highland, Miser, Clyde, Glenorie, Dreamer, Sauerkraut, Henry Brandauer, Sappho, Thais, John Stuart, Gobio, Rhodesia, Gwèno, Melmoth, Epictetus, L'Inconnu, Hesper, Newton Dona, Fulford, Robin Hood, Pro Patria, Fermain, Patience, Pepino, Jap, Palomides, Conal More, Amalfi, A. Lester, The Absolute Stranger, Misty Law, T. Cavers, Skylark, Peter the Post, Merrick, Ralph Leyland, Aldah, Tartar, Joseph Marie, Youghy Boughy Bo, D. Jeth, Sorbonne, Dinna Forget, Aliquis, Cadmus, Valentine, Skerry, Arthur Beaumont, Allan Park, Jasper, Torquay, Yatwyth, Rolling Stone, The Boy, Shanaveat, Pictor Ignotus, Novaram, Hamerton Yorke, O. Riginal, Leicester, Ser Hughie, The Second Person, Tragelaphos, Alchemist, Ethleen, Le Rêveur, Hilde, Minster, Kiuone, Silberhorn, Adria, Hyksos, Frisia, Amapola, Mauratthe, Staloo, El Kahira, B. Earp, Montana, Schellen Berg.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

DOCTRINE AND DOCTRINAL DISRUPTION.

By W. H. MALLOCK.

We refer elsewhere to this book, of which the following is the last sentence: "The aim of the present volume has been no more than this—to show the Protestant, and especially the Anglican Protestant, of to-day, bewildered by doubts and difficulties, that if this voice of the organic [Catholic] Church be illusory, all doctrinal Christianity—the miracle of Christ's birth and death, the miracle of the Resurrection and the Atonement, regarded as objective truths, are equally illusory also." (Black. 6s.)

ON THE EVE OF THE WAR. By EVELYN OECIL, M.P.

This is the narrative of a journey in the Transvaal last autumn, in which the author met and conversed with Presidents Kruger and Steyn, Mr. Schreiner, and other influential men. He endeavours to state political aspects of the crisis as they existed, or were thought to exist, on the eve of the conflict. (Murray.)

MRS. DELANY (MARY GRANVILLE): A MEMOIR, 1700-1788.

COMPILED BY
GEORGE PASTON.

This is a useful abridgment of the voluminous *Autobiography and Correspondence* of Mrs. Delany, published in six volumes in 1861-62 at five pounds the set. Some unpublished letters have been drawn upon by the present editor. (Grant Richards.)

FIRST AND LAST POEMS.

By ARABELLA SHORE.

A note on this book will be found in our Bibliographical column. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

HINTS ON THE CONDUCT OF BUSINESS,

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

By SIR COURTENAY BOYLE.

"The active man riseth not so much by his strength as the expert by his stirrups," is the motto of this volume of business maxims by the Secretary of the Board of Trade. The sixteen chapters deal with such subjects as the Opening and Closing of Letters, Notes, Labour-Saving Appliances, The Use of Experts, Compilation of Reports, Interviews, Deputations, &c., &c. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EASTERN ASIA.

By J. C. HANNAH.

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The Literary Week.

THE Bill just promoted by the Trustees of the British Museum has excited considerable surprise. It is a Bill to enable the Trustees "to deposit copies of local newspapers with local authorities, and to dispose of valueless printed matter." The first proposal arises out of the immense and continuous accumulation of newspapers at the Museum. It is desired to relieve the pressure on the Museum's space by placing under the custody of local bodies all newspapers published since 1837. But surely it is within the dates 1837—1900, &c., that research is most frequent. And the prospect of having to go to Eatanswill to consult the *Eatanswill Gazette* is not alluring to students. We should have thought the remedy was to pull down the old barns and build greater. In the other matter we sympathise with the Trustees. What they account rubbish is probably rubbish; it is their business to know, and Trustees should be trusted within wide limits.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new comedy in three acts, "The Wisdom of the Wise," will follow Mr. Grundy's play at the St. James's Theatre, according to present arrangements. "A Repentance" is to be performed at the Empire Theatre, New York, this month. Miss Rahn, who made a great success as Ursyne in "Osbern and Ursyne" at the Empire Theatre, has been engaged as leading lady by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE, we regret to hear, is lying seriously ill at the mediæval house in Sussex, Brede Place, where he has been living for the past two years.

"MR. C." is the title of an eight-page pamphlet, we have received, calling itself "An Appendix to Dictionary of National Biography, Volume 62." The use of the word appendix by anyone but Messrs. Smith Elder seems a trifle bold. We find that the pamphlet deals with the Woodfalls and Sir Philip Francis; it is for students of the "Junius" controversy.

MR. GEORGE MOORE contributes to the *North American Review* a characteristic paper on "Some Characteristics of English Fiction." His present whim is to distinguish the great from the small in literature, by asking himself if a story is symbolic; "if it be a symbol, that is to say, if it be the outward sign of a moral idea." Turning to women, Mr. Moore finds that it would be as vain to seek a symbolic novel among women as to seek a religion. He will not even allow it in George Eliot, "who tried to think like a man, and produced admirable counterfeits of his thoughts in wax-work. So far her novels may be said to be symbolical." Mr. Moore utters many other curious things a little wearily, for the world is very inattentive, and concludes with a prophecy: "I stop without having said all. England has produced the richest poetical literature in the world, and in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Shelley, in Wordsworth she will find her true immortality. Her Empire will pass away and be forgotten like the Babylonian and the Persian, for the heart only remembers ideas and dreams."

OUR competition last week for the best suggestion of a subject for an historical novel may well have caused a momentary lifting of the brows to historical novelists. It is not pleasant to find the very subject suggested on which you have been working for months. Thus, apropos of "M. C. B.'s" suggestion for a historical novel on the subject of "The Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Lucy, Lady Carlisle," Mr. Frank Matthew writes: "I have been at work upon a romance based on the fall of Strafford for some months. I don't want to seem guilty of priggishness someone else's idea, and if you would mention this in your columns I would be grateful."

THE *Daily Graphic* has published and sold in London streets the *Ladysmith Lyre*. We hope our contemporary will do a similar service for the *Friend*, the paper edited by the war correspondents at Bloemfontein. A recent issue contained "A First Impression," by Dr. Conan Doyle, a little article which thrills because it narrates the thing worth seeing by the man who can see. We are indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the portions we quote. Dr. Doyle begins: "It was only General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, but if it could have passed, just as it was, down Piccadilly, it would have driven London crazy."

I watched them—ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry—struggling along under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the grim soldier in time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bull-dog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a man smoking a pipe, here and there a man who smiled; but most have swarthy faces and lean a little forward with eyes steadfast and features impassive but resolute. Here is a clump of mounted infantry, a grizzled fellow like a fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me; yet I have not seen Irregular British Cavalry before. Why should it be so familiar to me, this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type? Of course! I have seen it in an American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months on the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the western prairie!

But these men are warriors amid war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have a gaunt, intent look, like men who live always under a show of danger.

IN another column we give, by permission of the London manager of *McClure's Magazine*, some extracts from a chapter in the forthcoming biography of Prof. Huxley by Mr. Leonard Huxley. These letters show how, from the first, width and proportion marked Huxley's life. He studied, but he lived. He could leave his medusæ and crayfish, and be, in matters of faith and conduct, a fisher of men. Loving to seek out the beginnings of life, he did not miss the love of Woman, in whom all beginning is stuated and exalted. When he lifted his eyes from an almost protoplasmic cell, he could still see life steady and whole. That he should have designed so to live is not remarkable, for youth is generous; it is more noteworthy that he lived so to the end, thoroughly warming his hands at the fire of life.

THE "Foreword" to the English translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's fairy play, "The Sunken Bell," is by an American writer, Charles Henry Metzler, who describes Hauptmann's appearance when he visited America some years ago.

Instead of the aggressive, self-confident man I had fancied him, I saw a student—almost an ascetic. His boyish air and shrinking gravity were curiously at variance with the great will-power betokened by his set though tortured lips and the experience in his pale and weary eyes. He had a smooth face; a high forehead, crowned with short and careless hair; a well-shaped, sensitive nose. If I had passed him in the street I might have set him down as a fervid young curate, or a seminarist. A painful, introspective, haunted earnestness was stamped upon his face—the face of a thinker, a dreamer, a genius.

Hauptmann is now thirty-six. His first play, written under the spell of Tolstoy, was "Vor Sonnenaufgang," produced eleven years ago at the Berlin Lessing Theatre. Each play that he produced raised a controversy noisy with admiration and derision. But in "Lonely Lives" his art became more delicate, in "The Weavers" more embracing and commanding. "Hannele" and "Florian Geyer" followed. The last play was to have been part of a dramatic trilogy dealing with the Reformation, but its failure put an end to the plan. In "The Sunken Bell" we have a fairy tale into which we are invited to read almost what we will. Its symbolism will fit æsthetic, moral, social, and religious interpretations. Mr. Metzler gives his own ideas of what Hauptmann means, but the reader will be wise to ignore these until he has read the play in a receptive spirit. The translation is "free," and is in verse.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD has recast his *Life and Work of John Ruskin* (1893), and it is now issued in one volume, under the title *The Life of John Ruskin*. There have been added new biographical details and a number of letters hitherto unprinted, while the story of Ruskin's life has been brought to a close in a final chapter. In this chapter Mr. Collingwood relates that in his last days Ruskin would pore over, and drowse over, his pet books by the hour. One of these was *A Fleet in Being*, lent to him by a little boy. "He read and re-read it; then got a copy for himself, and might have learnt it by heart, so long he pored over it."

CANON RAWNSLEY proposes to place on the brow of Friars Crag a memorial, in the form of an early British cross, to John Ruskin. The site has been selected because it was the place that made the first deep impression of the beauty of nature upon his mind. "The first thing," wrote Ruskin, "which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars Crag, on Derwentwater." Subscriptions should be sent to Canon Rawnsley, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick.

VISITORS to Nîmes will soon be able to pay their respects to a statue of Alphonse Daudet which is about to be placed in the Square de la Couronne, with considerable pomp, though without any contributory recognition from the French Academy. The sculptor, M. Falguières, has evidently been a good deal inspired by M. Léon Daudet's fine book about his father, for he has represented the author in his latter years, with his fine head poised in meditation. It is, of course, as "l'homme du Midi," as the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon* and *Numa Roumestan*, and as the analyst and eulogist of southern character, that Daudet is to be acclaimed and enthroned at Nîmes. Daudet had a keen sense of place and climate, and their influence on temperament and character. He used to say that every country had its "north" and "south," with their psychological differences; and he loved those authors who made much of their native air, and allowed it to

invigorate and influence their work. He would talk like this to his son:

When a young man, be he boastful or timid, comes to see me with his little volume in his hand, I say to him: "What is your country?"—"It is so and so, Monsieur." "Is it long since you left your home and the old people?"—"So long." "Shall you go back?"—"I don't know." "Why not at once, now that you have tasted Paris? Are they poor?"—"Oh, no, Monsieur, in easy circumstances." "Then fly to them, unhappy youth. I see you undecided, young, impressionable. I don't believe you really have in you that Balzacian energy that boils and ferments under its attic roof. Listen to my advice, you'll thank me for it later. Go back to the fold. Make yourself a solitude in a corner of the mansion or the farm. Explore your memory. The recollections of childhood are the bright and unpoisoned spring of all masterly creative power that you possess. There is another reason you must see; you have time. Make all about you—the farmers, the sportsmen, the girls, the old men, the vagabonds—talk with you. Let all that focus again! And, if you have talent, you will write a personal book, with your mark on it, that will interest your own people first, and the public too, if you chance to get hold of a well constructed plot."

Daudet's advice would surely fit the cases of a great many young writers who have come to London to write novels on stock subjects, leaving their liveliest inspirations behind them. But Léon Daudet recognised the hopelessness of such advice, and so do we.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has taken the opportunity of the Queen's visit to Ireland to reprint some travel impressions on Ireland, which he contributed in two papers to *Blackwood's Magazine* a few years ago. To these Mr. Austin appends a poem written at Dugort, in the Island of Achill, in 1895. We quote the last stanza of the poet's counsel to Erin:

Live your own life, but ever at our side!
Have your own Heaven, but blend your prayer with
ours!
Remain your own fair self, to bridegroom bride,
Veiled in your mist and diamonded with showers,
We twain love-linked whom nothing can divide!
Look up! From Slievemore's brow to Dingle's shore,
From Inagh's lake to Innisfallen's Isle
And Garriff's glen, the land is one green smile!
The dolphins gambol and the laverocks soar:
Lift up your heart and live, enthralled to grief no more!

COMPARISONS between Dickens and Thackeray always seem peculiarly profitless, and we are sorry to see that Mr. W. J. Dawson insists on extolling Dickens at the expense of his great contemporary in the *Young Man*, a paper in which criticism has a kind of instructional weight with its readers. That Dickens "much excels" Thackeray as a creator of character is strange doctrine. If for creator Mr. Dawson had written "recorder" or "collector" we should not have complained; but Mr. Dawson actually goes on to ask: "Indeed, whom is there that Dickens does not excel?" Which has the merit of closing the discussion so far as we are concerned. We are glad that Mr. Dawson draws his readers' attention to Mark Rutherford with the just remark: "He has the secret of a certain sad fortitude of spirit, and knows how to impart it."

"W. F. W.," whose "Notes About" are such a pleasant weekly feature of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tells the world about the difficulty he had to obtain an inexpensive Bible containing the Apocrypha. His experiences seem to have been similar to those which were detailed in the *ACADEMY* by another searcher nearly two years ago. It may be remembered that the nearest contact with a copy of the Apocrypha which our contributor gained was in a second-hand bookshop in the Brompton-road, where the book-

seller's only copy had just gone to "a gentleman at Cricklewood." "W. F. W." was more fortunate. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge supplied him with a copy of the Apocrypha in ruby 32mo (to match a sixpenny Bible) for sevenpence. Even this copy had no title-page, but, instead, an "apologetic-looking extract from Article 6." The British and Foreign Bible Society, it seems, refuses to print the Apocrypha at all. As "W. F. W." says: "Benefactors do not approve of these Apocryphal utterances; and practical considerations must naturally prevail at 146, Queen Victoria-street." However, it seems that the rarity of the Apocrypha is itself apocryphal. Mr. Henry Frowde states that some fifty editions of Oxford Bibles contain it; and the Apocrypha alone, bound in leather, and with a proper title-page, is issued by Mr. Frowde in eight different sizes.

MORE than one literary gossipier has remarked a certain incongruity in the newspapers between the stern tidings of the war and the trifles of criticism and book talk. Mr. Edmund Gosse reconciled the two elements very happily in the verses which he read at the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club last Thursday evening. They are as follows:

While Zál and Rastum drew their thunderous line
Across the rolling veldts that shift and shine,
Or marching down the long sun-bitten road,
Went wheeling round Rhinocerosfontein,—

We, laagered safe from all our shadowy foes,
Performed our rites and waved the double rose,
Feasted in innocently Persian mode,
And told each other—what the master knows.

In peace we drank; yet never might forget
With what rare wine the wilderness was wet,
What vintage, poured for us, the withering grass
Holds to our glory and eternal debt.

Nor will forget. Yet are we folk of peace,
We long to hear the ringing warfare cease,
And o'er our feast a purpler flush will pass
When Zál comes home with Rastum from the seas.

REFERRING to the retirement of Dr. Sewall from the wardenship of New College, the *Queen* makes a curious slip. It says: "It is hard to believe that any man is still alive who has seen Dr. Johnson working in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But Dr. J. Sewall, the venerable warden of New College, has done so." This is, of course, wrong. Dr. Johnson died in 1784! Probably the *Queen* writer had too hastily read our own paragraph, which stated that Dr. Sewall was said to be the only man in Oxford who had spoken to men who had seen Dr. Johnson in the famous library—a very different matter.

CONCERNING our recent suggestion that a book on the war by Mr. Charles Hands would probably be good reading, a writer in *Country Life* says: "Mr. Hands has as many admirers as he has acquaintances, for he is one of the most charming little men living; but if he were to write a book the only question is whether his friends would be more delighted or more surprised. He has always served his newspaper nobly, particularly in Cuba; but a laughing philosophy is second nature to him, and, knowing him very well, I simply cannot picture to myself Charles Hands sitting down to write a long book. If he did it would be a fountain of humour and of shrewdness, and facts would never be permitted to hamper him for a moment."

WE have received the second and third series of the *Illustrated Topographical Record of London* issued by the London Topographical Society; and we regret to find that the third series is somewhat attenuated owing to want of funds and that a different mode of publication is likely to be necessitated in future. This invaluable *Record* is too

little known. Let us state, then, that the London Topographical Society has for years employed Mr. J. P. Emslie to make careful drawings of the exteriors and interiors of interesting London buildings before their demolition. In all about fifty such drawings have been issued in the three neat paper-cover books now before us, and to the drawings have been added interesting architectural and historical notes by Mr. Emslie and Mr. Philip Norman. Thus, in the second and third series, we have Mr. Emslie's accurate records of Fore-street as it was in 1880, when it still suggested the street in which Daniel Defoe was born; of No. 16, Fetter-lane, a reputed home of Dryden, pulled down in 1887; and of the north end of High-street, St. Giles's, before the formation of the Charing Cross-road; &c. In the third series are drawings of old houses in Aldersgate-street, remains of the old "Hummums" Hotel, Covent Garden, &c. We are glad to learn that though the separate publication of these records is likely to cease Mr. Emslie's drawings will in future embellish the Society's Year Book.

BESIDES their illustrated "Record" of topographical changes and demolished buildings in London, the work of the London Topographical Society embraces the reproduction of maps and views in facsimile, the design being to form a chronological series from the earliest extant maps to recent times. Lord Rosebery is the president of the society, Lord Welby is its vice-president, there is an influential council, and the Society conducts its operations in its own offices at 16, Clifford's-inn, where the works already issued may be inspected. Their most recent undertaking is the reproduction of a panoramic picture of the highway from Hyde-park Corner to Addison-road, made by the surveyor of the Kensington Turnpike Trustees in 1811. The drawing is, of course, a survey, but the elevations on the north side are given for the whole distance, and these compose a charming panorama of the highway as it was in the days of stage-coaches. The previous issues of the society include Van den Wyngaerde's View of London, a facsimile of the original drawing made in the middle of the sixteenth century, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Visscher's View of London in 1616, Porter's Map of London and Westminster taken shortly before the Great Fire, may also be mentioned, and there are others no less interesting.

A PHRASE there is that needs correction. We read in a contemporary that the late Mr. Archibald Forbes "wore out prematurely his cast-iron constitution." We should have thought that the constitution which enabled Mr. Forbes to perform such extraordinary feats as his 110 miles' gallop from Ulundi, or his not less amazing feats of endurance at Plevna, and which never broke down but merely "wore out," had little in common with cast iron, which, as every housewife knows, is brittle to a fault. A "wrought iron" constitution would be the right description, in terms of iron. Yet the other epithet is almost always chosen in such cases.

SEVERAL correspondents have written asking whether the acknowledgments of Special Competitions which we printed last week covered all that we had received from the first. No; they were merely the last instalment. The essays, poems, &c., received by us number many hundreds.

VERY recently a contemporary allowed a correspondent to ask, "Does Anyone Read Shakespeare?" We are able to state that Messrs. Snowdon, Sons & Co., of Millwall, London, E., read the Plays with some diligence. They have issued the Swan's own testimony to the merits of their Snowdrift Lubricant for Engineers. We cannot quote the whole of the ingenious list of quotations of which the initial letters, when read down the page,

give the legend, "Engineers Will Find Snowdrift Lubricant Always Best," but we will quote part of it:

S	mooth as oil!	1 <i>Henry IV.</i> , Act I, sc. iii.
N	oted and most known!	<i>Hamlet</i> , Act II, sc. i.
O	rder the trial!	<i>Richard II.</i> , Act I., sc. iii.
W	elcome! I am glad to see thee!	<i>Hamlet</i> , Act II, sc. ii.
D	eserved the praise of the world!	<i>Cymbeline</i> , Act V., sc. iv.
R	un smooth!	<i>Midsommer Night's Dream</i> , Act I., sc. 1.
I	come to answer thy best pleasure!	<i>All's Well</i> , Act II., sc. i.
F	or achievement offer us!	<i>Henry V.</i> , Act III., sc. v.
T	he very best that e'er I saw!	<i>Midsommer Night's Dream</i> , Act V., sc. 1.
L	eave no rubs nor botches in the work!	<i>Macbeth</i> , Act III., sc. 1.
U	nrivalled merit!	<i>Two Gentleman of Verona</i> , Act V., sc. iv.
B	est am I in true opinion!	<i>Winter's Tale</i> , Act II., sc. i.
R	egards me with an eye of favour!	<i>Much A-do</i> , Act V., sc. iv.
I	mmediately delivered!	<i>Titus Andronicus</i> , Act V., sc. i.
O	annot but yield you forth to public thanks!	<i>Measure for Measure</i> , Act V., sc. i.
A	pprobation for thy place and away!	<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> , Act I., sc. iii.
N	oble is thy merit!	<i>Richard II.</i> , Act V., sc. vi.
T	all the world aloud!	<i>Measure for Measure</i> , Act II., sc. iv.

WE have received an anonymous contribution of a harrowing character, entitled "The Return of the Spring: an Author's Lament." It is interesting, and very well written; indeed, the author of such a composition has little reason to lament on the score of his literary ability. Nor do his private troubles seem to us to be incurable; his confession is sown with "cannots" which we simply "cannot" accept. We give him this intimation that his article is too long for us to use, and that it will lie at this office until he claims it. A shorter and more inspiring contribution from his pen would have our consideration.

Bibliographical.

"I FIND that in Moore's *Diary*," writes a well-known journalist—for all the world as if he had never read that work till now, which one can hardly believe to be the case—"he speaks of Sydney Smith imitating, among the various forms of hand-shaking to be met with in society, 'the high official, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead.'" Moore, of course, is an authority on what he saw and heard; but I prefer, in this case, that of Lady Holland, who, in her memoirs of her father (1855, Vol. I., p. 403), prints a little speech on hand-shaking which (she says) Sydney Smith addressed to a young lady, beginning: "There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin"—and so forth. This latter version is much better than Moore's; and I fancy the whole passage is to be found repeated in the slender volume called *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, which was published some sixteen years ago, and which I can heartily recommend to the attention of my brother scribe.

In writing last week about Miss Arabella Shore, I forgot to mention that she describes herself, on the title-page of her *First and Last Poems*, just issued, as "editor of the *Journal of Emily Shore*." So far as I know, this is the first public announcement of the interesting fact. If I remember rightly, Miss Emily Shore's *Journal* was pub-

lished in 1891 without any editor's name. The preliminary information, indeed, was rather meagre, and the *Journal*, very rightly, was allowed to stand on its own merits. Unquestionably Miss Emily Shore was not the least notable member of a notable family. She died, I think, in her teens, of consumption; but her *Journal* shows that she had considerable mental and spiritual gifts, and that, if she had had a longer life, she might have left behind her some solid literary achievement. Meanwhile the *Journal* itself will no doubt have the effect of keeping her memory green, at any rate among those who have leisure and liking for research in the bye-ways of book-land.

Yet another variant on the epigram which I quoted the other day from Bishop Walsham How's *Lighter Moments*! Says the Rev. John J. Poynter, writing from Oswestry: "I vividly remember yet another version of the lines—more picturesque, too, and vigorous in some ways—being read to us students in sermon class assembled:

My daughters praise our curate's eyes;
I cannot see their light divine;
For when he prays he closes his,
And when he preaches I close mine.

They were from the *Spectator* of that week—somewhere, probably, in March 1877." That is all very well; but George Outram's *Legal Lyrics*, &c., were printed—privately—so long ago as 1851, and any claim to the epigram I quoted from that volume must at least be dated prior to that year, or it is of none effect. I still think that the lines as printed in the *Lyrics* (latest edition, I believe, 1888) are more satisfactory than any of the versions supplied by my kind correspondents.

Not so very long ago there was produced in London a little one-act play called "Dr. Johnson," in which, if my memory serves me, not only the great lexicographer, but also the faithful Boswell, was among the *personæ*. The desire to portray "littery gents" upon the stage appears to be spreading. The *Daily News* has drawn our attention to a current American piece, by a reputable playwright, in which Oliver Goldsmith (poor man!) is the title-character, and in which his legendary love for Miss Horneck is exploited for all (or more than) it is worth. It is, however, only fair to remember that, so far as Goldie is concerned, the Yankees are not the first sinners in this respect. Just two years ago there was performed at a London theatre a "curtain-raiser" entitled "The Rescue of Oliver Goldsmith," in which, by the way, Dr. Johnson once more figured. This had been preceded, by half-a-dozen years, by a little one-act drama (played in the country), for which Mr. F. Frankfort Moore was responsible—a dramatic trifle, named (in simplest fashion) "Oliver Goldsmith." There is, however, no limit to the boldness of these playmakers. Did not Charles Reade introduce into his "Masks and Faces" no less a personage than Colley Cibber, his superior in stage-craft, if in nothing else?

Talking of literature and the stage, what a benefactor the latter can, on occasion, be to the former! The circulation of the dramatised novel or poem expands as if by magic. To put a story on the "boards" is to "boom" it splendidly. I take it, therefore, that there is, and has been, and will be, a great run upon the English versions of *Quo Vadis*, the tale by H. B. Sienkiewicz, which is to be "theatricalised" at the Adelphi under American auspices and in the provinces under Mr. Wilson Barrett. The first translation into English of *Quo Vadis* published in this country appears to have been that by Jeremiah Curtin, brought out in November, 1896, and then (in two volumes) in December, 1897, and again in May and July, 1898. Another version, by Messrs. S. A. Binion and S. Malevsky, appeared in April and July of last year, and is to be purchased, apparently, for the small sum of one shilling. There is a chance, therefore, of *Quo Vadis* becoming familiar as a story, as well as in the garb of a drama, to the English "man in the street." THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Husk of Technique.

When We Dead Awaken: a Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

ART *versus* life—that is the theme of this strange piece, which is less a self-contained play than a disastrous and futile *coda* to some long-preceding dramatic action, as, indeed, the sub-title partially indicates. The principal characters are four. There are, first, Prof. Rubek, the great sculptor, and his Philistine little wife Maia, who are vainly trying to enjoy the fruits of worldly success. Rubek has made his name and fortune by his group, "The Resurrection Day," of which the central figure is "the noblest, purest, most ideal woman the world ever saw" awakening from the sleep of death. Since the completion of that masterpiece he has done nothing but portrait busts—"striking likenesses," but with something "equivocal, cryptic, lurking in and behind" them, something that the people themselves cannot see, and that Rubek alone can see. "At bottom they are all respectable, pompous horsefaces, and self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts." Rubek is fundamentally dissatisfied with himself and his art; he is overset by the tedium of the world and the desolating dull companionship of Maia, to whom art is only a word. In vain he tells her that he is happy—"in a way." In the next breath, speaking in a parable, as all the characters speak, he curtly informs the poor little doll that she is "not born to be a mountaineer." And Maia, too, is restless, querulous, unhappy. She complains that Rubek has not fulfilled his original promise to "take her up to a high mountain and show her all the glory of the world"; it is in reply to this that Rubek taunts her with her inability to climb.

Such is the *impasse*, when the other two characters appear in the bathing-establishment where Rubek and Maia are staying. Squire Ulfheim enters with an oath, and describes himself thus: "A bear-hunter, when I have the chance, madam. But I make the best of any sort of game that comes in my way—eagles, and wolves, and women, and elks, and reindeer—if only it's fresh and juicy and has plenty of blood in it." Maia is taken with his unaffected animalism, and at his suggestion goes off to inspect his dogs; Maia has met her fate. Then comes the fourth character, "the strange lady," dressed in white and followed by a black nun. She gazes at Rubek "with vacant expressionless eyes."

RUBEK: I know you quite well, Irene.

THE LADY [*in a toneless voice*]: You can guess who I am, Arnold.

RUBEK [*without answering*]: And you recognise me too, I see.

THE LADY: That is quite another matter.

RUBEK: With me? How so?

THE LADY: Oh, you are still alive.

RUBEK [*not understanding*]: Alive—?

THE LADY [*after a short pause*]: Who was the other? The woman you had with you—there at the table?

RUBEK [*a little reluctantly*]: She? That was my—my wife.

THE LADY [*nods slowly*]: Indeed. That is well, Arnold. Some one, then, that does not concern me—

RUBEK [*nods*]: No, of course not—

THE LADY: One whom you have taken to you after my lifetime.

RUBEK [*suddenly looking hard at her*]: After you—? What do you mean by that, Irene?

Irene is mad, in some respects. Among other disorders she has homicidal mania, and the black nun keeps a strait waistcoat for her. Irene sat nude to Rubek for the statue of the young woman. As deeply as the sculptor himself Irene was absorbed in the statue; she always calls it "her

child." Rubek accepted her services and co-operation, and then thanked her "for a priceless episode," and then showed her the door, her who had "renounced home and kindred" for him. Her charge against him now is three-fold. First, he put "the work of art first—after it the human being." Second, he was so passionless as to respect her honour. Third, she had to give up to him her "young living soul, and that gift left me empty within—soulless. It was that I died of, Arnold."

Rubek (after the manner of men) perceives the value of the treasure he had cast aside. He hints to Maia that he wishes to commit adultery, in order to be able to resume his artistic activity. Maia, "unconcerned," replies that she can go away if necessary, and adds: "But it won't be; for in town—in all our great house—there must surely, with a little goodwill, be room enough for three." Maia then goes off hunting with Ulfheim. Rubek proposes adultery to Irene, but Irene, "immovable," answers: "For our life there is no resurrection." Later, however, "with a wild expression in her eyes," she breaks out to him: "Will you have a summer night on the upland—with me?" And the assignation is made. But still there is no contentment.

RUBEK [*repeats dreamily*]: Summer night on the upland. With you: with you [*His eyes met hers*], oh! Irene—that might have been our life. And that we have forfeited—we two.

IRENE: We see the irretrievable only when—[*breaks off short*].

RUBEK: When?

IRENE: When we dead awaken.

RUBEK [*shakes his head mournfully*]: What do we really see then?

IRENE: We see that we have never lived.

In the brief third act, when "dawn is breaking" on the hills, Maia, out hunting with Ulfheim, barely saves herself from the atrocious advances of that libertine; while Rubek and Irene, wending their way to the furthest upland, "through the mists and then right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise," are overwhelmed by an avalanche. The attendant black nun, unharmed, shrieks "Pax vobiscum"—this is her sole speech—and Maia's "triumphant song" of freedom sounds from below. *Finis*.

It is a plain, repellent tale, told with nearly all Ibsen's old masterful skill. The play would probably "act" very well. Every page is full of subtle dramatic quality, and the great scene between Rubek and Irene in Act II. is beyond the slightest doubt extremely powerful. The characters are fully realised for us. They may be exquisitely unnatural, but we see them as Ibsen meant us to see them. There is no fumbling, no uncertainty. The supreme craftsman has been at work. But what then? Is this all? Are we to pretend that we have not tried to pierce the superficialities of this sinister, abhorrent, and sterile narrative? Ibsen has more than once fretted against those who try to "read into" his work messages which he never sent. His attitude has always been: "My plays mean nothing." In the first act of the present play, when Maia urges that though the world knows nothing it can divine something, Rubek replies: "Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can all go into ecstasies over." We have no intention of going into ecstasies, but we do say that the reader is compelled at least to attempt "to divine something" under the factual envelope. By causing all his persons to speak in metaphors, Ibsen leaves him no alternative. The reader, like Rubek, must perforce exclaim, "sadly and earnestly": "There is something hidden behind everything you say." The whole piece is a welter of dark utterances, vague symbolisms and mysterious figures of speech. Here is an example. Rubek and Maia are talking of a railway journey by night:

RUBEK: I noticed how silent it became at all the little roadside stations. I heard the silence—like you, Maia—

MAIA: H'm! like me. Yes.

RUBEK: —and that assured me that we had crossed the frontier—that we were really at home. For the train stopped at all the little stations—although there was nothing doing at all.

MAIA: Then why did it stop—though there was nothing to be done?

RUBEK: Can't say. No one got out or in; but all the same the train stopped a long, endless time. And at every station I could make out that there were two railway men walking up and down the platform—one had a lantern in his hand—and they said things to each other in the night—low, and toneless, and meaningless.

MAIA: Yes, that is quite true. There are always two men walking up and down, and talking—

There are scores of similar passages in the play—the bramah-locked casket, the girl whose shoes were worn very thin, the wounded bird of prey, the habitation of the bears, the ships with no harpoon-men on board, the heights, the valleys, the "tight place," and many more. It is idle to assert that these may properly mean nothing. Either they mean something, or they are absurd and constitute a needless and irritating violation of that inner realism of dialogue upon which Ibsen has always insisted. And not only episodically, but in its large outlines the play has all the semblance of a parable. The story seems always to be hiding some spiritual significance. Hence the inevitable question: What is that spiritual significance? Frankly, we do not know. More frankly, we do not believe that it exists. To read *When We Dead Awaken* is like beating in the dark against an agitated curtain in the vain quest of some solid figure on the other side. The curtain drops heavily back at every stroke, till at length the searcher desists, baffled and weary. If, indeed, there be aught behind the curtain, it is un bodied shapes, elusive, formless, futile.

We, as well as any, can appreciate the tremendous force which Ibsen has been, the singleness of his aim, and the greatness of his achievement. But the heat of the battle which raged round him is now cooled, and none but the most desperate fighters—in whose ears the war-cry will never cease to ring—can fail to recognise, if they will be honest, that a fine genius has passed into its period of decadence. The last four plays are fourfold proof of this. In the mere fact of decadence there should be no cause for sorrow, for it is a phenomenon of natural law. Every artist, if he lives out his life, becomes decadent; but not all in the same way. With some the decadence is tender and serene, as with Shakespeare. With others it is unquiet, hysterical, inconsequent—as though the artistic vitality, retaining its energy, had gone to sleep, and worked creatively in a feverish and amorphous dream. This is Ibsen's case. His career has been a concentration of himself upon himself, too complete to be entirely healthy. Like the Rubek whom Irene knew, he gave up life for art. It was a grand renunciation, but even renunciations have to be paid for, and Ibsen is paying for his in the manner of his decadence.

Some Mysticism and a Mystic.

An Essay in Aid of the Better Appreciation of Catholic Mysticism. Illustrated from the Writings of Blessed Angela of Foligno. By Algar Thorold. (Kegan Paul.)

WITH Mr. Thorold's aim I have every sympathy, if I rightly understand it. He aspires to ingratiate Catholic mysticism with the intelligent public; to divorce mysticism from its popular association with Mr. John Wellington Wells and the saltatory education of drawing-room tables. The motive is excellent, but it comes to mean in practice the popularisation, and I am sure that popular mysticism is an evil thing. The precise aim of Mr. Thorold's present book is to present "the constituents of mysticism," and (it

must be assumed from the title-page) to illustrate them from the writings of the Franciscan mystic, Angela da Foligno. I do not see that he has presented the constituents of mysticism. This is a pity, for he is a writer of considerable distinction as regards style. His most profound and illuminatively original points are taken from Coventry Patmore, whom he has evidently studied. Not that I impeach the general originality of his treatise. I would he had taken more; above all, Mr. Patmore's perspicuous sense of order, his pregnant condensation and concentration upon his subject. Mr. Thorold divagates with exasperating fluency upon the slightest provocation. He cannot resist a controversial opening, however far it may lure him from the matter of his professed thesis. He thinks it necessary, "incidentally and by way of illustration," to describe "a hypothetical process of conversion, and also to suggest the sort of way in which the modern Catholic mystic may be disposed, for the sake of his own peace of mind, to meet some current objections to Catholic faith and practice." This incidental illustration ultimately occupies the greater part of the treatise. I presume that I am more or less a "mystic," in Mr. Thorold's loose sense of the term; but it is not for my peace of mind to pursue and criticise him through his "incidental" divagation, and divagations upon divagation. I cannot see that they are "necessary," nor why they should absorb needful space. A controversy on "Bible Christianity," for example—what is it doing in this galley, or will it conciliate the outsider's sympathies towards mysticism? Suasive exposition should surely be the means employed. He elaborately piles the arguments for scepticism drawn from physical science, merely to explain that the "natural mystic" will start from a quite other basis of thought. Why waste time in such elaborate entrenchments if you intend to pass them by and leave them *en l'air*? And again, what a far cry from the "constituents of mysticism"!

This controversial zeal leads him into rash statements. "To the man of mystical temperament, . . . and to him only, is the message of the [Catholic] Church addressed." A tremendous limitation for a body Catholic! Or would Mr. Thorold persuade a consensus of theologians to endorse "the fact that it was the fall of Lucifer, rather than that of Adam, which for the first time introduced moral evil, with all its possible consequences, into the Creation"? This "fact" (a bold word!) sweeps away the traditional innocuousness of Eden; for Mr. Thorold means the physical Creation. *Mais enfin*, these constituents of mysticism? After this preparatory labour, there crawls forth (to my eyesight, at least) but one. Adopting Coventry Patmore's view, that the supreme justification of dogma is the psychological value of the truth it contains, he bases mysticism on the doctrine of the Creation. He shows (to state it briefly) that full acceptance of that doctrine implies the subjection of the whole man in his whole being to God. But this is the basis of all true Christian life, and only the basis of mysticism inasmuch as mysticism is the furthest and logical outcome, the ultimate flower, of true Christian life. It is not a specific basis. Nor does it help the reader to understand what mysticism specifically is. Yet beyond this and an historical introduction (which has its own elements of disproportion) there seems to me nothing to prepare the unaccustomed reader for the highly mystical writings of Angela da Foligno which follow—abruptly and without comment. He steps into them as from a bathing-machine—and I can fancy may gasp. Valuable for the acquainted student, they do not appear a good choice as an introduction to mysticism. They contain many "hard sayings," and the earlier portions have much of the physical character so repellent to the outsider. Even on the average Catholic some things will come with a douche of surprise.

I am sorry to say these things, for Mr. Thorold writes well, and there is method in his long approach. But he has a crocodile unwieldiness in revolving on his own axis.

Lack of proportion crowds out or attenuates the central matter—which is surely the nature of mysticism. If he does not actually leave the rails, he is yet too fond of loop-lines.

The mystic is not (as Mr. Thorold's use of the word would seem to countenance) a student of mysticism, any more than a scientist is one who studies books on science. Not yet is he a *devotee*, a devout practiser of religion. Mysticism is an interior ladder, at the summit of which is God. The mystic endeavours, by a rigid practical virtue, combined with prayer, meditation, and mortification of the senses, to arrive at a closer union with the Creator. Union with God is proposed as the state of the future life, and therefore the ultimate end of the Christian. But mysticism holds that some degree of such union is possible in this life. It is the belief of Plato no less than St. John of the Cross. There is an indwelling of the Divinity in every Christian. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" But the gradual purification of body and soul, with the turning of the whole man towards God, permits the Deity to flow in with a greater closeness, until there is finally accomplished, if not the spousal union of the next life, at any rate a betrothal union, we may say.

These are only your espousals; yes,
More intimate and fruitfuller far
Than aptest mortal nuptials are.

Such, in brief, is the theory of mysticism. Its principles are many and not in a few words to be laid down. For it is no *terra incognita*; from the recorded experience of mystics the whole process has been mapped out elaborately. This *mystical theology*, as it is called, serves, however, mainly for the instruction of directors who have to deal with such persons. The mystic himself can pursue no beaten track, no guide-book path. The way to God is through Himself, and is conditioned by His Own nature. It is alike for no two men. And it is the study of its adaptation to the personality which is so psychologically interesting in the writings of individual mystics.

The process varies indefinitely with the individual concerned. "The mystic is the religious genius," says Mr. Thorold, and there is profound truth of analogy in the saying. But that mysticism has no necessary connexion with natural genius there could not be a better proof than his chosen instance, Angela da Foligno. Her psychological interest resides largely in the fact that she was the reverse of a "genius." In the unconscious betrayal and characteristic savour of her writings, she appears obviously to be by nature a very little woman, a woman of bounded and self-conditioned mind, with all that incapacity of vital conception outside the personal environment which Ruskin grieved over in her sex. Not for her a large and impersonal outlook. A young married woman, of irregular life previous to her entering upon the mystical way, she seems (if one may trust her own violent self-accusations) to have combined actual laxity with a show of religiosity. Among her latest and most serious sacrifices to the new way of life she mentions head-tires and the like beloved female adornments. At a yet later stage of her spiritual preparation, she makes the *naïf* confession that she ceased to laugh at Petruccio. Clearly a light damsel, to whom this unidentified Peterkin was dear matter of merriment—even more difficult to forego than head-tires. Her one quality beyond the common is a strenuous emotionality; and this was nowise conspicuous in an Italian woman belonging to a century of vehement passions. Of weak nature, she found conversion a slow and painful process; she was not "saved" in a moment, after the manner of the Salvation bench. She has no literary art, no special gift of expression: her account of her spiritual experiences is of a girlish *naïveté*. One would expect the character of her spiritual relations to be adapted to the limitations of her mind, since mysticism follows the natural order, which

is elevated into the supernatural without violent wrench. And it is even so: these relations have an intimate little-ness nothing less than startling to the general reader, and arresting to the most experienced. A homely Bride of the Song of Songs (so to speak), one wishes, in listening to her, for the veil of poetry. This reason precludes us from quoting what is psychologically most interesting in its adjustment to the simple and personal feminine mind. No less interesting are the numerous suggested analogies between divine and natural love, and equally interdicted from quotation by consideration for the general reader. But psychology is baffled by another aspect of these writings. For this unlearned woman of small mind, whose earlier visions have all that literal and physical character which we should *à priori* expect, in her later visions, attains an altogether unexpected height of abstraction, and subtle philosophical conceptions which I have known to astonish at least one philosopher. The abrupt transition to these transcendental summits from the infantile simplicity of the writer's previously exhibited mental outlook, and the prattle of her narrative style, is a chief riddle of this extraordinary book. A riddle it will be to the ordinary reader, whether he admits or does not admit the supernatural element, and to many readers a profane riddle. To myself, with all its interest from the standpoints which I have indicated, it appears a book for which publicity, the indiscriminate publicity of the bookseller's window, was unmeant. I feel as if I had been eavesdropping at a convent confessional. I can hardly think it will make one convert to the value of mysticism. But I fear it may repel many.

FRANÇOIS THOMPSON.

Newspaper Stamps and Hindrances.

Taxes on Knowledge: the Story of their Origin and Repeal.
By Collet Dobson Collet. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE story of the hindrances which the stamp and other Acts placed on the freedom of the Press, and on the cheap dissemination of news, is a most interesting chapter in our social history. If it were written as it should be it would be full of excitement and interest: the narrative of a sort of steeplechase in which the Press would be seen taking the obstacles placed before it, here clearing a ditch and there a fence, until at last it arrived where it now is, with no masters and no censors but the public and the advertisers. But such a history yet remains to be written, for the present work is both dull and pretentious, and the reader will be a very youthful and enthusiastic admirer of the daily paper who will wade through all the small beer which trickles over so many pages in these two volumes.

But the statesmen who imposed the stamp duties and continued them were not actuated by any "nefarious" desire to stifle public knowledge. They may have deserved to be pelted with adjectives, but they seem chiefly to have been actuated by the desire to raise money for the revenue, a desire which is natural in the official, as is the opposite desire in the average man to evade or abolish any tax or duty which touches his pocket. Those who clung to the Stamp Acts were actuated by a desire to put money in the public treasury: those who wished to repeal the duties were impelled by a feeling that without them cheap newspapers might be made a very good thing. To talk of the taxes on newspapers as a "tax on knowledge" is merely another example of the advantage of a good cry which begs the question and tickles the ears of the unthinking. The taxes were really taxes on news, which is a very different thing, for news is not knowledge, and though we are all agreed that it was right and necessary to free the Press, yet it is just as well to call things by their real names.

The imposition of the taxes dates from the reign of

Queen Anne, when men's passions were still excited by the Civil War and the Revolution. In the process of settling down language was used by pamphleteers which could not be justified, and for the sake of peace it was as well to stop the inflammatory writers whose words might just possibly have thrown all England into the melting-pot again. Considering the state of the country a couple of centuries ago, the following passage is probably justified in its imputation of motives, and it gives a fine idea of Mr. Collet's style :

Was there no way by which, without the necessity of constant censure, private men might be prevented from using the Press to make their opinions public? The pamphleteers were not rich, but they were often persons of education, and not penniless. When only a few copies of their writings were wanted they could pay for them, but now that reading was become more common, and that great numbers of copies were printed, the cost had, to a great extent, to be paid by the readers. If these sheets could be taxed their distribution might become difficult, and when anyone attempted to evade the tax he could be punished, not as a libeller, but as a smuggler, and the character of what was printed would not come under discussion, as it generally would in a trial for libel. At the time we are recording, 1709, these considerations appear to have very much occupied the minds of the members of the House of Commons.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in this exposition, but the measure is one example of how Bills come to be passed or taxes imposed for a specific, if unavowed, purpose, and then are retained, thanks to the force of official habit, after the reasons which prompted them have passed away. But for a long time the Newspaper Acts and the stamp tax was looked upon as a convenient method of stopping those seditious persons who even as late as the beginning of this century published observations "tending to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution of these realms as by law established," till gradually the people and the Government advanced in their education, and finally realised that a cheap Press, though lending itself to many abuses, was far more sensitive to the control of public opinion than to that of a tax collector at Somerset House. But what strikes one especially in all this long history of a struggle against taxation is the very small amount received by the Exchequer. In 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, the revenue from newspaper stamps was only £383,695, and in 1835 it was only £553,197, having been at its height in 1831, at the time of the Reform Bill agitation, when it reached the sum of £586,635, a wretched enough sum to squabble over for so many years.

Lord Lyndhurst really gave the first blow to the newspaper taxes in 1834, and the end might have come more quickly had not the Corn Law agitation turned the minds of the great public into a more personal channel, for cheap bread seemed more desirable than cheap news, and so the latter got shelved. In 1851 the matter was taken up by more serious persons, such as members of Parliament and others, and the advertisement duty, which pressed hardly on papers, was abolished on August 4, 1853. The compulsory stamp on newspapers was abolished June 29, 1855, the paper duty was repealed October 1, 1861, and the Registration and Security Acts in 1869.

For thirty years, therefore, the Press has been absolutely free, and has had no restrictions placed upon it except those enforced by public opinion and the advertisers. How strong the pressure these can exercise he who will may see at any time. Public opinion is now a very real and salutary censor.

In the Close.

Sunningwell. By F. Warre Cornish. (Constable. 6s.)

THE gentle life, gently told, of a canon in the Midlands who lives in the Cathedral Close with his sister and niece until the niece marries, the sister dies, and the canon himself fades away loving and beloved, "a pattern set to show that it is possible to be a Churchman without being a dogmatist, a critic without being censorious, a Christian yet not over unworldly." It is the glory of the Church of England to have produced such men, and, although we fancy the type is rarer than it was, there are doubtless many Philip Mores—learned, kindly, and devout—leading the claustral life in some of the sleepy cathedral towns of which England still boasts. Whether it will long survive the multiplication of dioceses, the increased means of communication between town and town, and the general rush and rattle of modern life, remains to be seen; but when it dies out life will have lost much of its picturesqueness.

Mr. Cornish's picture of Philip More, "who looked in the first place a gentleman, in the second a clergyman, in the third a scholar, . . . but not a don," is charming. So are those of the gruff old organist and his pupil and successor, "who looks like a German"; of the three old maiden ladies who kept a girls' school of the old-fashioned kind, and were "at home" every Wednesday; and of More's old servant, devoted to his master, but disliking "dinner-parties, rather because they gave others pleasure than because they gave himself trouble." And all More's kindness does not prevent his conversation on most matters from being flavoured with a delicate irony that is as shrewd as it is good-natured.

"There is nothing more wonderful," he says, "than the fact that a woman has nothing to learn. What she knows about a person or a fact, especially a person, admits of no addition or diminution, no misgiving or doubt: that is thenceforth to be added to the facts of the case, as part of the dossier. Now that, I think, is not a common quality in men; and the men who have it are just those to whom women submit their judgment; in action, that is, not in opinion; for whatever a woman may do or allow to be done she always knows she was right all the time."

Or, again :

"The smaller the man, the bigger the priest. Keble and his friends, those who stayed with us, were clergymen before they were priests. The modern High Churchman, as soon as he is ordained, is tempted to think that he is not only set apart, as he ought to think, but set above the laity, as a lord over the heritage. They seem to think they have given to them at their ordination a ticket of admission to front places in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Or, again :

"The people we call our inferiors are not merely indifferent. They look upon us as on the whole on the right side of nothing; for instance, deans and canons, to John Byles's mind, are people who walk behind v-rgers, and the converse proposition does not interest him."

It is, perhaps, with a double meaning that Mr. Cornish alludes to More as "the humourist."

The more serious purpose of the book is no doubt shown in the catastrophe. Spurred on by the attempt of some of his brother clergy to procure his signature to a condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, More preaches a sermon in the Minster, setting forth "the duty of studying new doctrine, and not condemning it merely because it was new." And then, finding that this does not satisfy the orthodox, he follows it up by another developing "the somewhat subtle and difficult thesis" that "the form which religion takes is continually changing, and so even the creeds must mean different things, to those who repeat the words now, from what they meant to those who framed them; the material form in which true doctrines were presented might easily pass into the region of legend." The more evangelical of the chapter

set the bishop at him, and the bishop suggests that he should resign his preferments. On his way home from the palace he gets a chill, which develops into a pleurisy, and he is never after the same man. Although he resigns his cure, he retains, with everybody's consent, his canonry, but does not touch the stipend. At length he dies, regretted as much by his opponents as by his friends, on a peaceful death-bed, which is one of the most touching things in the book.

Mr. Cornish, who, we forgot to say, is Vice-Provost of Eton, is no doubt right; and such things were possible in "the 'sixties and 'seventies," although, he thinks, "such sermons might be preached without offence now." Yet it is hard to see how the bishop could, at that time, have done other than he did. In his love for comprehension—and he repeatedly makes More say that the cathedrals should be open to Nonconformist ministers as well as to clergymen of the Church of England—Mr. Cornish, perhaps, takes too exclusively the clerical view of the matter, and overlooks the result that the expression of such views as his hero's are apt to have on the, it may be, uninstructed layman. Although he speaks of the *Essays and Reviews* period as one "when science and criticism were battering at the church doors, while the congregation inside thought more of how they could succeed in keeping them out than on what terms they could let them in," the same assault with the same result was delivered many times before *Essays and Reviews* was written, and is raging with great fierceness now. The rotundity of the earth, the plurality of worlds, the doctrine of evolution, have each in their turn marshalled their forces against the dogmas of the Christian Church, and Catholic, Anglican, and Dissenter have united first in defending and afterward in surrendering the position. Now has come the turn of that advanced or destructive criticism which says in effect that both the language and the evidence of the Bible may be freely altered or rejected according as it does or does not agree with profane sources; and already, as readers of the *ACADEMY* know well, there are many within the fort who are clamouring that this point, too, shall be conceded. Nor is there any sign that matters will stop here. The belief in miracles is challenged even in Mr. Cornish's book. The ecclesiastical mind has a way of its own in such matters, and we are far from saying that to it the subtle arguments—we will not call them casuistries or sophistries—by which More supports his theory of comprehension may not seem sufficient. But to the layman, accustomed to look upon facts from the objective side, the spectacle of a Church—including in this phrase again all Christian denominations—opposing while it can and accepting when it must the conclusions of a science which has always been distasteful to it, is likely to have a result very different from that which Mr. Cornish hopes and no doubt fancies.

This apart, Mr. Cornish has written a book in every way charming, and one which deserves to be read for its own sake, irrespective of the theological opinions of author or hero.

Edward FitzGerald's "Great Gun."

The Poems of George Crabbe. A Selection. Arranged and Edited by Bernard Holland. (Edward Arnold.)

Most readers of the present day would confess that their knowledge of Crabbe was limited to the admirable parody in the *Rejected Addresses*. In truth, it is scarce a parody; every feature of Crabbe's style is exactly caught, while it is scarcely an exaggeration of Crabbe's own pedestrian moments. The jingles, burlesque though they appear, are no whit worse than Crabbe's own.

Wanton thoughts, I grant,
Were first my motive, now the thoughts of want
is a quite average example from the *Parish Register*.

Without saying that the *Rejected Addresses* gives an adequate idea of Crabbe, it may yet be questioned whether there is not some reason for the neglect of Crabbe. Has Crabbe, in fact, quite the stuff to live?

The only prominent attention which we remember being paid to Crabbe of late years came—curiously—from no less exacting a critic of poetry than the late Coventry Patmore. It is an unlooked-for conjunction; yet, since he put his essay on permanent record, it is worth referring to as showing what a modern champion has to say for Crabbe. The chief thing which strikes him, the thing to which he returns again and again, is Crabbe's pitiless microscopic perception. He compares it to an electric light, wherein the very sludge and dead dogs in a tidal river shine again. The perception is undeniable, and this defender of Crabbe admits, in effect, that it is exercised too indiscriminately for art, that we could spare a few of the dead dogs. This, of course, is the merit claimed for Crabbe since his first appearance: that he sees for himself, and paints what he sees, even to the extent of dwelling on ugliness and squalor.

Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

Of the sternness there is no possible doubt, but we demur to that "best." The description is careful, minute, accurate; but it is far too minute, far too accurate for poetry. There is no selection: one stanza of Tennyson would do the thing infinitely better with a tithe of the words. It is, in fact, excellent prose description; everything noted objectively in exact detail, nothing spared, nothing forgotten. Whereas a poet should forget everything but the few strokes which make for magic.

The following description of the Aldborough neighbourhood is a very good example:

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph, whom wretched arts adorn,
Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

This is not only stern, but wilfully so. He sees everything with a grim eye. Aldborough, we are told, was excessively poor and squalid then; but the surrounding country must have been then, surely, much as it is now. The lovely Suffolk marshes, blooming with flowers and flower-like grasses, must have stood as they stand now. Then, as now, the flag-lilies must have turned them into glory in due season of the year. Yet from all Crabbe's works put together you would gain no conception that such a country surrounded his native village. His eye was jaundiced by the poverty amid which he was reared until it took natively to harsh objects. Whatever was arid in the country about him he noted grimly; but for its compensations he had no eye—or so it seems to us.

Yet Crabbe has power undeniably; he has truth and pathos and a manly style (which would have been better without Pope); and it is perhaps ungrateful to higggle whether his power should exactly be described as poetical. Nor will it do the present day any harm to read *The Borough* or the *Parish Register*, while it may do it considerable good.

Other New Books.

THE UNCHANGING EAST.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Barr's book is resolutely and implacably facetious. Not humorous, not comic, but facetious. One would give so much for a genuinely comic idea, for a spark of wit, for an oasis of fine writing or even a single felicitous descriptive epithet inspired by imagination; but no, we are denied everything but facetiousness. And what is so sad about it is that in this facetiousness there are no surprises, the expected always happens. To a large extent such was also the case with the *Innocents Abroad*, on which book apparently Mr. Barr (although, as he tells us, by birth a Scotsman) has modelled his style; but it has to be remembered that the *Innocents Abroad* was the first of its kind and came into being thirty and more years ago, and also that it was often really funny and always the work of a powerful and original mind. Now, in Mr. Barr's record of travel he has put no originality and no power; he has merely used to the utmost a convention that is old to the point of exhaustion.

Thus: when Mr. Barr wishes to stay in a place, he "lingers longer, like Lu." He has been informed that it is quite common for French ships to lose their reckoning and "find themselves in the position of the man in the song, who 'dunno where 'e are.'" "France," he says elsewhere, "has really resolved to acquire the leather medal for stupidity, and has become a troublesome neighbour; while as a colonist she is beneath contempt." A Tunisian Arab, "like the man who broke the bank, walks along the Bois de Boulogne with an air that is inimitable." Concerning an Eastern coin: "There is on the larger silver coins a cabalistic mark, which resembles an American spreadeagle having a fit. This hieroglyphic nightmare, they tell me, is Turkish, and means 'God save the Sultan.' I think I could amend the phrase by substituting another word for 'save.'" And so forth; everywhere this tawdry bank-holiday facetiousness, unfortunately not unmixed, as we have shown, now and then with something very much like bad manners.

In fairness to Mr. Barr, it ought to be said that these chapters were written for publication in a weekly paper, where such things are more in keeping; but that does not excuse the book. There is also a certain amount of information in these pages, and Mr. Barr's geniality is invincible; but we cannot consider its production as other than time ill spent. It is as well worth while to try and write well as to write like this. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE KENDALS.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

Here is a book which—though, we dare say, it is having a certain amount of vogue at the libraries, and will find a place on the shelves of the "enthusiastic playgoer"—does not touch literature at any point. It professes to be "a biography," but is really a sort of *éloge* chronologically arranged. Its author speaks of his "close, constant, and valued friendship" with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; and the volume is just such as a close, constant, valued friend would pen, if he had little faculty either for criticism or for style. Boiled down to the bare element of fact, this book might have excuse for existence as a pamphlet. As it stands, it is but a tedious tale of (as the author has it) unmitigated successes. A good deal of what Mr. T. E. Pemberton here says he has said already in his volumes on T. W. Robertson and Mr. John Hare. His chief fault, however, is his prolixity, his determination to write round a fact rather than state it simply and concisely. The strain of perpetual eulogium in which he writes is explicable from his own point of view, but particularly irritating to the fair-minded onlooker. It is no wonder that Mrs. Kendal begged to be omitted from the memorial; to be exposed to the sustained flow of Mr. Pemberton's published approval must be not

a little trying to any player with a sense of humour. For the rest, the work is illustrated by a number of excellent reproductions of photographs, representing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in parts they made popular. And meanwhile, happily, those accomplished performers are still active in the pursuit of their profession, and, we may hope, will not be the legitimate subjects of genuine biography for many a year to come. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 16s.)

"STORY OF THE NATIONS."—MODERN ITALY.

BY PROF. PIETRO ORSI.

The story of the Italian struggle for independence has been told in many ways. We have had of late Mr. Stillman's thoughtful study of the forces which wrought *The Union of Italy* and della Rocca's dramatically personal memoirs. Prof. Orsi gives harmoniously the political movements and his characterisations of the individual actors—Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the state-building Cavour. He traces the working of the liberal spirit under the differing conditions of the various provinces in a manner to make clear the problems which confronted the statesmen and soldiers of Piedmont and the revolutionaries of the rest of Italy. Nor has he fallen into the enthusiast's error of unreasoning resentment; but shows that the antagonism of Austrian and Italian was due in part to the inevitable conflict of opposing ideals. Pleasantly he reveals Italy, as only an Italian can, through its different provinces, with their peculiarities of soil and spirit:

Thus Piedmontese life is moulded by Turin, the city of even and regular streets, which corresponds, as it were, with the character of its people. The delightful Ligurian coast, fringed with villages embosomed in olive groves, fitly harmonises with the life around Genoa the Magnificent, famous for her marble palaces and stirring maritime activities, which render her the first commercial port of Italy. The fertile Lombard region has its focus in busy, hard-working Milan, whose glorious cathedral overshadows a great part of Italian commercial enterprise. Venice, that magic city of the lagoons, continues to be one of the essentially artistic centres of the peninsula. Emilia and the Romagna provinces, from Parma to Ravenna—the former capital of the Ostrogoths, and the venerated burial-place of Dante—recognise as their chief city time-worn Bologna, the oldest university town in Italy. Florence, with her placid traditions, her glorious "humanities," reflects, in the "even tenor" of her existence, as well as in her outward surroundings, the whole of Tuscan life and temperament.

In conclusion, Prof. Orsi shows us Italy of the present in which "the prose of possession succeeds the poetry of desire," yet which in her network of inartistic railways and telegraph lines is linking herself with the ancient Romans, the road-makers of the world. The author's national sympathies may account for a certain idealisation of the mediæval communes and principedoms. Stranger it is to find a professor at Venice committing himself to the statement that the house of Farnese "never specially distinguished itself." The master mind of Alexander Farnese found its chief work in the revolted Netherlands, yet he shared with Venetians the honours of Lepanto.

We may congratulate Prof. Orsi on a translator whose English version is English, unmarred by Italian idiom, though her rendering of the patriotic songs must be confessed inadequate. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

THE MORALS OF SUICIDE. BY THE REV. J. GURNHILL, B.A.

It is impossible not to feel respect for this book. The author avows himself a Christian Socialist, and approaches suicide as "a symptom of the sin and misery which is seething beneath the surface of society in all its classes." He has carefully analysed the statistics of suicide taken from Morselli's well-known book, and has further attempted to classify the causes of suicide as disclosed in one hundred cases taken, "just as they came," from newspaper reports. Unfortunately, the basis of observation is an unsafe one

for reasonable inference. Obviously, the real "cause" of a suicide does not, in perhaps the majority of cases, get into the newspapers. It is generally everybody's interest to keep it out. Again, Mr. Gurnhill himself gives the probable annual number of suicides effected or attempted in England as about four thousand; and of these, one hundred is too few to calculate from. Nor do we think that you can, as Mr. Gurnhill attempts to do, assign one "cause"—"physical, mental, moral, or social"—to each case of suicide. As a rule, there are factors at work coming under all, or more than one, of his heads. For the cure of suicide Mr. Gurnhill looks to "Christian Therapeutics"; and here he leaves sociology for a sphere of theology into which we cannot follow him. (Longmans.)

CARLO CRIVELLI. BY G. McNEIL RUSHFORTH, M.A.

With the exception of Mr. Stevenson's *Volasques*, Mr. Rushforth's *Crivelli* is, perhaps, the most interesting volume that has yet appeared in the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" series. There is nothing added to the scanty notices already published of Crivelli's life, for there does not seem to be any material from which to add it. An obscure and solitary life in the March of Ancona leaves but few records. But the analysis of Crivelli's personality, of the growth of his art, of the strains of tradition and influence which meet in it, is excellent. And Crivelli's work is so isolated, clear-cut, and individual that such treatment tends to more solid and definite results than is always the case when it is applied to painters more many-sided and more in the movement. The one thing that Mr. Rushforth does not seem to us quite to bring out is the extent and quality of Crivelli's symbolism. He lays just stress on the union in the painter of "much that was archaic and conventional" with "a real appreciation of nature and searching after realism." He mentions the festoons of fruit and vessels of flowers that adorn Crivelli's Madonnas, the cracked and fractured marble surfaces, the leafless trees placed in the backgrounds, but he does not wholly explain their introduction. The realistic delight in the study of nature for its own sake, no doubt, in part; but everyone of these details subserves symbolism. Nothing is more familiar in northern Italy than the mulberry tree stripped of its leaves. Crivelli observes it, but surely it typifies for him the state of the world lacking redemption. So, too, the cracked surface of the balustrades on which the Child and his Mother lean, while the fruit and flowers are certainly exquisite decoration, but certainly also the fruit and flowers of grace. And the beautifully-drawn fly in Lord Northbrook's picture, at which the Child looks with such horror, while he holds a fluttering bird to his bosom—is not that Beelzebub, the prince of flies? While the birds, here and elsewhere, pecking at the fruit or perched on the leafless trees, are but the emblems of human souls. The symbolism would not be difficult to a painter working in so Franciscan a country as the March of Ancona. Mr. Rushforth's careful catalogue of Crivelli's works makes a valuable appendix, while his illustrations are the more interesting since some of them are from photographs taken in out-of-the-way spots by Mr. Houghton for the purposes of this volume. As usual, the larger pictures, the National Gallery "Annunciation" for instance, do not reproduce well upon the scale adopted. (Bell. 5s. net.)

SOLDIER SONGS.

EDITED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

A little khaki-bound collection of some of the best ditties about fighting and fighting-men. It begins with "A Knapsack and a Cheerful Heart," and ends with "God Save the Queen." Wherever a musical setting is known, the publisher of the music, or the air to which the song may be sung, is given. Among recent numbers are "Soldiers of the Queen," "Tommy, Tommy Atkins," and Mr. Conan Doyle's "Who Carries the Gun." Mr. Kipling is not represented at all, an omission due probably to the iron laws of copyright. (Warne.)

Fiction.

The Waters of Edera. By Ouida.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS book belongs to the later Italian series of Ouida's novels. It is now close upon forty years since her first work, *Hold in Bondage*, was issued; nevertheless, the imaginative force of her last gives no sign of decadence. The story is, indeed, powerful, and one can conceive that it was "thrown off" with masterful ease, as Victor Hugo might have thrown it off—writing in bold scratching strokes at a plain wooden desk: such is one's impression.

Ouida takes an Italian valley, and shows, in depicting the life of the peasants therein, that their very existence depended on the river Edera which watered it. Then she moves forward a "foreign syndicate," who, for their own sinister commercial ends, wished to divert the stream. There was a fierce struggle between the country party and the town party; but, of course, the squadrons of commerce gained the victory. The river was diverted, the valley ruined, and the syndicate lapped in gold; incidentally, there were a number of murders and two suicides, those of the hero and his mother. Adone—proprietor of the valley—is one of Ouida's "beautiful" heroes, and she has given him a heroine to match. Some of the pictures of the latter are charming:

She was only a child, and her spirits rose, and she capered about in the shallows, and flung the water over her head, and danced to her own reflection in it, and forgot her sorrow. Then she washed her petticoats as well as she could, having nothing but water alone, and all the while she was as naked as a Naiad, and the sun smiled on her brown, thin, childish body, as it smiled on a stem of plaitain or on the plumage of a coot.

Then when she had washed her skirt she spread it out on the sand to dry, and sat down beside it, for the heat to bake her limbs after her long bath. There was no one, and there was nothing in sight; if any came near she could hide under the great dock leaves until such should have passed. It was high noon, and the skirt of wool and the skirt of hemp grew hot, and steamed under the vertical rays; she was soon as dry as the shingles from which the water had receded for months. She sat with her hands clasped round her updrawn knees, and her head grew heavy with the want of slumber, but she would not sleep, though it was the hour of sleep. Some one might pass by and steal her clothes, she thought, and how or when would she ever get others.

The whole book is full of the appreciation of free, natural beauty, and the passionate hate of cruelty and oppression. It is unconventional in a large, rather fine manner. Full of lofty scorn and noble dignity, it is yet rather pathetic in its ignorances and its prejudices. For Ouida a thing is still either wholly good or wholly bad: there is nothing between. Her emotions have an almost tragic splendour, but her thinking is crude. Artistically the novel has one chief defect: it is not woven with sufficient closeness; its meshes are too big to hold fast the reader. Otherwise it is admirable, despite the somewhat crowded disasters at the end.

A Man of his Age. By Hamilton Drummond.
(Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

As a successor to *For the Religion*, this record of Navarraise intrigue, amid the counter-influences of Jeanne d'Albret and her "cousin of Medici," is a disappointment. Mr. Drummond has matter to relate, and there are leaves in his book which possess something like a romantic atmosphere; but, upon the whole, the tale is cloudy, obscure. The reader feels the need of a guide amid this thick tangle of alluvialness. Halfway through, he is like a traveller who, having journeyed far in the dark, desires violently to

know where he is. We are inclined to attribute part of the misfortune to Mr. Drummond's mere apparatus of narration. Our old friend Blaise de Bernauld tells the story in the first person; but already in the second chapter Blaise is quoting at length from one Henri de Crussenay, and in the next chapter Henri de Crussenay is quoting at length from his servant Roger, and Roger is quoting other persons. We thus have a tale within a tale within a tale, and the system of inverted commas becomes too complex for Mr. Drummond's management. This may be a trifle, but it creates a fatal discomfort. The novel should certainly have been written in the third person.

Some of the incidents are exciting, and some improbable—especially that on p. 161, though we assume that Mr. Drummond has authority for it. The plot as a whole is too deliberately "concocted" and prepared in its minor arrangements. Here is an example:

The dusk was gathering in fast as I made my way to the Castle with Roger hard after me, three paces away. To suit the occasion, and match the dress that custom and necessity put upon me, I had changed my weapon for a light Spanish blade, good steel enough, but more a kind of a finish to a man's dress than a sword for hard use. Roger, too, carried a blade but little stouter than my own, and I remember well that the swing of it in his hand as he buckled it on puckered his face into a grim derision.

"My faith," said he, shaking it as a man would a cane, "'tis a good thing we go but to make a show of ourselves, for if it came to the keeping of my life whole within me, I had liefer trust the mercies of a three-foot cudgel."

Need we say that in the shortest possible space of time the lives of Roger and his master are made to depend on precisely those swords. The character of Blaise is convincing, but some of the others are feebly drawn; Suzanne's distinguishing marks have been a commonplace of historical fiction for many years.

The Wallet of Kai-Lung. By Ernest Bramah.
(Richards. 6s.)

MR. BRAMAH is a humorist; and we have to thank him for several hours of what, in the elegant language which passes between the characters in this book, would be described as refined and dignified amusement. China has before now been a happy hunting ground for whimsical-minded satirists—witness Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado" (which, though nominally Japanese, is Chinese enough for our purpose) and "The Potion of Lao Tse" in Dr. Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*; but we do not remember any work in which so much good comic use has been made of the Celestial's impassivity, opportunism, and floridity of diction.

Whether Mr. Bramah has invented all these tales, or whether they are adaptations, we do not know. Sometimes they are so absolutely Chinese as to suggest that he has merely given them an English form, and at other times, as in the literary satire entitled "The Confession of Kai Lung," the Chinese setting is merely a vehicle; but if Mr. Bramah has invented all along the line his work is a very remarkable *tour de force*. What he lacks is dramatic finish. Several of the stories have rather lame conclusions, particularly "The Vision of Yin," but they are so persistently and freshly amusing that this is easily forgiven. Altogether "The Transmutation of Ling" is the best—the gravely absurd history of a young Chinaman, whose body is turned to gold by a magic potion, and who thereupon sells himself to a company: an act which leads to a series of exceedingly polished adventures for the removal of gravity—to fall once more into Kai Lung's narrative method.

For the purposes of quotation we have made a selection from the proverbs, nominally taken from Chinese classic authors, which Mr. Bramah has scattered about his pages:

He is a wise and enlightened suppliant who seeks to discover an honourable Mandarin, but he is a fool who cries out "I have found one."

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops.

Although there exist many thousand subjects for elegant conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

Money is hundred-footed. Upon perceiving a tael lying apparently unobserved on the floor, do not lose the time necessary in stooping; but quickly set your foot upon it, for one fails nothing in dignity thereby; but should it be a gold piece, distrust all things, and valuing dignity but as an empty name, cast your entire body upon it.

Should a person on returning from the city discover his house to be in flames, let him examine well the change which he has received from the chair-carrier before it is too late; for evil never travels alone.

The road to eminence lies through the cheap and exceedingly uninviting eating-houses.

One word more: *The Wallet of Kai-Lung* has to be read very vigilantly, for Mr. Bramah is one of those who drop good things without ostentation.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE COLLAPSE OF THE PENITENT. BY F. WEDMORE.

Mr. Wedmore for the most part writes brief stories with almost unparalleled care. Here he gives us something longer, his aim being to depict the emotions which are experienced by a prodigal when the period of his welcome terminates, and the rôle of penitent becomes a little tiresome. The prodigal in question is Mrs. Vasey, *née* Rose Damarel, the pianist. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA. BY E. F. BENSON.

Mr. Benson's Princess is the bright particular star of the court of Rhodopé, "an independent principality on the wooded coast-line of Albania." Gambling mingles with affairs of State, and Sophia herself has "the luck of the devil." She introduces an era of gambling into her little kingdom, and one of her maxims is this: "I like people to be good, when being good comes natural to them; but the continual effort to do one's duty is paralysing to other energies." A gay and readable story. (Heinemann. 6s.)

SMITH BRUNT. BY WALDRON K. POST.

A story of the old U.S. Navy, opening in 1806. We follow Smith Brunt all over the world. The writer makes a point of the fact that Smith Brunt enjoyed none of the newspaper popularity of later heroes. "But, 'y Guy, I dunno,—yes, b' Guy, I do know, he was somethin' that's just as good as any hero, and a darn sight better than some—he was a straight-out officer of the United States Navy." (Putnam's Sons.)

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAR. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Mr. St. John Adcock, whose tales of London street life have already made him a reputation, has taken some of the minor phases of the present struggle as his subject material. Not the fighting itself, not indeed South Africa at all, but the family about to lose a son, the reserve man preparing to depart, the decision to enlist—of these he writes, and each makes a story. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

ANIMA VILIS. BY MARYA RODZIWICZ.

As may be conjectured, the author of this novel is a Pole. She is also rich and free and independent, never yet having met her ideal. So Count de Soissons, who translates the book from the Polish, informs the reader. The story is of Poles in Siberia, and it throws a strong light on both the race and the country. (Jarrold. 6s.)

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The Rise of Huxley

I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people. . . . Owen was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick.

THESE sentences occur in a letter from Huxley to his eldest sister, Mrs. Scott, written in 1850. The letter is given in a chapter from Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father, which, by enterprise and good luck, the editor of *McClure's Magazine* is able to lay this month before his readers. This chapter, heralding a biography on which great hopes are set, tells of Huxley's early struggle to win a livelihood by scientific work. A more moving and inspiring story of its kind could hardly be imagined; and though it covers only five years, years of hard-breathing effort rather than fulfilment, the long career of Thomas Henry Huxley is lit up and embellished by the revelations afforded of the young surgeon's aims, both as the world viewed them and as he weighed them in his own wise, self-loyal heart. On such data one boldly forms final judgments of Huxley, assured that they will not be disturbed by the completed record of which this chapter is but a small part. It is already shown that Huxley set out, or rather was temperamentally destined, to live the full life of a man. Unlike Browning's grammarian, who decided not to Live but to Know, Huxley made it his business to know and live—accepting the harder task of reconciling the two ambitions.

It is now fifty years since Huxley returned to England after a spell of work as assistant surgeon on the exploring frigate H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* in Australian waters. In Sydney he had become engaged to Miss Nettie Heathorn, and when he set foot on shore at Chatham his consuming wish was to give that young lady a home of her own. The letters printed in *McClure's Magazine* show what pains of frustration the young lover had to undergo. In the letter to his sister in Tennessee, already mentioned, Huxley writes under the date November 21, 1850 (he is at the age of twenty-five):

Now, as to my own affairs—I am not married. Prudently, at any rate, but whether wisely or foolishly I am not quite sure yet, Nettie and I resolved to have nothing to do with matrimony for the present. In truth, though our marriage was my great wish on many accounts, yet I feared to bring upon her the consequences that might have occurred had anything happened to me within the next few years. We had a sad parting enough, and as is usually the case with me, time, instead of alleviating, renders more disagreeable our separation. I have a woman's element in me. I hate the incessant struggle and toil to cut one another's throat among us men, and I long to be able to meet with someone in whom I can place implicit confidence, whose judgment I can respect, and yet who will not laugh at my most foolish weaknesses and in whose love I can forget all care. All these conditions I have fulfilled in Nettie. With a strong natural intelligence, and knowledge enough to understand and sympathise with my aims, with the firmness of a man, when necessary, she combines the gentleness of a very woman and the honest simplicity of a child, and then she loves me well, as well as I love her, and you know I love but few—in the real meaning of the word, perhaps, but two—she and you. And now she is away, and you are

away. The worst of it is I have no ambition, except as means to an end, and that end is the possession of a sufficient income to marry upon. I assure you I would not give two straws for all the honours and titles in the world. A worker I must always be—it is my nature—but if I had £400 a year I would never let my name appear to anything I did or shall ever do. It would be glorious to be a voice working in secret and free from all those personal motives that have actuated the best.

Towards the end of the letter he grips his pen a little harder:

I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct [T. H. H., his mark.] and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world—that is to say, supposing that I am not already unconsciously tainted myself, a result of which I have a morbid dread.

One piece of luck he had; he was given a shore appointment to H.M.S. *Triguard* at Woolwich. It enabled him to live in London, and reap the fruits of his *Rattlesnake* memoirs, which he had sent to England and which had received instant recognition. At a bound, indeed, Huxley had placed himself in the front rank of naturalists; but this was a different thing from being able to marry Nettie. To that loyal young lady he wrote again and again, as his fortunes swayed back and forward, yet on the whole forward. He had unbearable spells of depression between his successes. In March, 1851, he writes: "To attempt to live by any scientific pursuit is a farce. Nothing but what is absolutely practical will go down in England." Continuing to bring out his biological papers, he suddenly received a great encouragement. The Royal Society wanted fresh blood, wanted to replace its *dilettanti* by workers. It was resolved to elect fifteen men who were likely to do the Society honour; and of thirty-eight candidates, Huxley was one of the chosen. On this he writes: "I was talking to Professor Owen yesterday, and said that I imagined I had to thank him in great measure for the honour of the F.R.S. 'No,' he said, 'you have nothing to thank but the goodness of your own work.'" Yet in the letter to Nettie, in which he tells her of his election, the young F.R.S. indulges in more pessimism:

Opportunities for seeing the scientific world in England force upon me every day a stronger and stronger conviction. It is that there is no chance of living by science. I have been loth to believe it, but it is so. There are not more than four or five offices in London which a zoologist or comparative anatomist can hold and live by. Owen, who has a European reputation, second only to that of Cuvier, gets as Hunterian Professor £300 a year! which is less than the salary of many a bank clerk. . . . In literature a man may write for magazines and reviews, and so support himself; but not so in science. I could get anything I write into any of the journals or any of the Transactions, but I know no means of thereby earning five shillings. A man who chooses a life of science chooses not a life of poverty, but, so far as I can see, a life of nothing, and the art of living upon nothing at all has yet to be discovered. You will naturally think, then, "Why persevere in so hopeless a course?" At present I cannot help myself. For my own credit, for the sake of gratifying those who have hitherto helped me on—nay, for the sake of truth and science itself, I must work out fairly and fully complete what I have begun, and when that is done, I will courageously and cheerfully turn my back upon all my old aspirations. The world is wide, and there is everywhere room for honesty of purpose and earnest endeavour. . . . So far as the acknowledgment of the value of what I have done is concerned, I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and if I have failed on the other side of the question, I cannot blame myself. It is the world's fault and not mine.

The world did not mend its ways for long after that, and Huxley was well-nigh maddened by poverty and hope deferred; few things being harder to bear than frustration

in honourable love when a single turn of the wheel of Fortune might confer paradise. Huxley found himself treated with extraordinary respect by the foremost scientific men of the day; his work was quoted as having full authority; and following his election to the Royal Society in 1851, he won that Society's Gold Medal, and was elected to the Society's Council. But what was all this without Nettie?

It was sore waiting, and distraught planning. A professorship of Toronto lured him, but he was pressed to stay in England. Others saw as plainly as himself his high call, and, more plainly than himself, his ultimate success. And while he wore out his heart, Nettie was so distant that his hotly-written letters took four to six months to reach her, and her advice had lost all applicability when it came to his hand. He even thought of throwing up England and going out to Sydney to practise as a surgeon; but his "demon" forbade. He wished he understood brewing; he could then join Nettie's father in business. But to all such proposals that young lady returned a decisive "No." "A man," she said, "must pursue those things which he is fitted to do well." The lover breathed a deep sigh of relief: "The spectre of a wasted life has passed before me—a vision of that servant who hid his talent in a napkin and buried it."

A wave of hope imbathes his spirit. Writing in July, 1853, he says:

My course in life is taken. I will not leave London—I will make myself a name and a position as well as an income by some kind of pursuit connected with science, which is the thing for which nature has fitted me if she has ever fitted any one for anything. Bethink yourself whether you can cast aside all repining and all doubt, and devote yourself in patience and trust to helping me along my path as no one else could. I know what I ask, and the sacrifice I demand, and if this were the time to use false modesty, I should say how little I have to offer in return.

I am full of faults, but I am real and true, and the whole devotion of an earnest soul cannot be overprized. . . . It is as if all that old life at Holmwood had merely been a preparation for the real life of our love—as if we were then children ignorant of life's real purpose—as if these last months had merely been my old doubts over again, whether I had rightly or wrongly interpreted the manner and the words that had given me hope.

We will begin the new love of woman and man, no longer that of boy and girl, conscious that we have aims and purposes as well as affections, and that if love is sweet, life is dreadfully stern and earnest.

Stern and earnest it remained, for, when at last the Fates wearied of trying his spirit, they yet doled out their gifts with austerity. Still, it was the end of a long agony when he got work that enabled him to snap his fingers at the Admiralty, and when Churchill the publisher commissioned a *Manual of Comparative Anatomy*, and the *Westminster Review* began to pay him for articles. The prospect of being Fullerian lecturer at the Royal Institution was held out to him, and, better still, Edward Forbes's post at the Museum of Practical Geology, worth £200 a year, was given to him. He could make another £250 a year by his pen alone. He could marry. The course of events was now punctual and apposite as at the end of a novelette. For when he took his seat in the Geological Museum "it happened that Miss Heathorn and her parents had just settled to return to England, where they arrived in May, 1855, and the wedding took place on July 21."

From these glimpses it will be seen that Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father is a book to anticipate with peculiar pleasure. Even the greatest scientists are rapidly superseded; they did but forge links in a chain to which there is no end. Hence the biography of a student of Nature requires for its interest a deal of humanity; life as well as work; and it should show a man who could emerge from his laboratory to "smoke his cigar and sing his song like a brick." It should depict a Huxley.

Things Seen.

The Flower.

THEY were two geologists.

The elder man had a gruff and imperious voice. The grey eyes wore only that cold glitter that debate is wont to kindle in the eyes of the learned. He was, too, a Materialist.

Suddenly, his younger companion interrupted the flow of broken talk.

"Ah," he exclaimed with an eager gesture, "there is a —."

I have forgotten the name, but he was pointing to a blue flower that poised its tiny bell on a slender stem at the other side of the stream. The elder scientist looked, and the eyes grew warmer and less keen, and the furrows grew less deep and long, as he looked. It was a rare flower and a pretty one.

"I am in luck," said the younger, preparing to leap across the stream; "that will be an addition to my collection."

"I think not," slowly answered his companion.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the elder gravely, "that no man plucks flowers and shortens their all too brief life when I can prevent it."

Soon the debate waxed warmer than ever. The sentimentality of the Materialist was absurd; perhaps no man would pass that way again until the grace of the flower had fallen into corruption. Yet some strong force in the old man's heart made him wholly inflexible. At length the younger man made an angry move towards the stream. His companion quickly leaped across before him, took his geological hammer from his wallet, and sat down sternly beside his unconscious charge.

And there the Materialist sat through the afternoon—for his companion was stubborn too. The elder man was the last to run for the train. And the flower lived on.

The Schooner.

BEHIND me the town stretched lank and grey and weather-beaten. Row on row of shuttered windows and drawn blinds suggested irresistibly the deserted theatre. But the stage itself was full of light and movement, and I, lying lonely among the sandhills, was the only spectator.

Over my head a lark fluttered in the sunshine, now and then a red golfing jacket would pop up like a rabbit; but I had eyes only for the sea. After long months of confinement in the measured bounds of city streets my eyes revelled in the sense of colour and distance. Brick and stucco preserve a dull uniformity of tone, but here all was a maze of shimmering colours. There were yellows and greens in the shallows, further out violet, and then a thousand varying tones of purple up to the dark semi-circle of the horizon.

So, though the wind whistled shrilly in the grasses, I lounged and smoked, and was happy. That morning, as the train rattled through the green country, thrushes were singing in sheltered inland gardens, and the air was heavy with the smell of new-turned earth.

Here, too, spring was calling, but with a deeper, stronger note. Then suddenly through a gap in the line of houses there was a flutter of belying canvas, and a little schooner came tacking out of the mouth of the harbour. She was dirty and unpainted; her decks were choked with litter; but she met the long roll of the waves with a jaunty swagger, and was transformed by the sea and the sunlight. As she steered slowly out, I saw a fellow in the stern wave his cap defiantly to the grim, unresponsive line of houses, that had seen so many boats sail out. It thrilled me.

"Disappearing Authors."

Doubts about "Dainty Editions."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S list of "disappearing authors" has excited much surprise. It included Jane Austen, whose new editions are legion; Trollope, who, it is credibly stated, is "in" for a revival; Charles Lever, of whose works one firm alone (Messrs. Downey) have sold £9,000 worth in the last few years; and Charles Reade. We ourselves disputed the "disappearing" of Jane Austen, and a correspondent quickly confirmed our view by informing us that the Kilburn Free Library issues each of her novels to twenty-one readers per annum. We have since made a few inquiries, which throw some interesting and varied sidelights on the subject. First we will give the testimony of the librarians of two of the largest free libraries in the country, those of Nottingham and West Ham.

Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, City Librarian of Nottingham, writes:

Jane Austen is an unknown name to the present generation of our readers.

Trollope's works are rarely asked for.

The three Charles' are waning in popularity. Kingsley is known through his *Westward Ho!* and *Hereward the Wake* only. Reade is in slight request, and Lever is not so popular as he was even five years ago.

We are now overstocked with the novels of the five mentioned authors.

Mr. Briscoe can hardly be mistaken about the status of Jane Austen in Nottingham. We are astonished by his report of her case.

Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, Chief Librarian at West Ham, partly confirms Mr. Briscoe. He brackets Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope as authors who are "certainly not so much read now"; and Trollope, we know, is read very little, lacking the new and dainty editions which have been showered—vainly?—on Jane. The other authors—Lever, Kingsley, and Reade—"still maintain their popularity to a great extent at West Ham." Here is a table of issues for one year at West Ham:

Charles Lever's Novels	260
Charles Reade's Novels	245
Charles Kingsley's Novels...	218
Anthony Trollope	126
Jane Austen...	109

Again we are astonished, and, indeed, we are resolved—if we can do it with strict adherence to truth—to bring kindlier witnesses to Miss Austen's popularity. We will consult the booksellers. A large City firm reports that Kingsley's novels and Lever's *military* novels sell well, but not Trollope or Reade. And then:

Whether Jane Austen be read or not it is impossible to say; this we know, that there have in quite recent years been five different editions published, all of which met with a ready and extensive sale.

A Manchester bookseller confirms the wide sale of Jane Austen; and from Oxford—where Trollope, Lever, and Reade are reported to be in a bad way—comes the same persistent distinction in Jane Austen's case:

As to Jane Austen buying is not, of course, synonymous with reading, and a mere bookseller can speak only of his sales; but, judging by the constant demand for her works here in Oxford, it may be assumed that many "attempts" to read her are made, and I venture to hope we may safely go further and say that she is both read and enjoyed to a considerable extent.

The only comfort we pluck from these hesitating reports of Jane, is that they throw a doubt, which we have long shared, but dared not breathe, on the "dainty edition." We have a suspicion that the dainty edition is frequently no more than a dainty sepulchre.

Hope dawns for Miss Austen when we open our reports from Bristol and Eastbourne.

Bristol says: "Mr. McCarthy never made a worse statement of fact than when he wrote, that the modern reader 'has never troubled himself even with an attempt to read Jane Austen's novels.'"

Eastbourne says: "Mr. McCarthy is altogether wrong about Jane Austen's novels. The modern reader *does* read her works. Ten years ago I would not think of having one of her books in stock, now I have them in two or three editions, and find a slow but increasing sale."

Brighton says that Trollope, Reade, and Lever are not only disappearing but have disappeared. But Kingsley holds his own, and "as to Jane Austen, however much her works have been neglected for years past, there has been a greatly revived interest in them, and they have been widely read and still are."

It seems, then, that Jane Austen sells in the bookshops, but is not borrowed in the libraries. This might simply mean that she is so popular that readers insist on possessing her for themselves; but this would be a too optimistic interpretation of the facts.

It is clear that Kingsley and Lever still hold their own pretty well. Yet in Lever's case we are told, from two quarters, that his sales are retarded by the lack of a good cheap edition of his works.

Reade is in a bad way, yet an Oxford-street bookseller prefers him before Kingsley and Trollope; and Reade's *Choister and the Hearth* is "in continuous demand" in Manchester, where, also, his other books are "worth keeping always in stock." Trollope is nearly extinct in Manchester. Both Trollope and Lever are neglected at Eastbourne: "I have not been asked for a work of theirs for some years, and I have lately cleared them out of my library as lumber; and I am sorry to say that Charles Reade is disappearing." At Bristol Trollope and Reade are "moribund."

These reports cannot be said to contradict in any marked way Mr. Justin McCarthy's estimates of the present popularity of writers like Jane Austen, Lever, Reade, Trollope, and Kingsley; and they show that the most championed and new-editioned author of them all—Jane Austen—is by no means so safely throned as some of us had thought.

Puritan Drama.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society's performance of "Samson Agonistes," in the Lecture Theatre at South Kensington, last Saturday, was an interesting experiment, but it was hardly more. If, as one gathers from Milton's preface, the play was intended more or less as a protest against the Romanticism of the Elizabethans, it certainly justifies the Elizabethans. But "Samson" was never written to be acted, and it is therefore hardly fair to judge it as a stage play. It is a magnificent poem, but it is not a great drama. Even judged by the severe standard of a Greek tragedy it is sadly deficient in incident and action. There is no development of character. The whole thing is statuesque to the verge of woodenness. In a sense "Samson Agonistes" is a faithful copy of Attic tragedy, but it is Attic tragedy seen through Puritan glasses, dour and hard and doctrinaire. And Milton has not always endeavoured to imitate the Greek tragedians at their best. The long opening soliloquy of more than a hundred lines, in which the hero expounds his past fortunes to the audience, was not considered the most skilful way of unfolding a plot even in the age of Pericles. Samson's angry argument with Dalila and his dialectical discussion with Manoa recall Euripides in his most forensic vein, that vein which roused the wrath of Aristophanes, while the choruses are sometimes modelled too faithfully on the most didactic moments of Greek choruses, and often lack beauty.

The splendour of the play lies in its lofty feeling, its resonant verse, and in the finely-conceived character of the hero. But more than this is required to make a play interesting on the stage, and Milton gives us no more. It is possible that if "Samson" were given in the true Greek fashion—in a theatre on a hillside overlooking the sea, with the blue waves dancing in the sunshine and the blue sky overhead—it would be easier to bear. It is possible that much of Euripides, and even of Sophocles, would have sounded rather dull in a South Kensington lecture theatre at once draughty and stuffy. But we doubt whether even in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens, or on a Sicilian hillside, Milton's tragedy would have been successful. There is a Puritan rigidity about it, and an absence of the human elements of love and passion which would always leave an audience cold. It may be urged that something of the same criticism might be made of the "Prometheus Vinctus." But the chained Titan's invectives against Omnipotence are necessarily more stirring, more dramatic, than Samson's carefully-reasoned submission to the Divine will, and the choruses of Milton are not the choruses of Æschylus. It was perhaps a little unkind of Mr. Poel to emphasise this fact by the music to which those choruses were set. It may have been a compliment to Milton's stern Puritan views to make his Danites intone their comments as if they were verses of the Psalms, but the setting only emphasised the rather dreary austerity of the poet's lines. Nor were matters improved when, in moments of grotesque excitement, the Danites (most of whom were ladies) all spoke at once in a curious staccato sing-song.

But it would be ungrateful to reproach the Society for the short-comings of Saturday's performance. The problem of "staging" a Greek chorus in these days has never been successfully solved, and we admire Mr. Poel's courage in attempting to act "Samson Agonistes" too much to criticise the result harshly. When all is said, one does not go to "Samson" for drama. The interest of the play is mainly autobiographical. As one sees the hero blind among his enemies, bewailing his folly in having trusted his two Philistian wives, one sees Milton, blind also, and living among a generation whose ideals were other than his, bewailing his unfortunate marriages, and longing for strength to pull down their Dagon's temple upon the heads of the good folk of the Restoration. The acting was undistinguished, but it would have needed superb elocutionary power and great intellectual gifts to give Milton's long rhetorical speeches with effect, and the argumentative passages would probably have been intolerable under any circumstances. It was therefore no disgrace for the actors to fail in so hard a field.

Correspondence.

Maeterlinck and the "Contemporary Review."

SIR,—Mr. Ropes's letter seems to call for a few words in reply. He now tells us that his article was not intended as a complete study of Maeterlinck's work, but merely as a discussion of his "artistic methods." It is a pity that these limitations were not more clearly defined at first. When he says (*Contemporary Review*, page 423): "The function of criticism is not so much to condemn or praise, as to understand and explain. If Maeterlinck is the greatest genius of the age, let us see in what his greatness resides; if he is a mere babbling idiot, let us at least classify his idiocy and assign him to his proper ward in the asylum of degeneracy," it is difficult to believe that only questions of artistic method occupied his mind.

Had this been so, however, it seems doubtful whether the technique of any writer can be justly criticised apart from a consideration of the message which it is intended to

bear. Certainly the delicate framework on which the mystic poets hang the filmy tissue of their thought must appear meaningless to those who, like Mr. Ropes, deliberately ignore their symbolism and intention. "His (Maeterlinck's) essays," he says, "his mysticism and philosophy, were outside my consideration except in so far as they enabled a reader to understand his artistic methods."

But a knowledge of Maeterlinck's philosophy, as exhibited in his essays, must go hand in hand with any true comprehension of his technique. I am surprised that any serious critic could doubt this. Desiring to express certain spiritual truths, Maeterlinck chooses the medium best suited to his design: Mr. Ropes, ignoring the spiritual truths, belittles the achievement because the medium is not to his mind.

Secondly, Mr. Ropes finds my summary of his article inaccurate. It appears that his languid praise of Maeterlinck's use of the supernatural applies to "L'Intruse" alone. I credited him with perceiving the same fine qualities in "L'Intérieur" and "Les Aveugles." Also, I now gather that he did not mean to say that "Mr. Kipling did it (the gradual accumulation of terror) better" than Maeterlinck. I subjoin two extracts—the first from his article, the second from his letter.

1. "Maeterlinck's style is more poetic than theirs (*i.e.*, Kipling's and Maupassant's), but less convincing."

2. "Such practised literary craftsmen as Maupassant and Kipling give their readers a stronger shudder than does the mystical Maeterlinck."

Surely the strength of effect produced is the essence of success in this class of writing!

On one point alone I can meet Mr. Ropes on his own ground. He says he is unable to grasp "the strange stillness of the soul which is felt in Maeterlinck's works." I agree. But this, being purely a question of feeling, is hardly a subject for argument; especially with an antagonist who confesses to a weakness for "the hard realities" of life.

Nor, after all, is the matter a very important one. It is scarcely probable that the hostility of the crowd will deflect M. Maeterlinck from the path which his genius points out: nor that he, or his fellow mystics, will be tempted to exclaim in the words of Mr. "Adrian Ross's" most popular ditty:

If you do not love me I shall die! die! die!

—I am, &c.,

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

3, Campden Hill-place, W.

SIR,—Mr. Ropes is surely not serious in saying that he does not know what is meant by "the stillness of the soul" in literature. It means the higher repose. In the case of Maeterlinck it also means, I think, purity of emotion, a sweet resignation to destiny, the atmosphere of abstract love, the contemplative mind dwelling humbly on great things. Mr. Ropes will find in Ibsen's last play everything that "the stillness of the soul" does not mean. *When We Dead Awaken* is a very pitiful revelation of soul panic.—I am, &c.,

V. B.

Brighton: April 9, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Arnold White's letter in the last number of the *ACADEMY*, I wish to point out that the word Briton is of Gaelic origin, and that the name Britannia was given to a country in which there was a large Gaelic population. The term Anglo-Saxon, which Mr. White uses, is one which excludes the "Celtic fringe" altogether, all Irish, Highland Scots, and Welsh, and as a Welshman I wish to protest against it. Why not Anglo-Celtic?—I am, &c.,

ANCIENT BRITON.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 29 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize for the best suggestion as to a new word to cover all British subjects, whether English, colonial, or Irish; the request to do so being put to us by Mr. Arnold White. Among the names suggested are "Victorians" (by many competitors), "Britirishers" (by three), "Imperiala," "Queensmen," "Homelanders," "Britannialists," "Empirista," "Britonians," "Freelanders," "Britempirista," "Imperions," and "Englanders." "Victorians" is in many ways the more satisfactory word, but it is ruled out by the fact that the word is already in use as a term to describe natives of Victoria, in Australia, a vast tract of country. "Britirishers" is too long. "Imperiala" could never withstand the competition of the tuft of beard which bears the same name. "Queensmen" would have little point when a king was on the throne. "Homelanders" means nothing in particular. "Empirista" is too near "Empiric." "Freelanders" is not expressive enough. Altogether we are inclined to consider "Englander" the best word, although the participation of Ireland is not apparent in it. We have therefore sent a cheque for a guinea to the Rev. F. G. Cole, 42, Blenheim-street, Prince's-avenue, Hull, with whom the word "Englander" originated.

H. W. Malton, writes: "I send a few ideas for Competition 29.

1. John Bullies.
2. R ad-easy-uns.
3. Semi-colonists (this last contains the two-fold suggestion of being 'unaggressive,' but never able to reach a full stop!).
4. Bigger-Burghers, might also do to counteract the Little Englanders.

As a name for the Institution to which these gentlemen belong I propose the Lowly Roaming Empire."

Replies received from F. A., Leeds; A. R., Manchester; G. S., Aberdeen; F. E. W., London; D. E. B., London; G. P. B., London; A. H., Southampton; M. E., London; M. M. E., London; M. H., London; G. E. P., London; A. W., London; L. H., London; G. W. S., London; M. A., Eastbourne; M. C., London; E. G. F., London; E. A. H., London; A. T., London; D. S., London; M. M. R., Liverpool; R. F. M'C., Whitby; G. S., Eastbourne; B. A. S., London; E. B., Liverpool; A. T. R., Glasgow; M. B., Derby; G. E. M., London; R. M., Glendevon; E. H., London; E. M., Stirling; G. L. F., London.

Too late to compete: A. J. S. (St. John's Wood), telegraphs—Kinland and Kinlander."

The's MSS. for Special Competition were duly received.

Competition No. 30 (New Series).

In the *Globe* of a few days ago was this paragraph: "A hostess who had a mania for setting her guests intellectual puzzles, by way of keeping them quiet in the evening, offered the other day a prize for the best parody of any well-known proverb. The painful frowns that at once gathered on the faces of the company suggested to one of the guests a brilliant idea 'It is not the scowl,' he said, 'that makes the skunk.'" The example given is not a very good one, but it illustrates the game. The historic example is, perhaps, Lewis Carroll's advice to writers: "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves." We offer a prize of a guinea to the author of the best parody of a proverb.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 320, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE SUNKEN BELL. BY GERHART HAUPTMANN.

This "fairy play," to which we refer elsewhere, is published with the written approval of Gerhart Hauptmann. The translator is Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

A timely re-issue, with timely revisions, of Mr. Collingwood's two-volume work, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

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EDITED BY ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY, PART XII. F. A. MILNE.

This addition to a capital series deals with Surrey and Sussex. It is rather a pity, we think, that the names of these counties do not appear on the cover, but have to be sought on the title-page. (Stock. 7s. 6d.)

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE,

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BY W. H. FITCHETT.

This volume completes Mr. Fitchett's narrative of our wars with France between 1793 and 1815. A good index to the four volumes is given. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Glanville (W.), *The Web Unwoven; The Dolus Theory of the Book of Acts* (Watts & Co.)
 Drummond (James), *International Handbooks to the New Testament: The Epistles of Paul the Apostle* (Putnam's Sons) 6/0
 Muzzev (David Saville), *The Rise of the New Testament* (Macmillan) 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Selge (Rose E.), *With Dante in Paradise* (Cassell) 2/0
 Smith (Justin H.), *The Troubadours at Home: Their Lives and Personalities, their Songs and their World* (Putnam's Sons) net 25/0
 Titus and Lyssander. *In Five Acts* (Stock)
 Skeat (Rev. Walter W.), *The Chaucer Canon* (Clarendon Press) 3/6
 Speight (S. E.), *Selections from the Poetry of Tennyson* (Marshall & Son) net 1/0
 Ambler (Benjamin G.), *Ballads of Greater Britain* (Stock)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Spence (H. D. M.), *A History of the English Church* (Dent) net 1/0
 Scalfie (A. H.), *The War to Date* (Unwin) 3/6
 Wheeler (Benjamin Ide), *Alexander the Great: the Merging of East and West in Universal History* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
 Atkin's (John Black), *The Relief of Ladysmith* (Methuen) 6/0
 Sharpless (Isaac), *A History of Quaker Government in Pennsylvania*. Vol. II. (Leach)
 Sharpless (Isaac), *A Quaker Experiment in Government* (Ferris)
 Leroy Beauvais (Pierre), *Le Renouveau de l'Asie* (Collin & Cie.) 4 fr.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Morris (Charles), *Man and his Ancestor: A Study in Evolution*. (Macmillan) 5/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dresser (Horatio W.), *Voices of Freedom, and Studies in the Philosophy of Individuality* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
 Blake (Rev. J. M.), *In the Wind of the Day* (Allen)
 Hamuck (Paul N.), *Practical Metal-plate Work* (Cassell) 2/0
 McMillan (Margaret), *Early Childhood* (Sonnenschein)
 Wood (Rev. J.), *The Nuttall Encyclopedia* (Warne) 3/6
 Roxburgh (T. L.) & Ford (J. C.), *The Handbook of Jamaica* (Stanford)
The Chord, No. 4 (Unicorn Press)
The Higher Land, No. 5 (Putnam's Sons)

NEW EDITIONS.

Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Tilbury Nogo* (Ward, Lock) 3/6
 Chaffers (W.), *Marks and Monograms on European and Oriental Pottery and Porcelain*. Revised and edited by Frederick Lichfield. Ninth Edition (Gibbings)

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TUESDAY NEXT, April 24, at 3 o'clock, **HUGH ROBERT MILL**, Esq., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Chairman of the Royal Geographical Society, **FIRST OF THREE LECTURES** on "STUDIES IN BRITISH GEOGRAPHY": (1) The English Lakes; (2) The Clyde Sea Area; (3) A Corner of Sussex. (The Tyndall Lectures.) Half-a-Guinea the Course.

THURSDAY (April 26th), at 3 o'clock, Professor **DEWAR**, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.E., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, **FIRST OF FOUR LECTURES** on "NINETEENTH CENTURY CLOUDS over the DYNAMICAL THEORY OF HEAT and LIGHT." Half-a-Guinea the Course.

SATURDAY (April 28th), at 3 o'clock, **STANLEY LANE-FOOLE**, Esq., M.A., M.M.I.A., Professor of Arabic at Trinity College, Dublin, **FIRST OF TWO LECTURES** on "EGYPT in the MIDDLE AGES." Half-a-Guinea the Course.

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The Literary Week.

THE results of our Special Competition will be announced in a Special Supplement in next week's issue of the ACADEMY.

It is evident that in suggesting "The Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," as a good subject for an historical novel, "M. C. B." was something of a seer. Last week Mr. Frank Matthew wrote to say that he had been at work upon a romance based on the fall of Strafford for some months. And now Miss Dora McChesney writes to tell us that she has been gathering material for a romance on Strafford's career for the last five years. Mr. Matthew wrote: "I don't want to seem guilty of priggishness someone else's idea." Miss McChesney writes: "I should not care to have it appear that the theme was suggested to me by any chance mention." We shall be pleased to register any other timely declarations on the subject.

THE first number of the *Daily Express*, Mr. C. A. Pearson's new morning newspaper, will appear on Tuesday next, April 24.

TO-MORROW (Saturday) the *Daily Mail* will print the first of a series of South African letters from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The sum collected by the *Daily Mail's* clever working of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" poem exceeds £97,000. This is at the rate of £2,000 a line.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has in hand a new series of animal stories on the lines of the "Just So" stories. He was moved to write them by the receipt of a letter from the seven-year-old son of Mr. Doubleday, his American publisher. Little Nelson Doubleday demanded to be told "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," "How the Giraffe Got His Rubber Neck," and "How the Kangaroo Got His Long Legs." Mr. Kipling has done his best to oblige, and the story of the elephant and his trunk has already appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE eagerness of Americans to read new novels can only be described as astonishing. Hardly a month passes but a new candidate leaps into favour, and into a circulation that must rouse pangs in the breasts of many British authors. The latest recruit is *The Gentleman from Indiana*, by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Its growth in popular favour is tabulated in one of the leading American weekly papers thus:

4,667 copies were sold by November 1.
8,498 copies were sold by December 1.
18,015 copies were sold by January 1.
17,763 copies were sold by February 1.
22,646 copies were sold by March 1.
In the first week of March alone, over 6,000 copies were sold.

A remark of the *Boston Transcript* that "it's the kind of novel that Abraham Lincoln might have written," seems to open out a new field in criticism.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, at the age of fifty-three. He was Robert Louis Stevenson's cousin. Several of the Letters in the two volumes edited by Mr. Colvin were addressed to him, and for many years, the years when his cousin was winning his way, the two lived in intimate companionship. He was the "young man with the cream tarts" in R. L. S.'s story of "The Suicide Club." Those who knew R. A. M. Stevenson wondered that he did not achieve more, for his gifts were many and rare. But his temperament was not the temperament that leads to worldly success. He lived fully, but he was the least ambitious of men. Choosing painting as a career, he studied under Ortman and Carolus Duran, and exhibited fitfully; but the keenness of his critical vision, his interest in all the schools of painting, his versatility, prevailed against him as a producer. Then he became an art critic, writing brilliantly for the *Saturday Review*, and during the past few years for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where, latterly, he showed an unexpected tolerance. His principal publication was *The Art of Velasquez*, but writing never made any real call to him. It was in talk that he expressed himself. To listen to him, when he was in the mood, was a privilege. His mind was reflective with all its agility and brilliance; and while ideas rained from him, he was also a listener. But one must not enlarge upon him as a talker. R. L. Stevenson has done that once and for all. He is Spring-Heel'd Jack in "Talk and Talkers," who "may at any moment turn his powers of transmigrating on yourself, create for you a view you never held, and then furiously fall on you for holding it." Here is the passage from "Talk and Talkers" describing Spring-Heel'd Jack:

The very best talker, with me, is one whom I shall call Spring-Heel'd Jack. I say so, because I never knew any one who mingled so largely the possible ingredients of converse. In the Spanish proverb the fourth man necessary to compound a salad, is a madman to mix it: Jack is that madman. I know not which is more remarkable: the insane lucidity of his conclusions, the humorous eloquence of his language, or his power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject treated, mixing the conversational salad like a drunken god. He doubles like the serpent, changes and flashes like the shaken kaleidoscope, transmigrates bodily into the views of others, and so, in the twinkling of an eye and with a heady rapture, turns questions inside out and flings them empty before you on the ground, like a triumphant conjuror. It is my common practice when a piece of conduct puzzles me, to attack it in the presence of Jack with such grossness, such partiality and such wearing iteration, as at length shall spur him up in its defence. In a moment he transmigrates, dons the required character, and with moon-struck philosophy justifies the act in question. I can fancy nothing to compare with the *vim* of these impersonations, the strange scale of language, flying from Shakespeare to Kant, and from Kant to Major Dyngwell—

"As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument—"

the sudden, sweeping generalisations, the absurd irrelevant particularities, the wit, wisdom, folly, humour, eloquence and bathos, each startling in its kind, and yet all luminous in the admired disorder of their combination.

We suppose that few people read Cowper's poetry in these days when we are all for the "lyric cry." But we shall hear a great deal about Cowper in the next fortnight. He died April 25, 1900; and his Centenary is to be celebrated at Olney next Wednesday. For those of our readers who wish to be there in spirit we give the substance of the programme which has been arranged:

- 12.30. Luncheon at the Bull Hotel.
 1.0 Visitors will be able to see Cowper's summer-house. (No charge.)
 1.30. Children of Olney, wearing favours of buff and green (Cowper's colours), will assemble in front of Cowper's House—which has been presented to the town by W. H. Collingridge, Esq.—and sing "God moves in a mysterious way." Every child will then receive a copy of the biography of Cowper, kindly presented by the Religious Tract Society.
 2.30. Museum publicly opened. Admission 6d.
 3.30. Public meeting. Admittance 6d. Reserved seats 1s. Chair to be taken by W. W. Carlile, Esq., M.P. Speeches by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and others.
 5.0 From 5 to 7 Cowper's house at Weston Underwood will be open to visitors. (No charge.)
 7.30. Special service at the church. Sermon by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar.

We wish the celebration success, but on paper it looks a trifle formal.

Who is the young Brahmin about whom Mr. W. B. Yeats writes so prettily in the *Speaker*? It seems that he made a great impression on "some among us"; that is—we doubt not—among "us" of the Irish literary movement. "Us" had been addicted "when we were all schoolboys" to reading "mystical philosophy and to passing crystals over each other's hands and eyes." Then came a day when "somebody told us he had met a Brahmin in London who knew more of these things than any book." So the young Brahmin was written to, asked, so to speak, to come over into Macedonia and help "us." And being of a meek spirit he came, saw, and conquered. On the very evening of his coming they brought him to a club—a club!—and bade him talk metaphysics, which he did in such sort that he "awed into silence whatever metaphysics the town had." But next day he was remorseful; he looked back on his triumph at the club and called it "intellectual lust." That was clever. You shine first as incendiary, and then as fireman. "And sometimes he would go back over something he had said, and explain to us that his argument had been a fallacy, and apologise to us as though he had offended against good manners." O, Bab, are all thy ballads spent? He told them that his father, who had been the first of his family to leave his native village for two thousand years, had repeated over and over as he lay dying, "The West is dying because of its restlessness." No one seems to have smiled at this. He said "very seriously," "I have thought much about it, and I have never been able to discover any reason why prose should exist." Even then no one seems to have come away. We hope we are not irreverent, but the article secretes many smiles for the reader. The Brahmin taught "us" other things, and among them this: "That all action and all words that lead to action are a little vulgar, a little trivial; nor am I quite certain that any among us has quite awoken out of the dreams he brought us." No? Not recently?

We referred a few weeks ago to the flourishing state of the book-plate cult, as shown in the birth of a new magazine dedicated to the subject. Alas, book-plate culture has its dark, even its criminal side. A man may smile and smile, to see his collection grow, and be a villain. The librarian of Harvard University has just spread abroad the news of depredations committed in the fine

library under his care, and has warned collectors against acquiring certain choice specimens now improperly at large:

During the month of January or February some person, who has had access to the bookstack, has cut from a large number of the older books the front covers, on which the book-plate is pasted, leaving the volumes on the shelves, to all appearance unmutilated till removed from their places.

Many of the plates thus obtained have passed through the hands of Dr. C. E. Cameron, of Boston, who claims to have come by them honestly, but has been arrested for larceny and awaits trial in June. Several persons who purchased specimens of these plates from Dr. Cameron have generously and honourably returned them to the Library; but there are still many plates unaccounted for, which are likely to be offered to unsuspecting purchasers, and I beg to warn all such that any of the older engraved book-plates of the Harvard Library now in the market are to be viewed with suspicion, for the books which bear them have but rarely ever been allowed to pass from the possession of the Library, and at present this almost never occurs.

The book-plates which particularly excite the interest of collectors are those which mark the gifts of Governor John Hancock, Thomas Hollis, the Province of New Hampshire, and other generous donors, received just after the destruction of the Library by fire in 1764.

Other particulars are given, and will be found in the Librarian's recent letter to the *Times*.

Our recent estimate of the merits of the American historical novel, as now being written and sold by the hundred thousand, is not contradicted by some remarks of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, which, with a mixture of business shrewdness and literary cynicism, pronounces the historical novel a good object of enterprise. "Any man with a literary temperament, and a capacity for compilation," it says encouragingly, "stands a very good chance of success in this field."

The critics are bland and the public cordial, and there will be plenty of people to say that the fifth historical novel is better than any of the preceding four, and the sixth is more wonderful yet. And while hard work is necessary, it is a kind of work that can be systematised and makes comparatively slight drain on the creative force. It is a good, straightforward, definite job, with materials ready to your hand. A part of it consists in rearranging certain well-trying properties, and some parts could almost be let out on sub-contract. Almost anyone will soon be able to handle the George Washington scenes, and duels will become a mere matter of clerical routine.

Nor need style and technique present any difficulties, for we are assured:

You do not have to create an atmosphere. It is already made for you. Historical associations will help you out when your art fails. Rig a man up in small clothes and silk stockings, give him a sword and a peruke and four or five old expletives, and a hot temper and a brave heart, and the thing is half done. Put in a few "ans" and "tweres," and "tises," and "say I's," and the conversation will fit any past century you like. . . . Richard Carvel's conversation often spans three centuries in a single sentence. But none of these things are noticed if enough happens. That is the one relentless law of the present historical novel. The hero must be kept busy from beginning to end, with never an instant's pause in heroism. The art that can so build a character that he holds you whether he is doing anything worth mentioning or not, is not needed here. For the business of clinging to the masts of sinking ships, hurling back insults in other people's teeth, standing unmoved amid fearful carnage, and waiting for a proud, capricious beauty to recognise his worth, there is scarcely any need of a character at all. He is not a man but a literary storm centre, and requires only four or five large, plain virtues and a good physique.

We are asked if we can give the date of composition and the author's name of the following poem. It is called "Illusion":

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view,
And "Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom I once knew?"
"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There are no people, living or dead;
There is nothing but ME and you."
"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
"Meeting you here this way.
That I have sinned I know full well;
And is there a heaven, and is there a hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"
"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be;
There are no such things as sin or fear;
There is no you; you never have been;
There is nothing at all but ME."

In the "Ruskin Memorial Number" of *Saint George* is printed the following touching letter from Mr. Ruskin to his publisher, written on April 15, 1878:

DEAR ALLEN,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself.

As I look back on my life in this closing time I find myself in debt to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation which I check only because they are so vain.

Ever (Nay—in such a time as this what "ever" is there except "to-day"—once more—) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master, no more—

J. RUSKIN.

LITERARY collectors to whom pompous and fulsome dedications are objects of interest (and they are often very amusing) may not be familiar with an example to which the Rev. George J. C. Scott draws our attention. It is found in a book of *Essays* by Sir William Corne-Waleys, the Younger, Knight, printed at the Hand and Plough, in Fleet-street, 1600. The dedication is written by a friend of the author, and we quote a portion of it:

To the Right Vertuous and Most Honorable Ladies the Lady Sara Hastings, the Lady Theodosia Dudley, the Lady Mary Wingfield, and the Lady Mary Dyer. . . . The worke of it selfe being vertuous, it cannot but be gracious to your Ladiships; for in this backward Age (too much declining from Vertue) who are more fit to protect and defend her then your Ladiships, who are so neerely allied to Vertue, that she hath chosen you for her Temple, therein inshrined her selfe, and in you onely desireth to be adored. Your Ladiships are neerely conioned in blood, three of you being Sisters by nature, the fourth by Loue; but that coniunction is nothing so noble (although very noble) as that sweete combination of your spirits, which are all so deuoted to God, that though there be a Quaternity of your persons, yet those persons are so guided by those Angel-like spirits, that they make up a delightful harmony, a Soule-ravishing Musick, and a most pleasing and perfect Simpaty of Affections.

If then your Ladiships shall patronize these Essayes, what venomous tongues shall dare to infect them? If you like who will dialike them? What you allowe, nothing but Ennie, Detraction, and Ignorance wil disallow, whose infectious breaths shall be so purified by the precious balme of your Vertues, that all shall sodainlie dissolue into

the sweete aire of applause. They are now (Honorable Ladies) your owne, being freele giuen to your Ladiships by the true hearted affection of their Author.

THE date of the decline of the fulsome dedication is perhaps marked by the sensible action of Mrs. Delany, who, being pressed in 1749 by a Mr. Ballard to accept the dedication of his work, *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, insisted on writing the dedication herself. At any rate, she sent Ballard the following as a model, with an injunction that its tone of distant respect should not be exceeded:

MADAM,—I am very much obliged to you for your indulgence in giving me leave to dedicate part of this work to you; and, as I am informed you were resolved against addresses of this nature, I will not tire you with encomiums on your family, your person, or your qualifications, as my intention in publishing the book is to raise the mind above the common concerns of this world; and I hope the examples here set before you will animate you to good and great actions, and then your obligation to me will be at least equal to mine to you.

But this did not suit Mr. Ballard, and the dedication, which was to have been so sober, appeared as follows:

To Mrs. Delany, the truest judge and brightest pattern of all the accomplishments which adorn her sex, these *Memoirs of Learned Ladies* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are most humbly inscribed by her obedient servant,
GEORGE BALLARD.

REFERRING to our article on "Disappearing Authors," Messrs. M'Geachy & Co. write to us from Glasgow:

Your method of asking booksellers in different parts of the country regarding the sale of books by Jane Austen, Trollope, Kingsley, Reade, and Lever, is a very wise one. The reports show a variety difficult to explain. For why should an author sell well in one part of the kingdom and not in another? With us, as large retail booksellers, the books by Jane Austen have a large sale. We think there are signs of a renewed interest in her writings. Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* is one of the best selling novels we have, and *Never Too Late to Mend* and *Hard Cash* have a steady sale. Kingsley is still popular, though many of his books have fallen into the background. *Westward Ho!* is, of course, the favourite, but *Hypatia* and *Hereward the Wake* are constantly selling. Lever and Trollope are decidedly slow at the present time. In these two instances there is the absence of good editions at a moderate price, and when such editions are published an increasing interest will at once be shown by the public. The "dainty edition" has raised the taste of the present generation with regard to the general get-up of their books. These must be well printed and neatly bound.

A revival of interest in a writer not too well known has occurred in connection with the uniform issue of George Borrow's works by Mr. John Murray. For many years, admirers of Borrow asked for a worthy edition of his books. The result has been remarkable, and the expressions of new readers show that these delightful books have lost none of their charm.

Of course, we speak only for ourselves. The experience of every bookseller differs according to his position on the map.

In her introduction to Anne Brontë's little read novel *Wildfell Hall*, just issued in the Haworth Edition, Mrs. Humphry Ward tells a story showing that Anne possessed "the Brontë seriousness, the Brontë strength of will." When four years old she was asked what a little child like her wanted most. "The tiny creature replied—if it were not a Brontë it would be incredible—'Age and experience.'" Anne Brontë's gift was not equal to Charlotte's or Emily's, and Mrs. Ward introduces an interesting comparison between the poetical powers of Anne and Emily. Both girls, it happened, wrote verses expressive

of their longing to be at home, and it is here that the difference in their powers comes out :

From the twilight schoolroom at Roehead, Emily turns in thought to the distant upland of Haworth and the little stone-built house upon its crest :

" There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain ;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome,
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home ?

The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all !"

Anne's verses, written from one of the houses where she was a governess, express precisely the same feeling, and movement of mind. But notice the instinctive rightness and swiftness of Emily's, the blurred weakness of Anne's :

" For yonder garden, fair and wide,
With groves of evergreen,
Long winding walks, and borders trim,
And velvet lawns between—

Restore to me that little spot,
With gray walls compassed round,
Where knotted grass neglected lies,
And weeds usurp the ground.

Though all around this mansion high
Invites the foot to roam,
And though its halls are fair within—
Oh, give me back my Home !"

Bibliographical.

THE introduction of Shakespeare, with a "speaking" part, into a novel called *Mary Paget*, reminds one of similarly bold adventures in the past. I cannot recollect whether the late William Black had the courage to put the bard bodily into his *Judith Shakespeare* (perhaps one of my correspondents will tell me), but we can all recall Landor's *Examination of William Shakespeare*, and some of us have not forgotten a certain play called (with delightful brevity and simplicity) "Shakespeare," which had a brief career in a London theatre some eight years ago. In the last-named, if I remember rightly, the bard was presented as a young man, who, after engaging himself to Anne Hathaway, goes up to London and loses his heart to Elizabeth Throgmorton. If my memory serves me, the author of this piece portrayed the poet as firing off bits of blank verse from the plays which he was afterwards to write! And we had not only Shakespeare, but Spenser and Raleigh and Ben Jonson, whose spoken utterances, I regret to say, did not at all suggest the power or charm of their published efforts. But there is no limit to the self-confidence of the present-day playwright. Did not one such follow Horne in putting Christopher Marlowe on the boards? and was not Molière similarly treated by another?

Such a handbook of British and American fiction as Mr. A. E. Baker is said to have compiled or to be compiling should be, if adequately done, an eminently desirable work. We have no such manual at present. It is true that Mr. Percy Russell published, in 1894, *A Guide to British and American Novels*, in which he discoursed successively of the historical, the military, the political, the Scotch, the Irish, the religious, the "temperance" tale, and so forth, and that he supplied a couple of somewhat useful indices. Mr. Russell's book, however, lacked

authority as criticism, and in the way of fact was not sufficiently precise and systematic. Now, Mr. Baker, I gather, will be systematic or nothing, and we may depend, I think, upon his accuracy in detail. An absolutely complete classification of English (which includes American) fiction would be a boon if it could be achieved; but can it? Is it not out of the power of one man, even though he should have devoted all his working hours to it? It seems rather a task for a syndicate or a society, every member of which would contribute from the fruits of his or her reading.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree having selected "Rip Van Winkle" as the next subject for stage interpretation, we may expect that there will shortly be an increased demand for Washington Irving's famous narrative. It so happens that no fewer than three illustrated editions of the tale were issued in London last year—one by Mr. Macqueen, another by Messrs. Putnam, and the third (with "Christmas Eve") by Mr. Nister. In 1898 the tale formed part of a little volume of Irving miscellanies published by Service & Paton. Previously to that there was Messrs. Macmillan's illustrated edition in 1893. Of *The Sketch-Book* itself the recent reprints have been numerous—one in two volumes in 1894, a "student's" edition (and a cheap one besides) in 1895, and yet another in 1897. Those playgoers to whom Irving's narrative is new will be surprised to find how elaborate a superstructure the playwrights have built upon a slight foundation.

The promised new edition (illustrated) of Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb* will be welcome to many, though the book, which is not yet half-a-century old, is by no means out of print. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, I believe, still publish it in neat one-volume form. In all probability it has not been much read of late. Many people fancy that the suburb in question is Chelsea, whereas, of course, it is Kensington. It will be remembered that an illustrated edition of Hunt's other topographical and historical book, *The Town*, was brought out in 1893. Hunt was one of the first to write what may be called the picturesque guide-book, and his example was improved upon by certain of his more recent imitators. Both *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb* are somewhat out of date, but a little judicious annotation is all that they require.

The poets of the future have some reason to dread the doubtful glory of a "penny edition" of their works. I was glancing the other day through Messrs. Newnes's penny Tennyson, and found that the simple title "Godiva" had been enlarged into "The Lady Godiva"; "The splendour falls on castle walls" had been headed "Dying, Dying, Dying"; the stanzas beginning "Ring out, wild bells," had been entitled "Ring Out—Ring In"; while those beginning "Love thou thy land" had been christened "Patriotism"! More than this, I found that the editor had taken it upon himself to number not only every stanza in the book, but even the paragraph-sections of such narrative poems as the "Morte d'Arthur." I say nothing about the paper and the printing of the penn'orth, but I think the text of the poet should have been presented as he left it.

Turning over the pages of Sir M. Grant Duff's latest instalment of *Notes from a Diary*, I found him asking a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic whether he knew "the story of Gregory XVI. offering his snuff-box to a Cardinal, who declined it, saying, 'No, your Holiness, I have not that vice,' to which the Pope immediately replied, 'If it had been a vice, you would have had it.'" Now, this colloquy is almost word for word identical with a well-known passage of arms between Claude Melnotte and Beauseant in "The Lady of Lyons," and it would be interesting to know whether this anecdote of Gregory XVI. was in circulation before Bulwer wrote the play; if it was, the dramatist obviously "conveyed" the jest—which was unfair to its author.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Needless "Life."

The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By John Glyde.
(Pearsons, Ltd. 6s.)

MR. GLYDE'S book contains some new stories of FitzGerald and some interesting local matter; but as a whole it is the failure which every student of FitzGerald's Letters might have not unkindly predicted. No "Life," properly speaking, of Edward FitzGerald is possible; you might as well ask for a "Life" of Amiel, who never lived, but merely proposed to do so. FitzGerald did not even plan a life; finding himself alive, he settled down to vegetate intellectually. Look at his portrait. What a kindly, heavy



EDWARD FITZGERALD.
From a Photo. by Cade & White.

saturninity; what a resolution to be only so much awake as he deemed worth his while! FitzGerald let the world alone, and the world ought to return the compliment. We can do with biographies of soldiers and Parliamentary hands, and we have recently had the biography of a successful coal merchant. That is all right; but when a man is so sublimely indifferent to the footlights and the gold dust as was Edward FitzGerald, we ought to cherish that instance of retiredness. We are all grimed and pushing and envious; here was a man who was not; for heaven's sake let it be somewhat difficult to find him in libraries as it was in life. The very notion of anything so pat and measurable as "The Life" of Edward FitzGerald is unpleasing to us. We prefer to go burrowing for the Life in the Letters—Letters which, for a certain quaint *nookiness*, are unsurpassed in the language. What would FitzGerald have said if he had picked up a harmful, unnecessary "Life" of his "dear Sévigné," in whose Letters he lived for days together?

Mr. Glyde has meant well, and there are things in his book which lovers of the Letters may like to note. FitzGerald once made for his own use a list of all the characters in Mme. Sévigné's Letters, and at another time he drew up a chronology of Charles Lamb's life. Well, Mr. Glyde finds us in material for making such book-marker notes, but this is to condemn his book as a work of art. Our special regret is that Mr. Glyde did not limit himself to the task for which he was competent, and for which there was an opening—that of tracing FitzGerald's footprints at Woodbridge, Boulge, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and his other Suffolk haunts. The local information he has collected would have made a thin, but very acceptable, pamphlet. Thus from London, from Nishapur, and

from Woodbridge had poured three contributory streams of intelligence about FitzGerald; and the local tribute would have had a charming entity, would almost have defied criticism. But "The Life"—oh, no! The very words toll us back to the Letters—which are a thing most precious and absolute. They are medicine for minds that would fain repel the world a little while using it, that long for peace though declining it. Ah, these dear half-way philosophers, whose teachings require of us no sudden flight from the pavement to the empyrean, but who show us how a man may simplify his life! FitzGerald was one of the band, and in that kind we name him with Horace, and Montaigne, and with Matthew Arnold, wistful at the grave of Sénancour. Formal duty seems to require us to describe Mr. Glyde's book in detail; but the pages slip past our fingers. They are good for excavation. There are things to pencil into the margins of the Letters, but they are not such things as these: "Fitz-Gerald (Mr. Glyde will hyphenate the name) had old-fashioned tastes, and in poetry and great love for the ancients. . . . In the world of Fiction he revelled in Sir Walter Scott's works." Nor does the reader of the Letters want to see FitzGerald's moods stated in terms like these: "He found more real enjoyment in the fisherman's cottage than in the home of the squire, where, he said, awful formalities stifle the genuine flow of nature." That is banal and inexact. Banal and inexact, too, is Mr. Glyde's description of FitzGerald's feeling toward London as one of "hatred." He did not want to live in London; nothing would have induced him to do so. But he always paid London the compliment of excusing himself. The tacit reproaches of his friends were not lost on him; though he would not live in London, none knew better than he that he could not well live without London. He never plumed himself on his retirement. Living out of the world, it was he who felt the drawbacks. "People affect to talk of this kind of life as very beautiful and philosophical," he wrote to Frederic Tennyson, "but I don't; men ought to have an ambition to stir and travel, and fill their heads and senses; but so it is." So it was to the end. He trudged Suffolk roads, saw the sea dimple, read old books and the Reviews, collected pictures, potted among his flowers, fed his doves, and wrote the most unaffected letters about it all.

The Letters have been given to us with a liberal hand, and we are not sure that we want—or ought to take—a single fact about FitzGerald that comes to us but through them. We are not a whit interested in Mr. Glyde's chapter about FitzGerald's marriage and what the "ladies of Woodbridge"—confound them!—thought of it. We do not care to peer into the little cottage at Boulge, and note its bachelor chaos; nor are we very grateful for the information that FitzGerald always wore his hat when seated by his fire, and that he fidgetted his beard with a paper-knife while his reader read to him. Somehow a knowledge of these things seems a little mean; we put it aside. Even Mr. Glyde's list of books in FitzGerald's library—classified (as assuredly FitzGerald did not classify them) under Fine Arts, Essays, Music, Dramatic, &c.—is curiously unacceptable. The books do not interest us until FitzGerald has taken one of them off the shelf himself. We do not want to know the bounds of his resources, the thus-far-and-no-farther of his browserings alone. Charles Lamb was sorry that he had ever seen the MS. of "Lycidas," with Milton's corrections, and we should regret taking an inventory of those bookshelves at Little Grange. All this may seem fanciful and even ungracious; but if so it comes of our allegiance to the Letters. Not a jot of their charm must be imperilled.

We like to think that Nature ordains such lives as Edward FitzGerald's to be medicine to other lives. FitzGerald's Letters are antidotal and curative. And the Letters are FitzGerald's life, therefore the life was good and effective. That is very simple reasoning, but what is to

upset it? FitzGerald might have done greater things? Really!—greater than his Letters?—those delightful records of desultory culture, those naïve statements of the things which a rich, yet oddly restricted, nature cared for, and the things it didn't care a rap for? We doubt it. To write the Letters it was necessary that FitzGerald should live in a Suffolk village, where you could hear the rasping of a saw down the length of the main street. He was lazy, but remember that he had the special grace not to repent; and if he refused laborious days, neither did he sport with Amaryllis in the shade. The result was the Letters, and the English "Rubaiyat." And these are enough.

Pale, Tender, and Fragile.

Decorations, in Verse and Prose. By Ernest Dowson.
(Leonard Smithers & Co.)

THIS little volume derives a painful interest from its being the last work of a young poet, who recently died under sorrowful circumstances. The verse (for the prose is little but verse not run into mould) is in substance agnosticism unsustained by the joy of life; in style it is exceedingly craftsmanlike and perfect, with a sense of form that lends appropriateness to the title. "A poet of one mood in all his lays," Mr. Dowson's verse has an almost morbid grace and delicacy, which can only be conveyed by Rossetti's word *gracile*, and a decadent melancholy. Without fire or figurative quality, it lends itself best to negatives.

He belongs to those who find their affinities in the decadent frailty of such French poets as Paul Verlaine. It is not, however, the later *symbolists* Verlaine to whom he leans, but the more typical Verlaine of the sighful, faint impressions. To photograph sensitively the effect of a scene, an incident, upon the emotions, and reproduce it in verse with all its delicate transience, without comment, without reflection—an effect, or rather *affect* (if we might coin the word for the occasion) transferred from the sensibilities of the poet to those of the reader—such is the aim of this French school, in which stood foremost the poet with the satyr-visage and the touch in verse as of maiden's fingers. No interpreters they of nature, but rather strings moved by the wind—and with a like melancholy plaint in all their music. There is much of kindred character in Dowson's poetry, though it need not follow that he deliberately or consciously adopted the same artistic shibboleth. His sympathies he has openly shown in a few poems which are direct translations from Verlaine. It may well be that Verlaine is inimitable; it is very sure that Verlaine is untranslatable. All Mr. Dowson's finished art and native sympathy has failed to capture the uncapturable charm of the originals: the sense is there, and somewhat of the subtly simple diction, but the delicate sigh of the verse has volatilised through the grosser English syllables. Nor does the English writer always convey the expressional *nuances* of the Frenchman. Take a poem at which many readers of the ACADEMY, some time ago, tried their hands in our "Competition" column. Thus Mr. Dowson:

The sky is up above the roof,
So blue, so soft!
A tree there, up above the roof,
Swayeth aloft.
A bell within the sky we see,
Chimes low and faint:
A bird upon that tree we see
Maketh complaint.
Dear God! is not the life up there
Simple and sweet?
How peacefully are borne up there
Sounds of the street!
What hast thou done, who comest here
To weep away?
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,
Thy youth away?

It is good; but no reader would surmise from it that the original was a masterpiece famous in modern French poetry. "Swayeth aloft" misses the exact significance of *berce sa palme*, upon which the felicity of the line depends; and the translation goes to pieces upon the last stanza, which no translation can suggest. So does a poem of which the original has not the peculiar technical difficulty of this:

Nay! the more desolate,
Because, I know not why
(Neither for love nor hate)
My heart is desolate.

Whither has vanished the melodious childlike wail of

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine?

Mr. Dowson himself has more of Verlaine in spirit than in form, for he tries many modes—villanelle, rondeau, sonnet; but there is always the one manner—subdued, minutely finished—searching his diction fastidiously rather than ostentatiously, with no startlingly refracted colour. And the substance is always one—a cry of premature disillusion and weariness. To him and the young poets of his class the days have come in youth of which they say, "They please me not." To him or to his French models; for one would have a surer conviction of these writers' sincerity in their pessimistic chorus if it were not so plain that the pessimism was *à la mode de Paris*. Yet the prevalence of the disease need not be doubted. He rebukes "A Lady Asking Foolish Questions":

Why am I sorry, Chloe? Because the moon is far:
And who am I to be straightened in a little earthly star?
Because thy face is fair? And what if it had not been?
The fairest face of all is the face I have not seen.
Because the land is cold, and however I scheme and plot,
I cannot find a ferry to the land where I am not.
Because thy lips are red and thy breasts upbraid the snow?
(There is neither white nor red in the pleasure where I go)
Because thy lips grow pale and thy breasts grow dun and fall?
I go where the wind blows, Chloe, and am not sorry at all.

That is the daintily sung confession of unfaith which is the melancholy burden of all Mr. Dowson's verse (though nowhere else does he slip into such unpleasantly ungallant phrases as he uses to the hapless Chloe). It is Shelley's "longing for something afar," with the addition that there is no something afar. We hear it again in the mournfully musical lyric, "Venite Descendamus":

Let be at last; give over words and sighing,
Vainly were all things said:
Better at last to find a place for lying
Only dead.
Silence were best; with songs and sighing over;
Now be the music mute;
Now let the dead, red leaves of autumn cover
A vain lute.
Silence is best; for ever and for ever,
We will go down and sleep,
Somewhere beyond her ken, where she need never
Come to weep.
Let be at last: colder she grows and colder;
Sleep and the night were best;
Lying at last where we cannot behold her,
We may rest.

When he is not attempting an impossible rivalry of translation, he handles verse with accomplished melody, as in this poem. Pale, tender, and fragile like that which has in it the seeds of death, it fitly exemplifies Dowson's not strong nor strongly original muse. And now—he has gone down and slept.

A Pearl of Great Price.

A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.
By Martin R. Vincent, D.D. (Macmillan.)

PERFECTLY honourable men, no doubt, were the Brothers Elzevir, publishers, of Leyden. Yet, by means of an elegant *format* and a boastful phrase, they succeeded in landing on the book-market of Christian Europe a version of the New Testament from the corrupt text of which a quarter of a millennium has not been more than sufficient time to emancipate public opinion. "Here then," they announced on the title-page of their edition of 1633, "you have a Text Received of All Men, in which we give you nothing garbled or corrupt." This vaunted "Received Text" was essentially the text of Erasmus, founded on a few inferior MSS. So little, indeed, did Erasmus understand his responsibility that his solitary twelfth-century MS. of the Revelation giving out before the last six verses, he scrupled not to supply an indifferent Greek rendering for which he had no MS. authority at all. The degrees by which the *Textus Receptus* has been ousted from the extravagant esteem in which for so long a time it was held is clearly and concisely told in the book before us.

In 1628 Charles I. received from the Patriarch of Constantinople the Alexandrian Codex, known familiarly as A; and in 1657 Bishop Walton, of Chester, published his *London Polyglot*, with the diverse readings of this ancient MS. at the foot of the pages. Courcelles and Fell, Dean of Christ Church, led the way to John Mill, who, in 1707, published at Oxford an edition of the New Testament in which he foreshadowed the results of modern methods. He estimated the variants known in his time at 30,000. The Greek MSS. collated to-day, nearly 4,000, yield more than five times that number.

As time went on and diligence was multiplied, the extraordinary difficulty of reconstructing in its purity the Text, of which the original autographs had perished, became more evident. The method of counting authorities for a given reading was soon shown to be fallacious. By reason of greater age one MS. may outweigh the authority of a dozen others of later date. Not that age is by any means decisive; for whereas a MS. of the fourth century may have been copied from one but little older than itself, a MS. of the eleventh century may have been copied directly from one of the third century, which in turn may derive immediately from the autograph. Another maddening consideration is that a MS. is not necessarily of the same value throughout: internal evidence may show that different parts are copied from different exemplars.

And this leads to the classification of MSS. according to their genealogy, which was first attempted by Bengel, a Lutheran pastor of Württemberg, in 1734. He also it was who first formulated the now familiar canon that "the difficult reading is to be preferred to the easy," since it is more likely that the scribe has altered a passage with a view to removing a solecism, or an apparent contradiction or misquotation, than that he should have introduced such a thing. This principle Griesbach, who published his text in 1805, breaking for the first time clean away from the *Textus Receptus*, embodied with others: that not single documents but recensions (a word used rather awkwardly for families) of MSS. are to be counted; that the shorter reading is to be preferred to the longer, on account of the scribe's tendency to include marginal notes in the text and to fill out an ellipse; and that the reading which at first sight appears to convey a false sense is to be chosen. The classification of MSS. also received a further development at his hands.

Passing over Lachmann and lesser names we come to Tischendorf, famous for the discovery, in the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, of the fourth-century Aleph (Codex Sinaiticus). This he borrowed and carried off to Cairo, where, with the aid of two German secretaries of seraphic energy, he transcribed the 110,000 lines

of it and noted the 12,000 changes made by later hands. This document is, perhaps, one of fifty prepared by order of Constantine for the churches of his eastern capital in 331. It contains some thousand readings sustained by the oldest Fathers and Versions (*i.e.*, translations), and not found in the Vatican (B) or Alexandrian (A) codices.

The Sinaitic MS. had great weight with Westcott and Hort, whose New Testament appeared in 1881. Dr. Hort assigns it, with B, to the oldest of his four great families of MSS.; their coincidences he attributes to "the extreme antiquity of the common original from which the ancestors of the two have diverged." The Revisers of 1881 (whose text varies in over 1,600 places from the text used by the divines of King James) follow closely the readings favoured by Westcott and Hort.

Yet even now the traditional reverence for the Received Text is not dead—unless, indeed, it was buried with the late Dean Burgon of Chichester. Burgon's wit and delicious perversity make his *Revision Revised* one of the most entertaining of books. His argument in favour of the Received Text is based on the conviction that the Divine Spirit which guides the Church would never permit the words which He dictated to be lost or changed. The reversion to ancient authorities, therefore, he altogether mocks. If these documents have been preserved, that shows, he declares, only that they are worthless: had they been of value they would have perished long since of honest handling. After pouring contempt upon Aleph, B, A, and C, the Dean proceeds:

Imagine it generally proposed, by the aid of four such conflicting documents, to readjust the funeral oration of Pericles, or to reëdit *Hamlet*. *Risum teneatis, amici?* Why, some of the poet's most familiar lines would cease to be recognisable: *e.g.*, A.—"Toby or not Toby, that is the question." Aleph.—"To be a tub or not to be a tub, the question is that." C.—"The question is, to beat or not to beat Toby?" D (the "singular codex").—"The only question is this, to beat that Toby or to be a tub?"

With this delightful nonsense, which illustrates the lighter side of a science which has been pursued with such passionate devotion, we may take leave of Dr. Vincent's admirable little book. Nothing could be better adapted to the use of those who would gain a general view of the results and fascinating methods of Textual Criticism in this particular field.

Andromache Up to Date.

Andromache. By Gilbert Murray. (Heinemann.)

It was an audacious experiment of Prof. Murray's to take a classic theme and to write around it a modern drama in a manner obviously inspired by Ibsen and by Maeterlinck. Mr. G. W. Steevens attempted a somewhat similar feat in "The Dialogues of the Dead." But, as the Latin grammar puts it, you may expel Nature with a fork, yet she will always be back upon you; and the completeness of Prof. Murray's design is more than once marred by the fatality of classical reminiscence. "Now, by Thetis, stranger, in shape God has made you king-like, but within a very fool!" comes as an odd patch on the web of dialogue; and Andromache and the rest are but too ready, on the slightest provocation, to break out in lines and half-lines of the blank verse which is their natural speech. "I am a king's son; I must have my kingdom," says Orestes, and we believe Prof. Murray hopes that it will be read as prose; and Andromache; "The gods' hearts may be hard, but man's is tender; only very hungry and sore afraid and wild as a hunted beast on the mountain." Apart from such blemishes, the drama is astonishingly clever and unexpectedly interesting. The bald, unadorned way of speech, all arabesques and rhetoric strictly excluded, through

which, rather than in which, the characters express themselves is admirably handled. Is not this Maeterlinckian?

PYLADES.

Nay, you fear nothing; that is why I must fear for you.

ORESTES.

What is there to fear for me? Most like I shall come back just as I am.

PYLADES

That is the one thing that cannot be!

Andromache was the subject of Attic dramas by Sophocles, Euripides, and Iophon. That of Euripides is alone extant, and from the plot of this Prof. Murray's is varied. It was, perhaps, discreet to select for rivalry one of the least effective of even the Euripidean masterpieces. Hector slain and Troy taken, Andromache becomes the booty of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles and King of Pthia, to whom she bears a son, Molossus. Pyrrhus marries Hermione, daughter of the deathless Helen. Hermione has no son, and hates Andromache. To Pthia comes, in disguise, Orestes, healed at last of the Furies. He is in search of Hermione, whom he saw and loved of old in her father's halls. Orestes and Hermione plot flight. There is a *mêlée*. Pyrrhus is slain, and Andromache stabs Helen. These are the dry bones of Prof. Murray's drama. In his treatment of it they become the vehicle of a symbolism. The dramatic situation is that of the questing soul between the two ideals, the Wisdom of Life and the Passion of Life. Andromache represents the Wisdom of Life. Through suffering she has attained: she knows and loves. The old angers are swallowed up in humanity. Molossus has slain his first man amid the rejoicings of the Court. Andromache would have him make atonement.

ANDROMACHE.

May your eyes never see half the pain mine have seen! I grew past feeling for it, too, long, long ago. I saw men writhe and bite the dust, without caring for them or counting them. They were so many that they were all confused, and the noise of their anguish was like the crying of cranes far off: there was no one voice in it, and no meaning. And then, as it went on growing, and the sons of Priam died about me and the folk starved, and my husband, Hector, was slain with torment, all the voices gathered again together and seemed as one voice, that cried to my heart so that it understood.

MOLOSSUS.

What did it say, mother?

ANDROMACHE.

It spoke in a language that you know not, my son.

MOLOSSUS.

Did it speak Phrygian?

ANDROMACHE.

It spoke the language of old, old men, and those whose gods have deserted them.

MOLOSSUS.

But you could tell me what it said.

ANDROMACHE.

[*Looking at him, and not answering.*] Why did you ever wish to kill that herd-boy?

MOLOSSUS.

We had taken their cattle before. They always fight us.

ANDROMACHE.

Would it not be better that they should live at peace with you?

MOLOSSUS.

Why should I fear their blood-feud? I would sooner be slain than ask favours of them. My father would avenge me well!

ANDROMACHE.

And who will be the happier? Listen. Can you hear that little beating sound—down seaward, away from the sun?

MOLOSSUS.

It is the water lapping against the rocks.

ANDROMACHE.

There is a sound like that in the language I told you of. Old, old men, and those whose gods have deserted them, hear it in their hearts—the sound of all the blood that men have spilt and the tears they have shed, lapping against great rocks, in shadow, away from the sun.

MOLOSSUS.

But, mother, no warrior hears any sound like that.

ANDROMACHE.

Hector learnt to hear it before he died.

This touches upon the eternal verities. In Hermione Orestes seeks the Passion of Life, one inexhaustible and unfading as her mother Helen. But Hermione is no Helen; she is a thwarted soul, passionate indeed, but perverse, for the ideal of Passion is unrealisable by men; and the dramatic conflict of the play resolves itself into the opposing influences of the two women upon Orestes. The eyes of Hermione "beaconed him through the dark of the sea." He still dreams his ideal in her, "daughter of Helen, ageless and deathless," fails to realise in her the very woman she is; but in the presence of Andromache her beauty pales, and she is shrunken; and when she stabs Andromache it lets Orestes into a secret. He bids his men begone with Hermione to the ship, and stays looking down upon the dying and strangely transfigured woman. He is initiate.

Prof. Murray has put a good deal into this play: it is at least, as we said, interesting from beginning to end; but part of the interest is barely legitimate, for it comes from watching to see how the writer will get over the difficulties which he has almost wilfully imposed upon himself. He does not get over them entirely; and would not his work have really been more effective if he had chosen a theme in the handling of which he would not have had to waste his energies in combating the accumulated instincts of his readers and himself towards a traditional mode of treatment?

The Trewe Kirk Discernit.

The Scottish Reformation. Baird Lectures for 1899. By the late Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D. Edited by D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. With a Biographical Sketch by James Christie, D.D. (Blackwood.)

As distinguished from the movement which transformed the Church of England, the Scottish Reformation proceeded upwards from below. It was more purely a religious movement. It began indeed within, among Churchmen; and its first aim was no more than to eliminate from the existing system the gross abuses of simony and nepotism which in Scotland, as elsewhere, honeycombed the whole system of patronage. But the Lutheran doctrine of justification was in the air, and Patrick Hamilton was its proto-martyr—"burnt, at commande of the king selfe, for obstinatie and wickednes." He had the audacity to maintain that "faith, hope, and charity are so linked together that he who hath one of them hath all, and he that lacketh one lacketh all," and the like. And as is wont to happen when one man has the courage to suffer for his convictions, the reek of his burning "infected all on whom it blew." In 1534 was held a great assize over which the king, James V., presided as great justiciar. Over a score of confessors suffered confiscation of goods; Alexander

Alane (known in literature as Alesius) was driven out of the country; Norman Gourley and David Stratoun furnished a holocaust to the Moloch of Orthodoxy; and so forward, mainly by contrivance of that prelate of large intelligence, consummate ability, and indomitable energy whom, not inaptly, Dr. Mitchell styles "hierarchical fanatic"—Cardinal Betoun. The hour of the reformers would seem to have struck when in 1543 the Regent, the Earl of Arran, proclaimed freedom to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue; but he almost immediately repented of his temerity, and loaded his head with appropriate ashes.

The coming of Wishart, in 1559, marked a change in the character of the movement; with him it definitely assumed a schismatical character. His method was to gather into conventicles those whom he could persuade. Also, he must pass through the cloud and through the fire, and make room for a greater.

John Knox—"that maist notable profet and apostle of our nation"—in his childhood had been a pupil of Wishart's; of him he learned the little Greek he knew. A firmness which came near to obstinacy, an independence which was very much like pride . . . and a passionate force sometimes mistakenly attributed to a vindictive temper—these are some of the qualities predicated of him by D'Aubigné. Knox had received the order of priesthood, but, having acquired "a taste for the truth," ceased to say mass and (strangely) took to the law. Presently, in obedience to an harmonious call, he assumed the office of a preacher, and the vaulting of St. Andrew's Cathedral rang weekly with vituperation. The assassination of Cardinal Betoun, in the margin of his History, he is content to note as "the godly act" of James Melvine. This same godly act was the reason why for some nineteen months, with others of the conspirators, he tugged at an oar from the bench of a French galley. English influence secured his release in 1549. He came to England and took part in the first revision of the Prayer-book. He was appointed to be chaplain to the monarch whom Dr. Mitchell styles "good King Edward," and, it is said, received the offer of the Gloucester bishopric. After the accession of the "bigoted Queen Mary," the English court, he found, was no place for him. He departed, therefore, to the more propitious air of Geneva and the company of Calvin, between whom and the people of Scotland he served the office of a conduit; and thence he sounded that Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women which was designed to shake the security of Mary, but merely exasperated Elizabeth; wherein his later explanations, which involved so unpalatable a doctrine as that kings rule in virtue of election rather than by right divine, did not mend matters. At this time he returned to St. Andrew's and frankly proceeded to triumph over the enemies of the Lord. "We doe nothing," he wrote, "but goe about Jericho, blowing with trumpets as God giveth strength."

The result of the struggle was by this time assured. The new faith was springing vigorously on the soil left fallow by the careless security of the clergy. In Scotland, as elsewhere, the Roman Catholic Church had saved, out of a sometime devoted people, but a remnant.

The author goes at length into the history of the Book of Discipline and the Book of Common Order; and by the discretion of his enthusiastic editor, a lecture upon Alesius, though not properly one of the series delivered on the Baird foundation, has been inserted. If it is with a certain sense of disappointment that we close this volume, that is to be attributed solely to a certain flaccidity of style which may readily be excused to a man strenuously using, as it proved, the last spark of his vitality for a comprehensive purview of the period which for many years he had made so particularly his own. We confidently hope that it will interest, in the great events which it chronicles, a wider public than that to which the lectures are primarily addressed.

"'Twill Serve."

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.—*The Romantic Triumph*.
By T. S. Omond, M.A. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book rather suggests a novel than the latest addition to Prof. Saintsbury's "Periods of European Literature." It is the sequel (the association of ideas will not away) to *The Romantic Revolt*—a no less cozening title—its predecessor in the series, which dealt with the general rebellion against eighteenth-century classicism; and the period it covers is, roughly, from 1810 to the decline of the Romantic movement in the 'fifties. The design is to summarise the time during which the Romantic movement was at its zenith; and in English literature it may be said to have as its culmination Scott and Browning.

The period is impossibly vast, beyond the mere number of years embraced by it. It is, perhaps, the most opulent period of European literary history. In England it means Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, De Quincey, Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës—to take up but a random handful of the golden sands; in France, Dumas, De Vigny, De Musset, Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, Stendhal—all that brilliant band of poets and *prosateurs*, with the great name of Hugo towering in the midst, and the red waistcoat of Gautier flaming in the forefront; it means historians like Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet; novelists like George Sand and Prosper Mérimée. As if these were not enough, Germany presents to us the Schlegels—August, the great populariser and critic of Shakespeare; Friedrich, who wrote *The Philosophy of History*; Tieck; Hoffmann; Uhland; Brentano; Fouqué, who gave us the undying figures of Undine and Sintram; Richter, inspirer of Carlyle; Niebuhr, the historian; Schelling and Hegel, in philosophy; while in its later period we have the poetry of Heine and the pessimism of Schopenhauer. Yet here is no pause: Italy offers Manzoni, of *I Promessi Sposi* fame; Leopardi, the poet, as Schopenhauer was the philosopher of pessimism; Denmark has Hans Andersen; Russia, Poushkin and Gogol; Poland, Mickiewicz. And this is but (in Tarquin's phrase) striking off the tallest heads of the poppies. Throngs surge behind these. It was truly a wonderful time of blossoming.

To deal with such enormous wealth of material upon any comprehensive plan, within the compass of one small volume, was not possible. In this respect Mr. Omond's task was harder than that of his predecessors. In effect, his volume resolves itself into a cursory review of the chief authors in the several countries of Europe, with a few introductory and concluding remarks on the Romantic spirit and movement. It is, doubtless, the fault of the unwieldy subject, too near for perspective, yet already fading into a doubtful semi-familiarity very puzzling to deal with; but Mr. Omond's volume does not impress us so much as others of the series. He disavows any design of novelty in his criticism; and has, in fact, adopted the safe method of adhering to the received criticism of the day on all important points. The few exceptions wherein Mr. Omond has liberated his own soul do not encourage us to wish that he had oftener departed from the beaten track. He is led into railing at Mrs. Browning's delicate phrase, "sylvan tenderness," applied to the eyes of the hare. Mr. Omond is not, in fact, a distinguished critic. But, on the whole, he is adequate, if never stimulating, and sometimes a trifle exasperating. The book is a fair book, considering the subject and its difficulties; there have, as we say again, been better in the series, but "'twill serve." And we may, at any rate, congratulate Mr. Omond that he has spared us yet another attempt to define the Romantic spirit. "For this relief, much thanks."

Other New Books.

MRS. DELANY
(MARY GRANVILLE). COMPILED BY GEORGE PASTON.

In the second edition of his *Anecdotes of Painting* Horace Walpole refers to Mrs. Delany as "a lady of excellent taste, who, at the age of seventy-four, invented the art of paper mosaic, with which material (coloured) she executed in eight years within twenty of one thousand various flowers and flowering shrubs with a precision and truth unparalleled." The reader who wishes to know exactly what this work was like may turn to pages 230-231 of this volume. Mrs. Delany never wrote a book, or made herself notorious; she was neither wealthy nor learned, and yet she was a great lady—"a truly great woman of fashion," Burke called her. Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography and Correspondence* in six volumes, edited by Lady Llanover was gratefully received in 1861-62 by a public willing to pay five pounds. These volumes having sunk—by their own weight one thinks—out of present ken, "George Paston" has distilled some of their fragrance and interest into a volume that may hope to be read by a generation of casual readers. In these reduced pages we are still brought into the politest circles of the reigns of three Georges. We dine with Swift, and watch Madame D'Arblay bungle the bow of Queen Charlotte's necklace; we hear the "Beggar's Opera" praised, and *Tristram Shandy* denounced; and we see Mrs. Delany almost marry Wesley, and almost snub Johnson. This is the (abridged) book of her loves, her two marriages, her discreet friendships, her perfections of behaviour and address. Its long, busy murmur of acquaintance is in ceaseless and delightful contrast with the self-centred, socially-unerring mind of the great lady it portrays. Taken as a whole, the record is crammed, as the present editor is pleased to say, with "familiar trifles of everyday life that put marrow into the dry bones of history, and blood into its flaccid veins." (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS
CECILE DE COURTOT. BY MORITZ VON KAISENBERG.

This volume takes its place in the entertaining "Versailles Historical Series," which already includes the memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon and of the Prince de Ligne. The period opened up is that of Napoleon's First-Consulship, and although the letters and diaries quoted belong to the von Alvensleben family, of Kalbe, in Altmark, the real heroine of the story they unfold is the young Baroness Cecile de Courtot, who fled to Kalbe from the very steps of the guillotine, and afterwards returned to Paris, as one from the dead, to enjoy the favour of the First Consul and the restoration of her property. The delicious quiet and garden fragrance of old German life—a life given up to "the cultivation of an exaggerated sentimentality and perfervid romance"—are mingled in the narrative with the horrors of Robespierre's reign, and the *rescendo* gaieties and splendours of Paris in the days when it was learning to give Napoleon *carte blanche*. The most striking record is of the interview granted by Napoleon to Cecile de Courtot in the matter of the restoration of her property, which had been torn from her in the Revolution. Cecile was able to remind the First Consul that they had met as boy and girl. He had rescued her from the attack of a bull at Brienne, in Champagne, in 1783; and a few years later she had shown her deliverer, by the gift of a laurel wreath at the Military College at Brienne, that she had not forgotten the service. On mention of this wreath the First Consul completely changed his manner, which had been cold and repellant:

Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes and trembled in his voice when he spoke.

"So you were that sweet, kind girl, Mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me, I promise you beforehand to

grant it—no matter what it is. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back—I am more than overjoyed to have it in my power to serve you!"

You may imagine, my Annaliebe, how startled and amazed I was at this sudden outburst, this rapture of kindness, from the man who, but a moment before, had shown himself so stern and unapproachable! I had no answer ready; all I could do was to falter without reflection, "Oh, *Sire*, what have I done to deserve this gratitude?"

"What, this too!" broke in Bonaparte in a tone of measureless excitement. "The royal title—for the first time—from your lips, my dear, infallible little Prophetess! And once more your words will come true," he continued, with the strange, far-away look of a Seer. "Yes, I shall one day wear the crown and clasp the Royal mantle round my shoulders—now I know it for certain. You set that laurel wreath on my young head in the far-off days at Brienne—the laurel crown that was to be followed by so many others. You whispered to me then, 'May it bring you good luck!' and truly it did, as you very well know. I am a fatalist, Mademoiselle, and since you have foretold it me, I feel the Crown of France upon my brow, I see the Sceptre of the great Realm already in my hand! How can I ever thank you enough?"

The translation of these curious, if not too convincing, memoirs has been made, from the German, by Miss Jessie Haynes. (Heinemann. 9s.)

MISSIONS IN EDEN. BY MRS. CROSBY H. WHEELER.

Eden is situated in the Valley of the Euphrates, under the shadow of Mount Ararat, and at Harpoot are the headquarters of an American mission of which Mrs. Wheeler has been an active member for forty years. This book is a kind of homely circular letter to inform those who are interested in the Christianising of Armenians of the progress of the good work. Here, for example, is a passage from the description of Euphrates College at Harpoot: "At the left, as we enter the hall, we find Professor Nahigian in the chemical room teaching physics. He is busy with experiments, and his class of juniors look bright and appreciative. He married our sweet Mariam. Further along are the recitation rooms, while on the right is the college hall. . . . Teacher Nazloo is here, and in her sweet, ladylike way is teaching a class in moral science. In a recitation room just beyond, Mrs. Wheeler is teaching a class in English literature. The girls are much interested in *Lady of the Lake*, judging from quotations written on the blackboard. Miss Barnum is teaching physical geography in the next room." The sidelights on Armenian life and character are not uninteresting, and the zeal of the author cannot but command respect. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. EDITED BY THE REV. H. C. BEECHING.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. FROM THE EDITION OF THE REV. H. C. BEECHING.

The first of these volumes is a handsome library edition in one volume. Mr. Beeching adopts the principle of preserving the spelling, punctuation, and so forth used by Milton himself. This has been done comparatively rarely for Milton, although for Shakespeare often enough, and for many other poets in the antiquarian editions of the late Dr. Grosart. So far as Milton is concerned, Mr. Beeching makes out a good case for his method, pointing out in an Introduction that the poet evidently took pains to oversee the spelling of his works, and that upon a knowledge of it a correct appreciation of moot questions of rhythm and emphasis often depends. There are plenty of annotated Miltons, and Mr. Beeching has wisely contented himself in the present one with giving a full text, a slight *apparatus criticus*, and some good facsimiles of title-pages and handwriting. The general

effect of the original editions is very finely reproduced. The other volume is called the "Oxford Miniature Milton," and is an elegant little edition on India paper, light and suitable for the pocket. The text is that of Mr. Beeching, but the spelling is modernised. (Clarendon Press.)

Fiction.

Arden Massiter. By Dr. William Barry.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

In this novel Dr. Barry has poured out all his intimate knowledge of Italy—modern Italy; his appreciation of that Italy which has passed, and his aspirations concerning that Italy which is to come. *Arden Massiter* is one of the best English novels of Italy with which we are acquainted, and certainly we regard it as measurably superior to the author's previous books. It is full of emotion and a certain cultured sentimentality which pervades and poetises every sentence. Only a scholar could have written it; only a poet could have written it; and only a philanthropist could have written it. Dr. Barry combines these three "abilities"; and decidedly, with modern Italy for an objective, they all have full play and opportunity. *Arden Massiter* is a Socialist journalist, who goes out to the Peninsula under the impulsion of some vague sympathy. In London he has trafficked with the underworld of Italian political intrigue. In Rome he picks up the threads again, rather against his will. Unwittingly he kills a man, and lo! instantly he finds himself the doomed butt of the camorra and other sinister agencies. He takes refuge with his friends the ancient family of Sorelli, at their immemorial castle of Roccaforte. He falls in love with Costanza, pale daughter of princes—a figure beautifully drawn, but surely drawn under the influence of d'Annunzio. Roccaforte and Costanza are singularly like the castle and Massimilla in *The Virgins of the Rocks*. There is the same feeling, the same still atmosphere around them.

The events of the tale are tragic and dramatic, and the tension grows till it is finally broken. Episodes of brigands, beggars, conspirators, statesmen, and high-bred women follow one another quickly, and the theatres of them are heroic—faded but superb interiors, mountain heights, and the great streets of decayed capitals. *Arden Massiter* is a "full" book. It teems with incident, character, suggestion; it must be read slowly, savoured paragraph by paragraph; it shines everywhere with a notable distinction. Moreover, it is a homogeneous piece of excellent craftsmanship. The sole fault we would charge to it is a lack of brute strength. It is too mild, bland, and—shall we say it?—too "cultured." It is like a suave and broad-minded Italian prelate, who knows all men, all hearts, all histories, and who would be a *man* were it not for an ever present finicking tendency to use the panorama of life as a spectacle, to survey it with finger-tips gently touching, and embroider it with an exquisite discourse of his own sensations:

Ancient sculpture has always affected me like music, but not as the highly coloured, deeply shadowed modern harmonies which, in their melting of many tones together, leave one vibrant, yet exhausted, as after some passionate experience. No, rather like the fine, clear settings of Palestrina, I should say, which fall upon one out of a cloudless heaven. When I spent day after day contemplating in the still palaces this divine company from Olympus, or Thebes, or Thessaly, the intense and shining quietness could not fail to equalise the pulses of my blood. It was the expression of a beauty in which sense had little share. I call to mind certain mornings at the Vatican, when I seemed to have those imperial courts and stanza to myself. The universe, I could have dreamt, was white

sunshine—no refraction of its rays anywhere; but standing out fair and pure the deathless forms, each so individual, so consummately distinct, that they seemed victorious over mortal griefs by the very perfection of the attitude in which they fought and triumphed. There was a strange innocence, too, upon the youthful faces; by a miracle of art the flesh itself had all the tender purity of blossoms in their prime; gaze long enough and you had gone back to the world's childhood, when the spirit wrote its naive desires upon a tablet of Parian marble, unstained as the snow which breath of man has never sullied. These figures had a kind of consecration, a detachment from our sorrows, that lifted me, like the tragedians' verses to which they so frequently took my thoughts, into an ever-enduring stillness beyond time and chance.

Who could find fault with such a passage? Yet it is the inmost spirit of that passage, and of a hundred others, that has somewhat marred *Arden Massiter* for us. We have a suspicion that, as some men are amateurs of rare books, so Dr. Barry must be an amateur of life—that he would give a high price for a rare experience and put it in a lovely binding and contemplate it for hours.

The Sky-Pilot. By Ralph Connor.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THIS tale of pioneer life, "beyond the great prairies and in the shadow of the Rockies," is well written (except where the writing becomes "fine"), and a passably sincere version of things that the author has observed. Mr. Connor knows his subject with thoroughness, and presents it dramatically. In fact, he is a story-teller. His chief fault—and we cannot condone it—is that he persistently sugars his stuff with sentiment, until the sweetness dloys. The "sky-pilot" (minister, of course), Arthur Wellington Moore by name, who comes to take spiritual charge of Swan Creek, much against Swan Creek's desire, is one of those impossible heavenly saints that are found only in novels. A mild little man, he conquers the ranchers by the greatness of his game at baseball, humbly explaining that he "played a little at Princeton." Then the hymn-books begin to appear, and in a few weeks Swan Creek scarcely knows itself. At the end of the tale Arthur Wellington Moore dies, and the chapter is headed "The Pilot's Last Port." We might tolerate the pilot, for he has his qualities, but we certainly cannot tolerate Gwen. This is Gwen:

"Yes," assented Bill, "she's a leetle swift."

Then, as if fearing he had been apologetic for her, he added, with the air of one settling the question: "But she's good stock! She suits me!"

The Duke helped me to another side of her character.

"She is a remarkable child," he said, one day. "Wild and shy as a coyote, but fearless, quite; and with a heart full of passions. Meredith, the Old Timer, you know, has kept her up there among the hills. She sees no one but himself and Ponka's Blackfeet relations, who treat her like a goddess and help to spoil her utterly. She knows their lingo and their ways—goes off with them for a week at a time."

"What! With the Blackfeet?"

"Ponka and Joe, of course, go along; but even without them she is as safe as if surrounded by the Coldstream Guards, but she has given them up for some time now."

And so on for many chapters, just as if the Bret Harte school had never existed. It would be easy to find fun in *The Sky-Pilot*. Nevertheless, despite circumstantial evidence to the contrary, we are convinced that Mr. Connor in writing it was actuated by perfectly honest literary motives. He possesses much natural technical skill, but in the larger matter of attitude towards life he has a great deal to learn. Such a detail will not prevent many people from enjoying this naïve novel.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND. BY S. R. CROCKETT.

A long mediæval romance, crowded with characters whose business is mainly fighting and love making. Joan, Duchess Joan of Hohenstein, ruler "of that cluster of hill statelets which is called collectively Masurenburg," is a heroine after Mr. Crockett's heart. She fences better than most, she defies an unattractive bridegroom, she masquerades as a boy, and in the end marries the man of her choice. He is a Cardinal, but that is nothing to Mr. Crockett. An interview with Pope Sixtus in Chapter LIII., some talk about ducats, and then the "sweet-voiced choristers" and "the white-robed maidens" scattering flowers. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE GIFTS OF ENEMIES. BY E. E. MILTON.

A readable novel by the author of *A Bachelor Girl in London*. A great deal hinges on a bet made by young Tim Ventris that he would marry the first girl who wore a hat trimmed with blue whom he met in the town. (A. & C. Black. 6s.)

THE PLAIN MISS CRAY. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

If a heroine is dubbed plain we know that she will do wonders, like Paganini's single string. When, therefore, the reader is told that Miss Cray had a voice which, though neither loud nor shrill, "had a singular quality of compelling attention," he knows that she will compel the right sort of attention in due time. A readable and amusing story by the hand that wrote *The House on the Marsh*. (White & Co. 6s.)

AINSLIE'S JU-JU. BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Ainslie's ju-ju, a talisman which possessed the power of protecting its wearer from sudden death, was "a little oblong of ivory, roughly carved in representation of a serpent's head, with curious characters graven upon it, somewhat resembling the signs of the zodiac upon the Accra rings." The story deals with an expedition to darkest Africa and the disasters that attended it, but the ju-ju ensures Ainslie's happy marriage at the close. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE ANGEL OF CHANCE. BY G. G. CHATTERTON.

A comedy of a watering-place, with some neat character-drawing in it. The Angel of Chance (or Fate) brought it about that Clifford Anstey and Rachel Meredith "drifted together in so unorthodox a fashion that possibly the London County Council might have denied them a licence for it." In other words, they met in the sea, converging from their respective bathing machines. An amusing book. (Long. 6s.)

ALETTA. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Mr. Mitford, who is known for his South African stories, here gives us a tale of the Boer War, in which he makes a courageous attempt to portray those Boers "who do not go to bed in their clothes, who do wash, and whose persons and dwelling-houses are distinguished by the ordinary conditions of cleanliness and civilisation." It is a refreshing change from the wearisome insistence upon the other side of the case. (White. 3s. 6d.)

LOVE'S GUERDON. BY CONRAD H. CARRODER.

A typical domestic religious "romance of the West Country," compact of the Maypole Inn, Mrs. Loxton, the stony road to Netherdene Farm, and "We know from the Pauline epistles." (White & Co. 6s.)

HIS 'PRENTICE HAND.

BY SYDNEY PHELPS.

Sydney Phelps is, we suspect, a woman, and her story follows old-established feminine lines. The hero is Ralph Vivian, curate, a model of the manly graces. And in the end "Good luck to your fishing, little fellow!" says he to his wifelet: "you threw a good line and caught my heart over two years ago." "Will the line hold, Ralph?" asked Ethel, drawing closer to him. "Yes, for ever." (Long. 6s.)

THE SECOND LADY DELCOMBE. BY MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD.

Another contribution to what may be called house party fiction. The society is the society that stays in country houses, and the conversation is continuous and steadfastly smart. Here is a passage: "'He has chucked the Army, you know.' 'I didn't know. What brought on the crisis?' 'Want of the needful.' 'What does he intend to do?' 'Go into the land agency business, I believe.' 'Poor old girl!' 'All the same a hundred years hence, I expect.'"

THE HOUSE OF HARDALE.

BY ROSE PERKINS.

Mr. Hardale was a banker, with all the outward signs which successful banking imparts. But he quarrelled with his son, and his son died. ("I have gone the pace," he wrote, "and Death, the grim old fellow who tarries at no man's bidding, is coming with long, swift strides down the shadowy way to hurry me off. It's consumption, dad; rapid.") But he left a child, and she, together with an unprincipled adventuress, gives life to the melodrama. (Long. 6s.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE.

ANON.

This "Story of Evelyn Grey, Hospital Nurse," contains a seducer in the shape of a superlatively wicked High Church vicar, and other unpleasing people, including the heroine, whose misfortunes seem to be at least as deserved as her ultimate happiness. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

VELDT AND LAAGER.

BY E. S. VALENTINE.

"Some of the tales in this book are true; some have been related by the Boers themselves;" all of them are intended to bring out the chief traits of Boer character. They should be popular in the sixpenny form in which they appear. (Methuen. 6d.)

A FLASH OF YOUTH.

BY C. J. HAMILTON.

A crude story of love, unfaithfulness, squalor, hymn-verses, and death-beds, covering twenty years and enacted in two hemispheres. The scamp of a husband returns at last to find his wife playing the "Moonlight Sonata." "She always plays when it's beginning to get near sun-down." Alethea dies and forgives. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE EXPERIMENT OF DOCTOR
NEVILL.

BY EMERIC HULME-
BEAMAN.

To the fourth chapter of this pseudo-scientific novel the author prefixes the warning "To be skipped by the squeamish reader." With as good reason he might have placed these words on his title-page, for the whole novel is grim and gruesome reading. It tells how Lord Carsdale's recovery from an injury to his brain was brought about by the insertion into that organ of a portion of the brain of an executed murderer—with the drawback that his lordship promptly developed the murderer's traits. How this operation was justified, and how its evil effects were finally counteracted, and the hero's marriage with Lilian Wroughton rendered possible, we leave to the non-squeamish reader. (John Long. 6s.)

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The late Richard Hovey.

An American Poet.

ALL readers who take an intimate interest in contemporary verse probably know two slim little American volumes entitled *Songs from Vagabondia* and *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey, a small edition of which was issued in this country by Mr. Elkin Mathews; and all who do know them will learn with regret that Mr. Hovey is dead. He died a few weeks ago of apoplexy, after undergoing an operation, and his age was only thirty-five. Thereby America loses one of her best poets, and from the world passes a clean, resolute, discriminating mind.

Richard Hovey was not a great poet, nor had he an abundant gift of music; but he loved the light and he loved the open air and he believed in men. He was also always on the side of youth, as lyric poets ought to be. He could write:

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have a fling.

There is no doubt that in Richard Hovey's poetical making Whitman was a great influence, and latterly in his work there were signs that he would not be unwilling to stimulate Americans as Mr. Kipling has stimulated England; but he was more himself than anyone else, and by adopting for the most part very free and easy measures this individuality was intensified. For there is no question that, except with the greatest, severe poetical forms are capable of tyrannising over a poet's intentions. Richard Hovey was happiest in this kind of irregular ecstatic chant:

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the snow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing
nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The asp is in the boles to-day,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

That is from a poem entitled "Spring." The same vein is pursued in "The Faun," which perhaps represents Mr. Hovey's best work in this manner. Here is a passage from "The Faun":

Oh, goodly damp smell of the ground!
Oh, rough sweet bark of the trees!
Oh, clear sharp cracklings of sound!

Oh, life's that's a-thrill and a-bound

With the vigour of boyhood and morning and the noon-
tide's rapture of ease!

Was there ever a weary heart in the world?

A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the spirit's wings?

Did a man's heart ever break

For a lost hope's sake?

For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the quiver of things.

Ay, this old oak, grey-grown and knurled,

Solemn and sturdy and big,

Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his rest,

As the oriole there that clings to the tip of the twig

And scolds at the wind that it buffets too rudely his nest.

A man who writes like this, whatever his matter may be, is, we fear, to some extent shirking his responsibilities; but many readers care nothing for that provided the matter is to their mind. Mr. Hovey, however, could adhere to the demands of an intricate stanza when he liked, and in his very persuasive lyric called "The Wander-Lovers" he even invented, we believe, a new lilt. Thus:

Down the world with Maria!

That's the life for me!

Wandering with the wandering wind,

Vagabond and unconfined!

Roving with the roving rain

Its unboundaried domain!

Kith and kin of wander-kind,

Children of the sea!

The poet had other moods than these. There is in his volume *Along the Trail*, published in America in 1898, another of those poems concerning Death, the most curious of which is perhaps James Thomson's grim fantasy entitled "In the Room" (in *The City of Dreadful Night*). Mr. Hovey writes in the person of a dead man awaiting burial. These are the last stanzas:

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,

Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!

Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier

With aureoles as of old upon her hair

To light the darkness of this burial bin!

Should I not rise again and breathe the air

And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shriek

As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I

See her gray eyes look love and hear her speak,

And be all impotent to burst my shroud?

Will the dead never rise from where they lie?

Or will they never cease to think so loud?

Or is to know and not to be, to die?

To conclude, these lines from "The Quest of Merlin," in which the Angels address the old magician, indicate that Mr. Hovey had, perhaps, imaginative triumphs before him:

Put a bit in the teeth of the storm,

And a noose on the neck of the sea;

Say to ice, "Thou shalt keep me warm,"

And to air, "Be a bridge for me";

What hast thou gained for thy toil

But a vaster gulf for prayer?

Thy bread and wine and oil,

And still the darkness there?

Thou shalt measure the stars;

Orion and the Pleiades

Shall send thee embassies;

Thou shalt chart the cities of Mars;

Thou shalt sift Aldebaran

As gold dust in the pan;

Algol shall undusk

For thee his demon trouble; . . .

In vain! All is husk,

To be cast out with the stubble.

Among Mr. Hovey's other literary work, which included a good deal of criticism, was a volume of translations from Maeterlinck, published in 1894, including "Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," and "The Seven Princesses," the first translation, we believe, that America saw. Mr. Hovey latterly conducted courses in literature at Barnard College.

Things Seen.

The Rabbit.

I SAT by the open door of the cottage reading Richard Jefferies, alone, save for Adam, a rheumatic antique, who came, once a week, to tend the garden. When last I looked up from my book, I observed the crown of his head below the dip in the garden, bobbing as he dug. Turning again to my book, I read this passage:

There is a slight rustle among the bushes and the fern upon the mound. It is a rabbit who has peeped forth into the sunshine. His eye opens wide with wonder at the sight of us; his nostrils work nervously as he watches us narrowly. But in a little while the silence and the stillness reassure him: he nibbles in a desultory way at the stray grasses on the mound, and finally ventures out into the meadow almost within reach of the hand. It is so easy to make the acquaintance—to make friends with the children of nature. From the tiniest insect upwards they are so ready to dwell in sympathy with us—only be tender, quiet, considerate, in a word, *gentlemanly* towards them and they will freely wander around. And they all have such marvellous tales to tell—

At this point a shout from Adam broke into my reading, a high-pitched, compelling shout. The bobbing head had disappeared. I ran down the garden to find him lying flat on the ground, yellow earth heaped about him, and his venerable head and shoulders thrust into a hole; his hands were outstretched into the intricacies of the burrow, and his muffled voice was crying "I'll get him yet! I'll get him yet!" Then suddenly he uttered a grunt of pleasure, and his right hand grasped a ball of fur. With an exulting cry he dragged forth the rabbit. Then—it was done in a second—he broke its neck, and held the creature at arm's length. I saw the film pass over its eyes, and its little front paws cross themselves in the act of death. I touched the small warm body, and thought: "It was not easy for you to make friends with the children of man." And Adam said: "I'm almost wore out myself, but, thank God, I've still got the strength to make war on them vermin. Yes, vermin! Let one of them get inside your wire fence—and you'll know it. Last autumn I had forty wall-flowers; they nibbled thirty-five of them right down to the roots; and as to carnations, why a rabbit will come a mile to get one. Thought they was harmless little things, did you? I knows rabbits. I'd like to have a guinea for every hundred I've killed. Why, if I hadn't caught he there wouldn't have been a bit of green left in the garden."

The Preserve.

LAST Sunday afternoon, his father being away, I told my little nephew of the benevolence of nature, and that little boys must be kind to all flying and creeping things, even as God was kind to us. Afterwards having shown him the beauty of the world from an upper window, we put on our hats and went for a walk, observing the primroses by the brook side, the shy anemones, and the tender sprigs of green shooting from every dark twig. I explained to him how all that breathed—the insects, the birds, the moles, the rabbits and the mice alike felt the impulse of the awakening of spring, towards a busy, useful, joyous life. My little nephew listened, nodding his grave head. Presently we came to a wood dark with saplings, and there we saw the first butterfly—a yellow butterfly. "Look," said little Edward, "there's a fly-away primrose." I commended the simple simile, and explained to him (the conceit was excusable) how the happy little creature carried the glad tidings of spring from one unfolding flower to another and told each flower to be good and happy for spring had come. But Edward was not listening. His round eyes were fixed on a withering crow, half-eaten

by insects, whose neck had been stuck into the fork of a sapling. All along the side of the wood hung other crows—awful warnings! "Do crows like the spring, uncle?" asked Edward. "All God's creatures love the spring," I answered. "But it would never do to let them destroy the pheasants' eggs. So the keeper kills them and hangs them up as a warning to other naughty birds." Edward nodded his head. He was a wise child. We walked on. Presently he uttered a cry of delight. There, within two feet from the ground was a nest, and in it were two blue-speckled thrushes' eggs. Edward took one daintily between his fingers. "It's quite cold," he said; "and, uncle, what's the iron thing for?" I explained that the eggs were old eggs, that they tempted predatory birds, such as jays and magpies, to stand on the "iron thing," which was a trap to catch them by the leg, holding them sometimes all night. Edward reflected a moment, then he said: "Jays don't like the spring, and birds eat other birdseses' eggs." Presently Edward showed some inclination to examine a large squat steel trap that stood in the middle of the pathway, but I claimed his attention for a pretty, rounded sort of arbour shaped like a beehive, covered with grasses and trailing greenery. We peeped in. The floor was strewn with spent cartridges. Edward looked at me inquiringly. "That," I said casually, for he was not a boy to whom one could gloss the truth, "is where the man hides when he wants to shoot, er—er, wood-pigeons at his ease." On the way home Edward said, thoughtfully: "What lots of things they kill to preserve other things. Do they preserve them in glass cases, uncle?" "No," I answered, "they preserve them to shoot them." "Oh!" said Edward. When we reached home he told his father where he had been. "In the wood!" said his father. "Why, that's trespassing. If they had caught my little boy there they would have looked him up." "Father," said Edward, "you won't preserve me, will you?"

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE lady who describes herself as the author of *Amitié Amoureuse* has just published a sequel to that remarkable book. If it may be said that few sequels succeed, *Le Douce plus fort que l'Amour* is one of the most amazing failures I have ever read. We are introduced to a startling habit in fiction. The author continually jogs our memory by a footnote: "See *Amitié Amoureuse*." Surely the reader of the sequel of a story should be at liberty to remember or forget the former volume, and not be reminded in this authoritative and inartistic fashion in the presence of middle-aged friends who are saying nothing in particular that in a previous book they were burning lovers on the point of setting the Seine on fire. The author is no doubt a writer of considerable talent, witty, mordant, of wide culture, and of a morbid sensuality. As every chapter is headed by a translated quotation from Shakespeare, it is apparent that Mme. Lecomte du Nouy is an ardent student of that Immortal, and in her delineation of the passion of love she dots the *i's* with all the ruthless candour and precision of the seventeenth century. Denise and Philippe, the writers of those delightful letters of *Amitié Amoureuse*, here are shown in middle age of no particular charm or consequence. Hélène, so captivating as a child, is a young girl like another, sufficiently well-bred, pretty, and intelligent. That she has something of her mother's wit and mental independence is proved by the fresh and brilliant letters she can write, for the author's literary form of predilection is the epistolary, in which it must be admitted she excels. Here is a capital description of the provincial atmosphere of Tours, whither

Hélène is transported after her marriage with Jacques, the officer:

Talk of the *esprit de corps* of the regiment! That *esprit* seems to me the lack of all *esprit*. The cavalry despise the infantry and even the artillery. The titled officer avoids the untitled officer unless a bridge of gold unites them. Among the civilians you visit some and not others. Why? Mystery. And so we sulk the prefect, the magistrate. Brave young women wear themselves out uninvited to the garden parties and hunting parties where we shine; we have the bad manners to make up cliques most haughtily exclusive; we are devilishly provincial, we are idiots, but, but in the neighbouring castles we are received because we are "born and on horseback." Don't read it "born on horseback," which is not exactly what I meant, though even such an extraordinary adventure as that would give us a distinguishing touch. . . . Mamma, humanity is furiously stupid when it is not criminally hateful. . . . To have acquired my present predominant position I had to snare them with their favourite talk. The queen, the king, my father's friends, the celebrated ambassador, as appropriately flung into the air as a bunch of hair in the soup. I launch out also grandmother de Nimerok, my uncle Gerald, mentioning his prospective admirals, who married, you know, of course, Count Suénon's daughter—the Suénons, you remember, descendants of the kings of Denmark. This I murmur disdainfully, as who should say, you'll forgive them, I hope, for no longer reigning. I really can't understand why those Suénons should inflict this little humiliation upon us. . . . On the other hand, I say little about you. Good heavens! a mother called Denise Tremors, who doesn't like society, who will not deign to be an ambassadress, who is simply a great artist, scorning honours and gold, what, in conscience, can you expect me to make of her? In you, no food for my discreet charlatanism, I declare it emphatically."

It is greatly to be pitied that the author should not have given more attention to this narrow, intolerant, and vulgar provincialism so luminously touched off in a couple of pages and then dismissed, instead of dwelling so tiresomely on the eternal details of the wedded loves of Hélène and Jacques. And the tragic note, too, misses its effect because it is not treated with largeness or intensity. It would be difficult to conceive a character more common, insignificant, and uninteresting than Jacques de Luzy, who lies clumsily, and defends himself grotesquely. He is the familiar type of officer, well-born, well-tailored, well-bred, no brains, a bit of a brute, with an inordinate and perfectly unjustifiable self-conceit. Women appear to delight in this kind of male, but in a novel, which is not a battle-field, he is a very inadequate hero. It is of so little importance to us whether Jacques killed his brother-officer or not; and the sorrows and doubts of Hélène leave us cold and unmoved.

When I saw the name of Anatole le Braz to the *Gardien du Feu* I hastened to read it, hoping it would prove some wild and mournful Breton legend. But no. It is a Breton tale spun round the vulgar and fatiguing theme of adultery, well told, with a sober and literary elegance, revealing the frightful ferocity that slumbers in the dreamy and good-natured Celt. This keeper of a Breton light-house is married to a beautiful creature he idolises, and who betrays him with his companion. When the husband discovers her infidelity, he sets himself to watch for a moment when the lovers shall be together to burn them alive. It is very Celtic and horrible.

M. Léon Daudet has written a new novel, *La Romance du Temps Présent*. The author, with a lamentable gravity, takes himself as a Great Man. He is exasperatingly pretentious. He has discovered his affinity in a certain unlettered Jacquemine, a creature of superlative beauty and untutored genius, born to understand him, the Great Man, the Man of Letters! Oh, for a breath of simplicity! Oh, for a genial blast of gaiety and unconsciousness! Even the cheerful blackguardism of Villon is a refreshment for the jaded readers of these endless pages devoted to the conscientious revelation of the Superior Man, the careful

cultivation of the genius of the Man of Letters. He is such a deadly dull modern bore, this Man of Letters! He is never for one moment foolish, or wistful, or absent-minded, or vague, or gay. He is never, never, never anything on earth but the self-conscious, attitudinising, sermonising, ridiculous Man of Letters. Such is M. Léon Daudet, with none of his illustrious father's gaiety and charm, none of his sunny temperament, none of his wit, humour, and exquisite art. He is a bore who writes very unpleasing French, and is content to regard himself as a scientific observer of life and men and manners—bless the thing, whatever it may mean.

H. L.

Correspondence.

"Stevenson Looks In."

SIR.—Mr. Brown is at vast pains to fabricate a phantom foe whom, after all, he fails to overcome. "In the literature of imagination the only irrefragable proof of genius is creative power." Has "genius" been claimed for Stevenson in the domain of imaginative literature, at least by those who appreciate him best and love him most? They are content to rest his hope of immortality upon his work as a moralist, to believe that while Browne and Steele and Lamb are read the subtler, more delicately-complex artist in life and emotion will not be forgotten. Two at least of the men I have named are assured of such chance of immortality as is open to any English writer. Is it by virtue of their "creative power"? In any case Mr. Brown should play fair. Let him overlook, if his artistic and ethical conscience allow him, the finest and most characteristic portion of Stevenson's work; let him restrict himself to that which is admittedly inferior. At least he should judge his author by what he himself proclaims that author's highest effort—*Weir of Hermiston*. Instead of which he falls foul of *Dr. Jekyll*! Ingenious? Yes. But honest? H'm!

Meanwhile is it true that in the "literature of imagination the only irrefragable proof of genius is creative power"? I presume the poems of Alfred de Musset and the novels of Honoré de Balzac are equally examples of the literature of imagination. It is easy to say which writer has the most creative power, harder to be sure which has the most genius, while it is safe betting that the poems will long outlive the novels. The creative power of Racine is immeasurably superior to that of La Fontaine, but the *bonhomme* is like to live as long as the author of Phèdre. There can be little doubt but that *Le Neveu de Rameau* displays a "creative power" in pathological psychology far transcending that of *Candide*. But if mankind had to choose between the masterpieces of Diderot and Voltaire, I know full well what the choice would be. Does the *Æneid* shine by its creative power, or, rather, is it not a supreme masterpiece in virtue of its "exquisite artistry"? I fancy, too, that Virgil (as also did Horace) "worried about the hang of the thing" quite as much as Stevenson. The whole of Horace's life-work goes easily into one volume of the Edinburgh edition. Is Horace the less one of the world's immortals in literature? Browning was certainly more careless than Tennyson "about the hang of the thing"? Is he the lesser genius in Mr. Brown's eyes?

One might go on asking such questions for ever, but it would be too cruel. The very reverse of what Mr. Brown contends for is the truth. The "radiant ones are on the heights" by virtue of "phrasemongery," by virtue simply of their saying something better than anyone else has said it. In the long run only what is "phrased" survives.

If Stevenson be held to have failed in imaginative literature, it is not because he sought too keenly for the right word, the right phrase, but because he often did not

find them. Hence his poetry is the weakest portion of his *œuvre*; the penalty of failure to find the right word is so far greater in verse than in prose. There are half-a-dozen of his tales which would be masterpieces but for the unconvincing phrase here, the second-rate word—the “interjected finger” of Mr. Moore’s criticism—there. One tale at least, *Olalla*, seems to me almost flawless. Almost, but alas! not quite. With Ruskin’s music ringing in my ears, I still think the close of that noble and beautiful story the finest passage in English prose for the last half century.

Indeed, Stevenson is like to become “classic” in the true sense of the word, and in a measure denied to any other English writers of the half century save those equally careful “phrasemongers” Tennyson and Ruskin. I make bold to predict that the chrestomathies of 1950 will contain far more examples from Stevenson than from Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy. If creative power were indeed as Mr. Brown imagines the supreme note of genius, then Mr. Meredith might claim to rank with the highest. But mankind at large will in the future, as in the past, continue to regard expression as the chief gift of the artist.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

SIR,—It is difficult to understand why Mr. Vincent Brown, in a paper entitled “Stevenson Looks In,” published in your issue of April 7, should have been at the pains to reproduce the critical remarks and—if I may be allowed to say so—the rather nauseating familiarities of a certain Watchman towards someone whom he mistook for the late Robert Louis Stevenson. It was certainly a case of mistaken identity, for R. L. S. has long since—alas!—gone to his own place; and be that where it may, it is assuredly not the place where good Watchmen go to. Nor, despite the gentle kindness of his nature, was Stevenson the man to suffer a—Watchman—gladly.

So much for the manner, for the matter of the Watchman’s criticisms one can but shrug one’s shoulders and pity the poor man. Carlyle has pointed out that we can only see in anything what we have brought with us the power of seeing—and there is the whole trouble in a nutshell. But from the wordy maze of depreciation I disentangle three definite charges.

First. That Stevenson was not a genius. It is a question for posterity. Certainly, we, who still hear the voice and feel the touch of the dead man we never saw in the flesh, cannot claim to be impartial judges. But can the Watchman so claim?

Second. That Stevenson was a decadent because—’tis a strange definition, but let it pass—his work had no spiritual significance. Is there no spiritual significance in the Visitor who came to Markheim in the house of murder, in the piteous abasement of debased Huish, in the talk with the old Cevennes peasant in *Travels with a Donkey*, in the incident of the overturned canoe in *An Inland Voyage*? He that hath eyes to see let him see.

Third. That Stevenson had no creative power. This again is clearly a matter of opinion and of discernment. But the Watchman settles finally the question of his own fitness to pronounce judgment when he says it is so because all the things which Stevenson did had been done before. In a sense this is, of course, true; but any Literature Primer, or Mr. Vincent Brown himself, could have told him that this disgraceful defect was shared by Shakespeare also—to mention one name only.—I am, &c.,

Notting Hill: April 17, 1900. CHALONER LYON.

That Epigram.

SIR,—Our “Bookworm” is, I think, right in rejecting the numerous claimants for the “curate’s eyes” epigram; but has he searched for it in the epigrams of the late Mr. R. E. Egerton Warburton, of Arley, co. Cheshire, of hunting song celebrity? There are numerous editions of

his poems, and the above subject is treated there in a somewhat better literary form than any of those yet given to us in your columns.

Some people praise our curate’s eyes.—
Their colour I cannot divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches, closes mine.

As to Mr. Crossley’s authorship, I well recollect his coming over to Arley, in the early seventies, and taking notes of what interested him there—*e.g.*, the legend over front door:

This gate is free to all good men and true.
Right welcome thou—if worthy to pass through.

So that he may have entered the epigram in question in his note-book.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT BAYMAN.

Benthall Hall, Broseley: April 17, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—The award in the above-named competition does not seem to me a very satisfactory one. Scotch, Irish, and Welsh people would not, I am perfectly certain, care to be referred to as Englanders. After reading Ancient Briton’s letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, I should think Briton would be a more suitable term. Why Englander should be chosen I fail to see, as that word, like Anglo-Saxon, also excludes the “Celtic fringe,” and has no more better claim to cover all British subjects than the words Scotlander or Irelander would. I am afraid, whatever word may be found suitable, it cannot be Englander, which is a name that all true-hearted Scotsmen, Irish, and Welsh would instantly object to.—I am, &c.,

H. LOGAN.

Sandgate, Prestwick: April 16, 1900.

A. J. E. writes: “In relation to Mr. Arnold White’s letter, and the words I submitted for your last week’s Competition, I beg to send you some lines for publication”:

INVOCATION!

’Tis thy glory, England—thou in the cause of Right
Hast won, and in that cause alone, would’st win, lands
Glad to yield thee empire, and for thy Empire fight:
Then, call them not thy Colonies, but—*Kinlands!*

Own their people kindred, forth to the world aloud,
Despite the plaint of narrow-minded Inlanders:
Yea, speak thou them as Mother, of her offspring proud:
I hail ye, loyal children, as—*My Kinlawlders!*

In reference to this competition another correspondent suggests the word “Shakespearean.”

Maeterlinck and the “Contemporary Review.”

SIR,—If Miss Underhill works as hard at understanding Maeterlinck’s French as she has done at misunderstanding my English, even “*Serres Chaudes*” ought to have no mysteries for her. The phrase in her first letter to which I objected was as follows: “In all these plays [Miss Underhill had mentioned five] Mr. Ropes, while denying Maeterlinck the dramatic gift, allows his power over the chords of pity and dread—but rather thinks Mr. Kipling does it better.” What Miss Underhill really meant to refer to by the word “it” in this somewhat loose sentence I will not undertake to say; but I took “it,” naturally enough, as meaning the exciting of pity and dread generally in the minds of readers. In that case, Miss Underhill’s words, whether with or without her own intention, implied that I had compared Kipling with Maeterlinck *generally*, and declared the former to be the greater master of pathos and terror.

As I had done nothing of the kind, I explained what my allusion to Kipling really was. While I was dis-

cussing "L'Intruse," I, of course, mentioned Maeterlinck's method of producing an effect of supernatural horror in that play, and pointed out that Kipling, Maupassant, and others use a similar method in introducing the supernatural. But I said that to my mind the novelists were "more convincing"—or, to quote the Fat Boy, they "make your flesh creep" more than does Maeterlinck's "Intruder." This does not imply that Kipling and Maupassant are able to touch "the chords of pity and dread" with greater mastery than is shown by Maeterlinck. Supernatural horror is only one of these chords, and by no means the finest. Sheridan Le Fanu "does it better" than Kipling, some think.

But my simple explanation seems to have confused Miss Underhill entirely. "It appears," she says, "that his languid praise of Maeterlinck's use of the supernatural applies to 'L'Intruse' alone. I [Miss Underhill] credited him with perceiving the same fine qualities in 'L'Intérieur' (sic) and 'Les Aveugles.'" It was the comparison with Kipling, not the praise of Maeterlinck, languid or otherwise, that I restricted to "L'Intruse"; although, as the supernatural element comes in at the very end of "Les Aveugles," and does not come in at all in "Intérieur," I do not see what great difference that makes. I tried to do justice to "Les Aveugles" and "Intérieur" in their proper place, and Miss Underhill herself acknowledged that I had treated the latter play "with something like fairness." But no matter; Miss Underhill goes on to say, "I now gather that he did not mean to say that 'Mr. Kipling did it (the gradual accumulation of terror) better' than Maeterlinck." Let me point out that I never said that "Mr. Kipling did it better" than anybody; the words are Miss Underhill's own.

But in her first letter Miss Underhill never defined what she meant by "it"—never hinted that it referred to "the gradual accumulation of terror," or to the introduction of the supernatural. In fact, the latter subject is not even mentioned in her first letter. How was I to know that she meant to refer to the supernatural—if she did—by that accommodating "it"?—I am, &c.,

April 14, 1900. ARTHUR R. ROPES.

[This correspondence must now cease.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

SHAKESPEARE THE MAN. BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is a man of such mental range and activity that almost any serious work may be expected from him at any time. His *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence* has a kind of titular affinity to this guess at the riddle of Shakespeare's existence. The author does not hunt for facts. All the labours of Shakespearean biographers have produced, in his estimation, only "entries in municipal records, names on a roll, a lease, or an inventory," &c. "That orange has now been squeezed dry. It would seem better worth while to consider under what general influences—social, political, and religious—the life was passed." Prof. Smith considers this in seventy-and-seven pages, with margins wide enough for an S.T.C. to annotate every sentence. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

MAKERS OF LITERATURE. BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

Essays on Matthew Arnold, Landor, Shelley, Lamb, Whittier, Byron, Crabbe, and others. They are reprints of articles from American reviews and magazines united by no other bond than that they "comprise all of the

author's critical work which it seems desirable to reprint." Re-re-print would be the better word, since many of the papers appeared in 1890 and the title *Studies in Letters and Life*. (Macmillan.)

BY THE REV.
THE GENIUS OF PROTESTANTISM. R. M'CHEYNE EDGAR.

This is a thick-and-thin defence of the Reformation. The following passage in the Preface seems to shut out discussion: "And between two systems which treat so differently 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints' it ought not to be difficult to decide. No thoughtful inquirer will commit himself to Rome's policy of mere expediency, when he has the alternative of a completed Canon and the promised aid of the Holy Spirit. No one, moreover, will quarrel with the Reformation who has taken the time and trouble to appreciate the Protestant spirit." It is just possible that the thoughtful inquirer will decline such partial guidance as Mr. M'Cheyne Edgar promises (Oliphant. 6s.)

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH. BY JOHN BLACK ATKINS.

Mr. Atkins has been representing the *Manchester Guardian* in South Africa, and readers of his account of the war in Cuba, contributed in despatches to the same newspaper, will be prepared for good work. In his Cuban book Mr. Atkins gave the spirit as well as the facts of the struggle, and was prodigal of anecdote and telling by-way touches. (Methuen. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.	
Hort (Fenton John), <i>Village Sermons in Outline</i>	(Macmillan) 6/3
<i>Pro Christo et Ecclesia</i>	(Macmillan) net 4/6
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.	
Gardner (E. G.), <i>Temple Primers: Dante</i>	(Dent) net 1/0
Ordinale Conventus Vallis Cautilum: <i>The Rule of the Monastic Order of Val-des-Oboux in Burgundy. With an Introduction by W. De Gray Birch</i>	(Longmans) net 20/0
TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.	
Geddie (John), <i>Romantic Edinburgh</i>	(Sands & Co.) 6/0
Doraldson (Gertrude), <i>Crumbs Gathered in the East</i> (New Century Press)	3/6
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPIHY.	
Haberlandt (Dr. Michael), <i>Temple Primers: Ethnology</i>	(Dent) net 1/0
Sweet (Henry), <i>Temple Primers: The History of Language</i>	(Dent) net 1/0
Carus (Dr. Paul), <i>The Soul of Man</i> (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago)	3/6
EDUCATIONAL.	
Norton (H. G.), <i>A Book of Courtesy</i>	(Macmillan) 2/6
Fort (Henri), <i>Elementary Swedish Grammar</i>	(Nutt)
Wright (Dr. J.), <i>Elementary French Grammar</i>	(Nutt)
Otto (Dr. Emil), <i>Elementary German Grammar</i>	(Nutt)
JUVENILE.	
<i>Wide World Adventures</i>	(Newnes) 2 6
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Queen's College, Galway: <i>Calendar for 1899-1900</i>	(Univ. Press, Dublin)
<i>The Journal of Theological Studies. April</i>	(Macmillan) net 3/0
Harrison (Eveleen), <i>Home Nursing</i>	(Macmillan) 4/6
Birch (W. de Gray), <i>Catalogue of Seals in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. VI.</i>	(The Trustees)
<i>The Annual of the British School at Athens. No. V.</i>	(Macmillan)
Brummel and Beau, <i>Department for Dukes, and Tips for Toffs.</i>	(Simpkin, Marshall) 1/0
<i>St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVII.</i>	(Macmillan)
<i>The Century Magazine. Vol. LIX.</i>	(Macmillan) 10/6
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A Pat may look at a Queen.

Among others are:

Duplicity's the brother of convention.

[J. G. B., Liverpool.]

More waist less speed.

[F. S., Cambridge.]

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[H. W. D., London.]

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Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 321, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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28 April, 1900.

Price Threepence.

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The Literary Week.

IN our Special Competitions, the results of which, with the prize papers, are given in a Supplement included in the present issue, eight hundred and one MSS. were submitted. They were divided thus:

Poetry Competition	314
Short Story ,,	128
Essay ,,	64
Things Seen ,,	157
Topographical Essay Competition	109
Epigrammatic Criticism Competition	29

801

Our search was not rewarded by the discovery of any new writer of exceptional gifts; but the care and the industry shown is very creditable to the amateur authors who have submitted their efforts to us. The competitors hail from all over the world—India, Africa, America, and China—the majority of the efforts being by women. Six competitors will certainly be pleased. We can only express our regret that 795 must be disappointed.

MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL has declined to hurry over the production of his book on the Natal Campaign. It will be published, we believe, this month. Mr. Churchill is also at work on a history of the whole war.

THE annual dinner of the Society of Authors will be held on May 16. Mr. Pinero will take the chair.

Two years ago Mr. J. G. Frazer, author of the *Golden Bough*, published his great edition of Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, at the somewhat prohibitive price of six guineas. Messrs. Macmillan have now included in their "Eversley" series a book of some 400 pages, which contains the introductory essay on Pausanias himself, and many finished sketches of Greek topography, scenery, and antiquities which occur incidentally in the work as Mr. Frazer follows Pausanias through his itinerary.

E. K. L. writes: "I think I noticed some while back a reference in the pages of the ACADEMY to the linguistic inaccuracies of the British novelist. The following extract is from Chapter VI. of M. André Theuriet's *La Petite Dernière* which is appearing by instalments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: 'Venez! je suis de l'avis des Anglais: *Two is a company, three is none!*' I am not a great reader of modern French fiction, and it is quite possible that slips of this kind are not infrequent, but as a faithful student of Matthew Arnold I had always imagined the *Revue* to be quite impeccable on points of scholarship."

MR. BERNARD K. SANDWELL writes: "The authorship of 'Illusion,' which you query in last week's ACADEMY, is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a poet of considerable repute in America, though whether she is known on this side I

troubled not. It appeared in the *Chap-Book* (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago), Vol. V., No. 2—that is, June 1, 1896. I may add that the *Chap-Book* was the first, and incomparably the best, of the American group of 'intimate' periodicals, was edited for a time by Bliss Carman, was a fortnightly, and died after becoming in 1897 an ordinary and respectable review."

MR. SANDWELL sends the following "corrected version":

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O Lord" I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew!"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said;
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead—
There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
"Meeting YOU here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin;
There is no you—you never have been—
There is nothing at all but ME!"

THE Cowper celebration at Olney seems to have been very successful, and it has wonderfully freshened the poet's laurels. At Olney Cowper's characteristics were set forth in an interesting way by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who was happy in his choice of a subject, "The Sanity of Cowper." Comparing Cowper with other poets, Mr. Shorter said:

He did not indulge in vulgar amours, as did Burns and Byron; he did not ruin his moral fibre by opium, as did Coleridge; he did not shock his best friends by an overweening egotism, as did Wordsworth; he did not spoil his life by reckless financial complications, as did Scott; or by too great an enthusiasm to beat down the world's conventions, as did Shelley. I do not here condemn any one or either of these later poets. Their lives cannot be summed up in the mistakes they made. I only urge that as it is not good to be at warfare with your fellows, to be burdened with debts that you have to kill yourself to pay, to alienate your friends by distressing mannerisms, to cease to be on speaking terms with your family—therefore Cowper, who avoided these things, and, out of the three-score years and more allotted to him, lived for some forty or fifty years, at least, a quiet, idyllic life, surrounded by loyal and loving friends, had chosen the surer and safer path.

In connexion with the Cowper Centenary an effort is being made by the churchwardens of East Dereham, in Norfolk, where Cowper died, to complete the restoration of the church at a cost of £1,400, and to erect a memorial window at a cost of £400. Contributors to the fund will have their names recorded in the parish papers, and will also receive a photograph of Flaxman's well-known monument of the poet in the church.

COWPER'S life in London, before he described himself as "a stricken deer that left the herd," has naturally been little mentioned in a week when the eyes of his admirers have been fixed on Olney. A correspondent sends us the following notes on the few London localities connected with Cowper:

On leaving Westminster School, where he had been consistently bullied for eight years, Cowper was placed in an attorney's office in Ely-place, as an apprentice to the Law. Here Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, was his fellow-clerk, and Cowper tells us that they were "employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." The giggling and making giggle were redoubled when the lads went, as they often did, to the house of Cowper's aunt, Mrs. Ashley Cowper, in Southampton-row, where Cowper's two girl cousins welcomed them to mischief. The Cowper house was Number 30, and was the ninth beyond Southampton-court (now Cosmo-place), going northward. It has recently disappeared in the alterations which are preparing Southampton-row for its destiny of feeding the new "boulevard" between Holborn and the Strand.

His three years' apprenticeship ended, Cowper took rooms in the Middle Temple, removing later to the Inner Temple. His rooms in Pump-court have not been identified; but we know that he gave £250 for them, and that his windows looked into the court where, he says, "there are lime trees; and the sound of water, though passing only in pails and pitchers, is rather agreeable."

During his few years of fairly happy life in the Temple Cowper mixed with some old Westminster scholars, who dined together every Thursday, and called themselves the Nonsense Club. Their leader was the vivacious Bonnell Thornton, whose burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" ("In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join," &c.) so tickled Dr. Johnson. Here Cowper lived in expectation that the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords would fall to him. In 1756 he scribbled a few essays for Thornton's *Connoisseur*, the five papers numbered 111, 115, 119, 134, and 138 being from his pen.

Everyone knows what happened when the House of Lords' post was ready for the shyest of men. He quailed hopelessly before the difficulties of the office. Sitting in Dick's Coffee House—the eighteenth century haunt which disappeared from Fleet-street only a year or two ago—he read an article on suicide which seemed to fit his case and sanction the deed he contemplated. He walked out into the fields with a bottle of laudanum in his pocket. Fearing, however, to swallow the poison, he returned to the Temple, and ordered a coach to drive him to Tower Wharf, where he conceived there would be opportunity for another kind of exit. But the Thames tide was low, and a porter on the quay looked so forbiddingly that Cowper retreated into the coach, and was rattled through the night streets to the Temple. This wild hackney-drive to the Thames may be considered Cowper's last experience of London. His friends now stepped in.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask whether there is an "inexpensive edition of Jane Austen's works which is light to the hand, and printed in large, clear type. I don't want the 'dainty' editions—they are pretty to the eye, and light to hold, but the type is small. What I rather have in my mind is a volume something like the 'Standard' edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Black two or three years ago. These were 2s. 6d. each—a volume to each novel; they are light to hold, easy to read, and have a decent appearance on the bookshelf." We should say that Messrs. Macmillan's 3s. 6d. edition meets our correspondent's requirements.

THE late Duke of Argyll was a splendid figure. The aristocracy of talent and the aristocracy of birth, and vast wealth to support both, were his. A Scottish innkeeper, bewildered by the conjunction, said: "His Grace is in a verra deeficult poseetion whatever. His pride of intellect will no' let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no' let him associate with men of his ain intellect." The Duke began his controversial

writing at a remarkably early age. Lord Houghton said of him, "He was but seventeen when he wrote a pamphlet, *Advice to the Peers*, and he has gone on advising us ever since." He gave advice, too, to men of science, to socialists, and to working men. Lord Tennyson, his intimate friend, was also his sincere admirer, and his character sketch of the Duke, conveyed in the following lines, is worth recalling:

O, Patriot Statesman, be thou wise to know
The limits of resistance, and the bounds
Determining concessions; still be bold
Not only to slight praise but suffer scorn;
And be thy heart a fortress to maintain
The day against the moment, and the year
Against the day; thy voice, a music heard
Thro' all the yells and counter-yells of feud
And faction; and thy will, a power to make
This ever-changing world of circumstance,
In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

UNDER the heading "George Douglas Campbell," four pages are devoted to the Duke of Argyll's works in the British Museum Catalogue. Of these the most memorable are: *The Reign of Law*, *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, and *The Philosophy of Belief*. In 1894 the Duke gave the world a volume of poems, entitled *Burdens of Belief*, and *Other Poems*. These poems evoked a good deal of favourable comment, and that they were not without quality may be seen in the following invocation to Autumn:

Come burnished autumn with thy wealth of flame
And lofty clouds that float in tender blue;
Come leaves with tints too blended for a name,
And lakes resoftening lights that come from you;
Come gentle shadows on the mountains thrown,
High slopes all roseate at the close of day;
Come harvest fields by golden stubbles known,
And garnered sheaves that have been borne away;
Come perfect stillness as of sorrow born,
The passing year, as if resigned to die,
Holding reversed her sad and empty horn,
But loving yet her garlands where they lie;
Come northern wings that fly the icy seas,
Whose crash and roar break down the Polar lands—
Come fold your pinions where ye meet the breeze
From Southern tides that bathe our warmer sands;
Come lengthened shadows and the shortened day,
And night slow-passing on the ways of space,
With earlier gold that flames itself away
Into the splendours of her starry face.

A biography of the Duke may be confidently expected. Of autobiography his works contain little.

MR. VIZETELLY'S version of *Fécondité* is almost ready. It is a translation, with certain alterations dictated by a regard for British susceptibilities. Mr. Vizetelly says:

For me the problem was how to retain the *ensemble* of the narrative and all the essence of the lessons which the work inculcates, while recasting some portion of it and sacrificing those matters of form to which exception was taken. It is not for me to say whether I have succeeded in the task; but I think that nothing in any degree offensive to delicate susceptibilities will be found in this present version of *Fécondité*.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are the publishers.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S sequel to *Three Men in a Boat*, entitled *Three Men on the Bummel*, will be published on May 1 by Mr. Arrowsmith. The first edition consists of 20,000 copies.

MRS. RICHARD REYNOLDS, of Cliff Lodge, Leeds, who died last Saturday, had been acquainted with some celebrated men. The daughter of Mr. Samuel Marshall, a

Quaker schoolmaster of Appleby, she had formed a friendship with Wordsworth, with whom she had many a walk and talk in the garden of his Grasmere cottage. She also knew Coleridge.

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, the well-known publisher of Portland, Maine, sends us the following letter which has just been sent to him with a request that he would forward it to the addressee—Edward FitzGerald!

Sidney, O. : April 9, 1900.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD,

DEAR SIR,—I am seeking to prepare for issue soon after the close of the present year a new departure in the line of a book of Quotations.

Already there are many compilations of somewhat similar works, but all are mostly devoted to ancient or aged literature, and none entirely, if any even partially, devoted to current literature, as my proposed work, "Quotations from Productions of the Twentieth Century," vol. i., will be.

This work, if I succeed, will contain only quotations from books making their advent in the one year 1900.

The authors quoted and the works quoted from will be duly credited, and no matter will be used without proper consent being obtained.

Thus will quotations keep pace with the times, and thus will the reading public be told who are the writers of to-day and what they are writing, &c.

The work, if published, will be a legitimate book of reference.

The books of 1900 will be so numerous that no one person could be expected to read more than a very small per cent. of them; but I have provided myself with readers, and will procure more—enough to keep even with the tide.

Are you willing to devote your book, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, to me for reading and use as per above statement?

If so, please forward a copy thereof, together with your consent to the same, to—Yours, &c.,

J. W. CONKLIN.

Mr. Mosher has recently issued a quarter-dollar reprint of the *Rubaiyat*, which has enjoyed a very large sale; and doubtless it is FitzGerald's fate in America, as in England, to be talked about and quoted by people who have no real appreciation of his genius. Mr. Mosher has also received communications for Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. Walter Pater, Mr. John Addington Symonds, and Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley!

THE Sunderland Public Library has just been presented by Mr. Field Stansfield with a letter written by Charles Dickens to his father, Mr. Clarkson Stansfield, R.A. Dickens describes various visits in one of his reading tours. The weather had been wild all over the country, "whirlwinds everywhere," and Dickens adds this postscript, interesting to Northumbrians:

I wish you could have been with me (of course in a snowstorm) one day on the Pier at Tynemouth. There was a very heavy sea running, and a perfect fleet of Screw-Merchantmen were plunging in and out on the turn of the tide at high water. Suddenly there came a golden horizon, and a most glorious Rainbow burst out, arching one large ship as if she were sailing direct for Heaven. I was so enchanted with the scene that I became oblivious of a few thousand tons of Water coming on in an enormous roller, and was knocked down and beaten over by its spray when it broke, and so completely wetted through and through that the very pockets in my pocket-book were full of sea.

It was at Tynemouth, by the way, that Dickens was tickled by the story of a poor dressmaker who, when a lady, lodging in the same house, sent her up a plate of goose on Christmas Day, returned it with a request that the lady would "disseminate her goose in her own sphere."

IN last week's *Londoner* Mr. Owen Seaman has these pleasant verses:

TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON

AFTER HIMSELF.

(Rondeau of Villon.)

AT sixty years, when April's face
Retrieves, as now, the winter's cold,
Where tales of other Springs are told
You keep your courtly pride of place.

Within the circle's charmed space
You rest unchallenged, as of old,
At sixty years.

Not Time nor Silence sets its trace
On golden lyre and voice of gold;
Our Poets' Poet, still you hold
The laurels got by no man's grace—
At sixty years.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, who will attain his fortieth birthday on May 9, is the subject of an article in the *Temple Magazine*. The stories told of him mainly illustrate his wish not to be interviewed, anecdoted, or otherwise disturbed. When asked on one occasion to contribute an account of his life to a volume of "living celebrities," Mr. Barrie began a mock biography thus: "On arrival in London it was Mr. Barrie's first object to make a collection of choice cigars. Though the author of *My Lady Nicotine* does not himself smoke, his grocer's message boy does. Mr. Barrie's pet animal is the whale. He feeds it on ripe chestnuts."

AMERICAN slow humour—as distinct from American slick humour—has its points. Read the following slowly. Read it line by line.

John Henderson lay dying. He was a man of sterling qualities and fair position, a thrifty follower of life's duties, respected by all that knew him. The old family physician bent over his bedside. They had been boys together.

"John," the old doctor spoke huskily, "you are going to die. I have done all that I can. I think I ought to tell you this. I know that you are not afraid of death, but before you go there may be something that you would like to say, or something that you would like to have done. We have known each other all our lives. Tell me if you want anything and it shall be done."

The sick man was silent. He looked toward the open door of the bedroom, moved slightly, and then spoke.

"There's only one thing. And you won't think that it's trivial and foolish, will you, doctor? Fifteen years ago, just as I was becoming old enough to desire some rest and to think I had earned it, I built this house. My oldest daughter was then just coming nineteen. There are, as you know, five others. The youngest is nineteen now. Now, if you don't think it's asking too much, if you will pardon a tired old man's last request, there's just one thing I would like to have you do for me. You say I've got two hours more to live. I wish that you'd take me up and put me on the lounge that stands in the corner of the parlour. I hain't scarcely had a chance to go in there for all these fifteen years, and if it ain't asking too much, and you think I won't discommode the girls more'n I ought to, I'd kind o' like to be in there once for a little while before I die."

THE valuable *Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists* now being compiled by Mr. Lawrence Binyon, who besides being a poet is an assistant in the Print Department of the British Museum, has reached its second (D-H) volume. The name which fills the greatest number of pages is that of John Doyle, the "H. B." of bygone *Punch* numbers. But greater names than Doyle's are, of course, included, as Flaxman, Gainsborough, Girtin, and Hogarth, and, among foreign artists, Hollar and Holbein.

FROM the article on Ruskin in the April *Quarterly Review*: "For tender pathos and exquisite poetry nothing can surpass the touching lines with which he ended his last notes on Turner's drawings:

Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more."

WHILE in Ireland the Queen accepted a copy of that excellent book *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by E. A. Somerville and Martin Ross.

MR. JOHN LANE has this week added Browning's *The Statue and the Bust* to the "Flowers of Parnassus" series.

THE Gresham Publishing Company announce that early in May they will reissue *Thompson's Gardener's Assistant* under the editorship of Mr. William Watson. Mr. Watson is an assistant curator at Kew Gardens.

Bibliographical.

It is impossible to gather from the accounts in the daily papers whether or not Mr. Herman Merivale's "Lyrics of Pericles" (to which I referred the other day) were used in Mr. Coleman's adaptation of the play as performed this week at Stratford-on-Avon. The said "Lyrics" were written specially for the adaptation, into which the element of music was intended to enter largely. Five in number, they do not rise to a very considerable poetic height. Take, for example, these lines in "Thaisa's Dirge":

Thaisa fair, under the cold sea lying,
Sleeps the long sleep denied to her by Earth;
We, adding sighs unto the wild winds' sighing,
With all our mourning under-mourn her worth;
The white waves toss their crested plumes above her,
Round sorrowing faces with the salt spray wet,
All are her lovers that once learned to love her,
And never may remember to forget.

This last line, I need not say, is much more Victorian than Elizabethan. Better than this is the invocation to Ceres, beginning:

Goddess of the golden horn,
Plenty's queen when man was born,
Hear us when we bend the knee,
To thine high divinity:
Hear the infant's hungry cry,
Mothers' prayer no more deny:
Shed thy store o'er field and town,
Ceres, send thy blessing down.

Altogether, this endeavour to go hand in hand with Shakespeare was not so successful as could be desired. It is not so easy to collaborate with the Bard. Mr. Swinburne once wrote a song for introduction into performances of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; but, charming as it was (it is preserved in full in Mr. Hollingshead's *Gaiety Chronicles*, page 271), it was not Shakespeare: it was Swinburne, and very good Swinburne too.

Most of the literary talk this week is about Cowper, of whose *Task*, I see, there is a new illustrated edition. There is no getting away from Cowper. Last year there came from America a book about him by Marion Harland—one

of a series called "Literary Hearthstones" (fancy!). From the same generous source we also got last year a selection from the poems. In 1898 there was an illustrated edition of *John Gilpin*; in 1896 came a selection from the poems and a collection of the shorter poems; to 1895 belong an edition of the poems (Aldine) and a selection from the Letters. The last-named had been preceded in 1893 by a compilation of the *Best Letters*, sent over here from the States. Then in 1892 Mr. Wright wrote *Cowper's Life*, Mr. Benham edited his *Letters*, and Mrs. Oliphant edited his *Select Poems*. The two latter additions were to the "Golden Treasury" series; they had appeared originally in 1884 and 1883 respectively. Farther back than that, I think, we need not go, except to mention Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Monograph on Cowper* and Mr. Neve's *Concordance to the Poems* (which came out in 1887).

Two more anthologies are promised—one by "Q.," which is to cover the whole ground of English lyric poetry, and the other by Mr. J. L. Brennan, which is to deal only with the period *From Blake to Arnold*. The latter, I gather, is to illustrate "the romantic revival"; for the former I see no particular *raison d'être*, unless "Q." is going to make a determined effort to supersede *The Golden Treasury*. Moreover, is not Mr. Arber even now in the throes of producing a mammoth anthology of English verse? "Q." has already given us *The Golden Pomp*—the rather affected title of "a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley." Let us hope that the new collection will not be on so elaborate a scale as that.

Mr. Seaman's rondeau, addressed to Mr. Austin Dobson on the occasion of the latter completing his sixtieth year, is no doubt a neat little piece of work, albeit not very smoothly turned. I should prefer to it Mrs. E. Nisbet's rondeau in celebration of Mr. Dobson, beginning—

Your dainty muse her form arrays
In soft brocades in bygone days.

J. Russell Lowell penned a rondeau of thanks to Mr. Dobson for a copy of his *Old World Idylls*, but he seemed not to move quite comfortably in the shackles imposed upon him by the "form" adopted. He was hampered, too, by a prosaic "refrain."

The monograph which Mr. Hector Macpherson has written on the subject of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and which is advertised to appear to-day (Friday), is not the first attempt that has been made to popularise Mr. Spencer's career and thought. So recently as 1894 Mr. W. H. Hudson's book on the *Philosophy and Life of Mr. Spencer* was published here, reaching a second edition; and to the same year belongs the appearance of the first part of Mr. F. H. Collins's *Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy*. The issue in 1894 of a little collection of *Aphorisms* from Mr. Spencer's writings may also be said to have done something to introduce the philosopher to "the man in the street."

We are to have a sixpenny edition of *The New Magdalen*, which Wilkie Collins published originally in 1873. Considering how large an advertisement the book has had through the medium of the dramatised version, in which Miss Ada Cavendish and (latterly) Miss Janet Achurch were so popular, it is a little surprising that the story has not had a greater vogue. I am open to correction if wrong, but I fancy there has been no fresh edition of the work since 1874, though, of course, there may have been many reprints from stereotypes.

I see that Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce the imminent publication of a story by Mrs. Pender Cudlip entitled *Comrades True*. Now, a tale named *Comrades True* was issued in 1891 by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, who would have, I suppose, some ground of complaint against Mrs. Cudlip if she now used the title.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"The Divine Chit-Chat of Cowper."

The Letters of Cowper. Bohn's Libraries. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Cowper's Letters. "Golden Treasury" Series. (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.)

CHARLES LAMB'S remark, that he could call no man his friend who was offended by the divine chit-chat of Cowper, has, after what has been already a long life of usefulness, during the current week been a good deal overworked. A Cowper Centenary such as is now raging at Olney was bound to bring it forth, for no one else has put the case so well. "The divine chit-chat of Cowper" is the exact phrase. Turning over the four volumes of the poet's Life and epistolary prattle in Bohn's Library (as we have been doing again the past few nights), the truth of Lamb's position is more and more apparent to us. Not to care much about these letters is a natural and conceivable enough state of things for many good minds to confess to; but to be offended by them? The man who should be offended by them was truly out of the Elian circle of sympathies.

While yielding to no one in affection for Cowper's letters, we admit to a conviction that a sympathetic yet strongly blue-pencilled editor would certainly do them no harm. Side by side with a pellucid stream of good sense and good humour trickles a rivulet of Huntingdon small beer which could be diverted out of the volumes without injury. We do not mean such an excellent piece of humorous writing as the account of the invasion of the poet's home by the parliamentary candidate—a passage from which Dickens may have learnt something—of which this is a portion:

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Aahburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribband from his buttonhole.

That is Cowper's happiest descriptive manner; happiest and least restricted. The amused satirical mind is at play and enjoying the game. But only now and then do we get anything so unusual as the visit of a candidate or the escape of a hare. A selection of Cowper's Letters does, of course, exist: the excellent little volume in the "Golden Treasury" series; but there is still much to be done to prepare a serviceable and convenient edition which should answer the purpose of the "general reader."

Yet as to what the general reader knows, or thinks, or needs of Cowper, we are not competent to speak. "John Gilpin" has fortunately become a nursery classic, so that it is impossible to avoid that; but, after "John Gilpin,"

who has read through "The Task"? Who knows (remember that we are speaking of "general readers") even the subject of "Tirocinium"? The exquisite lines on receiving his mother's picture are still read, few collections of poetry being without them, and the same may be said for a few of the shorter pieces, such as "The Loss of the *Royal George*" and "The Dog and the Water Lily," and the translation of Vincent Bourne's "Jackdaw." But in how many homes are *Cowper's Poems* household words to-day? And yet his message is still what it was; the world has altered not at all, except on the surface, and no one is doing his work better. The debt which English poetry owes to Cowper is considerable, for he was the first acceptable revolutionist against the artifice that held the muse captive for so long before his day. We say acceptable, because, strictly speaking, Crabbe came before Cowper, but for every one reader that Crabbe had Cowper must have numbered fifty. Cowper was the first acceptable eighteenth-century poet to go straight to nature. It is with the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge that the great revolt is associated; but Cowper came before them. Cowper's work was done almost before the "Lyrical Ballads" were talked of between the two young enthusiasts walking in the Quantock Hills. That is, of course, all right. Most, if not all, great movements have had a humble foreshadower before the critical time and the chosen force arrive, and Cowper was the last man to want public praise. "I am merry," he wrote to Newton concerning "Table Talk," "that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it." That expresses his ambition. And to-day, no less than ever, it is well to be decoyed into the company of this kindly, keen-eyed, witty, poetical gentleman, whether his medium is the limpid verse of his poetry, or the easy, crystal, clear prose of his letters.

For how perfect a control of words he has for the expression of his divine chit-chat! No matter what he has to say, whether he describes an Olney neighbour, or the sudden apparition of the hunt as he walks abroad, or the health of Mrs. Unwin, or his views on Pope, or discusses a religious point with one of his correspondents, he is always the same, always deliberate and perspicuous and musical, and yet forceful. It is the prose of everyday life carried out to its highest power. Let us give a few excerpts taken almost as we find them. First, a glimpse of the poet at home (in 1782) in a letter to Joseph Hill:

How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine!—yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fireside, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for own amusement. For instance here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the meantime, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it.

Such was Cowper's life for years and years, varied only by his occasional lapses into melancholia. Here is a criticism:

I return you many thanks for Boswell's Tour. I read it to Mrs. Unwin after supper, and we find it amusing. There is much trash in it, as there must always be in every narrative that relates indiscriminately all that passed. But now and then the Doctor speaks like an oracle, and that makes amends for all. Sir John was a coxcomb, and Boswell is not less a coxcomb, though of another kind. I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they in return made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was, and flattered as he was, he was sure to be so.

Here is a pleasant fancy forming part of an apology for

having so little time in which to write letters. Cowper wonders how the antediluvians found the days go:

I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this?

Finally, a sentiment not without pertinence to-day, when discussions concerning patriotism often rage too fiercely:

Mr. Newton and I are of one mind on the subject of patriotism. Our dispute was no sooner begun than it ended. It would be well, perhaps, if, when two disputants begin to engage, their friends would hurry each into a separate chaise, and order them to opposite points of the compass. Let one travel twenty miles east, the other as many west; then let them write their opinions by the post. Much altercation and chafing of the spirit would be prevented; they would sooner come to a right understanding, and running away from each other, would carry on the combat more judiciously, in exact proportion to the distance.

Let us hope that the Cowper Centenary will prompt many persons to turn their attention to Cowper's letters.

A United Italy.

A History of Italian Unity: being a Political History of Italy from 1814 to 1871. By Bolton King, M.A. 2 vols. (Nisbet.)

"It is easy to demonstrate that an united Italy has had its disappointments; it would be easier to prove that a divided Italy would have had more." The reader of Mr. Bolton King's two portly volumes will cordially endorse this latter opinion. Nor will it need the eight hundred pages which Mr. King has covered to convince him. The history of Italy from the invasion of the Barbarians down to the middle of the nineteenth century is only less confusing in its complexity than the history of Germany over the same period, in that the factors were, perhaps, somewhat more permanent. It is difficult to write the history of either Germany or Italy as of an undivided whole, for the theoretical bonds which did exist were only retained because they did not bind, and the central points exercised a centrifugal rather than a centripetal influence. Hence, in any case, a history of Italy is a formidable work. The wealth of new material on which Mr. King has drawn must have greatly increased the magnitude of the task which he set himself. The result is a vast storehouse of accumulated and ordered historical facts in the history of modern Italy, put together with the consummate skill of a trained historian, and written down with very consider-

able attention to the form of composition. But to the ordinary reader such detailed treatment is forbidding. The whole tone of the book presupposes such an acquaintance with the history of modern Europe, and of Italy in particular, that even fairly well informed readers will probably find themselves soon out of their depth. The fact is, that Mr. King has assumed too hastily that his readers are as enamoured of the subject as he is himself, while he is also conscious that he is telling the story of the struggle for Italian unity to the British public for practically the first time at any considerable length. Thus, the author must not be surprised if he speaks only to a limited audience. The compensation will be, we fear, not to his pocket, but to his pride of authorship; for it is a book that should be possessed by every public library and every private one that can afford it, while no future historian of Europe in the nineteenth century will be able or, indeed, will want to ignore it.

Recent events have helped to cement the bonds between Italy and England. An Englishman has no thought about Italy but to wish her well. Her manifest unrest and insecure unity fill him with nothing but apprehension and sorrow. But perhaps, on the contrary, the fact that she has got so far on her road towards unity ought to give him ground for much hope. That a great deal yet remains to be done before the Sicilian and the Lombard feel themselves really part of the same nationality is quite true; but of the vast difficulties already overcome on the road towards such a consummation this book is a record. We have long ago consecrated the great names associated in idea, though by no means always in practice, with the great achievement. Mr. King does not remove any of them—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel—from the pedestal to which popular fame has raised them, but he shows them in their weakness as well as in their strength. The hero of the first volume is Mazzini, of the second Cavour; for the note of the time to 1849 was aspiration, that of the following years achievement. "The movement," says Mr. King, "that Mazzini and Gioberti and Pius (IX.) had inspired had been essentially religious. . . . Their generation praised God; the new generation thought more of keeping its powder dry. . . . Mazzini flinched from no sacrifice. . . . The new movement . . . put its faith in discipline." Hence Mazzini in his later years descended into a vulgar conspirator, and did more harm than good to the great cause. The fact was that he was a theoretical republican. "In the Republic Mazzini saw the ideal Commonwealth, where privilege was banished, where the poor were made the State's first care, where association and education opened an infinite vista of progress." But Italy needed the strongest of monarchies, strong enough to command the confidence of the great body of the Italian people, and skilful enough to pursue a cunning and successful foreign policy. Nevertheless it is true that "it was Mazzini's faith that made a united Italy possible, that led even beyond the existing fact, beyond the schemes of federation, that till now had been the utmost bourn of national hope, on to what seemed the utopian and impossible, but which his teaching was to make the gospel of the nation. Only through unity, he believed and made them believe, could Italy be strong and democratic; only when Rome became her capital could she hold her place among the nations of Europe, and teach a nobler ideal of government." Again, Mr. King says finely of Mazzini: "He had the genius to see that men require unselfish motives to stir them to noble deeds, that they will never rise above themselves save for a great and good cause, that it needs some sacred idea which goes to the souls of men, to move them to action that means loss of love or home or life."

Cavour reaped what Mazzini and his followers had sowed. "He had his ideals, but he kept them to himself, and . . . he rarely allowed himself to be drawn a step beyond what the practical opportunities of the moment

warranted. His object was to make the constitution march." "Open-minded opportunist" that he was, for him the unity of Italy was bound up with monarchy and the predominance of the House of Piedmont. The political end was to be attained somehow, and it was attained, but rather as a gift from a magnanimous patron in the shape of the French Emperor than as a spontaneous effort of the Italian people. Hence came most of the difficulties of subsequent years. For Mazzini's ideal Italy would have had to wait long generations, and it might have worked out in a shape that he would have been the first to repudiate, but one is almost inclined to believe that the resulting unity would have been sounder and more natural than the somewhat hasty and artificially created unity which we see.

It is true that outside circumstances were not propitious. Cavour's death removed at a critical moment the one man who held all the necessary diplomatic threads. Napoleon III. gave assistance which was both indispensable and deplorably mischievous. Almost the one stroke of luck was the Crimean War, of which Cavour took such magnificent advantage to assert the right of his country to a place in the councils of Europe. No less mischievous than the French Emperor was Pope Pius IX. His undignified attitude increased the sympathy for Italian unity in neutral Europe, and did untold harm to his own Church, if not to the cause of religion itself. To Garibaldi was due the union of Naples and Sicily with the rest of the kingdom. After that was accomplished, he was a restless and mischievous free-lance. Finally, Victor Emmanuel—"a rough, good-natured, bad-tempered man, of phenomenal ugliness, plain, almost boorish, in his tastes, without a trace of genius, but with a certain robust, direct common sense"—enables us to understand the limits of Italian unity. There was little idealism about the result. Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Napoleon III.—a less idealistic trio perhaps scarcely ever existed. But the unity has been achieved, however artificial, and common sense would seem to dictate its maintenance. Naturally the way in which a real unity shall be ultimately attained must be left to the Italians themselves, but Mr. King's excellent book will help their many English sympathisers to understand and appreciate the magnitude of the work that still remains to be done.

Old Wives' Tales.

Storyology: Essays in Folk-lore, Sea-lore, and Plant-lore.
By Benjamin Taylor. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. TAYLOR does not affect to treat scientifically the subject of folk-lore. His object is professedly popular. He has been content to present his reader with certain posies of old-world superstitions, gathered under a few broad divisions, which are largely indicated by the title. Nevertheless he cannot resist a little dalliance with the theory of myths; and he plumps boldly for the purely material view of their origin from the soil, from actual things, persons, and events. Plurality of interpretation is a scandal to him. In his modern, analytical prepossession that a single thing can have but a single significance, he overlooks the possibility that a myth may, in the mind of its inventors and early understanders, have had several meanings, all parallel or cognate. The sky may have been "an airy, infinite, radiant vault," as a matter of literal knowledge, yet symbolically a person; nor would this prevent it, for the convenience of another myth, assuming the association of "a material roof." How can they be all right? may be a natural question; but the thing is possible. It is the old story of the two sides of the shield. Only the mythological shield has many more than two sides.

Mr. Taylor does, in dealing with the rod, admit that it was obviously a sign of authority, and that its origin was

symbolic; but he is far to seek when he tries to determine that origin, suggesting Noah's olive-branch, Aaron's rod, and what not. Not to go too far into the matter, the rod was connected with the tree, and so symbolised vital potency or *energeia* (in the Greek sense). A man's rod signified the special potency, the *sap*, that was in him as an individual—what we should now call his personality. With this concurred the uses of the rod or staff, as support or weapon; for a man's vital potency was alike his stay, his strength, and his source of effect or compulsion upon others—of authority upon others. The king's rod showed the divine potency in him as king. And the material of the rod showed the kind of power symbolised—gold, divine power; the reed (brittle, and growing in the waters) mere natural power, and so forth.

But we will not "consider too curiously," as Horatio says; the more that explanation is not Mr. Taylor's strong point. Let us rather gather a handful of the picturesque superstitions which he has pleasantly collated. The moon is one of his most interesting themes. We protest, however, at the outset against the unprincipled attempt of Mr. Baring-Gould to lay a mythological hand upon unoffending and innocent nursery-rhyme. Jack and Jill are wondrously traced to a Scandinavian Hjuki and Bil, who were caught up by the moon as they were carrying a pitcher of water from the well Brygir. With a refinement of sacrilege, Mr. Baring-Gould proceeds to reduce Jack and Jill to moon-spots, and to suggest that their successive falls represent the consecutive vanishing of the moon-spots. And doubtless the cow which vaulted the same luminary was the cow of Isis, nor is it dubious that the invocation to the cat may have had some obscure connexion with the puss-headed Pasht—come the fiddle whence it may!—and, in short, the possibilities are too frightful. This kind of thing, at least, must be resisted.

It is more humanising to read that country lasses sat astride stiles to greet the new moon with—"A fine moon! God bless her!" as if she were a new-born child. The Samoan man-in-the-moon, by the way, is a woman (if we may be suffered the bull). She was one Sina, who was cutting mulberry-bark for cloth, in a famine-time, with her child by her. Up rose the full moon—like a great bread-fruit, thought Samoan Sina. "Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of you?" she asked—rash-tongued, for the moon, irate at being considered edible, came down with a vengeance, and took the whole "show" (as our cousins say) up with her. In the full moon the Samoans still see Sina and her child's face, and her board and mallet. Now (though Mr. Taylor does not notice this) the name Sina is simply a feminised form of Sin, the old Canaanitish moon-god, who has left his name on the Desert of Sin (traversed by the Israelites) and in many other forms. It is interesting to find that "glamour" really rises from the association of the moon with magic. *Glam*, in the nominative form *glámir*, is a poetical word in the prose Edda of India, which was, it seems, an old name for the moon. There is a charming legend of Southern India, told by Miss Frere, which accounts for why the sun is blazing and avoided (by Hindoos), the wind parching and abominable in the hot weather, but the moon grateful, bright, and cool. Gluttony is at the bottom of it. They are all children of a very distant star, it appears, and one day they went to dine with their uncle and aunt, the Thunder and Lightning. (Most unexpected relatives!) Sun and Wind ate all they could, but the Moon put away bits of everything for the mother under her beautiful long finger-nails. (Heaven save the lady's husband from a predestinate scratched face, as Beatrice would say!) When they got home, Sun and Wind not only had nothing in answer to their mother's inquiries whether they had remembered her at dinner, but "cheeked" her into the bargain. Moon, however, with a bright smile, shook her hands, and showered down the finest

feast ever was seen. Wherefore their mother cursed the Sun and Wind, but gave perpetual blessing to the Moon. A more home-association is recalled by the recent passage of Good Friday; for the hot-cross bun is nothing but a Christianised relic of the cakes which the Jewish exiles (in Jeremiah) offered to the "Queen of Heaven." These had the image of the goddess, instead of the cross; and moon-cakes are still made in China during the great moon-festival of the eight month.

The sea affords Mr. Taylor another plentiful crop, but, on the whole, of less interest than might be looked for. It is largely connected with odd derivations. It is odd, for example, to learn that the John Dory was supposed to be the very fish from which St. Peter took the coin for the temple-tribute; and the two marks on either side the mouth are the impressions of the Apostle's thumb and forefinger, wherewith he drew it from the sea. Now, St. Peter being the door-keeper of Heaven, John Dory is just a corruption of *janitors*. "Mother Cary's chickens" are from the mediæval belief that those birds were the Madonna's storm warning, "Mother Cary" being *Mator Cara*, the "Beloved Mother." "Davy Jones's Locker" requires a mighty deal of believing. "Davy" is traced to the Hindu *Devas*, regarded as evil spirits—from which root is our Devil. "Jones" is identified with Jonah, who was marooned in a desert whale; while the "locker" is (toughest of all) traced to *Loki*, the Scandinavian spirit of ill, who might be supposed to have his receptacle for lost souls at the bottom of the sea.

Perhaps that morsel will suffice for the reader's present digestion. Mr. Taylor's book is readable and gossipy, and will pass an agreeable hour for such as are interested in "old wives' tales" without caring to study them deeply or scientifically—if science can be predicated with regard to our present knowledge of the subject. And to more than this it does not pretend.

Edwardus Graciosus.

The History of Edward the Third. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. (Longmans.)

DR. MACKINNON'S monograph is based on "the investigation of contemporary evidence," and, if an apology for writing once more the history of Edward the Third is required, it may be found in the number of "new or improved sources" made available during recent years. Not only have many of the minor chronicles of the fourteenth century been issued in the "Rolls" series, or in corresponding Scotch, French, and Belgian collections, but even Froissart himself has been, as Dr. Mackinnon puts it, "re-created" in the magnificent editions founded upon contemporary texts of M. Luce and Baron de Lettenhowe.

Dr. Mackinnon's volume is by no means an eulogy of Edward the Third. He realises the bigness of the man, "the incarnation of the aggressive English spirit," who had the will and the strength to make the history of England practically the history of Western Europe for half a century. But it is his final judgment, as it must surely be that of every unprejudiced student of the period, that the energy was misapplied and misdirected, and that the policy which threw France and Scotland into flames is one of the more disastrous examples of the craving of kings for aggrandisement. Dr. Mackinnon, indeed, is no drum and trumpet historian. He is a little impatient with the details of marches and slaughters; and, having lifted the veil of chivalry, holds it but in scant respect. "In the wars of Edward III.," says Hallam, "originating in no real animosity, the spirit of honourable as well as courteous behaviour towards the foe seemed to have reached its highest point." But Dr. Mackinnon somewhat grimly points out that the courtesy soon vanishes when you get on

the actual track of one of Edward's expeditions, with its invariable accompaniment of wasted fields, and burned villages, and violated women. The trappings of chivalry and romance, however, are certainly not wanting throughout the reign. Imposing in appearance, and of fascinating bearing, the king himself well became a pageant. *Edwardus Graciosus*—Edward the Graceful—the chroniclers call him, although history has not adopted the epithet. In the court feasts of the reign, elaborate heraldic and chivalric ceremonial reached its highest point. The establishment, in imitation of King Arthur at Tintagel, of a Round Table, and that some years later of the still surviving Order of the Garter, are familiar events. Froissart, indeed, confused them, but they are distinct. Less known is the story of the "Vow of the Heron," taken by Edward in 1337, before the Hundred Years' War began. The instigator was Robert of Artois.

One day Robert went a-hunting with his falcon and caught a heron, with which he entered the royal banquetting hall at London, where Edward was holding high festival in honour of his guest, John of Hainault. Robert presented the bird to the king, saying that he offered the most timid of birds to the least courageous of monarchs, for had Edward been a man of spirit he would ere now have laid claim to the crown of France. The king reflected a little. "It is not true," replied he at length, "that I am wanting in courage. I was maliciously deceived when I did homage at Amiens to Philip of Valois. But now I vow to God, to the heron, and to the queen, that before a year has run I shall place on her head the crown of France, even if I have but one Englishman to oppose to six Frenchmen." At this Robert laughed a loud and grim laugh, and calling a damsel from the banquetting-table, placed the heron in her hands, and besought her to aid him to bear it manfully in war, like King Porus, who long ago had sworn on a peacock, borne by a young lady fair. He then conducted her before the queen, the Earls of Salisbury, Hereford, and Suffolk, the Bishops of Durham and Lincoln, the Lord of Fauquemont and Walter de Manny, who each vowed on the heron to carry war into the kingdom of France. He next turned to John of Hainault, who would fain have excused himself, saying, with unchivalrous bluntness, that he would serve whoever would pay best. At which the English lords laughed heartily, and ultimately John of Hainault took the vow with the rest, the queen adding that, with the sanction of her husband, she vowed to God and the heron that if the king crossed the sea to vindicate his rights, she would follow him in his travels.

Dr. Mackinnon, we think, takes this picturesque narrative rather seriously as history, but at least it illustrates the temper of the fourteenth century chroniclers and their public.

We find in Dr. Mackinnon's book a learned, a judicious, and not an unentertaining treatment of its subject. The style is, perhaps, a little uncouth, more particularly when he gambols. Carlyle would appear to have still his hold upon the Scotch imagination, and you recognise him, but how far off, in such a passage as the following:

Once more, what a fool of a world is this misguided fourteenth century. Clearly lunatic, and, as is always the case with lunatics, unconscious of the fact. Otherwise we should not find sanguinary clerics ascribing to "our Lord" the honour of such savage orgies, and giving thanks to God accordingly. Heigho! what a perverted moral sense sometimes lurks under stole and tunic.

Nor can we commend the absence of an index, and of what is rapidly becoming recognised as no less essential in a work of erudition than an index, a bibliography or hand list of authorities.

Discreet Satire.

The Trials of the Bantocks. By G. S. Street. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

It is Mr. Street's pleasant way to assume in his books, with unusual skill and verisimilitude, objectionable characteristics that are really foreign to his nature. In his *Autobiography of a Boy* he played at being a hateful and very kickable little decadent pig. In the present work he is a social parasite, a tame cat, a flatterer attached to a wealthy upper middle-class family. This position enables him to see all that passes and afterwards to record it. As, for the most part, there is nothing to see but selfishness and paltriness, snobbishness and greed, the result would be monotonous indeed were it not for Mr. Street's happy equipment of the historian with a gift of toadyism that causes him to view such displays with approbation. His unassailable belief in the perfection of Mrs. Bantock in spite of every evidence to the contrary, and the naive manner in which this belief is stated, save the situation, so that what is a merciless indictment of the indulgence and spiritual apathy of the unthinking and self-righteous rich is also a work of amusing humour.

The book is, however, too long. Two, at least, of the episodes might well have been omitted. The man who slapped Mr. Bantock on the back is a stage figure not worthy of a place in Mr. Street's first-hand gallery, and the account of the athletic sports is singularly unprovocative of laughter and not in the least convincing. We can neither believe that Mr. Bantock would have joined the sack race nor that he would have won it. Mr. Street might also have deleted certain repetitions, and we doubt if the chapter entitled "Moss" is quite necessary to the picture. But for the rest we have nothing but praise. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the "Ordeal of Russell Bantock." We quote part of the description of Russell Bantock which serves as preamble to his great trial:

His private income is at present only two thousand a year, and in his opinion that is an insufficient sum on which, in his position, to marry; in a few years it will be considerably increased, and then, I believe, he will add his influence to the institution of matrimony; in fact, I know that he has already fixed on his future house, though not yet on the lady. In this matter he is wisely careful not to commit himself, being aware that in the course of a few years his inclinations might change—unless, indeed, a peculiarly desirable person (in point of rank or money) were to be attainable, in which case he has told me in confidence that he might hurry matters to an earlier issue. I need hardly say that he belongs to two irreproachable clubs. He has little time for literary cultivation, but keeps up an acquaintance with contemporary letters by reading the reviews of new books in the *Times*, and he has told me that he would be quite charmed to meet a few of the better-known writers of the period, simply as writers, and not counting those whose social position would make them in any case people one likes to know. In fact, Russell is an accomplished and admirable example of English young manhood: he is business-like and far-seeing, and, not disdaining the amusements natural to his years, he pursues them with unvarying discretion.

The ordeal was the necessity, one Sunday morning in the height of the season, to walk up Piccadilly in a frock-coat surmounted by a pot hat. Another member of Russell's club had accidentally taken his tall hat, leaving only the pot hat in place. Russell would have taken a cab had not Lord X. suddenly accosted him and asked him to walk his way for the purpose of discussing the conditions attaching to the grouse moor which Mr. Bantock thought of renting from his lordship. As Mr. Street says, "You see the tragedy."

I have always admired the Spartan boy who said nothing of the fox that gnawed his vitals, but what was he to Russell Bantock? I watched him; his face was calm; every now and then he made an intelligible reply to Lord X. But, of course, when he had an opportunity,

he stopped for a moment to explain his distressing costume to his friends. And even that slight mitigation was presently denied him. After the third occasion Lord X., with almost inconceivable brutality, exclaimed: "If you mention that hat again I shall smash it in; I'm sick of it." Russell bit his lip, but took the brutal hint. Not a word of reproach did he say, and he was only twenty-six years old!

A Melancholy Economist.

The Psychology of Socialism. By Gustave Le Bon. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

M. GUSTAVE LE BON in this volume bases his whole case against Socialism on the assumption that Socialism is a religion, differing from most religions in that immediate material gain takes the place of the hope of immortality. But as he believes that it is vain to try to suppress a religion, we are at a loss to understand why he has written a book of over 400 pages to prove the contrary. Perhaps the explanation is that he cannot reconcile what is logically, on his hypothesis, inevitable with the meliorism which his study of politics has forced upon him.

This self-stultification continually appears. For example, permitting himself to hope that regeneration might come to the Latin bureaucratic nations by way of education, he forgets for a moment his fatalism; but, suddenly recovering, he adds characteristically that a reform of education "would imply this veritable miracle—the transformation of the national mind." Again, after beseeching his readers to do their utmost to keep Socialism from being tried in their country, he smiles at his own counsels, knowing that they "are perhaps as vain as the vows made to an invalid whose days have been numbered by fate." The interest of the volume is in the revelation it gives us of M. Gustave Le Bon's philosophic bias.

The truth is, that Socialism is much less a faith to-day than it was at the time of the French Revolution, and consequently it is much more reasonable in its demands. M. Gustave Le Bon does not think that there is any considerable Socialistic faction in England. He forgets, probably, that the democracy here uses its "dangerous" men and puts them into positions of trust—a more excellent way than thrusting them into prison or suppressing free speech. We must not forget to mention that M. Gustave Le Bon does not find that Democracy tends towards Socialism: on the contrary, he believes that the liberty and free competition which are the characteristics of the Democracies of England and America make for individualism. This is very loose thinking; collectivism and individualism must necessarily in complex Democracies run side by side. It is difficult to realise that at any stage of the political evolution either individualism or collectivism could be perfectly eliminated. So long as human nature has a social as well as an individual element so long will it surround itself with institutions which shall express this duality. A better title for the book would have been "Economic Facts and Fancies"; the Socialism here treated is decidedly obsolescent, and the Psychology—the little there is of it—is superficial.

M. Gustave Le Bon in his last two books, *The Crowd* and *The Psychology of Peoples*, showed his mastery in what might be called "drag-net" psychology. He has a fine intelligence for seizing and contrasting racial characteristics; for analysing the emotions and elementary concepts of a crowd; but he lacks the dexterity and microscopic sight which is able to distinguish slight variations between group and group. "When people are gathered together to consider a question of politics, religions, or morals, they are the dead, not the living, who discuss. They are the souls of their ancestors that speak from their mouths, and their words are the echoes of the eternal voices of the dead, to which the living are always obedient." It is in such writing as this that M. Gustave Le Bon is at his best.

Other New Books.

THE GREAT GAME.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Edward Spencer is the name on the cover, but the title-page lets us into the secret that this is but a mere private appellation, the name by which the author is known to the postman and Kelly's Directory. Publicly Mr. Spencer is Nathaniel Gubbins, of the *Sporting Life* or *Pink 'Un*, and in that capacity numbers readers and admirers who are as the sands on the seashore for multitude. *The Great Game* seems to represent the first skimming of the milk-pan of Mr. Spencer's recollections of the turf during the past thirty years, for it cannot by any means exhaust his memories or impressions. Not a dull page, not a dull paragraph, is there in this cheery, slangful work. The whole turf is mirrored here: its good humour, its cynicism, its philosophy, its easy morality, its enthusiasms, its jokes. Here is a glimpse of Leviathan Davies, one of the old bookmakers who had the grand manner:

It is safe to prophesy that we shall never again see the like of Davies in a betting-ring. Possessed of an unusual stock of energy and unusual powers as a ready reckoner, a stranger to fatigue and fear, he was absolutely unique as a layer of odds. Amongst the earliest recollections of the writer's is a day on Newmarket Heath in the fifties. And as I write I can see the stiff, portly figure of the then Marquis of Exeter, as, mounted on a bald-faced cob, he entered the outer circle of what was then the betting-ring. At that period there was hardly a suspicion of the tumult which now prevails on the reserved lawn; and fielders, for the most part, instead of bellowing their wants, used to wait till a customer approached them.

"Is Mr. Davies here?" inquired the Marquis, in most courteous tones; and very soon the Leviathan was facing him on the other side of the railings.

"What can I do for you, m'lord?"

"What odds do you offer against my horse?" inquired the noble owner of—, I forget the animal's name, but it was one of the family of "Knights" who used to carry the Stockwell colours.

"D'you want it to money, m'lord?"

"Certainly," said the marquis.

"I'll bet you £10,000 to £3,000, m'lord."

"Write it down, then," said the white-choked noble, who turned his cob's head and cantered off.

Mr. Spencer's chapter entitled "Under the Seat" should be valuable to students of current slang. Altogether an amusing and entertaining book. (Richards. 5s.)

EVOLUTION.

BY FRANK B. JEVONS.

Whatever he writes upon, whether it be primitive religion, Greek archæology and literature, or metaphysics, Dr. Jevons never fails of being at least interesting. His present volume, which appears in "The Churchman's Library," and may be said to belong to the metaphysic of apologetics, is no less thoughtful and no less ingenious than its predecessors. That it is logically sound we cannot bring ourselves to think; and the margins of our copy are peppered with signs of interrogation and dissent. It is Dr. Jevons's desire to show that the processes of evolution in the physical world are not, as Huxley urged, indifferent to man's ideals of the good, or, as he puts it theologically, that "the process of evolution is a revelation of Divine love." He attempts to prove this by an analysis of religious faith, which he regards as having precisely the same amount of logical justification as the "faith" which he asserts that men of science place in the "Uniformity of Nature," and which is presupposed in the scientific theory of evolution itself. This seems to us very hazardous reasoning. The faith in Uniformity, so far as it is an intellectual necessity at all, is only justified so long as the fact of Uniformity remains uncontradicted. A single well-authenticated miracle would destroy it at once. Faith in the omnipotence of good is, on the other hand,

contradicted daily by the existence of evil. We do not, of course, speak in either case of subjective faith, but only of its logical or pseudo-logical basis. We do not find Dr. Jevons convincing, but his book deserves the careful consideration of all who are interested in such metaphysical problems. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

A HISTORICAL COMMENTARY
ON ST. PAUL'S

EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. BY W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L.

Prof. Ramsay, who has the rare merit of combining with his profound scholarship a certain grace of style and the fire of real enthusiasm, is concerned mainly with the question who those Galatians were to whom St. Paul addressed his letter. Commentators have been as unanimous as it is in the nature of commentators to be in holding that St. Paul's converts dwelt in the cities of Northern Galatia. The Aberdeen professor, whose knowledge of historical Asia Minor is unrivalled, exhaustively examines the evidences bearing, however remotely, upon the status and conditions of Northern Galatia with reference to the phrasing of the Epistle. And he clinches his argument in favour of the South Galatian communities by two or three striking considerations. What was the effect of the letter? On the North Galatian hypothesis, nothing: for the silence of the author of the Acts can be explained only by the supposition that these churches were lost to Paulinistic Christianity and that in kindness the painful episode was passed over lightly by the historian. This Dr. Ramsay refuses to believe of "this unique and marvellous letter, which embraces in its six short chapters such a variety of vehement and intense emotions as could probably not be paralleled in any other work." To suppose it unsuccessful were "to despair of Paul."

The letter, with its commanding and almost autocratic tone—though I feel and confess that these adjectives are too strong and ignore the emotion, and sympathy, and love which breathe through the words and take much of the sting from them—is one that could be justified only by success. If it failed, then it deserved to fail. No man has any right to use such a tone to other men unless it is the suitable and best tone for their good; and the issue is the only test whether it was suitable and best.

It will be seen that Dr. Ramsay has the precious power of imagination. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

TENNYSON AS A
RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BY C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.A.

Mr. Masterman's elaborate contribution to the "copious literature" that has gathered round Tennyson is perhaps hardly justified by the importance, in itself and for itself, of the poet's religious thinking. He lived, indeed, in a current of ideas, and always regarded himself as a thinker. But ideas were of importance to him mainly as they affected his imagination, and he was capable of holding contradictories in solution without any very great mental distress. He was carried along with, rather than led, the stream of contemporary thought. Mr. Masterman's liberal quotations make it clear, moreover, that the poems in which Tennyson was most occupied with ideas are by no means those in which he reached his highest pitch of literary excellence. The book, however, is a serious and a thoughtful, and a well-reasoned book. Mr. Masterman comprehends the scheme of Tennyson's religion and personal and social ethics probably more lucidly and justly than he ever comprehended them himself: and the study, just because Tennyson was so little removed from the plane of thought of ordinary men, becomes of interest as an account of tendencies and compromises of thought common to many more or less speculative minds of the last generation. They are not the tendencies or the compromises prevalent just now, because we are of another generation. But they helped to make us, and have at least an historic interest. (Methuen.)

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

In giving to the world a number of letters, and a mass of *Notes on Sport and Travel* (Macmillan), written by her father, George H. Kingsley, Miss Mary Kingsley sketches in her pleasant, hearty way the characteristics of the three Kingsley brothers, Charles, Henry, and George. They were all remarkable men; but Miss Kingsley claims that her father was "certainly the happiest of the three brothers." He was a born wanderer, and it was his delight as a medical student to be done with the term's work at the hospital, shoulder a knapsack, and be off for a long, solitary ramble through Germany, Switzerland, or Austria, the Rhineland or the Thüringen Wald, and the remote Carpathians. He had wide, quick sympathies, and asked nothing of life but variety and freedom. His power of adapting himself to all surroundings and companies was intuitive and remarkable. "He could listen with rapt attention to the poems of a German school-master, comparing them to every effort of the Teutonic lyre, from Anne Mariechen up to Bekrantz mit Laub. He could talk about guns with the foresters; he could crack jokes with Herr Wirth and flirt with his rosy-cheeked daughters; and doubtless, even in those immature days, he put into practice his favourite precept for travellers, and also for men who stay at home: 'Always make love to the old ladies.'" In later years George Kingsley's wanderings took a world-wide range; he was much in the South Seas, much in the Canadian forests; he cruised on a British warship, and indulged in "sub-glacial angling" far north, Labrador way. This record completes a trilogy of fame, and for its own sake was well worth giving to the world, for it is the portrait of a true Englishman.—*The Caroline Islands: Travel in the Sea of the Little Lands* (Methuen). Mr. F. W. Christian gives us a learned and voluminous description of the islands forming the great Caroline group. His book is a serious ethnological and scientific account of islands which have hitherto been familiarised to us in the books of Stevenson and Louis Becke, from both of whom he received valuable advice. But Mr. Christian's master in South Sea exploration is the German traveller and naturalist J. S. Kubary, who, although little known to fame, spent many years in unobtrusive painstaking work among the islands of the Pacific. Mr. Christian's special theme is the lonely island of Ponape, with a mysterious ruined city on its east coast—a South Sea Pompeii—which he will not believe was the work of pirates or early Spanish voyagers, but to which he ascribes an interesting and complex native origin—supporting his views by ethnological and philological arguments, which can probably be rightly weighed only by a few German students. Mr. Christian's book is a mass of rare information, of patiently accumulated detail in archaeology, folk-lore, natural history, and geography. But the glamour of the islands is not lost on him: "Like Stevenson in Apemama 'I heard the pulse of the besieging sea,' sound sweet to the ears of those who dwell in the little sea-girt lands."—To all who are contemplating a tour in the lovely and richly interesting valley of the Rhone, we can commend Mr. Charles W. Wood's *In the Valley of the Rhone* (Macmillan). Mr. Wood's book is written on the old-fashioned lines, is full of talks with guides and peasants, little historical digressions, and miscellaneous chit-chat. It is also admirably illustrated. At Chillon, Arles, Le Puy, Avignon, Vaucluse, we have the same inexhaustible flow of pleasant travel talk and lively retrospect.—*A Narrative of Crimes in the Mediterranean* (Oliver & Boyd) is a journal kept by William Black, a naval surgeon, during the Greek War of Independence (1822-1826). Mr. Black was surgeon on H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, and his journal is now issued by his nephew. The book consists of good travel descriptions, illustrated from the author's sketches, and criticism on the fighting between the Greek and Turkish fleets. It is admirably produced by the publishers.

Fiction.

The Rhymer. By Allan M'Aulay. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is a bold attempt for a beginner, as we suppose Mr. M'Aulay to be. It is nothing less than to construct a novel of which the secondary plot turns on the love-affair of Robert Burns and Clarinda—otherwise Mrs. Maclehose. The book has decided promise. The characters, if none of them very original or subtle, are drawn with decision and clearness; they live and have their being. Herries, the hero, is a very irritating prig, and the author did not mean him to be; but he lives: Mrs. Maclehose lives, pretty, sentimental, good-natured, vivacious, and slipshod of principle; Burns himself lives, if not as he lived some hundred years ago. The story is conventional, but it is well and freshly told: it is studiously simple, and moves in a simple atmosphere; there are but four chief characters in all. It is something to have treated such a theme, and made it nor dry, nor pretentious, nor unreal. Mr. M'Aulay, one may well expect, will do better work than *The Rhymer*.

For it has many shortcomings, besides those which we have already implicated. Some of the traps which are set for the historical novelist the author has avoided. He has skilfully indicated the local colour of the place and period by unobtrusive side-touches, eschewing the pedantry of formal description; we realise the old Edinburgh, its old fashions and pleasantly ancient ways, without being called upon to stand aside from the story and observe. But the language has been a stumbling-block; his speech bewrayeth him. Mrs. Maclehose, for instance—for chief instance—talks now very pretty eighteenth-century talk, perfumed with "la's!" and the like, as with old lavender; and presently she is gossiping unashamed modern Scots—nay, falls sometimes upon jarringly present-day phrases. "Nature has been kind to me in some respects, but one essential she has denied me utterly; it is that instantaneous perception of the fit and unfit, which is so useful in the conduct of life." Why, this is some critical article in a Victorian weekly; it is certainly not Clarinda. Even the Scots, to a Southron judgment, seems to show a similar tendency to ebb and flow into plain English. Better had Mr. M'Aulay altogether abandoned the effort to tincture his dialogue with archaisms, and contented himself with keeping a distance from obtrusive modernity.

Nancy Maclehose herself has been very plausibly conceived and sketched from the indications of her correspondence with Burns. But the great feat which obviously insists on our judgment is the prominent introduction of the ploughman-poet as a realised personality. Here the author has failed—but failed mildly. As mirrored in the attitude of others, Burns is too modern. "The world's poet, the singer for all time and for all hearts!" Nancy calls him. Not only the attitude, but the very phrases are modern. Fashionable Edinburgh flattered and raved about Burns as a peasant-prodigy, a poet of new and striking genius. But that he was a singer for all time even his female devotees had scarce formally conceived; and if the idea of his becoming a "world-poet" had ever entered their heads—as there is little likelihood and no evidence that it ever did—they would have lacked the epithet to utter it. For that matter, few but Scotsmen would now give him the title. "Ye may glower," says the working-man in the Edinburgh street, "and your eyes be fu' o' pride—for that is Robert Burns!" And the working-man is again an anachronism, for the universal, boastful peasant proprietorship in Burns is modern, a plant of slower growth than Mr. M'Aulay would have us imagine.

In Burns himself the author has essayed a task nigh impossible: to depict the union in one man of the satyr and the angel, the sensualist and the genius. The result, as it was bound to be, is lop-sided. To depict the satyr

was easy, to suggest the genius difficult. For the genius can only be suggested, not delineated. Genius is too elusive an attribute for that. As a consequence, we get the satyr very vividly, but a very faint image of the genius. The latter fails to impress himself. The touches employed for the purpose are too obvious, too conventional. Burns in these pages is a robust and virile young farmer with strong and unrestrained passions and a taste for ballad music. Worse still, the artifice to which he is made to lend himself for revenge upon Herries, and from which issues the calamity of the somewhat conventional heroine, is of inexcusable dastardliness. We get no sufficient palliation from the circumstance that he was drunk, and worked upon by his boon comrade Nichol. The thing remains unpardonable, unthinkable. It is a fault in art. But if Mr. M'Aulay has not succeeded, he might easily have done worse. For Burns, at any rate, is a personality, and (that one touch apart) a conceivable personality. Mr. M'Aulay, we repeat, has shown considerable gift, and it is likely he may show more.

Two Summers. By Mrs. J. Glenn Wilson. (Harper.)

Of the two summers, one passes in an unnamed island of the South Pacific, the other in an English country house. The story is of the simplest. Tells how Edward Lindsay, a middle-aged barrister, finds in Julia a girl to whom years before he had rendered a service—a loan of money to release her from an embarrassment not wholly unconnected with the attentions of a foreign nobleman. Tells of Julia's secret betrothal to Theo Ashby, the undistinguished author of *Friends of Aunt Maria's*. Tells of Lindsay's escape from treacherous breakers. Tells of a lady who "spoke in a low, sweet, throaty voice, in short sentences—matters of fact and direct questions—which she handed to her guest at intervals, as if she were cutting pieces of bread from a very plain loaf"; of a curate who played "incuratical" music. Drops incidentally into criticism, thus:

"Yes, I think George Eliot is very pretty, but I don't think her characters are very nice always. I do like really fine characters in a book. Now, with Miss Brown-Smith's people one has so much to admire; they are so true and noble. . . ."

This is Mrs. Wilson at her best:

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At her worst, facetious and ungrammatical, she shall not be quoted at all. The story is so slight that it has seemed not worth while to repeat it here; but it is told with a kind of tea-table smartness that gently detains the attention.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA. By JOHN FOX, JUN.

This little story (it is a short novel with wide margins), by the author of *The Kentuckians*, secures the reader's confidence at once. Capital is the opening description of

the meeting between the polished Clayton and the heroine, riding on a bull in the Jellico Valley in the Far West. The bull shied at Clayton, and, some meal being spilt, the girl was angry. But afterwards she reflected on this, to her, new type of man: "He was mighty accommodatin'." "But whüt," she asked herself as she rode slowly homeward—"whüt did he take off his hat fer?" (Harper & Bros.)

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A GAY CONSPIRACY.

BY R. W. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Chambers is prodigal of novels this week. Here we have a romance of the court of Luxembourg—spies, diplomatists, lovers, grand duchesses and Excellencies. Are not such *dramatis personæ* being done to death? But this story promises well, and is well illustrated. (Harper & Bros. 6s.)

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Poetry Competition.

THIS competition has disappointed our expectations in all but numbers. Judging from the quality of the verse occasionally sent us in response to competitions of more specialised kind, or that which has in other ways come before us for judgment, we had a right to hope that a chance so unfettered in all but length would evoke a certain amount of poems of more than average quality. But such has not proved to be the case. Three hundred and fourteen poems were sent in to us for judgment. Of these a surprisingly large number were put out of court from the beginning by the perverse neglect of our plainly printed statement that no poem must exceed twenty-four lines. The contributors acknowledged no limit but their own sweet will. A very few neglected our

instruction that the poems should be typewritten. None of these, however, we may add for their comfort, was disqualified on that ground alone. With regard to the rest, the level of achievement was unencouragingly low. It was remarkable what a proportion of competitors had not even attained a good technique of verse. Few reached the level of fair magazine poetry. There was, as might be expected, a considerable sprinkling of poems inspired by the present war, and it must frankly be said that these were the worst of all.

"The Mocking Dawn," by Miss A. de Alherti, to which we have awarded the prize, has some strong imagery in the last two stanzas. "The Crocus," by Miss Alice Archer Sewall, of Ohio, U.S.A., shows considerable fancy and a choice diction (though "leave" for "put forth leaf" is vile), but she too obviously exhibits her study of Coventry Patmore, while the final image of "The Crocus" is borrowed from Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Ode to the Daffodil." Mr. Dolf Wyllarde's "Diana," though not markedly original, deserves commendation for a certain elegance and delicacy; and Miss Herbertson's "Our Lady of Sleep," on account of its technique and completeness.

The Mocking Dawn.

BY MISS A. DE ALBERTI.

Through the sweet watches of the mellow night,
By kindly Nature decked for love's delight,
While earth lay sleeping drugged by summer's breath,
And lovely hours sank slowly to their death,
I kept my lonely vigil, all in vain,
Till Nature's smile seemed changed to chill disdain.

Then, as the bride whose bridegroom tarries long
Shrinks from the biting jest and vulgar throng,
I shuddered that the day should see the shame
That stung my ashen cheeks to crimson flame;
While stealthy dawn crept up, and loud and free
The jeering cocks shrilled their malicious glee.

With smiling insolence, the dainty morn
Stared at my haggard face in silent scorn;
I heard the whispered mockery of the trees
Nudging each other in the morning breeze,
With gusty laughter shaking all their leaves,
And cynic sparrows tittering in the eaves.

Then like a red-faced jester rose the sun
Reeling above the clouds, and one by one
Sent wide his shafts, as if in drunken mirth,
Pointing derision, till the waking earth
Grew one broad smile that mocked me standing there,
Making a spectacle of my despair.

Short Story Competition.

THE short story is a tempting form of art. It looks easy; a few days, or even a few hours, may complete the attempt. We were not surprised, therefore, to receive a good deal of immature work, much of it quite destitute of promise: what disappointed us was that we found so very small a number of stories that, on the first reading, could be set aside as possible candidates for the prize.

It is not easy to account for the gloom which pervades the one hundred and twenty-eight efforts. Gloom, that is, pertaining to the essence of the subject-matter; for sorrows and horrors are treated so largely as matters of course that we do not find ourselves regarding them as evils so much as proper material for literary experiment.

Not but that in the heap we found some light and humorous stories—a few. Of them, however, it shall suffice to say that alike in subject and treatment they are conventional. The war has furnished forth two or three writers, but the subject seems hardly to be ripe for imaginative treatment. And the preternatural is not

altogether neglected. A death-wraith and a thought-vampire are treated with the seriousness proper to an age of scepticism.

On the whole, that which we find lacking is vision. Not more than half-a-dozen of these tales leave on the mind a mark of a day's endurance. Many show signs of diligent attention to the sense of words and to their sound; few carry conviction either of sincere observation or of vital selection. The writer of the short story that is to be something more than the hashed-up reminiscences of other men's creations must look for himself, must listen, mark, remember for himself, and for himself must search out the secret things of the heart.

We should have awarded the prize for the Best Story to Mr. Andrew Deir for "A Heart of Hemp" if it had conformed to our conditions in the matter of length. But it considerably exceeds the maximum of 2,000 words for which we stipulated. Mr. A. Myron's "Margot" stood next in our favour, but it also exceeded the 2,000 words. We have therefore decided to give the prize to Miss Emily Hughes for her story, "He, She, and It." We should have preferred to reward a study of real life. This, however, has not seemed possible.

He, She, and It.

By MISS EMILY HUGHES.

He started from the west, She from the east, and the question was whether they would ever meet. They did not expect to meet, for neither knew of the other's starting. Neither even knew of the other's existence, for that matter. Yet it was very desirable that they should meet.

I shall say nothing about the two journeys, eventful as they were, until that crucial day when they had both reached the same wood, and when the momentous question of their meeting would be decided according to the roads they both chose.

That day was one of the loveliest which even the wood had ever seen. In it every springing thing wore such a festive face that She almost forgot her Song which She could not finish, and His frown relaxed over the Problem He could not solve. The birds were so hilarious that you had to laugh, the bees so fussy over their business that it made you hot; on the green moss the little white flowers looked for all the world like pearly smiles, while the dance of the leaves with shadows for partners was nothing less than ecstatic.

She, on Her side of the wood, noting all this, said: "I feel like the sea when it ripples in sunshine!"

And He, noting it on His side of the wood, said: "I think the sun is in the Crab to-day; it is the first of summer."

Then simultaneously She remembered Her Song and He His Problem. And they said together, at separate ends of the wood:

"But surely I shall finish it to-day!"

"But to-day I'm certain to solve it!"

So they sat down to rest, to listen, and to look.

Before them each were two roads—one, of course, north of the other. But the northernmost road before Her met the southernmost before Him. If He turned north He would never meet Her, for that way led out of the wood toward a fathomless lake. And if She took the south road She would miss Him, for it led into a pitiless desert. All three roads were a day's journey long.

As She sat on the moss in Her blue gown, not wondering at all yet about the way, an old man came upon Her from behind, he also about to enter the wood.

"Which is the way to go?" he said.

"To go? Oh, where do you want to go? Not that I know the way either!" She laughed under the leaf-shadows.

"There are two roads," he said, pointing with a stick

that made Her shudder. It was spotted and knotted like a stiffened snake.

"Yes, I see," She said, "but both go through the wood—"

"No, they don't!"

"—Both are beautiful—"

"No, they're not!"

"—And as many butterflies are going along the one as the other—with bees and birds," She persisted, looking the path up and down from the tree-tops to the pink soil.

He shook his stick along the south road.

"Go *that* way," he said, "if you want to meet no other passengers. Butterflies, bees, and birds, forsooth!"

There were no less than a hundred inflections of scorn in his voice as, flourishing his ugly stick, he passed on along the north road.

She looked along the south road. And, though it seemed to her that every bee had suddenly begun to attend a funeral, every butterfly to have fallen faint by the way, and every bird to have sent every other to Coventry, She said to Herself:

"Ah, I will not follow *you*—better your counsel!"

At about the same time, to Him on the opposite verge of the wood, came a gay young maid, swishing the grass where He lay with her skirts. She almost passed Him—He was dressed, like the forest, in green and brown.

"Oh!" she said, and they stood looking at one another.

But she looked at Him less than at the Book of His Problem held like treasure in His hand, yet most of all at something He wore by a long chain from His belt.

"What is it?" she asked, lifting the chain and separating the two things slung upon it. "A little box of gold and a broad silver key. May—may I open it?"

"You cannot. The key does not fit."

"Oh, what a pity! What is inside?"

"The Secret," he replied gravely.

"An important secret?"

"Very."

"Why, then, I should break it open."

"I shall find the key some day. It is of gold, like the casket."

"Why do you keep the silver one? Do you expect that to change to gold one day?"

He started, seeing mockery in her eyes and on her lips. He firmly withdrew from her the casket and key, putting them out of sight.

"No, hardly," He replied; "it is true I do not know why I keep the silver key. But—I have kept it."

"Give it to me," she said; "*please* give it to me." She touched His hand with her hands and looked beseechingly.

"But—"

"It is of no use to you." She tried to find it. But He drew back.

"It was born with me," He said; "I cannot give it to a—a—stranger." He turned His back on her and heard her pass sobbing into the wood.

Almost with a flush of pity He followed her—she took the south road—but in hesitation His fingers clutched the Book of His Problem. Then He said:

"No, I will not follow her. She may ask me next for the casket. I shall perhaps lose the Secret to her tears and my Problem will never be solved."

He was about to turn by the north road when the old man—who must have ridden his ugly cudgel as a broomstick through the wood—met him, emerging. He accosted Him, chuckling, and shook his stick toward the north.

"That is a good road," he said. "Good and solitary; but both are safe—quite safe—quite safe!" and passed on his way crackling.

"Gratuitous advice," said He, looking now along the south road as a child looks upon forbidden things, "teaches resolution to flounder, not to swim. To cross such an old fellow's impertinent counsel and captious foot-

steps at the same time is a great temptation." Then He began to study His Problem.

By this time She had been accosted in turn by the gay maiden who, having gone through the wood, was quite gay again.

"Dance with me!" she said to Her, catching fingers as they met. And up and down they flitted and whirled, and swayed together in the faint, fluttering lacework of shadow and shine, until both fell panting on the sward, when out from Her bosom sprang a casket and a key hung by a long chain about Her neck. They were in the hands of the gay maid in a moment.

"A silver casket and a tiny golden key," she said; "but the key does not fit."

"Why, no," She answered, "but some day I shall find the key that will."

"But why do you keep this little key of gold?"

"It is so beautiful," She said.

"But no use."

"Well, for one thing—a thing so little as this—it is enough to be beautiful. Do you see how it is shaped like a bird—how the wards are wings? I always think it a bird carrying a Secret like my casket. Not *that* Secret, but another, and I wear them together."

"Give *me* the key—or the casket!"

She caught back Her chain with its treasures and sprang away.

"Give!" She cried, "I would rather give you my life; but I don't give away even my life to—strangers!" She braced Herself against a tree-trunk, caught up Her blue gown, and actually prepared to fight.

The gay damsel stood with arms akimbo, laughing.

"Well done!" she cried; "but the fight would be hotter than the dance. I decline. Only tell me the Secret of *your* casket."

She drooped Her head and whispered:

"It is the Secret of my Song."

"Ha-ha-ha! Tral-la-la-la!" laughed the gay maid, and skipped back into the forest. Her laugh went on, ripple, ripple through the wood like the very rustle of the leaves, until at last it faded far off among the branches.

She stood listening until the wind and the bees were all She heard. Then She began to sing Her Song, for it was nearing noon. But, as always, She could not finish it. The music snapped, like a brittle twig—ran suddenly dry, like a spring drained by the noonday. She fingered Her silver casket, sighing:

"Oh, for the key!" Then She prepared to take the path that ran southwards.

But suddenly there rang a cry from the depth of the wood—a cry so piteous that She stopped with Her hand on Her heart.

"What is it? Oh, *what* is it?" She listened. It rang again, making a shivering track along the branches.

"Ah, it is *that* way," She said, looking along the north road. She caught up her gown and ran swiftly, swiftly, full of pity, that way into the wood's heart.

She had not finished Her Song. Nor had He solved His Problem. He, too, fingered His casket.

"I *must* find the key," He said, "I am tired of this. Ah, which road to take!"

He weighed many pros and cons with his usual nicety. The scale dipped for the north road. So He turned His face thither. At that very moment the piteous cry came to Him too, but more faintly, for the wind was from the west.

"Some helpless thing in a plight," He muttered, and plunged into the wood by the southern path.

So of course they met—very near the middle of the forest, for She ran as fleetly as He almost.

They met, flushed, breathless, with chains and treasures dangling.

"Oh," He cried, holding out His hand, "you have the golden key!"

"Why," She cried in the same breath, tendering it, "you have the golden casket!"

But He did not take it. He doffed His cap.

"I beg your pardon," He said; "you have the silver casket. We therefore exchange keys." And He loosened His from its chain.

"Of course," She said; "and then we shall know the Secrets—or at least I shall know mine and you yours. How exciting it is! But really now I am to know I am quite afraid of knowing. I *dread* it. Indeed, I would rather know yours than my own. Oh," She cried with inspiration, "let me discover your Secret for you and you mine for me? It will break the news!"

Her eyes sparkled. She clasped Her hands. He looked dubious, but agreed.

"We therefore exchange caskets, not keys," He said.

They did and walkod a little apart, standing with their backs to one another, opening the caskets.

He heard Her laughing—a little gurgle of pleasure.

She heard Him cry, "Hurrah!"

"Well," She called out mischievously, "be quick! Tell me the Secret of my Song."

He turned quickly.

"What! You hav'n't the Secret of my Problem too?"

"Indeed, no, but something much nicer—the Secret of my Song," She cried, flourishing the bird-like key. "How very funny! It was the wrong caskets we carried all the time, not the wrong keys."

Then She sang Her Song and He solved His Problem. Then they looked at each other.

Suddenly they remembered the cry they had followed into the wood.

"What was it?" they asked together. "Hark! There it is again, close by."

She stared up into the branches and laughed.

"It was just a mocking-bird after all!" She said.

Essay Competition.

SIXTY-FOUR essayists contended for this prize. The following is a list of the titles of the papers:

Beauty.	A Leak in the Roof.
The Magnetism of Beauty.	The Angler.
Woman Old and New.	The Amateur Tramp.
Heredity.	"Robert."
Proverbs and Maxims.	A Study in Natural History.
Bullying at School.	The Virtue of Silence.
The Weather.	On Talking.
Points for Parvenus.	Truth for Half-a-Crown.
The Relation between Sex and Tobacco.	Common Sense and the Sense of Humour.
At Homes.	The Visionary Delights of Spring.
The Suburban Young Man.	On Going to Bed.
Questions of Taste.	All Fools' Day.
The Interest of the Common-place.	The Influence of Soap.
Interesting Social Rôle Played by Pet Dogs.	On Prejudice.
The Philological Invasion.	"P.P.C."
Edgar Allan Poe.	Inertia.
Champéry.	Moustaches.
Unwelcome Knowledge.	Forest Folk.
Railway-Travel.	Wanted—a Rustic Revival.
On the Joys of Railway Travelling.	The Scandinavian Domestic.
Straw.	In Praise of Frigs.
A Rigmarole on Stupidity.	On Wood Fires.
A Railway Waiting Room.	On Hats.
Tenderboy, the Scornor.	Lotus Culture.
On Shaking Hands.	On the Deplorable Decay of Egotism.
Going to Town.	An Early Train.
Door Knocks.	Our Hobbies.
Door-Knocking Nuisances.	A Plea for Queen Anne.
The Land of "Might Have Been."	The Mobile Man.
Smoke Fancies.	The Delights of Dreaming.
"Non-Literary Subjects."	Moral Advice.
	Forficula Auricularia.
	The Pig.

The qualities of a good essay? Well, the more of wit and fancy and grace it has the better. It must be refined, and it must be original. It must be spirited, and it must be correct.

Subject matters little in essay writing; treatment is all. Nevertheless certain treatments have been so long wedded to certain subjects that the amateur should be forewarned. We seem to hear back numbers of *All the Year Round* and *Household Words* rustle their dusty leaves when we find disquisitions on "Door Knocks," "Shaking Hands," and "Moustaches." These things are solemnly classified in the good old facetious way; we have the "long silky drooping moustache," the "short crisp moustache," the "heavy moustache" and, of course, the "nondescript." Door-knocks are aristocratic, democratic, and official, and so on. Railway travellers, landladies, and other social types have also been classified to death. If the old method is to please it must be cleverly renewed. An essay is nothing if it is not clever. Also, somehow, and somewhere, it must go pretty deep. When it is ended, we must feel that an angel has stirred the pool. It may deal with trifles, but must not wholly spend itself on trifles; it may tinkle with a straw, but it must relate the straw to the universe.

We must confess that very few of the essays we have received approach these ideals. A great many exhaust themselves in facetious observation which ends with itself, which opens no window into the world or the heart of man. Real themes and thoughts are not evolved. Or, where they are, the transition from the particular to the general, the material to the moral, is usually too clumsy or abrupt. Some of the best written essays are too serious, and lack the relief of good quotations, apposite stories, &c.

Much of the writing is tortured, and represents what we may call the churning style: "Oh, the placidity, the soft soul-soothing of living in the country—in secluded, breezy Arcady! Phyllis and Corydon in a back-lane cottage, their crooks exchanged through the *Bazaar* for bicycles, the whilom oaten pipe turned to a briar, while a pig or two in the rear represent the fleecy flocks of ante-nuptial days." Thus begins an essay on "Door-Knocking Nuisances." The author of an essay called "Tenderboy, the Scornor," has been studying Lyly's *Euphuus* unwisely, or the drear punsters of forty years ago—we are not sure which. Anyhow his churn produces a particularly clotted kind of nonsense. Thus: "To judge by the traveller's observant eye—at times, perhaps, too observing to pay due observance to charity of mind—nine-tenths of accepted debtors to the bank of Tenderness keep the tendering of their acceptances until the approval-signing blushes of the cashier are sympathetically witnessed by the veiled light of a fleecedraped Dian."

We need not say that these specimens of style do not represent the average performance in this competition.

Among essays which we can praise are Mr. Edmund Forbes's "Smoke Fancies"; the Rev. T. Constable's "Non-Literary Subjects"; Mr. Lewis Longfield's "The Angler"; Miss Maude Blundell's "Forest Folk"; Miss B. C. Hardy's "In Praise of Prigs"; Miss Emily Hughes's "On Hats."

The essay to which we award the prize, "On Wood Fires," by Miss H. M. Russ, is in the true essay vein, though it does not perform all that an essay may. It is well constructed and embellished.

On Wood Fires.

By Miss H. M. Russ.

HAZLITT sang the praises of the coal fire, and grew eloquent as he summed up the list of fireside joys. He makes his readers thrill with him over such a moment as "gently levering up the coals, and seeing the instant and bustling flame above! . . . That ardent acknowledgment,

as it were, of the care and kindness of the operator." But Hazlitt was scarcely an epicure in fires, notwithstanding his affection for the poker. He evidently praised the best he knew, and he conjured up such a vision of comfort and well-being that we almost forget any fire can have greater fascinations than one of "glowing coals." Then comes the recollection of the less fierce but softer warmth of the wood fire, the intimate, caressing sound of the crackling logs, and we are its partisans at once, and certain that, as long as our wood-basket can be kept well filled, our coal-scuttle may remain empty.

A wood fire has one fault, but does not a little flaw in a friend's character endear him to us the more as proving him to be human? It will not suffer neglect, and is inclined to sulk if we do not give it our constant attention. But it is so much less effort to throw a log on the hearth than to take up a heavy scuttle, or to shovel in the depths of the inconvenient box, that we do not complain of the extra services the wood fire demands. Even if it grow sullen under neglect a little coaxing and a careful choice of the best-shaped logs will soon charm away its ill-temper, and make it bright and cheery again.

And it is such a companion—at once soothing and suggestive. A lichen-covered, gnarled log from an old apple tree blown down by an autumn gale fills the mind with spring thoughts. Once it was clad in pink, and outlined against a clear blue sky. Perhaps a chaffinch's nest hid there, exquisitely decorated with lichen to look like the branch itself, and only betrayed by the white underfeathers in the tail of the little sitting bird showing over the edge. Ilex and laurel burn well. Shall we not always, when throwing a branch of laurel on the fire, think of the birth of Virgil as told in the beautiful legend lately given to us? "The Queen of the Fairies cradled him in a cradle made of roses. She made a fire of twigs of laurels; it crackled loudly. To the crackling of twigs of laurel was he born." Fir gives forth an aromatic scent, and brings to the mind a picture of tall, straight trunks, with slanting rays of light and blue distances. Seasoned wood burns more brightly than raw green logs which have lately been hewn, but even these will make a good fire if skilfully managed. A clear, hot foundation must be kept, and the wood piled high above it, fresh fuel being continually thrown on the top to take the place of the vanishing logs beneath. It has a charming effect; the brilliancy below, with tongues of flame reaching up to the dull, damp, fizzling wood above. Pride uplifts the heart of the builder of that fire as he sees what a good result can be obtained from unpromising materials. One rule must be carefully observed, never to turn a log. The temptation is great, to see the sudden flash and the shooting flames, but the glory of it swiftly passes, and the rest of that log's career will be a blackened, charred, and smouldering disgrace.

Again, what glamour about a fire of wreck-wood! The round holes in the beams through which the blue flame comes leaping; the clear, delicate colours, green, orange, and the blue of a southern sea. Sailors' yarns should be told round a wreck-wood fire. If the sailor is absent, and *Treasure Island* not to hand, imagination will weave some tales on its own account of distant seas and adventure, of the perils and the fascination of a seafaring life.

But a fire is not always conducive to peace and comfort. It may be as delicate a subject of contention as religion. Our own article of belief as to the most effectual way of applying the poker is, in our opinion, necessary to the fire's salvation. Our neighbour's treatment will be only too likely to be the means of casting it into outer darkness. Two ancient ladies living in a quiet village had the last years of their life poisoned by continual quarrels over their fire. In summer time they were the most gentle of women, but winter left them ripe for murder. Even young people are not altogether free from this baleful influence, as may be seen at a picnic when part of the

game is the building and lighting of a fire. It begins in play, but it ends in deadly earnest. Each helper is so certain his is the only method, but the furtive poke of an enemy undoes his schemes, and recrimination is the order of the day until the welcome singing of the kettle restores good humour. When boiling water is wanted no longer, and the last stragglers are climbing the steep paths homeward, the fire as likely as not shows what it can do. The flame rises steadily against its background of sandstone cliff; an *Arabian Night's* effect on the desolate, forsaken shore, with the fading light turning the rocks black against a wan sea.

A fire in the open carries our thoughts to camp-fires and gypsy-encampments; to Mumper's Dingle and that summer evening when Lavengro and Isopel Berners sat by a fire of green ash with the kettle hung above it.

Ash when green
Is fire for a queen,

she told him.

Then Lavengro made the one compliment he ever seems to have achieved.

"And on fairer form of queen, ash fire never shone," said I, "than on thine, O beauteous queen of the dingle."

Poor Isopel! She did not want to be a queen.

"Something less would content me."

But Lavengro had not yet made up his mind to call her wife. He must first exasperate her by making her decline "master" in Armenian. Then came the storm, and the hissing embers warned them that their fire would soon be extinguished. It seemed a prophecy of the dying out of the fire of hope in Isopel's heart.

Was it a green ash fire again which Lavengro kept burning all night that the Dingle should not look dark and dreary if Isopel returned? And the next evening, to reward him for his kind thought, she had the fire and kettle ready for him; that memorable evening when they conjugated the Armenian verb *siris!* together.

Perhaps we all have our own little personal fads with regard to fires. For myself, I have not often accomplished my ideal: it needs a happy combination of time and circumstances not always available. First, it must be Sunday afternoon, with that peculiar soothing hush inseparable from the country day of rest. Then I must collect the materials for my fire: it is only so I shall reap the full enjoyment of the masterpiece I have in mind. Besides, I love the labour of my trade, which is fire-making, therefore, Stevenson would say, the gods have called me to that work. The house I am thinking of is on the side of a hill with a little wood rising behind and sloping down to a holy well and a winding stream. It is there I must go first for my faggot of green ash. How still it is on this clear winter day! A sudden scurry as I pass tells of some wild creature running to earth, and a clumsy blackbird here and there resents my presence with a scramble to wing and clamorous scolding. A robin sings, perched on the lower branch of a beech-tree, its breast the colour of one of the faded leaves not yet fallen. Blue tits are busy, and call incessantly. The more graceful long-tailed tit is also to be seen, but its bell-like call-note will not be heard just yet. How pleasant it is to scuff along amidst the clattering leaves!

The high year's flaunting crown
Shattered and trampled down.

My faggot is soon ready, but although I have learned a little of my trade from Borrow, he has not taught me the whole. Green ash is the foundation of my fire, but its crowning glory will be the large cones from the fir-trees on the crest of the wood. There it is not so still as in the lower sheltered parts. A fresh breeze from the sea is blowing over the hill, making music among the pine-needles. Gold-crests are busy; their thin, high-pitched call-note, the tinkling cymbal of the birds—giving the

charm of bird-melody that is seldom entirely lacking in the woods.

When my basket is filled with the great cones, I wander slowly back, picking up my faggot on the way, and feeling that I have earned by an hour's work a long, luxurious, lazy time. The wood-fire has died down, and on the bright embers I pile the green ash, covering it with fir-cones all set up in right order to show their exquisite form when the flames shall reach them. Then for a comfortable chair, some favourite books, and a time of pure enjoyment! The green ash crackles and hisses; the little flames go creeping in and out until they reach the fir-cones. These burn steadily in one great glow of intense firelight, unfolding until they look like branched trees in a forest on fire. Subtle aromatic scents are wafted from them, and my Sunday afternoon sleep will surely be visited by dreams of the East. My slumbers, however, are shortened by the necessity of throwing on fresh cones from time to time. I have a fancy, too, for a little reading from St. Francis of Assisi, "Christ's poor little one," that ascetic with the tender heart and gentle ways towards all his fellow-creatures, from the rulers of the land to his "little sisters, the birds." And as the afternoon wears on, my supply of sticks and cones dwindles, and is presently exhausted, and my ideal fire becomes a memory only.

Perhaps a wood-fire is never more satisfactory than in its last moments. If the logs have been piled high during the day, the glowing embers which they leave give out an intense and brilliant heat. It is difficult to tear oneself away from such grateful warmth. Raking the embers seems to make them glow the more. We are tempted to linger on and watch the brightness fade. How beautifully the fire dies! Not like Hazlitt's coal fire, sullenly cooling into the hardness of cinders—"the fading embers tinkle with a gaping dreariness"—but vanishing softly into white ash and nothingness.

Things Seen Competition.

ONE hundred and fifty-seven manuscripts were submitted for this competition, of which nearly fifty were selected for a second examination. Many of them showed good observation, and reached a very fair degree of excellence. The war was the most popular topic, several of the efforts describing the departure of "gentlemen in khaki." A large number were tragic, the percentage of gloomy and morbid "Things Seen" being quite as large as the percentage of gloomy manuscripts in the Short Story Competition. "A Case of Conscience," by Miss Lorimer, to which we have awarded the prize, is an uncommon incident told with point. The following are worthy of mention: "The Automatic," by Miss Marie Taylor; "A Lady and Gentleman," by Miss Constance Glasby; "Ending," by Mrs. Curry; "A Certain Priest," by Miss Ethel Ashton; "Juggernaut," by Mrs. E. Underhill; "The County Workhouse," by Mr. B. McEvoy; "The Beggar," by Miss Lois Barraclough.

A Case of Conscience.

BY MISS LORIMER.

THE mid-day Russian express had started, and was already speeding through the undulating country which girdles Vienna. The fruit trees were in bloom, the ditches golden with irises, and every streamlet sparkled in the sunshine. In my compartment were two women, each bound on a longer journey than myself. The first, an Austrian of the small shop-keeping class, had with her a boy of three years old and a baby. The other was a young unmarried English lady.

Presently the guard came to examine our tickets. The Englishwoman's and my own were returned without

remark, but over the Austrian's there was demur. She was entitled to take one child free, but for the second she must pay. The young mother was obviously distressed—perhaps had not the fourteen florins demanded. The guard looked sympathetic. He was sorry, he said, but the money must be paid unless—and he turned with an insinuating smile to the Englishwoman—"unless when the *Ober-Schaffner* comes round the *Gnädige* would say the little boy was hers?" For the moment the Englishwoman was silent; a struggle raged within her. Could she tell a lie, pose as a mother, on a foreign strand and in the presence of foreigners? Besides, the boy, in his cheap, ready-made suit and imitation lace collar, was not quite—quite—. But she looked across and caught the mother's imploring glance. "Very good," she said. "When the *Ober-Schaffner* comes I shall say the little boy is mine."

Ten minutes later appeared an awe-inspiring official in blue and gold uniform, and with waxed moustache. The daughter of Albion did not flinch. She put an arm round the little vulgar boy and drew him maternally towards her. But Providence was kind. The social leap which in her own eyes she had taken was not apparent to the *Ober-Schaffner*; he took the situation for granted. "How old is the boy?" was his only question; and mustering her best Viennese accent, and without a blush, the Englishwoman answered: "Three years old."

Topographical Essay Competition.

For this competition we received one hundred and nine topographical sketches, of which a very large number are well written and interesting. A geographically-arranged list of the subjects chosen by competitors may have interest.

THE BRITISH ISLES (43 papers).—St. Andrews, Norbury (Derbyshire), Selby, Whitby, A Devonshire Village, Oxford, Cambridge, Bristol, Morningside, St. Ann's, Rye (2 papers), "It is my native place," Richmond, Worcester, Bath (2 papers), Stratford-on-Avon, Ambleside, Aberusk, Scilly Islands, London (3 papers), Lewes, Windermere, Oxford (2 papers), Yarrow, Arrochar, Shrewsbury, Ardvassar, Lamorna, Liverpool (2 papers), Loch Gail Head, Staithe, St. Helens, Shanklin, St. Fillans, Winchelsea, Instow Quay, Whiston.

FRANCE (12 papers).—St. Briac, Douarnenez, Rouen, Ay-waille, La Rochelle, Mont S. Michel, Nimes, Malines, Paris, Boulogne, Trégunc, Village near Dinan.

NORTH-WEST EUROPE (10 papers)—Bolsward (Holland), Homburg, Bruges, Amsterdam, Heidelberg, Antwerp, Bygland, Rudolstadt-Schwarzburg, Hamelin, Lewenberg.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY (19 papers).—Zinal, Guipuzcoa, Siena (3 papers), Florence, Gubbio, San Gemignano, Varallo, Zurich, Teregino, Davos Platz, Gorisch, Laon, Assisi, Venice, Capri, Montreux.

THE NEAR AND FAR EAST (14 papers).—Nannoya (Ceylon), Delhi, Peshawur, Poona, Colombo (2 papers), Rosetta, Damascus, Cairo, Constantinople A Burmese Jungle Village, Nicosia (Cyprus), Bangkok, Singapore.

AMERICA (6 papers).—San Francisco, Manchester Minor (Canada), Concord, Weston (Canada), Chicago, Boston.

ELSEWHERE (5 papers).—Durban, Old Novgorod, Sydney, Punta Arenas, Nejadvo.

It is obvious that in offering a prize for the best account of a town or village we did not intend to invite bald guide-book descriptions, however full and accurate. Nor has any single competitor submitted such a description. All have striven to write on a higher literary plane. And yet the failure to achieve a good literary plane is the conspicuous feature of these essays on places. In a sense, the essays are too conscientious. The writers have considered how much they could convey in 2,000 words, instead of considering how much the reader could plea-

santly receive. There has been too little selection and suffusion; the place, and the impressions created by it, have not been sufficiently related to the rest of life. The writer himself has not been sufficiently the master of his subject; we see him as a diminutive stranger entering a place and beckoning us from our arm-chair to follow him in all his detailed trudgings, errors, and inventories. Whereas we want to remain in our arm-chair and be charmed.

The definiteness that wearies—as distinct from the definiteness that charms—is the prevailing vice of these Place essays. It infects many well written, well packed essays, which, for this cause, lack wine, life, enchantment—call it what you will. There is a type of essay in which this definiteness and multiplicity take the more literary form of a well-arranged mosaic or catalogue of sights and sounds, these following each other in sharp succession. An account of Singapore, by Mr. Hugh Clifford, fails of the prize because, though excellent in its way, it wants more of the relief of comment and reflection; it is not sufficiently fused. When this fault is associated with poor observation it is, of course, simply maddening. Thus in an account of Liverpool we read: "Now taking our course to the best streets, the traffic changes its character: trams, omnibuses, cabs, hansoms, gentlemen's carriages, and electric trams are the chief vehicles. The passers-by are also in keeping. Be the weather wet or fine, there is always at certain hours of the day a stream of well-to-do and struggling middle-class people, ladies in equal proportion to the men."

Having thus indicated the sort of condemnation under which most of these essays fall—of course, in very different degrees—we may add a few notes on individual performances. Among British subjects certain essays on small towns and villages deserve notice as being inspired by long acquaintance, or nativity, rather than by a single visit. Miss H. M. Russ, who takes the essay prize, sends a pleasing sketch of a Devon village. Miss M. H. Linacre's "Norbury" (a Derbyshire village), Mr. A. Alexander's "Selby," Mr. E. A. Baker's "Bath," are all good in their way; and Mr. Wilfrid C. Thorley's description of a sleepy village is quite good, though too much limited to scenery.

Among foreign subjects is a gay little picture of Heidelberg, by Miss Gina Hoffmann. Bolsward, in Holland, is pleasantly described by Miss Marie Westenberg; and three papers on Siena, by Mr. L. Villari, Miss Anita MacMahon, and Miss Mabel M. Rich, are all commendable efforts.

Several descriptions of cities and villages in the East are noteworthy. Miss Swan Scott-Moncrieff's "Rosetta" is distinctly good. Peshawur is described well by Major-General L. H. E. Tucker.

The prize essay, by Mrs. Stepney Rawson, on "Rye" gives the spirit of the place by a wise choice of a few striking features. There is a proper fusion of statement and comment, and the details of the writing are good.

Rye, of the Marshes.

BY MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.

HAVEN in the rich centuries that have taken wing, borough—half village, half townlet—of to-day, Rye, erstwhile of the Company of the Five Ports, stands ever on her "little hill," even as she stood in the days when her loving townsman, the astrologer Samuel Jeake, wrote so graciously and curiously of her. Of that splendid rage of the sea about her feet, that "flux and reflux" on which her historian dwells, we have now but scant pledges. The sea walls and dykes crumbled long ago. There remains, at least on her seaward front, that green space, the name of which—"The Salts"—has all the tang of brackish regret.

To come upon Rye from the land side—that is, from the heart of Kent—is to see her but imperfectly, with half-

averted vision. The train, a handful of trucks, halts at the foot of a sleepy mound. With the poor approach suggested by modern workmen's cottages and the cheap masonry of a station the beauty of the upper roofs on the hill is but dimly apprehended. Not yet, not until the iron roadway is left and the height below Playden is scaled, do you see her wholly, as she lies like a rich reddish stone embedded in dusky green enamel. I would have you come upon her so at sunset in spring, when there is yet light enough by which to drink in the wall-flower petal hues of her tiled roofs, the dear irregularity of her outline, which shows how the grey church of Rye, with its wide tower, outstrips the rest. Just as in the ages when the Church was guardian of her conscience does this House of the Virgin outsoar the other houses of Rye. No dwelling has been more tenderly adorned by Franciscan and Flemish artist and English artificer; none has been more strenuously scoured of ornament at the will of men. The very tongues of the tower were torn out by invaders, but the bells that jangled unwillingly at Dieppe in the ears of their captors came back by the hands of brave men to Rye. So, since the dumb so rarely recovers his speech, and miracles are few, is it not fit that St. Mary's voice should sway the town, while the grotesque "quarter-boys"—corpulent cherubs on either side of the clock—should beat the quarters on the dial in the borough which no longer knows the curfew?

On the spring evening on which I would have you look from Playden on Rye there must be no wind, so that the still, straight smoke from the red roofs at the base of the slope may cast a bloom over those above. And thus your eye may pass to the long line of green flats to the left, beyond which lies the sea, sullenly beating behind dunes. At that glance there flashes to mind a phrase in which Elise Reclus pictures a sister town of the "merabe," "Faubourg délaissée au milieu des marais," he calls Romney. *Délaissée!* The word is untranslatable; it is carved upon every stock and stone in Rye. To-day she is like a soldier left by the roadside, who raises himself on his elbow to shade his eyes and watch his troop vanish in the dusk. So does Rye gaze after the sea that has turned his back upon her. He lashed her feet, he gnawed her hem; he was a fierce lover, but, though the Gaul could pillage and outrage, she never yielded to the sea. He lashed her skirts. Yet, by the same token, Rye was always thirsty; she always lacked pure water on her "little hill." The rain streams patter from her sides into the marsh to-day; her cisterns are hard to fill. The waterings and "lavants" from the hills leave her arid, for the Rother and the Tillingham and the Brede suck in greedily all the runnels in the flat, green country by the sea.

A magnificent romance is that of the still marsh, a history of sluice and flat (the old maps double the "t") and channel and "leuell," of wall and dyke and meeting of streams. A horrid strife was between men and men, ship-owner and landowner, landlord and tenant, because of it. Why pay rent for land encrusted with brine? Again, the merchant coveted a hollow in which his navies, holding French silk and wine, could rock in deep water. By stealth he dredged, and, when the owner of that spit of marsh below the Rye walls came in the morning, lo! he knew that no spring tide could have carved so smoothly. And he made a dam to spite his enemy. But the work of both was undone in an hour by the jeering sea, that had still puckishness enough to return upon its steps at seasons of the tide and moon. How strange and pitiful it is! There are no sluices any more. There is shingle, blue and mauve; and the Rother splits and winds itself out in the "slub" on the "Winshalse" side of the town. There are patches of blue thistle on the shingle, where the fishing-rod of Glaucus hangs over the yellow sea poppy, and there, too, are quivering larks and restless grey wag-tails.

Délaissée! How else picture the town from the cliffs of

Winchelsea two miles away, or from the straight white road that goes between the two? That road runs through the flat marsh, sheep-dotted, with tossing reed plumes that show the sunken ditches here and there. So still, so lovable is Rye from the white road; so rich the clustering roofs of red, and dove colour, and deep cobalt, rising from that green sea of marsh. Everywhere marsh: to the right, till it meets the sea; to the left, till it touches the hills of Udimore where the woods are deep, the lanes high-hodged, and the smoke of the red and white oast-houses goes up in white columns against an evening sky.

Rye is indeed like a soldier, for she was ever the centre of war. The sea attacked her in fierce tenderness on this side, and then, when she put on fresh buckram with a sea wall, he besieged her anew on that. And she did not know her good fortune while it lasted, for, so long as her lover's arms encircled her on three compass points, he was her defender from the side of Gaul, but, when he sulkily loosened his hold, a man, born a king, and third of the Edwards, was forced to give her, as duenna, a fort in the green place that the sea had bared.

The wars have gone over her head, but she is still the same Rye, with the same alleys, the old sites, the old names. Her two hundred and seventy-one rods contain her still, as when Jeake planned his horoscopes in his black and white house with the two gables in Mermaid-street, and saw, in a vision, the letters C.R. and I.R., by which he knew that after Carolus Rex II. should come the Nazarene Himself.

Upon the salts and in the alleys you will find russet-skinned and rosy children. Some of them have strange names. They are little Huguenots, in blood, from crown to heel. But they know nothing of the toil of their refugee sires, of the tireless fingers of forgotten men and girls in the cellars and crypts. Catch a brown-eyed boy and ask him what he does here. He looks at you in shy scorn. "Pl-ay," he whispers, and then blushes because you ask whether it is the salt damp wind that makes lashes curl. Not even the permanent way can bring back to Rye her old business of the days when the sea was about her. She is occupied certainly, like an anxious housewife, with a tender joy in methods that are old and circuitous. There is corn to buy and thresh, and barges to unload in the Rother, and ale to brew. And people get married, or fall out, and make bargains, as before; so that the town lawyers behind their flat fronts of Georgian brick, in which their doors stand level with the cobbled street, have sufficient to keep their waistcoats filled and their seals active. Yet, though the golfer hurries boisterously through the alleys to the toy train that runs to the links on the marsh, there is no other haste in Rye. She is the seat of contemplation and of gentle gossip and of neighbourliness. Her citizens woo and marry as Jeake did. He has written, as if contemplation and nicety held him in chains, of the moment when he took Elizabeth Hartshorn, witty and virtuous, to wife. "I was married," he writes in his diary, "to Mrs. Elizabeth Hartshorn by Dr. Bruce, about thirty-five minutes past nine a.m., in the presence of Mr. Thomas Miller, Nathaniel Hartshorn (brother to my wife), and the sexton, we going, though in the daytime, yet so much incognito, that there was no concourse or notice taken. The day was cloudy, but calm. The sun shone out just at the tying the nuptial knot, and also just at its setting."

If he were not frightened by that strange psalmody that echoes in his own storehouse to-day—for Rye supports at least five distinct and mournful things called Sects—that gentle bridegroom would surely sit purifying his heart and seek to combat by prayer and discipline those "malefique rays" of the stars that were to him an unending fairy tale. To know Rye best is to know it through him, and, fresh from his gentle science, to creep softly past her houses by dawn and dusk. To watch the young moon over a garden wall in the tufty leafage of a mulberry; to climb the rugged Ypres Tower and plumb its dungeons;

to walk under the Landgate and contrast its huge masonry with the petty dwellings beyond, and these again with the austere *façades* of Peacock's School that Thackeray knew; to trace the Wishe, the dry Conduit, the Mint (where Rye made her own pence), the Court House (with its ghosts of rubicund "jurats" and relics of torture and chastisement), the Watchbell-street (where hung once the alarum that told of French inroad), to dip your fingers in the cool, small well under a silver maple by which Queen Elizabeth rested—this is to learn Rye stone for stone.

Once under the light of lanterns hanging from rowan trees in a garden where the townfolk of Rye danced on the grass for sheer midsummer frolic, I had the happiness to draw Henry James aside and ask him where the ancient greatness of Rye lay buried. He thought that she had not the dignity of her continental equals, because her feudal relics are less massive, and so the less able to overawe the petty buildings, the petty commerce of our time. In this, the contrast between old and new being less perpendicularly accentuated, she lacked, in his eyes, the mere zest of such juxtaposition. But the secret of her charm he could not, or would not, tell. So I triumphed, and left him to gaze once more at her across the wet sand and lilac beach and one deep pool, belted with stunted trees, in which her opalescence was mirrored—the woman who was cold to love, the forsaken borough entrenched upon her "little hill"—Rye, of the Marshes.

Epigrammatic Criticism Competition.

THIS was the least popular of the Competitions. It entailed an acquaintance with the life-work of six living novelists, also a capacity for good epigrammatic writing, which is not a common gift. In many of the sets submitted two or three of the criticisms were good, but few of the competitors were able to sustain a level of excellence throughout the set. Mr. Ernest A. Baker, to whom we have awarded the prize, approached nearest to an all-round level of intelligent and searching criticism. Among the writers of the remaining twenty-eight sets submitted we may mention Miss Katherine N. Elwes, Miss Dora G. McChesney, Mr. Herbert Jamieson, and Mr. Martin Hobson.

MEREDITH.

His poetic comedy shows men evolving their destinies. Life he interprets as an ordeal—the fool passing through spiritual failure, through laughter and misfortune's chastening unto wisdom. He philosophises on the present beholding a splendid epoch, whereto his heroes and radiant heroines belong—magnanimous creatures, passionate, chaste, divinely strong.

Their Olympian speech; the lyrical diction his muse requires, scorning pedestrian prose; the wit, tropes, aphorisms would astound an Athenian audience.

Humour lurks in the minor characters, tragic irony in the situations.

His idealism rests on clear knowledge, humane tolerance, an open-eyed, patient optimism, finding plenary satisfaction in righteousness.

HARDY.

His dramas charm most by their scenery, woodlands, heaths, hamlets, skies, blended in Theocritean harmonies. The tragedies inflame oftener than soothe; the pathos is an accusation.

Philosopher, he finds a philosophy of life impossible. Deifying Chance, he blasphemes his fetish.

His characters are generalisations or sheer ideas, vitalised by emotion. The rustics of the comic interludes deliver his less sardonic witticisms

Most unequal of geniuses, he descends from the poetry of country life, from sublime ideals of insensate will and nemesis, to Zolaesque animalism. Technicalities clog a limpid style. The inspiration of his serener paganism was, alas! transient.

KIPLING.

Man in action is his theme, combatting, subduing, governing nature, animals, men. Loving civilisation little, he worships courage, enterprise, obedience. His strenuous tales are an epic of manhood and of Empire.

The intolerable glare of his realism illumines all indiscriminately, ugly and bestial things, tender and heroic; muscularity sanctions grossness.

His fables are above allegory, the animals more than symbols. His the vernacular of brutes, Brahmans, Hooligans.

Youthful cynicism sobered, he reads the eternal in human doings, sees conscience invoking fiends, but eschews neat generalisations.

Prejudiced, impatient of thought, restlessly inquisitive, from Whitechapel to Cabul he garners literature for Demos.

JAMES.

Microscopic analyst of the cultured mind, curious observer of human phenomena, artist delighting in technique.

Momentous themes he avoids; a connoisseur, hunting far and wide preciousities of conduct, which he registers dispassionately, discovering intangible graces, delicate pathos, subtle humours, unmarked of the common understanding.

Forsaking passion and sensuous beauty, he grows sophisticated, coldly intellectual in his investigations into social tendencies, which he pursues to speculative regions. Laying shade on impalpable shade, his style becomes abstruse, allusive, overburdened, eloquently reticent.

Evil and ugliness he esteems for their æsthetic value; fineness of breeding is the desirable virtue in this Novel of Manners.

BARRIE.

Born humourist in the age when wit and the funny man are eliminating humour, yet not quite free from mannerisms of the comic paper.

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Patient explorer of social conditions, movements, and maladies. Whole sections of society are his personages, their atoms studied as products of environment, with the observant care of a determinist.

He addresses the intellect, rarely the emotions; yet the Science subserves Art: the literary epicure relishes the subdued beauty of style, the Zolaesque grandeur of this nether world in its multitudinous details. Nor does he underrate character and will; his Kirkwoods and Idas, less credible than the unillustrious many, betray an intuitive faith in mankind.

His pessimism jibes not at Providence, but, indicting Civilisation, uncovers both petty sins and criminal enormities.

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A Birthday Tribute to Herbert Spencer.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has just completed his eightieth year, having been born on April 27, 1820, and, though it is not customary to celebrate the birthday of a philosopher, an exception may fittingly be made in favour of one who towers above all others in the realms of thought. But though a tribute to Mr. Spencer will undoubtedly be generally considered appropriate at this time, it is somewhat difficult to produce a garland which will be pleasing to the general reader. For Mr. Spencer exists only in his books, and as these abound in sweeping generalisations and close reasoning, they are not quite so popular as the writings of Rudyard Kipling or Marie Corelli, and they have not yet reached the *édition de luxe* stage, as have the philosophical works of Mark Twain. With the majority of people the acquisition of new ideas is a difficult process, and the exercise of the brain is extremely fatiguing. Sir Walter Scott's humble friend and trusty henchman, Tom Purdie, used to declare that the reading of the Waverley Novels was a great comfort to him, for whenever he was off his sleep, which occasionally happened to him, he had only to take one of Sir Walter's novels, and before he had read two pages he was sure to fall into a refreshing slumber. It is much to be feared that, for producing exhaustion and bringing on drowsiness, profound philosophical books will be regarded by most people as immensely superior to anything which bears the name of the "Magician of Abbotsford."

But though Mr. Spencer's birthday is an interesting event, and will this year be more generally noticed than it has ever been before, it certainly will not bring forth anything in the way of those light gossipy personalities which the general public so much delights in. There is only one Spencer, the profound thinker and laborious worker, and he cannot be made to figure in any other character. It has been very different with one or two other philosophers. David Hume, for instance, as depicted in the pages of his biographer, John Hill Burton, and his clerical friend, "Jupiter" Carlyle, was at all times fond of *le mot pour rire*, and a regular frequenter of convivial gatherings like those of the "Poker Club," while he could roll off playful letters such as no philosopher has written before or since. He even carried his playfulness so far that on one occasion he wrote to Robertson, the historian, that he could not swallow certain expressions in the *History of Charles the Fifth*, adding the startling words: "No; I will see you d—d sooner!" One is scarcely prepared for that from the author of the *Treatise on Human Nature*. John Stuart Mill also had a personal side which was striking enough, for he had for many years a platonic affection for another man's wife, which moved his father to wrath and estranged him from many friends; while after his platonic affection blossomed into matrimony he was never weary of singing his wife's praises in an absurdly high key. These "anomalies" have greatly exercised the grave and learned gentlemen who have acted as Mill's biographers. Then the ascetic Auguste Comte had his Clotilde, and the grave Descartes his Princess

Elizabeth, while Voltaire, whom M. Levy-Bruhl, following the example of Kant, includes among the philosophers, appeared in absurd enough attitudes. But with Mr. Herbert Spencer the case is totally different. For we may safely dismiss as mythical those smart epigrammatic sayings and amusing anecdotes which are associated with his name, and of which the present writer has made a goodly collection. Doubtless these products of the imagination will possess some value at a future date, as affording interesting evidence of the way the popular mind believed that a profound thinker should speak and act under all conceivable circumstances. But Mr. Spencer bears no resemblance to his mythical portrait. In him we have the philosopher who has kept his door closed, and been entirely absorbed in his task, a huge one, demanding keen scientific perception, accurate observation, and precise generalisation. Made painfully aware in early manhood that his tenure of life was precarious, obliged for long periods to abandon work altogether, and at other times able to accomplish only an hour or two of work per day, he has been compelled to husband his resources and keep himself aloof from the distractions of the world. His *Synthetic Philosophy* is the greatest intellectual task ever accomplished by man, and yet it is the work of one who for fifty years has been more or less an invalid, and obliged from time to time to utter in the prefaces to his books despairing notes about his feeble health, and the uncertainty attending his future. There is nothing like this in the annals of literature. M. Taine approaches it, for when that gifted thinker settled down to his monumental work, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, he was aware that his time was short, and that he must labour with might and main to accomplish his task. But just as he neared the end he passed away, and we can only guess what his final summing up might have been. In magnitude, however, M. Taine's work, the entire work he had mapped out, falls far short of Mr. Spencer's. There is, indeed, no comparison that way, his *Synthetic Philosophy* being unique among the efforts of men.

The general public is undoubtedly aware that Mr. Spencer is a truly great man, and has learned something about him; but its knowledge of him has been caught on the wing, and is, therefore, superficial; and the real man and his work are known to only a very select audience. And from the nature of the case it could not be otherwise. For he has worked out a profound all-embracing formula of evolution, and he has applied that formula to every branch of phenomena; and he who believes that we have arrived at the age of reason, and that humanity is to be fashioned and led by knowledge and reasoned thought, has observed humanity to little purpose. As Renan puts it: "On subit le raisonnable, on ne le croit pas." In general, people are mostly influenced by feeling, and have merely a nodding acquaintance with reason. The result, in the case of Mr. Spencer, is obvious enough. He has acquired name and fame throughout the entire civilised world, and his name is truly "familiar in our mouths as household words"; but this familiarity is with his name only, and does not extend much further. His teaching has reached the public largely through the medium of opponents and hostile critics, who have distorted and misrepresented him, and made him appear ridiculous enough. Theologians, who, according to Buckle, are "remarkable for the certainty of their knowledge on subjects about which nothing is known," have treated him with the unfairness common to them; metaphysicians have refused his peace-offering, and mangled and mutilated him; and the teachers of the "new religion of the stomach" have poured out boiling hot vituperation and abuse. And these are not things of ancient history. Mr. W. H. Mallock has devoted a volume—*Aristocracy and Evolution*—to the work of demolishing a purely imaginary Spencer; while Prof. Paulsen, of Berlin, has lately been displaying an ignorance of Spencerian ethics which is

truly amazing. Even so recently as in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Prof. Ward, of Cambridge, closed a long *Brutum fulmen* by declaring that "However great Mr. Spencer's personal merits may be, his philosophy, I sincerely believe, deserves the worst that has ever been said of it." Truly, "it is a mad world, my masters"; and Mr. Spencer has had painful experience of the profound depth of his own philosophical doctrines.

Mr. Spencer's admirers are not always free from blame, and occasionally make statements which are inaccurate and misleading. There are writers who, like M. Gustave Le Bon, declare quite *ex cathedra* that Mr. Spencer's teaching is admirable so far as it goes, but that it requires at certain points to be supplemented by profounder views which have escaped the English philosopher. But whenever M. Le Bon condescends to pass from generals to particulars in support of his allegations, we find that "the profounder views" have all been fully elucidated by Spencer, and even clinched according to his custom by striking analogies. There are others who, like Prof. W. H. Hudson, would have us believe that Spencer's writings are "couched in a singularly condensed and unattractive style." But surely such individuals have paid little attention to authors and the styles appropriate to different kinds of subject-matter. From historians who mostly treat of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of men, we expect the free gait of a Macaulay or a Froude, and from prophets who generally pass large judgments on the universe without being at the trouble of trying to ascertain what it consists of, we look for the tingling rhetoric of a Ruskin or a Carlyle. And Spencer has always been careful to vary and adjust his style according to circumstances, using clear measured sentences when engaged in exposition, becoming at times placidly severe when dealing with critics, playfully ironical when handling palpable absurdities, and rising to grave and sober eloquence when face to face with the mystery which lies at the heart of things. There are passages in his writing as stately as anything in Milton's prose, while there are occasional little side-thrusts which pierce as deeply as any of Voltaire's winged arrows. The infinite eternal energy which underlies all phenomena, the awful periodicity of the universe, and

The moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go,

are never far from his thoughts, and prompt him at times to utter words which are not far removed from the emotional language of the poet. His lighter side is equally effective. Nothing could be neater than the passage where, after contrasting the conduct of rude tribes with that of Europeans during the greater part of the Christian era, noting in the one case the peaceful daily life and the resulting virtues, and in the other the political burglaries to acquire territory, and the long list of individual and national sins, he exclaims, "What a pity these heathens cannot be induced to send missionaries among the Christians!" If Spencer's profound views fly over the heads of most people, it is not for lack of style in presenting them, but simply because the road to the popular mind is so obstructed that bolts of close reasoning cannot be driven into it no matter how deftly the bolts are moulded.

And yet Spencer has triumphed, and triumphed unmistakably. When he finished his task, four years ago, he expressed surprise at his audacity in having undertaken it, and still greater surprise at having completed it. He might fittingly have added his surprise at the deep mark his teaching has made. For, notwithstanding misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse, and in spite of the hostility shown to him in our halls of learning and strongholds of tradition, his dominant note has caught on and leavened the thought of our time. It is true he is a philosopher, and the world is apt to dismiss philosophers and philosophies after the manner of Byron's lines:

When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said.

But Spencer cannot be dismissed in that summary manner, for he is not a philosopher after the manner of a Hegel, a mere resuscitated schoolman, spinning meaningless jargon and empty verbal symbols; and still less is he a philosopher after the fashion of a John Stuart Mill, an analyser of old theories and conceptions and a master of logical acuteness, but without any fresh gospel for humanity. Logical acuteness and power of subtle analysis Spencer possesses in a pre-eminent degree; but he has something more valuable—a distinctive message, and a distinctive message founded on the bed-rock of science. He has enriched us with a flood of new ideas, for he has given us the philosophic formula of evolution, and from that all-embracing base he has worked out the evolution of the solar system, of the totality of life upon the earth's surface, of conscious intelligence and the products of conscious intelligence. He has placed philosophy on a new foundation, and, relying solely on the materials furnished by science, he has raised a vast superstructure which covers the entire field of knowable phenomena, and includes what men are all interested in, the great questions of conduct, society, and religion. The old fanciful metaphysics are steadily disappearing in spite of the efforts bestowed upon their renovation, and the new Spencerian philosophy is steadily rising, for it has a message to mankind about the practical affairs of life and action. The extravagancies of the old metaphysics have had their day, and the philosophy of the imagination is being steadily supplanted by the philosophy of science, because the new philosophy is enriched with notes which must make it more and more acceptable to humanity. And the author of this new philosophy, this fresh message to mankind, which is destined to supplant the barren negations of a bygone age and the absurdities of the schoolmen and their descendants, has done his work well, and has played a great part. He has proved himself a daring explorer and skilful pathfinder and a profound interpreter of that complex phenomenon called civilisation. He has laboured to reconcile conflicting schools and creeds, to eliminate what is mere dross and meaningless words, and put men in possession of what is true and eternal. His gospel is essentially one of construction, of healing and of reconciliation. And the very criticism he has been subjected to is conclusive proof of how powerfully he has stirred the hearts of men.

In Memoriam R. A. M. S.

You are not here, and yet it is the spring—
The tide you loved, compact of sun and rain,
And all sweet life and colour wakening,
Losing your touch the world falls grey again.

With you we strayed through faery palaces,
Threaded green forests dark with ancient trees,
Solemn with pomp of immemorial shade,
Where by still pools the wood-nymphs bathed and
played:

Unconscious as a happy child at play,
Of all forgotten splendours you were free,
And all the present wealth of night and day—
O, you, and you alone, could lead the way,
Yours was the key.

Yours was the golden touch, O loved and lost,
Or ever the wintry years that bring the frost
Could blur your radiant spirit, you are fled.
Eld shall not make a mock of that dear head,
Nor Time account you with his tempest-tost.
Young with imperishable youth you sped:
Yours is the peace, ours the unnumbered cost.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

An Index Expurgatorius of Words.

IN a very interesting article on "English, Good and Bad," in last week's *Literature*, Mr. James R. Thursfield referred to a list of words and phrases which William Cullen Bryant forbade his contributors to use, when he was editing the New York *Evening Post*. The list is quoted by Mr. Fraser Rae in his book, *Columbia and Canada*, with no comment save a mention of Bryant's zeal for purity of speech. As it seems probable that many readers of the ACADEMY may like to have such a list by them, it is given below almost in full—a few needless Americanisms being omitted.

WORDS PROHIBITED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DO NOT USE	FOR
Above, or over	more than.
Action	proceeding.
Afterwards	afterward.
Aggregate	total.
Artiste	artist.
Aspirant	
Auditorium	auditory.
Authoress	
Average	ordinary.
Bagging	capturing.
Balance	remainder.
Banquet	dinner or supper.
Beat	defeat.
Bogus	
Call attention	direct attention.
Casket	coffin.
Claimed	for asserted.
Collided	
Commence	begin.
Conclusion	close, end.
Cortège	procession.
Couple	two.
Decade	ten years.
Debut	
Decase as a verb	
Develope	to expose.
Devouring element	fire.
Donate	
Employé	
Endorse	approve.
En route	
"Esq"	
Fall	autumn.
Freshet	flood.
Gents	
Graduates	is graduated.
Hardly	scarcely.
Humbug	
Inaugurate	begin.
Indebtedness	a debt.
In our midst	
Interment	burial.
Issue	question or subject.
Item	extract or paragraph.
Jeopardise	
Jubilant	rejoicing.
Juvenile	boy.
Lady	wife.
Last	latest.
Lengthy	long.
Leniency	lenity.
Loafer	
Loan	to lend.
Located	
Majority	more, relating to places or circumstances.
Materially	largely.
Mutual	common.
Nominee	candidate.
Notice	observe, mention.
Official	officer.
Oration	

DO NOT USE	FOR
Over his signature	
Pants	pantaloons.
Parties	persons.
Partially	partly.
Past two weeks	last two.
Polters	
Portion	part.
Prior to	before.
Progress	advance or growth.
Proximity	nearness.
Quite	prefixed to good, large.
Residence	house.
Raid	attack.
Realised	obtained.
Record	character or reputation.
Reliable	trustworthy.
Repudiate	reject or disown.
Resident	inhabitant.
Retire as an active verb	
Rev.	the Rev.
Rôle	the part.
Roughs	
Rowdies	
Seaboard	sea coast.
Section	district, region.
Sensation	noteworthy event.
Spending	passing.
Standpoint	point of view.
Start	begin, establish.
State	say.
Stopping	staying or sojourning.
Subsequently	afterward.
Taboo	
Take action	act or do.
Talent	talent, or ability.
Talented	
Tapis	
Tariff	schedule of rates.
Telegrams	despatches.
The decease	
Those wanting	those who want.
Transpose	occur.
Try an experiment	make an experiment.
Vicinity	neighbourhood.
Wharves	wharfs.
Which	in "which man."
Would seem	seems.

Although this list is interesting and helpful, it may be compared to a bag filled with bones of contention—and these fairly rattle. Take Bryant's first objection: "Above" is not to be used in the sense of "more than." That is to say, we may not write: "There are above a hundred misprints in this edition." Well, we should prefer "more than" a hundred here, but we dare not insist in face of the Bible sentence: "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once." Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, has "I heard a knocking for above an hour," and there are many other sanctions. For "over" in the sense of "more than" there can be no justification. The objection to "afterwards" for "afterward" seems fantastic. Aggregate is certainly often used when "total," "entire," or "whole" would be more correct. "Aggregate" pre-supposes that the elements forming a whole are separately visible, or are being contemplated. Hence, we think, one would say "the aggregate shipments of tea," but not the "aggregate export of tea."

"Artiste." Vile word, say the purists. But it and other vile words have something to say for themselves. It is said that you may not write:

artiste for artist,
official for officer,
scientist for man of science,
lengthy for long,

as if "artiste," "official," "scientist," and "lengthy" were vulgar synonyms for "artist," "officer," "man of science," and "long." They are not; and it is the fact that many words which appear to be corruptions of other words

are really rude but healthy offshoots, doing special duty. It is idle to contend that "artist" ought to be used in all cases where "artiste" is heard. "Artist" is one of the least precise words in the language, yet with all its breadth it can rarely be trusted to indicate the commonest types of artist—persons who are proficient in a small minor art, as distinct from one of the fine arts. A ballet-dancer, a hair-dresser, or a cook, is called an artiste because in such cases it has been found that "artist" requires a context or a qualification. In short, "artiste" is a useful, if ugly, variation of "artist," and it was improvised to do the work which "artist" failed to do. Coin a better word if you will, but meanwhile "artiste" has a right to exist. Similarly "official" is not usually used for "officer," as Bryant's injunction implies. There is a difference. An "officer" of the P. & O. Steamship Company is a captain or mate, in uniform; an "official" of the P. & O. Steamship Company is a man from the office, in a tall hat. No doubt journalists write of "officials" where they might write "authorities"; but there is a general and frequent need to distinguish between the "officer" with his badges and known duties and the "official" with his more disguised and indefinite power. "Scientist" may be a horrid word, but the circumlocution "a man of science" becomes too cumbrous in a scientific age. If people need a word, and their language has it not, they will make one in a hurry. They will adapt a cognate word according to some simple analogy or fancied law, and there is your word—not born, but manufactured. Can you complain that it exists, or expect it to be beautiful? "Lengthy" has been a good deal reviled, and its invention has been charged to Americans. As a matter of fact it is found in Gower. The justification of "lengthy" is that it relieves "long" of certain duties. So many things are long that, in the myriad action and interaction of daily speech, it was found convenient to describe some things as "lengthy." And so we say a "long pole" and a "lengthy argument." You may certainly speak of a long argument; but, if so, do you not imply in a subtle way that the argument, though long, began and ended on one occasion and without interruption; whereas "lengthy" suggests tedium, intermittence. Surely "lengthy annotations" is usually more exact than "long annotations." A "lengthy dispute" conveys more than a "long dispute"—you see that the quarrel rose and sank and wandered until everyone was sick of it. It becomes clear that many words rejected of the purists are really rough-hewn corner stones, filling crevices in the language.

One of Mr. Bryant's most doubtful prohibitions is that of "in our midst." Yet Mr. Thursfield is particularly glad to see this expression banned. Bryant gives no equivalent for "in our midst," and Mr. Thursfield excuses him by saying: "I suppose he thought that anyone with the slightest sense of grammar would see that a collective possessive pronoun cannot in such a collocation be substituted for a discretive genitive case." This sonorously begs the question. Surely there is room for argument. If we may not say "in our midst," meaning "in the midst of us," it must be wrong to say:

"in our absence" for "in the absence of us,"
 "sing your praises" for "sing the praises of you,"
 "to his dismay" for "to the dismay of John,"
 "on his behalf" for "on behalf of him."

Mr. Thursfield thinks that "in the midst" is always used in the Bible with the genitive case, never with the possessive. Perhaps. But Milton wrote in *Samson Agonistes*:

And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To show them feats.

On the whole, there seems to be no sound objection to "in our midst."

"Average" is no doubt abused, but we should defend it in the expression "the average man." It may be used for "ordinary" in many ways which we cannot stop to

define. Enough to quote Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology":

We mortals cross the ocean of this world
 Each in his average cabin of a life—
 The best's not big, the worst yields elbow-room.

What is the objection to "collided"? "Aspirant," "commence," "balance" (for a remainder not expressed in figures), and "claim" (for "assert") are all very properly condemned. "Couple" is too freely used, and "decease" as a verb is abominable. But "endorse" for "approve" has something to say for itself. You approve a course of action not yet carried out; you endorse an action already completed. In this sense endorse is a good word; nothing could be more significant. But when a speaker rises and says: "I endorse all that Mr. So-and-So says," he justly falls under Bryant's wrath. "Freshet" for "flood" is a leader-writer's word—a piece of professionalism. "Hardly" and "scarcely" should be discriminatively separated in one's mind. "Leniency" is not required, "lenity" being identical in meaning and nearer to the root. "Partially" is often used when "partly" would be better; and yet there is a distinction which often justifies the selection of "partially." "Partly" suggests that the part indicated is known and measured by the writer; "partially" suggests only a general incompleteness. "Record" for "character" or "reputation" is not pleasant.

"Retire" as an active verb (he was retired on a pension is not unpardonable in connexions where it is almost a technical term. "Rôle" was adopted because it was needed; and *métier* was brought in to reinforce it. It is our own fault that these words are rife. "Transpire" has never been defended; and "vicinity" seems to us to be the least useful word in the language. "Would seem" is a curious phrase. It is milder than "it seems"; but instead of "it would seem" write, if possible, "it almost seems." "Try an experiment" is nonsense. "Subsequently" is original sin.

Correspondence.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—May I give Mr. Logan my reasons for preferring Englander to Briton as the generic title of a subject of the Empire? In the first place, it makes no vain attempt to be inclusive. The compliment which the word "Briton" pays to Scotland and Wales is an insult to Ireland greater than any seeming slight given by "Englander." Again, "Briton" has a territorial and racial significance: Englander was coined with no such connotation. For the phrase "Little Englander" means one who would circumscribe the Empire, not one who would exclude Wales, Scotland, or even Ireland. Being a new word, its general adoption could be prefaced by the statement that it refers only to the centre of unity of the Empire. Having no racial significance it is better suited than Briton as a title of our Dutch and Indian fellow subjects. A great advantage would follow its use in that the term Briton or Englishman would be free from all ambiguity and would be confined to a native of that particular province.—I am, &c.,
 F. G. COLE.

Hull: April 21, 1900.

Suggestions Wanted.

SIR,—I wish to form a small library in country quarters which will include the best twenty novels published in the last ten years. Will you and your readers kindly assist me in making a selection? I would prefer that each year of the decade should be represented by one or two books. This point, however, is not essential. I simply wish in my small library to get the very best novels published in the ten years.—I am, &c.,
 "COUNTRY MOUSE."

April 21, 1900.

The Etymology of Beagle, &c.: The Effects of Gutturalization.

SIR.—The etymology of "beagle," the name of the small hunting dog, has baffled all our leading lexicographers—Murray (1888), Whitney (1889), Webster-Mahn (ed. 1890), Skeat (ed. 1898), who respectively label the word "derivation obscure," "origin unknown," "perhaps of Celtic origin" (absurd), "of unknown origin"; yet it seems to be capable of a very simple explanation. A free exercise of the element of comparison upon which Brachet was so fond of laying stress leads one inevitably to the conclusion that "beagle" is nothing more than a gutturalized form of "beadle."

It may be laid down as a phonetic law that the dental explosives (voiced *d*, voiceless *t*) when immediately followed by the dental liquid *l* are liable to conversion into the corresponding gutturals (*g*, *k*). Thus, if "beadle" be uttered very quickly the hearer will find it impossible to distinguish the sound from that of "beagle"; while the lower classes frequently call a fiddle a "figgle"; beetles, "beekles"; a whitlow, a "wicklow"; fettle, "feckle," &c.

Bearing this law in mind, we are now able to explain such surnames as Pegler and Biggle or Bickle or Bickell (where not representing Bighill), which are merely gutturalized forms of the original names Pedler and Biddle (Beadle) respectively; and also to state why, from a mistaken notion that the pronunciation was at fault, the brook Arkle Beck in Yorkshire has been turned into Artle Beck in Lancashire.

A clear testimony to the real existence of gutturalization is found in Joyce's *Irish Local Names Explained* (p. 4). He says that *d* is often changed to *g*, as in Drumgonnelly in Louth, which should have been Anglicised Drumdonnelly; compare also the use of *k* for *t* in the Doric dialect of Greek.

We first hear of the beagle in the fifteenth century. It seems plain, then, that the rough peasant youth of that period began to sportively apply to the hunting dog the name of the individual by whom they were frequently hunted—viz., the beadle, whose functions corresponded to those of the modern constable or detective; "beadle" in their coarse pronunciation becoming "beagle," which crept into the literary language as a separate word, to the confusion of etymologists for centuries afterwards. It is something more than a mere coincidence that "beadle" and "beagle" (fig. sense) stand in our dictionaries with practically the same significations.

We are now able to give the origin of another etymological puzzle: "beak," the slang word for a magistrate. Formerly, like "beadle," it meant a constable, an officer of justice. It is merely a shortening of "beagle," as "tec" is a slang abbreviation of "detective"; and, touching upon still another etymological uncertainty, it is not too much to claim that after all the Anglo-Saxon verb *bedian* (or, perhaps, *biddan*), "to beg," "to pray," is, under concession of French influence (O. Fr. *begard*), the ultimate source of "beg."—I am, &c.,

April 21, 1900.

HY. HARRISON.

George Wishart.

SIR.—I am much interested in the statement of the reviewer of Dr. Mitchell's *Scottish Reformation* to the effect that George Wishart's "coming" was in 1559. This destroys the scandalous old story that Beaton had Wishart strangled and burned in 1546. That Knox in childhood had been a pupil of Wishart's, "of him he learned the little Greek he knew," is also novel information. I know not whether more to admire the docility of Knox or

the miraculous precocity of Wishart: for Knox was eight or nine years old when Wishart, his Greek tutor, was born. This, at least, is the view of Mr. Hume Brown, and Laing was of the same opinion. That Knox, "strangely, took to the law" is, perhaps, not so strange, most notaries being clerics at that date, as I understand.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

1, Marloes-road, W.: April 21, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

HERBERT SPENCER:
THE MAN AND HIS WORK. BY HECTOR MACPHERSON.

On Mr. Spencer's eightieth birthday appears this study of his philosophical work. The author's aim is to "present to the reader Spencerism in lucid, coherent shape"—an excellent aim in which he has had the approval of Mr. Spencer. At the same time, Mr. Spencer "does not stand committed to the detailed treatment of the subject." (Chapman & Hall.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN
CHARLES MOLTENO. BY P. A. MOLTENO.

Sir John Charles Molteno was the first Premier of Cape Colony, and this biography, in two handsome volumes, scarcely needs other justification at the present time. It is full of matter for the reflection of politicians of all shades. Sir John Molteno was closely associated with Sir Bartle Frere, whose actions figure largely in the narrative. Mr. Molteno challenges some of the statements in Mr. Martineau's biography of Frere. (Smith, Elder. 2 vols. 28s.)

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF
A SAILOR! BY VICE-ADMIRAL
SIR WILLIAM KENNEDY.

This is not, as its title might indicate, a rollicking song or a jaunty little book of impressions; it is a vice-admiral's solid autobiography of nearly 350 pages. But the title has the right ring about it, and what follows it is the good old stuff about three-deckers and cutters, about China Seas, and wreck and battle; in short—fifty years of the Navy. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.)

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO.
BY THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

Mr. Bentley is a Baptist missionary of twenty-one years' experience on the Congo. While his narrative is essentially a missionary's, it contains much ethnological and political matter. Mr. Bentley writes with admiration of the "courage and enterprise" with which the Belgians have developed the Congo State. His two volumes are profusely illustrated with photographs. (Religious Tract Society. 2 vols. 16s. net.)

CARNATIONS AND PICOTEES FOR
GARDEN AND EXHIBITION. BY H. W. WEGUHLIN.

A very charmingly produced little book on a branch of horticulture which has its devotees in a noisy world. The chapter on "The Carnation in Town Gardens" will be useful to London amateurs. (Newnes.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Whitelaw (Robert), *The Sixth Æneid of Vergil, Translated*... (Over, Rugby)
Macdonell (Arthur A.), *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World:*
Sanskrit Literature..... (Heinemann) 1/0
Ives (George), *Eros' Throne*..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Monie (H. C. G.), *Ephesian Studies* (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
Hort (Fenton J. A.), *Village Sermons in Outline* (Macmillan)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Innes (A. D.), *The World's Epoch-Makers: Cranmer and the English Reformation* (T. & T. Clark) 3/0
Robinson (Chas. N.), *With Roberts to the Transvaal. Part II* (Newnes) 1/0
Allen (G. W.), *The Mission of Evil: A Problem Reconsidered* (Skeffington) 2/8
Massé (H. J. L. J.), *Cathedral Series: The Abbey Church of Tewkesbury* (Bell) 1/8
Macnamara (Nottidge C.), *Origin and Character of the British People* (Smith, Elder) 1/8
Bowles (Thomas Gibson), *The Declaration of Paris of 1856* (Sampson Low)
Balfourth (Ramsden), *Some Social and Political Pioneers of the Nineteenth Century* (Sonnenschein) 2/8

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Boddy (Alex. A.), *From the Egyptian Ramleh: Sketches of Delta Life and Scenes in Lower Egypt* (Gay & Bird)
Harpers' Guide to Paris and the Exposition of 1900 (Harper & Bros.) 3/8

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Birch (W. de Gray), *Catalogue of Seals in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. VI.* (The Trustees) 7/6
The Annual of the British School at Athens. No. V. (Macmillan) net
Warren (Henry), *How to Deal with Your Banker* (Grant Richards) 3/8
Tod (A. H.), *Handbooks to Public Schools: Charterhouse* (Bell) net
Warner (P. F.), *Crickets in Many Climes* (Heinemann) 7/6
Macdonald (J. J.), *Passmore Edwards Institutions (Strand Newspaper Co.)*
Jørgensen (Alfred), *Micro-Organisms and Fermentation. Third edition.* (Macmillan)
Harrison (Wyeleen), *Home Nursing* (Macmillan)
Allchin (W. H.), *A Manual of Medicine. Vol. I.* (Macmillan) net 7/6

NEW EDITIONS.

- Johnson (Samuel), *Rasselas. Edited by Justin Hannaford* (Greening) 3/8
Goldsmith (Oliver), *Temple Classics: Citizen of the World. 2 vols.* each 1/8

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

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The Twelve Most Popular Characters in Dickens.

Our Weekly Prize Competition.

RESULT OF NO. 31 (NEW SERIES).

In this competition for a list of the twelve most popular characters in Dickens, we stated that in judging we should resort to the *plébiscite* method, selecting for the prize the list which corresponded in the greatest number of items with the general sense. The list submitted by Mr. John P. Rapsey, 10, Glaskin Road, Hackney, contained eleven out of the twelve characters chosen by the popular vote. Mr. Rapsey's list is as follows:—

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mr. Pecksniff. | 7. Sam Weller. |
| 2. Mr. Pickwick. | 8. Sidney Carton. |
| 3. Mr. Micawber. | 9. Mr. Mantalini. |
| 4. Little Nell. | 10. Mark Tapley. |
| 5. "Sairey" Gamp. | 11. Captain Cuttle. |
| 6. Dick Swiveller. | 12. Peggotty, sen. |

THE POPULAR VOTE.

Compiled from all the Lists Submitted.

	VOTES.
1. Mr. Pickwick	61
2. Sam Weller	60
3. Mr. Micawber	59
4. Captain Cuttle	58
5. Mark Tapley	54
6. Little Nell	43
7. Mrs. Gamp	42
8. Sidney Carton	29
9. Mr. Pecksniff	27
10. David Copperfield	24
11. Dick Swiveller	23
12. Mr. Peggotty	16

Under 18 Votes.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----|
| 1. Oliver Twist..... | 15 |
| 2. Betsey Trotwood | 13 |
| 3. The Marchioness..... | 12 |
| 4. Traddles | 10 |
| 5. Mr. Mantalini..... | 9 |
| 6. Nicholas Nickelby | 8 |
| 7. Mrs. Nickelby | 8 |
| 8. Paul Dombey | 8 |
| 9. Tom Pinch | 7 |
| 10. Uriah Heep | 6 |
| 11. Flo Dombey..... | 5 |
| 12. Little Dorrit | 5 |

Other replies received from: A. H., London; T. A., London; A. W., London; A. E., London; L. L., Ramsgate; M. and A. A., Southport; H. S., Weston-super-Mare; J. T., Epsom; M. D. Beekham; R. O. B., London; C. London; E. S. B., Cardiff; D. F. H., London; S. B. Great Malvern; M. P., Wallingford; H. R., London; A. P., Wolverhampton; W. T. W., London; J. M. S. Y., Manchester; C. A., Glasgow; J. B. N., York; F. M., Sheffield; M. B., Liverpool; J. S., London; G. S., Eastbourne; G. E. B., Ascot; M. E. R., Tenby; R. C. W., Cheshire; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. W. B., Torrington; M. P. H., Hanwell; H. N. D., London; H. T. H., Newbury; C. A. E., Malvern; M. A., Eastbourne; C., Dorking; P. B., Bournemouth; J. D. W., London; A. E. B., Brighton; B. W., Sutton; M. F. L., Stafford; J. F. F., Didcot; A. N. R., London; J. H. S., Manchester; J. G., Doncaster; C. C., Edinburgh; E. G. B., Liverpool; M. M. C., Greenboro; E. H. H., London; M. E. T., London; C. M., Ballater; C. R., Ballater; C. B., Clifton; H. G. H., Ruswarp; R. L., Glasgow; M. M., Edinburgh; S. D. A., Bideford; M. R., Falkirk; A. E. G., London; F. W., Oxford; C. F., Hastings; E. L., Burton-on-Trent.

Competition No. 32 (New Series).

ALTHOUGH Cowper's "History of John Gilpin" is artistically complete, it is still a tale unfinished. Gilpin, pursued by "six gentlemen upon the road," wins the race to town and arrives safely home. But what of Mrs. Gilpin and the children? They are still at the Bell Inn at Edmonton. How did they return? And what passed when the Gilpin family, reunited round their own table in Cheapside, reviewed the adventures of the day? We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best attempt to supply this information in four or five stanzas which might properly precede the last (existing) stanza of the ballad. Cowper's four final verses run:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

[Here insert the new stanzas.]

Now let us sing, long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 376, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

SINCE the foundation of the Royal Literary Fund in 1773, nearly £130,000 has been distributed "unostentatiously, secretly, and sympathisingly," to quote Lord Russell of Killowen's words, who presided at the annual dinner on Wednesday. The income of the Society is £2,000 a year, and its expenditure £3,000 a year. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who responded for "Literature," remarked that they had to face the fact that to the mass of the people literature was a blank page. In his opinion the duty of the author was to choose, not the most exalted audience, but the best audience that he was capable of reaching, and when he had chosen it to do the best work he could. The duty of the critic was to recognise what audience the author was capable of reaching, not to take him too seriously, and not to tell him that, because he could not achieve the highest of all things, therefore he was not worth anything at all. It is a new experience to find an author saying that critics should not take authors too seriously.

NOTHING seems to affect Mr. Bernard Shaw's high spirits. To embellish an amusing interview in *Sketch* he has permitted himself to be photographed as a vagrant on crutches begging by a wayside. The picture is called "Mr. George Bernard Shaw supporting himself in the intervals of play-writing." But there does not appear to be much interval, as we are told that he is now working on "a very daring play on the subject of 'Don Juan,' and preparing for the press a volume to be called *Three Plays for Puritans*, the plays being 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion.'"

"COUNTRY MOUSE" asked last week in our Correspondence columns for the names of "the best twenty novels published in the last ten years." "I would prefer," he added, "that each year of the decade should be represented by one or two books." Messrs. James McGeachy & Co., of Glasgow, send us the following in answer to "Country Mouse's" appeal: "When we consider that during a decade several thousands of novels are published it is not surprising that a very large percentage of these pass into oblivion in a few months after date of issue. The romance that may be read more than once is not often met with. Those novels that survive must have qualities which appeal to the constantly changing novel-reading public. The following list is made up chiefly of such as have stood the test of several years and are still in demand:

- 1889. *Robbery Under Arms*, by Rolf Boldrewood.
- 1890. *Lady Baby*, by Dorothea Gerard.
- Kirsteen*, by Mrs. Oliphant.
- 1891. *The Little Minister*, by J. M. Barrie.
- The White Company*, by A. Conan Doyle.
- 1892. *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, by George Meredith.
- Children of the Ghetto*, by Israel Zangwill.
- 1893. *Many Inventions*, by Rudyard Kipling.
- A Gentleman of France*, by Stanley J. Weyman.

- 1894. *Prisoner of Zenda*, by Anthony Hope.
- The Raiders*, by S. R. Crockett.
- 1895. *The Honour of Savelli*, by S. Levett-Yeats.
- 1896. *The Sowers*, by H. S. Merriman.
- On the Face of the Waters*, by F. A. Steel.
- Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, by Thomas Hardy.
- 1897. *St. Ives*, by R. L. Stevenson.
- The Nigger of the Narcissus*, by Joseph Conrad.
- Aylwin*, by Theodore Watts-Dunton.
- 1898. *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett.
- John Splendid*, by Neil Munro.
- 1899. *Young April*, by Egerton Castle."

THE *Daily News*, in a leaderette the other day, made two disturbing statements:

We are told that the robberies of show-cases at public institutions, one of which occurred at the Natural History Museum, Kensington, last Sunday week, date from the appearance of a certain story by a famous novelist.

We are informed that the diffusion of *Stalky & Co.* among schoolboys is apt to increase the difficulties of maintaining discipline and a respect for school regulations. The Headmaster of a large public school tells us that he attributes a recent misdemeanour of a pupil directly to the influence of that work.

Who is the popular novelist of the first paragraph, and what is the title of the story?

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON, who won our prize for the best topographical essay, has lately finished a long novel dealing with the Regency period, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are publishing this spring under the title of *A Lady of the Regency*.

APROPÓS of Dr. Jessop's outspoken and somewhat depreciatory article on Borrow in last Monday's *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Lowerison sends the following interesting fragment to our contemporary:

The landlord of the Ferry Inn at Oulton Broad knew George Borrow very well. I remember five years ago asking him how he liked the author of *Lavengro*.

"Didn't like him at all," was the gruff response.

"At least," I said, "he was a scholar and a gentleman."

"Scholar be d—," replied Boniface, "an' gentleman he weren't; never came into my bar but he quarrelled with everyone there, and crack'd 'em out to fight, An' when he weren't fightin' himself he were eggin' others on to."

And that was George Borrow.

But all the same I'll e'en take down the *Romany Rye* and talk with the gipsies ere I sleep to-night.

MR. THEODORE ANDREA COOK has resigned the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*, and has entirely ceased his connexion with that paper. Mr. Cook, it will be remembered, succeeded Mr. Hugh Chisholm last autumn.

WE regret to hear that Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been obliged, as the consequence of overwork, to cease writing for a time. His new novel, *Sons of the Morning*, is almost completed.

Messrs. Duckworth publish this week Prof. Herford's metrical translation of Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*, which he pronounces to be "without doubt the finest of the few plays of Ibsen which still remain inaccessible to the English reader." A portion of the present translation appeared in the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and we then quoted some of Prof. Herford's lines. *Love's Comedy* is a satire on Marriage as the fulfilment of Love. Ibsen's attitude is pithily defined by Prof. Herford in his Introduction, in which, after laying down that there are two men in Ibsen, the idealist and the critic, he says :

Love, for the idealist Ibsen, is a passion which loses its virtue when it reaches its goal, which inspires only while it aspires, and flags bewildered when it attains. Marriage, for the critic Ibsen, is an institution beset with pitfalls into which those are surest to step who enter it blinded with love. In the latter dramas the tragedy of married life is commonly generated by other forms of blindness—the childish innocence of Nora, the maidenly ignorance of Helena Alving, neither of whom married precisely "for love"; here it is blind Love alone who, to the jealous eye of the critic, plays the part of the Serpent in the Edens of wedded bliss. There is, it is clear, an element of unsolved contradiction in Ibsen's thought—Love is at once so precious and so deadly, a possession so glorious that all other things in life are of less worth, and yet capable of producing only disastrously illusive effects upon those who have entered into the relations to which it prompts. But with Ibsen—and it is a grave intellectual defect—there is an absolute antagonism between spirit and form. An institution is always, with him, a shackle for the free life of souls, not an organ through which they attain expression; and since the institution of marriage cannot but be, there remains as the only logical solution that which he enjoins—to keep the soul's life out of it. To "those about to marry," Ibsen therefore says in effect: "Be sure you are not in love!" And to those who are in love he says: "Part!"

It is well that *Love's Comedy* should have its English readers. We may remark, however, that its publication just now will probably increase the feeling of pause and bewilderment which is coming over Ibsen's disciples in this country. For the effort to understand the later Ibsen will hardly be helped by this new inrush of the Ibsen of 1862.

SOME of the unpublished Cowperiana, of which Mr. Thomas Wright gave an account at Olney last week, are interesting. Take the following passage on women, from a letter to Mr. Samuel Rose in 1790. Speaking of Lady Hesketh, Cowper says: "To a person indifferent to her, or to whom she bears a dislike, she is all smiles on all occasions, but not such always to those whom she loves and values. Then, if she feels herself inclined to scratch, she scratches without ceremony, and this is the manner of all the ladies I ever knew, and I question if you will ever meet with an exception." If Cowper knew women, he also knew children, and with these he could play games by the hour. One little boy, who always called him Mr. Toot, gave Lady Hesketh a sprig of box one morning, requesting her to hand it to Mr. Toot as a present from himself. Cowper acknowledged the gift in a couplet:

Dear Tom! my Muse this moment sounds your praise,
And turns at once your sprig of box to bays.

Desiring Hayley's portrait he writes to him:

Achilles and Hector and Homer and all,
When your face appears shall come down from the wall,
And mine, theme of many an angry remark,
Shall then hide its pickpocket looks in the dark.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S forthcoming study of Thomas Girtin will, we may hope, do much to secure to the memory of a brilliant young artist the reverence that is its due. Girtin is little more than a name to the ordinary lover of pictures, but those whose sympathies are especially

with the old English landscapists, with Crome and Constable and Bonington and Prout, are aware that Girtin took to his early grave the seeds of greatness. In the introductory essay which will accompany the book Mr. Binyon says:

The circumstances of Girtin's life, his companionship with Turner, his early death, would render him always interesting. The fate which in that same period removed from poetry Shelley, Keats, and Byron, in their youth or in their prime, removed from painting one who, though his name could never have the splendour which attaches to these names, insomuch as the field he worked was in itself less glorious, exalted, and conspicuous, yet had developed his powers in a life as brief as Keats's, with a perhaps surer and completer progress. His promise was wonderful, yet his performance showed already many noble and satisfying works, works of real maturity.

The book will be issued by Messrs. Seeley.

THE Dedication Fanciful is exemplified by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in his new book *Three Men on the Bummel*:

TO THE GENTLE
GUIDE,

WHO LETS ME EVER GO MY OWN WAY, YET BRINGS ME RIGHT-
TO THE LAUGHTER-LOVING
PHILOSOPHER,

WHO, IF HE HAS NOT RECONCILED ME TO BEARING THE TOOTH-
ACHE PATIENTLY, AT LEAST HAS TAUGHT ME THE COMFORT
THAT THIS EVEN WILL ALSO PASS—

TO THE GOOD
FRIEND,

WHO SMILES WHEN I TELL HIM OF MY TROUBLES, AND WHEN
WHEN I ASK FOR HELP, ANSWERS ONLY "WAIT!"—

TO THE GRAVE-FACED
JESTER,

TO WHOM ALL LIFE IS BUT A VOLUME OF OLD HUMOUR-
TO GOOD MASTER

Time

THIS LITTLE WORK OF A POOR
PUPIL
IS DEDICATED.

The Bummel, by the way, is not a river, as its sound somehow suggests.

"It has been a pleasant Bummel, on the whole," said Harris; "I shall be glad to get back, and yet I am sorry it is over, if you understand me."

"What is a 'Bummel'?" said George. "How would you translate it?"

"A 'Bummel,'" I explained, "I should describe as a journey, long or short, without an end, the only thing regulating it being the necessity of getting back within a given time to the point from which one started."

THE Dedication Incomprehensible is exemplified in Miss Fiona Macleod's new book, composed of three "studies in spiritual history," called *The Divine Adventure, Iona, and By Sundown Shores*. Miss Macleod's dedication runs as follows:

THE WIND, SILENCE, AND LOVE
FRIENDS WHO HAVE TAUGHT ME MOST:
BUT SINCE, LONG AGO, TWO WHO ARE NOT FORGOTTEN
WENT AWAY UPON THE ONE, AND DWELL, THEMSELVES
REMEMBERING, IN THE OTHER, I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO

EALASAI DH

WHOSE LOVE AND SPIRIT LIVE HERE ALSO.

A VALUABLE collection of autograph letters, the property of the late Chevalier de Chatelain, will be sold by auction at Sotheby's on Saturday, May 5. Several interesting

letters of George Eliot's are among the number. To Dr. Alexander Main, the editor of the "George Eliot Birthday Book," she writes, with curious punctuation:

I have just learned from Messrs. Blackwood, that they have agreed with you concerning the Birthday Book. When your letter came I had already referred the decision to Mr. Blackwood. Mr. Lewes and I having no acquaintance with this new mode of serving up authors. Since then Mr. Blackwood has sent me the Tennyson specimen, and I must say that I think it exceedingly ill done. The extracts are too numerous and too short. The effect is dotting and feeble. This is not the Poet's fault, and I think the presentation of our beloved Tennyson in this book is cruelly inadequate. It is probably too late now to mention Mr. Lewes's wish that there should be a good sprinkling of the best quotations from my Poems and poetical mottoes. But I confide in your having done something very different from the work of Tennyson's Editor. I should like you to remember for a Spring month, the motto in *Deronda*, beginning "Fairy folk a listening" and for a Winter's month, the motto in *Middlemarch* beginning "Surely the golden hours are turning grey." And will you permit me to say, that the only peccant tendency I can accuse you of, as a selector, is a not always strict obedience to that precious rule. Nothing too much? Perhaps it would have been better not to have made the volume of "Sayings" quite so bulky. Not that this is any business of mine.

THERE was really no need for Mr. Shorter to apologise, as he does, for annotating Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, the seventh and concluding volume of the "Haworth" edition (Smith, Elder). It would be strange indeed if the labours of Brontë enthusiasts had not rendered some annotation absolutely necessary. No one is more competent to apply it than Mr. Shorter, who, however, makes generous acknowledgment of his debts to other investigators. One of the attractions of this edition will be found in a number of unpublished letters written by Charlotte Brontë to her publisher, Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Another prize—the letter in which Mr. Brontë definitely asked Mrs. Gaskell to write the biography of his daughter — has been unearthed, and is given by Mr. Shorter. We take the liberty to transcribe it:

TO MRS. GASKELL, MANCHESTER.

Haworth, near Keighley: June 16, 1855.

My dear Madam,—Finding that a great many scribblers, as well as some clever and truthful writers, have published articles in newspapers and tracts respecting my dear daughter Charlotte since her death, and seeing that many things that have been stated are untrue, but more false (*sic*); and having reason to think that some may venture to write her life who will be ill-qualified for the undertaking, I can see no better plan under the circumstances than to apply to some established author to write a brief account of her life and to make some remarks on her works. You seem to me to be the best qualified for doing what I wish should be done. If, therefore, you will be so kind as to publish a long or short account of her life and works, just as you may deem expedient and proper, Mr. Nicholls and I will give you such information as you may require.

I should expect and request that you would affix your name, so that the work might obtain a wide circulation and be handed down to the latest times. Whatever profits might arise from the sale would, of course, belong to you. You are the first to whom I have applied. Mr. Nicholls approves of the step I have taken, and could my daughter speak from the tomb I feel certain she would laud our choice.

Give my respectful regards to Mr. Gaskell and your family, and

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Yours very respectfully and truly,

P. BRONTË.

We shall deal with this volume, which is admirably illustrated, at an early date.

We understand that the *History of the Boer War* now being issued in fortnightly parts by Messrs. Methuen, and noticed by us in another column, is being written by Mr. F. H. E. Cunliffe.

In a well-reasoned article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, on "The Modern Parent," Mr. Stephen Gwynn stands up for old-fashioned methods in the training of children as against the kindergarten system and the advanced theories of the Sesame Club:

By Froebel's system even the rudiments are expressly prohibited till a child is six, and, so far as I can make out, reading is discouraged afterwards. A very clever parent was explaining to me not long ago that his very clever little son was not taught to read because little boys invariably put themselves into unhygienic attitudes over a book. They read doubled up, and that is bad for their digestions; or they read lying on their stomachs, and that is bad for their eyes. For my own part, I would risk the hygiene for the sake of the education. . . . It is rare for boys to go to school possessing anything that can really be called knowledge; but those who do have invariably got their knowledge by miscellaneous reading in books which they only half comprehended. It is not a habit that is acquired at school, where every hour has its fixed occupation—that is to say, that the average child has only five or six years, say from six to twelve, in which to form it. And I confess that I should be unwilling to postpone the chance of acquiring this habit even to the most scientific instruction in building bricks or in making mud-pies. In short, I would teach a child first of all how to read, because by teaching him to read you put him in possession of the employment which of all others is the most delightful to many children, and those the most intelligent; because you enable him to amuse himself quietly; and because you give him the best chance to find out what sort of things really interest him in life. You open the door to that cultivation of his own mind by himself which is the most important of all.

THE report of the Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute for 1899-1900 has some interesting features besides its general cheerfulness. The library now contains more than twenty thousand volumes, and about nine thousand borrowers' tickets are in circulation. A list of the occupations of borrowers is curious, its peculiarities being fairly well represented in the following selection:

Beadle	1	Nurses	3
Barnmaids	8	Oil and Colourmen	3
Carman	1	Pew Opener	1
Cigar Sorter	1	Railway Guards	4
Commercial Clerks	2242	Railway Ticket Sorters	10
Solicitors' Clerks	177	Schoolmasters	4
Cook	1	Students	13
Editor	1	Tailors	8
Investigating Officer	1	Telegraphists	22
Lift Attendants	6	Valuer	1

The reference department of the library contains more than seven thousand volumes and a valuable collection of prints of old London.

MR. ALFRED W. BENNETT, who has been a subscriber to the ACADEMY from No. 1 (*i.e.*, from 1869), suggests the following additions to the Bryant list of words wrongly used by many popular writers:

DO NOT USE

FOR

à fortiori	a fortiori.
à posteriori	a posteriori.
à priori	a priori.
eliminate	separate.
once he had done it	as soon as he had done it, or once having done it.
phenomenon	something remarkable,
phenomenal	
those sort of things	that sort of thing.

OF Edmond Rostand's home surroundings an interesting account is given by an "occasional correspondent" of the *Daily News*. And Rostand himself?

There is no portrait which one sees that gives the true Rostand. . . . The forehead now loftier than ever, the features are perhaps more pinched, and there is a wrinkle here and there. A cigarette between the fingers always. A nervous, tired, anxious air at all times, the shy look of the man who is self-centred, or, rather, always preoccupied with some ideal. A soft, low voice which in its rare moments rises rich and full, eloquent above others. No gestures. Only now and then a weary wave of the hand, as the fine head rolls from one side of the Voltaire chair to the other. An extreme, a polished courtesy. Manners which go better with the Louis XV. cartel than with the Louis XVI. furniture. In the sleepy eyes occasional flashes which show who there is behind this mask of extreme fatigue.

MR. J. POTTER BRISCOE, F.R.H.S., F.L.A., of the Central Free Library, Nottingham, writes: "For Mr. Sandwell's information, I may state that Ella Wheeler Wilcox was made known in England a quarter of the century ago. About January, 1875, there was published by Mr. Kempster a volume of temperance verses from that lady's pen. This was entitled *Drops of Water*, and had been previously published in New York under the same title—in 1872. At this period she was Miss Ella Wheeler. In 1884 she married Mr. Robert M. Wilcox, when she wrote under her husband's surname but retained both her maiden names.

Bibliographical.

PRACTICALLY no notice has been taken of the Dryden bi-centenary of Tuesday last. It is, indeed, permissible to doubt whether any interest is now taken in Dryden outside the boundaries of the cultured classes. His case is not like that of Cowper. "John Gilpin" is still read by children, and remembered by them when they grow up; possibly, too, the average man and woman has known and remembers something of *The Task*. But who reads Dryden? He is dead as a dramatist, though his "Secret Love" was revived for a single afternoon some few years ago, and though his "King Arthur," I fancy, was performed lately, somewhere, for the sake of the music which was written for it. Of the plays as a whole, the latest edition is that of Scott as edited by Mr. Saintsbury in 1882-93. That, I presume, is out of print. A selection from the plays would probably sell, but no one has attempted it. Of the poems there was a new edition so recently as 1893. Prior to that, the handiest was the "Globe" volume of Messrs. Macmillan. So lately as 1893 Mr. J. C. Collins edited the Satires. Of the critical essays a reprint is to be forthcoming shortly; if we except a reprint of the "Dramatic Poesy," we have had nothing of Dryden's prose since Prof. Morley republished a few Discourses in 1886. One proof of the lack of life in Dryden's work lies in the rarity of the critical comments it arouses. Of set criticisms of Dryden there have been, of late years, very few. Indeed, I am inclined to think that there has been no notable essay of the kind since Lowell wrote that which he afterwards included in *Among My Books*.

Of criticism of Milton, too, the literary world has not, of late years, been rife. Nearly every biographer of the poet—from Johnson and Hayley on the one hand, to George Gilfillan, James Montgomery, David Masson, W. M. Rossetti, Mark Pattison, and Dr. Garnett on the other—has indulged more or less in appreciative or depreciative pronouncement on his works; and we have, of course, the time-honoured dissertations of Addison,

Coleridge, Channing, and so forth, to consider. But who is still the critic of Milton *par excellence*? Why, "good old" Macaulay, to be sure! No other commentator has made any abiding impression upon the public. His famous essay was reprinted last year, as it had been in 1896; its first separate issue was, I think, as far back as 1868. All of which goes to prove that Prof. Raleigh, in composing an estimate of Milton, and devoting a volume to it, is venturing into a field in which, among the later moderns, he has no very formidable competitor. I do not know that there is much that is novel to say about Milton: but if there are any new points to be urged, no doubt Mr. Raleigh is the man to discover them.

The new volume in Messrs. Gay & Bird's "Bibelot" series will consist, it seems, of *The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*. Will this be a new selection, or the reproduction of an old one? The first ever made was the work of an American, copies being circulated in this country in 1858. Two years later came what may be called the authorised collection of the *Wit and Wisdom*, which had, of course, a London publisher. Since then we have had a little book of selections edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and a collection of the Canon's *bon mots* printed with *bon sens* by Sheridan. There is room for an entirely new representation of Sydney Smith's wit and wisdom, but, to be adequate, it must considerably overpass the limits of a "Bibelot."

I have been able to do little more than glance at Mr. Lane's bibliography of Mr. Kipling; but I see that it has the great merit, not only of giving ordinary bibliographical information, but of supplying alphabetical lists of all the stories and the poems, with indications of the particular volume in which each of them is to be found. This will be extremely useful for purposes of reference. The bibliography comes down only to 1899; we cannot therefore, blame Mr. Lane for omitting from his "Books Relating to Mr. Kipling" the *Kipling Primer*, which we owe to Mr. F. L. Knowles, and which has only lately appeared. Mr. Lane might, however, have noted the publication, at Birmingham, last year, of *The Kipling Guide Book*, a neat little compilation by Mr. William Robertson.

Very welcome, no doubt, will be Sydney Dobell's *Hours in War Time* when it appears in Mr. Elkin Mathews's projected "Vigo Cabinet" series. Much, however, will depend upon the scope of the book. Why not give us the whole of *England in War Time* (published in 1856), and along with it, Dobell's sonnets on the Crimean War (published in 1855)? We shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile, the reader may be reminded that the little book of *Selected Poems* by Dobell, included in the "Canterbury Poets" (1887), contains a very fair selection from Dobell's war poetry.

I asked the other day, parenthetically, whether William Black had introduced Shakespeare in person into his story called *Judith Shakespeare*. I have not been instructed on that point, nor have I had time to look into the book myself; but a correspondent tells me that at least the bard was not brought bodily into a play called "Judith Shakespeare," which was performed "some six or seven years ago" at one of the Stratford memorial performances. "The nearest approach to the actual Shakespeare," says my informant, "was the reading, by the poet hero from London, of extracts from the new play, 'The Tempest.'" I suppose this "Judith Shakespeare" play was that which the late Dr. Aveling based upon Mr. Black's romance, and which was produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1894.

The same correspondent says: "I do not think Mr. Merivale's 'Lyrics of Pericles' could have been used [in the recent performance of "Pericles" at Stratford]. I heard the play on the 28th inst., and cannot trace any resemblance in the lines you quoted to anything that I heard." THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Babylonian Blandishments.

Doctrines and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock.
(Adam & Charles Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

ANGLICAN thinkers, says Mr. Mallock, are moving in a kind of mist. Of the four parties into which, according to him, the Church of England is divided, the Ritualist says that the Apostolic Succession is the one thing needful, "because by its means, and by its means alone, the clergy are invested with a species of miraculous power which enables them to renew the sacrifice of Christ's actual body and blood." The moderate High Church, represented on the same authority by Canon Gore, also thinks the Apostolic Succession essential, but declares that "the Church of England does not require any exact or explicit expression of belief in regard to it." On the other hand, the Bishop of Hereford, speaking for the Low Church, tells us that "the doctrine of a divinely ordered priestly authority [is precisely the error that] the Reformation really banished from our Church"; while the Broad Church, to quote a phrase that Mr. Mallock puts into its mouth rather than takes from it, thinks that "of all heresies the greatest and most deadly is that which would limit God's revelation of Himself to one age, or to one type of character, or to one system of thought." These are serious differences, and Mr. Mallock has no difficulty in finding others quite as serious, though it may be not so logically complete. Lord Halifax says, as Mr. Mallock puts it, that for "doctrinal Christians the Virgin-birth of Christ is the foundation of their whole religion"; but many other Christians quite as doctrinal think that the miraculous birth of Christ did not form part of the primitive Christian teaching. The High Church, and perhaps rather less vehemently the Low, still assert their belief in the miracles recorded (say) in the Gospel of Mark; but the Broad Church either try to explain them as distorted versions of natural events, or else flatly deny their belief in them altogether. Never, perhaps, has any religious body been so seamed and split as is the Church of England at the present moment by the diverse opinions of its members upon points which appear vital to the faith. At first sight it would seem impossible that a kingdom so divided against itself should stand.

By assigning the march of Biblical criticism as the ultimate cause of these divisions, Mr. Mallock has touched the point with a needle. When the (Reformed) Church of England first came into existence, the direct inspiration of the Bible and its function as the last appeal of Christians were so universally admitted that no party in the Church ever thought of disputing them. Mr. Mallock might well indeed have strengthened his case in this respect by quoting the XXth Article, wherein it is said that "although the Church be a Witness and a Keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for the necessity of salvation." And that this inspiration was held to extend to the letter as well as to the spirit of the text no one who knows the state of learning at the time of the Reformation can reasonably doubt. But now that the cause of criticism, after much hard fighting, has triumphed all along the line, the situation has entirely changed. "The most decisive step of all," Mr. Mallock quotes with approval from Prof. Harnack, "was taken when it was agreed that the understanding and the exposition of the Old and New Testaments were neither to be regulated by any 'creed' nor be allowed, out of regard to the sacredness of the text, to make use of other methods than those universally recognised in the spheres of philology and history." And the use of these methods has resulted, to quote Mr. Mallock's summary of the Dean of Canterbury's utterance, in the Bible being

put before us, "not as a book, but as a body of religious literature whose various parts were produced, under widely different circumstances, by men who differed in knowledge and were in different frames of mind; and every part represents the peculiar circumstances of its composition—the education and temper of its author, the ideas and the superstitions of his time, and the sort of opportunities he possessed of acquainting himself of the events described by him." The last appeal of Christians, in fact, has transformed itself into a sort of lucky bag out of which you may draw the truth or you may not. "We cannot," says the Dean of Canterbury, "accurately say that the Bible is the Word of God," but only that "it contains the Word of God." Mr. Mallock does not over-state his case when he tells us that the "inspired and infallible portions [of the Bible] can convey to us no instruction till some authority altogether outside the Bible is able to tell us which these infallible portions are."

Where this authority should in his judgment be looked for no one who remembers the note first struck by Mr. Mallock in his *New Republic* can doubt. The case for doctrinal Christianity is, he tells us, not hopeless. The Church of Rome "is most clearly shown to be the one Christian body still possessing the means of presenting Christian doctrine to the modern world as a body of truths supported by a system of definite proof, and [sic] destined, like other truths, to develop as knowledge widens." Hence it behoves every Anglican who finds his soul vexed by the complete overthrow of the authority which he has hitherto found sufficient to him, to get himself cured of his heresy without delay, and to come to the motherly arms of her who can alone give him rest.

Rome is the only Church representing itself as an ever-living and articulate individual, which at no period of its existence has lost any one of its faculties, but is able every day to reaffirm, with a living voice, every doctrine which it has ever authoritatively enunciated in the past—to reaffirm it now in virtue of the same supernatural knowledge; and to re-affirm it, moreover, with an ever-deepening meaning.

Such is the cup of allurements which she of the Seven Hills extends to her admirers by the hands of her self-constituted messenger Mr. Mallock. Of the consequences of its acceptance we need not speak; but it may be as well to say something about the argument under cover of which it is put forward.

Now, with great part of Mr. Mallock's case we have no serious quarrel. Some exception might, indeed, be taken to the nature of his evidence; and we are not sure that he is always right in the parts he assigns to his adversaries. It is not the noisiest spokesmen who are generally the best accredited, and we do not exactly see on what principle Lord Halifax is singled out as the typical representative of the High or Mrs. Humphry Ward of the Broad Church. Neither do we believe that, as Mr. Mallock says, "many Christian bodies are abandoning doctrinal Christianity" altogether. But we are much inclined to believe that the very outspoken language of the Higher Critics has at last produced its effect within the Church of England, and that the issue of a work like Canon Cheyne's *Biblical Cyclopædia*, for instance, is a sign that some of its most learned members have either accepted or are preparing themselves to accept Prof. Harnack's shibboleth. We may even go further, and say that we see no logical means of escape from Mr. Mallock's argument that, by the undermining of the authority of the Bible, Anglicanism has lost its chiefest sanction. But does it follow from this that all Anglicans should, therefore, throw in their lot with the Church that Mr. Mallock represents, or that they would be any better off if they did? For Prof. Harnack's critical method is quite as destructive of the Roman position as it is of the Anglican. The claim that Rome has authority to pronounce upon the faith to be attached to the Bible rests, Mr. Mallock

tells us, upon unbroken tradition; but what wild work would not the Higher Criticism make among these same traditions! Are we to be driven from our belief in the Virgin Birth to take shelter behind the Petrine claims, or to abandon the miracles of Mark for those of Eginhard? As it is, the one tradition which the Higher Criticism has shown to have been universal in the ante-Nicene Church—viz., the nearness of the Second Advent—has been proved, not by the critics, but by the facts, to be false.

We think, also, that Mr. Mallock is wrong in attributing to the question such extreme urgency as he would wish to do. Biblical criticism, whether within or without the pale of Christianity, is in itself no new thing; and Marcion, Cardinal Cajetano, and Voltaire each in his turn exposed the inconsistencies of the Old Testament long before the German school of criticism was born to set us all right. Yet the Churches have always shown themselves very slow in abandoning their entrenched positions; and nothing could well be more inept, in this regard than Canon Gore's unfortunate remark (several times quoted by Mr. Mallock) that the changes produced by the adoption of a scientific Biblical criticism are as great as "the changes involved in the acceptance of the heliocentric theory." When we consider that, fifty years after the establishment of the Reformed religion in this country, Lord Bacon, who was surely one of the most learned and logical of Protestants, is found strenuously denying the heliocentric theory of Copernicus, which his no less logical and nearly as learned co-religionist Sir Isaac Newton was the first to make really popular a hundred years later, we may be sure that it will be some time before the Church of England feels herself called upon to find her way out of the dilemma stated, on the whole with fairness, by Mr. Mallock. When she does—and we may venture to think that this will probably not be until the sufficiently technical theories of the Higher Critics have filtered down from the few educated and interested Anglicans who are now grappling with them to the less informed and more indifferent masses who form the bulk of the Anglican as of every other Church—we think her leaders may be trusted to find a way for her, and that it will not be that indicated by Mr. Mallock. In no irreverent sense do we say: "Il y a toujours des accommodements avec le ciel."

South Africa and the War.

The Relief of Ladysmith. By J. B. Atkins. (Methuen 6s.)

Besieged by the Boers. By E. Oliver Ashe. (Hutchinson.)

The History of the Boer War. Parts 3, 4, and 5. (Methuen. Each 1s.)

SOMEONE will doubtless draw up a statistical statement of the amount of printed descriptions of the present war in South Africa which have been, and will be, offered to the public. At present one is conscious of a mighty flood without being able readily to compute its volume. First come the fateful dispatches of generals. Then the regulation-length telegrams of war correspondents. Then supplementary dispatches and lists of killed and wounded. Then new dispatches. Then long letters from the war correspondents amplifying the first-mentioned dispatches. Then, as the letters accumulate, they agglomerate in books—book after book; and still the nerve-racking *pom pom* of new dispatches, new lists, new letters, goes on. And all this flow of intelligence in wavelets, waves, and tides is complicated by the fact that it reaches us from several theatres of war, and that the date of one set of intelligence may lag behind that of another. And ever the cisterns go on filling, filling—that is to say, books go on appearing, appearing. Strange backward gleams are thrown on events of the remote past at the very moment when the future is become keenly interesting. It is a hurly-burly,

and the critic who can deal exhaustively with the literature of the war had need to devote his days and nights to its digestion. Even then he would be working under a conviction that the history of the war has not begun to be written.

In the meanwhile, then, the critic looks for idiosyncrasy, and is grateful for that—something that is different, and individual. Mr. John Black Atkins's book is full of such fresh wind. One had a good expectation that it would be so, for Mr. Atkins's *War in Cuba* struck its own note. His talent lies in giving the psychology and landscape of war; its little humanities and incongruities; the conversations that fill its grim pauses; the points of view of officer, private, enemy, and prisoner; the little by-dramas and odd touches that, told over a fire, make men hitch chairs nearer to the speaker. We do not suppose that we can, by extract—and that is the only method—do justice to Mr. Atkins's peculiar interestingness. We might quote his description of the scene when the *Dunnottar Castle* and the *Australasian* passed each other in mid-ocean, the one ship eager for news, the other able to give it. The *Australasian* hung out a big black-board on its rigging, with words written on it:

Would the letters never stop flickering in the end of one's glasses? The ship would be by in a moment, and why on earth hadn't she come nearer? But at last the words drew out and separated themselves from the continuous line of chalk. We read:

"Truce." Yes, "Truce." What, already?

No—"Three"; that was it—"Three."

"Three battles," so we read, catching the last words as the *Australasia* slipped past us—"Three battles; the Boers defeated: Symons killed." . . . We looked on the sea with enlightened eyes.

Of such salient anecdote the book is full. The talk of officers, privates, and telescope-men on a hill top, when every effort is being made to sight the enemy, is recorded with the fidelity of a phonograph. We are told how an unlicensed American correspondent is politely expelled from the camp; we are told how a Zulu driver—but this anecdote is too delightful to be merely mentioned. "I cannot help remembering," says Mr. Atkins,

an incident which happened as that column wound past my tent, perhaps because it was one of these incidents which are trifling enough to seize the mind peremptorily on grand occasions. A Zulu driver lashed out with his long whip at his mules, and instantly let drop from his left hand, with a curious native cry of despair, that oberished Kaffir instrument, a concertina. The moving column moved on; "nor all the piety nor wit" of the Zulu could lure it back to recover the concertina. But the leader of the mounted company coming behind noticed the instrument lying on the ground. "Mind that concertina!" he shouted. "Pass the word!" He pulled his horse aside, the word was passed, a line of horses in the middle of the company swerved, the forest of legs passed, and, behold! the concertina lay untouched. The next company leader threw up his hand like a driver in the Strand. "Look out; mind the concertina!" "Mind the wind-jammer," said one man to another in tones (as they seemed) of deep personal resentment if a rider let his horse's hoofs go dangerously near the precious thing. And thus all the rest of the brigade past, hurrying on to use all the latest and most civilised means for killing men and destroying property, and minding the concertina tenderly as they went; so that when all the dancing sea of legs had passed over it the concertina still lay unscratched on the ground, and I picked it up and took it into my tent.

Well, the book is full of stories like that. There is comment and epigram too sown about the pages: "You might say that in this war the object of the Boer gunners is to kill an enemy who cannot see them; that of the heroic British gunners is to be killed by an enemy whom they cannot see." How good, too, is the criticism on Captain Reid's remark, when he was praised for his

gallantry in saving the guns at Colenso. "Bosh!" he had said. "It was the drivers."

It was not true, and yet what can be finer to remember and admit that the basis of all individual distinction is the jeopardies and sacrifices of others; to remember that officers make themselves famous always a little by proxy. So long as our officers do remember and confess it, we need not fear that they live in inhuman relationship with their men.

We should like to quote and quote again from this most human record of General Buller's operations at the Tugela, and the relief of Ladysmith. Take a psychologically curious dialogue that Mr. Atkins heard when the relieved and the relievers met in Ladysmith, and the nightmare was over:

I overheard the greeting of one distinguished general to another.

"Well, how have you been getting on?" asked the besieged one.

"All right, thanks," was the answer, and a temporary silence followed. For a short time I was disappointed. Then I found half the explanation.

"Two months ago," said the officer, "the thing was a strain, but we got over that. Two months ago we were enthusiastic when we heard you were coming, but we got over that. Two months ago—," so he went on. Why, of course. . . . I felt as though I were in a place as unsubstantial as a shadow land—gaunt men greeted one with wisps of smiles, without violence of feeling; gaunt grooms combed gaunt artillery horses with the husks of the old assiduity.

That carries conviction; "drives like rain to the roots," as Mr. Meredith might say.

Dr. E. Oliver Ashe's book, *Besieged by the Boers*, is a light-hearted diary of the siege of Kimberley by a man who saw all that was best worth seeing from the book-making point of view. Not that the author intended its contents to be published. He wrote his diary, day by day, solely for his mother in England, its publication being an afterthought. It is, therefore, a free and easy, discursive, and individual record. The frontispiece portrait shows us the effect of a 100-lb. shell on a Kimberley parlour, but in the book shells are not taken too seriously. At first, the effects of the bombardment were ludicrous, but when the Boers brought their big gun to bear on the town caution became general; all the well-to-do people made forts and pits in their gardens, and the poorer people went down the mines at the invitation of Mr. Rhodes. Over two thousand were lowered into the Kimberley and De Beers mines, and brought up again after four days, without accident. Dr. Ashe tells us many interesting things about the food and health regulations enforced by martial law. The stringent method of meting out food to each family was mitigated by a permit system which aimed at the relief of invalids and weaklings; but this, Dr. Ashe declares, developed into a "perfect nuisance." The objection to horseflesh was almost invincible in many people, and soon "the talk all day was of food, and of the permits necessary to get it." Fragments of shell were much sought after and were kept to be made up into brooches, letter-weights, &c. "Immediately a shell had burst, and the dangerous moment past, everyone in the neighbourhood tore frantically towards it to pick up the pieces, for which there was a ready sale, and good pieces, such as the bottom or the conical point with the brass face on it, would fetch from one to two pounds." There is not a dull page in this timely, wholly unpretending book.

The flood of war books is itself a justification of the general *History of the Boer War*, now being issued in fortnightly parts by Messrs. Methuen. This publication co-ordinates the events and lessons of the war as far as these are understood up to the present time. Admirably illustrated, written with verve and insight, and published in a form which makes its acquisition easy, this history is an ideal book of its kind.

Yesterday in Australia.

Leaves from a Squatter's Notebook. By Thomas Major. (Sands & Co.)

THIS is an interesting, even a valuable book. Told in a brief, business-like fashion, it neither is nor makes any claim to be literature; but it is worth a great deal that has more pretensions to style. The very absence of "dress" enhances the impression of severe truth and actuality. And the actuality has all the value of a chapter from the irrevocable past, which will soon have no survivors. The author, a squatter, who began his career in the early 'sixties, knew an Australia very different from the land of big modern cities, amiable colonial governors, and fashionable sun-shades variegating the ring wherein white-clad athletes swelter through five-day cricket matches—an Australia extinct as its own dodo. And what he knew he shows us. We ride through vast untracked country infested with hostile and bloodthirsty natives and still more hostile and bloodthirsty insects. Indeed, of the two varieties of aborigines the latter are the more consistently formidable. The unhappy horses push through kangaroo-grass up to their heads, and from the grass rise clouds and surges of mosquitoes, covering man and beast from head to foot—mosquitoes little, mosquitoes big and grey, but all equal in thirst for gore. And at any moment you may rouse, besides the flights of mosquitoes, a flight of spears. Even a tropical thunderstorm is no barrier to the attack of either species of native. Mr. Major describes one such incident during an exploring expedition into Queensland, accompanied by a white comrade and a civilised New South Wales black named Jerry. A terrific thunderstorm caused them to neglect their wonted nightly watch:

The palms bent their heads almost to the ground; the more sturdy pandanus stood erect, parting by hundreds with their dry sharp-pointed swords as they were wrenched from the stem and hurled into the air. Then came the rain! Heavens! how it did rain that night! First came big steaming drops, which, as each lightning-flash shone upon them, had the appearance of endless ropes of liquid silver. Then, as they became united, they were transformed into a torrent like a second deluge.

They were stripped to their shirts because of the heat, and a fire of green wood smoked in the tent, to drive away the mosquitoes who yet entered by swarms. In this defenceless posture Jerry heard the approach of natives, and the discharge of his carbine brought a chorus of yells, together with a whizzing of spears, out of the darkness. The foe were in the rear, a creek, with a big tree near it, in front; and to the big tree they fled, leaving guns behind.

We were crouching behind the sheltering tree; a few feet away was the creek; this and the tree protected us from the blacks and their spears, but it was the habitation of an equally dangerous foe—the alligator with his fangs. Picture, if possible, the position of us three poor wretches. We had beaten a retreat from our tent, each clothed only in a Crimean shirt; the few feet of earth on which we now were between the tree and the creek had become a steaming bog; the mosquitoes feasted in swarms, as they had an unlimited opportunity of doing, on our bodies. We dared not move to brush them off, and the rain again fell as only tropical rain can. Fortunately the lightning had ceased, . . . but we could not stir till break of day . . . The horror of that night I shall never forget.

But the blacks, thinking the explorers dead, from their silence, and too cowardly to search the tent till daylight, made no further attack. At daybreak the explorers returned to the tent, finding their guns dry and ready for use.

We had now no fear of our last night's assailants, and had time to turn our attention to the picture presented by our own persons. All the exposed parts—and few were not so—were red and swollen, as if we had been attacked

by measles. Jerry's cuticle remained as ebony as ever, but it had suffered just the same amount of irritation. I shall never forget his expression as he burst into a loud laugh, saying: "Me think it close up all the same, like it skinned possum?"

On yet another occasion Mr. Major narrowly escaped the deadly consequences of flirtation with a Queensland beauty—guileful as Mother Eve. They surprised some girls fishing, and he at last encouraged (as he supposed) one of them to leave the water, holding in her hand a fish.

Then, like Mother Eve as regards clothing, she stood close by me and presented the fish. . . . In age she was about eighteen; her skin, a dark bronze, shone like a new penny. What attracted me most was the extreme beauty of her form. Every limb might have been a sculptor's model, so round and shapely were they, while her feet and hands were exquisitely proportioned. Her face showed her ivory-like teeth when she smiled, and was most pleasing.

He hung a small looking-glass round the dark lady's neck, and she, seating herself by him, began to pat his cheek. This Australian idyll was interrupted by a missile striking the log on which he sat, while a shout was heard from his friends, and two shots followed. Forthwith a throng of black men scudded off for the open country, and the charming Australian in their wake, as fast as she could go. The men had been ambushed under a loose sand-heap in his rear, with a piece of tree-bark over their heads for concealment. Out of this they rose, but his two friends behind saw and fired before more than one of the natives could throw his weapon. The moral is, that before flirting with a native Australian lady it is commendable to prod the sand-banks.

Mr. Major's book is full of incident and adventure, quotable and readable from cover to cover. It can be recommended to all who wish to know the wild Australia before the days of Spofforth and Murdoch, of flannel-clad cricketers and khaki-clad colonial cavalry.

"A Queen of Tears."

The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. By W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson & Co. 36s.)

THE title of this book is happily chosen; for the story of Sophie Dorothea of Celle, unloved consort of George Louis, Prince of Hanover, later George I. of England, was, in truth, the story of her love. The life of this "uncrowned queen" seemed "fused," as she herself once wrote, in her devotion to Philip Christopher, Count Königsmarck, the brilliant, unscrupulous Swede. "A once very radiant princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry, tragic conflagration, getting locked into the old castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath, to stay there till she die—thirty years, as it proved—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may." The story which Carlyle flashes on us Mr. Wilkins has here told at length. It is a tragic one—a brief, passionate drama of "disastrous bliss"; a long and dreary epilogue of two-and-thirty imprisoned years.

Sophie Dorothea was the offspring of a love marriage. Her mother, Eléonore d'Olbreuse, the daughter of a simple French marquis, was only themorganatic wife of George William, Duke of Celle, and thereafter rose, by a ten years' difficult ascent, to the position of his acknowledged duchess. Eléonore's portrait, that of a woman wise, ambitious, yet, withal, lovable, brings a welcome relief into these studies of the sordid vice and intrigue of the princely and electoral Courts of the seventeenth century. The Princess of Celle inherited much of the sensitive charm of her French mother, and was possessed of more waywardness than strength

of will. She set herself passionately against the marriage planned for her by her father, but her child's vehemence—she was barely sixteen—was unavailing. The Electress Sophia, wife of Ernest Augustus of Hanover—an imperious, implacable lady, of whom we have here a convincing, though unattractive, portrait—came herself to Celle to settle the marriage which was to unite the two branches of the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg. "La Fraile" (so the Electress Sophia, with sinister prescience, dubbed the heiress of Celle long before political reasons had made her claim Sophie Dorothea as her son's bride) was, in truth, too fragile and too strong for her environment. She failed to find the position even of electoral princess sufficient compensation for an enforced marriage with a brutal and faithless husband. After a brief and faltering resistance, she turned with all the force of a pent-up nature to the adventurous Swedish soldier of fortune who had been her playmate in childish days at Celle. The story of their romance is told in the voluminous correspondence preserved in the University of Lund, which Mr. Wilkins has for the first time printed in full. Granting the authenticity of these letters, which seem on the whole, probable, they form a curious human document, with their fluctuations which are, in the end, one monotony. There is the passion in which the soldier writes, in unsoldierly spirit enough: "The days seem weeks to me, the weeks like months, and the months centuries; and when I think that I have still two months of campaigning to go through before I see you, I despair, and pray a thousand times a day that I may be wounded in the fight, and so have a pretext for returning to Hanover—and to you." And the Princess responds prophetically: "Life without you would be intolerable, and imprisonment within four walls pleasanter than to go on living in the world." There is the jealousy which finds in a Court ball or the formal greetings given to an ambassador cause for volcanic reproaches and "torrents of tears."

"I have a consolation here," writes Königsmarck fiercely, "not a pretty girl, but a bear, which I feed. If you should fail me I will bare my chest and let him tear my heart out. I am teaching him that trick with sheep and calves. If ever I have need of him—God help me I shall not suffer long." Then, more tenderly, "So long as a drop of blood remains in my veins my heart is wholly yours. You are all my wealth, my treasure; I would sacrifice the world to kiss your divine mouth. I hate war and everything which takes me from your side. One favour only I ask of the gods—that I may be always with you, in life and in death."

Nor is the Princess less fervent. "I learned on my awakening that a fearful battle has taken place and you were in it. My plight is pitiful; it seems to me that every gun is pointed at you. *Grand Dieu!* if any hurt were to happen to you, what would become of me? I should start at once for the camp, hasten to give you all necessary care and attention, and never leave you more. If it be true that you love me, spend the rest of your life with me; let us build up a happiness in each other which none can shatter."

The love is all absorbing and all exclusive. Sophie never mentions her children, and her devoted mother is regarded by turns as a convenience and hindrance. Great events of war and peace slip by unnoted unless they affect the chance of a stolen meeting. In the Count's rhapsodies an occasional grossness mingles with the ardour, and his extravagance leads us to doubt the permanence of his passion, to question whether, had Sophie Dorothea attained to her heart's desire, a final union with him, she might not have experienced as great a disillusion as "La Grande Mademoiselle" with her adored Lauzun. But Sophie's letters reveal a pure as well as a passionate nature, however sadly astray.

The closing catastrophe is tragic in the truest sense of

the word, for it was directly consequent on Königsmarck's criminal intrigue with the Countess Platen, the malignant enemy of the Princess. It was through the relentless watchfulness of this woman, the all-powerful mistress of Ernest Augustus, the Elector, that the Count was at last trapped on his way from the apartments of his "divinity" and killed in resisting arrest. His death, on the very eve of final flight and reunion, shows him at his best, borne down by odds, in the midnight silence of the palace, with a plea for the "innocent Princess" on his dying lips.

Thereafter came Sophie's divorce, for desertion merely, to save the Hanoverian pride, the Princess making no resistance. She was imprisoned in the Castle of Ahlden—Duchess of Ahlden being thenceforth her title—and there held, despite all efforts made for her release, while her husband went forth to claim that other title of King of England. For thirty-two years she watched the mists roll on and draw away across the marsh, waiting in vain for liberty, till she received it at the hands of death. Often betrayed, she was never wholly embittered, never bowed by the "dust accumulate" of her destiny. The wild speed at which she was wont to drive up and down the six-mile limit allowed her, bears witness to her prisoned vitality, while the diamonds which, on such desolate progresses, never failed to sparkle in her dark hair give a fine flash of defiance. So she lived, charitable to the poor of her little domain, resistant to her oppressors; so she died—November 13, 1726—leaving her husband to perish, it was said, of superstitious terror at her fate, and her son to ascend that throne of England.

The book is evidently a work of thorough research, and the style is lucid and sympathetic, though never attaining to distinction. The author displays a weakness for well-worn phrases, the edge of which has become dulled by use, and indulges in an occasional startlingly mixed metaphor. These, however, are slight blemishes in a vivid presentment of one of the most pathetic figures of the House of Hanover.

Our Lady of the Snows.

The Great Company (1667-1871). By Beckles Willson. With an Introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. (Smith, Elder & Co. 18s.)

THOUGH happily free from the scourge of war herself, Canada has, by the contingents she has sent to South Africa, vindicated her place as the eldest daughter of the Empire, and it is therefore at a fitting moment that Mr. Beckles Willson undertakes to tell the story of the Great Company. This, the Hudson's Bay Company, was, as Mr. Willson puts it, "the one original pillar remaining in that New World mansion, which is at once the refuge of errant peoples and the theatre of discoveries, vicissitudes, and experiments," until its sovereign powers were merged in the Empire and it ceased its independent existence. The Honourable Company of Merchants Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay was an aftermath of the Elizabethan epoch, belated indeed, as it was not founded until Charles II. came to the throne. Then the spirit of Imperial expansion, which had been chilled by the Puritan sway, burst forth again; London swarmed with adventurers, and every London tavern and coffee-house resounded with projects for conquest, trade, or the opening-up of remote regions.

For two centuries the tide of commercial speculation had set eastwards, and men's minds had been filled with the fabulous riches of the gorgeous East. But when the king came back there was little room for new men east of Suez, for the East India Company had for over half a century had a monopoly of trade in that part of the world. And so, perforce, the merchant-adventurers turned to other fields of action, and set their faces towards the setting sun,

towards that Continent of North America of which so little was known, and of which not much had been expected. In 1664 King Charles, with the easy generosity of those days, granted New England to his brother, the Duke of York, who in due time ousted the Dutch and changed New Amsterdam into New York. All this reminded other London merchants that in the frozen North the French drove a mighty fur trade, and that the Company of the Hundred Associates sent twice yearly from Quebec to Havre ships laden with the furs of Canada; but they recognised that the king would never countenance the expulsion of the French colonists as he had winked at the dislodgment of the Dutch.

But fate, as ever, turned the scale for England. In 1665 two intrepid fur traders, Groseilliers and Radisson, employées of the "Company of the Western Indies," who had pushed their way westwards from Quebec to the unknown shores of Lake Superior, arrived in Paris, after having failed to make the heads of the Company take up the project for the expansion of French influence into the North West. The two only met with equal ill-success in Paris, until at last Colonel Carr, who had spoken with them in America, introduced them to Lord Arlington, the British Ambassador, who in turn gave them a letter to Prince Rupert of the Rhine, prince of England and Bohemia, and patron of the Arts and Sciences. The prince introduced the adventurers to the king, and at last, on June 3, 1668, the *Nonsuch*, a ketch of fifty tons—for in such cock boats did our ancestors set out to conquer new worlds—sailed from Wapping under the command of Captain Zachary Gillam for the far off Hudson's Bay. Finally, on September 29, the adventurers cast anchor at the entrance to a river in 51° latitude. The journey was ended; a boat was lowered and Gillam and Groseilliers went ashore. The river was christened Rupert's River, and by the next spring the Indians had brought so many pelts that Gillam could sail away home with a good cargo to report on the excellent prospects to the Prince, leaving Groseilliers and some others behind.

Groseilliers' anticipations were realised, but not without almost incredible activity on his part. He spent the summer and autumn, and part of the ensuing winter, in making excursions into the interior. He made treaties with the Nodways, the Kilistineaux, the Ottawas, and other detachments of the Alconquin race. Solemn conclaves were held, in which the bushranger dwelt—with that rude eloquence of which he was master, and which both he and Radisson had borrowed from the Indians—on the superior advantages of trade with the English. Nor did his zeal here pause; knowing the Indian character as he did, he concocted stories about the English king and Prince Rupert; and many a confiding savage that year enriched his pale-face vocabulary by adding to it "Charles" and "Rupert," epithets which denoted that superlative twain to whom the French bushranger had transferred his labours and his allegiance. Chouart des Groseilliers in all his transactions with the natives exhibited great hardihood of speech and action; and few indeed were the occasions which caught him unawares. It happened more than once, for instance, that some of the wandering Alconquins or Hurons recognised in this smooth-tongued leader at the English fort the same French trader they had known at Montreal and the French posts on the Western lakes, and marvelled much that he who had then been loudly crying up "King Lewis and the Fleur-de-lis" should now be found surrounded by pale-faces of a different speech, known to be the allies of the terrible Iroquois. Groseilliers met their exclamations with a smile; he represented himself as profoundly dissatisfied with the manner in which the French traders treated his friends the Indians, causing them to travel so far and brave such perils to bring their furs and giving them so little in return. "Tell all your friends to come hither," he cried, "and King Charles will give you double what King Lewis gives."

This quotation gives a very fair idea of Mr. Beckles Willson's style, and also shows the slight uncertainty he labours under in the treatment of his subject. The

romantic nature of the enterprise is so overwhelming that Mr. Willson appears to hesitate between romance and commonplace history in his telling of it. Indeed, the story of the Great Company has before now inspired the writers of fiction, and more than one writer of thirty years ago drew his best stories from the inexhaustible stores of the Company's records. Mr. Willson is an enthusiast on his subject, and, like so many men of Greater Britain, sees clearly the romantic side of the story of the Empire. He must be left to tell the remainder of the fascinating history himself. The charter of the Company was not granted till May 2, 1670, and gave to Prince Rupert and seventeen nobles and gentlemen the exclusive right to establish settlements and carry on trade at Hudson's Bay. As their operations spread they naturally came into collision with the French, who were by no means disposed to acquiesce tamely in another set of adventurers to the north. French and English fought on the shores of the great white bay as they fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet, and all through the eighteenth century the struggle continued, until it was finally settled in favour of the English and of the Hudson's Bay Company. The great corporation still exists, though in its old form it had lagged behind the years, and its acquisition by the Canadian Government was a necessity of the times. No sovereign in Europe had a clearer right to his dominions than the Company, but, unlike the "John Company," it was a king without an army, and lacked the military system which is the indispensable adjunct to sovereign authority. The rebellion of Riel and the Métis was the finishing stroke, and Canada in 1870 acquired two million three hundred thousand square miles of territory for a payment of £300,000, the Company being at liberty to carry on its trade in its corporate capacity without hindrance.

On the whole, Mr. Willson has done his work well, but the book would be improved by compression. Occasionally the story is overloaded with detail which, however necessary to the full record of the Company, appears superfluous in an account which is probably not intended to be exhaustive. Now and then there is also a lack of lucidity, and the narrative branches off to side issues which rather obscure the main subject. But this is by the way. The book is well illustrated with portraits, and with a most interesting facsimile of the original charter granted by Charles II. A competent index also adds to the value of the work, which will be welcome to Canadians and to all those who have interests in Canada.

Other New Books.

A LIST OF ENGLISH PLAYS WRITTEN BEFORE
1643, AND PRINTED BEFORE 1700.

BY WALTER WILSON GREG.

This scientific and careful "hand list" will be of the greatest value to all students of the "Elizabethan" drama, and will largely supersede such earlier compilations as Halliwell-Phillipps's *Dictionary of Old Plays*, or Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays*. The assistance which Mr. Greg has received from such bibliographical experts as Mr. A. W. Pollard and Mr. R. G. C. Proctor would of itself be adequate guarantee of the accuracy of his work. The list is conveniently arranged under an alphabet of authors' names, and the title-pages are given, with certain carefully explained exceptions, in full. The press marks of the British Museum copies, and notes of the chief collections in which copies of each edition may be found, are added. Masques and similar productions are excluded. We are a little sorry that no attempt has been made to indicate the nature of the publishers' marks or vignettes used on the title-pages. These are often of some value in tracing the literary history of Elizabethan plays. We are glad to see that

Mr. Greg contemplates "a full bibliography of the English drama up to the closing of the theatres during the Civil War." (Bibliographical Society.)

A HISTORY OF GREECE :

Part III.

BY EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D.

The first volume of Dr. Evelyn Abbott's *History of Greece* appeared in 1888. The present one covers the last half of the fifth century, from the "Thirty Years' Peace" to the fall of the "Thirty Tyrants" at Athens, and yet another will bring the narrative to the death of Alexander the Great. Dr. Abbott has many of the qualities of an historian—accuracy, industry, a wide acquaintance with all that has been published, in Germany as well as in England, upon his subject. There is no more convenient, trustworthy or authoritative Greek history to put on your shelves than his. But, unfortunately, it is not "written" and consequently it cannot be read. The pedestrian and colourless narrative is not stung into passion or picturesqueness even by the tragedy of Syracuse or the death of Socrates. The book must be a book of reference while its erudition lasts, and must then miss the future which for Thucydides and even Thirlwall the saving grace of style will ensure. (Longmans.)

CORREGGIO.

BY SELWYN BRINTON

Mr. Brinton, in his *Renaissance in Italian Art*, has already shown himself well qualified to deal with such a topic as Correggio, and the present monograph is evidently the fruit of careful and appreciative study, both of the painter and of what has been written about him. To our private taste, indeed, it is a little lyric in its tone. Certainly we demur to putting Correggio, great as he is, on a level with Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo, as one of the "four personalities, most potent in their claim" of Renaissance art. And throughout the enthusiasm is surely a little indiscriminating, a little untempered by consideration of the fairly obvious defects and deficiencies in the art dealt with. The knowledge, however, is undeniable, and the criticism good as far as it goes. Mr. Brinton is particularly happy in his attempt to sum up and express the total effect of Correggio's personality side by side with those of contemporary painters. He represents, in painting, the side of the Renaissance which the *Decameron* represents in literature :

That is the joy and gladness of life itself, the beauty and happiness of the world, and of all that is living in its sunlight. That is part, too, of the spirit of the Renaissance; that is the smile on the face of awakening Italy, and that is the message of Correggio.

And again :

It is to Correggio that we turn most of all for a quickened sense of life, of its light and laughter, its throbbing pulse, and its radiant possibilities. He is the Faun of the Renaissance, the creature, we might fancy, whose pointed, furry ears it should be given to hear of Pan pipe his maddening music, who shall feel the stress of life in its most intimate and quickening sense.

As in most of the volumes of this series, the list of paintings and drawings in the appendix is all that could be desired, and the illustrations are many and excellent. ("Great Masters": Bell.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

Seven years ago Mr. Collingwood's authoritative *Life and Work of John Ruskin* was published in two volumes. The present book is not a reprint of that work, but a newly-written biography. Mr. Collingwood, who knew Mr. Ruskin as intimately as anyone and acted for years as his secretary, completed the book, all save the last chapter, while its subject was still living, but the last chapter was added after his death. The biography is well arranged, a pleasant blend of personal impression and historical fact. It is also well published. (Methuen. 6s.)

Fiction.

The Novel of Passion.

The Dean of Darrendale. By Wynton Eversley. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

The Acrobat. By John D. Barry. (Lane. 6s.)

Sour Grapes. By J. F. Cornish. (Chatto. 6s.)

The Strong God Circumstances. By Helen Shipton. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN a sense nearly all novels are novels of passion. Love is the most radiant of all the emotions, and, on the whole, the most easily communicated by suggestion. Mere names—e.g., Barbara and Elise—employed by Mr. Cornish and Mr. "Eversley," have power to create in the reader a mood akin to that known as "falling in love." One might indeed justify the existence of novels solely on the ground that they provide harmless hunting fields for persons of a nature more inquisitive than faithful. It is very easy to fall in love with the heroine of a novel, but it is impossible to make love to her.

The four novels before us all provide heroines with whom any male reader can fall in love. Mr. "Eversley" gives us a beautiful altruist with a criminal husband. Mr. Barry places his Blanche, fragile, pure and tender, in the dizzy world of trapezes and aerial diving. Miss Shipton brings Nature's lady—young, ignorant, and refined—into juxtaposition with the Acme of Culture, in the person of a university coach who lies unjustly under suspicion of fraudulent conduct. In all these cases the element of incongruity arrests the attention. It is to explore that we read. To what extent is a criminal still a husband? Does anything of the charm that won for him a woman's love survive or, perchance, reside in his criminality? What again are the joys and pains which differences of education and birth produce in the life of a married pair? Let us say at once that both Mr. "Eversley" and Miss Shipton suggest questions without answering them. The case with Mr. "Eversley" is particularly sad. There is a sort of uncouth greatness about his book. Parson James Salter, Rural Dean, is a memorable character-study. His phrases are jewels. "It is easier to get to the Empyrean than to the heart." "You say you have 'turned your heart inside out.' Yes, but did you ask God to do the sorting?" These are two of them. But phrases are the least part of him. He is the wind. He brushes aside dignity—his detractors would say decency—with insolent scorn. He writes letters like those which parsons received from Ruskin when they asked him to subscribe towards the remission of the debts on their churches. As a spiritual doctor he is all lancet and forceps, but he is everything to a few rustics. Mr. "Eversley" is as full of him as Boswell was of Johnson. He has more to tell than he has room for. *The Dean of Darrendale* is, indeed, a history tacked on to a romance. But, alas! it is the romance that fits into the purpose of this article, and we cannot but shake our head to see a brave and clever writer resorting to wretched threadbare devices to bring two creatures of his fancy together without sacrificing current morality. His convict must die. But he is the husband of the heroine. Therefore let him end gloriously. So he escapes gaol like another Casanova in time to save his wife and child from perishing in the wreck of the *Cassandra*! In *Sour Grapes* it is an unhistorical vessel that goes down—the *Perth Castle*. Why? It is quite simple. The hero, the noble Captain Brabrooke, who has married the wrong woman in order to save the family honour, must be recalled to England (whence he has fled to avoid living with his wife, who adores him) in time to assist at a *dénouement* of surprising cheerfulness. Even the "sour grapes" turn sweet. They consisted in two

lovers scorning the marriage sacrament and living without benefit of clergy. A terrible situation was evolved therefore when the masculine element of this union turned into a Lothario in his middle life. What would Guy de Maupassant have done? It is not for English readers to care; they are not in the hands of an inexorable artist. They are not in the hands of one who cares a pin for psychology. They are in the hands of a conjuror, an ingenious mechanic. We know nothing in burlesque more provocative of an admiring "ha! ha!" than the abrupt disclosure of the Scotch marriage which saves the "children" in *Sour Grapes* from dying with their teeth on edge. And what cynic would dare to disturb the happiness of George and his Barbara by sneering at the release from bondage obtained by the former through the legal objection to a man's marrying his half-aunt?

And yet would the rosy god tell us that passion died in a woman immediately she found she was a half-aunt? Would we not rather see those blind eyes shedding tears? Mr. Cornish serves his age and country prettily; he is both naïf and knowing; he writes freshly. The drama, centering in the squires whose husband runs frantically off the rails of propriety, is full of pathos.

Passion receives of choice heroic exemplification in the English novel; and if the cheap optimism could be left out of it the English novel might prove effective in calming many a selfish paroxysm. But, even in a novel expressly entitled *The Strong God Circumstance*, English sentimentality insists on making the vinegar of sorrow into a kind of mint sauce by the aid of sugar. There is a man in *The Strong God* with a distorted face. He pains the eye. Wherefore he is accorded one of the most wilful and engaging girls in the world for helpmeet. Is that the way of life? Is not intellectually the problem of such a man: "How shall I erect myself a stronghold of peace without woman's love?" If it be true that truth is stranger than fiction it is because fiction is ordered by the artist to obey the innate fitness of destiny, to grow naturally, to justify its premises. In England fiction is stranger than truth.

That passion is interesting as a growth and uninteresting as a consummation is a dictum of which it is considered in England the height of good form to admit the truth. "Naturalism is dull," sounds the same as saying "we have tried it." "Naturalism is disgraceful" sounds like saying "we are afraid of it." As a matter of fact, we are afraid of it, and passion glows and palpitates in our novels with a sort of chromographic glory. The flesh is absent except in the horrible eyes of our villains. Hence we feel drawn to note a fleeting glimpse of the identity between villain-passion and even so exquisite an emotion as hero-passion, which Mr. "Eversley" affords us through his inimitable Dean. "Alas, poor calf! It was in love, and it thought it was going to enjoy itself, did it? and—and—it was disappointed, was it?" he says to the Rev. "Tummas" Trevana. But in *The Acrobat* the voice accusing passion is the voice of life itself. It is action that is eloquent. Mr. Barry, alone among the four writers we have been considering, relates a simple story, unencumbered with plot and rich with a single idea out of which it grows naturally. A man falls in love with a performance instead of the performer. He has all the words of passion at his command. "If you'll only love me a little, dear, I'll be satisfied." But it is not she he wants. It is the "cynsure of all eyes"; it is the poetry of motion, the music of fantastic courage. And all the time it is just a delicate woman who sits there on the trapeze afraid lest a single slip should orphan her babe. Mr. Barry, without noise, with simple artistry, has done something that lives. He has shown us passion in the right perspective. Yet there is another way to show passion. The magnificence and the joy of the Grand Deciviliser were a theme which, to treat adequately, would make a monarch of a writer. We must wait for that writer.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX. BY HENRY HARLAND.

Mr. Harland's distinguished touch is very apparent when one opens this novel and finds Peter Marchdale talking books and art with his landlady. His landlady, it should be explained, is the Duchessa di Santangiolo, and Peter is the tenant of her Villa Floriano. The Duchessa "lives there, at Castel Ventirose," Marietta explains as she removes the coffee things; 'she owns all, all this country, all these houses—all, all.' 'All Lombardy?' said Peter, without emotion." The emotion comes later, the Cardinal with it. Mr. Harland's chapters are not as other men's. His fourth consists of ten lines, his twelfth of sixteen pages. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE MINX. BY "IOTA."

A clever novel by Mrs. K. Mannington Caffyn, author of *A Yellow Aster*, &c. Joyce, the heroine, proves to be anything but a minx, the name given to her before she came as a guest to Squire Hallowes's house. She is a most attractive creation, subjugating all who meet her, and especially James and Jock. The story traces her development, and describes, brightly and with skill, the intense but friendly rivalry of Jock and James for her love. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAR. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Mr. Adcock's stories of East End life have shown a real grip of humble life, its humours and sorrows. And here we have, by a happy inspiration, a series of pictures of the unwritten humours, rivalries, and tragedies of life in mean streets incident to the recent calling out of the reserves, and the war fever. The story called "A Boer in Britain" is an admirably humorous account of a fatuous, inconsequential, patriotic row in a barber's shop, which threatened to be serious, but ended in an awkward pause, broken only by the barber's call, "Naixt, please!" (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

LOTUS OR LAUREL. BY HELEN WALLACE.

This story is concerned with the unborn musical talent and desire for fame in a young girl whose mother, warned by her own experiences of professional life, wishes her to give up her violin and her dreams. As the story proceeds it develops a strong motive—the bitter jealousy which a mother, wedded to success, feels toward the daughter who is about to eclipse her in public favour. (Arnold. 6s.)

A SECOND COMING. BY RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh is the author of *The Beetle*, *Tom Ossington's Ghost*, and other novels, and he has imagined himself competent to write a story founded on the idea that Christ had come to London. Christ suddenly appears in Bryanston-square, in the midst of a crowd collected by a fatal bicycle accident. "He inclined His hand toward the dead man, saying: 'Arise, you who sleep.' Immediately he that was dead stood up. He seemed bewildered, and exclaimed as in a fit of passion: 'That's a nice spill. Curse the infernal slippery road!' Then he turned and saw Who was standing at his side." From this Mr. Marsh proceeds to other intrepidities. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE DEVIL AND THE INVENTOR. BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

Inventors may enjoy a story in which an inventor sells himself more or less to the Devil. The bargain provides that Philbrick shall be given the power to place his ideas before the public. But if within three weeks of the exhibition of one of his inventions it has not yielded him £250, the Devil is to exact a cupful of his blood. Philbrick begins with a Soundless Piano. (Pearson Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

FAST AND LOOSE. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

This is Major Griffiths's usual blend—a good one in its way—of love, crime, and detection. Inspector Faske is a satisfying detective of the cat-like order. "His grey moustachois, brushed out straight, might have belonged to a veteran mouser accustomed to pounce promptly on its prey." (Macqueen. 6s.)

HIS LORDSHIP'S LEOPARD. BY DAVID DWIGHT WELLS.

A readable absurdity by the author of *Her Ladyship's Elephant*. We have a tissue of strange events, including the abduction of a bishop and the supposed visit of a Spanish gunboat to English shores during the Spanish-American war. The author is right in insisting that this "serious attempt to while away an idle hour" is not "a fit subject for the application of the higher criticism." But the idle hour is whiled. (Heinemann. 6s.)

LYONA GRIMWOOD, SPINSTER. BY L. HIGGIN.

Those who like tangles for their own sake will like untangling the identity of Lyona Grimwood, who begins by being murdered, then disappears, and becomes someone else, while remaining Lyona Grimwood. We leave the plot to the tangle-loving reader, promising him, however, some entertaining character-sketches of the gossips and old maids of a Midland town. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

A YOUNG DRAGON. BY SARAH TYTLER.

Mrs. Tytler's latest story grows out of a bet made by a self-satisfied Scottish laird, who is past his youth, that he will woo and marry a wife within a month. Despite this promise of farce the story takes hold of the reader, and the end is touching. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

WAYWARD HEARTS. BY DARBY RYAN.

A novel for young girls. "Truth to tell, all Nature seems rejoicing in this glorious June afternoon . . . the old Manor. . . . 'Helen, your tea is delicious,' remarked Hugh. . . . There had never been such a brilliant season, never so much talk over a young debutante before . . . the old Manor.' . . . 'All that wealth and luxury can buy you shall have.' . . . Ah, it was a happy birthday for the poor . . . the old Manor." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS. BY MRS. URBAN HAWKESWOOD.

Here we have the mercenary marriage of a young English lord clashing with his love of another woman, an artist. A readable, highly unconventional story. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE SEAFARERS. BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTOS.

Its title exactly fits this story by the author of *The Clash of Arms*. A hearty, thoroughly readable tale of the sea, in which shipwreck and sunshine answer to the unsmooth course of love. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

THE EMPIRE MAKERS. BY HUME NISBET.

A romance of adventure and war in South Africa. The author leaves the reader in no doubt about his views. He regrets that it is too soon for him to show the reader "the wind-up of the vile oligarchy of Pretoria tyrants." However, the story stretches to the relief of Kimberley, and the writer distributes phrases like "the iniquitous and false Boer," the "most inhuman and bloody-minded Kruger," "this Cronje, the vile and brutal murderer." (White & Co. 6s.)

FROM VELDT CAMP FIRES. BY H. A. BRYDEN.

Fourteen short stories of life in South Africa by a writer who has written many books on this part of the world. The stories deal with Boer and native life, colonists, border police, &c., and they "may be said to be well founded upon actual circumstance." (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Balzac Letters Controversy.

THE outline of Balzac's passion for Mme. Hanska, a passion conceived and executed (if we may use the term) in the grand romantic manner by a master of that manner, is fairly well known to the public. The inmost and secret nature of it, at all points of its progress, has perhaps not yet been finally ascertained. In 1896 M. le Vicomte de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul published his version of it in *Un Roman d'Amour*, a work which was received with the respect due to the author's unchallenged position as the first living authority on the facts of Balzac's life. M. de Louvenjoul's *Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac*, we may recall in passing, constitutes practically the twenty-fifth volume of the great Calmann Lévy *édition définitive* of Balzac's works, and when he speaks other students are accustomed to listen, as barristers listen to a judge. A large part of Balzac's letters to Mme. Hanaka were included in his *Correspondance*, the twenty-fourth volume of the *édition définitive*; but last year M. de Louvenjoul (though his name does not appear on the title-page of the book) gave to the world, under the title *Lettres à l'Étrangère*, what purports to be a full collection of all existing letters from "Noré" to the *cara contessina*, up to the death of the *cara contessina's* husband.

If this collection is authentic—and both M. de Louvenjoul and the house of Calmann Lévy (in their communication to us of the 4th ult.) vouch for its absolute authenticity—then *Un Roman d'Amour* is more or less justified, and Balzac stands revealed as a man even as other Frenchmen are. But here arrives Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, and with breath-taking intrepidity roundly asserts that many of the letters have been tampered with in order to bring them into line with *Un Roman d'Amour*, and that a number of them are "infamous forgeries." Miss Wormeley,* we should mention, is probably the chief English-speaking authority on Balzac. She has translated all his novels; she has written an exhaustive Memoir of him; she has collected his "personal opinions"; and everything that she writes about him abundantly shows that she is a thorough expert. Further, she is a woman of experience; she witnessed the entry of Napoleon's remains into Paris on December 15, 1840, and she evidently knows her France. In remembering the claims of M. de Louvenjoul, we must not forget those of this venerable and distinguished scholar.

It is a pity that with knowledge does not always come the skill to handle it. Miss Wormeley states her case badly. There is scarcely a sentence in the "fighting" preface to her translation of the impugned letters, scarcely a note of hers in all the seven hundred and fifty-five pages of the volume, which does not betray the absence of the true editorial temperament—at once nimble and sedate, enthusiastic and judicial, and always impassively and inexorably polite. She bewilders where she should convince; she relieves Kimberley when she should be marching direct to Pretoria; she gets angry; she utters an exclamation instead of a demonstration; she talks darkly of

* *Honoré de Balzac*, translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. *Letters to Madame Hanaka, born Countess Rzewuska, afterwards Madame Honoré de Balzac*. 1833-1846. (Hardy Pratt & Co., Boston, U.S.A. \$1.50.)

conspiracies; she is offended; she is indignant; and, venial yet most annoying sin, she neither numbers the letters nor provides an index. The French edition is numbered, but not indexed.

But she has a *prima facie* case—that is the wonderful part of it all; she has a case to support her double charge against M. de Louvenjoul of *sensationalising* and degrading Balzac's gorgeous passion and of being a party to the garbling and inventing of documents. Very briefly, her case is as follows:

In the volume of *Correspondance* (1876) an editorial note states that the correspondence with Mme. Hanska, as there given, is not complete. "Unfortunately," the note runs, "a part of this correspondence was burned in Moscow in a fire which occurred in Mme. Hanska's residence. It must, therefore, be remarked that in the letters of this series two or three gaps occur, all the more regrettable because those which escaped the fire present a keen interest." In spite of this clear statement, no explanation is offered in *Lettres à l'Étrangère* (1899) of the manner in which the epistles lacking in 1876 were redeemed from their alleged combustion. A brief footnote to the first letter merely mentions the name of M. Louvenjoul, "entre les mains de qui sont les originaux de ces lettres." This same footnote says that Balzac inserted an acknowledgment of Mme. Hanska's first letter in the *Quotidienne* of December 9, 1832. But in a letter dated January 1, 1846, Balzac writes to Mme. Hanaka:

One year more, dear, and I take it with pleasure, for these years, these thirteen years which will be consummated in February on the happy day a thousand times blest when I received that adorable letter, starred with happiness and hope, seem to me links indestructible, eternal. The fourteenth will begin in two months.

This would apparently make the date of the first letter February, 1833. The advertisement could not therefore have appeared in the *Quotidienne* in December, 1832. Nor could the first letter of *Lettres à l'Étrangère* (which, by the way, is not the first letter of the whole correspondence) have been dated "January, 1833," as printed. Arguing from Balzac's letter of January 1, 1846, just quoted, Miss Wormeley seeks to overthrow other dates in the printed correspondence.

Again, there is the famous letter of Balzac to his sister, Mme. Surville (October, 1833), which was first printed in the latter's Memoir of her brother, published in 1856. This letter appeared, twenty years later, in the *Correspondance*, in a form slightly, but not materially, altered. It encloses the proofs of *Le Médecin de Campagne*, asks the recipient to correct them, and gives details of an interview with three enthusiastic German families. It contains no reference to Mme. Hanska, and is entirely harmless. In 1896, however, this letter appears a third time, in M. Louvenjoul's *Un Roman d'Amour*, and now it is enlarged to more than twice its original length, and the matter of 1856 and 1876, considerably altered in phraseology, becomes merely a *coda* to some extensive remarks upon Balzac's first meeting with Mme. Hanska at Neufchâtel in October, 1833. The description is decidedly an offence against good taste:

Alas! a damned husband never left us for one second during five days. He kept between the petticoat of his wife and my waistcoat. . . . The essential thing is that we are twenty-seven years old, beautiful to admiration; that we possess the handsomest black hair in the world, the soft, deliciously delicate skin of brunettes, that we have a love of a little hand, a heart of twenty-seven, naïve; . . . imprudent to the point of flinging herself upon my neck before all the world. . . . I don't know whom to tell this to; certainly it is not to her, the great lady, the terrible marquise, who, suspecting the journey, comes down from her pride, and intimates an order that I shall go to her. . . . It is not [either] to her, the most treasured, who has more jealousy for me than a mother has for the milk she gives her child. She does not like

L'Etrangère, precisely because *L'Etrangère* appears to be the very thing for me. And finally, it is not to her who wants her daily ration of love, and who, though voluptuous as a thousand cats, is neither graceful nor womanly. It is to you, my good sister, the former companion of my miseries and tears, that I wish to tell my joy. . . .

Truly a pretty letter for a good sister to receive! Miss Wormeley denies the authenticity of what she calls "the slanderous language of the first part" of it. She pertinently asks why the second part (common to all three versions, relating to the German families and the proof-correcting) should differ in phraseology, as it does, from Mme. Surville's own edition of 1856 and the *édition définitive* of 1876. Having proved satisfactorily to herself (1) deception, (2) falsification of dates, (3) forgery, Miss Wormeley lays a finger on many letters and parts of letters throughout her translation of *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, and brands them as either concocted or garbled. She points out that after Balzac's first interview with his beloved the tone of the letters changes, becoming grosser, less lofty, less pure. She characterises the letters from February 15 to March 11, 1834, as "infamous forgeries." And earlier than this, earlier even than the first meeting, she discovers evidences of forgery, or something as bad. Thus, for example (pp. 80-81), she exclaims upon the presentation of Mme. Hanska's character in the letter of November 10, 1833, where Balzac, protesting against the lady's jealousy, quotes her as having angrily written, "Va aux pieds de ta Marquise." Miss Wormeley says it is impossible that a woman like Mme. Hanska should ever have written, "Va aux pieds de ta Marquise." "There are certain things that a woman of breeding cannot do or say."

So much for Miss Wormeley's case. For ourselves, we admit that at the first blush it rather impressed us. On reflection, however, we have come to regard it as very weak—and certainly as not proven. In the first place, it is inherently of the highest improbability. Granting that M. Louvenjoul's eminent services to bibliography give him no title whatever to consideration as an assayer of the love-affairs of genius, and granting that his estimate of the Balzac-Hanska passion in *Un Roman d'Amour* is—shall we say?—the estimate of a book-collector and connoisseur of curiosities, why should he make himself a party to forgery, deception and garbling, in order to blacken the fame of the writer to whom he has devoted his whole life, and to "smirch the memory" of a dead woman? Even if he had desired to do these things, he could have done them with less clumsiness, less trouble, and less risk than are implied by Miss Wormeley's theory.

In the second place, Miss Wormeley's alleged proofs are not, even without special knowledge, quite unanswerable.

1. There certainly ought to have been an editorial introduction to *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, reconciling the fact of the appearance of this volume with the statement (1876) as to the Moscow fire; but the absence of such an explanation is not a proof that no explanation will or can be given.

2. Falsification of dates. This charge rests solely on the single passage in Balzac's letter of January 1, 1846. Might not Balzac have made an error? People frequently mis-date the most important events of their lives. All these letters were written at speed, and Miss Wormeley herself remarks that "the man who wrote them never read them over." Also, is there anything to show positively that Balzac, in the quoted passage, was referring to the first letter received from Mme. Hanska? Might he not have been referring to some well-remembered letter in which the loved one first exhibited a special and (to him) transcendent tenderness?

3. The letter to Mme. Surville, as printed in 1896. The non-appearance of the first part of this letter in the versions of 1856 and 1876 is no proof that the first part is a forgery, for neither Mme. Surville nor Mme. Hanska would have cared to print it in full. Mme.

Surville herself tampered with the letter, however slightly. Both the Calmann Lévy's and M. Louvenjoul have implied, if they have not stated, that Mme. Hanska also tampered with Balzac's letters to her, and this is beyond doubt. Miss Wormeley, while endeavouring to rebut the insinuation, has to admit that Mme. Hanska added to some of the letters affectionate expressions to herself. "apparently from other letters"; also that she suppressed passages. As for the language and the taste of the first part of the letter to Mme. Surville, they are vile. But for ourselves, we see no strong presumption against Balzac being guilty of the passage, and of any of the other passages which Miss Wormeley tries to nail to the counter as false. This sort of thing may co-exist with imaginative greatness—in fact, has done so very often. Take the supreme imaginative writers (especially of the Continent), and say which of their secret lives—these men whom mankind unites to reverence—would bear the inspection of a board of matrons. Conceive the limpness of Goethe or Dumas after such a test! Genius may do what it likes—and does. Balzac belonged to his period. Also he had his bad and his good days. He was capable of anything except dishonesty. Decidedly he was never an authority on good taste. There is a passage of surpassing foulness on page 55 of Miss Wormeley's translation, and perhaps Miss Wormeley will say that it is forged or garbled. We prefer to remember that Balzac wrote the latter part of *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*; that he had a lingering affection for those incredible cads de Marsay and Rubempré; that he created the appalling Arabella Dudley (and relished doing it); that he soiled *Le Lys dans la Vallée* with some of the most subtly odious mawkishness ever written. Balzac could be anybody, and was everybody by turns. Nothing that has come or may come to light about him will affect his greatness, or the world's admiration for him, in the least.

4. Miss Wormeley, in remarking on the change in the tone of the letters after Balzac had first met Mme. Hanska, does not seem to have realised that the coincidence of the change with the meeting is unfavourable to her contentions. Up to that time Balzac had been worshipping a bodiless spirit. What more natural than that its embodiment should be followed by the materialisation of his heavenly transports, and a general declension from the clouds.

5. Mme. Hanska's character. Miss Wormeley's view of the *contessina's* character is surely somewhat roseate. Mme. Hanska was a very jealous woman; and that she was at least an unconventional woman is clear from the admitted facts of the inception and continuance of her friendship with Balzac. A jealous woman, especially when it does not happen to be her husband who arouses the jealousy, is no longer "a woman of breeding": she is a jealous woman. We see no reason whatever why, in a fit of petulance, Mme. Hanska should not fling out precisely that phrase, "Va aux pieds de ta Marquise."

By such and similar arguments, it occurs to us, Miss Wormeley's position might be assailed, and perhaps carried. We should hesitate to admit that she has proved anything of real moment against M. Louvenjoul or other persons unnamed. That in bringing her charge she was actuated by pious motives we do not deny, but so grave an accusation should not have been breathed until it could be substantiated beyond the possibility of doubt in an unprejudiced mind. Our opinion is that while M. Louvenjoul may have taken a too masculine and cynical a view of the Hanska affair, Miss Wormeley has elevated not only Balzac but Mme. Hanska to the position of idols above our common humanity.

On another occasion, avoiding controversial points, we shall deal with the subject-matter of these interesting letters from the greatest of all novelists to a woman whose title to fame is that she kept his devotion for seventeen years, chiefly by means of the post.

Things Seen.

The Guard.

THE station luncheon-bar was crowded with soldiers. There were twelve of them, their khaki uniforms were stained and torn, their faces were brown and thin, their cheeks were hollow.

"Is the war over, then?" I said.

He laughed. "Not much. We're going back by the next boat."

"Why did you come home?"

"We was a guard."

"A guard!"

His lips tightened. "To twelve of our men," he said.

"What was the offence?"

"Sleeping on duty. They'll get five years apiece."

Somebody shouted a jovial command and the guard trooped from the bar.

Five years! An impetuous moment—and Glory. A nodding of the head—and Disgrace. O chance!

After Many Days.

"You had better let me show you round, sir, there are holes you might easily put your leg through." And Constable G. 116 walked with me into a desolation surrounded by hoardings. I was in the City-road, behind the Eagle Tavern, and the scene before me was a grotesque of tawdry ruin. The old Grecian Theatre was on our left; in front of it rose carved wooden pillars, black and rotten. Delicate vases and finials stood against the sky, awry, giltless, and forlorn. In this garden lamps had twinkled, and many a foolish heart had beaten to the waltz music in the mad, sad, bad—but doubtless sweet—nights of the sixties. Nothing seemed so dead as those carnivals except these husks of the theatres, grottoes, and band-stands that had witnessed them. Our voices sounded strange. The sparrows twittered on tree and broken roof. We entered the theatre. Boxes and tiers spread around in what had once been a circle of vast cheerfulness; now their emptiness smote the mind. Mouldy Cupids and tattered floral designs rioted still over the ceiling and round the dress-circle. The stage had been removed, and the pit which represented it was open to the sky. The orchestra was now the tattered edge of a precipice, but the vast back wall of the stage still reared itself aloft, and in its crevices the sparrows were building their nests. G. 116 talked, but I hardly listened. My thoughts went back thirty-six years, to my childhood in Rio Janeiro, when England was only a dream not yet come true. Heat, bananas, and a snatch of song—how they resurged! Heat, bananas, and a song on the lips of my father's clerks. It was the first song that gave me an image of London—not the London of St. Paul's, of the Abbey, of the Lord Mayor's Show, or of the Queen of England surrounded by her glittering troops—but the London of everyday life, of the pavement, and the holiday. I say, how it resurged!

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel!

This, then, was the place! I stood and gazed, where once my fancy hovered blind. A dull coincidence, perhaps; but these are the things that make one's life, and seem worth telling.

George Meredith and his Critics.

THE critics are not such arbiters of literary destiny as you might think. Not only do their deliverances affect but little that immediate popularity, estimable in pounds, shillings, and pence, which is to-day the favourite gauge of merit, but they have not even, in the long run, much to say to the establishment of that more permanently based reputation which rests ultimately with the "acute and honourable minority." A writer will make his way, if he is to make it at all, not because people are told to read him, but because he has something to say which they wish to hear. The hostility of the critics will not for long bar this process; their laudation will not sensibly hasten it. Nevertheless, as each great writer moves to fame, his way is marked and its stages heralded by a succession of critical utterances. These become, as it were, rallying points and battle-cries for his partisans; discussion crystallises round them; they strike the key-notes for interpreters. Hence the importance, for the biographer and the literary student, of histories of critical opinion. Shakespearean literature is vast; but few volumes in it equal in value and fascination that "Centurie of Prayse" in which Dr. Ingleby and others were at the pains to garner all that was notably, and even much that was trivially, said about Shakespeare before the end of the seventeenth century. Something of the same interest belongs to the bibliography of George Meredith, contributed by Mr. John Lane, under the title "George Meredith and his Reviewers," to Mr. Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*, in 1891, and since brought up to date in a recent edition. Mr. Lane reprinted in full what is probably the most striking thing ever said by a critic of Meredith—the famous letter on "Modern Love" which Mr. Swinburne was stung to send to the *Spectator* of June 7, 1862. It is magnificent praise, and nowadays, of course, needless apology:

Mr. Meredith is one of the three or four poets now alive whose work, perfect or imperfect, is always as noble in design as it is often faultless in result. The present critic falls foul of him for dealing with "a deep and painful subject on which he has no conviction to express." There are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose; the business of verse writing is hardly to express convictions; and if some poetry, not without merit of its kind, has at times dealt in dogmatic morality, it is all the worse and all the weaker for that. As to subject, it is too much to expect that all schools of poetry are to be for ever subordinate to the one just now so much in request with us, whose scope of sight is bounded by the nursery walls; that all Muses are to bow down before her who babbles, with lips yet warm from their pristine pap, after the dangling delights of a child's coral; and jingles with flaccid fingers one knows not whether a jester's or a baby's bells. We have not too many writers capable of duly handling a subject worth the serious interest of man. As to execution, take almost any sonnet at random out of this series, and let any man qualified to judge for himself of metre, choice of expression, and splendid language, decide on its claims. And, after all, the test will be unfair, except as regards metrical or pictorial merit, every section of this great progressive poem being connected with the other by links of the finest and most studied workmanship.

Then Mr. Swinburne goes on to refer to one of the greatest sonnets of "Modern Love"—"a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out." He does not quote the whole of it; but we do not propose to refrain from the pleasure of doing so here.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye:
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so thus blessed our dearth!

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
 In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
 Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
 Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
 Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
 This little moment mercifully gave
 And still I see across the twilight wave
 The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

Mr. Lane is unable to tell us the name of the writer who reviewed *Richard Feverel* in the *Times* in 1859. Mr. Henley struck a swashing blow for Meredith, and, at the same time, expressed a very practical opinion on a moot journalistic point, in 1879, when he reviewed *The Egoist* in our own columns and in three other periodicals. Some fragments of these and other criticisms are collected in *Views and Reviews*, and very pretty reading they make. Mr. Henley's praise is as generous as Mr. Swinburne's: it is far less indiscriminating. "To read your Meredith straight off," he says, "is to have an indigestion of epigram"; and we hardly know how those whom Meredith's brilliance alarms and discomposes could wish to better Mr. Henley's statement of their case.

He writes with the pen of a great artist in his left hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right. He is the master and the victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind, and will not permit him to do things as an honest, simple person of genius would. As Shakespeare, in Johnson's praise, lost the world for a quibble and was content to lose it, so does Mr. Meredith disown himself of the sovereignty of contemporary romance to put on the cap and bells of professional wit. He is not content to be plain Jupiter: his lightnings are less to him than his fireworks; and his pages so teem with fine sayings and magniloquent epigrams and gorgeous images and fantastic locutions that the mind would welcome dulness as a bright relief.

Stevenson, again, is memorable among Meredithians. *The Egoist* was of "the inner circle of my intimates," and of *Rhoda Fleming* he writes as "that wonderful and painful book, long out of print and hunted for at bookstalls like an Aldine." There is, somewhere or other, a very fine passage on *The Egoist*, in which Stevenson dwells on the almost painful recognition by every honest and competent male reader of himself in Sir Willoughby Paternoe. This we have known long since and lost again, and have sought for it without result through the four volumes of essays. Is it in the paper on "Books Which Have Influenced Me" which Stevenson contributed to a series of *British Weekly Extras* in 1887? If so, we suppose that, like so many Stevensoniana, it has fallen into the hands of the traffickers, and is only reprinted for millionaires.

The most noteworthy—perhaps the only noteworthy—depreciation of Meredith (for you can hardly call Mr. Henley's balanced criticism depreciation) was that whereby he was confounded in a single condemnation with Mr. Henry James in Mr. William Watson's *National Review* article on "Fiction—Plethoric and Anæmic."

Correspondence.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—In relation to Mr. F. G. Cole's letter I beg permission for a few words in reply. From his definition of the term "Englander" we are given to understand that it is a new word coined for the occasion and having no racial significance whatever. I cannot look upon Englander as an entirely new word, as the title England forms the first two syllables of it, and, in spite of Mr. Cole's assertion, I maintain that it is stamped all over with racial significance. I again reiterate that no Scotsman, Irish, or Welsh, with any love of his native country would accept this word as a fitting title for a subject of the British Empire. Some word must be coined which will contain

no element in its composition that will slight or give offence to the people of any nation of the Empire, and if that cannot be done, then better with none at all.—
 I am, &c.,
 H. LOGAN.

Sandgate, Prestwick: May 1, 1900.

Esquire.

SIR,—I see that one of the words prohibited by Mr. William Cullen Bryant (*vide* the article entitled "An Index Expurgatorius of Words" in your issue for April 28) is the appellation "esquire." May I venture to suggest that in so doing Mr. Bryant showed a lamentable ignorance of all that pertains to the science of heraldry? It may not be generally known that only certain persons are entitled, by right heraldic, to the use of the word esquire. The general impression seems to be that anyone who possesses a certain amount of landed property, or has an income of not less than, say, £500 a year, is entitled to be called "esquire." But, as has been aptly remarked, "no money whatsoever, or landed property, will give a man properly this title, unless he comes within certain rules," which may be thus stated:

The following are alone entitled to the use of the word esquire:

1. Esquires of the king's body, limited to four.
2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons respectively.
3. The eldest sons of the youngest sons of barons, and others of the greater nobility.
4. Those whom the King invests with collars of SS., as the Kings at Arms, Herald, &c.
5. Esquires to the Knights of the Bath, being their attendants on their installation.
6. Sheriffs of Counties and Justices of the Peace (the latter only during their tenure of office), and all those who bear special office in the King's household, as Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, Carvers, Sewers, Cup-bearers, Pensioners, Serjeants-at-Arms.
7. "Counsellors at law," bachelors of divinity, law, and physic.—I am, &c.

Oxford: May 1, 1900.

H. B.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

RUDYARD KIPLING:

A CRITICISM.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Mr. Le Gallienne places on the title-page of his study of Mr. Kipling this quotation from *The Bridge-Builders*:

The fire-carriages shout the names of new gods that are not the old under new names. . . . When Brahm ceases to dream, the heavens and the hells and earth disappear. Be content. Brahm dreams still.

There is no preface to the book, which consists of three chapters, dealing respectively with "The Poetry," "The Stories," and "Mr. Kipling's General Significance and Influence." To these Mr. John Lane adds a bibliography. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

CRICKET IN MANY CLIMES.

BY P. F. WARNER.

Mr. Warner has played cricket under Lord Hawke's captaincy in all parts of the British colonies—"upon fields that are almost within sound of Niagara and in towns that have since undergone the hardships of siege and bombardment." In Barbados, in Trinidad, in British Guiana, he has "sped the flying ball." This, then, is a book of more than cricketering interest. Here, if anywhere, cricket appears not as a game but as an institution, dear as their language to Anglo-Saxons. (Heinemann.)

THE DIVINE ADVENTURE, IONA,
BY SUNDOWN SHORES.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

Miss Macleod calls these three pieces "studies in spiritual history." Of the first she says: "'The Divine Adventure' is an effort to solve, or obtain light upon, the profoundest human problem. It is by looking inward that we shall find the way outward. The gods—and what we mean by the gods—the gods seeking God have ever penetrated the soul by two roads—that of nature and that of art. Edward Calvert put it supremely well when he said: 'I go inward to God: outward to the gods.'" (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THE DEFENSIVE ARMOUR AND THE WEAPONS AND
ENGINES OF WAR OF MEDIEVAL TIMES,
AND OF THE RENAISSANCE.

BY ROBERT COLTMAN CLEPHAN.

This volume has grown out of notes printed in *Archæologia Æliana*, that excellent repository of North of England lore, in 1898. Armour is a highly technical subject, and Mr. Clephan brings to it the experience gained in years of study. He treats of his subject under the two headings, "Defensive Armour" and "Weapons of War." (Walter Scott. 7s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Pfaffederer (Otto), <i>Evolution and Theology, and Other Essays</i> (A. & C. Black)	
Wedell (Rev. P. E.), <i>Christianity as an Ideal</i> (Blackwood)	3/6
Hayman (Henry), <i>The Epistles of the New Testament</i> (Black)	0/3
Rix (E. M.), <i>The Testament of Ignatius Loyola</i> (Sands)	3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Scott (Charles Newton), <i>Lyrics and Elegies</i> (Smith, Elder)	4/0
North (H. B.), <i>Pieces and Sonnets</i> (Gay & Bird) net	1/6
Trench (Mark), <i>The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau</i> (Kegan Paul) net	1/6
Trine (Ralph Waldo), <i>The Greatest Thing Ever Known</i> (Bell & Sons)	
Schayler (W. Miller), <i>A Gallery of Farmer Girls</i> (Klute Publishing Co.)	
Wynne (Charles Whitworth), <i>Ad Astra</i> (Richards)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Belloc (Madame), <i>The Flowing Tide</i> (Sands & Co.)	6/0
Julleville (L. Petit de), <i>Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française</i> (Oohn & Cie.)	
Armstrong (E. G.), <i>The History of the Malanesian Mission</i> (Tabister)	10/6
Sharpe (Reginald R.), <i>Calendar of Letter-Books of the City of London</i> (Francis)	
The Beacon Series of Biographies: Aaron Burr, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Frederick Douglass, John Brown, Thomas Paine (Kegan Paul) net	2/6
Welman (S.), <i>The Parish and Church of Godalming</i> (Stock)	
Largent (Father), <i>The Saints: Saint Jerome</i> (Duckworth)	3/0
Wright (O. E.), <i>Gideon Gathrie: a Monograph</i> (Blackwood)	5/0
British Empire Series: <i>British America</i> (Kegan Paul)	6/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Jupp (Alexander H.), <i>Some Heresies Dealt with</i> (Burleigh)	6/0
Gerring (Charles), <i>Notes on Printers and Booksellers</i> (Simpkin, Marshall) net	10/6
Hobson (J. A.), <i>The Economics of Distribution</i> (Macmillan) net	5/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Shorey (Paul), <i>Pope's Iliad: Books I, VI, XXII, and XXIV</i> (Tabister)	1/6
George (A. J.), <i>Tennyson's Princess</i> (Tabister)	1/6
Stout (J. F.), <i>Herodotus: Book II</i> (Chive)	3/6
Cheetham (T. A.), <i>Elementary Chemistry</i> (Blackie)	
Downie (John), <i>Macanlay's Essay on Lord Olive</i> (Blackie)	2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Keltie (J. Scott), <i>The Statesman's Year Book, 1900</i> (Macmillan)	10/6
Hillier (Alfred), <i>Tuberculosis</i> (Cassell)	7/6

NEW EDITION.

Hall (Theophilus D.), <i>Greek Testament Reader</i> (Murray)	2/6
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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 32 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best set of four or five stanzas narrating the homeward journey of Mrs. Gilpin from the Bell at Edmonton and the reunion of the family in Cheap-side. These verses were to be suitable to precede the last existing verse of Cowper's ballad. The four best contributions are of very equal merit. The most Cowperian have been contributed by Mr.

Percy Kent, 2, Bayley Mansions, Bedford-square, W.C., to whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent.

Meanwhile his spouse, her sister too,
And eke their children four,
Grown tired of waiting at the Bell,
Resolved to wait no more.

The reckoning paid, John Gilpin's wife,
With fond maternal care,
Did straight bestow her precious charge
All in the chaise and pair.

Then once again the wheels went round,
Again the whip went smack;
But they who had so glad set out,
Full sadly went they back.

For thinking on her husband's fate,
Did Mistress Gilpin weep,
Yet dried her eyes to find her dear
Awaiting hear at Cheap.

Said Gilpin: "On our wedding-day
I've been compelled to roam,
And, since we have not dined abroad,
Why, we will sup at home!"

Another contribution is as follows :

The post-boy, weary of the race,
Reluctant drew the rein,
And hied him to the Bell, to say
His mission was in vain!

Said Mrs. Gilpin—kindly soul:
"My husband's gone to town;
Altho' you lost by half a head,
You sha'n't lose half-a-crown!"

Then home they rode within the chaise
In which they rode before,
And like poor Gilpin, never stopped
Until they reached their door!

When Mr. Gilpin, peeping out,
His faithful spouse espied,
He met them with a joyful shout,
And laughed until he cried.

"'Tis odd," quoth he, "our wedding-day
In such a style to keep."

"No matter," quoth his frugal spouse,
"We'll have it on 'The Cheape.'"

[H. A. M., London, N.W.]

Other replies, received from "Clorinda," Tisford; L. M. L., Staf-ford; T. B. D., Bridgwater; E. A. S., Sevenoaks; A. E. W., Inverness; T. E. B., Ipswich; R. M. S., Bayswater; T. C., Buxted; A. H., East Dulwich; A. H. C., Lee; J. B. W., Cambridge; St. J. O., Bath; E. B., Liverpool; A. E. T., Bristol; K. L. E., Matlock; Miss B., Gower Park; L. L., Ramsgate; E. G. H., West Kensington; K. F., London, W.C.; E. H. H., Streatham; V. S., London, W.; G. M., Bedford; Miss C., Brighton; A. B., Croydon; H. C., Lewis-ham; S. K., Tunbridge Wells; A. W., Newcastle-on-Tyne; B. C., Finsbury Park, N.; T. M., Oundle.

Competition No. 33 (New Series).

MR. PICKWICK'S first claim to renown rested on his learned "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittle-bats." It is strange that no attempt has been made to resuscitate even a fragment of this remarkable paper. We invite our readers to do so; and since not all have been to Hampstead, but all have caught tittle-bats, we ask them to confine themselves to the latter branch of Mr. Pickwick's subject. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Pickwick unfolded his great Theory of Tittle-bats in language worthy of his own and his subject's importance. We call for those words, imposing three hundred as the limit. To the competitor who, in our judgment, evokes them most nearly as they were delivered to the immortal Club, we shall award a prize of One Guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 8. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 377, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

Books about the War come into this office with the frequency of shells in a besieged town. Following a score or so that we have already reviewed, to-day Mr. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, gives us a book; to-morrow Mr. Nevinson, of the *Chronicle*; the day after to-morrow Mr. Winston Churchill. The war-book business, like everything else, is being overdone. Within a week the rights of no fewer than twenty-five books about the War were offered to one American publisher. We are also to have a volume from the Bishop of Natal, who was at the Front with General Buller. It is in the form of a diary, and was written for the benefit of his friends; but "the urgent needs of his diocese have induced him to consent to their publication." The Bishop of Natal is a sanguine man. We wish him and his diary good fortune.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, we understand, has accepted the offer of an American firm of publishers to write a history of the Boer War.

MESSRS. METHUEN are preparing a sixpenny edition of Colonel Baden-Powell's personal narrative of the Matabele Campaign of 1896. The book, which is dedicated to his mother, has been illustrated by Colonel Baden-Powell with numerous and characteristic sketches.

MRS. MEYNELL has been appointed art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in succession to R. A. M. S. Mr. W. E. Henley has written for the new number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* an appreciation of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson.

CHANGES have taken place in the editorial department of the *Speaker*. Mr. Philip Carr, we understand, has retired from the editorship, which he shared jointly with Mr. J. L. Hammond.

THE work of reconstruction which has been in progress for some time in the publishing house of Harper & Brothers is now practically complete. The London branch in Albemarle-street has been placed under the control of Mr. W. B. Fitts, who is known in England by his work in connexion with the new series of the *North American Review*. Mr. E. V. Lucas has joined Messrs. Harper & Brothers as reader and literary adviser.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE is writing three more "Dolly Dialogues," which will be published in the *New Magazine*, an American periodical of which the first number is announced to appear shortly.

A SIXPENNY edition of John Oliver Hobbes's *The School for Saints* will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin at an early date.

IN the report made by Edward Edwards on the first year's working of the Manchester Free Library (1852-53) it is interesting to read his remarks on the popular

reading of that day. He enumerates some of the works most in demand in both the Reference and the Lending Departments, and the list of titles makes a curious contrast with the popular reading of to-day—not entirely to the credit of modern readers. In the Reference Department the Biblical commentaries most in demand were those of Calmet, Kitto, and Beard. The works of Jeremy Taylor, Richard Hooker, Robert Hall, and Bishop Horsley had been much read. During the first six months of the year, Hume and Smollett's *History of England* was issued 31 times; Lingard's, 41 times; Craik and Macfarlane's, 60 times; and Macaulay's 124 times. Cumming's *Hunter's Life in South Africa* was applied for nearly 200 times; Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, 74 times; and Layard's *Ninveh and its Remains* about as often. Biography was popular; and for a *Life of Wellington*, and the great Duke's *Despatches*, there were 122 calls. Various Lives of Napoleon had a total of 303 readers. Shakespeare's works, and books illustrative thereof, reached the respectable total of 324 issues; while in the realm of fiction, Scott and Defoe reigned supreme, there having been 1,141 issues of the former and 984 of the latter: *Ivanhoe* being issued 241 times, and *Robinson Crusoe*, 239. *The Thousand and One Nights* delighted 294 readers, *Gulliver's Travels* left the shelves 123 times, and *Roderick Random* had 82 issues.

TURNING to the parallel six months in the Lending Department, we find that the same problem troubled the librarian of those days as now—viz., the great preponderance of fiction-reading. Dickens's *The Chimes* was borrowed 42 times; *Oliver Twist*, 30; and *Dombey and Son*, 20 times. Scott's *Kenilworth* was issued 34 times; *Peveril of the Peak*, 31; and *The Fortunes of Nigel*, 34 times. *Vanity Fair* was taken out 30 times; *Polham*, 33 times; while the now forgotten Sewell's *Rudolph the Voyager* found 36 readers. "But," says the librarian, "of such works as these, four or five times the number of copies which the library possesses would be in equally eager demand were they forthcoming." The first volume of Whitaker's *History of Manchester* was borrowed 21 times, but the second reversed the figures, being issued only 12 times. Macaulay's *History* found 20 students. Fifteen issues were recorded of the early volumes of Lingard's *History*; but the perseverance of many of the readers evidently broke down, for when the ninth volume was reached they numbered but 10, the tenth totalled 7, and the thirteenth only 3. Clarendon's *History* found 14 readers for the first and second volumes, but the seventh volume reduced that number to 3.

WE stated some weeks ago that the scene of Mr. Kipling's new novel is laid in Upper Burmah. The first draft of the story, we gather from the *New York Bookman*, was given to the printers in England before Mr. Kipling's departure for South Africa. In its original form it made about one hundred thousand words. The proofs were forwarded to Mr. Kipling at the scene of the war, and the author was obliged to make his corrections and alterations under trying and picturesque circumstances.

How quickly truth becomes elusive, and myth pervasive! Was it truth or myth—that Norfolk landlord's character-sketch of George Borrow which Mr. Lowerison communicated last week to the *Daily Chronicle*? Mr. William Mackay, writing from Oulton Broad, the scene of Mr. Lowerison's interview, scouts the whole story. Our readers must judge between the twain:

MR. LOWERISON IN THE *Daily Chronicle*, APRIL 30.

The landlord of the Ferry Inn at Oulton Broad knew George Borrow very well. I remember five years ago asking him how he liked the author of *Lavengro*.

"Didn't like him at all," was the gruff response.

"At least," I said, "he was a scholar and a gentlemen."

"Scholar be d—," replied Boniface, "an' gentleman he weren't; never came into my bar but he quarrelled with everyone there, and cracked 'em out to fight. An' when he weren't fighting himself he were egg'in' others on to."

And that was George Borrow.

But all the same I'll e'en take down the *Romany Rye* and talk with the gipsies ere I sleep to night.

MR. MACKAY, IN THE *Daily Chronicle*, MAY 9.

He [Mr. Lowerison] discovered at the Ferry Inn "a landlord who knew Borrow very well." There is no inn of that name at Oulton Broad. But the landlord of the Wherry Hotel—which is doubtless the hostelry Mr. Lowerison has in his mind—did not know Borrow "very well." I also had tapped that barrel, but obtained from it nothing stimulating. The landlord's name was Mason—he died a twelvemonth ago—and he has often told me that Borrow had not "used" his house twice during all the years through which they had been neighbours. All Mr. Lowerison's story, therefore, about Borrow quarrelling in the bar, fighting himself and egging others on to fight, is pure romance.

Your correspondent has evidently encountered someone who impersonated the landlord of the Wherry; someone who appears to have been as great a poseur and as flamboyant a prevaricator as Mr. George Borrow himself. This theory finds support in the fact that the real landlord of the Wherry did not swear, and did not converse in a sort of bastard dialect impossible to locate. The late Mr. Mason was a Londoner, an intelligent and widely-read man with considerable literary tastes.

MR. ROBERT H. SHERRARD writes some interesting things about his friend, the late Mr. Ernest Dowson, in the current *Author*. Mr. Sherrard sheltered Dowson in the last six weeks of his unhappy life, and his account of the young poet's last literary enjoyments comes somewhat as a surprise:

He glutted himself on Dickens, and I had also an *Esmond*, by Thackeray, to put into his gaunt hands. He had *Esmond* in his bed, by the way, when he died. But as to Dickens, here was a perfect stylist and most laborious artist who delighted himself for the last precious days of a short life in the hasty writings, but perfect humanity, of our English Balzac.

And I shall never take up an *Oliver Twist* again without remembering these circumstances: Five hours before Ernest Dowson died I was lying on a couch in a room adjoining his, keeping myself awake at six o'clock in the morning with the adventures of that most smug of prigs, so as to keep converse with my friend, who could not get to sleep, and who had begged me to talk to him. I happened to say to him, to show that I was vigilant: "How absurdly melodramatic this is, about the murder of Nancy. Do you think that, for anything Fagin could tell him, Sikes, who knew Fagin to be the worst liar on earth, would have killed his missus?"

"No," said Dowson; "he would have gone for Claypole." And that was the last thing on literature that he ever said.

FRANCIS DOUCE'S box at the British Museum has been opened at last, and its contents are said to be of no value to anybody. The British Museum authorities had never set very high hopes on the box, as it was known that Douce had left all his finest manuscripts to the Bodleian Library.

MR. GEORGE GISSING is one of those novelists about whom the best of friends are apt to disagree. You like his novels or you don't. But it is surely a symptom of Mr. Gissing's worth that books which he wrote many years ago are continually being referred to by admiring readers as not having received their due. Thus in some remarks on Grub-street—the Grub-street that was, and is, and will be—the *American Bookman* remarks that Mr. Gissing's novel *New Grub Street* "has not one tithe of the recognition it deserves," while in the *May National Review* Miss Jane H. Findlater writes of Mr. Gissing's *The Nether World* as a novel that is "deserving of more fame than it ever got." If there are arrears of fame due to Mr. Gissing it is very certain that they will be paid, with interest, at some future date.

MISS FINDLATER'S tribute to Mr. Gissing occurs in a very readable article on "The Slum Movement in Fiction." The pedigree of the modern slum novel as traced by Miss Findlater is briefly this:

Charles Dickens (*Oliver Twist*).

Charles Kingsley (*Alton Locke*).

George Gissing (*The Nether World*).

Rudyard Kipling (*Badalia Herodsfoot*).

Arthur Morrison (*Tales of Mean Streets*).

W. S. Maugham (*Lisa of Lambeth*).

W. Pett Ridge (*Mord Em'ly*).

Clarence Rook (*The Hooligan Nights*).

Miss Findlater thinks that *Badalia Herodsfoot* gave the present "brutal school" its present life and activity. In *Lisa of Lambeth* the brutality reached its depths, and what was needed was work more artistic and less horribly powerful. The needed relief came in Mr. Pett Ridge's *Mord Em'ly* and Mr. Clarence Rook's *The Hooligan Nights*. "To my thinking," says Miss Findlater,

these latest contributions to slum literature are probably more near the truth in their picture of slum-life than any of their predecessors, yet it may be seriously questioned whether all attempts in this sort are not vain. The gulf that separates the educated man and woman from the uneducated is curiously difficult to bridge. We may believe as firmly as we like that we are brothers or sisters "under our skin," yet remain in heathen ignorance all the while of the real truth about each other. What we mutually see must always be only the surface of things, and anything beyond that no more than clever conjecture. Let us say, then, that the probabilities seem to be with the latest contributors! They avoid successfully the weak points where their predecessors have broken down, are not too moral, or too boring about reform; or too hopelessly tragical, or too desperately brutal; they take, in fact, the middle road of proverb with good results.

The survey will do, but Miss Findlater makes one serious omission. Mr. George Moore's *Ether Waters* combines the darker and the lighter sides of slum life, and is, in any case, a most remarkable work of the class she is considering.

BOETHIUS' *Consolations of Philosophy* is a book which Englishmen should not "willingly let die." The favourite philosophical work of the Middle Ages, it found a royal lover and editor in King Alfred, who, with the aid of

Asser, gave to his subjects a fine though free rendering of this work by "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully would have acknowledged for their countryman." Last year Mr. Walter John Sedgefield gave us a scholarly edition of King Alfred's Old English version of this remarkable book. He now gives us, through the Clarendon Press, the same version rendered into modern English. In doing this it has been Mr. Sedgefield's care to preserve that curiously refreshing personal note which Alfred infused into his version, "the making of which was to Alfred a love's labour." Mr. Sedgefield's preface continues:

It satisfied his intellectual cravings and stimulated his uncultured but vigorous mind, and he resolved to give his still more unlettered lieges a share in the treat. So he turned it into his own tongue, as the King of the West Saxons might be expected to do, in a large and royal way, scattering up and down the work such notes and comments as he judged needful. His *Boethius* heads the roll of English philosophical writings; it likewise heads the roll of English translations. It is hoped that the modern English dress here given to the king's best book will help to make him less an unsubstantial shadow for Englishmen of to-day, and more a real man, practical, right-feeling, and earnest beyond his generation.

THE supremacy of the Novel is discussed by Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Lang finds that in 1830 Bulwer Lytton wrote of the novel in terms which might be used to-day. In his Dedicatory Epistle to *Paul Clifford* Lytton explains why he writes novels. "Will you—will anyone—read epic or sonnet, tale or satire, tragedy or epigram? . . . Then, as to philosophy, we may judge of the demand when we reflect that Hobbes's works are out of print, and that Mill's *Analysis* has not been reviewed. . . . All books, except novels, are now ephemeral far more than are writings in fiction. Does the biography or the essay or the treatise last even the year for which the novel endures? . . . We live in a strange and ominous period for literature. . . . The idlest work is the most charming. . . . We throw aside our profound researches, and feast upon popular abridgments. . . . Readers now look into fiction for facts. . . . Thus in the wreck of much that is great and noble paths are open to second-rate ability and mediocre knowledge." Mr. Lang is careful to point out that Fiction did not enjoy undisputed sway for long after 1830. The poetry of Tennyson, the histories of Macaulay and Froude, and the philosophy of Darwin and Ruskin, soon redressed the balance. "Thus," says Mr. Lang, "if any author feels that he has in him the powers of a Macaulay, a Tennyson, a Froude, a Darwin, or a Ruskin, he may, without too much diffidence, write history, poetry, philosophy, or essays on art. The less gifted or less confident men of the pen are driven back, like Lytton, on the novel, and let us hope that their romances will be no worse than his."

MEANWHILE, the young novelist of our day is possibly working on wrong lines. The qualities on which he prides himself most are his veracity and vigilance. To see everything, and record it truly, is, he thinks, essential to his art. He revels in what he calls "vision." To make the reader see a great deal of detail with absolute clearness is constantly his labour. A writer in the *Atlantic Review* confesses that this labour is lost on him. When the illusion of a modern novel is at its height, he has "an instinctive craving for the disentangling of the essential from the superfluous, for enfranchisement from the tyranny of accessories." Probably few readers with a fine critical sense have not felt the same impatience of superfluously wrought detail, especially in the novels on which the adjective "powerful" is bestowed with a flowing pen. The writer continues:

If we consider, I venture to say, we shall find that we know the faces of none of the characters of the great

fiction of the past as we know, or may know, those of the brain-children of the typical latter-day novelist—not even Beatrice Esmond, not Don Quixote himself. Nor are we made aware of any very minutely distinguishing traits, mental or physical, pertaining to them. Radiant, heroic, grotesque, repellent, as the case may be, they are satisfyingly apparent, sufficiently real, but they are a little removed from us; their outlines are slightly indefinite, like those of a composite picture. Perhaps, indeed, we never lose the latent consciousness that they are composite pictures—that each is not one, but many. Certainly, I have never had, while setting myself to learn their life histories, the vague feeling of unworthiness which one has in listening to gossip about one's neighbours—as I have had more than once in the case of the scrupulously individualised heroes and heroines and satellites of to-day. And never have Rosalind, Hamlet, the deathless Don—nor even Becky Sharp and Mrs. Gamp—harassed me by their presence!

THE *American Bookman's* latest list of best selling books:

1. *To Have and to Hold*. Johnston.
2. *Red Pottage*. Cholmondeley.
3. *Janice Meredith*. Ford.
4. *When Knighthood was in Flower*. Caskoden.
5. { *Richard Carvel*. Churchill.
- { *The Gentleman from Indiana*. Tarkington.
6. *Resurrection*. Tolstoy.

CHICAGO is already associated in the minds of Englishmen with scientific slaughter. We are afraid that its treatment of the English language suggests similar ideas. The spelling reform which is there making such rapid progress has brought about the adoption of spellings which we contemplate with a shudder. Final e's are to be dropped "in words in which they do not serve to lengthen the preceding vowel, but rather tend to mislead the learner; thus—spel, hav, giv, ar, bad (verb), definit, derivativ, amiabl, &c." "F" is to be substituted for "ph" and "gh"; thus—geografy, fantasm, and enuf. Other typical new spellings are: Coud, sovran, foren, hole (entire), iland, gastly, &c. On these Dr. Funk, editor-in-chief of the *Standard Dictionary*, comments favourably, as follows:

It is inevitable as the law of gravity that silent letters—that is, letters that have outlived their significance and are now but dead weight—be dropt out of words. Progress is along the line of least resistance, and in spelling the phonetic is surely that line; a distinct sign for every distinct sound. We have already come a great way. Just note some of the spellings that our great-grandfathers had to put up with, and let us be glad that we live to-day. This is the way they spelt in Shakespeare's time:

Ayre (air), beleue (believe), civill (civil), cuppe (cup), dienele (devil), duckyoy (decoy), farre (far), fysche (fish), horroure (horror), musick (music), sunne (sun), souldiers (soldiers), trewe (true), wisfe (wife).

We agree that progress has been made since Shakespeare's time, but it has been a progress free, natural, and gracious. Speech belongs to the mind and body, and should partake of their slow change and growth. New spellings should be initiated by writers, not by schoolmasters and lexicographers. Your spelling reformer will make night and knight indistinguishable to the eye. Veil and vale; sent, cent, and scent; by, bye, and buy will all lose their visual identity under the "fonetik" scheme. This would be calamitous from a literary point of view.

A DELIGHTFUL picture of one of Edward FitzGerald's hospitable evenings at his cottage at Boulge in 1845 is contained in a letter written by Bernard Barton, FitzGerald's father-in-law, to John Wodderspoon, the author of *Memorials of Ipswich*. The letter from which we are about to quote is one of a large batch written by Barton to Wodderspoon, which has lately come into the hands of

an Ipswich bookseller. These letters date from 1843 to 1849, and their contents are very varied. Writing on January 15, 1845, Barton gives this picture of FitzGerald as a host:

Tom Churchyard drove me last night to a symposium given by Edward FitzGerald to us two and Old Crabbe—lots of palaver, smoking, and laughing. My head swims yet, with the fumes of the baccy, and my sides are sore with laughing. Edward was in one of his drollest cues, and did the honours of his cottage with such gravity of humour that we roared again. It was the oddest *melange*. Tea, porter, ale, wine, brandy, cigars, cold lamb, salad, cucumber, bread and cheese; no precise line of demarcation between tea and supper. It was one continuous spread, something coming on fresh every ten minutes till we wondered whence they came and whither they could be put. "Gentlemen, the resources of the cottage are exhausted," shouted our host. "Miss Faiers, the salad there, the cucumber here, oil at that corner, vinegar and pepper yonder; there put the cream, and that glass of butter in the middle, push those wine and brandy bottles close together"—certainly, it was rare fun.

Bibliographical.

WRITING in the *Daily Express* the other day, Mr. Clement Scott referred to the fact that when he was editor of the *Theatre* magazine one of his contributors was Miss Marie Corelli. Those who are interested in Miss Corelli's work outside the limits of fiction may like to know that her articles in Mr. Scott's miscellany appear to have begun in 1883 with an account of "A Fair Enthusiast" (for Wagner), followed in the same year by a paper on "Joachim and Sarasate" and a sketch of "A Girl Graduate." In 1884 came "His Big Friend" (an *élog*e of Hollman, the violin-cellist). In January, 1885, appeared a description of an "improvisation" (on the pianoforte) given by Miss Corelli at a house in Harley-street. "Her touch is brilliant, and her execution marvellous," wrote the appreciative reporter. Then in the February number came four stanzas of verse addressed to the Princess Beatrice "on her betrothal," after this fashion:

Beatrice, Comfort of England! Young Joy of its people,
Lay by the lilies of maidenhood,—Love is before thee!
Hark to the bells going mad with their mirth in the
steeple!
Cling to the lover who looks in thine eyes to adore thee!
Happiness hallowed thy girlhood, and peace in its perfect
completeness,
Greater delight now awaits thee, and stronger, more
absolute sweetness.
Come from the side of that Throne where the nations in
wonder
Bend to thy Mother's slight hand and acknowledge her
splendour,
She whom the multitudes shout for with voices of thunder,
She who is better than mighty in being so tender!
Pitiful ev'n to the poorest, as compassionate sister to
brother,
Beatrice! well hast thou honoured so noble, so faithful a
mother.

Finally, in 1886, Miss Corelli was represented by fourteen lines on Desdemona, beginning thus:

Draw back the velvet curtains, let the light
Rush wonderingly in! She will not say
The sunbeams dazzle her. . . . Eternal Night
Hath closed for her the portals of the Day.
Look you how fair she is! as fair as when
She smiled on Cassio—prithce where's her wrong?—
One woman, sure, doth smile on many men!

The announcement of a forthcoming new edition of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets, with hitherto-unprinted matter, is a fresh testimony to the renewed popularity of the hero of Zutphen. There has been quite a run upon Sidney

and his works during the past decade. It began with the memoir which Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne contributed to the "Heroes of the Nations" series in 1891. In 1892 a "Cabinet of Gems" from Sidney's writings made its appearance, followed in 1893 by a reprint of his *Apology for Poetrie*, a reprint of his *Arcadia*, and an edition of his Miscellaneous Works. He was allowed to rest for a year, and then, in 1895, came a pretty little collection of his *Lyric Poems*. In 1897 we had Mr. Grosart's edition of the *Complete Poetical Works* in three volumes (including the verse in the *Arcadia*). Next year appeared Mr. John Gray's edition of the *Sonnets*, with Mr. Ricketts's illustrations, and, finally, last year saw the publication of *Memoirs of the Sidney Family*, from the pen of the gentleman who is now about to give us more of Sidney's verse.

I note that Mr. E. Robins is by and by to be represented by a couple of new volumes—one entitled *Twelve Great Actors*, and the other *Twelve Great Actresses*. Much interested as I am in the literature of the stage, this particular announcement is one about which I feel unable to "enthuse." Mr. Robins, who is, I believe, an American cousin, is already known in this country as the author of *Echoes of the Playhouse: Reminiscences of Past Glories* (1895), and of *The Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield* (1898), neither of them very much more than collections of more or less readable gossip.

It is, again, a little disappointing to find that the volume on *The Manchester Stage*, for which we are told to look, is confined in scope to the last twenty years. The story of the Manchester stage is well worth telling at some length, as it is of real interest and value to playgoers. It was in Cottonopolis that Charles Calvert started most if not all, of his excellent Shakespearean revivals, and it was in the same city that Henry Irving first gave earnest of his exceptional ability as an actor. Something about the Birmingham stage has been written by Mr. T. E. Pemberton; and the same office has been done for Bath by Mr. Penley, for Edinburgh by Mr. J. C. Dibdin, for Glasgow by Mr. Walter Baynham, and for Aberdeen by the late Mr. Angus. Even the Dundee stage has had its historian. There is a little book on the Brighton stage: but, unless I am much mistaken, the theatrical history of Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, and other leading centres in England, has either been altogether neglected or else very inadequately treated.

A Yale professor has written a book on *The Mind of Tennyson*, which, I suppose, will soon be accessible in England. Singularly enough, America (so far as I know) has not done much in the way of Tennysonian criticism. For the moment I can think only of Stedman's essay in his *Victorian Poets* and of Mr. Van Dyke's *Poetry of Tennyson*, which came to us, originally, ten years ago, but has since been revised and reproduced. We shall see what the Yale professor gives us; but, in the meantime, the States have yet to furnish us with "appreciations" of our great poet which can be named in the same breath with those of George Brimley, W. C. Roscoe, R. H. Hutton, Stopford Brooke, and Frederic Harrison.

The idea, which has occurred to Major Arthur Griffiths, of writing the history of *Famous British Regiments* is good, but not quite novel. I remember very well a little book, published a good many years ago, called *Famous Regiments of the British Army*; but that, of course, must be somewhat out of date. Besides, have there not been changes in regimental nomenclature?

"Do you remember," asks Mr. Arthur Pendenys in his latest letter to Belinda, "that in the burlesque of Lytton's play, 'Money,' Sir Harcourt Courtly figured as Sir Haircut Shortly—one of the best perversions on record?" But, dear Mr. Pendenys, it is in "London Assurance," not in "Money," that Sir Harcourt Courtly figures. And when and where was "Money" ever burlesqued? I can find no record of any travesty of that *démodé* production.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Woman's Hansard.

The International Congress of Women, 1899. Edited by the Countess of Aberdeen. 7 vols. (Unwin. Each 3s. 6d. net.)

UTTERANCE is creative: that is the teaching of Genesis and St. John, it is also the experience of the world; and the utterance of woman—so long delayed—the utterance before mankind of all her sufferings and aspirations in political and industrial life, is creating a new order and new values. Silence, even that which M. Maeterlinck applauds with such truth and grace, is but the laboratory of the message for which a heart or a world is waiting. The International Congress of Women of 1899, like the similar gatherings which preceded and which will succeed it, was an utterance born of long and cruel silence. It stated innumerable facts; it suggested remedies for existing evils; it diffused what we may call the cult of sisterhood in humanity; it was a great conception admirably organised. Its result is materialised in seven volumes, and we are able as a consequence to obtain an idea of the value of women as an intellectual force in politics. The volumes have been edited, the parenthetical talk ("Hear, hear," &c.) has been eliminated, but the characteristics of the speakers remain. Let it be said at once that even congresses of women are not free from frivolity. Woman is incurably arch. Said Miss Mabel Hawtrey, for instance: "People, I am told, advocate co-education with a view to promoting the equality of the sexes. Now, this is an object with which I have very little sympathy, as I have no wish to climb down and place myself on an equality with man. I would much rather stay where I am, in the position he has given me, and personally I shall be quite satisfied if he continues to look up to me." This were a suitable remark to put in the mouth of a flirtatious girl in a novel; but it gives a preliminary air of insincerity to a thoughtful speech on co-education from a physiological point of view. Sex-glorification is another regrettable feature of the talk of women in congress. Hear Mrs. Adelaide Johnson in an unfinished and unfinishable sentence on sculpture as a profession for her sex: "And as hitherto woman has never failed in any undertaking whatsoever, but, with fair opportunity in each, has taken the palm, and has purified, dignified, and uplifted every trade, industry, and profession she has entered and embraced—or 'tis truer to say conquered. . . ." The rebutment of imaginary accusations should not occupy women in congress. "It is, or it was," said Miss Carmichael Stopes, "a common masculine dictum, that women have no creative or originitive faculty, no humour, no pathos, no fire, no sustained effort, no accuracy. Had I time I could disprove each charge." And then the good lady goes on to demand: "Who among men has equalled the intensity of Charlotte and Emily Brontë?" This is the kind of thing which a happy exigency of space might have excluded from print. Women, collectively speaking, err in yielding to an innate love of forcible phrase, regardless of accuracy. To the Lady Battersea we owe the curious sentence: "Novels, which, if they do not amuse, are unworthy of their name, do not prevent their authors from being among the best preachers and teachers the world has ever known. . . . Think of Sir W. Scott, Hood. . . . Miss Broughton, and the joint work of Gilbert and Sullivan." The abbreviation "Sir W." gives a special flavour to this apostrophe. The importance of facts, of data, has yet to be learned by the average woman speaker; but that women are capable of mastering the concrete as well as the abstract surface of a question is shown by the valuable contributions of Mrs. J. R. Macdonald to the work of the Congress. Women are naturally fond of platitudes, and there was one which fell from the lips of

a fair senatress which deserves to become a classic: "Where equity is, justice cannot be far off."

The pronouncements of the Congress on the subject of literature, journalism, and art will be read with interest. They are, of course, imbued with a moral feeling which rather tempts the rejoinder: "L'art pour l'art." The Duchess of Sutherland almost made an epigram in rebuking women journalists who forgot that "personalities were not character-studies." Mrs. Ida H. Harper stated the remarkable fact that "in Chicago a woman, who has been for many years an editorial writer on one of the large dailies in that city, does the heavy political writing, treating especially the leading questions of tariff and finance," at a salary of 5,000 dols. a year. An excellent principle in co-operative journalism was stated by the same lady. The woman-journalist "must learn to forget that she is a woman when she has to work among men at men's work. I do not mean that she must be unwomanly. . . . But if a man wants to smoke in her presence when she is at work, or keep his hat on, or take his coat off, . . . she must remember that it all goes with the place she is in. . . . Men like womanly women; but still they don't want any 'clinging-vine' business about an office." Miss March Phillipps finds that "men write with greater ease and lightness because their work is now brought into close contact with that of women." They should certainly gain much "ease and lightness" if they answered Mrs. Harper's requisition of the woman journalist. "If her own cherished ideas are wholly opposed to those of the managing editor, can she substitute his for her own and present them in the same strong, convincing manner?"

A striking example of an influential editress is cited by Mlle. Drucker. Her French is not classic, so we translate the passage which refers to the weekly organ *De Huisvrouw*. "At the head of this journal was and is still an invisible personality, a woman . . . whose veil is so thick that several people think that the face hidden behind it is that of a man who is afraid of being unmasked and twitted with having concealed himself under a woman's name."

On the subject of romantic literature the most interesting contributions are from foreigners. True, Mrs. Flora Anna Steel says some clever things, such as this: "There is nothing sacred from the stylograph pen, which jots down even your mistakes as 'copy'; but she takes refuge in a crypt from the exactions of her too-comprehensive subject. Mme. Dick May credits Mme. de Lafayette with the creation of the psychological novel. MM. Paul Bourget, Edouard Rod and Marcel Prévost must take off their caps to her. Fraulein von Milde informs us that Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach is Germany's greatest authoress, and that her account of the struggles of a murderer's son "against prejudice, stupidity and malignity" is "the best modern novel we possess either from men or women." Observe the calm omniscience of this remark! Mrs. Heinemann—the cultivated novelist "Kassandra Vivaria"—stimulates a vague interest in various Italian mediocrities whose productiveness amid "the turmoil of intestine wars" was in itself a kind of genius. Finland and Holland offer, it would appear, mines of literary wealth still untapped, and translators on the look out for "tips" cannot do better than consult these Transactions on this subject.

Women have a delightful talent for enthusiasm in branch-subjects. The experiences of a woman as a folk-song collector, given in one of these volumes, is an illustration of what we mean. What man would think of making a "profession" of strolling about asking fishermen *à propos des bottles* to sing him songs? But Mrs. Lee is a folk-song collector who has the courage to present her requests without the preliminary of being "introduced." And because she refrains from introductions, she is reminded "of one I had to a well-known lady, from the charwoman who cleaned for us both, in a country district,

'Oh, Mrs. Lee, I think you ought to know Mrs. Maclaren, for you both digs your pertaties and weeds your garden. You both play the pianner of a Sunday, and you are both middle-aged.'

Of the social, political, industrial side of these transactions it scarcely behoves us to speak. An industrial irony of a semi-literary character may be mentioned. It is illegal for French women to do night work as compositors, but though they are chased from the composing room after dark there is nothing to prevent them from spending seven hours of the night in folding the journal they may not set up.

Among the methods for securing an alleviation of industrial evils may be mentioned the Consumers' League of the United States, which puts buyers in the possession of such facts as enable them to confine their patronage to firms which study the sanitary interests of their employees. Lord Rowton's model lodging-houses pay 5 per cent., it appears; but the scarcity of house-room is still one of the disgraces of civilisation. In the "Report of Council Transactions" is printed an ingenious scheme, drawn up by Mr. Gilbert Parker, for affording comfortable accommodation and board for women clerks earning 25s. a week. It may be added that several men were represented at the Congress, among them Dr. Cecil Reddie and Mr. J. H. Badley, whose schools have pointed the way to a revolution in educational methods.

Lady Aberdeen and her coadjutors may, on the whole, be congratulated on the manner of their performance. It was apparently, and perhaps justly, thought inexpedient to remodel the uncouth locutions of several writers; but their assistance might perhaps have been sought for the disentangling of a few really unintelligible sentences. There are some misprints: "A death-rate increased by 104 per cent." (p. 160, "Women in Social Life"), and another "beauté de la statistique," on p. 44 of "Women in Industrial Life," are beyond our comprehension. Cencin is evidently a misprint for Tencin on p. 127, Vol. I. of "Women in Professions." But the work involved in selecting and condensing was enormous, and there is plenty of evidence of conscientious attention to the discharge of it. The indexes add greatly to the utility of the volumes for reference.

In conclusion, what will come of all this talk? Three things, in one inevitable order—light, conviction, reform. It is woman, whom even man delineated, from of old, as Truth leaping from a well, as Aphrodite rising from the chaos of waves, who will set this old world right.

Mr. Lang's "Scotland."

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

ERE now, alike in fiction and in sober narrative, Mr. Lang has touched upon more than one incident of Scottish history. It was to be expected that, sooner or later, he would busy himself with the whole stirring theme. He does not attempt the scale of Hill Burton or of Tytler, but proposes a "general history" in two volumes, which shall sum up the results of much recent research, and shall, at the same time, "introduce as much as possible the element of personal character and adventure, when duly vouched for by contemporary chroniclers, or, what is better, by contemporary letters and documents." The work is very clearly the outcome of wide reading, moderate speculation, and a real judiciousness in using the material of imaginative chroniclers, without the pedantry either, on the one side, of undue credulity, or, on the other, of excessive scepticism.

The volume now published begins with the Roman occupation and ends, in the midst of the sixteenth century, with the "tragedy" of Cardinal Beaton. The reader who

is acquainted with the various contributions of Mr. Lang to the study of primitive civilisations will regret that he has not found it consistent with the scheme of his work to give a somewhat fuller discussion of the *origines* and the early beliefs of the Scottish folk. He considers, indeed, the divergent theories of Prof. Rhys and Mr. Skene as to the Celtic or pre-Aryan character of the Picts and their relation to the certainly Celtic Scots. But he approaches the question purely from the side of philology, and refuses to deal with its more strictly anthropological aspects. "To discuss," he says, "the race and language of the tribes who incised on the rocks the universal hieroglyphs of early man, who used the polished neolithic weapons, to found theories on the shapes of skulls unearthed from burrows, is the province of another science, not of history." We rather demur to this. There is but one science of men, which is bound to draw its data from all sources indifferently, and certainly is not justified in consulting philology and neglecting craniology; and, sooner or later, historians will have to make up their minds to deal with the question how far a common language implies a common blood, on either or both of these a common religious and social organisation. Mr. Lang's treatment of the Celtic religion, again, is a little disappointing, consisting, indeed, mainly of a few pretty remarks about the *Sidhe*. Comparative folk-lore, however, affords material for a much fuller account, at least of the cult, if not the mythology, of the Scottish Celts: while even this latter can probably be to some extent reconstructed on the basis of popular legends and the fragments of the Ossianic cycle. On the other hand, Mr. Lang's summary of the nature and results, or want of results, of the brief Roman occupation of southern Scotland is excellent, and, better still the chapter called "Early Culture in Scotland," in which he deals with the obscure problems of crannoges, brochs, and earth houses, of the ogamic inscriptions, of the relation of Celt and Teuton, of tribal organisation, and of land tenure. Later on, a chapter on "Feudal Scotland" gives a similar survey of a further stage in the history of Scottish civilisation, and of the special forms taken by the universal West European institutions of feudalism in their application to the northern realm. All these synoptic chapters are very well done, and show real ability in the difficult task of extracting the essential from volumes of learned and often conjectural discussion. They are interspersed among other chapters of more direct narrative. Naturally, in handling the whole of the mediæval period of Scottish history, Mr. Lang is bound to keep before him the central theme of the relations between the Scottish and the English crowns. He traces, so far as the chroniclers permit, these relations during the dynasties of Kenneth McAlpine and Malcolm Canmore; and thus leads on to their dramatic outcome in the heroic struggles of the Wallace and the Bruce. Finally, he enters upon the chronicle of the mournful and fated house of Stuart. The reign of James the First, for all the failings of that high-handed monarch, is a pleasant oasis in the somewhat gloomy mediæval story. The forces of disorder were too much, in the long run, for James's gallant attempt to "make the key keep the castle, and the bracken bush keep the cow through all Scotland"; but, at least, he "would be a king," and legend gathered round his name. It need hardly be said that Mr. Lang dismisses with a sarcastic comment the somewhat flimsy theory which would deny to King James the authorship of "The King's Quair." With regard to "Kate Barlass," however, he is less conservative: "The legend of Catherine Douglas, who barred the boltless door with her arm, is, unfortunately, late and, perhaps, apocryphal." From James the First to James the Sixth the history of England is tragic, a "circle of calamity." The permanent element in the shifting phantasmagoria of royal minorities, intrigues, treacheries, and vendettas is "the essential and national

idea of resistance to England"; and it was previously in the closest union with England that history had national salvation in store for the country. The accuracy of Mr. Lang's estimate, both of episodes and of the general trend of things, must be left to the specialist to judge. Likely, Mr. Lang will have enough of criticism, for Scots are not slow to controversy in a good, or other, cause. As to the literary qualities of the book, we may say a word. They seem to us of a very high order. Mr. Lang has the lightest of touches in the presentment of material, which he has put together with the most conscientious pains. We had not thought that a difficult and broken chronicle, filled with crabbed names, could be made so interesting in the reading. He has a keen scent for the picturesque in phrase and detail, for the colour of a scene, for the quaint homespun of a contemporary writer. A brief specimen of his easy and effective narrative will not be out of place:

Of Scotland under James I. we have a curious and well-known sketch from the pen of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. Sent by the Council of Basel, a very young man at the time, the future Pius II. came into the frozen north like a shivering Italian greyhound on a curling-rink. There was only a space of little more than three hours of sunlight in winter, a circumstance since altered in the progress of civilisation. He calls the king a square-built man and too fat. He was anxious to see the tree which breeds Solan geese, but it was too far north. The half-naked poor, begging at church doors [a queer thing for an Italian to complain of], received not bread but a stoupe, which is greasy and burns. There is no wood in this naked region. Not till he reached Newcastle on his way south did Æneas find himself in a decently habitable region. Frightened by a storm at sea, he had made a vow of a barefoot pilgrimage to White Kirk. The weather was frosty, and the pilgrim suffered grievous things. Scotland was a country of unwalled cities: the houses, as a rule, were built without mortar, the horses were small, and curry-combs were unknown. Conversation was chiefly abuse of the English. When Regnault Girard came to bring the Daughter of Scotland to France, for her hapless marriage with the future Louis XI., he presented the queen with chestnuts, pears, and apples, and she was much pleased, for there is little fruit in Scotland. A mule was also a rare novelty, and much admired. Regnault speaks touchingly of the tears shed by James when he parted from his child.

Mr. Lang "was ever a fighter," and in these pages he more than once trails his coat. Mr. Henley brought a hornets' nest about his ears by praising Burns from a new and unconventional point of view. Mr. Lang is hardly less audacious in suggesting some qualifications of Knoxolatry. But his attitude towards Knox is as nothing when compared with his attitude towards the Douglasses.

Few things in Scottish history have been more disguised in popular books than the conduct of the house of Douglas. The comradeship of Bruce and the Good Lord James has thrown a glamour over the later Douglasses—men princely in rank, daring in the field, but often bitterly anti-national. The partiality of Hume of Godscroft, their *sennachie* or legendary historian, the romances of Pitcottie, the ignorance or prejudice of Protestant writers like Knox and Buchanan, the poetry of Scott, and the Platonic Protestantism of Mr. Froude, have concealed the selfish treachery of the house of Angus!

This is Mr. Lang's deliberate judgment; nor can he, when he meets a Douglas in the highways or the by-ways of his book, restrain a passing sneer. The Douglasses doubtless have their hereditary *sennachie* still, and we take it that anent this book there will ere long be wigs upon the green. As for us, we are indifferent to the reputations of clans or of church reformers, but we cannot away with Mr. Lang's practice of grouping his references and minor notes at the end of each chapter. It does not really add to the comeliness of the printed page, for the reference numbers remain hung up there. And as a matter of convenience, it is detestable.

Compress! Compress!

First and Last Poems. By Arabella Shore. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

LENTY to poets is not a charge of which we should feel greatly ashamed, nor is it the most heinous in the catalogue of possible sins. But criticism has its duties, and Miss Shore's volume enforces their exercise. The tyro, it is true, has his privileges; but the fact that these poems are avowedly the work of a lifetime forbids her the privileges of a beginner, though the book itself might well seem to claim them. What is it that we are apt to find in female writers with no shadowy touch of the poet's impulse, no outflow of heart and fancy which makes for verse, causing us reluctantly to deny them the attribute of classicality? Unclassicality, being a negative quality, may present itself in many ways. Most often it takes the form of diffuseness, diction inclining to conversational and journalistic conventions, disillusionisingly work-a-day speech in a tongue which has its separate and inexhaustibly opulent language sealed to poetic service, unsoiled by profane use. There is no virtue, indeed, *per se* in a pilfered richness of far-brought jargon; but at least it gives some merciful disguise to poverty of internal idea. Weak substance shows weakest associated with the loose-fitting customary phrase; good substance is enfeebled when it is sent abroad in such uncouthly habit. Such unclassicality is far from the educated simplicity of art or plenary inspiration—which is the finest art; far as chicken-broth from Liebig's Extract, far as distilled water from keen spring-water. It is poetry in ready-made clothing. And the separation from the significant fulness and inclusiveness of the great poets is enhanced by little femininities of expression which fatally suggest the feeble impulsiveness of the drawing-room; little dilutions of sentence-structure which recall the watered prattle of five o'clock tea. "Compress!" we sigh irritably; "in pity of poetry, good Madam, compress!" This unclassicality, in more or less degree, we impute to Miss Shore.

A cloud—that's Future Life—what lies before.

Why tell us that future life lies before?

How stronger far

The grasp of what *hath been* than what *shall be*.

The weak tautology and the weak italics are alike characteristic.

Has God willed to tell

By means of some strong instinct—hope and awe—
That when the last sigh's uttered a soul springs
Out in a moment on God-given wings
To scenes undreamt of, nor by poet's rhyme
Pictured, nor traveller to earth's farthest clime.

"Some strong instinct," "earth's farthest clime"—what could be more vague, customary, juiceless, and inadequate than these phrases, except the nerveless structure of the whole passage? A little further on Miss Shore apostrophises those who

Hold the human creature just

A solid nothing,

which is an absurdity that a little attention to meaning would have avoided. For, unfortunately, it is not only in form that she falls short. The saplessness which too often affects her language clings likewise to the substance. She is a meditative singer; but to be a meditative singer is not necessarily to be a thoughtful singer. Inexperience (especially female inexperience) loves vast, vague themes, which admit an interminable rambling looseness by their very absence of limit; so that no thought, however disjointed and inconsequential, comes irrelevant. Experience is well satisfied to make the most of a prudently contracted theme. Miss Shore is not a novice, but she shares this trait with the novice ambitious of profundity. One would spell "tyro" in such a title as *Death and Immortality*; or, *Life and Death*. A whole treatise of philosophy or theo-

logy might be written under the title. But the reader who adventures on Miss Shore's poem will not find himself carried out of his depth; though (if he be a logician) he may be out of his patience. In the less ambitious meditative poems a copious fluency of obvious reflections mingles with a regrettable lack of thought in the expression.

You lead us to the mountain-top
Where the great God who formed our kind
Sees, nor condemns, the tears that drop
From spirits bounded and half-blind.

Must one ascend a mountain-top for the Almighty to discern one's tears? And if not, what does the stanza mean? She wishes to Tennyson:

The God that did such sadness send
Send thee all comfort with it too;

and then rejoices to learn that He has "brought my mystic wishes true." What is there "mystic" in so commonplace a wish? And when she concludes by bidding the late Laureate

Twine all lost desires
About this central shaft of hope,

how can you twine a lost object about anything? These are trifles, but they are the trifles which make the difference between poetry and not-poetry. Nor can we say that the narrative poems, though better, reach any high standard. She concludes one poem on Woman with the words,

She asks no royal grant,
For she is free-born too;
Give her her human rights, and see what she can do!

Well, for one thing, she can write very much better poetry than Miss Shore has succeeded in writing. Better Miss Shore might write if she had a mind. "It is the mind," as Lamb said, "that is wanting." Heart and sensibilities she has in plenty; but for poetry a little more is needed, which Miss Shore has not yet attained.

Our Confounded Superiority.

Three Men on the Bummel. By Jerome K. Jerome.
(Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

SUCH books as this are the despair of the reviewer. They do not, in fact, call for reviewing at all. They are written, they are published, the first edition consists of twenty thousand copies—and that is all that need be said. Their sole object being to make you laugh, if they succeed their existence is justified, and if they fail they are naught. To be quite frank, this particular book has not made us laugh at all, and therefore, as we have said, for ourselves it is naught. But as against this inability on our own part must be placed the testimony of a family of our acquaintance—collectively and individually quite as capable as we are—who have been reading Mr. Jerome's work in its serial form, and have laughed themselves weary over it, the test of our own laughter falls to the ground.

It might, however, answer the purpose of a review to inquire a little into the reasons why we ourselves have been unable to laugh. The chief and embracing reason is, of course, that we did not find it funny; but the case may be explored rather more fully than that. What, as a rule, does make us laugh? Well, we like a comic writer to have a gift of surprise. Mr. Jerome advertises the end of his joke from the very start. We like a comic writer to leave something to ourselves. Mr. Jerome leaves nothing. This is perhaps a sufficient explanation. But to go on, we like, in a narrative of the adventures of fellow-creatures on a holiday, to be a little bit interested in the minds of those fellow-creatures. Mr. Jerome has invented three of the least interesting figures that we can remember. And,

finally, we like humour to be fresh. Mr. Jerome's mechanism is the mechanism of Mark Twain (which has been stale these twenty years), and he lacks any of that great humorist's inspiration.

Now, all this looks like a large indictment of Mr. Jerome; but we want it to be clearly understood that we consider it really an indictment of ourselves. Through an unfortunate familiarity with the books of a different class of writers, and a regrettable prejudice in favour of half tones, we have spoiled our mind for Mr. Jerome's peculiar qualities. It does not give us the least pleasure to realise this; on the contrary, when we remember the exultant faces of two boys who related to us—breathlessly, one helping the other—the substance of the previous instalment of *Three Men on the Bummel* in the paper in which it appeared, we are filled with sorrow, almost with shame, because our effort to pump up a little enthusiasm over the jest (it related to the discomfort of patent bicycle-saddles), and to simulate something that should pass for laughter, was so ghastly a failure that all the happy spirits died out of the expression of those appreciative readers, and we saw, and saw it with the utmost concern—for they consider us somewhat in the light of a dictator on books—an air of misgiving take its place, as though the doubt as to whether this sort of thing really was so funny as they had thought were creeping into their minds. Mr. Jerome may rest assured that we said nothing to spoil his welcome in that house. And it is because we do not want to do so in any other house that we have endeavoured to explain the situation so minutely.

A Cape Politician.

The Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno, K.C.M.G., First Premier of Cape Colony. By P. A. Molteno.
2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co. 28s.)

At first sight it would seem strange that the life of a Colonial politician, even one who possessed a claim to remembrance in that he was the first Prime Minister of Cape Colony, could not be told in less space than two stout volumes which, between them, contain little short of a thousand pages. To tell the truth, we live so fast nowadays that Sir J. C. Molteno and all that he did, or might have done, are already in a fair way to be forgotten: and, therefore, it is not surprising that Mr. P. A. Molteno should think it his duty to bring the fact of Sir J. C. Molteno's existence, personal and political, once more before the public. But the mystery vanishes with reading. The book is not so much a life of a former Premier of Cape Colony as a long and violent attack on two great men who have passed away—Lord Carnarvon and Sir Bartle Frere—who were before their time, and, consequently, were misunderstood and abused in their lifetime, and whose honoured graves are no protection from the spite of lesser men. What is valuable in this "life" could have been told in a quarter of the space, and this revival of forgotten controversies will have but little interest for the public. Mr. P. A. Molteno is not always accurate in his facts and in his suggestions of fact. Careful reading shows that he is aware that Sir Bartle Frere did not annex the Transvaal; but the impression left on the mind of one who came fresh to the subject would undoubtedly be that the Transvaal in 1877 was a flourishing and not a bankrupt State, and that Sir Bartle Frere was prompted by original sin to swallow it up. On p. 200 of Vol. II. Mr. Molteno says: "It has been contended that Sir Bartle Frere was not a consenting party to the annexation of the Transvaal." Mr. Molteno must, however, be aware, as he has presumably followed South African questions, that the present Sir Bartle Frere not long ago called attention in the public press to an article written by his father in a magazine nearly twenty

years ago, in which the ex-Governor of the Cape specifically declared that the annexation of the Transvaal was decided upon before he went out to South Africa, and that he was only connected with it after the event. A writer who takes upon himself to deal with the politics of that period should have known this fact even without Sir Bartle Frere's article, and certainly without the reminder by that statesman's son. If Mr. Molteno does know of it, he has been successful in concealing his knowledge.

But to turn to the nominal subject of the book. Sir J. C. Molteno was an Englishman of Italian descent, his father being in the Civil Service at Somerset House as Deputy Controller of Legacy Duty. The future Premier went out to the Cape in 1831 at the age of seventeen, and, after a few years' experience, started in business on his own account. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the short account of Mr. Molteno's life in the great Karroo, which was in those days much what the back country of Rhodesia is now. In 1843 he bought a farm at Nelspoort, at the foot of the Nieuwfeld Mountains, situated on the Salt River. The place is now on the railway, about halfway between Cape Town and De Aar Junction, of which so much has been heard of late. Not much over half a century ago,

this part of Africa harboured a greater variety and a greater number of the largest animals in the world than any other continent. The abundance of food thus available led to a corresponding variety of carnivorous animals and birds of prey, the former being led by the king of beasts—the lion himself, while next to him came the fierce leopard locally called a tiger, owing to its cunning, its vindictiveness and strength; below these came numerous leopards in a descending scale of size, with wild dogs, wild cats of every kind, wolves, hyenas, and jackals. The lion was just emigrating from this district when Mr. Molteno arrived. His shepherds appeared before him in a scared condition, and reported having seen one in the long reeds of the Salt River Vlei soon after he had settled in this part. It may be easily imagined what formidable difficulties the presence of these wild animals presented to the stock farmer. . . . The larger game began to move away before man, and the defenceless sheep took its place, and was called upon to supply food to the vast number of carnivora which were in occupation of the country. The lambs were carried off in numbers by the jackals, the wolves and hyenas made away with the grown sheep, the tiger would descend from his rocky fastness and in one night would indulge his love of slaughter and his thirst for blood by destroying twenty or thirty of your most valuable sheep, merely drinking their blood at the throat, and leaving them otherwise untraced. At another time, desiring a change of diet, your promising foal was carried off, and your calves were dealt with in a similar manner.

In 1854 Mr. J. C. Molteno represented Beaufort in the Cape Parliament, and formed his first Cabinet in 1872. He remained a principal figure in Cape politics until 1882, when he finally retired and was made a K.C.M.G. on the recommendation of Lord Kimberley, who was then Colonial Minister. Sir J. C. Molteno died on September 1, 1886, at the age of seventy-two.

He had lived long enough to be above the bitterness of party feeling. His death was the occasion of a unanimous and sincere expression of sorrow from the whole of the country, and from all political parties, who felt that they had lost a great and good man, indeed "the most representative man that the country had yet produced, whose name will ever be associated with the history of the Colony, and whose public career may always serve as a model for men, possibly possessed of more superficial brilliance, but who will never outshine him in the sterling qualities of political honesty, sound judgment, and common sense" (*Cape Argus*).

This certainly does not exceed the bounds of panegyric. Sir J. C. Molteno was an honest, cautious, and conscientious politician, without much foresight or imagination. The vast changes which have taken place of late in South Africa were beyond his prescience, and his mind seemed

unable to grasp more than the Cape Colony as it was when he knew it. His biographer has written his life from the same narrow point of view. As will be seen from the quotations, Mr. Molteno does not lay claim to any literary merit, or to any graces of style, and the book is emphatically not one to be taken up by the man wishing to learn the actual state of things in South Africa. It is an arsenal of controversial matter, intended first for the glorification of Sir J. C. Molteno, and secondly for the vilification of Lord Carnarvon and Sir Bartle Frere—if, indeed, the order should not be reversed. Still, it may be of some value to the future historian as giving the point of view of a certain set of politicians in South Africa, and for the sake of understanding that standpoint some will perhaps consent to wade through a mass of irrelevant matter. Had the book been the work of a judge and not of an advocate, the occasional passages in which Mr. Molteno hits the nail on the head would have had a greater chance of receiving attention.

Some Lessons for England.

Lessons of the War with Spain, and other Articles. By Alfred T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain United States Navy. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S aim in publishing these articles, collected from various American periodicals, is, as he says, to aid in the formation of an intelligent public opinion. And this not merely by pointing out the chief lessons which the American people ought to draw from their recent war with Spain. He thinks that the public should have a better acquaintance with the leading principles of warfare, which, as he says, are few and simple; and that the way to induce a better acquaintance in the public is to place before them narratives of warlike operations disencumbered of the detailed technicalities in which military and naval writers delight to array their works. The *Lessons of the War with Spain* is Captain Mahan's endeavour to supply such a narrative—what he calls a skeleton account of the operations leading up to the destruction of Cervera's fleet, with comments elucidating the principles, naval and military, on which they were based, or which they illustrate. It certainly fulfils his intention; its lucidity should make it understandable to any intelligent unprofessional reader, though perhaps an occasional danger of confusion might have been avoided by relegating to notes some of the incidental digressions in which the writer indulges, however timely and useful in themselves.

The book should be hardly less valuable to us than to Americans. If the excesses of the American "yellow" press (on which Captain Mahan is very severe) are avoided among us, it is none the less true that public opinion needs enlightening on many points. One lesson to which he calls attention has been driven home to ourselves recently. It is the ruinousness of preparing only or chiefly for defensive war. Sums of money are sunk on "home defence" which would better have been spent in preparing an expeditionary force, in strengthening our attack. For (apart from wars of the Boer type) the most effective, quickest, and least costly way of preventing invasion or attack by the enemy is to maim and occupy him by attack on his own resources. Mere defence, as the writer emphasises, leaves the enemy free to select his point of assault, while the passive side has to consider and guard every possible point of injury in a large extent of vulnerable spots; it leaves his sinews of war intact, even though his blows be baffled, and thereby lingers out the hostilities, which energetic attack might conclude at once—as happened with the American attack on Spain.

A cognate lesson is the neglect of coast defence, of fortifications. For lack of this, the American blockade of Cuba was never secure against attack, as it should have

been. Cienfuegos and Havana both required blockade; but only the blockade of Havana could be secured by an adequate squadron of battleships. That of Cienfuegos could at any time have been raised by the appearance of a Spanish warship. And why? Because Schley's Flying Squadron, which ought to have been before Cienfuegos, was locked up in Hampton Roads, to calm the fears of the undefended and panic-stricken coast-towns. Only when Cervera's whereabouts was known could the authorities bring the Flying Squadron into action. Captain Mahan thinks that England's dependence on other nations for food supply makes coast defence less important to her, and reduces her to depend chiefly on her fleet. But it may be questioned whether the possible panic of our great coast-towns might not produce a more or less paralysing effect on a portion of our fleet, obliging it to be kept in home waters when it was seriously needed elsewhere.

Another point is the value of battleships which can act together as a fleet, having, at any rate approximately, the same speed and the same offensive power. Not speed, but combined weight of guns and ability to steam and manoeuvre together is the *desideratum*. Therefore, he advocates building a number of battleships of a certain medium type and practically equivalent speed, rather than sink the money of a few ships of large size. In connexion with this, and to be noted because there is a popular delusion to the contrary, is his emphatic declaration that battleships do not become useless because they are "obsolete"—that is, because ships of superior design are built subsequently. In the first place, such "obsolete" ships can be used, like irregular troops, for secondary purposes, setting free the newer ships for the more important duties proper to them—an invaluable function. Secondly, and more important yet, it is the view of naval authorities that the first line of battle, even though victorious, would be crippled and used up during the encounters and accidents of the opening war. Final victory would then rest with the nation which had the most "obsolete" ships to fall back upon; to fill the gaps in its first line, or, if necessary, to form a new fleet. Then the value to England of her numerous so-called "obsolete" battleships would become evident, and probably turn the scale decisively.

Of the many other lessons drawn by Captain Mahan from the war we do not speak, though most valuable for a right understanding of hostilities by the public. We have contented ourselves with a few which appeared most directly applicable to England, and for the rest we refer the reader to his exceedingly valuable and able book.

Other New Books.

CRICKET IN MANY CLIMES.

BY P. F. WARNER.

Mr. P. F. Warner (who is known to his friends and to ardent cricketers as "Plum") is the Middlesex amateur. After every English season, more or less, for some years he has added to the cricket of the summer—so insatiable are the sons of the game!—by joining an autumn or winter eleven for playing in other regions of the earth—the West Indies, America, Oporto, Canada, and South Africa—and it is the records of these tours which are given in his book. It was, perhaps, well to have them in this permanent form, for though many pages are necessarily rather small beer, and each bears a striking resemblance to the last, yet Lord Hawke, Mr. Warner's captain (to whom the book is dedicated) has done, by projecting these tours, so much for the cult of cricket in Greater Britain that a chronicle of the achievement is a valuable contribution to the history of the game. Mr. Warner's volume, however, has another value—it is vivacious and unaffectedly amusing. Many authors strive in vain all their

life for these two gifts—vivacity and amusiveness. Mr. Warner steps lightly in, and, holding the pen with not a tithe of the seriousness that belongs to his grasp of the bat, succeeds in capturing both. The book is the reflection of a happy, wholesome, public-school athletic temperament. (Heinemann.)

BRUGES: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

If we cannot say that Mr. Robinson has produced the history of Bruges which has hitherto been sadly to seek, in English at all events, he has unquestionably given us an attractive and exceedingly well-written book. It is not to be expected that everybody who writes about Longfellow's "quaint old Flemish city" should catch its atmosphere and fix its aspects with the consummate art of the late M. George Rodenbach—we know, indeed, of no book which suggests the tender melancholy and paints the dreamy existence of the half-dead city like "Bruges la Morte." It is a wonderful story of commercial splendour, sturdy fighting, utter decay and abject misery, which Mr. Robinson has to tell and tells so well, and there are some novel points in his volume which deserve attention. He calls in question, for instance, the statements of the old writers as to the enormous population of Bruges relatively to its area, and, much as he loves it, he seems to suggest that it can never have been the premier city of Christendom. We should have been glad to see less actual history—which is already familiar enough—and more about the literary and artistic associations of the town. We read of it in Dante. Caxton abode there for at least three years; it is highly probable that Sir Thomas More wrote part of his *Utopia* there; so literary was it, indeed, early in the sixteenth century, that to Justus Lipsius it presented itself as the flower and Athens of the Low Countries. With its Memling and Pourbus in art, its Simon Stevin in mathematics, its Breidel and De Coninck as warriors and statesmen, Bruges possesses a roll of fame which even its neighbour, Ghent, with its Van Eyck, its Charles V., and its John of Gaunt can hardly beat. But to-day it is as the "Ville Musée," with its sweet savour of antiquity, its contemplative streets, and the placid tranquillity of its life, that we all know and delight in it. (Bruges: Louis de Plancke. 4s.)

GOVERNMENT OR HUMAN EVOLUTION.

BY E. KELLY.

During his connexion with the Good Government Clubs, which were organised in New York for the purpose of defeating Tammany Hall, the author of this book discovered that the world is out of joint, and he came to the laudable resolution to set it right. He found—what, indeed, he might have found at an earlier date—that very few people possess a working code of first principles, but simply vegetate in what has been aptly called "the furnished lodging of tradition." He accordingly worked out a systematic view of life so as to enable people to labour in unison toward a common ideal, and the result is the little volume before us.

The author covers a wide field, too wide, in fact, for the dimensions of his book. He travels, metaphorically speaking, from China to Peru, and has something to say about everything, but unfortunately he gives many openings for the guns of opponents. Thus he states, on the authority of John Fiske, that the infant brain is comparatively free from the convolutions which differentiate an educated brain from an uneducated one, and on the strength of this he argues that Nature brings a man into the world with a comparatively blank scroll upon which education can inscribe its law. But this is doing great injustice to that profound thinker, John Fiske, who contended that an infant's mind is not a blank sheet, but rather a sheet written over with invisible ink, and that the brain has definite tendencies

even at birth. Again, we are asked to believe that Mr. Herbert Spencer would have us contemplate with philosophic calm the miseries of the world, and quietly look on while struggling humanity fought it out according to the Queensberry rules. This is worse than sheer nonsense, and a very superficial acquaintance with Mr. Spencer's teaching would have prevented the author from giving expression to such a baseless calumny. (Longmans.)

Fiction.

Sophia. By Stanley Weyman.
(Longmans. 6s.)

MR. WEYMAN'S twelfth novel gives an elaborate and life-like picture of English manners in the year 1742, but it is somewhat slight as to theme, and the interest is scarcely well-sustained. The characters, moreover, are not presented in such a light as to excite either much admiration or much curiosity. *Sophia* is a young girl of breeding, with most of the faults of the eighteenth century Feminine. She is hoodwinked by a scoundrel, and when Sir Hervey Coke rescues her from a precarious situation she behaves with something of that shrewishness which her sister, Mrs. Northey, had exercised towards herself. *Sophia* is by no means a fascinating heroine, according to Mr. Weyman. Sir Hervey makes a real man, but his passion for the missish *Sophia* seems to rest on a frail foundation. Mrs. Northey is the most convincing person in the story. Her tongue wags with an excellent realism, and though she is a detestable creature, we like her for her flesh and blood. *Sophia's* brother, Sir Tom, is a young fool; Lady Betty is a ninny; Mr. Northey is a pompous ass; Hawkesworth, Oriana, and Oriana's father are adventurers all, of a peculiarly loathsome kind: so runs the list. The fact is that in *Sophia* the ingenuous reader pines for something to love; Sir Hervey is not enough. The other sort of reader, the sort that looks the horse in the mouth, will perceive that the intrigue of the tale is badly managed; since in the first half of the book is *Sophia* all but freed from her entanglements when mere chance steps in at the last instant and bids the game continue; this means clumsy craftsmanship. He will also perceive that not once does the emotional quality of the story rise to any notable height. In this respect the best chapter is that entitled "King Smallpox":

On the huge low wooden bed from which the coarse blue and white bedding protruded, two bodies lay sheeted. At their feet the candles burned dull before the window that should have been open, but was shut; as the thick noisome air of the room, that turned him sick and faint, told him. Near the bed, on the farther side, stood that he sought; *Sophia*, her eyes burning, her face like paper. His prey then was there, there, within his reach; but she had not spoken without reason. Death, death in its most loathsome aspect lay between them; and the man's heart was as water, his feet like lead.

"If you come near me," she whispered, "if you come a step nearer I will snatch this sheet from them, and I will wrap you in it! And you will die! In eight days you will be dead! Will you see them? Will you see what you will be?" And she lowered her hand to raise the sheet.

He stepped back a pace, livid and shaking. "You she-devil!" he muttered. "You witch!"

"Go!" she answered, in the same low tone. "Go! Or I will bring your death to you! And you will die! As you have lived, foul, noisome, corrupt, you will die! In eight days you will die—if you come one step nearer!"

She took a step forward herself. The man turned and fled.

Let us add that there is much quiet goodness in the book, and a continual striving towards naturalism and an avoidance of outworn conventions.

The Kings of the East. By Sydney C. Grier.
(Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

IN this novel Miss Grier continues the adventures of the Mortimer family among European politics. "Count Cyril" now figures as the central impulse of a movement for the transformation of Palestine into a true Hebrew realm. "What a future would lie before the country which had the support of all the Jews in the world!" exclaims the Count, with his incurable grandioseness of idea. Lady Phil, his niece, is passionately wooed by a king, but ultimately, in a manner highly conventional, marries an excellent young Cambridge person of the name of Mansfield. The whole book, under an outward aspect of freshness and diversity, conceals a steadfast and immovable conventionalism. Lord Caerleon's letter to his brother in Chap. II., for example, is a piece of pure convention—as conventional as a "stage-letter." And what shall be said of a passage like the following?

"I should like to say a word or two to that fellow," muttered Mansfield, indicating by a backward glance the oracle of fashion.

"I earnestly hope you won't. In the first place, he would not understand your German, and your righteous indignation would therefore be wasted. In the next, I would rather not kill him if I can help it."

"Kill him? How?"

"With a sword, my dear youth. Excuse me, but you are really so refreshingly young. Is it beyond your powers of imagination to conceive that if you insulted him he would forthwith challenge me?"

"I can look after my own quarrels, Count," very haughtily.

"In that case I should very soon have a funeral to look after in the British cemetery," was the calm reply.

The fact is, Miss Grier's recipe for the manufacture of cosmopolitan novels is growing effete with use. She is a clever craftsman—constructs well, writes well, and wears the cloak of omniscience with ease and grace. Her work is readable, and agreeable enough so long as you maintain towards it an attitude of polite interest. But if you demand from it more than you would demand from an acquaintance it will fail you, because it has nothing more than this to give.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

HILDA WADE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

This series of episodes was appearing in a magazine at the time of Mr. Grant Allen's death, and it is understood that he considered it his best work of fiction. It is a story of advanced medical science, in which Hilda Wade's womanly intuition in reading character, temperament, and physical signs, places her almost abreast of the great Prof. Sebastian. Hilda Wade and Sebastian are soon pitted against each other in a deep private concern affecting the memory of Hilda's father. Both characters are powerfully drawn. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

FROM DOOR TO DOOR.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

Mr. Capes has here printed stories contributed by him to a number of magazines, and six others which appear for the first time. The miscellaneous character of the collection is indicated in the sub-title: "A Book of Romances, Fantasies, Whimsies, and Levities." Mr. Capes's now familiar style is very apparent, dip where one will: "Now, as they stood a moment, watchful of each other, the apple in the peasant's throat flickered of a sudden; and immediately a rising moan, a very strange little ululation, began to make itself audible, and the man lifted his chin, as if to give some voice in him freer passage." (Blackwood. 6s.)

FROM SAND-HILL TO PINE.

BY BRET HARTE.

Seven short stories, all characteristic: "A Niece of 'Snapshot Harry's'" is the story of a coach accident in the Rockies; "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras" is a mining story, with a romance in it; and in "A Belle of Cañada City," "Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper," &c., we are in familiar Bret Harte environments. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

NELL GWYNN—COMEDIAN.

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

With a very light hand Mr. Moore weaves some of the incidents of Nell Gwynn's life into a readable story. We meet Nell outside the King's Playhouse in Drury-lane, selling her oranges, and joking with the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Charles Sedley and finally with the King when he leaves the theatre. "'Tis either a fortune or a huge misfortune," says her plebeian lover, Dick Harraden, when Nell is engaged by Mr. Killigrew to act in the King's company. The vein of comedy is kept throughout, and the story is illustrated by photographs. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

KIDDY.

BY TOM GALLON.

Mr. Gallon's gallery of Dickensian characters is distinctly enriched by "Kiddy" and the Deak family. The picture of Mr. Deak, the desk-bound, soul-crushed plutocrat who has never known the joy of life, and is aware of it, is capitally drawn. His niece, Kiddy Tremlett, is his ray of sunshine, and her love affairs supply Mr. Deak with emotions and incidents which amply compensate for the dulness of his earlier life. "The fierce joy or pain of living had passed him by . . . now, with the obstinacy of the inexperienced, he would have been glad to clutch—gingerly, perhaps—at Sorrow's robe, if in that way he might see life." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE SANCTUARY CLUB.

BY L. T. MEADE AND R. EUSTACE.

A medical-psychological series of episodes, with which the Sanctuary Club—an advanced sanatorium at Hampstead—has only a general connexion. The narrator acts as doctor and personal friend to many of the patients, and has "to face adventures the most thrilling and dangers of so hairbreadth a character that even now my pulse quickens when I think of them." (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

BY MRS. L. T. MEADE AND

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

CLIFFORD HALIFAX.

Mrs. Meade's industry is uncanny. Here, in collaboration, she relates the experiences of a London doctor who sees "day by day human nature without any gloss upon it," and who undertakes to show "where the shoe pinches in many lives." Sixteen shoes are described, and their cruel points indicated. (Chambers. 3s. 6d.)

TO THE HEALING OF THE SEA. BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

A capital love story, starting with a Stock Exchange disaster in New York, whereby Carroll Livingstone is compelled to leave America to avert ruin. On the *St. Paul* he meets Clara Eastwin—"both new to the sea and its invitations; strangers to the forcing and fusing isolation of steamer life." The steamer life is made delightful to the reader, and the ultimate saving of Livingstone's reputation is an exciting financial episode. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A CYNIC'S CONSCIENCE.

BY G. T. PODMORE.

A clever story of duplicity in love. Stanley Wade is a weak and dreaming egotist, whose self-flatteries and shifts of conscience are laid open mercilessly. Winning a girl's love by crooked methods, he has the grace to save her from himself in the end. The story is not exactly easy reading, but is above the average in aim and ability. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE PURPLE ROBE.

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Lancashire Nonconformist life is drawn in Mr. Hocking's new story, and the incidents arise out of a debate between Duncan Rutland, the new minister of Tudor Chapel, and

Father Sheen, the Roman Catholic priest of the town. Duncan Rutland's controversial victory, the advent of a Jesuit father to repair the damage done to Catholicism, and Duncan's love for Alizon Neville, a Roman Catholic young woman of high birth, are handled in Mr. Hocking's characteristic way; and the end is, of course, Alizon's conversion to Protestantism, and great glory to Tudor Chapel. The story is well adapted to its predestined readers. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

A PLAIN WOMAN'S PART.

BY NORLEY CHESTER.

A tranquil love-story, in which children play a great part. The background is rural, and the narrator is a "Good Fairy" to the heroine, Doris, whose first love affair turns on a bottle of acid drops. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE CROWNING OF GLORIA.

BY RICHARD REARDON.

We begin with a Sussex lane and a young temperance orator who is in danger of being badly beaten by his audience until the heroine arrives with a horse-whip, when love and village politics begin to divide the reader's attention. The heroine's name is Gloria, and the story is like that. (John Long. 6s.)

THE ATHERSTONE BEQUEST. BY MRS. CHARLES E. TERROT.

A novel of the picnic and tea-tray order. There is much marrying and giving in marriage. Everybody and everything are accounted for, and the last chapters seem alive with babies and complacent mothers. (Burleigh. 6s.)

TONY JARKIN, ENGLISHMAN. BY MRS. EDWARD KENYARD.

"The path of duty is the road to glory," and it is trodden by Tony, who begins as the typical stupid, but plucky, army candidate, and ends by taking the Victoria Cross and attending at Windsor. To his sweetheart he describes the Queen as "a regular brick." "She said I was to come again in a fortnight, and bring you with me, as she wishes to make your acquaintance and present you with a Cashmere shawl." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A GIRL OF THE NORTH.

BY HELEN MILCHEL.

The "girl of the north" is Launa Archer, and her "north" is Canada. We find her motherless at fifteen, with English and French blood in her veins, and a suspicion of Indian blood. "Her voice had a low, soft richness in it that reminded Mr. Archer of a squaw." In London, whither she soon came, Launa was a success. "Being a Canadian, all things were expected of her; and being rich, all things were forgiven her." The story resolves itself into a biographical circle, Launa reverting after many days to her love of Canada and her Canadian lover. (Greening. 6s.)

DAVID POLMERE.

BY MRS. LODGE.

"To enumerate the throng of fashionable folk that congregated in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, to witness the ceremony would be to copy a few pages out of the Peerage. The bride looked lovely in Duchess satin. . . ." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

BY LONE CRAIG-LINNIE BURN.

BY ARCHIBALD McILROY.

Village politics and homely ways and people in a remote Scottish village in the sixties. The advent of the railway is described, and the village doctor's heroism in a diphtheria case. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

AN IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSEMAN.

BY HAROLD BLORE.

A story of the war and Boer life generally, by a writer who was born in South Africa, and once talked with President Kruger. The battle of Elands Laagte, the siege of Ladysmith, and the life of prisoners in Pretoria are described. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

ORA PRO NOBIS.

BY JAMES BAGNALL STUBBS.

"A novel," says the title-page; but "a tract" would describe the book more accurately to the novel-seeking reader. (Skeffington.)

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The Author of "The Farringdons."

An Enquiry.

It is no fault of Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler's that she has been recently classed with the great novelists of the nineteenth century; but the opprobrium of an indiscreet admirer's foolishness usually attaches also in some degree to the object of admiration, and so, in the minds of those who care for literature, there must, however illogically, be a certain faint resentment against Miss Fowler herself because of her success. In writing her three facile and vivacious novels she was probably innocent of any suspicion that, being taken seriously, they would reach an aggregate circulation of a hundred and twenty thousand copies, and so place her where she at present is, in the very pupil of the public's eye. No matter! One may trespass innocently, but the penalty remains. When she hears the cold and inimical question, "What are you doing up there, and how did you get there?" Miss Fowler will have either to answer it by her books, or, soon or late, obey the harsh behest: "Descend." And that last will be the sufficient penalty.

Without offering any prophecy whatever as to the future, it is safe to assert that Miss Fowler has not yet even begun to prove a title to the position into which she has been thrust. If the wonderful vogue of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* was disconcerting, the still more wonderful vogue of *A Double Thread* was absolutely bewildering. As for *The Farringdons*, though it is the best of the three, it marks only an inconsiderable advance, and a brief examination of it should show clearly that it deserves no better adjective than "bright." The heroine of *The Farringdons* is Elizabeth Farringdon, a distant cousin of two South Staffordshire Methodist spinsters, Cousin Maria and Cousin Anne, who owned a vast ironworks and ruled a district. The proper heir to the ironworks had been "a handsome, weak boy," named George, who ran off to Australia, and rumour said that he had married and died out there, leaving a widow and a son. The hero of the novel is Christopher Thornley, nephew of the general manager of the ironworks. The birth of Christopher was not quite free from mystery, for his mother (like handsome, weak George) had run off and got married, and, a stricken widow dying in a London lodging-house, had confided Chris to his uncle's care. Elizabeth and Chris, companions from childhood, fall in love, but only Chris is aware of the fact. Elizabeth by turns caresses and flouts him, and the honest-hearted youth keeps well the secret of his devastating passion. In due course Elizabeth grows up, and a clever and plausible stranger comes to occupy a neighbouring chateau, "The Moat House." We need scarcely state this stranger's name: it is Tremaine. If it had not been Tremaine it would have been Darcy. Tremaine, scoffing at creeds, and professing the vague religion of humanity, "gradually unmoored Elizabeth from the old faiths in which she had been brought up." Everyone else detected the hollowness of him; the common people defeated him utterly in spiritual argument,

and Chris succinctly called him a conceited ass; but he imposed on Elizabeth. He might have married her, had he not unfortunately proposed to her immediately after a religious service at which she had "found the Christ." In that moment of ecstasy she was enabled to form a true estimate of his worth. Ultimately he married her school friend, Felicia, and had an unhealthy child, and was converted at its death-bed. Cousin Anne and Cousin Maria died, and Elizabeth became heiress to the Farringdon possessions, provided always that the true missing heir should not be discovered. Chris was the executor of this will, and he departed to Australia to search for the heir. Elizabeth burgeoned out into a great painter of moral ideas. She entered the art-world, shone at an Academy soirée, queened it in the highest circles, and nearly fell a victim to another deceiver, Cecil Farquhar. From Cecil she was saved by the pathetic appeal of a young woman whom the scoundrel had deserted in favour of Elizabeth's gold. Finally, she married Chris, who, it should be superfluous to explain, was himself the missing heir. Such is the plot. Outside the plot, and not connected with it, are a number of persons whose business it is to talk *apropos des bottes*. Chief among these are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, two Methodist housewives of the working class. The one is an optimist, pre-occupied with marriages; the other a pessimist, preoccupied with funerals. Their grotesque, farcical, and sometimes amusing chatter fills scores of pages. With one exception, not a single character in the book is at once realised and original. Save only Elizabeth, they are all either labelled and well-worn types, like Christopher and the spinster cousins, or mere names, like Felicia and Cecil Farquhar. Elizabeth has some existence and some originality. She is a very trying creature, often violently rude, and capable of atrocious vulgarity in the unwearied effort to be smart; but she is alive, and she possesses good impulses and a warm heart.

It is no doubt partly due to defects of plot and of character-drawing that the tale leaves no impression of reality, but another equal cause of its failure lies in the author's apparently complete ignorance of the craft of telling a story. Every chapter is a proof of this ignorance. Chapter IV., for example, entitled "School-days," and consisting of seventeen pages, is made up as follows:

Death of Cousin Anne and its effect on Elizabeth	2 pages.
Description of school and headmistress	3 "
A conversation on ideals concerning the future between Elizabeth and Felicia	3 "
A conversation about everything and nothing between Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey...	7½ "
Miscellaneous matter	1½ "
Total...	17 "

After this manner two years highly important in the moulding of Elizabeth's mind are expeditiously dealt with. The whole book is like Chapter IV., a shapeless medley of utterances which are chiefly beside the point. Miss Fowler is always forgetting her story and then returning to it with a sudden, alarmed start. It is the trifles, the surfaces of things, the unimportant side-issues, that engage her inconstant mind. Like her volatile heroine, she must be continually talking—stating, contrasting, sermonising, and composing essays instead of attending to business. Miss Fowler has accomplished the *reductio ad absurdum* of the amorphous English novel. She never grapples with a situation or an epoch of development; she never has time to do so. She makes Elizabeth pass from an amateur to a recognised artist in four lines. She is for ever telling you *about* her characters and never *presenting* them. The intimacy between Elizabeth and Tremaine gets as far as a daily interview before the latter has opened his mouth to the reader. Miss Fowler is so busy with ideas—very superficial ideas—that mere men and women are forced

into a secondary position. That the characters of the tale are not firmly established in her mind as living entities, that they are not authentically imagined, is shown by the fact that often, from sheer thoughtlessness, she allows them to behave in a manner utterly impossible. The notion of Elizabeth driving round the country alone with Tremaine in Tremaine's mail-phaeton would have staggered Cousin Maria, but Miss Fowler seems to regard it as a most ordinary procedure for a young girl reared behind the high spiked walls of strict convention. This is a mild instance. A much more serious one is Farquhar's letter to the sweetheart whom he jilted—a piece of caddishness and fatuity of which it is inconceivable that even Farquhar could have been guilty.

The prevailing quality of the book, colouring it everywhere, is its crudeness—of style, thought, feeling, and wit—the immature crudeness of a clever girl who, while already proficient in the jugglery of phrases, has yet everything to learn about life and about literature. Miss Fowler has no literary charm, no sense of style, no reverence for her art. She quotes two lines from one of the loveliest passages in all Shakespeare (Constance's outburst, *King John*, Act III., Scene 1) and perpetrates a misquotation in each line. Here is a specimen of her metrical chapter-headings:

Shall I e'er love thee less fondly than now, dear?
Tell me if e'er my devotion can die.
Never until thou shalt cease to be thou, dear;
Never until I no longer am I.

A merely literary crudity will affect the large public neither one way nor the other, since the large public is entirely uninterested in questions of style; but all other crudities appeal strongly to that public; and herein lies the main secret of Miss Fowler's popularity. On p. 185 occurs the following sentence: "She had run downstairs at full speed in order to enter the dining-room before the dishes, completing her toilette as she fled; and she had only beaten the bacon by a neck." After reading *The Farringdons* from end to end, that phrase persistently haunts us, the supreme example of Miss Fowler at her most characteristic—*beaten the bacon by a neck*. It is precisely by such phrases that the large public is diverted. One of them would secure the success of a page, and Miss Fowler will put twenty on a page. She can produce titillating phrases as easily as a conjurer showers rosettes and guinea-pigs from an empty hat; and it is the endless titillation of them which constitutes her readableness. Wit, fancy and philosophy—Miss Fowler pours out her treasures with marvellous fecundity and untiring glibness. There are no intervals, no dull moments. You might say of this book, as of a well-known public resort—"fourteen hours' continuous amusement." Not the most casual bit of description but is fully adorned. Listen:

Sedgehill High-street is nothing but a part of the great high road which leads from Silverhampton to Studley and Slipton, and the other towns of the Black Country; but it calls itself Sedgehill High-street as it passes through the place, and so identifies itself with its environment, after the manner of caterpillars and polar bears, and other similarly wise and adaptable beings. At the point where this road adopts the pseudonym of the High-street, close by Sedgehill Church, a lane branches off from it at right angles, and runs down a steep slope until it comes to a place where it evidently experiences a difference of opinion as to which is the better course to pursue—an experience not confined to lanes. But in this respect lanes are happier than men and women, in that they are able to pursue both courses, and so learn for themselves which is the wiser one, as is the case with this particular lane.

The fact is, that the uncultivated reader is content to live wholly in and for the moment, sentence by sentence. Keep him amused and he will ask no more. You may delude him, you may withhold from him every single thing to which he is rightfully entitled, but he will not care. The more crude you are, the better will he be pleased.

It is a magic gift, this power to titillate—an absolution for every sin of omission and commission, a blind for all defects. It will excuse the inexcusable. It caused thousands of people to condone the amazing plot of *A Double Threat*, and it will cause the same thousands to ignore the multifarious delinquencies of Miss Fowler's latest work.

There are, of course, subsidiary elements of popular success in *The Farringdons*—the trite old-fashion of the plot; the sugared sentimentality, the smoothing-down of every and of character so as to avoid that disturbance of fixed and roseate ideas which the general reader seldom pardons in any novel. And there is the moral tone. "The tone of these books is so excellent," said a minister of the Established High Church to his bookseller. "I can put them into the hands of any of my young people." "Don't you think they are rather flippant?" the bookseller suggested. "Oh, no!" answered the parson, "*It's all done in the right spirit*." And it is. One may applaud Miss Fowler's spiritual intentions almost without reservation. She is cocksure, pert, superficial, slangy, unseemly (in a literary sense), and her hard, patronising attitude towards the universe is notably annoying; but at the root of her is something which makes for tolerance and moral, if not artistic, righteousness.

Things Seen.

The Mongrel.

I SAT by a roadside and two boys passed that way. The one was strong and sturdy: he was tanned with wind and weather, he clumped along in hob-nailed boots, and from his jacket pocket dangled the end of a rope.

The other was frail, stunted, and lame. He hung behind, partly because of his lameness, partly because he was carrying something, and that something was a dog—only a little one-eyed mongrel, with a shaggy, ill-kept coat and a limp, bandaged paw.

"Step out, can't ye?" bawled the boy in front: "let the bloomin' dawg do 'is own walking; 'e won't git no more chance!" and he laughed.

But the lame boy said nothing, only held his burden closer; while his features twitched, and the dog put up its head and licked the thin, sallow face.

They passed by, and I followed them with my eyes. It was springtime. About me throbbed a world of quickening life. There was the chirping of birds, the buzzing of bees, the bursting into bud of countless green things; there was the sweet earthy smell of the fresh brown mould, the warm touch of the sun's first kiss.

The first boy stooped and sought about, and when he rose I saw a big stone in his hand; then he drew the rope from his pocket and fastened the stone to one end; and I thought of the pond, lying deep and silent below the dip of the hill, where the mill-wheels sing their ceaseless song all through the summer-time.

Then the boys disappeared from sight, and I sat thinking.

After a time I heard a cheery sound—it was the first boy whistling, for he felt the joy of life, and behind him lagged the lame boy; his arms were empty, and now and then he drew the back of his hand across his eyes, for he felt the pain of death, the void and the loneliness.

Solomon's Seal.

THE rehearsal was over. From the stage door of the Theatre of Varieties emerged a troupe of about a dozen men. They shivered in their fancy Oriental costumes as their dark skins came in contact with the cold air. On the bills they figured as "Arabs," albeit their native country was Morocco. They were at once surrounded by

the small boys of the street. Through these they patiently filed, until they reached a small tobacconist's. They all crowded in, and their leader, the only one who knew any European tongue, began to bargain for cigarettes in a mixture of broken English and German, the latter because he and his gang had just come from fulfilling an engagement on the Continent. The shopkeeper studied them with a languid interest, and when, after considerable wrangling and fumbling, they finally collected among themselves enough to pay him, he suddenly opened his till, and, taking a coin from an inner compartment, thrust it into the hands of the spokesman. "I reckon that piece of money came from your country," he remarked. He was right. It was a "floo," the smallest of Moroccan small change, a rude farthing of copper, with a double triangle, the so-called "Solomon's Seal" standing out in high relief. The effect of this talisman upon the acrobats was instant and amazing. Trash as it was, it recalled to each of them a long-lost home. In one dazzling flash each saw what he had left. One saw himself in the desert, free, with horse and gun, *free*; another felt the intoxication of hashish, and remembered a familiar divan, and familiar ecstasies. To one, the magical hexagon spoke of a dead woman; to another it was the living, a pair of black eyes behind a lattice, eyes that he knew had long been consoled. Each dreamed his dream. The interpreter solemnly kissed the token; "Maraksh!" he whispered, and passed it to the next man, who also raised it to his lips. Each in turn pressed upon it that sacramental kiss; then, taking up their purchase, they quietly shuffled out into the night.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

A French Apostle of National Energy.

IN travelling about this small globe, nothing has so much struck me as the complacent ignorance each race lives in of every other race. A Spanish general once doggedly maintained before me that while in England the young girl is outrageously emancipated, the British matron lives in such a condition of unexampled servitude as not to be free to speak in the presence of her husband and son. In the Philippine Islands he had met some cowed lady of England who, when he addressed his speech to her, turned her eyes imploringly upon her mate, mutely soliciting permission to reply to the don. The husband answered for her, and the lady sighed and looked away. He based his observations of the customs of Great Britain upon this single fact. Once more was I startled in a like fashion. An Austrian and a French lady discussed in my presence the unhappy position of Englishwomen, and stoutly affirmed that these martyrs of harsh domestic law have not the right to eat at their husband's table. "The husbands and sons eat together in the dining-room, and the poor women eat with their children upstairs in the nursery," they explained. Though the Spaniards are enormous eaters, it is a fixed idea in other countries that they live upon bread and olives, that the table of the nobles is of a classic frugality, and I have even heard a Frenchman insist that there is no such thing in Spain as a genuine nobleman, that the aristocracy is composed of shoddy *rastaquouères* and masquerading beggars. These are people you must not hope to teach. Neither travel, nor books, nor the commerce of men will assist them to knowledge that would shatter their temple of prejudices. And the more fixed and impenetrable by light are these prejudices, the more astounding their ignorance of races as good as their own, the more passionate their hatred and contempt of every land and people existing by the idle grace of an injudicious Deity, be sure the greater is their claim to the virtue of patriotism.

In France, to be a patriot implies also declared war within those frontiers with all who bear a name with any taint of cosmopolitanism about it, a name that does not savour of old France; with, as well, those of the purest-sounding of French names should their owners happen to be Protestants, Freethinkers, Freemasons, or members of an anti-Nationalist government. Anti-Semitic ladies teach their dogs to bark when the word Jew is pronounced in their presence, and mothers are not ashamed to teach baby lips to lisp in public at the sight of a chosen nose: "Sale Juif."

This would be ridiculous enough if it were not so inexpressibly sad. For it is ever a sad spectacle to see the immense majority of a nation at war with the best part of that nation—its thinking, disinterested, and liberal minority. And when a country whose idol is a General Mercier offers as a bribe all chances of success and social prestige we may not wonder that the circle of honest souls should be as narrow as the little band of early Christians gathered of old in the Catacombs. Pending the hour when Mercier's honoured ashes will be carried in triumph to the hall of heroes—the Pantheon—his admirers are busy compiling a Nationalist literature. Its lights are many, but none of such an opaque luminosity, such an aggressive dulness, such repellent modernity as M. Maurice Barrès, whose *Appel au Soldat* has just appeared. It is the second interminable volume of a trilogy in honour of national energy. The first was the unreadable and extraordinary *Déracinés*. Has an author the right to give such a misleading title as "novel" to books like *Déracinés* and *Appel au Soldat*?

Déracinés was a pretentious and uninteresting history of the development of seven Lorraine youths of different rank, who are in a kind of Dumaseque conspiracy (without any of Dumas' wit and high-spirited charm) to conquer Paris. The writer's object is to expose to us the evils of uprooting from the soil of provincial souls. I cannot say what Lorraine would have made of these mediocre sons adrift from her bosom. Paris, of course, made nothing of them. There is not a generous, a noble, a disinterested trait among the seven; and, considering their youth and the purpose which brings them to Paris, we cannot accept, as Mr. Barrès does, that mere contact with the capital has so speedily vulgarised and degraded them. Noble and studious and disinterested provincials live all their lives in Paris around us, and die undegraded and undiminished by years spent upon the banks of the lovely Seine. But vulgar-minded, voracious young wolves who come to devour or be devoured will naturally follow the path of M. Barrès' seven Lorraine youths.

The *Appel au Soldat* carries us into the famous and trivial Boulanger conspiracy. M. Barrès is a passionate Boulangist, ever waiting and watching for a second Boulanger. It is an open secret that he is his hero of predilection, François Sturel, the ardent follower of Boulanger. The difference between the *Appel au Soldat* and the ordinary *roman à olef* is that no key here is needed. M. Barrès gives the names in full. Cornelius Herz, Baron Reinach, the unhappy Joseph Reinach, Paul Déroulède, Dillon, Boulanger, Mme. de Bonnemains, all political and journalistic Paris, is here named in full. We see the fantastic Déroulède in his different ineffectual and rather silly dramatic scenes with that ineffable humbug, the hero of *café chantants*, General Boulanger. We are spared no cough of the unfortunate Marguerite. Boulanger, as painted by his fervent follower, is an appalling specimen of a political mountebank. One never realised more terribly than in these deadly dull pages the truth of General de Gallifet's words in the Chamber the other day—the fool had not even the makings of a criminal in him. The charlatan who knows himself for a charlatan is usually a very clever man, but the charlatan who takes in himself as Boulanger did is predestined for inglorious failure. In the hands of a writer of some dramatic instinct, with

only a modist share of the novelist's art, with a large and luminous style, and a creative as well as an analytic gift, the amazing story of Boulanger's rise and fall, his inexplicable popularity—based on good looks of a very common kind, and a black charger—his instant desertion and melodramatic end, might have made an excellent subject of a novel. But M. Barrès writes a deplorable and exasperating French, and his novels resemble the lives of his seven Lorraine youths. They are not illuminated by a single ray of sunshine, by a smile, by a witty or humorous phrase, by a vivid description, by a pleasing sentence. Style so dense, figures so inanimate, speech so dull and vulgar, scenes so purposeless, so unrevealing, so lacking in all the attributes of dramatic art, it would be impossible to match elsewhere. If you were to patch together a series of newspaper articles upon persons and public events during a certain set of years, the result would be a book much resembling *Appel au Soldat*. Only the chances are, it would be a great deal more readable, for few newspaper editors would tolerate a style so inarticulate, so stupidly impenetrable, meaning so little in an idle pretentiousness of envelope as that of M. Maurice Barrès. And certainly no editor out of Bedlam would print the terrible chapter "La Vallée de la Moselle," recording the wanderings of two of our Lorraines in search of their national roots in about 150 pages. The Prussians in this period of the awakening of national energy are handled as in the subsequent period the Anglo-Saxons may expect to be handled. In the valley of the Moselle we are told that "these excellent folk have all the distinction of old towns, apply themselves all the more to the practice of courtesy and urbanity in reprobation of that Teutonic heaviness which will always seem black-guardism to French sensibilities." It would be curious to learn what aspect "French sensibilities" have for the German mind. As revealed by the eminent Maurice Barrès, the word *goujaterie* would not be altogether inappropriate. The author, under the thin disguise of François Sturel, comports himself with complacent grossness and ineptitude. His envenomed hatred of his old master Boutellier is scarcely more unintelligent than his deification of a cheap idol like Boulanger. And his relations with Mme. de Nelles, his accomplice in the inevitable tale of adultery, are displayed with a hideous cynicism, an absence of heart, or even passion, which leave us abashed by the thought that there are men and women who can find their pleasure in sinking for so little. As the heroine is merely a name for us, without character or features or any physical, moral or mental trait to enable us to take the faintest interest in her fortunes, it does not excite our indignation to find her falling into the arms of a lover without even the saving excuse of persecution and overmastering temptation. Her fall, like her personality, is described by words that have no actual significance for us. It is as if a stranger in a train were to say to you: "In such a year I had a mistress whose favourite colour was red and who was fond of music." You would learn nothing of the lover or his mistress. And just so indifferent are we to Mme. de Nelles, so unmoved are we by her love, which is silly and unclean, and by her suffering in neglect, which is shallow and vain. As for her lover, we are stupefied by his fatuity and vulgarity. An animal could not possibly put less heart and brains into its loves than this mediocre partisan, who, not at all offered us as a type of political adventurer, exclaims brutally on learning of his chief's defeat: "Boulanger is but an accident. We'll find other Boulangerisms." This, we know, is the gallant Paul Déroulède's theory, who stoutly professes himself to be a Boulangerist waiting for a second, a third, a fourth Boulanger.

There is one little sentence in these dull 550 pages that has a touch of humanity, of feeling, a faint whiff of delicate sentiment. Writing of Boulanger's desperate

solitude after the death of Mme. de Bonnemains, he says: "In these funereal soliloquies his whole being, once a little vulgar, optimist and sociable, was transformed under the beneficent influence of sorrow." The last line is "death to traitors and robbers." Here is prophecy of a future war-cry.
H. L.

Correspondence.

Shakespeare in Fiction.

SIR,—In to-day's ACADEMY "The Bookworm" asks if the late William Black introduced Shakespeare in person into his story called *Judith Shakespeare*. He did. The Bard appears at New Place, and is then writing "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale." Though the book can hardly be called a success on the whole, parts of it are very charming.

Other novels in which Shakespeare is introduced are *The Jolly Roger*, by Hume Nisbet; *Master Skylark*, by J. Bennett; and *Shakespeare and his Friends*, published anonymously in Paris in 1833, not to mention Mr. Lang's unpublished Elizabethan romance, in which, he tells us, Shakespeare speaks in blank verse! No doubt there are very many others in which Shakespeare appears, a list of which would be interesting.—I am, &c.,

CHARLES R. DAWES.

Birmingham: May 5, 1900.

The Name of the Novelist.

SIR,—While reading the first page of the ACADEMY for May 5 this evening, I came across the question, What is the name of the novelist whose writing of a story has encouraged the breaking open of cases in our museums?

I might suggest Mr. Conan Doyle, who wrote a story dealing with an Oriental Professor and the theft of an Eastern jewel from a case in the British Museum. This short story appeared in the *Strand Magazine*. I can't tell the month, but, as far as my treacherous memory will aid me, I believe it was about a year ago.—I am, &c.,

SUTHERLAND WILSON.

Lancaster College, West Norwood, S.E.:

May 6, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—The word (for "citizen of the British Empire") is badly wanted; but if "Englander" and "Briton" will not do, it follows *a fortiori* that no other word of local derivation will do. Neither will any word derived from "Empire." *Imperium et libertas* is a splendid motto, but the *imperium* and its derivatives, without the *libertas*, suggest chiefly two-headed eagles, conscript armies, and autocrats. Let us therefore still keep the two; let the Empire still be the Empire; but let its parts be called Freelands, and the inhabitants thereof Freelanders. If we have taught the world anything, it is surely the use of freedom. Maximum of consent and participation, minimum of compulsion, interference, and disability—these have been the watchwords of the growing Empire, and they are the only ones which can ensure its permanence. Let us now perpetuate them in a living name. Incidentally, too, this name might serve to remind a portion of the foreign world that a free land is not necessarily a republic, and *vice versa*.—I am, &c.,

R. J. LLOYD.

University College, Liverpool: May 5, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE
ROMAN EMPIRE. EDITED BY J. B. BURY.

This is a great piece of editing, considered merely in its quantity of research and annotation. It is obvious that Gibbon's history requires, and may yet require, the assistance of later scholars to make it accurate. Gibbon's accuracy was wonderful, but it was relative to his opportunities. As Mr. Bury says: "The discovery of new materials, the researches of numerous scholars, in the course of a hundred years, have not only added to our knowledge of facts, but have modified and upset conclusions which Gibbon, with his materials, was justified in drawing." The issue of this edition, now completed, is a literary event of no small importance. (Methuen. 7 vols., each 8s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF LIVES. BY F. W. FARRAR.

Dean Farrar introduces his new work on the Life in these words: "Twenty-six years ago I was led by 'God's unseen Providence, which men nickname Chance,' to write a Life of Christ. . . . The object of the present book is different. It deals with questions of high importance which the Gospels suggest, and aims at deepening the faith and brightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly. *Sis sus, sis Divus, sum Caltha, et non tibi spiro.*" Among the many subjects dealt with are these: "The Unique Supremacy of Jesus," "Lessons of the Unrecorded Jesus," "John the Baptist," "The Form of Christ's Teaching," "The Apostles," "Gethsemane," &c., &c. (Cassell.)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
MATHILDE BLIND. EDITED BY
ARTHUR SYMONS.

It will be remembered that Mr. Symons put forth in 1897 a selection from Mathilde Blind's poetry, with an appreciation. He now gives us a complete collected edition of her poems, and his appreciation disappears (we regret) in favour of a short preface. However, Dr. Richard Garnett supplies a memoir, in which he gives the simple facts of Mathilde Blind's life, and sums up: "Mathilde Blind would have been more popular if she had been less ardent and more conciliating; she would have been a more accomplished writer if the passion for essential truth had not made her unduly indifferent to artistic finish; but after every allowance has been made, her poetry remains noble in execution as in aspiration, and her character was even more noble than her poetry." (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

FOUR MONTHS BESIEGED. BY H. H. G. PEARSE.

Mr. Pearse represented the *Daily News* in Ladysmith during its siege. Many of his letters never reached his paper, being taken from native runners or blue-pencilled by the censor. Two or three letters did appear, but the rest of the book is new. Mr. Nevinson's book, *Ladysmith: the Diary of a Siege* (Methuen), appears simultaneously. (Macmillan. 6s.)

1815: WATERLOO. BY HENRY HOUSSAYE.

This is the French standard work on Waterloo, and its name is familiar in every discussion of Wellington's victory. An English translation was, therefore, much to be desired, and the present version will meet the want. It is made from the thirty-first French edition of Houssaye's great work by the author's permission. A short critical introduction would, we think, have been appreciated by most readers. (Black. 10s. net.)

* * Owing to pressure on our space, our further list of books received is held over.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 33 (New Series).

THE Pickwickian exercise which we set last week has not tempted a great many competitors. We think that Mr. Lewis Longfield, of 1, Thyra-villas, Ramsgate, has probably entered into Mr. Pickwick's mind, and divined his language more closely than the other competitors. To Mr. Longfield, therefore, a cheque for one guinea has been sent. Mr. Longfield's reply is as follows:

In propounding my somewhat startling Tittlebatian theory I entertain some misgivings as to the reception of the fruit of my unwearied researches. Every novel invention, even where destined to revolutionise existing systems, meets unvarying opposition. It is a small thing to say that the theory of tittlebats has from time immemorial been the fulcrum of the see-saw of scientific discussion. I protest against the commonly accepted solution that the tittlebat originated from the eggs of a little bat, which fell into and were hatched in a pond, and I defy the author of that theory to prove that even a big bat has ever laid a single egg! (Great applause.) I have no doubt that "tittle" is but a dialectal variation of "stickle" or "prickle"; moreover, I am assured that "bat" is merely a corruption of "back." Children and yokels will soon outrage language if the literary policeman is off his beat! (Protracted cheers.) Now the tittlebat possesses a dorsal fin spiked with "prickles." I believe then, nay, I assert, that "tittlebat" is but a demoralised form of "stickleback." (Sensation.) I now call the attention of this learned house to the fact that the perch, a fish vastly enlogised by one Izaak Walton, possesses a dorsal fin, remarkable chiefly for its stickley prickles. Research shows that it frequents the deeper waters, whereas the shallows are the haunt of the subject of our discussion. My theory may be summed up in the phrase, "adaptation to circumstance," and I believe that it establishes a new law which deprives the Perch of any other appellation than that of the Greater Tittlebat! (Vociferous cheers wherein the great man's concluding words were whirled away in the current of applause, thus constituting a loss irreparable both to the scientific world and to mankind at large.)

Among the other replies is this:

What does Izaak Walton say on the momentous subject of tittlebats, or, as he calls them, sticklebags? The kindly, cold-blooded fisherman regards this most interesting of fishes merely as a bait merely as a substitute for minnows. To use his own words: "I know not where he dwells in winter, or what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and *woman-anglers* [!], and to feed other fish that be fish of prey, as trout, in particular, who will bite at him as at a penk." Thus does man subvert all nature to his own uses: the sun to light his day, the moon (intermittently) to illumine his night, and the gallant, invincible little tittlebat to serve him as bait for "trouts"! But what is the true mission in life of this tiny warrior? From our childhood upwards we have observed his swift, subtle movements, the iridescent, plated armour he bears on his sides, and have felt the formidable spines with which his lower and upper surfaces are protected. Is a creature so panoplied, so swift and eager of movement, created for no other purpose than to be the food of sleek, smug, self-satisfied trout? You will find the answer to this question—if I may use the expression—in his mouth. He is not only the most warlike, but the most voracious of fishes. His is the predatory mission to keep down the undue growth of the piscine race by devouring their spawn. But for him perch and trout might wax and grow till the Hampstead ponds were filled with huge, wallowing behemoths, and the smooth surface of the Serpentine were stirred by the fins of pike as long and lithe as the sharks of Eastern seas.

[F. L. A., Maling.]

Other replies received from: H. W. D., London; C. G., Hampstead; W. A. B., London; A. E. W., Inverness; M. M., Ramsgate; F. C.; H. F. H., Nottingham; H. G. P., Stafford; A. W., London; G. W. C., Grimsby; F. S., Cambridge.

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RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 15. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 416, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

THE annual dinner of the Society of Authors held last Thursday was one of the most successful functions this flourishing Society has held. The speeches by Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Lord Monkswell, and Mr. Henry Norman, were good and to the point; and the ironic humour of Mr. Pinero, who took the chair, if it bewildered some, pleased others. Mr. Pinero speaks as he writes. As Mr. Norman pointed out, there is always an idea at the back of his levity. As most modern authors are novelists, it was perhaps to be expected that of the three great men referred to by Mr. Pinero as having passed away from us lately—Dr. Martineau, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Blackmore—the latter name only should have been greeted with applause. Mr. Anthony Hope referred to the Pension Scheme originated by the Society, and suggested that those present should subscribe half-a-guinea each. One pension will be given next year.

THERE is a swashbuckling vigour about the chapter headings of Mr. Benjamin Swift's new novel, *Nude Souls*, that is rather attractive. The ball opens thus: Chapter I. "Warns the reader of the true nature of the book." Chapter II. "Again warns the reader to expect no romantic nonsense here, but a most tragic business." Chapter III. "Hopes that all persons sniffing for what they call romance will by this time have laid the book down, at last convinced that there is absolutely none of the exquisite drivel here."

WE could wish that one of the war correspondents in South Africa, instead of adding to the innumerable accounts of the campaign, would narrow his horizon, and write a book under some such title as, say, "Things Seen in War Time." Here is an incident, a "Things Seen" noted by Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, known to novel readers as "Francis Prevost," who is doing such excellent work for the *Morning Post*:

Riding into Ofontein were a bearded scout and a Lancer, the Lancer with a face still pink from home. The scout touched the other's arm and pointed to a field mouse on the valdt in front of them washing his face in his paws. The youngster dug in his spurs, lowered his lance, and lifted the living, quivering little beast impaled like a tent peg on the point of it. He waved it, laughing as he reined round his horse, but was met by a mouth of such damnation as took the colour out of his cheeks. At his sulky expostulation the elder man suddenly checked his tongue, adding, when they had ridden on together, half ashamedly and with eyes averted, "I've seen enough o' dead things."

In spite of the keen eyes and busy pens, it is probable that we who sit at home and wait will never know the real, awful reality of war and its effect on the individual. If the story of the "nine or ten mental cases" referred to in the paragraph that follows could be told by some writer of genius, and remembered, would it not hasten the day of universal peace?

Mr. Lynch came back on the *Kildonan Castle*. Among the 300 sick and wounded were nine or ten mental cases, men who went out of their minds at Magersfontein.

WE regret to hear of the very serious state of Mr. Stephen Crane's health. He is now at Dover waiting till he is strong enough to be taken to the Black Forest.

Richard Yea and Nay is the title of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new romance. It is well advanced, but has not yet left his hands. The central figure is, of course, Richard Cœur de Lion.

LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, who has edited the *Pall Mall Magazine* since its foundation, has resigned, but he will continue to control the magazine till the autumn.

A SCOTCH correspondent writes: "'C. K. S.' in the *Sphere*, apropos of Mr. W. D. Christie's excellent edition of Dryden in the "Globe" series, says that he cannot find the editor's name in *Who's Who*. 'C. K. S.' also regrets that Mr. Christie has done so little literary work. The fact is, that Mr. Christie died in 1874, four years after the "Globe" Dryden was published."

Thirteen Stories will be the title of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's new book. Mr. Graham has had the labour of re-writing them, as the MS. was destroyed in the Ballantyne fire last December.

THE production of *Prince Otto* on the stage will be an interesting event. Mr. Gerald Gurney and Mr. Thalberg will be responsible for the adaption, which was begun some years ago. When Mr. Gurney wrote to Mr. Stevenson respecting terms, the author of *Prince Otto* replied:

Savernac Lake, Adirondacks.

DEAR SIR,—It will be time (pardon my pessimism) to think of that when your piece is produced. But I am sure that whatever you and Mr. Thalberg shall think right will gratify me; and, indeed, I am already gratified by your proposal.—With every wish for your success, I am, yours and Mr. Thalberg's,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It may interest you to know that *Prince Otto* was originally a tragedy, and, by my sooth! in blank verse. I still think it has much that is very suitable to the boards.

R. L. S.

If we had proposed a competition for the probable reply that Signora Duse would make to an interviewer who asked her opinion on Mr. Samuel Smith's "on-slaught on the drama" in the House of Commons, would the replies, we wonder, have been anywhere near the reality? We are indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the reality. Said the distinguished actress: "I have just been reading Taine's *Restoration of the Drama*. His opinions are mine." Neat, brief, and final—just the way to answer an interviewer.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS dedicates his translation of D'Annunzio's play, "The Dead City," to the author in these terms: "To Gabriele D'Annunzio I dedicate this translation, begun at Arles and finished at Toledo, the two dead cities which I love most in Europe." The play is in five acts, and contains but five characters.

WE have received from Paris the first number of a new monthly magazine called *Iris*, the first French review, it is claimed, that is exclusively devoted to literature and art. *Iris* is a comely little magazine, opening with a few columns of paragraphs under the title "Un Peu Partout." These are followed by a *conte*, and this by an essay under the general title "Opinions." "Mon Livre" is the heading of a series of articles in which authors will describe their forthcoming books, an excellent notion. This month M. Gustave Kahn gives a foretaste of a book he is about to publish entitled *L'Esthétique de la Russe*. Reviews of books, a dramatic criticism, and a musical article follow; and there are other details. A poem by Emile Verhaeren, called "Les Dunes," is full of descriptive feeling and melancholy cadence. We are tempted to quote a portion of it:

Voici le pays blanc des dunes
Que les siècles ont ravagé
Sommets fendus, vallons rongés,
Montagnes mortes, une à une.

Le ciel, la mer et leur ceinture d'ouragans !
Et ceux qui vont à l'autre bout du monde
Les vents, les vents hurleurs, les vents sifflants
Portant l'hiver, dans leur fronde.

Depuis longtemps, sont morts l'été, l'automne ;
Octobre est loin, avec sa brume monotone,
Avec son deuil de pourpre et son silence ;
Et maintenant, voici
L'hiver, l'hiver sauvage et sans merci
Et ses mois noirs qui recommencent.

Les villages souffrent, là-bas,
Les toits ployés sous la tempête,
Pauvres, tristes, serrés par tas
Comme des bêtes ;
Le soir s'abat, et l'horizon se fend,
La muette entière des nuées
Hurle vers l'ombre et seule une cloche remuée
Répond encore, avec des pleurs d'enfant.

Et sur la plage, où s'échevèlent
Ces deuils à l'infini,
Traînent, en bandes parallèles,
Les défilés des sables gris ;
Les oiseaux fuient, la grève est vide,
Le navire se fond dans l'étendue humide :
Tout le néant semble marcher
De lieue en lieue, avec la mer.

WE shall notice in detail Mr. Winston Churchill's *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria* next week; meanwhile, we will quote its dedication, which is not without originality:

THIS COLLECTION OF LETTERS IS INSCRIBED TO
THE STAFF OF THE
NATAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAY
WHOSE CAREFUL AND COURAGEOUS DISCHARGE OF THEIR
EVERY-DAY DUTIES
AMID THE PERILS OF WAR
HAS MADE THEM HONOURABLY CONSPICUOUS
EVEN AMONG THEIR FELLOW COLONISTS.

The story of his escape which Mr. Churchill could tell is not fully disclosed in this book, for a reason stated in the Preface: "The fact that a man's life depends upon my discretion compels me to omit an essential part of the story of my escape from the Boers; but, if the book and its author survive the war, and when the British flag is firmly planted at Bloemfontein and Pretoria, I shall hasten to fill the gap in the narrative."

DIPPING into Mr. Churchill's pages we observe that books played some part even in his captivity in Pretoria. While waiting for the favourable moment to elude the sentries Mr. Churchill tried, he tells us, to read

Mr. Lecky's *History of England*, "but for the first time in my life that wise writer wearied me." Again, when his escape had electrified Pretoria the *Volksstem* observed, as a significant fact, that the fugitive had recently become a subscriber to the State Library, and had borrowed Mill's essay, *On Liberty*. "It apparently desired to gravely deprecate prisoners having access to such inflammatory literature. The idea will, perhaps, amuse those who have read the work in question." It will.

OUR excellent contemporary, the *Dial*, of Chicago, published its twentieth anniversary number on May Day, and printed a survey of the development of American literature during its lifetime. "To maintain a high standard of literary criticism, and to advocate the cause of the higher culture," is to be the *Dial's* continued aim. Among the "Tributes from our Friends" appears this characteristic note from Mr. Andrew Lang:

I hope the *Dial's* sun will never go back on it (a circumstance unusual, but with Biblical precedent).

THE Goncourt Academy may easily become something of a force in French literature. Its formation has been regarded with somewhat languid interest, but it is quite possible that when it begins making literary awards the eyes of young Frenchmen will see in the dead Goncourt brothers a living Macænas. The Goncourt prize, which may amount to 5,000 fr., will be awarded this year for the best prose work of imagination published during the year. One gathers that the experimenters, the seekers after new conventions, and all who can show a fresh talent and bold methods, will have the favourable consideration of the judges, who will be ten members of the Academy. One can easily see that the Goncourt Academy may be a useful in evoking young effort as the Academy is in registering permanent success. All depends on the way in which the awards are managed.

THERE appears to be no certainty that the Tennyson MSS. recently brought to light in Sheffield will be published in whole or part. How these documents have been overlooked so long, even when the searchlight was being used by Tennyson's son and biographer, we do not know. The letters in the collection are undated, but are said to have been written in 1832 and 1833. They are the letters of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam to W. H. Brookfield, one of Tennyson's college friends. The poetical MSS. include early drafts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott," showing many variations from the published text. These should be highly instructive to students of poetry. The letters and MSS. are now in the possession of Colonel Brookfield, M.P.

A WRITER in *Scribner's Magazine* has taken on himself the office of recording angel in respect of the sins of grammar committed by great writers. Among moderns Thackeray seems to have been the least careful of grammatical laws. In *The Newcomes* he actually writes:

Miss Cann, who was from Bayhams, having been a governess to the young lady who is dead and who now makes such a livelihood as she can best raise, by going out as a daily teacher.

Scott writes in *Kenilworth*:

They stood now in an avenue overshadowed by such old trees as we have described, and which had been bordered, &c.

Among Mr. Thomas Hardy's slips are the following:

Her first thought was how would she be able to face her parents.—*Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (xli.).

Like all people who have known rough times light-heartedness seemed to her too irrational.

The Mayor of Casterbridge (xiv.).

LADY BURTON has reissued her husband's poem, the *Kasidah* [couplets] of *Haji Abdu Al-Yazdi* [Sir Richard Burton's *nom de guerre*]. It was composed seven years before FitzGerald's rendering of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, with which it is boldly compared by its admirers. It was first printed in 1880, and in 1893 Lady Burton included it in the Biography of her husband; again, in 1894, a limited edition of one hundred copies was printed. In her introduction to the poem as now issued Lady Burton says:

I was laughed to scorn by a small section of the press for the following remark in my late *Life of Sir Richard*. I said "that I did not believe that this poem had its equal, that it is quite unique." I said "it will ride over the heads of most, it will displease many, but it will appeal to all large hearts and large brains for its depth, its height, its breadth, for its heart and nobility, its pathos, its melancholy, and its despair. It is the very perfection of romance; it seems as the cry of a Soul, wandering through space, looking for what it does not find. I have read it many times during my married life, and never without bitter tears, and when I read it now it affects me still more; he used to take it away from me because it impressed me so."

Lady Burton then quotes two highly eulogistic opinions of the poem by Mr. W. D. Scull and Miss Guglielma Francis Moss. Mr. Scull wrote: "It seems to me worthy to stand level with the greatest poems of the Earth, and in front of most." We shall deal with the *Kasidah* in more detail. Meanwhile, we will quote a few lines from a poem for which so much is claimed:

But we? Another shift of scene, another pang to rack the heart;

Why meet we on the bridge of Time to 'change one greeting and to part?

We meet to part; yet asks my sprite, Part we to meet?
Ah! is it so?

Man's fancy-made Omniscience knows, who made Omniscience nought can know.

Why must we meet, why must we part, why must we bear this yoke of MUST,
Without our leave or askt or given, by tyrant Fate on victim thrust?

That Eve so gay, so bright, so glad, this Morn so dim, and sad, and grey;
Strange that life's Registrar should write this day a day, that day a day!

Mine eyes, my brain, my heart, are sad—sad is the very core of me;
All wearies, changes, passes, ends; alas! the Birthday's injury!

Friends of my youth, a last adieu! haply some day we meet again;
Yet ne'er the self-same men shall meet; the years shall make us other men:

The light of morn has grown to noon, has paled with eve, and now farewell!
Go, vanish from my Life as dies the tinkling of the Camel's bell.

MR. RUSKIN was one of the wealthiest writers who ever lived in this country, and he used his wealth to develop his own and other people's minds. It is interesting to notice that whereas he inherited nearly £200,000 from his father, his own net personal estate was only a little more than £10,000. In his will, which was published too late for our notice last week, Mr. Ruskin said:

I leave all my estate of Brantwood aforesaid and all other real estate of which I may die possessed to Joseph Arthur Palliser Severn, of Herne Hill, in the county of Surrey, and Joanna Ruskin Severn, his wife, and to the survivor of them and their heirs for their very own, earnestly praying them never to sell the estate of Brantwood or any part thereof, nor to let upon building lease

any part thereof, but to maintain the said estate and the buildings thereon in decent order and in good repair in like manner as I have done, and praying them further to accord during thirty consecutive days in every year such permission to strangers to see the house and pictures as I have done in my lifetime.

Mr. Ruskin left his unpublished MSS. and diaries "to Mrs. Joanna Ruskin Severn, and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to deal with, publish, or destroy all or any of them in such way and to such extent and at such times as they think fit." His copyrights, stocks of books, plates, and wood blocks, &c., &c., were left to Mrs. Severn and Mrs. Alexander Wedderburn, but subject to the condition that Mr. George Allen should be retained as publisher, that out of the profits of publication £100 a year should be paid to Mr. Wedderburn, and then not exceeding £1,000 a year to Mr. and Mrs. Severn for the maintenance of Brantwood, and that any balance of profit should be invested. By a codicil made three years ago Mr. Ruskin modified the condition as to the employment of Mr. Allen as publisher.

MR. DOOLEY and his friend Mr. Hennessy have been talking over the Paris Exhibition, and Mr. Dooley predicts that next winter will be a hard one for the rich—they will spend so much money in Paris:

I expect to have people dhroppin' in here nex' fall with subscription-books fr' th' survivors iv th' Paris Exhibition. Th' women down be th' rollin'-mills 'll be sewin' flannels fr' th' diathressed millyonaires, an' whin th' childher kick about th' food, ye'll say, Hinnissy, "Just think iv th' poor wretches in th' Lake Shore dhrive, an' thank Gawd fr' what ye have."

Mr. Dooley has his own opinion about the real attractions of Paris this summer:

No, Hinnissy, they'll be many things larned be Americans that goes to Paris, but they won't be about th' conversion iv boots into food, or *vickey varsa*, as Hogan says.

An' that's r-right. If I wint over there, 'tis little time I'd be spindin' thryin' to discover how th' wondhers iv mechanical janius are projoiced that makes livin' so much more healthy an' oncomfortable. But whin I got to Paris I'd hire me a hack or a dhray painted r-red, an' I'd put me feet out th' sides, an' I'd say to th' dhriver: "Revolutionist, pint ye'er horse's head to'rds th' home iv th' skirt-dance, hit him smartly, an' go to sleep. I will see th' snow-plough show an' th' dentisthry wurruk in th' pa-apers. Fr' th' prisant I'll devote me attintion to makin' a noise in th' sthrets an' studyin' human nature."

"Ye'd be a lively ol' buck over there," said Mr. Hennessy admiringly. "'Tis a good thing ye can't go."

"It is so," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm glad I have no millyonaire rilitives to be dependant on me fr' support whin th' show's over."

THE impact of the work of one sort of man on an opposite sort of man—as, for instance, of Mr. Kipling's mind on Mr. Le Gallienne's—is always interesting. The personal criticism thus evoked may not stand, but it is of the kind which, by flowing into the sluggish stream of accepted opinion, freshens and even diverts it. As an example of what we mean, take this short review of a new edition of the Letters of Thomas Gray, by a writer of Walt Whitman's school of thought, from the *Conservator*:

When I read these letters, issued in a mechanical setting of extreme beauty, I do not wonder that Gray wrote but one poem which the world has remembered. The editor speaks of Gray as "beyond doubt a great letter writer fallen on the great age of letter writing." I do not know what constitutes a great letter, nor by what power a letter is carried beyond its own contemporaries. Certainly Gray was not a man vital enough to star into a *post-mortem* heaven. I am disposed to accept him at his own figure when he describes himself as a "grand picker of straws, and push-pin player in ordinary to her Supinity—the power

of *Laziness*." What word is spoken in these letters which has to us the slightest contemporary interest? I admit their finish in verbal full dress. The reply to my questions is perhaps in the assurance of the publishers that they have sold an edition of the book.

One would not call that correct criticism, yet it tends to correct the best criticism. It is medicinal.

A WRITER who signs himself "A. C. D." makes a vigorous protest in the *Pilot* against the "six-shilling dreadful"—in other words, against the gloomy novel of the hour which is labelled "powerful":

The trick of this kind of writing is so easy! Few things can be more simple than to place a character or group of characters in disagreeable surroundings, to insist on every detail of their unpleasantness with lingering emphasis, and then to string together enough grimy incidents to fill the required number of pages. Yet many of our critics seem blind to the fact that "disagreeable" is by no means synonymous with "powerful." Novels of another mode—novels in which life is pictured less violently, in which the pigments are less crude and *bizarre*—are each dismissed by the reviewer in half-a-dozen lines as "an inoffensive little tale." The "depressionist" book, on the other hand, is accorded a column of serious notice, and not seldom of extravagant eulogy. To write a book of this class is to tread an easy path to reputation, so the fact that a number of authors select this road is not surprising. "Yes," replies the critic, "but this is only another way of saying that you care nothing for art. What you like is an old-fashioned, commonplace story, over which you can fall asleep." To which, perhaps, the reader may return a flat denial. He does not want a soporific; but still less does he desire an emetic.

THE collection of prints of Old London which, as we mentioned a fortnight ago, is possessed by the Bishopsgate Institute, is, we find, separately catalogued. The catalogue is sold for threepence.

MR. J. CHURTON COLLINS has prepared for Messrs. Methuen's Standard Library an elaborate edition of Lord Tennyson's Early Poems. It is a reprint of the volume which was published in its definitive form in 1853, with the addition of a long critical introduction and copious notes, textual and explanatory. The work also contains in an appendix all the poems which Tennyson afterwards omitted, permanently and temporarily.

Bibliographical.

I HAVE more than once remarked upon the lack of initiative exhibited nowadays by the "revivers" of English literary classics. Two more instances of that lack have come to light in the announcement that the two next volumes of the "Temple Classics" will consist respectively of *Poems* by Matthew Arnold and the *Silix Scintillans* of Henry Vaughan. Of Mr. Arnold's non-copyright verse, surely there are already sufficient reproductions—namely, that in the "Canterbury Poets" (edited by Mr. Sharp), that in Messrs. Routledge's "Olive" series (1896), and that (edited by Dr. Garnett) in the "Nineteenth Century Classics." A fourth seems somewhat of a superfluity. As for the *Silix Scintillans*, I have before me a copy of the reproduction (in facsimile) of the first edition (1650), published in 1885 with an introduction by the Rev. William Clare. This had been preceded in 1883 by a revised reproduction of the Rev. H. F. Lyte's reprint of the second edition of Vaughan's work (1655), in which the edition of 1650 was augmented by the addition of pieces from *Thalia Rediviva*. Let us hope that the text of the "Temple" edition will be taken direct, and without variation, from the volume of 1655.

Whence did Washington Irving derive the inspiration for his story of Rip Van Winkle? The other day a publicist asserted positively that the legend of Sleepy Hollow was based upon the old German tale of the Hartz Mountains called "Carl the Shepherd." I believe that Mr. S. J. A. FitzGerald, in the book concerning Rip which he is to issue in connexion with the forthcoming play at Her Majesty's, will argue that Irving found the basis of his tale in that of Peter Klaus, of which Mr. FitzGerald will print an English translation. The point is certainly one of literary interest. Mr. FitzGerald will also sketch the theatrical history of Rip. That has already been done with some thoroughness by Mr. William Winter in his little book on the Jefferson family. See also the *Autobiography* of the present Joseph Jefferson, wherein will be found a full account of the dramatic version in which he first appeared in England in 1865, and in which the second act (wherein Rip is the sole speaker) was wholly Jefferson's invention.

The promised biography of James Russell Lowell by Mr. H. E. Scudder, though in two volumes, will of course have many interested readers. Lowell was an attractive man, from several points of view, and Mr. Scudder may have something new to tell us about him. And yet one hardly sees what more there can be to say. Seven years ago we had, from Mr. Eliot Norton, Lowell's *Letters*, in two substantial volumes, and in the previous year we had had, from the pen of Mr. F. H. Underwood, a monograph on Lowell as poet and man. Last year there were two books by E. E. Hale on Lowell and his friends; and, altogether, that estimable writer seems to have received adequate attention. That a full-blown biography should now be on its way to us is a pleasant tribute to his continued popularity.

I see *Because of Elizabeth Jane* advertised as the title of a new work of fiction. Somehow or other, the phrase reminds me irresistibly of a refrain in a well-known comic opera—"All on Account of Eliza." In the christening of their works, novelists are hard put to it for originality.

Nothing is more notable, in the recent history of popular pastime, than the unexpected resuscitation of croquet—that game which Frederick Locker and Cholmondeley-Pennell celebrated in flowing verse, and in which we middle-aged people used, as youngsters, to delight. Four years ago Mr. J. D. Heath favoured us with *The Complete Croquet Player*, and in the following year Mr. A. Lillie gave us the *History and Rules of Croquet*. In 1898 came a "Champion Handbook" to the game; last year Mr. L. B. Williams wrote elaborately on the subject in "The Isthmian Library"; and, as if all this were not enough, we are now threatened with a book on *Croquet Up to Date*. Personally, I hope the new croquet is a little more *difficile* and scientific than the old, which was wholly unworthy of the attention of anybody not in his first or second childhood.

A writer in the current number of the *Sketch*, reviewing a new impression of Dean Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, commits himself to the statement that that work "has not till now been reprinted in a cheap form." As a matter of fact, an edition of the *Life*, at the small price of two shillings per copy, was issued by Messrs. Ward & Lock (as part and parcel of the "Minerva Library") so long ago as 1889. Since then, of course, a new generation of reviewers has arisen, to whom English literary output, prior (let us say) to "the early nineties," is a complete blank!

Poor old Frankenstein! He is still being confused with the Monster he manufactured. I read on page 210 of Miss Violet Markham's *South Africa, Past and Present*, just published: "We ourselves, by a series of follies in years long past, reared this Frankenstein of Dutch discontent and disloyalty."

Reviews.

Balzac Intime.

Letters to Madame Hanska, afterwards Madame Honoré de Balzac, 1833-1846. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. (Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.)

WE dealt in our issue of May 5 with the question of the authenticity of some of these letters. We will now turn to the general matter of them. If ever a book deserved to be called "a human document" this does; it cries aloud for the use worn term, freshens it, and gives it a new significance. Written with a flying pen and a bursting heart at once naïve and profound, in night-moments snatched from incredible labours, full of passionate longing, and pride, and childishness, and debts, and aspirations springing always out of despairs, these letters give a picture of Balzac *intime* surpassing in poignancy any previous one. The wonder is that they have not compelled more attention, have not yet even been published in this country; for their interest from end to end is of the highest kind. The first letters, composed before Balzac had seen the mysterious Polish woman whose mere handwriting intoxicated him, are the best. Only a man of imagination could have fallen in love with an intelligence and a handwriting, and, having done so, would have dared to whisper to the unseen creature those small secrets of the soul which some men never express at all:

As all my passions, all my beliefs are defeated, as my dreams are dispersed, I am forced to *create myself* passions, and I choose that of art. I live in my studies. I wish to do better. I weigh my phrases and my words as a miser weighs his bits of gold. What love I thus waste! What happiness is flung to the winds! My laborious youth, my long studies will not have the sole reward I desired for them. Ever since I have breathed and known what a pure breath coming from pure lips was, I have desired the love of a young and pretty woman; yet all has fled me! A few years more and youth will be a memory! . . . And then, what hope that I could obtain at forty that which I have missed at twenty? She who is averse to me, being young, will she be less reluctant then? But you cannot understand these moans—you, young, solitary, living a country life, far from our Parisian world which excites the passions so violently, and where all is so great and so petty. I ought still to keep these lamentations in the depths of my heart.

And then, again, this charming-confession:

Adieu, then; I have given you a whole night, a night which belonged to my legitimate wife, the *Revue de Paris*, that crabbed spouse. Consequently the "Théorie de la Démarche," which I owed to her, must be postponed till the month of March, and no one will know why; you and I alone are in the secret. The article was there before me, a science to elucidate; it was arduous, I was afraid of it. Your letter slipped into my memory, and suddenly I put my feet to the embers, forgot myself in my armchair—and adieu to "La Démarche"; behold me galloping towards Poland, and re-reading your letters (I have but three)—and now I answer them. I defy you to read two months hence the "Théorie de la Démarche" without smiling at every sentence; because beneath those senseless, foolish phrases there are a thousand thoughts of you.

But few of the letters are like this. The majority, though the passion in them never for an instant cools, are of a darker and more sinister complexion. That Balzac was always bowed down by debts, and that he killed himself with sheer hard work—his was a suicide of thirty years' preparation—are facts notorious. The present book, however, amplifies these facts as they have not been amplified before. One might say that three-quarters of it is concerned with work and debts. Balzac's fecundity, under the most tantalising conditions, was equal to Dumas'. He dined at five, went to bed before six, rose at midnight and

worked till noon: twelve unintermitted hours seems to have been his minimum. He often worked eighteen. "I have of late [he says in 1835] been twenty-six hours in my study without leaving it. I get the air at that window which commands all Paris, which I will some day command." He wrote eighty printed pages of *L'Illustration Gaudissart* in a single night; and the whole of the second part of *Sur Catherine de Medici*, twenty-four thousand words as it now stands, in a single night. "Think of that when you read it," he exclaims. He was constantly staggered by his own productivity:

Listen: to settle this point, reflect on this: Walter Scott wrote two novels a year, and was thought to have luck in his labour; he astonished England. This year I shall have produced: (1) *Le Père Goriot*; (2) *Le Lys dans la Vallée*; (3) *Les Mémoires d'une jeune Mariée*; (4) *César Birotteau*. I have done three Parts of the *Études de Mœurs* for Madame Bachel; and three Parts of the *Études Philosophiques* for Werdet. And, finally, I shall have finished the third *dizain* [of *Contes Drolatiques*] and *Séraphita*. But, then, shall I be living, or in my sound mind, in 1836? I doubt it. Sometimes I think that my brain is inflaming. I shall die on the breach of intellect.

And that letter was only written in August! By what magic did he accomplish these feats of generation? He himself attributed his powers to certain peculiarities of parentage. Here is a curious item:

There are few fathers who give themselves the trouble to reflect on their duties. My father had made great studies on this subject; he communicated them to me (I mean their results) at an early age, and I gained fixed ideas which dictated to me the *Physiologie du Mariage*—a book more profound than satirical or flippant. . . . I am a great proof, and so is my sister, of the principles of my father. He was fifty-nine years old when I was born, and sixty-three when my sister was born. Now, through the power of our vitality, we have both failed to succumb; we have centenarian constitutions. Without that power of force and life transmitted by my father I should be dead under my debts and obligations.

As for his debts, during the greater part of his life they appear to have steadily increased. In a certain sense, he enjoyed them; he decidedly enjoyed talking about them. Not only in his fiction, but privately, he loved the word *francs*. He might have been one of those terrific financiers who deal gorgeously with millions while on the very edge of bankruptcy:

Must I for the fifth or sixth time explain to you the mechanism of my poverty, and how it is that it only grows and increases? I will do so, if only to prove to you that I am the greatest financier of the epoch. But we will never return to the subject again, will we?—for there is nothing sadder than to relate troubles from which we still suffer.

Then follow a thousand words of fiscal complexities. And, of course, he did return to the subject again. He made an excellent publishing agreement, in 1836, with Bohain, for fifteen years, under which he received fifty thousand francs in cash for urgent debts, and a minimum income rising to forty-eight thousand francs a year. That agreement was to begin a pecuniary millennium. Yet, in the following year, we find:

This letter comes to me at a bad moment. It has singularly added to the dumb grief that gnaws me and will kill me. I am thirty-eight years old, still crippled by debt, with nought but uncertainty as to my position. Scarcely have I taken two months to rest my brain before I repent them as a crime when I see the evils that have come through my inaction. This precarious life, which might be a spur in youth, becomes at my age an overwhelming burden. My head is turning white, and whatever pleasant things may be said about it, it is clear that I must soon lose all hope of pleasing. Pure, tranquil, openly avowed happiness, for which I was made, escapes me; I have only tortures and vexations, through which a few rare gleams of blue sky shine.

Earlier than this the monetary possibilities of the stage had dazzled him, but he dared not grasp at them :

You speak of the stage. The stage might bring me in two hundred thousand francs a year. I know, beyond a doubt, that I could make my fortune there in a short time; but you forget that I have not six months to myself, not one month; and if I had I should not write a play, I should go and see you. Six months of my time represent forty thousand francs; and I must have that money in hand before I can do either "La Grande Mademoiselle" or "Philippe le Discret." Where the devil am I to get it? Out of my inkpot. There is no Leo X. in these days. Work is the artist's bank.

That Balzac made large sums is plain. The mystery is, how he found time to spend them. The correction of proofs, owing to his weird method of composition, cost him a fabulous sum, but even that item could not possibly account for this magical and continuous disappearance of francs. The fact is, he never knew the value of money; and he dearly liked an orgy of extravagance :

Next Saturday I give a dinner to the Tigers of my opera-box, and I am preparing sumptuosities out of all reason. I shall have Rossini and Olympe, his *cara donna* [afterwards his wife], who will preside. Next Nodier, then five *Tigers*, Sandeau, and a certain Victor Bohain (a man of great political talents, unjustly smirched) the most exquisite wines of Europe, the rarest flowers, the best cheer; in short, I intend to distinguish myself.

Though made up wholly of artless self-revelations, on one point, the supreme point, these letters are singularly reticent. They show Balzac the man, Balzac the lover, Balzac the debtor, Balzac the prodigious machine for turning out so many pages per night; they scarcely show at all Balzac the artist. If it were not for the unconscious and superb artistry of the letters themselves, and an occasional chance remark, one might think that Balzac was merely a hack-writer preoccupied with the common "dailiness" of life. Miss Wormeley has duly noted this strange reticence, and she notes almost the only passage in which Balzac reveals an artist's soul. It is this :

If you only knew how, after this solitary life, I long to grasp Nature by a rapid rush across Europe, how my soul thirsts for the immense, the infinite; for Nature seen in the mass, not in detail, judged on its grand lines, sometimes damp with rain, sometimes rich with sun, as we bound across space, seeing lands instead of villages! If you knew this, you would not tell me to come, for that redoubles my torture; it fans the furnace on which I sleep.

There are many fine phrases in the volume, and many interesting appreciations of his own work. We will conclude with a few of them. Speaking of his cloistered life, he says: "I seldom go out. I have many personal annoyances, like all men who live by the altar instead of being able to worship it." And this of his love: "To live in a heart is so glorious a life! To be able to name you secretly in evil hours, when I suffer!" Of the "Story of the Emperor" episode in *Le Médecin de Campagne*: "You will some day read that gigantic fragment, which has made the most unfeeling weep, and which a hundred newspapers have reproduced. Friends tell me that from end to end of France there has risen a cry of admiration. What will it be for the whole work!" Of the *Contes Drolatiques* he remarks: "They will be my finest meed of fame in the future"; of the *Absolu*, that it is ten times greater than *Eugénie Grandet* (!); and of *Séraphita*, "never did so grand a conception rise before any man. . . . When *Séraphita* spreads her glorious wings."

Yes, he had his moments of transcendent uplifting. Especially when, for about a day and a half, he contrived to get clear of debt: "No more anxieties, all is arranged! Here are six thousand francs found, five thousand five hundred paid! There remains to the poor poet five hundred francs in a noble bank-bill. Joy is in the house. I ask if Paris is for sale. . . ."

A Plea for Spencerism.

Herbert Spencer: The Man and His Work. By Hector Macpherson. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. MACPHERSON has produced a thoroughly good book, a book which should accomplish a great deal of missionary work in dispelling illusions and counteracting misrepresentations. It is true that much was expected from Mr. Macpherson, for Mr. Spencer himself took a kindly interest in the book, and freely responded to requests for material. Besides, one or two gifted men have preceded Mr. Macpherson in the task of expounding the Spencerian gospel, and as comparisons were certain to be made, no one would enter the lists unless conscious of that strength which comes from the possession of good mental furniture. But though much was expected, much has been obtained, and those most competent to judge will not be disappointed. It is true that Mr. Spencer's free response to requests for material has not yielded much in the way of additional knowledge of the philosopher personally. It is also true that just as Mr. Macpherson does not slavishly reproduce Mr. Spencer's views, the thorough-going Spencerian will not slavishly endorse all Mr. Macpherson's strictures. Indeed, there can scarcely fail to be expressions of dissent from some of his dicta, and, as a matter of fact, the copy of his book now being handled is freely peppered with notes. But notwithstanding all that, there must be frank recognition of the plain truth that Mr. Macpherson has produced a fresh and original work on a subject which does not readily lend itself to fresh and original treatment: that he has piloted his way through the mazes of many intricate problems with consummate skill, and that he has proved himself a master of vigorous, pithy English, which has no ebbs and flows, but is well sustained throughout.

The biographical part of the book, though meagre, is ample enough from the philosophic standpoint, and the reader is told all that he need know for the purpose of understanding Mr. Spencer's early life and environment, and the evolution of his mind. But that is not the way the general public understands biographical work, and the chapter on personal characteristics will not do much to appease the hunger and thirst for light, gossipy details. What little there is of the personal element will be speedily devoured. We catch a glimpse of Mr. Spencer *en pantoufle* indulging in racy, pointed conversation, "a bright vivacious personality," and very much at home "among the actualities of life, and withal brimful of humour." We are also told that until considerations of health forbade him, Mr. Spencer delighted in the social side of life, and we are introduced to the philosopher with his coat off enjoying a game of billiards at the Athenæum Club. Nothing is said about Mr. Spencer taking his defeats with philosophic calm, and, according to idle rumour, astonishing his opponents by explaining their success in neat, crisp sentences, based on his generalisations about the redistribution of matter and motion. There is no allusion to Mr. Spencer as a disciple of Walton and Cotton, and that is unfortunate, for though Mr. Macpherson could not be expected to descend from the high level he maintains throughout, and relate one or two anecdotes of the billiard-room type which have got into circulation, or notice the little angler's ditty in which it is stated that

That wonderfu' obiel ca'd Herbert Spencer,

will find the handling of a big "twenty pounder," with rod and line, a much more difficult affair than handling the universe, he might have made something of Mr. Spencer as a salmon fisher. Mr. Spencer himself, in dealing with Weber's experiments on the sense of touch, alludes to his salmon-fishing days, and informs his readers that, towards the close of his career as an angler, "I used to observe what a bungler I had become when putting on and taking off artificial flies." And this little personal item is used in a way that has an important bearing on

what is called the distribution of tactual perceptiveness. Statements of this kind ought to have been noted, and amplified, by one who was favoured with free responses to request for material, because in a well-known letter addressed to Hooker the notion has been spread abroad that Spencer is sadly deficient as an observer.

Coming round to the question of education, Mr. Macpherson informs us that the prevalent idea that Mr. Spencer's uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, was driven by his nephew's obstinacy to give up the idea of sending him to college, is a mistake. "There was no dispute," says Mr. Spencer. "My uncle gave up the idea when he saw that I was unfit." Mr. Macpherson rightly indulges in a few trenchant sentences on the unscrupulous opposition of university cliques, "who could not bear to see a new thinker of commanding power step forward into the intellectual arena without the hall-mark of university culture." This may seem too sweeping, but in reality it is a well-merited rebuke to those suave-mannered, smooth-tongued Hegelians whose writings, freely spiced though these are with bitter elements, convey but a faint idea of the means taken to bias the minds of students against the master thinker of the age.

In treating of Mr. Spencer's early life in so far as that throws light on the philosopher's mental development, Mr. Macpherson strikes a note to which the present writer cannot assent. He states that Mr. Spencer never needed to reject the orthodox creed because it never appealed to him. It was not with Spencer as with many others, a case of acceptance and rejection, "his mind lay outside of it from the first." Precisely so. With Spencer as with a Gibbon and a Hume there was no room for survivals, and reason reigned supreme, and was not as it unfortunately too often is, the humble slave of those base ingredients that still trouble the soul of the "improved Gorilla." But this important factor entirely escapes Mr. Macpherson, who contends that Spencer is the poorer for not having shared the spiritual experiences of his contemporaries, that for lack of such experience his mind works under serious limitations, and that those thinkers who have endeavoured under emotional fervour to "strike the note of ascetic sanctity receive an almost intuitive insight into the deeper religious problems of the age—an insight denied those who come to the study of religious psychology with the foot-rule of the logician, and the weighing scales of the statistician." This is surprising enough from an expounder and sympathetic disciple of Herbert Spencer. The world has seen many prophets and teachers of the kind Mr. Macpherson is enamoured of, men who had plenty of emotional fervour and worked under no limitations whatever, but soared into space and swayed to and fro like a weathercock in a gale. Let us be thankful that Spencer possesses something better than "emotional fervour" and "spiritual experiences"—to wit, clear, cool reason and philosophic calm. No doubt Mr. Macpherson will contend that thinkers who do not trouble themselves with the "foot-rule of the logician and the weighing scales of the statistician," but appeal to humanity through the emotions, hold sway over the minds of countless generations. That, indeed, is only too true; but then, one who writes as he at times does about the "meridian glory of the age of reason," the "long night of authority and credulity," and who takes a somewhat lyrical view of the Revolution epoch, should be the first to say "tant pis pour l'humanité." Again, Mr. Macpherson contends that for lack of adequate equipment Mr. Spencer fell into the error of supposing that science and religion would find a basis of agreement in recognition of the Unknowable, the terms proposed by science being said to "resemble those of the husband who suggested to the wife as a basis of future harmony that he should take the inside of the house and she the outside." But then we are told in various other parts of the book that "science will increase rather than diminish the feelings of wonder, awe and humility which

are the real roots of religious emotion"; that "thus the Spencerian philosophy shades into religion," and that "already science when reduced to its last analysis supplies a rational basis for the belief in a mysterious awe-inspiring power," all of which statements do not very logically hang on to the sweeping dictum that Spencer's basis of agreement is an error. And it is significant that one who will not be accused of lack of "emotional fervour" and "spiritual experiences"—Paulsen of Berlin—proposes to reconcile religion and science in practically the same way as Mr. Spencer has done.

The evolution of Mr. Spencer's evolution theory is an important matter, for it has been affirmed and repeated that Synthetic Philosophy has been built up by *a priori* methods without reference to facts, and one does not need to be very learned in psychology to understand the potent influence of affirmation and repetition. Mr. Macpherson states that he himself once believed in this popular error, but that Mr. Spencer in conversation demonstrated to him that the cardinal principles of Synthetic Philosophy were reached by slow steps during many years of patient toil. And that statement does not rest on the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Spencer, for one has only got to read his books to trace the development of his theory, from its first germs in his first book—*Social Statics*, published in 1850—to its full expansion as a conception of evolution at large. And one has only to compare dates to see that Mr. Spencer had slowly worked his way to the conception of evolution at large before Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared. Mr. Macpherson's treatment of this part of his subject is clear and pointed, and his vigorous sentences ought to prove a telling blow against a deep-seated misconception of Spencerian methods.

Having dealt with one or two points of general interest in Mr. Macpherson's book, it is impossible in brief space to do more than express unqualified admiration of Mr. Macpherson as a literary craftsman, and a bold, independent thinker. He possesses a rare grasp of Mr. Spencer's teaching, and powers of lucid exposition of the first order. His courage is unbounded. In these days, when the "young lions" who fill our university chairs have fused ethics, political economy, and sociology into "celestial economics" based on the will of God Almighty, it is not everyone who would, as Mr. Macpherson does, champion Spencerism into the extremes of political thought. But he does it, and does it well, albeit that he plays a little off his own bat.

A Professor on the Warpath.

The Chaucer Canon. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Ph.D. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.)

PROF. SKEAT'S polemic is not of a character which, even were he a Civil Servant, would be likely to call down upon him the disapproval of the First Lord of the Treasury. It is distinctly professional, and is devoted to the justification of the critical methods employed in his admirable and standard editions of the works of Geoffrey Chaucer. There are two ninepins to be bowled at. Almost simultaneously with Prof. Skeat's *Students' Chaucer* appeared another excellent edition, the "Globe" *Chaucer*. And a reviewer of the two, "with that perfect recklessness which is born of irresponsibility," asserted—we trust not in these columns—that there is a wide difference between the two, the text in the *Students' Chaucer* being "eclectic," and that in the "Globe" *Chaucer* being "scientific."

Now, Prof. Skeat is nothing if not "scientific," and he resents the imputation; which, moreover, he professes himself unable to understand. He proceeds, therefore, to demonstrate, firstly, that there is practically no difference between the texts, which is certainly the case; and, secondly, that so far as there is a difference, it is all in

favour of his own edition. The "Globe" edition is, in his opinion, unnecessarily faithful to the spelling of the famous Ellesmere MS., by preserving "the idle, or archaic, final -e" in cases where a syllable is not required for the scansion of the line. "We gather," he jibes, "that by a 'scientific' text is meant one in which the final -e is retained in places where the scribe inserted it wrongly, as well as in places where he inserted it rightly." This ninepin is toppled over, to the satisfaction of all parties, in an early chapter, although it appears to require a rolling kick at intervals throughout the treatise. The more serious adversary, however, of the learned professor is the critic who denies or mistrusts the applicability of the "philological" methods used by nearly all Chaucerian scholars to distinguish the genuine works of Chaucer from those incorrectly, and upon small evidence, assigned to him. The real object of the book is to restate and defend these methods.

Prof. Skeat gives a lucid and elaborate exposition of them; and we are bound to say that, within their limits, they seem to us quite trustworthy. Briefly, the point is this. Chaucer wrote the Midland English of the fourteenth century. This still retained the Middle English inflexions of the parts of speech, ending in -e, -en, -es, which later English usage dropped; and it still retained the distinction between certain vowel sounds, such as "close" and "open" o, or "close" and "open" e, which later English usage obscured. It is not necessary to go into details here; suffice it to say that Chaucer's use of inflexions and Chaucer's selection of vowel sounds for purposes of rhyme are perfectly regular, and have been classified by Prof. Skeat and others with considerable exactness. But even when Chaucer wrote, the Middle English system of inflexions and the Middle English system of vowel-sounds were beginning to break down. Shortly after his death a rapid process hurried them into oblivion. It follows that a fifteenth-century, and still more a sixteenth-century, imitator of Chaucer trying to write "Chaucerese" would be writing an extinct and unfamiliar language. He might, perhaps, get a little nearer than Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," but he would be almost sure to fall into grammatical and rhythmical solecisms which Chaucer's ear would never have endured. The same would be true in great measure of a Northumbrian contemporary of Chaucer who should attempt to substitute for the forms of his native speech those of Chaucer's East Midland. The "fake" might pass, even as Chatterton's did, but only in an uncritical age. The philological method of determining the "canon" of Chaucer consists in the examination of all works claiming to be his by the tests of rhyme and inflexion, and rejecting such as fail to conform to his usage in these respects. The three main poems around which dispute has raged are "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Court of Love," and "The Flower and the Leaf." Applying the philological method, Prof. Skeat decides that no one of these is throughout by Chaucer. "The Flower and the Leaf" is by an imitator of the fifteenth century, who appears, from internal evidence, to have been a woman. "The Court of Love" is probably not earlier than the sixteenth century. The case of "The Romaunt of the Rose" is more complicated. We have Chaucer's own authority for it that he did translate the French "Roman de la Rose." But the existing translation has been shown, not by the philological tests, to be really made up of three independent fragments; and Prof. Skeat now uses these methods to support a theory that the first fragment only is by Chaucer, the second by a Northumbrian imitator, and the third by yet another Midland writer.

As a rule, it will perhaps be admitted, internal tests of authorship are hazardous things to deal with. The attempt to find authors, on grounds of grammar and style, for anonymous Elizabethan plays, has led to much baseless conjecture. But the case of the Chaucer canon is rather

peculiar. The imitators are writing in what has become to them an archaic dialect. They are not scholars. If Prof. Skeat chose to write a pseudo-Chaucerian poem, it would probably not be detected—by the philological method. Nor, again, could the tests satisfactorily distinguish Chaucer's work from that of an East Midland contemporary, using the same inflexions and the same rhymes. Only there does not seem to have been any such poet whose work, at least, has got confused with Chaucer's. Nor, as such a poet, even if anonymous, might exist, could the tests well be used to support by themselves a positive attribution of any poem to Chaucer. But they are not called upon to do this, for all Chaucer's important works are either ascribed to him by trustworthy MSS., or else claimed by name in the "Legend of Good Women." It is only the existence of this bulk of undisputed work resting on external evidence, and covering the whole period of Chaucer's working life, which enables any satisfactory philological tests to be framed at all. And even now it would be impossible had Chaucer's style developed in respect of his usage of inflexion and rhyme, as it did in more important respects between his earlier and his later years.

No sutor ultra crepidam. It is a singular study in the water-tight compartment character of modern literary specialism to watch Prof. Skeat's proceedings when he gets outside the borders of philology. Within them he is a master, moving easily and with assured knowledge of what is and what is not philological proof. But when he passes to consider the debt of Chaucer's fifteenth-century disciples to their master, and their methods of imitating him, the reader suddenly begins to rub his eyes and to wonder whether he has read the printed page aright. Some of Prof. Skeat's conceptions of the way in which Lydgate, or James I., may be supposed to have worked, seem to us, from the point of view of literary psychology, perfectly incredible. As an argument in favour of the Chaucerian authorship of "Fragment A" of "The Romaunt of the Rose," Prof. Skeat says:

Lydgate, in the course of his *Complaint of the Black Knight*, supposed to have been written in 1402, actually quotes from *Fragment A* expressly, and must have had before him! For it so happens that he quotes just the very words which are NOT in the French original.

The French has (l. 1399):

"Entor les ruisseaus et les rives
Des fontaines cleres et vives
Poinoit l'erbe freschete et drue."

Fragment A translates it thus (l. 1417):

"About the brinckes of these walles,
And by the stromes over-al elles,
Sprang up the gras, as thikke y-set
And softe as any veluēt."

This Lydgate reproduces thus ("Black Knight," l. 77)

"The gravel gold, the water pure as glas,
The bankes rounde, the welle envyrning,
And softe as veluēt, the yonge gras
That thereupon lustily cam springing."

We thus find Lydgate, who expressly took Chaucer as his model, quoting from *Fragment A* soon after his master's death.

"Soft as velvet" has, we take it, been a stock descriptive of turf at all times since velvet was invented, and the passages from Chaucer, if it was Chaucer, and Lydgate appear to us in other respects about as ingeniously different as two renderings by contemporary writers of the same French original could well be. A page further on Prof. Skeat declares that when Lydgate wrote

And with myn head unto the welle I raughte,
And of the water drank I a good draughte,"

he is imitating "a convenient form of rimes" in Chaucer's:

And forth him heed and nekke out-straughte
To drincken of that welle a draughte.

Well, they are not the same rimes, but that is a trifle. Dear Professor, the thing is not done like this. No poet would have the time for it, not even a "monk of Bury."

Even more amazing is the proof that King James I. knew Chaucer's fragment of "The Romaunt of the Rose," based on certain supposed similarities to "The King's Quair." Thus:

Perhaps it is worth noticing a line in the very next stanza—viz., st. 48: "Aboute his nek, quhite as the fyre smaille" [enamel]. For, though there is nothing remarkable about the phrase "Aboute his nekke" in Fragment A, l. 1081, it is a singular coincidence that the last word in the preceding line is the scarce word *amaled* [enamelled]. And next, if we look a little more closely at the same stanza, we shall find that there is a description of a chain hung about the same neck, to which was attached a ruby that shone like a spark of fire. This I take to be Chaucer's carbuncle, mentioned only forty lines farther on, which enabled people to travel a mile or two by night time, because "such light sprang out of the stone."

Tut, tut!

Mr. Le Gallienne Protests.

Rudyard Kipling: a Criticism. By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane. 5s.)

VISION of the complete Kipling is, apparently, hidden from Mr. Le Gallienne. He is restricted by his temperament, which is the antithesis of Mr. Kipling's. As the expression of a temperament, his book is able and interesting. It is a form of that criticism which dates from the eminent French writer who defined criticism as the recital of the adventures of the soul among masterpieces. And perhaps the right way to notice such books is just to take them as they are—to interpret, not to criticize.

With much of Mr. Le Gallienne's book the most ardent Kiplingite can approve. With this, for example:

To him had been given the wonderful knack of doing with the pen what so many delightful men, quite inglorious and often hardly respectable, do daily in bar-parlours and other haunts of anecdote by fleeting, fascinating word of mouth.

Indeed, two out of the three sections of the book, the running criticism of "The Poetry" and "The Stories," are indubitably the work of a critic who knows his own mind, who brings a real love of literature to the task, and who can appreciate excellence in work to which innately he is antipathetic. If a score of admirers were asked to draw up a list of the twenty best poems and stories by Mr. Kipling, the majority of those selected by Mr. Le Gallienne for their excellence would certainly be included; but the score of admirers would disagree with such a statement as this:

Most of Mr. Kipling's stories (and probably those which have most advanced his general reputation) belong to science rather than art.

Neither do we agree with Mr. Le Gallienne when he says that one great and disappointing surprise about Mr. Kipling's stories is the facility with which we forget them. Who having read, to name a few at random, "The Story of the Gadabys," "The Man who would be King," "My Lord the Elephant," "Love o' Woman," and "William the Conqueror" can easily forget them? Or who forgets the *Jungle Stories*, or "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat"?

The first two sections of Mr. Le Gallienne's book are an able and reasonable statement of preferences and dislikes; but the third section, that devoted to "Mr. Kipling's General Significance and Influence," opens another door. In these pages we learn what has been troubling Mr. Le Gallienne. It was to say what he has said in this chapter, that Mr. Le Gallienne, with set face and bitter expression, dipped his pen into the ink. He is aghast at the prevalence

and the popularity of blood-stained fiction. As Mr. Kipling is the Field-Marshal of this army he tilts his lance at him.

For progressive thought there has been no such dangerous influence in England for many years.

As a writer Mr. Kipling is a delight; as an influence he is a danger.

Perhaps no one ever wrote so profanely of death as Mr. Kipling, or with such heartless vulgarity.

We are in the thick of one of the most cynically impudent triumphs of the Philistines the world has seen.

Everywhere the brute and the bully—and for the ape and tiger truly a glorious resurrection. . . . For this state of things in England Mr. Kipling is the most responsible voice.

And so on, and so on. What is there to say to all this but that Mr. Le Gallienne fails to see things clearly, fails to see them whole? He sees but one side of Mr. Kipling, and he hears but one popular voice—the voice that cries the loudest. The desire to help those who need it, the care of the sick and the wounded, the seeking for holiness "which has its sources elsewhere than in history"—the flowing undercurrent of these things was never stronger than it is to-day. But you must not seek news of them on the placards of the evening papers, or in the speeches of politicians. And as for Mr. Kipling, surely it is the writer's right to choose his subjects where he lists, and if Mr. Kipling makes Dick Heldar say—"God is very good—I never thought I'd hear this again. Give 'em hell, men! Oh, give 'em hell!" what of that? The Dick Heldars in khaki are saying such things daily:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

Because a writer in the flush of virile youth feels the compulsion to write of virile things, because he chooses his puppets from the ranks of men of action rather than men of thought, is no reason why he should be charged with materialism in the grossest form. Moreover, as to moral influence, there is enough and to spare in the story of the millionaire's son in *Captains Courageous*, in "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," in "The Ship that Found Herself," in "William the Conqueror," and in the example of strenuousness, grit, and the fine quality of doing a thing well for its own sake, shown in a dozen and more of Kipling's stories of Englishmen set down in lonely autocracy on the Empire's edge.

The Stones of Normandy.

Highways and Byways in Normandy. By Percy Dearmer. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. DEARMER goes to Normandy to ride his hobby, which is the study of architecture and stained glass. He is no epicurean trifer like Sterne, and no all-round observer like Defoe. Still less does he go with that determination to be literary and capricious which in Stevenson produced such admirable books of road gossip. Nor, lastly, does Mr. Dearmer say fine things about the spirit of place, and dot his route with fragments of his soul. He just says: "Are you interested in Gothic churches and mediæval castles and glass? Then come along, and bring your bicycle; carry your money in banknotes, wear wool; no, never mind a mackintosh—ah, here is Gisors. . . . Gisors was the key to Normandy in the days," &c. Yet these pages are not at all "stodgy." You are in good hands, and Mr. Dearmer finds time, after all, to be genial as well as clever. For although, in a first glance, he appears to be wholly occupied with ambulatories and spindle buttresses and fosses and mangonels and upper lights, he has really something to say about scenery, and shows at country

fairs, and plutocratic hotel life at Granville, and the un-French ruddiness and fair hair of the people of Lisieux. But these are his asides. His colour mounts when he tackles a mediæval stronghold like the Chateau-Gaillard, and can start a paragraph with the words, "Being now in possession of the bailey C, the French began to lay siege to the inner bailey." Not that in his architectural pages he is always darting ahead in quiverings of special knowledge. Often he shares with you broad, easy impressions. Take part of a round in Evreux. We are to see the Cathedral, but Mr. Dearmer will have us approach it in a certain way; so he takes us first to the Place de la Mairie to look at the belfry and the bell.

You feel, as soon as you see the tower, that it was all built for this bell, which is, as a matter of fact, eighty-four years older than the tower itself. Height was needed to allow the sound full play, and to give a wide view to the watchman who scanned the country round, and from hour to hour announced that all was quiet, or rang, if need were, the great bell to call the burgher soldiers to the ramparts. And strength was needed too, for the rough times that the ancient town had so often to endure. There are plenty of bullet marks in the stone to remind us of one of the latest of those struggles when Evreux was besieged for nearly a year during the Fronde.

Here, too, sounded the hour bell, the curfew, the festival bourdon, and the tocsin of fire. In the notes that vibrated through the stone walls lay all the history of the town, its common daily life, its joys, its tragedies.

The street of the belfry, the Rue de l'Horloge, takes us up to where the north transept of the Cathedral lies under the dear, crazy old spire of leaded wood. Look well at this transept: it is triumphant Gothic in all the boundless profusion of its pride. . . . Did any one realise, as he watched the masons performing their miracles in stone, that the force of Gothic could no farther go, that this triumph was a veritable *Trionfo della Morte*?

Go now to the west front. The nephew and successor of Ambroise, Gabriel Le Veneur, built it only thirty years after the north transept was finished. The Middle Age, which seemed almost to have conquered the law of gravitation in its soaring audacity, has entirely passed away: its art is in thirty years so utterly forgotten that the records of centuries have been wiped out as if in shame. The children of Clovis, in art at least, have set themselves again to burn what they had adored and to adore what they had burnt.

That is as "purple" as anything in the book, which, however, does not lack a reasonable glow and sparkle. Mr. Dearmer never gushes; he is honest enough to suggest that some parts of Normandy may bore you, and that some are to be hurried over, or avoided altogether. Consequently his praise of a place tells. When he says that Beaumont-le-Roger "is just one of those places where one could spend a summer holiday" one accepts his recommendation as one of real import, like his statement that the grouping of the shafts in the nave of Coutances Cathedral is stiff.

We have left ourselves little space to notice Mr. Pennell's drawings. They are wonderfully clever. One sees that he poses a landscape, a church, a city lane, as carefully as a portrait painter poses a woman or child or strong man. The sky is chosen with reference to the landscape. Mr. Pennell never hesitates to make his towers "cloud-capt," to make earth and sky, cloud and tree, conspicuous allies in an artistic intention; and yet it is a rare thing to feel that artifice is hustling art. One feels it sometimes in sky effects, to which Mr. Pennell is apt to help himself too generously. The illustrations, by the way, have no close connexion with the text; they are a book in themselves. But one does not resent the fact that author and artist seem to find each his Normandy in Normandy. Between them Mr. Dearmer and Mr. Pennell have produced a book which need fear no rival in its own field for many a day.

Other New Books.

ROMANTIC EDINBURGH.

BY JOEN GEDDIE.

"The bulk of the Waverley Novels were written at No. 39, North Castle-street, neighbours across the way marvelling at the daily vision of the hand that travelled ceaselessly across the paper. . . ." In the above sentence the gentle art of guide-book making is fairly well illustrated. The "neighbours across the way" may or may not have marvelled (according as they happened to rise as early as Sir Walter), but their introduction serves to make a big historical figure alive by juxtaposition. For the same reason an artist draws dust in the wake of a bicycle or a straining hare by the side of a train. Thus the immovable canvas gives the idea of motion. Many are the lively ghosts who throng Mr. Geddie's pages. Montrose spat on from the balcony of Lady Hume's lodging on his way to execution; the beautiful Duchess of Gordon (hostess of Burns) riding as a girl on a vagrant pig in the High-street; David Hume, happy with "a maid and a cat" in Riddle's Close—there were no end to the list. Vandalism, that inexorable servant of municipal convenience and hygiene, has set its hoof on Edinburgh; and Lord Rosebery has prayed that the spirits which possess the Gadarene swine may enter into some of her monuments and statues to incite them to "run down a steep place into the sea." But the soul of Edinburgh remains, and we may reasonably hope that the opening of the New North Bridge does not presage destruction to it. We may add that Mr. Geddie's method is less ideally precise than that of Mr. Laurence Hutton, the author of *The Literary Landmarks of London*; but an excellent index establishes the value of his gossip and pleasant volume as a work of reference. It is a pity that the illustrations are not better. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO.

BY THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Leonard Courtney, in a presidential address before the Royal Statistical Society, that the net business result of placing the Congo State in the hands of the King of Belgium for "commercial and philanthropic exploitation" was that "the Congo trade represented but little more than 0.7 per cent. of the total trade of Belgium." Anent this statement Sir F. S. Powell thought "this country ought to be congratulated that the Congo State did not belong to us." But there is no land on the face of the earth that does not belong to the British missionary; and Mr. Bentley, of the Baptist Missionary Society, shows, in this rambling but nearly always interesting record of noble work, that even to-day no limit is set on the price of salvation. In 1873 he went out with Mr. Thomas Comber and a few colleagues. Mr. Comber's wife was the first victim to the climate; he himself succumbed in 1887, and four others of his name laid down their lives in African mission work. The result of the first decade of pioneer Baptist labour on the Congo is thus summarised:

There were in the end of 1888 six stations, reaching 500 miles into the interior, and the whole navigable river had been explored with the exception of an affluent of the Upper Kasai. A Christian Church had been formed at San Salvador, and during the year 1888 twenty-two converts had been baptized.

Mr. Bentley himself compiled a dictionary and grammar of the language, and his wife aided him with translations. Congo cannibals have now, we gather, the advantage of a *Peep of Day* and a *Holy War* in their own tongue. Mr. Bentley's volumes are a mine of curious and often horrible information on tribal customs and superstitions, and the numerous illustrations are both apposite and interesting. His greatest triumph as a Christian advocate we take to be his dissuasion of Sélulundi, a newly con-

verted polygamist, from taking a sixth woman to wife with whom he was earnestly in love. The Baptists, be it said, show their good sense in not attempting the breakage of irregular marriage bonds already formed. (Religious Tract Society. 16s. net.)

Fiction.

From Door to Door: a Book of Romances, Fantasies, Whimsies, and Levities. By Bernard Capes. (Blackwood. 6s.)

WE had hoped that Mr. Capes would "tak' a thought and men"; but the pyrotechny of *Our Lady of Darkness* is repeated with new effects in these short stories. Mr. Capes has a fine imagination, and considerable knowledge of the human heart; but it does not seem to be remembered by him that all the great stories of the world have been told in simple language, and for the story's sake. When Mr. Capes tells a story, he seems to be willing to do so only on condition that we allow him to try effects of language at the same time. Of course a writer is entitled to an original style, but it is a question of more or less. Mr. Capes's style is felt to be a thing by itself. There is one glory of the tale, and another glory of the style, and they get in each other's way. The motto placed above his first and principal story, called "The Sword of Corporal Lacoste," might be transferred to the title-page with a critical intent: "'Tis many a wise Man's hap, while he is providing against one Danger, to fall into another: and for his very Providence to turn his Destruction." Mr. Capes is so anxious to avoid banalities in thought and language that he falls into extravagance.

Corporal Lacoste, "cuirassier in the following of Murat," loses his regiment, and is led by a monk to a forest inn, where he forces an entertainment, and makes drunken love to the landlord's daughter. While Lacoste sleeps, monk and landlord plan to murder him and in the morning offer him treacherous guidance through the forest. A pack of wolves which would have devoured the three is sent flying by the strategy and sword of the Corporal, who saves his murderers only to fall beneath their foul blows in a quiet dell of the forest. Nemesis begins at once: the snow falls; the two villains are lost; nameless terrors beset them; then the pack returns.

It is a good story, and even the clutter of new locutions and strange similes which Mr. Capes imports into the telling cannot prevent it seizing on the imagination. But one has to labour through the style, as the lost Corporal did through unending forest to the light of an inn. It is excess of literature that baulks us. What do you think of this?

The dragoon's throat had been pierced by a sword-thrust. A thread of vermilion yet crawled from it down his swarthy neck, like the awkward tracing by a schoolboy of a river on a map.

Presently it is:

For all the trees, great and small, that overstooped the lip and sprouted from the sides of the pass, were hung with monstrous lustres of ice, up which millions of little reflected suns travelled like beads of champagne rising in specimen-glasses.

Anon and anon:

He [the monk] was more ostentatious of his teeth, the under-row of which broke up his conscious smile into unlovely intervals, and were like little dilapidated grave-stones to the memory of deceased appetites. . . . In moments of excitement, he would relapse into his native Low German, the barbarous gutturals of which, shouldering their way amongst the crisp, bowing idioms of the more courtly tongue, would confound the intelligibility they sought to emphasise. . . . The monk was no coy toss-pot. He pledged the other glass for glass, till his heated face glared forward of its cowl like a great opening nasturtium bud.

We could quote and quote again; but that nasturtium bud is a sufficient goal. Mr. Capes is fond of buds, and just here we can illustrate his want of thrift. This story fills thirty-seven pages, and three times within its small limits does Mr. Capes invoke the aid of buds. On page 19, where he is describing the beauty of the landlord's daughter, he says:

One might wish to cull her face at its slender neck like a flower, and put it in a vase of fragrant water to watch the blue eyes bud and open.

One would suppose that after that flight Mr. Capes would leave buds alone. Literary tact demanded there should at least be no echo of such an ambitious utterance.

But two pages later we have the monk's faced compared to a nasturtium bud.

Finally (we could weep for vexation) Mr. Capes uses the word with a daring felicity, an audacious rightness, which ought to have withered both preceding buds out of the tale. For in describing the return of the wolves after dusk had fallen, and the murderous monk's terror when he sees Lacoste's avengers, Mr. Capes thrills us with the sentence:

A score of rabid snouts budded through the gloom before him.

What is one to say to a writer who can so make literature, and so mar it? We have again been betrayed into attending only to Mr. Capes's style. His matter is excellent, and we can honestly say that "The Sword of Corporal Lacoste" will haunt us for long.

The Collapse of the Penitent. By Frederick Wedmore. (Hutchinson & Co.)

NOT vehement, not passionate, but refined, exact, tempered, self-conscious, subtle, and calmly convincing—such is this record of a pretty and talented Bohemian's fall. Mr. Wedmore's concern has always been with the arts—every art—and although his chemists are justly notable, he is more at home and more successful with characters of an artistic temperament; he knows intimately their atmosphere, and can put in the local colour with a hand at once discreet and lavish. In Rose Damarel, pianist, daughter of Bohemianism, he has selected precisely the person to suit his peculiar powers. And he triumphs with brilliance over the difficulties of the character. Rose is a woman of surprising moods—chiefly caused, perhaps, by "the dreadful obligation to be what is called 'respectable.'" All her instincts are wild and free, against regularity. From the first memorable day, at Henley, when she meets Lister the dramatist, her tendencies, in the quietest suggestive hints, are plainly revealed. With her, sooner or later, it is bound to be flight and the boat-train to Dover. But by what extraordinary steps, after what feints, retreats, self-deceptions, and noble aspirations, does she reach Charing Cross with her unlicensed lover! Mr. Wedmore's handling of the complex problem has the assurance of mastery. Everywhere—whether Rose is nursing with fervid adoration the sick child of her lawful union, or casting herself into the arms of Lister, or repenting in the nick of time, or flaunting it, so sensitively, with "Tommy Worsley of the Guards," or dying at the cacophonous piano of a fifteenth-rate Parisian *brasserie à femmes*—one has the stern, comfortable feeling that "this was so," and was so inevitably. In the virtuosity of its analysis of the feminine heart we can only compare *The Collapse of the Penitent*, among recent novels, with Marcel Prévost's *Le Jardin Secret*. We think that Mr. Wedmore will not object to such a comparison.

Most of the few other characters are done nearly as well as Rose. Mr. Vasey, her husband, the man whose business, as a picture-dealer *dans le mouvement*, it was to "place" men, is drawn in a vein of fierce and inexorable

satire; he is repellently alive. Old Damarel, the violin-mender, is surrounded with an exquisite tender sentiment. The failure among the characters is certainly Lister; Lister is a figure set up, but not breathed upon with the breath of life. The minor characters are admirable. And the writing, the wit, the observation are admirable. Mr. Wedmore may have done a better book than this, but we doubt. It is a novel about an artist written by an artist for artists. Slight, minute and delicate, it will yet float surely and conspicuous, on the vast grey unimportant sea of modern English fiction.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WEST END. BY PERCY WHITE.

A study of smart society. Writing in the person of the shrewd, crippled, private secretary of John Treadaway, jam manufacturer and merchant prince, Mr. White tells us how that worthy deliberately sets up his tabernacle in Belgravia, and invades Society. It is a capital study, full of satire and observation of something more than the "smart" order. "This is a big scheme we've got in hand, Rupert," says the jam-manufacturer, as he watches the builders finishing a winged lion over the porch of his new home, "a deuced big scheme." (Sands & Co. 6s.)

FATE THE FIDDLER. BY HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

The author of that excellent story of Australian life, *Dinkinbar*, again gives us Australia for a background. "A stretch of untilled, untouched Australia" lies before us in the first paragraph, and in the second we are told that this is "the simple tale of the struggles of two ordinary young Britons—against the elements, including man, their latest born—to make a living, and, if it might be, a fortune, in their adopted country." (Constable. 6s.)

A MAN: HIS MARK. BY W. C. MORROW.

A short, strong novel by the author of *The Ape, The Idiot, and Other People*. Adrian Walden finds himself snowed up in his hut under Mount Shasta with a lady whose leg has been broken in a coach accident. The two are imprisoned for weeks by an avalanche and the continued snowfall. A situation of great delicacy is delicately treated, and a very careful study is made of the two characters, who discover that they have had much to do with the shaping of each other's lives. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WOMAN AND ARTIST. BY MAX O'RELL.

In his first chapter Max O'Rell discusses the charge brought by Englishmen against Frenchmen that they do not know the meaning of the word "home"; but the chapter ends on this subject, and has no real connexion with the story, which is a study in the blighting effects on home life of social ambition. Philip Grantham, A.R.A., is serenely happy in St. John's Wood until, in the desire to see his beautiful wife reign as a West End hostess, he neglects painting and invents a shell which is purchased by the French and Russian Governments. We follow Philip and his wife through the maze and blaze of Belgravia life. Philip's diseased ambition runs its course, and love and art and St. John's Wood are restored. (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

COMRADES TRUE. BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP).

This is such a novel as one would expect from the author of *The Siren's Web*. It is pleasant reading, and there are two heroes (comrades true) and two heroines,

not to mention Jock, the fox terrier. An unusual method of personal description is this: "What was she like? Very much like the central figure in Leslie's charming picture called 'School Revisited.'" (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

BY THE EARL OF ELLESMERE (CHARLES GRANVILLE).
JEM CARRUTHERS.

"The Extraordinary Adventures of an Ordinary Man" is the sub-title of this novel by the author of *Mrs. John Foster*. The hero wakes up, commonplace and fancy-free, on his thirtieth birthday, to find that a capital sum of £75,000, on which he has hitherto had the interest, is to be made over to him. He is an ordinary man when he goes to Lord Carnforth's bank to draw this sum; his "extraordinary adventures" begin when he finds that the money has been drawn by a young lady professing to be his private secretary. The developments are many and curious. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A LADY OF THE REGENCY. BY MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.

The story is laid in London and Northumberland, and opens about the year 1813 in George the Third's court. Many historical personages are introduced. Byron, for instance, leaning on the arm of Lord Alvanley, is encountered on page 153. Says Lady Curragh to Alvanley: "For this renewal of my friendship with Lord Byron I thank you. You always bring me wit; to-day you bring me soul as well." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

BEQUEATHED. BY BEATRICE WHITBY.

Miss Whitby's novels grow steadily in number, and this resembles its predecessors in being a thoroughly pleasant story, in which the course of love runs fairly smoothly under quiet, English, and probable circumstances. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE TEMPTATION OF OLIVE LATIMER. BY MRS. L. T. MEADE.

In the frontispiece the heroine is reclining in a basket chair above the explanation, "Geoffrey watched her anxiously." Elsewhere she is carressing "Trots"; and in one picture we are permitted to see her adjusting her hat before her bedroom looking-glass. A readable domestic story. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE SHADOW OF ALLAH. BY MORLEY ROBERTS AND MAX MONTESOLE.

"Being the Adventures of Sarif ak Rarasy, the Circassian, in Stamboul." Local colour, and vernacular are put in with a generous hand: "'Inshallah,' added the Softa, 'the Padiasha has now discovered the perfidy of his viziers, and he will send them to Djihenna with their Muscovite paymasters.' 'What can you expect, after all?' whispered a tchibouk merchant, 'from the Farmacion?'" The story is full of action and footnotes. (John Long. 6s.)

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN. BY A. B. LOUIS.

This is one of those perplexing novels in which the title re-appears as the title of a novel in the story. However, it is a readable tale, introducing a publisher and his clients, one of whom, maddened by the rejection of his stories, committed a murderous assault on a wrong man, and was "detained during Her Majesty's pleasure." He was consoled by the merciful delusion that he had climbed the ladder and was a great novelist. To visitors to the asylum he would loftily say: "Never despair. If I had given in, I should not be where I am now." (Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.)

A GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI. BY JOHN OAKLEY.

Chapter headings like "How Lady Smith was Saved" and "The Tangle of the Tugela" prepare the reader for a war story full of the actualities of the present struggle in South Africa. (Chatto & Windus. 1s.)

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Tinkering the Bible.

THERE has been a notion abroad in recent years that the language of the Bible, as we have it in the Authorised Version of 1611, needs to be modernised in order that it may make a lively appeal to modern minds. But the efforts made in this direction have not been very hopeful. Even the Revised Version was, for most people, a gigantic bubble, which burst as soon as born; and the small private attempts which have been made since have burst as quietly in its wake. The latest product of this well-meaning crusade is Dr. Henry Hayman's work, entitled *The Epistles of the New Testament: an Attempt to Present Them in Current and Popular Idiom* (A. & C. Black). We propose to examine Dr. Hayman's aim and execution with some care, for we believe that such enterprises as his are at least useful in demonstrating the impregnability of a work of literary art like the Authorised Version; and that they exhibit certain fallacies which it is well to dissipate. Dr. Hayman's professed aim in re-wording the Epistles has been "to present them in current and popular idiom." That he presents them in no such garb is the first conviction that is forced upon the reader. Dr. Hayman employs neither the words nor the constructions of everyday life. The mere retention of "thou" and "thee," of "art" and "hast," of "couldst" and "wouldst," is a clear breach of the design, these words forming no part of current and popular idioms. It is quite a common thing for Dr. Hayman to replace clear English by difficult English, and a familiar construction by a rare one. Thus, Paul's simple sentence, "For he that is dead is freed from sin," becomes, in Dr. Hayman's version, "For the dead to sin is enfranchised from its power"—a change, surely, in the very opposite direction to that proposed in the author's plan. Again, the words in Romans x. 21: "All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people," become: "All day long I stretch forth my hands towards a people refractory and recusant." Here, again, the change seems to be precisely antagonistic to the aim announced. Two adjectives are latinised, and the idiom which, in the Authorised Version, places them before the noun they qualify is exchanged for an idiom, certainly less current and certainly less popular, which places them after that noun. Concerning the purely literary effect of the changes we need say nothing. An astonishing example of Dr. Hayman's work is afforded by a comparison of the two versions of a passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, which everyone knows by heart:

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Here Dr. Hayman substitutes long words for short, and a

DR. HAYMAN.

Finally, brethren, let every principle of truth, reverence, rectitude, purity; all that is endearing, all that is auspicious; whatever there be that is excellent and praiseworthy; dwell in your thoughts.

faulty construction for a good; and he simply underpins and brings down the rhetorical scheme of the passage which he professes to improve. For that Dr. Hayman hopes to improve every sentence he alters seems clear. Otherwise he would not expressly declare in his Preface that some phrases in the Authorised Version cannot be improved upon, and will therefore be retained unaltered in his own version. However, this admission prepares the reader to witness Dr. Hayman's courage rather than his discretion, for there are few passages on which he does not exercise his skill. Even Paul's entreaty to the believers at Corinth, "Greet one another with an holy kiss," becomes, "Exchange a kiss of sanctity with one another," leaving us astonished by the moderation which did not impel him to write: "Exchange osculations of sanctity with one another." Dr. Hayman's handling of the Authorised Version is seen at its boldest when he alters the words "encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses" into "encircled with so vast a cloud of attesting spectators." "Encompassed" is not necessarily "encircled," and "witnesses" means (precisely) "attesting spectators," with the obvious advantage that it is a comely English word instead of two words of Latin complexion and little charm. The sacrifice of charm is the unvarying feature of modernised versions of the Bible. Take this example:

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Sometimes the flight is nearly from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thus:

AUTHORISED VERSION.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

DR. HAYMAN.

Charity is long suffering, is kindly, is void of envy, is no braggart, is not inflated, preserves decorum, avoids self-seeking, is not irritable, imputes not the evil done, has no joy at evil doing, but rejoices on the side of the truth; puts up with all things, gives credit for all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

DR. HAYMAN.

I accordingly so run as if I meant to win; and so plant my hits not as idly sparring; but I hit home at my own fleshly frame, and tame it into subserviency; for fear I, who proclaim the contest to others, should come to be rejected myself.

These examples of an effort to modernise the Bible language are so surprising, that it may be well to seek further light on Dr. Hayman's actual intentions. The most significant sentence in his Preface is this: "I have striven to answer to myself the question, How would these fathers of our faith have expressed themselves, if the vernacular English of our own day had been their medium of expression?" This calls for thought. The vernacular should mean the whole vernacular, or it is nothing. To credit Paul, Peter, and James, in imagination, with a knowledge of only those English words of to-day which approximately reproduce the meanings of their own words, would be to beg the question. It would be to raise the question of correct translation, whereas the question raised by Dr. Hayman is clearly that of expression in its largest sense. If we really are to inquire how Paul would have expressed himself in the English vernacular of to-day, we must begin by imagining that he possessed as full a knowledge of that vernacular as ourselves—his readers. We must also—it is inevitable—impute to him a knowledge not only of all our words, but of all they stand for; in a word, we must credit him with

the same heritage of knowledge as we ourselves enjoy, including (oh, confusion!) our knowledge of himself derived from the Authorised Version. We might then—*pace* all absurdities—receive Paul's Epistles from his hand in the English vernacular of to-day, and hear him draw his illustrations from such vernacular *facts* as the rotundity of the earth, wireless telegraphy, forbidden incense, and the prosyletising zeal of Mr. Mallock. And a daring writer might conceivably endeavour to personate this modern St. Paul, and re-think and re-write his Epistles for men and women of to-day. This would be, at any rate, a logical attempt to show—what Dr. Hayman proposes to show, but does not—how Paul of Tarsus would have expressed himself “if the vernacular English of to-day had been his medium of expression.” But the result would not be the Bible. The Bible was written in certain periods and in certain languages, and all that can be done is to translate a given portion from the language in which it was first written into the language in which it is proposed to be read, taking verbal equivalents as we find them, and submitting to the disadvantages arising from differences in the knowledge, tastes, and ideals of the two periods. The Authorised Version was a supremely good example of translation, because it not only did this task work, but took on a rare beauty and energy of its own. Moreover, it carried out Dr. Hayman's own plan: it presented the Bible in “current and popular idioms.” That the need for such presentation was infinitely greater in 1611 than it is in 1900 does not need to be demonstrated to anyone acquainted, however slightly, with the development of the English language. Since 1611 the language has grown enormously, but has altered little; and it is certain that Shakespeare, in the Elysian Libraries, reads *The Ring and the Book* with far greater ease than he reads *The Romaunt of the Rose*. But granting that the Authorised Version presents the Bible in an English form which has been devitalised by the changes that have come over the language in the interval of nearly three centuries, and that these changes justify an attempt to present the Bible in the “current and popular idioms” of to-day, still the mere substitution of new idioms for old is a very small part of the matter. Language is inseparable from thought, and the thought of the few is warmed and coloured by the thoughts of the many, and things possible in one age are impossible in another. In 1611 English faith was at its strongest. The language had passed triumphantly out of its old inflectional stages, and had fulfilled itself in Shakespeare's Plays. It had reached, as far as we know, its utmost serviceableness to literature, and literature had reached its utmost power to employ the language. The beauty of words was felt, and verbal melody was a habit rather than a secret. As the child of his age, Shakespeare wrote his plays. As children of their age, the translators of the Bible produced the Authorised Version. They had the perceptions and immunities which belong to a great literary epoch. We cannot wholly account for their success: the wind bloweth where it listeth. But it is as unwise to tamper with a Bible which our age could not have produced as it is to meddle with cathedrals which our age could not have built. The value of a Version is not so much a question of idioms as of idiosyncrasy, and we must not change the one until we can match the other. In a new fervour of the race we may build a new York Minster or a new Bible; but—the wind bloweth where it listeth. This lesson is sufficiently enforced by Dr. Hayman's book, in which, side by side, we may read:

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

For partial now is our field of knowledge, and partial our scope of inspiration. But when our full development shall be reached, all that is partial shall be superseded then.

Things Seen. “A Certain Priest.”

He had a way of sitting a little apart from the rest, with his head thrown back and his profile in strong relief. From this you will remark that he has a profile. No man who had not would dare to sit like that. In this position he was wont to listen to other people's sermons—meditating, perchance, his own.

Nature had been very kind to him. She had mirrored in his face and form the beauty of his soul. She had given him, moreover, a haunting voice, and the power of reaching others.

There is a picturesque way of doing most things. And that was his way.

This is how he said the Creed. I have sometimes thought that he was the only man I ever knew who understood how to say it, and how to stand, and look, when he did say it.

He wheeled slowly round to the East—his head raised slightly, his thin hands loosely folded. At the Incarnation, Death, and Burial he knelt instinctively, as the natural expression of the humiliation he so evidently felt. At the sound of the “Resurrection” the whole man thrilled with a sense of its triumph and wonderful loss. Throughout the whole, his eyes were fixed on the cross: the altar before him. . . . And yet, somehow, I thought he saw beyond. . . . He always remained facing eastward a little longer than anyone else, and he always lingered a moment on “The Life of the World to come.” . . . I used to wonder what those words meant for him. . . . But now I know. . . . One day I heard him tell the children that the New life would be just the Old made perfect. . . .

The Old made perfect! . . . Amen to that, dear Stranger.

The Automatic.

I FOUND I had to change at the Junction.

There were a good many people waiting on the other platform; evidently an excursion. Two—an old labourer and a child—had wandered across to my side. All the man's remaining vigour was in his grip on the little one's hand. She seemed to be a grandchild he was pleasuring.

They were on the return journey, yet the child was plainly unsatisfied.

They wandered up the platform and stopped by an automatic machine.

“See y'ere, dearie, what's this?”

“There's sweets in that. You puts a penny in there an' they comes out there!”

The child looked up; she grasped the nature of the machine at once.

Swinging heavily forward she watched the box, then the man's face, eagerly.

“I knows. Put it in.”

This demand seemed a thunderbolt to the old man.

Still gazing helplessly at the automatic, he jerked his stiff hand to his pocket, fumbled awhile, and jerked it out again.

His wrinkles deepened a little. Making a clumsy effort he tried to set scholastic pride afloat.

“Look at them pretty letters. You can read 'em, can't yer? What's that big un? C, ain't it? And that's a H, an' a O. There's another C.”

“Choc'lat,” said the child. “I knows what that is. I likes it. Ain't it time to put the penny in?”

The old man worked gallantly on.

“There's another big letter. B, ain't it? an' U, an' two T's.”

“I'd rather 'ave choc'lat,” said the child, almost dancing with excitement.

"Where do you put the penny in? Show me."

She tilted her face up to the old man's, and then she began to foresee disappointment. Her words poured forth fast and furious.

"Put it in. Put it in now."

Then shrilly: "Ain't yer got one? Carn't I 'ave none?"

The old man pulled her towards the subway, and I saw no more of them.

Correspondence.

Mr. Andrew Lang on Fiction.

SIR,—That Mr. Lang contemns the literature which takes the form of a novel it is impossible to doubt. That he is unable to estimate its value, to classify it or in any way to realise what that very comprehensive word "fiction" actually embraces, is equally impossible to doubt after reading "The Supremacy of the Novel," from his pen, in the *Westminster Gazette* of May 7. But with this contempt there are not a few amazing statements in the article, made to further some kind of argument that the world of letters has fairly gone to the dogs because of the prevalency of the novel (not frankly said, but insinuated), that display a want of discrimination really provoking from a man of letters.

Mr. Lang extensively quotes Bulwer-Lytton's summing-up of the literary market of his time, and asserts "all this might have been written to-day." With the exception of some vague generalisations, the remarks are wholly inapplicable to our day.

Mr. Lang further writes: "Greece and Rome and pre-Revolutionary Europe produced literature in all its species while we tend to produce novels only." In Mr. Andrew Lang's lifetime there have probably been more works of philosophic value, historic accuracy, and poetic merit (of this last, excluding the sixteenth century) than at any other period of the world's history. That novels of a paltry value by the side of these have been produced to an overwhelming number and purchased by the public only signifies that to-day there is an immense population that in past generations never read anything. This taste of the crowd neither augments nor diminishes the number of serious readers, unless, indeed, towards reading at all, which it must be admitted is always a step to better things from the grosser pastimes of illiterate ages. But the public that reads serious literature is equally greater in number than at any other period. It may be asserted that such writers as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Bain are more universally read than ever were Descartes, Locke, and Condillac. We know that Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Emerson have been sold in immense numbers. Such fine novels as may be counted literature have not had a much greater sale. Mr. Lang confuses things. We have never heard that such masters as Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Meredith, and Henry James had the extensive sales Mr. Lang seems to envy, peculiar to certain novels of the moment. Popular work in all branches finds a big market not less than cheap and inferior goods of other manufacture. It is a pity to confound this merchandise with Art be it fiction in prose or verse.

Such books as have been written by Mr. Meredith or Mr. Henry James rise above, indeed tower above, in every kind of way, the expositions of subjective philosophers, metaphysical meanderings, tirades of criticism, or catalogues of historical events Mr. Lang deplures as no longer read.

Would Mr. Lang have us believe that *Lost Leaders* is of the stuff, shall we say, of *Tit-Bits* (yet both come under the heading of journalism), and force us to cry out at its immense sale? Nevertheless, *Lost Leaders* hardly has the sale of *Tit-Bits*.

A great novel is an amazingly difficult article to produce,

Mr. Lang must have found that, and his contempt expressed in the suggestion that a novel is barely literature falls equally upon such fiction as "Hamlet," *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Egoist*, *The Odyssey*, or the beautiful stories told in Holy Writ.—I am, &c.,

FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.

An Index Expurgatorius of Words.

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. B." does not seem to me quite accurate in stating that one of the words prohibited by Mr. W. Cullen Bryant in his *Index Expurgatorius* is the appellation "esquire." There is nothing to show that Mr. Bryant objected to the use of this word in any one of its legitimate meanings. In the list given in the *ACADEMY* of April 28 it was the abbreviation "Esq." that Mr. Bryant wished to place in the *Index*. It is obvious that "Esq." covers a much wider range of ideas than "esquire." To the different categories of persons who, according to "H. B.," are alone entitled to use the designation "esquire" should, I think, be added officers in the army of the rank of captain or above it, together with those holding corresponding relative rank in the navy, who are designated as esquires in the Queen's commission. I do not feel quite certain of the ground on which bachelors of divinity, law, and physic base their claims to the appellation.

Nearly every word in the list will admit of some discussion, but want of space forbids this excursion into the realm of academics. Lengthy, as you well point out, is by no means a vulgar synonym of long. To take a single instance, Walter Pater, whose fastidiousness in the choice of words amounted almost to a weakness, says, in speaking of Mrs. Humphry Ward: "In truth, that quiet method of evolution, which she pursues undismayed to the end, requires a certain lengthiness" (*Essays from the Guardian*, p. 60). The use of the word on this occasion is justified by the fact that no other could, even approximately, so well express the writer's meaning. And so with many others tabooed by Mr. Bryant.—I am, &c.,

W. F. P.

Henry Lawson.

SIR,—In view of the vast amount of rubbish which has recently been poured out under the name of patriotic verse, perhaps some of your readers might not object to my bringing before their notice a poem which is probably unknown to them, and which possesses no less poetic ring than true patriotism. Written some few years ago, before there was any indication of a grand Imperial struggle, Henry Lawson's "Star of Australasia" must be regarded as prophetic of the present colonial military enthusiasm. It was published in 1896 in a volume entitled *In the Days when the World was Wide*, but the book, though containing many good things, would be difficult to buy in this country. The poem to which I make special reference begins with the assurance that the day will come when Australasia will be able to forget the sordid first chapter of its history, and that "The Star of the South shall rise in the lurid clouds of war." It continues:

There are boys out there by the western creeks, who hurry
away from school
To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the shaded
pool,
Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake to
the tread of a mighty war,
And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake as men never
fought before;
When the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack till the
furthest hills vibrate,
And the world for a while goes rolling back in a storm of
love and hate.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home of
wealth and pride
Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and fight
for it side by side,
Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that batter
a coastal town
Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come
crushing down.
And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her home
to-day,
Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of our
dawn away—
Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud of the
distant gun,
And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle is
lost or won—
As a mother or wife in the years to come, will kneel,
wild-eyed and white,
And pray to God in her darkened home for the "men in
the fort to-night."

The poet goes on to tell that in the struggle Australasia
will awake to feel and see the "soul of the world," and
that in success or adversity their lungs will inbreathe a
larger life.

They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur of
defeat.

Every boy will be wanting to fight; the children will
"run to the doors and cry, 'Oh, mother, the troops are
come!'"

And fools, when the fiends of war are out and the city
skies aflame,
Will have something better to talk about than a sister or
brother's shame,
Will have something nobler to do by far than to jest at a
friend's expense,
Or to blacken a name in a public bar or over a back-yard
fence.
And this you learn from the libelled past, though its
methods were somewhat rude—
A nation's born where the shells fall fast, or its lease of
life renewed.
We in part atone for the ghoulish strife, for the crimes of
the peace we boast,
And the better part of a people's life in the storm comes
uppermost.

I fear to quote more lest you should consider me unfair
in my demand upon your space. It is a very simple
matter to find artistic blemishes in the piece—indeed, in
most of Henry Lawson's work—but his vigour, his fresh-
ness of expression, and his sanity must surely commend
themselves to the reader.—I am, &c.,

May 7, 1900.

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—I cannot see that the missing word is wanted.
Why are we to nickname ourselves? Let others call us
Englishers, Britishers, and so forth. I was born of Irish
parents at the Cape of Good Hope. I have spent most of
my life in India, where my children were born. What are
the two ties which bind sons and daughters of the Empire
together? Firstly, we are all under the rule of an English
Queen (who, I may say in passing, does not call herself
an Anglo-German!); secondly, we all, with varying accents
and idioms, speak the English language; collectively, to
ourselves and others, we are English. St. Paul, though
a Hebrew of the purest blood, was not ashamed to be
a Roman citizen, nor was Tarsus despised because she
was a *libera civitas* of Rome. The "missing-word" notion
is a new one. No Anglo-Indian wished to be labelled
Hiberno-Indian or Scoto-Indian. We are all of us English
in our loyalty to our English Queen and her English
empire, and I am, for all my Irish origin, colonial birth
and Indian domicile—

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are
preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION.

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Prof. Santayana's work, *The Sense of Beauty*, published
three years ago, was a stimulating performance, though
its metaphysics, like all metaphysics, were open to much
criticism. Into this volume Prof. Santayana has gathered
a number of papers which he hopes tend in their various
ways to uphold the idea that religion and poetry are
identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which
they are attached to practical affairs. "It would naturally
follow from this conception that religious doctrines would
do well to withdraw their pretensions to be dealing with
matters of fact. That pretension is not only the source of
the conflicts of religion with science and of the vain and
bitter controversies of sects; it is also the cause of the
impurity and incoherence of religion in the soul, when it
seeks its sanctions in the sphere of reality, and forgets
that its proper concern is to express the ideal." It will be
seen that Prof. Santayana's book at least contains bold
and interesting thoughts. (Black. 6s.)

TWENTY FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLES: SALAMIS TO SANTIAGO.

BY EDWARD KING
RAWSON.

Mr. Rawson is Superintendent of Naval War Records
to the United States Navy, and the title he has chosen for
these two fairly bulky volumes is a sufficient explanation
of their contents. It would be too much, however, to
describe this as an episodic history of naval warfare.
From Salamis to Actium and from Actium to Lepanto
are long leaps. The illustrations are good and numerous.
(Isbister. 2 vols. 21s. net).

OUR FLEET OF TO-DAY.

BY CAPTAIN S. EARDLEY
WILMOT.

This is a revised edition of the author's well-known
work, *The Development of Navies during the Last Half
Century*. The growth of foreign navies in the last ten
years has necessitated the elimination of the chapter deal-
ing with this branch of the subject, which would require a
separate volume. The development of our own navy from
1840 to the present date is now the sole subject dealt with.
A chapter on "Lessons of Recent Naval Wars" forms
part of the added matter. (Seeley & Co. 5s.)

AMONG THE BIRDS OF NORTHERN SHIRES.

BY CHARLES DIXON.

Mr. Dixon's ornithological books are becoming numerous.
His present volume may be considered as the counterpart
of his *Bird Life in a Southern County*. In it he devotes
much space to comparisons between the birds of the
northern shires and those of the south of England. For
the number and interest of its birds Mr. Dixon unhesi-
tatingly gives the palm to the north as against the south,
and he makes many comparisons between the birds of the
two districts. The subject of migration, too, naturally
occupies far more space here than in the earlier and com-
panion volume. (Blackie & Son. 7s. 6d.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS CARLILE.

Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics" is
growing apace. We have had many "dainty" editions of
masterpieces, but those who desire something in the nature
of a library edition, handsome, spacious, and yet light in
the hand, will do well to acquire the volumes in this
"Library"; they are excellent specimens of the art of
book-building. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 7s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Duff (Archibald), Old Testament Theology; or, the History of Hebrew Religion. Vol. II., The Deuteronomic Reformation in Century VII., B.C. (Black) 2/6

Scot (A. F.), Offering and Sacrifice (Burlingame) 2/6

Parker (Dr. Joseph), Studies in Texts (Horace Marshall) 3/8

Aakwith (E. H.), The Christian Conception of Holiness (Macmillan) 3/3

Moule (H. G.), The Secret of the Presence (Seeley) 5/0

Harris (J. Rendel), The Gospel of The Twelve Apostles (Cam. Univ. Press) 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dew-Smith (Alice), The Diary of a Dreamer (Unwin) 6/0

Slater (David), Tertamius (Blackwell, Oxford) net 3/8

Stearns (F. P.), The Midsummer of Italian Art (Putnam's Sons) 6/0

Crump (John F.), The Witchery of Books (Simpkin, Marshall & Carpenter) (Edward), The Story of Eros and Psyche (Swan Sonnenschein) 2/6

Longfield (Lewis), Twilight to Dawn (Weston) 1/0

Curwen (Maud), Thorkel Máni, and Other Poems (Routledge & Co.) net 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Osborn (E. B.), Greater Canada: The Past, Present, and Future of the Canadian North-West (Chatto & Windus) 3/8

Chambers (Straeey), The Rhodesians (John Lane) 3/8

Baird (Henry Martyn), Theodore Beza: The Counsellor of the French Reformation, 1519-1605 (Putnam's Sons) 6/0

Davis (H. W. C.), Charlemagne (Putnam's Sons) 5/0

Duckworth (Rev. H. T. F.), The Church of Cyprus (S.P.C.K.) 5/0

Seddon (Mrs. T. R.), Christ's Workers among all Conditions of Men (S.P.C.K.) 5/0

Barrow (A. H.), Fifty Years in Western Africa (S.P.C.K.) 6/0

Nevinson (H. W.), Lady Smith: The Diary of a Siege (Methuen) 1/0

Benham (Rev. Canon), Rochester Cathedral (Isbister) net 1/0

Hoste (James William), Johnson and His Circle (Jarrold & Sons) net 1/0

Gardner (Alice), Studies in John the Scot (Frowde) 2/6

Mather (Marshall), John Ruskin: His Life and Teaching (Warne) 1/0

Kahlbaum (George W. A.), The Letters of Jöns Jakob Berzelius and Christian Friedrich Schönbein, 1838-1847 (Williams & Norgate) 3/0

Paul (Sir James R.), Heraldry in Relation to Scottish History and Art, Being the Rhind Lectures on Archaeology for 1893 (Douglas, Edinburgh) 3/0

Ferth (C. H.), The Narrative of General Venables (Longmans) 3/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Glasgow (Edwin), Sketches of Wadham College (Methuen) 5/0

Arnold-Förster (H. O.), Our Great City (Cassell) 5/0

Sister Katherine, Towards the Land of the Rising Sun (S.P.C.K.) 5/0

Phillips' Handy-Volume Atlas of London (Phillip & Son) 10/6

Preen (Harvey), The Giddy Ox: The Story of a Family Holiday (Cook) 10/6

Boyd (Marr S.), Our Stolen Summer (Blackwood) 10/6

Markham (Violet R.), South Africa, Past and Present (Smith, Elder) 10/6

Cassell's Guide to London (Cassell) 10/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Brown, jun. (Robert), Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians. Vol. II. (Williams & Norgate) 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Wood (Stanley), Dinglewood Shakespeare Manuals: As You Like It. (Heywood) 1/0

Hayes (E. J.) and Plaistowe (F. G.), Horace: The Satires (Olive) 1/8

Smith (G. C. Moore), Warwick Shakespeare: King John (Blackie) 1/8

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blackburn (Henry), Academy Notes, 1900 (Chatto) 1/0

Dent (C. T.), Mountaineering (Longmans) 10/6

Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, 1900 (Murray) net 6/0

Temple Primers: The Greek Drama, by Lionel Barnett. The Civilisation of India, by Romesh C. Dutt (Dent) each, net 1/0

Hubert (P. G.), The Stage as a Career (Putnam's Sons) 1/0

Somerset (Lady Henry), In an Old Garden (S.P.C.K.) 1/0

Jessett (M. G.), The Key to South Africa: Delagoa Bay (Unwin) 3/8

Chapman (J. Jay), Practical Agitation (Nutt) 3/8

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1899 (Washington: Govt. Printing Office) 3/8

Davis (Arthur), The Hebrew Accents (Myers) net 1/0

Ireland (Alleyre), The Anglo-Boer Conflict (Sands & Co.) 1/0

Lakané (John H.), The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America (John Hopkins Press, Baltimore) 2/0

Callahan (J. M.), Cuba and International Relations. (John Hopkins Press) 2/0

Exhibition Paris: 1900 (Heinemann) net 3/8

Bowden-Rowlands (Lilian), The Piteousness of Passing Things (New Century Press) 3/8

Edwards (W. D.), Commercial Law 2/0

Rhodes (T.), Rhodes's Steamship Guide (Phillip & Son) 2/6

The Manchester Stage, 1880-1900: Criticisms Reprinted from the Manchester Guardian (Constable) net 3/8

NEW EDITIONS.

Temple Classics: The Golden Legend. 2 vols. each 1/6

New Century Library: Esmond, The Newcomes, Martin Chuzzlewit (Nelson) 2/0

Wallace (Alfred Russel), Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro (Ward, Lock) 2/0

Morris (William), The Story of Grettir the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic (Longmans) net 5/0

Kingsley (Charles), Westward Ho! (Ward, Lock) 6/0

"Temple Classics": Silx Scintillans, by Henry Vaughan; Poems, Narrative, Elegiac, and Lyric, by Matthew Arnold (Dent) each 1/8

Scott (Eva), Rupert Prince Palatine (Constable) 6/0

Young (Ernest), The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe (Constable) 6/0

McCormick (A. D.), The Alps from End to End (Constable) 6/0

Sichel (Edith), The Household of the Lafayette (Constable) 6/0

Carlyle (Thomas), The French Revolution (Chapman & Hall) 5/0

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volumes of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 34 (New Series).

WE asked our readers last week to furnish such a description of a motor car as Dr. Johnson might have written in his *Visit to the Hebrides* if he had encountered one of these vehicles in his travels. Several competitors, ignoring the terms of our competition, have personated Boswell instead of Johnson. F. L. A., of Ealing, would have been awarded the prize if she had not made Johnson's description a spoken instead of a written one. We asked for such a description as the Doctor might have given in his *Visit to the Hebrides*, and we are bound by the letter of our offer. We have awarded the prize to Mr. S. Berkley, 31, Springfield-road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, to whom a cheque for One Guinea has been sent. Mr. Berkley's answer is as follows:

That the eye may be the victim of hallucination, that the sense of hearing may misconceive its own internal impressions, believing that to be external to itself which is occasioned only by its own imperfection; nay, that even the olfactory organs, quickened by desire, or enfeebled by disease, may leap to conclusions unwarranted by fact and contrary to probability—each of these things separately is possible, and indeed borne out by experience; but that three senses should simultaneously combine to delude one who has hitherto called himself a reasonable being would be incredible but for the following circumstance: Yesterday, on the high road, within full view of the mansion of my host, there flashed, crashed, shot by me, with what appeared unexampled velocity, a machine, a portent, hideous as unexpected. Unaided by visible force external to itself it precipitated offensive igneous vapour as it passed, and instantly disappeared.

Among other answers are these:

In the morning we rose to pursue our journey, with the alacrity imparted by the refreshment of repose. But although the influence of Somnus had invigorated our limbs, it had not, it would seem, succeeded in imbuing us with that mental fortitude requisite for the encountering of unforeseen and formidable danger. For, I must confess, it was not with the intrepidity of a Fabricius that I first came in contact with that monstrous prodigy of human invention, the Motor Car. We were making the ascent of a somewhat uneasy road, when my companion, in vehement and inelegant vernacular, called upon me to beware; and in the space of a moment, with incredible velocity, and with a noise compared with which the bulls of Lucania were assuredly harmonious, this novel vehicle passed by. Alarm, however, for my personal security, and disgust at the nauseating odour that saluted our nostrils after its departure, could not but temper my admiration for the superiority of Human Ingenuity. [S. F.]

No, sir, I shall not be persuaded that any consideration of public profit or private convenience, any reasoning of the refined intellect or instinctive apprehension of the vulgar mind can estimate the guilt of the man who contrived this contemptible vehicle. It is a savage chariot, unarmed, indeed, with scythes, but emitting groans of the damned and odours of Tartarus. It disturbs the innocent games of childhood and the peripatetic meditations of the philosopher. Popular wisdom prohibits the setting of the cart before the horse. Here you see a horseless cart whose reckless speed surpasses the swiftest horses—

"qualis equos Thracissa fatigat Harpalyce"—

a car which resembles the incredible inventions of Arabian magi. In the shadows of the rough mountains of Caledonia, in the depopulated valleys of the north, this *monstrum horrendum* may be suffered. But I refuse to imagine its irruption into the orderly bustle of Fleet-street. [F. L. A., Ealing]

Answers also received from: H. F. H., Nottingham; O. E. H., Richmond; T. B. W., Bridgwater; L. L., Ramsgate; W. J. N., Sheffield; A. W., West Hampstead; P. K., London; G. M. W., Hull; L. J. M., London; H. W. D., London; W. E. L. P., Oxford; W. B., London; G. H. H., London; G. B. W., Cambridge; E. A. S., Sevenoaks.

Competition No. 35 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering into English verse of the portion of Emil Verhaeren's poem which we quote on p. 420 from *Iris*.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 22. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 436, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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"THE ACADEMY" LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

New Series.—No. 35.

All readers attempting this week's Competition (described fully on page 425) must cut out this Coupon and enclose it with their reply.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The ANNIVERSARY MEETING will be held at the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, Burlington Gardens, W. on MONDAY, May 22nd, at 8 p.m. Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

During the Meeting the Council and Officers will be Elected for the ensuing year, the President will give his Address, and the Gold Medals and other Awards of the Society will be presented.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the SOCIETY will be held on the Evening of the Anniversary Meeting, at the HOTEL METROPOLE, Whitehall Rooms, Whitehall Place, S.W., at 7 p.m. Dinner charge, £1 1s. Friends of Fellows are admissible to the Dinner.

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Applications, accompanied by Testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than Saturday, the 16th of June. The Candidate elected will be required to enter upon his duties on or about September 1st, 1900.

Further particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

THURSDAY NEXT, May 24th, at 3 o'clock, the Rev. Canon AINGER, M.A., LL.D., FIRST of THREE LECTURES on "CHAUCER." Half-a-Guinea the Course.

SATURDAY, May 26th, at 3 o'clock, Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., Organist of Westminster Abbey and Graham Professor of Music, FIRST of THREE LECTURES on "THE GROWTH of CHAMBER MUSIC, from Allegri's Symphonies (1580-1652) to Haydn's First Quartet" (with Musical Illustrations). Half-a-Guinea the Course.

Tickets may be had at the Office of the Institution.

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LECTURESHIP ON GERMAN.

The University Court of the University of Glasgow will shortly proceed to the APPOINTMENT of a LECTURER on GERMAN.

The salary has been fixed at £300 per annum, and the appointment, which is from year to year, is to date from 1st October next.

Candidates should lodge twenty copies of their application and testimonials with the undersigned, who will furnish any further information desired, on or before Saturday, 30th June.

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The Literary Week.

M. MAETERLINCK will contribute an article to the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* called "The Evolution of Mystery." Mr. Alfred Sutro has made the English translation.

M. FLAMMARION'S new, and in some quarters eagerly awaited book, *The Unknown*, is a work of close upon five hundred pages. Four hundred of them are devoted to "cases" of telepathic communications made by the dying, transmission of thought, premonitory dreams and divination of the future. In a final chapter called "Conclusion" we find this sentence: "It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses."

THE Poet Laureate was not inspired when he sat down to sing of Mafeking in seven stanzas. They appeared in the *Times*. We must be content with quoting one:

Once again, banners, fly!
Clang again, bells, on high,
Sounding to sea and sky
Longer and louder
Mafeking's glory with
Kimberley, Ladysmith,
Of our unconquered kith,
Prouder and prouder.

Confound this wretched verse,
So plagues hard and terse:
Just makes a poet curse
Working for hours:
Bother old Drayton's shade,
Bother the verse he made,
Bother "The Light Br gade,"
Now for my flowers.

We should add that the second of the above stanzas is from a parody of the Laureate's verses in the *Daily News*.

THE title of Mr. Kipling's new novel is, we understand, *Kim of the Rishki*.

Lest We Forget Them, a souvenir of the war by Lady Glover, will shortly be issued by the Fine Art Society. The souvenir will be illustrated by Mr. M. D. Hewerdine, and will contain original poems and new songs by A. Scott-Gatty and Mrs. Salmond. The profits from the sale of the work will be devoted to the widows and orphans of our soldiers and sailors

A CORRESPONDENT assures us that memoirs are of three kinds:

BIOGRAPHIES,
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, and
OUGHT-NOT-TO-BE-OGRAPIHES.

We agree.

THE *Sphere* publishes the following list of journalists who have suffered in the Boer war:

Mr. G. W. Stevens *Daily Mail*..... Died at Ladysmith of fever.
Mr. Mitchell *Standard* " " "
Mr. E. G. Parslow.. *Daily Chronicle* Murdered at Mafeking.
Mr. Alfred Ferrand *Morning Post*... Killed at Ladysmith.
Mr. E. Finlay Knight " " Wounded at Belmont;
right arm amputated.
Mr. Winston Churchill " " Captured, and escaped.
Mr. Lambie Australian cor- Killed at Bensburg.
respondent.
Mr. Hellowell *Daily Mail*..... }
Mr. George Lynch... *Morning Herald* } Captured.
Mr. Hales Australian }

To which must now be added the names of Mr. John Stuart, of the *Morning Post*, who has been captured, and Mr. Charles Hands of the *Daily Mail*, who was severely wounded in the advance on Mafeking. Mr. Lynch arrived in London last week. At Durban he was very ill for several weeks with enteric fever.

THE war-correspondents whose graves are now to be sought on the veldts of South Africa are not likely to be forgotten when the duty of raising monuments in London begins—as it soon must. The names of the war-correspondents who fell in Egypt fifteen years ago are commemorated on a large brass tablet in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
THE GALLANT MEN WHO IN THE DISCHARGE OF THEIR
DUTY AS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS

FELL

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1883—1884—1885.

EDMOND DONOVAN,

"DAILY NEWS." KASHGIL. NOVEMBER 1883.

FRANK VIZETELLY,

ARTIST. KASHGIL. NOVEMBER 1883.

FRANK POWER,

"TIMES." EL-KAMAR. OCTOBER 1884.

JOHN ALEXANDER CAMERON,

"STANDARD." ABU KRU. JANUARY 19, 1885.

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WILLIAM HENRY GORDON,

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN." KORTI. JANUARY 1885.

FRANK J. L. ROBERTS,

REUTER'S AGENCY. SOUAKIM. MAY 15, 1885.

IN our "Bibliographical" column we deal with a letter we have received from Capt. E. Arthur Haggard, written from Bloemfontein, in which the gallant officer corrects some particulars given in our issue of March 17 of his literary work. It is pleasant to find that a soldier who is wielding his sword for his country can sit down to deal with literary matters.

THE current *North American Review* contains a dramatic poem by Mr. W. B. Yeats, on a theme drawn from Irish legend. Mr. Yeats is one of the few who handle such legends, not as mere exotics, but in a spirit truly and natively kindred to their own. "The Shadowy Waters" seems to us the best thing he has done in this kind for some time. It is very simple, recounting the voyage of the prince Feargal in search of an immortal love foretold by the gods. He finds it in Dectora, a captive woman brought to him from a captured ship among the misty seas; who has herself sailed to find a divinely foretold hero in an unknown holy place. The poem ends with their sailing away alone, to find immortal rest among "the streams where the world ends."

BUT this simple tale Mr. Yeats infuses with all that magic of vaporous dream which is his peculiar and sole secret among living poets. Yet the expression which produces this effect is as pellucid as rain-drops. Full of beauty, it is handled in his finest manner—a manner which recalls his early *Wanderings of Uisheen*. For instance:

He who longs
For happier love, but finds unhappiness,
And falls among the dreams the drowsy gods
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world
And then smoothe out with ivory hands and sigh.

Or again:

Her eyelids tremble and the white foam fades;
The stars would hurt their crowns among the foam
Were they but lifted up."

It is evident that Mr. Yeats retains his full gift—if, indeed, we have yet seen all that is in its possible development.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS'S edition of the *Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, to which we shall return again, is one of the most instructive volumes that a young poet, or any young writer, can place on his shelves. It shows in foot-notes all the alterations of phrase and melody which Tennyson introduced into these poems in successive editions; and in a scholarly introduction Mr. Collins summarises the literary effect produced by these alterations. The student can thus follow step by step the process by which Tennyson wrought a poem to its final beauty. The improvement effected by very simple alterations is often magical, as Mr. Collins is at pains to show. Take, as an instance, the alteration of the lines in the "Dream of Fair Women":

One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
Slowly,—and nothing more,

into

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more.

In the same poem:

What nights we had in Egypt! I could hit
His humours while I cross'd him. O the life
I led him, and the dalliance and the wit.

is altered to

We drank the Lybian Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife.

In the verses to J. S. two words are altered:

A tear
Dropt on my tablets as I wrote

becomes

A tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

Again, in the *Lotus Eaters* "three thunder-riven thrones of oldest snow" is bettered by the simpler phrase "three silent pinnacles of ancient snow." The text adopted by Mr. Collins in these poems, which number

considerably over a hundred, is that of 1857, but he has been permitted by Messrs. Macmillan to record all the variants which are still protected by copyright. It may be doubted whether any English poet has altered his published verses so freely as did Tennyson. The result is that this is a work of much complexity as it is certainly of much value.

It occasionally happened that Tennyson made an alteration in the interests of truth rather than of style. In all editions of the *Lotus Eaters* until 1884 he allowed the following to stand:

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.

Unfortunately the cicala does not sleep at noonday, but is then at his loudest. At last Tennyson banished him from the poem, and wrote "and the winds are dead." I correct what he believed to be another error in natural history he altered in "The Poet's Song" the line "The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee" to "The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly." A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* has just pointed out that this alteration was needless, as swallows do catch bees, a fact noted by Virgil and Aristotle, and easily observable to-day where there are hives and swallows.

"THE Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," as a subject for an historical novel, was suggested to one of our recent competitors. In the following weeks two writers, Mr. Frank Matthew and Miss Dora McChesney, anxiously wrote to inform us that they were already engaged upon novels based on the career of Strafford. A third writer, Miss E. Cecilia Thurle, now informs us that she, too, is at work on a novel dealing with this subject. At this rate we shall soon have to set up some telepathic theory to account for these synchronous labours.

In their "Modern Plays" series, Messrs. Duckworth will shortly issue Gerhart Hauptmann's "Das Friedensfest," translated by Mrs. Charrington (Janet Achurch) under the title of *The Coming of Peace*.

IN Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards's *Personal Recollections*, to which we make reference elsewhere, there are many literary anecdotes and reminiscences. Mr. Edwards knew Thackeray well, and pronounces him to have been "without affectation or false pride of any kind."

He did not mind speaking of himself; and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of *Vanity Fair* had taken him at all by surprise—"Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. "When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine*, it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one, as much as to say, 'Much good may you get out of them.' They bring me in three hundred a year now. . . ." He told me, moreover, that Turguéneff had called upon him without an introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position.

MR. EDWARDS has an interesting chapter on Edward Tinsley, the publisher, and the writers he gathered round him. Tinsley was the son of a Hertfordshire game-keeper, and "in unguarded moments would inform his friends that he came up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart. . . . Sometimes, on reviewing the incidents of a previous night, he would say: 'Did I talk about coming up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart?' 'No, you didn't.' 'Then I couldn't

have been very far gone.'” The causes of Tinsley's success were his honesty, his liberality to authors, and his curiously attractive simplicity and self-confidence. He became no mean critic, but his fundamental ignorance was such that when Mr. W. S. Gilbert talked of writing a visit to the Hebrides for him, Tinsley said: “When shall you be back?” “In about a month,” was Mr. Gilbert's reply. “A month! Why, it will take you three months to get there! The Hebrides are on the other side of the world.” He was thinking of the Antipodes. Tinsley's business was founded on his purchase from Miss Braddon of her novel *Lady Audley's Secret*. Mr. Edwards's account of that transaction is amusing:

Taking a truly audacious flight, he proposed to purchase from Miss Braddon her next new novel, and, being without cash at the time, offered her a thousand pounds for it.

In those days a thousand pounds was a pretty good price for a novel, even for a novel by Miss Braddon, who had just made her first great hit with *Aurora Floyd*. As the offer was made in business-like form, Miss Braddon's husband, the late Mr. Maxwell, wrote to accept it. An agreement would, of course, have to be signed, and the money was to be paid in advance. Nothing could be simpler from the vendor's point of view. . . . He now called upon Messrs. Spalding & Hodge, of Drury-lane, saying that he had made a very advantageous contract with Miss Braddon for her next novel, and that he wanted to know on what terms they would supply the paper.

They were quite ready to give credit; and Tinsley then went to a large firm of printers, saying that Spalding & Hodge would furnish the paper, and that he should be glad if they would undertake the printing. This they were prepared to do on easy terms. A novel of Miss Braddon's would be sure to sell; and if Mr. Tinsley had bought the copyright of her next book, and had arranged with Spalding & Hodge about the supply of paper, they could, of course, give credit for the printing.

Then it occurred to the ingenious young Tinsley that he had not bought anything at all from Miss Braddon: he had only promised to do so. He confided his difficulty to Messrs. Spalding, who, unwilling that good business should be spoiled for want of a thousand pounds, gave him a cheque for that amount.

MR. EDWARDS was much in Paris in the 'fifties, and he was intimate with Gavarni, the caricaturist, who was intimate with Balzac.

“How is Balzac in ordinary conversation?” I once asked Gavarni. “*Il est bête*,” was the reply.

“But what do you mean by ‘bête’?” I inquired.

“What everyone else means. He had no wit, except pen in hand, and he found it very difficult to get to work. He would cover a sheet of paper with words, and phrases, and sentences, without any particular meaning, just as you have sometimes seen me cover a wood-block with initial letters and fantastic designs of all kinds. Then, when he had once got under weigh, he would go on working for hours without stopping, beginning perhaps in the evening, and working throughout the night.”

MR. HENLEY's causerie in the *June Pall Mall Magazine* is “Concerning Atkins. Incidentally, Mr. Henley recalls Mr. Kipling's early connexion with the *National Observer*, and we have this interesting passage:

It was my privilege, as the editor of a journal still remembered fondly by the chosen few who wrote for it, still regretfully recalled by the chosen fewer who read it—it was my privilege, I say, to print, from week to week, those excellent numbers of which a faint and feeble echo is heard in what is probably the most popular song of any age—“The Absent-Minded Beggar,” to wit. I do not think they did the journal any good—these songs of the barrack and the march: fresh, vigorous, *vévécus*, surpassingly suggestive as they were, I do not think they did the journal any good—in fact, I know they did it none at all. But they were presently collected (together

with “Cleared” and “Tomlinson” and “The Flag of England,” to name no more, all from the same print) into a book; and that book has been for years perhaps the most popular array of verses in the English tongue.

A NEW American magazinette, called the *Magazine of Poetry* (Daniel Mallett), is a typical booklet of its kind. We confess we find it a too miscellaneous and facile selection. It consists of poems old and new—poems by Milton and Ida Whipple Benham, Herrick and Eaton S. Barrett, Waller and Abbie Farwell Brown, Cowper and Ethel Lynn Beers, Byron and Dwight Anderson. The subscription is a dollar a year, and the poems are chosen and cut to fit two or three to a page. Certainly, it is pleasant to have poetry brought before one in the very stress of life; and that, we take it, is the mission of the *Magazine of Poetry*. Poetry for the breakfast-plate, the luncheon-hour, and the odd moment is what it provides. Hence it is, perhaps, unfair to find anything incongruous in its advertisements of the Breeze-Net Underwear, and the Flexible Pot and Kettle Scraper.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR of the *British Weekly* has been deploring the decadence of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, declaring that instead of attracting good writers they “seem to take what they can get.” The charge would have been more difficult to reply to if Claudius Clear had not, with his usual courage, adventured into judgments in matters of detail. He suggested that these reviews had published no papers that have excited a “real sensation” since Deutsch's article on the Talmud in 1867. This was magnificent, but Mr. Murray, who replies in the *British Weekly* on behalf of the *Quarterly*, seems to have the best of the argument in the following remarks:

“Exciting a real sensation” is a vague term. We neither expect nor wish that the *Quarterly* should excite sensation among the readers of cheap magazines and scrapet literature, but that it has produced a sensation among educated readers on many occasions during the past thirty years is a simple fact “which nobody can deny.” Possibly Mr. Clear has never heard of the articles on “Our National Defences,” on “The State of English Architecture,” on “Disintegration,” on “Bolingbroke,” on “Keats,” on “Virgil,” on “The Roman Catholics in England,” or of Dean Burgon's articles on the Revised Version, or of Sir Henry Maine's on “Popular Government,” or of Mr. Gladstone's article on “Macaulay,” to name only a very few. He tells us of his wonderful discernment in detecting Mr. Froude's work in the *Westminster*, and of his admiration for Deutsch's famous article on the Talmud; and yet both these writers contributed other articles to the *Quarterly Review* during the period under condemnation, but have failed to satisfy your critic.

Our own belief is that the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* papers are as good as they were in 1867, but that, like buildings which have been “built round,” these Reviews have ceased to excite awe. Their stature is as great as ever, but they have no longer the advantage of isolation.

So the newspaper proprietor has turned, and has declared war against the paper-maker. If the mantle of the author of *The Market-Place* has fallen upon any living novelist, he should find material in the news “of the greatest possible interest for all engaged in journalism,” given by “A Man of Kent,” in the *British Weekly*. It is to the effect that “one of the most powerful, determined, and enterprising newspaper firms in London has acquired a very large property in Spain for the cultivation of Esparto grass, and they expect not only to satisfy their own huge demand for paper to supply immediate needs, but to do a great deal more. We shall soon have further news of this startling development, as important in its way as any that has been announced of late.”

Bibliographical.

THE issue of the *Early Poems* of Tennyson, with elaborate notes by Mr. Churton Collins, shows us that the unhappy poet is now well in the hands of the annotators. A classic already, he must needs suffer for the distinction. His work has, for some years past, been dished up "for the use of schools." There was a "school edition" of the Poems so long ago as 1884. In 1888 came a volume of "Selections, with Notes." That was the beginning of the annotating business. Since then we have had reprints of *Aylmer's Field*, "with Notes" (1891); *The Coming and Passing of Arthur*, "with Notes" (1891); *Tennyson for the Young*, "with Notes" (1891); *Geraint and Enid*, "with Notes" (1892); *Garoth and Lynette*, "with Notes" (1892); *The Princess*, "with Notes" (1892); *The Holy Grail*, "with Notes" (1893); *Morts d'Arthur*, "with Notes" (1894); *Guinevere*, "with Notes" (1895); *Lancelot and Elaine*, "with Notes" (1895); and again *The Princess*, "with Notes" (1899). Many more, no doubt, will follow, till school-children become as well and as unwillingly acquainted with Tennyson as they are with Virgil and Horace.

There is, by the way, one point of Tennysonian bibliography on which I must correct Mr. Collins. He reprints, in an appendix, such of Tennyson's poems, published in 1830 and 1833, as were either temporarily or finally suppressed. Those which (he says) were suppressed altogether he prints in small type. Among these small-type pieces I note (p. 295) the "National Song" beginning:

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be.

But this song cannot truthfully be described as "suppressed." It consists of two stanzas, with a double "chorus"; and those stanzas were incorporated by the poet in the second act of "The Foresters," each with a new chorus. Arthur Sullivan set the lines to music, and to very stirring music withal, which mine ears did hear when "The Foresters" was produced at Daly's Theatre. The poet's new choruses answer their purpose excellently, but the old are worth remembering for their patriotic fervour:

Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea,
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

Dr. Garnett, in his memoir of Miss Mathilde Blind—just issued by way of preface to her *Collected Poems*—tells us that the lady was a keen admirer of the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of that fact there is proof positive in one of Miss Blind's lyrics—the one entitled "Rest" (pp. 427-8). This lyric begins:

We are so tired, my heart and I,
Of all things here beneath the sky,

and ends:

But we are tired. At Life's crude hands
We ask no gift she understands,
But kneel to him she hates to crave
The absolution of the grave.

This, obviously, is an echo, in part, of Mrs. Browning's poem, "My Heart and I," which opens thus:

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name was carved for us.

Mrs. Browning, however, closes more cheerfully than Miss Blind does. She says:

And if, before the days grew rough,
We once were loved, used—well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

Some weeks ago I had a note about the publication by living writers of the name of Haggard. The first to make that name well known and popular was, of course, Mr. Rider Haggard. Later on it became obvious that there were other Haggards in the literary field—a fact complicated by the adoption by one of them of the name *guerre* of "Arthur Amyand." A letter received by the editor from Bloemfontein (dated April 28) puts the matter in a pleasantly clear light. The letter is from one of the Haggards in question—Captain E. Arthur Haggard—on active service in South Africa. Herein we find particulars which will enable the public to differentiate Captain Arthur Haggard from Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, who is also a penman. Captain Arthur Haggard's publications, so far, are four in number: *Only a Drummer* (1894), *With Rank and File; or, Sidelights on Soldier Life* (1895), *Comrades in Arms* (1895), and *The Kiss of Isis* (1900). The first two of these were issued under the pseudonym of "Arthur Amyand." So was the first edition of *Comrades in Arms*; but when that work appeared in second edition, the author's real name, as well as the pseudonym, was given on the title-page, and this arrangement has also been adopted in the case of *The Kiss of Isis*.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard is responsible for the work called "Dodo and I," issued in 1889, and also, I believe, for books entitled *Ada Triscott*, *Leslie's Fate*, *Tempest Under Crescent and Star*, and *Hannibal's Daughter*. Now, I think, the matter, as between "Arthur" and "Andrew" may be said to have been made intelligible.

It has been stated that the memoir of Queen Victoria which Messrs. Cassell are now issuing was the best piece of literary work done by the late Mrs. Oliphant. I think that if careful inquiry were made it would be found that the final effort of Mrs. Oliphant's pen was the appreciation of "The Sisters Brontë" which she contributed to the volume called *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*, published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in the summer of 1897. That essay, though bearing marks of haste in composition, is one of the most vigorous things produced by Mrs. Oliphant and ought to be in the possession of every enthusiast about the Brontës. Why do not the publishers treat it as a separate publication, as they did in the case of Mrs. Parr's essay on Mrs. Craik? It was, and is, by far the best section of a very interesting book.

I cannot "enthuse" over the fact that Mr. Charles Firth has written a monograph on Oliver Cromwell for the "Heroes of the Nations" series. I think there are already by far too many books about Cromwell. There is no occasion to go back so far as Carlyle's famous work. Take only the two last decades. In the course of the period we have had biographies of Cromwell by J. A. Picton and F. W. Cornish (1881), E. Paxton Hood (1882), Frederic Harrison (1888), Arthur Paterson (1889), C. H. Polle (1899), Sir R. Tangye (1899), and S. R. Gardiner (1899). As if that were not sufficient, we have had *Cromwell as Protector* (1890), *Anecdotes of Cromwell* (1891), an account of *Cromwell in Ireland* (1896), *Cromwell's Part in History* (1897), *The House of Cromwell* (1897), *The Religion of Cromwell* (1897), *Cromwell's Scotch Campaign* (1898), and *Cromwell as a Soldier* (1899). I venture to say that, for the time being, this is enough. Let Cromwell have a rest.

There is an announcement of a memoir of the late Captain Mayne Reid by his widow; but surely this can be nothing or little, more than a new edition of the memoir of her husband published by that lady just ten years ago. Mr. Mayne Reid, it would seem, is the author of "a romance of the West" called *George Markham*. Will Mayne Reid himself ever find a worthy successor? There are many excellent writers for boys, but to me it seems as if none of them altogether takes Mayne Reid's place.

THE BOOKWORK.

Reviews.

The Celtic Mind.

The Divine Adventure; Iona; By Sundown Shores: Studies in Spiritual History. By Fiona Macleod. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THIS latest volume of Miss Fiona Macleod's is a very miscellaneous collection, united only by the common spiritual outlook which is the writer's heritage from her race. It is less fictional in form than her previous books, and more directly personal in its reminiscences of her country's native legends. The opening piece is a somewhat lengthy allegory, of unusual conception, which is followed by a paper of about equal length dealing in very interesting fashion with the legendary associations of Iona. To this succeed a number of short pieces treating of Gaelic superstitions, and the book very appropriately ends with an essay on the Celtic Movement, in which Miss Macleod is so prominent a figure.

We have not in the past been enthusiastic admirers of Miss Fiona Macleod. We have been repelled by what seemed to us the defects of her literary style; the uncouthly "word-painting," the overstrained picturesqueness and effects of verbal colour, with which she endeavoured to enhance the natural imaginative power of ancient story; above all, the effort after poetic imagery, just missing the mark of true originality and completion, which is more irritating than total incompleteness. As regards these matters, Miss Macleod appears to us to have made great advance in power. "The Divine Adventure" she will not have to be an allegory, but a "symbolical presentment." There is no need to quarrel about names. It is virtually an allegory, though not of that kind in which the primary and secondary meaning run side by side without intermixture. Here the two are varyingly intertwined, so that the story is not complete in itself without the underlying significance. In spite of the abhorrence which she professes of vagueness, her "symbolical presentment" seems to us to err by vagueness, the result (we are inclined to think, with all respect) of incomplete personal insight. But what immediately concerns us is, that it is told with real beauty of imagination and frequent beauty of expression. And the same throughout the book. Indeed, those pieces in which she adopts the direct note of personal reminiscence and confidence contain some of her best writing. She has gained in taste, the set description and "word-painting" is sparser; now and again is a phrase or word of striking aptness, vivid without being forced, or an image in the true sense poetic. When, for instance, she sees a fairy "like the green stalk of a lily and had hands like daisies," or feels herself in dream "lifted on sudden warm fans of dusk." Other and yet better touches there are, which we cannot at this moment go back upon. To dream of being the wind is almost in itself warrant of poetic temperament, did the writer give no other evidence of it in these pages. Enough that it is no longer possible to doubt we have in Miss Fiona Macleod a writer of true imagination and steadily growing gift of expression—not yet, perhaps, quite mature.

But passing from this matter, it would be an error to overlook the final essay, called simply "Celtic," in which Miss Macleod treats of a question which has much exercised the minds and pens of English writers. What is the Celtic Movement? As one of the principal figures in that movement, she is peculiarly qualified to speak; and so a distinct utterance on the subject from a principal writer concerned in it, we are peculiarly glad to listen. Miss Macleod, perhaps, rather seeks to dissociate herself from some of the ideas put forth by the critics or friends of the movement than directly to elucidate its nature; but in doing so she actually sheds more light on its character than any writer we have read. To disclaim what it is not

goes a long way towards stating what it is; nor does Miss Macleod leave us without positive utterance on its aims. It is the wisest counsel that has been put forth by any of the Neo-Celtic writers, and does much to set the Celtic Movement on the only track possible for it, if it is not to follow futile and self-stultifying ends. She is, like most of us, somewhat sick of the title, and of the mistaken notions which have been identified with it. She protests against the idea that it is an attempt to reconstruct the past. For herself, she does not seek to reproduce old Celtic presentments of tragic beauty and tragic fate, but to discover their secret of beauty in the nature and life of the present, by means of imagination, which can still exercise the myth-making faculty on the existence of to-day. She avers (and we sympathise with her) that she is no great believer in "movements" and "renascences." But so far as the Celtic Movement is a fact, she considers it the expression of "a freshly inspired spiritual and artistic energy," coloured by racial temperament, and drawing its inspiration from "the usufruct of an ancient and beautiful treasure of national tradition." Its aim is, or should be, to pour that treasure into the common treasury of English literature, informed with all the qualities of the Celtic nature, and so enrich by its infusion the common life of the Britannic race. For in the opening of this great fountain of Gaelic legend lies the power and opportunity of the Celtic writers.

Miss Macleod, as will be discerned from the foregoing, protests strongly against any partizan interpretation of the movement; and this protest is further emphasised when she comes to the question naturally arising next: What are the characteristics of the Celtic nature, as exhibited in a Celtic literature? Miss Macleod tells us:

Intimate natural vision; a swift emotion that is sometimes a spiritual ecstasy, but sometimes is also a mere intoxication of the senses; a peculiar sensitiveness to the beauty of what is remote and solitary; a rapt pleasure in what is ancient and in the contemplation of what holds an inevitable melancholy; a visionary passion for beauty which is of the immortal things, beyond the temporal beauty of what is mutable and mortal.

Yet she adds:

Even in these characteristics it does not stand alone, and, perhaps, not pre-eminent. There is a beauty in the Homeric hymns that I do not find in the most beautiful of Celtic chants; none could cull from the gardens of the Gael what in the Greek anthology has been gathered out of time to be everlasting; not even the love and passion of the stories of the Celtic mythology surpass the love and passion of stories of the Hellenic mythology. The romance that of old flowered among the Gaelic hills flowered also in English meads, by Danish shores, amid Teutonic woods and plains. I think Catullus sang more exquisitely than Balaë Honeymouth, and that Theocritus loved nature not less than Oisín. . . . That there is in the Celtic peoples an emotionalism peculiar in kind and, perhaps, in intensity, is not to be denied; that a love of nature is characteristic is true, but differing only, if at all, in certain intimacies of approach; that visionariness is relatively so common as to be typical, is obvious. But there is English emotion, English love of nature, English visionariness, as there is Dutch, or French, or German, or Russian, or Hindu. There is no nationality in these things save in the accident of contour and colour.

It is a frank acknowledgment which many a perplexed Englishman will hail. It is in accordance with our own inward protest and perception that we find in English and other literatures what is supposed to be specially Celtic. It is not, then, solely Celtic, but wholly Celtic. Others have it, but the Celts nought else. In Celtic literature it is absolute and unmingled. This may be a merit or it may be a limitation, but it is undoubtedly a distinction, a differentiation. And we are glad to find it stated by one so competent to speak as Miss Macleod.

Nor will she admit the notion that the new movement is to be a throwing off the yoke of English literary tradition,

a kind of separatist movement in literature, a literary '98. "As though a plaster-cast, that is of to-day, were to revolt against the Venus of Milo or the Winged Victory, that is of no day," she exclaims.

There is no law set upon beauty. It has no geography. It is an open land. And if, of those who enter there, per-adventure any comes again, he is welcome for what he brings; nor do we demand if he be dark or fair, Latin or Teuton or Celt. . . . I do not know any Celtic visionary so rapt and absolute as the Londoner William Blake, or the Scandinavian Swedenborg, or the Flemish Ruysbroeck; or any Celtic poet of nature to surpass the Englishman Keats; nor do I think even religious ecstasy is more seen in Ireland than in Italy.

That is the right spirit. And she goes on to say:

When I hear that a new writer is of the Celtic school, I am left in some uncertainty, for I know of many Anglo-Celtic writers, but of no "school," or what present elements would inform a school.

It is exactly our uncertainty. "It is obvious," she concludes, "that if one would write English literature, one must write in English and in the English tradition." That is a true word, said in a needful season. "When I hear that 'only a Celt' could have written this or that passage of emotion or description, I am become impatient of these parrot-cries, for I remember that if all Celtic literature were to disappear the world would not be so impoverished as by the loss of English literature, or French literature, or that of Rome or Greece." So declares Miss Macleod, and she finishes her protest against "pseudo-nationalism" by the statement that "as for literature, there is, for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic."

The Celtic Movement, then, according to her view, is a movement in English literature, and its object is to infuse that literature with the qualities of vision, subtle emotion, intimacy with nature, and aspiration towards the spiritual world, which the Celt possesses more singly and tenaciously than other races, though they do not belong to him exclusively. And its peculiar advantage for this purpose lies in its storehouse of Gaelic legend, virgin and unexhausted by the English-speaking world. It will be distinctive in so far as racial temperament naturally and subtly tinges it, not by any deliberate distinctions of form or style. The pronouncement is interesting and, as we have said, timely, if only for what it protests against and condemns, for its extinguishing of false lights. That Miss Macleod's own work conforms to the ideals she has thus set forth no reader of the present book can doubt. She sees the whole world transparent (as it were) by the contained light of the Unseen. How different, even at the present day, are her countrymen from anything possible in an Englishman, a single story in her book is enough to show. It concerns a chandler in an Argyll village, respectably prosaic enough at ordinary times, whom the author personally knew; but at certain prolonged seasons he became *féy* of the sea; he would steal from his house, strip himself naked, and sit gazing at the sun; or he would rush down to the sea, and

stoop and lift handfuls out of the running wave, and throw the water above his head, while he screamed or shouted strange Gaelic words. Once he was seen striding into the sea, batting it with his hands, defying and deriding it, with stifled laughers that gave way to cries and sobs of broken hate and love. He sang songs to it; he threw bracken and branches and stones at it, cursing; then falling on his knees would pray, and lift the water to his lips, and put it on his head. He loved the sea as a man loves a woman.

Once, when he had been away five weeks, he returned,

hair and beard were matted, and his face was death-white; but he had already slipped into his habitual clothes, and looked the quiet, respectable man he was. The two who were waiting for him did not speak. "It's

a fine night," he said; "it's a fine night, an' no wind. Marget, it's time we had in mair o' thae round cheeses in Inverary."

From such a race something distinctive should come in literature, could it get itself uttered. Meantime, those who would understand something of it, and the living past which goes to make it what it is, should read this exceedingly interesting and finely written book—the most personal Miss Macleod has given us, and to us in many ways her best.

New Studies in Old Subjects.

Pro Christo et Ecclesia. (Macmillan.)

Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur I. Innes, M.A. ("The World's Epoch-makers.") (T. & I. Clark.)

Village Sermons in Outline. By the late Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. (Macmillan.)

Ephesian Studies. By Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Rise of the New Testament. By David Saville Muzzey, B.D. (Macmillan.)

The Genius of Protestantism. By R. M'Cheyne Edgar, M.A., D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

ONE opens a little unsigned tractate in pale blue entitled *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, without any wild excitement of expectancy; therefore it is with the larger satisfaction that one finds realised the hope he had not dared to entertain—the hope, to wit, of finding within the dainty boards the fruit of sincere and original thought. The anonymous author approaches the Gospel record with a mind admirably balanced between the Christian tradition of nineteenth centuries and the freedom characteristic of the twentieth and of an age of unrestrained criticism. He brings to his study a heart of personal devotion and a singular power of concentration, which could hardly fail to shed light upon some unfamiliar facets even of a life which, as far as the scanty record allows, has been the subject of innumerable and lifeless meditations.

The fruit of his contemplation seems to be a kind of gentle antinomianism tempered by the obligations of humility and love. The bitter denunciation of the excellent persons the Pharisees—what was its motive? Why were all those woes hurled against men "well known to be straining every nerve to attain an ideal of righteousness in which they honestly believed"? Because such striving after perfection involved separatism, which is, as to speak, the obverse of pride; and pride it is which instead of delighting in personal service, says, "I must be, must do, must have something better than you are to do, have." The habitual wistfulness of divine desire in human love is reflected by glimpses in the soul of the lover or parent, and particularly at the moment of flouting or ingratitude. It is to a like attitude towards all men for the sake of that which in each is good, that the teaching of the Christ exhorts; in whose life we see "the great value which God sets on *bonhomie*, the godlikeness of simple good-nature." In fine, of Jesus we read: "It is the clearness of his insight into the all-pervading pride of humanity and the humility of God which is surely the keystone of his character and the highest proof that he comes from above and not from beneath." We comment by imitation, the discarding of the initial capital which, by a paltry convention, it is customarily sought to give dignity to the august pronoun.

The turning-point of English ecclesiastical history was of course, the sixteenth century; and it may be taken as a favourable sign of the character of our own times that the

men and women of that epoch are beginning to emerge from the incredible disguises in which the prejudices of historians had enveloped them, to be revealed as the mixed human beings that it was antecedently probable that in fact they were. Mr. Innes's popular book about Cranmer is an evenly balanced estimate of the man's character, set in a temperate record of the process by which the English Reformation was accomplished; a record from which even the reader to whom the subject is already familiar may rise with an added sense of comprehension, and without any irritated suspicion that he has been victimised by a pleader of the cause of any particular school of Anglicanism.

Cranmer succeeded Warham in the chair of St. Augustine—last primate but one of the old succession, first doctor of the new heresy—in 1533. Chance had brought him to the royal favour—the report of his suggestion that “the king's matter” (the question of the divorce) should be referred to the universities, and that upon their decision, without further reference to the Holy See, his majesty should take a final step. This was to reduce the papal authority to the level of a mere expert opinion, and precisely in this elevation of the civil power above the spiritual consisted the originality of Cranmer's position. The man was further fitted to serve the ends for which Fate designed him by a character abnormally susceptible to the suggestions of a stronger will.

With men like More and Fisher [writes Mr. Innes] conscience was too independent. A Wolsey might be too much influenced by personal ambitions. Gardiner had too large a share of the wisdom of the serpent. But Cranmer was not ambitious; he was not astute; and, although he was not likely to go against his conscience, he was of the type of those who take their conscience with them into unexpected situations. The chances were that if Cranmer found the royal conscience and his own in opposition he would think that his own had made a mistake.

Again:

Unhappily his amiability was coupled with an entire lack of self-reliance, which to more virile minds assumes the aspect of a slavish obsequiousness to the ruling powers. Yet the man was no self-seeking hypocrite, no adventurer like Cromwell, no intriguer like half the courtiers of the day. But to all appearance, whenever he was brought into contact with a really masterful personality, such as Henry's or Cromwell's, he lost the power of independent judgment, and found himself impelled to surrender to the dominating force.

His weakness was the weakness of the man “who never trusts his own judgment if it is opposed by that of another in whom he has learned to place implicit reliance”; hence “he was ever alternating between intellectual convictions which he trembled to avow and avowals which went beyond his convictions.” In the hearts of posterity he has but few friends:

To the extreme “Catholic” party, he is the man who betrayed the Church to Erastianism; to the Puritans, he is a Mr. Facing-both-ways; and to those who join neither extreme, he is a guide whose shame they cannot deny. Despite that great rallying of his courage, when he retracted his recantation and faced his doom, steadfast in self-abasement, every deed of his career is coloured by one pitiful failure.

The least of martyrs he may be; let us remember him then rather for his incomparable rendering of the prayers of the liturgy, and confess that English literature owes him a debt that a great indulgence can only partially repay. After all, it must be very painful to be burnt alive.

In the late Dr. Hort's village sermons there is nothing daring; but though perfectly orthodox, and though written merely in outline, they may be studied consecutively with a placid satisfaction, and without their leaving with the reader any sense of incompleteness. Nor by any person familiar with English village life will they be found lacking in a certain charm; for in the simplest words they

speak, out of the abundance of a great scholar, simple thoughts to the simple souls of peasantry. The parts of the Prayer Book services, and the doctrine of the sacraments as understood by the Church of England, the Sermon on the Mount, the Resurrection, are subjects of which each furnishes a course. Take as an example of Dr. Hort's manner a passage on that rather difficult subject the indiscriminate use of the Psalter in public worship:

No other book of prayer or praise would bear to be so boldly treated. There would be a constant sense of jarring and unfitness. None will really feel this in the Psalms who try to follow them, who try to suit their own words [moods?] to the words of those who wrote them. The Psalms above all the rest of the Bible are full of that which is the mark of the whole Bible, the mixture of God's part and man's part. . . . Often we cannot separate the two, we cannot say whether man is speaking or God, for, indeed, God's voice is never so entirely Godlike as when it speaks through the deepest experience of a man; and a man is never so much himself as when he loses himself in the thought of God's doings, “standing still to see the salvation of God.” This mingling of God's part and man's part belongs especially to worship. . . . Only Christians, who know how God and man met in the person of their Lord and Saviour, can fully reap the benefit of this character of the Psalms.

Dr. Moule's “Expository Readings” of the Pauline Epistles are continued by this running commentary on the letter to the Ephesians. The extraordinary difficulties of this most characteristic document are well known, and to their solution the Norrisian Professor brings all the resources of scholarship and enthusiasm. It is, perhaps, by an idiosyncrasy that we are disabled from unqualified admiration of the results of his labours in the form here put on. Here, for example, is the second verse of the “Celestial Letter.” It runs, briefly and poignantly, in the Authorised Version thus:

Grace be to you and peace from God, our father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Moule expands this into:

Grace to you and peace, free and benignant divine favour, and its fair resultants of reconciliation with the Holy One and inward rest through his presence in the heart, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

One might almost imagine that the actual process had been reversed—that the Apostle had strengthened his final transcript by deleting the words which, in fact, his commentator has inserted. Shall some happy generation be born to see *The Egoist* treated thus?

The little volume which its author calls *The Rise of the New Testament* is written with a good deal of spirit. Therein Mr. Muzzey is minded to give the general reader a comprehensive view of the methods and results of modern—and particularly of German—criticism. In his introduction he claims for it especially that it lays emphasis upon “the mediation of the methods of research rather than upon its bare results.” Emphasis there is, indeed, in plenty; the essay is fiercely rhetorical in its denunciation of all views of Scriptural Inspiration, and of the Church, which are generally accounted orthodox; but of methods of criticism we seem to have learnt from it little enough. Nor, with all respect to Mr. Muzzey, can we bring ourselves to believe that this particular kind of little book is well adapted to wash away that original sin of “native omniscience” which incidentally he denounces. A certain recklessness of heterodoxy which is to be felt throughout is fairly exemplified in the following sentence. Of our inherited theology Mr. Muzzey writes:

It knows Astronomy better than Copernicus, biology better than Darwin, medicine better than Harvey, and philosophy better than Kant.

The sentence is obscure; but interpreting it so that it shall bear upon the matter in hand, we are unable to excuse it of at least three categorical falsehoods. For the theology we have inherited does not deny the heliocentric system, has no opinion as to the origin of species by progressive differentiation, and does not dispute the circulation of the blood. As to its attitude towards the teaching of Kant—well, even Mr. Muzzey himself must make a choice among rival metaphysicians: the fundamental laws of thought forbid us to accept them all.

"The fact that Jesus was present in bodily person at the first Supper must have made it impossible for the disciples to have taken literally his words 'This is My body.'" So easily does Mr. M'Cheyne Edgar dispose of the figments of Rome. On a similar note he writes:

"But lo! by this auricular confession an intruder enters the family Paradise, and insists as confessor upon knowing individual and family secrets, worms his way into what should be forbidden ground, and soon has the household at his mercy.

This is crudity. There does not seem to be any pressing reason why any one should read this book.

A Poet with the Heartache.

Images of Good and Evil. By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann.)

A POET is what he is, and it is idle to complain that he is not something else. But when a poet has the gifts that Mr. Arthur Symons undoubtedly possesses, one cannot but regret that he should cultivate just one poor little field of all the world's pastures. His is a wan and weary muse; his philosophy of life is attenuated and anæmic; he never escapes from himself. He is all cries, and laments, and regrets. The sun never shines upon him, the birds never sing. He is tired of sorrow, he is tired of rapture, and he "would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood." We have searched his book in vain for one single, healthy emotion. Even the spring is a distress:

Something has died in my heart: is it death or sleep?
I know not, but I have forgotten the meaning of spring.

And yet in his own perverse way Mr. Symons is a poet. His diction is simple and often exquisite; many of his passages have a haunting and melancholy beauty, but it is the beauty of emotion, not of feeling.

He is ever dallying with a maudlin sentiment that, with him, goes by the name of love. It is never absent from his observation of life. When he sees old women "creeping with little satchels down the street," what is the thought that animates his mood? That age comes bringing its own lamp? Oh no!

And all these have been loved,
And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh; it is for this you tend
Your delicate bodies many careful years,
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

Here is his song to "Night":

I have loved wind and light,
And the bright sea,
But, holy and most secret Night,
Not as I love and have loved thee.

God, like all highest things,
Hides light in shade,
And in the night His visitings
To sleep and dreams are clearliest made.

Love, that knows all things well,
Loves the night best;
Joys whereof daylight dares not tell
Are His, and the diviner rest.

And Life, whom day shows plain
His prison-bars,
Feels the close walls and the hard chain
Fade when the darkness brings the stars.

In writing of Mr. Symons's poetry we cannot dissociate it from his philosophy of life, for the two are so mingled and he insists on their conjunction. The sensuousness to say nothing of the falseness, of some of his verse is objectionable. What are we to say of a poet who writes and prints such a passage as this?

I drank your flesh, and when the soul brimmed up
In that sufficing cup,
Then, slowly, steadfastly, I drank your soul;
Then I possessed you whole.

There is far too much of this kind of thing in the book. The trail of it is over the so-called religious poems. Such a passage as this, from a poem called "Sponsa Dei," invites one to close the book and throw it away:

All night because of Thee, Christ, I have lain awake,
Night after night I have lain awake in my white bed;
The pillow is as seething fire beneath my head,
The sheets as swathing fire, all night, Christ, for Thy sake.
Night after night I have waited for Thee, all night long.
Mystical bridegroom of this flesh that pants to close
The aching arms of love's desire in love's repose
About Thy conscious presence felt: O Lord, how long!

Mr. Symons is an adept in the choice of words, and his thought, such as it is, is never obscure. He attains simplicity without baldness. Many of his descriptions are beautiful. This, for example:

On some nights
Of delicate Springtide, when the hesitant lights
Begin to fade, and glimmer, and grow warm,
And all the softening air is quick with storm,
And the ardours of the young year, entering in,
Flush the grey earth with buds; when trees begin
To feel a trouble mounting from their roots,
And all their green life blossoming into shoots,
They too, in some obscure, unblossoming strife,
Have felt the stirring of the sap of life.

What he lacks is virility, and that wide and sane outlook upon life which should follow and take the place of the lyrical cry which flames and fades with a poet's early youth. He works the emotions of regret and satiety threadbare, and he uses certain phrases and epithets again and again. He gives us "my indifferent swift feet," "let white, secret, wise, indifferent feet," "the thin white feet of many women dancing," "the daughters of Herodias with their eternal, white, unfaltering feet"; "the sweet, intolerable thing," "the intolerable fruit of love," and again, "the sweet, intolerable thing."

"Who shall deliver us from too much love?" is his eternal cry. Well, he might for a change try as an antidote what George Borrow found so much to his taste. "Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." In answer to this, Mr. Symons might point to his "Wanderer's Song." But even that song does not bear the stamp of sincerity. When he sings:

The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to my blood
cries up,
we shake the head.

Give me a long white road, and the grey wide path of the
sea,
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the heartache
still in me.

That is Mr. Symons all over. He has the heartache before he has packed his bag.

A Gallery of "Characters."

In a Quiet Village. By S. Baring-Gould. (Isbister.)

THE task which Mr. Baring-Gould accomplishes in this little book was well worth attempting: the record of some of the more notable village "characters" whom he has known. Carlyle said once that every parson should write the history of his parish, if only to keep him out of mischief; but if the history of the parish seem too considerable an undertaking, the history of some of its oddities, jotted down from time to time, much as Mr. Baring-Gould has done, might well take its place. For the honest description of any quaint personage is a document, and it is documents that we are needing.

The fact that Mr. Baring-Gould's "quiet village" seems sometimes to be in Wales and sometimes in Devonshire matters very little; it is a circumstance incident to the collecting of odd articles from periodicals, and placing them under one restricted title. The matter of the book is the thing, and that for the most part is good, full flavoured, like all this author's work, if somewhat (also a characteristic of Mr. Baring-Gould's) hastily done. Among the queer men and women whom he tells of is Dan'l Coombe, who for thirty-five years worked secretly on a concordance to the Bible, totally unaware that such a thing existed, and broke his heart with disappointment when the great work was done, and the parson thoughtlessly showed him Cruden's anticipation of it; Haroun the Carpenter, whose thoughts were centred ever in the *Arabian Nights*, and who translated the life of the village into that of Baghdad; and Henry Frost, a local poet, who bought his wife for half-a-crown. Concerning the sale of wives Mr. Baring-Gould has this reminiscence:

Much later than that [1823] there lived a publican some miles off, whom I knew very well; indeed, he was the namesake of a first cousin to a carpenter in my constant employ. He bought his wife for a stone two-gallon jar of Plymouth gin, if I was informed aright. She had belonged to a stonecutter, but, as he was dissatisfied with her, he put up a written notice in several public places to this effect:

NOTICE.

This here be to binform the publick as how G — C — be disposed to sell his wife by Auction. Her be a dacent, clanelly woman, and be of age twenty-five ears. The sale be to take place in the — Inn, Thursday next, at seven o'clock.

In enumerating cases of the sale of wives Mr. Baring-Gould might have mentioned Mr. Hardy's novel, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

One of the pleasantest of the chapters is that describing George Spurlie, an old post-boy. George kept a list of all the folk that he had driven, and this was the conclusion thereof:

Adventurers, photographers, explorers of Mont Blanck [*sic*] and Africa. Commercial [*sic*], astronomers and philosophers and popular auctioneers, Canadian rifles, American merchants, racehorses in vans with gold caps. Mackerel [*sic*] fish and several deans and bankers. Paupers to onions [*sic*]. Some idgots and Sir H. Seale Hayne Bart.

This was the end of poor George:

He fell ill very suddenly and died almost before anyone in the town—where he was well-known—suspected that he was in danger.

But he had no doubt in his own mind that his sickness would end fatally, and he asked to see the landlady of the inn.

"Beg pardon, ma'am!" he said from his bed, touching his forelock, "very sorry I han't shaved for two days and you should see me thus. But please, ma'am, if it's no offence, be you wantin' that there yellow jacket any more? It seems to me post-boys is gone out altogether."

"No, George, I certainly do not want it."

"Nor these?—you'll understand me, ma'am, if I don't mention 'em."

"No, George; what can you require them for?"

"Nor that there old white beaver? I did my best, but it is a bit rubbed."

"I certainly do not need it."

"Thank y', ma'am, then I make so bold might I be buried in 'em as the last of the old post-boys?"

Mr. Baring-Gould's book is full of quiet entertainment. We recommend it cordially to the desultory reader, and we should like to know that the example which it sets to local historians was yielding fruit.

Feminine Humour.

The Diary of a Dreamer. By Alice Dew Smith. (Unwin.)

Mrs. DEW SMITH writes exactly as some of the characters in Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's novels would write. Her book has passage upon passage like this:

We had no difficulty, however, in finding an empty house. Numbers of people have houses they do not want, and which they are willing to let other people live in for a consideration. The one we found was a sleepy old affair, full of dust and cobwebs, sitting in the middle of a garden that had grown into a wilderness all round it. It had been empty for three years, and had apparently got tired of waiting for some one to come and live in it, for it had gone sound asleep, and we had to shake it and bang it before we could get in.

And, again:

From the day it entered my room I positively adored that kettle. Whether it cast a spell over me, or whether it arose from a disordered state of my imagination, I do not know. But nobody I have ever come across, either in or out of a sick room, could shed such a feeling of warm cosiness and comfort as that diminutive kettle when it set cooing on the hob. I lay and watched it all day long. I counted the hours till I could ask nurse to fill it with water and set it to boil. I listened with suspended breath for its first little purr. If it was allowed to boil over without being lifted off at once I felt nearly frantic. I was in a fever of impatience as soon as the tea was made till it had been sent off to the kitchen to be cleaned, fearing that the black might sink it if it was left too long; in an agony of suspense till it came back again, and perfectly miserable if it stayed away five minutes longer than usual.

In this book may, in fact, be studied, in its most complete expression, the domestic humour of the cultured English-woman whose mind runs to facetiousness. Everything is here: the sweeping generalisations, the exaggerations, the elaborations of the obvious. Women who are funny are nearly always funny in the same way, and that way is crystallised in Mrs. Dew Smith's pages. The trick is patent. "Take a common object [the recipe might run] and say everything that occurs to you about it as smartly and jumpily as possible before you release it again." Here is another scrap to the point:

You tumble a pile of furniture into a room and leave it there while you go and see to something else, hoping that if you leave it alone for a little it will dispose of itself in some way—get into the corners at least, instead of blocking up the doorway. You go back and look at it, anticipating that such an adjustment has taken place. You find it blocking up the doorway in precisely the same clumsy pile as when you left it, with precisely the same blockhead expression of stupidity. You go away and give it another chance. You look in again, and there it sits. Then you give it an impatient push, when it falls heavily on to your toe, and sits there—too loudly imbecile to move off—till your screams call the household to your aid. That anything possessed of four legs, or, at the least, feet, should be so devoid of intelligence makes one positively gasp.

All funny women, as we have said, adopt this formula. Witty women, of course, are more individual; but this is not a witty book. It is a bright, garrulous commentary on every-day affairs, the work of a lively fancy and a very ready pen.

Strength and Obscurity.

The Sunken Bell: a Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Freely Rendered into English Verse by Charles Henry Meltzer. (Heinemann. 4s. net.)

IN England Gerhart Hauptmann is a name only; but he has visited America—*Hannele* was produced in New York after an altercation of the first virulence—and thereupon a cult was established. This slim and pretty volume is a fruit of that cult; it has all the look of an exotic tenderly fostered by enthusiasms, and not meant to endure the withering glance of a vulgar eye. Hauptmann may be, undoubtedly is, a distinguished playwright, but we doubt if he possesses the essential greatness which is claimed for him. He is not wholly fortunate in the ecstatic esteem of Mr. Meltzer, for this admirer lacks precisely what a serviceable admirer should not lack—critical balance and critical tact. Mr. Meltzer has not even the literary sense. In his "foreword" he belauds the play in phrases which would render any praise valueless. "The drama," he says, referring to *The Sunken Bell*, "has, aptly enough, been likened to a symphony. Who would dare say that he has fathomed the whole meaning of the grand 'Choral'? Or even of less certain master works?" Mr. Meltzer has obviously taken immense pains with the translation, but—he is capable of rhyming "Madonna" with "honour"! Though occasionally he arrives at a certain mild beauty, his work, on the whole, is not even felicitous; it is mediocre, the effort of an industrious and amiable amateur. We regret to have to utter these strictures upon Mr. Meltzer's labour of love, for we are convinced that he was animated by the best impulses; but the inefficiency of a self-constituted champion can only prejudice the cause of the championed, and no good object can be served in disguising the fact.

The Sunken Bell is a remarkable and beautiful play—often vague, often shadowy, sometimes fumbled, but the production of an original and strong imagination. Amid the rout of elves, dwarfs, trolls, wood-sprites, and "elemental spirits," the figure of Heinrich, the bell-founder, is firmly placed as only a poet could have placed it. Rautendelsin, the "elfin-creature," who is at once the salvation and the ruin of Heinrich, is a lovely and exquisite creation, free, wayward, joyously tender, and, at the end, poignantly pathetic. Her final descent into the well, the prey of the Water-Man, is one of the fine, sad moments of the piece. In the matter of symbolic incident the play seems weak, unsure. It has the fatal defect of meaning either too much or too little. The parable floats before us elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. The downward crash of the bell into the mere, the injury of Heinrich and his rejuvenation, the tolling of the sunken bell by the dead hand of Heinrich's earthly wife—of what secret import are these happenings? And the last failure of Heinrich—wherein is the moral of it? What does this passage mean?

HEINRICH.

Ah, woman, list! . . . I know not how it came
That I did spurn and kill my clear bright life:
And, being a master, did my task forsake,
Like a mere 'prentice, quaking at the sound
Of my own handiwork, the bell which I
Had blessed with speech. And yet 'tis true! Its voice
Rang out so loud from its great iron throat,
Waking the echoes of the topmost peats,
That, as the threatening peal did rise and swell,
It shook my soul! Yet I was master still!
Ere it had shattered me who moulded it,
With this same hand, that gave it form and life,
I should have crushed and ground it into atoms.

WITTIKIN.

What's past is past: what's done is done, for aye
Thou'lt never win up to thy heights, I trow.
This much I'll grant: thou wast a sturdy shoot,
And mighty—yet too weak. Though thou wast called.
Thou'st not been chosen! . . .

It appears to us that Heinrich is made to fail solely because he did not put off humanity entirely, and consent to become a monomaniac of his craft. At the conclusion of Act IV., where his earthly children bring him an urn containing their mother's tears, and simultaneously the corpse-tolled bell sounds up from the lake, the alternative is placed before him in a short scene of extraordinary dramatic intensity and impressiveness; but this scene seriously vitiates the succeeding act.

Continually suggestive, and full of half-stated problems, *The Sunken Bell* might be discussed and glossed *ad infinitum*—with no really useful result. It must be accepted for what it is—a rather fanciful fairy-drama by a writer whose imagination and technique have matured earlier than his theory of life, morals, and art. We are told that in youth Hauptmann wandered across Europe with a copy of *Childe Harold* in his pocket. *The Sunken Bell* is the production of a temperament given to wandering. Probably it was written "in two moods." At any rate, we doubt if even the author could reconcile it with itself.

Other New Books.

CHARTERHOUSE.

BY A. H. TOD, M.A.

Boys are most interesting creatures, if we do not tell them so and thereby make them self-conscious. Contemporary public schoolboys are perhaps less interesting collectively than private schoolboys, because they have so much history at their back, and so precocious an instinct for journalism. On the other hand, their schools afford perpetual delight to the antiquary. Charterhouse, the subject of this well-illustrated and readable "handbook," by one of its assistant masters, was opened near Smithfield in July, 1614, in accordance with the bequest of Thomas Sutton. In 1872 the school entered into its present home at Godalming, bearing with it enough traditions to impart an air of venerableness to a new structure. The head monitor of Saunderites sleeps upon Thackeray's death-bed, and it is thought that cake is called "hee" from a wilful misunderstanding of the lines in that old Carthusian's "Little Billee":

There's Bill, as is young and tender,
We're old and tough; so let's eat HE.

Among early Carthusians the name of Richard Crashaw stands out; he was a pupil of Robert Brooke, who "was ejected for flogging boys who did not share his political views." Major-General Baden-Powell,

who kept goal in 1875-6, took a very liberal view of a goal-keeper's functions. His voice enabled him to direct the forwards at the other end of the ground, and his agility enabled him to cheer the spectators with impromptu dances when he had nothing pressing to do.

For a nervous boy Charterhouse should be an ideal school. "Fights have almost ceased . . . and are punished if detected." Pelting with lemon-peel on Shrove Tuesday has been stopped, so has "pulling out," a custom by which a younger son of the Earl of Suffolk lost his life in 1824. The draconic encouragement of gentlemanly behaviour may have developed a singular sensitiveness in the Carthusian who, in 1894, fell with many others from a "wooden structure," where the school was posed for a photograph. This boy "ran home and declared that he was the only survivor." As a matter of fact, a broken arm was the worst injury received by anyone in this promiscuous tumble. (George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR
BANKER.

BY HENRY WARREN.

Few are they who completely master the technique of banking, and we know a nice old lady who is in the habit of getting the rent-collector to make out the cheque wherewith she pays him. Mr. Warren's manual contains

all the information required by our friend, and much more besides, of which business men are often ignorant. Judging, however, from the evidence of this book, one might be chary of dealing with a banker at all. If you are a business man, he "will try his hardest to obtain a commission on the turn-over"; if you have a "deposit account," he will evade the payment of justly-incurred interest; if you are rich, he will make you pay commission twice over by charging it on a "balance brought forward"; if you die, he will be too overcome to acquaint your executors of any balance unknown to them lying to your credit. You have perhaps thought of the banks as providing an occupation for the sons of gentlemen. Not at all: they treat their clerks "with the greatest brutality"; and "those who are appointed to the counter have generally had most of the pluck knocked out of them, and really have not the courage, even when they are driven, to make a dash with their cash." For a specimen of the anecdotal matter of the book let the following suffice:

A somewhat impudent fraud was perpetrated upon a Manchester bank by one of its customers, who opened an account with some few hundreds of pounds. The gentleman, after a few weeks, drew two cheques, each within a pound or so of his balance, and, selecting a busy day, presented himself at one end of the counter, while an accomplice, when he saw that his friend's cheque had been cashed, immediately presented his own to a cashier at the other end. Both cashiers referred the cheques to the ledger-clerk, who . . . thinking the same cashier had asked him twice, said "right" to both cheques. . . . The thieves were never caught.

The book has two faults. The "index" is merely a table of contents, and the animus of an ex-employé is perceptible in several passages. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WIDE WORLD ADVENTURE.

The notorious Fat Boy of *Pickwick* would have delighted in this book, which contains twelve "representative narratives from the pages of the *Wide World Magazine*." The narrative of a servant of the Chartered Company, who was mauled by a lion in 1897, supplies the subject for the picture on the cover. In truth, it was a fearful experience. Ernest Brockman was awakened by a sniff one night, and straightway "huddled all the pillows and bed-clothes up over [his] head and face": "No sooner," he says, "had I done this than the lion, with a horrible *purr, purr*, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor, bed-clothes and all. The brute immediately commenced to suck the blood that streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit the more savagely." Suspense in Mr. Brockman's, as in other cases, proved an anæsthetic, and so, although he could "distinctly feel each bite," he "was conscious of a strange numbness" in the part attacked.

A striking example of the power of the instinct of self-preservation is the case of Prof. Schmidt, who, finding himself inextricably caught in a Bosnian bear-trap, cut down with his clasp-knife the beech tree to which it was attached, and walked off with the trap on his leg.

Heroism is represented by Dr. Franz Hermann Mueller, who headed the Austrian "plague expedition" to Bombay about two years ago. He took the malady after an exhausting bout of nursing:

Up to the very last all his thoughts were devoted to the task of advancing the interests of science. Every quarter of an hour he analysed his condition, and wrote down the observations he had made on his own body. . . . As long as he could he took his temperature, counted his respirations and his pulse-beats, drew the fever curves. . . .

Women are among the contributors to the volume. One of them went to Klondike; another fell down a chimney. In fine, it is clear that truth, as a story-teller, has nothing to fear by comparison with M. Louis de Rougemont. (Newnes. 2s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Bath Comedy. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

JASPER in books is usually a villain; it is refreshing to find him for once merely "a fine gentleman" with "a neat leg," a passionate temper, and a jealous disposition. Our collaborators bring him through the wildest storm that ever raged in a tea-cup. He is pledged to "pink every auburn buck in the town," because he has found a letter in his wife's drawing-room enclosing "a crisp auburn curl," and containing these words: "The lock was white before you touched it, but you see you have turned it to fire." So poor frantic Sir Jasper Standish goes so far as to pluck the wig off the head of an elderly colonel and to lay hands on the Lord's anointed. But Sir Jasper is not the only person careering about in the tea-cup. The fair witch whose incantations produce the storm therein has lovers galore, and juggles with them finely.

The Bath of this story is, in truth, a place very different from that of which Mr. Swinburne wrote:

Peace hath here found harbourage mild as very sleep.

But the events recorded by the two Castles are laid in the second part of the eighteenth century, and Bath has had time to settle down.

Mistress Bellairs is unscrupulous, but delightful. What could be better than her reply to the heroine's feeble inquiry, "Would you have me coquette with my husband?" "La you there, there is the whole murder out! You are the man's lawful, honest wife, and therefore all tedium and homeliness."

Be it said that the brightness and dash of the novel are unflinching. We are not among the realities, but was there ever anybody among them in Bath when the Old Great Pump Room was the capital of the world of fashion?

Becky. By Helen Mathers.
(Pearson. 6s.)

If we were omnipotent we would appoint somebody to prevent Miss Helen Mathers from spoiling her work. It is a pity that he would be too late to rescue "Becky" from the absurdity of the "head." The head in question is not King Charles's, except for the purpose of metaphor, but the baked head of an Indian warrior and the cause of "that ugly bulge [in David's breast-pocket] which always discounted so grievously the joint benefactions of Nature and his tailor." There is murder on account of that head, but nothing lifts it into dignity or importance, or relevance: it is just a bad joke.

In the following passage, strength and weakness lie side by side. David, it should be explained, loves Becky, but is engaged to another woman; this fact does not, however, prevent him from taking Becky to task for her conduct during a dinner party:

"Then you remarked *à propos* of a pair of lovers near that man was exactly like a tom cat; when courting he was all alive, but when he wasn't courting he sulked, and made himself a nuisance at home, like a cantankerous married man!"

"What a memory you have," said Becky in admiring wonder; "really I had no idea I said so many smart things. I'll buy you a note-book, and you shall be Boswell to my Johnson, and publish it, and we'll divide the swag!"

"There are plenty more," said David, who was striding about the room. "You told Melville that you thought it would be lovely to be *born* a rich widow!"

"So I do; cut the cackle and come to the horses, you know," murmured Becky sweetly.

David fairly clucked his hands with rage.

"And you call yourself a decent woman," he said, with a sneer that made him positively hideous.

It does not take a detective to see that this conversation is

simply a clumsy vehicle for showing off Becky's "smartness," for no man could lash himself into a temper in such a ridiculous way. It is also obvious that while David is here a mere puppet through which Becky's wit is handed down to us, Becky herself has individuality and animation. There lies the strength of the novel. Becky is alive. It may be added that, though very high-spirited, she is one of the many women who enjoy being beaten by the right man. A fervid Imperialistic note sounds in the book, which is the apotheosis of the pioneer.

"Thank God we have Rhodes," said Billy.

"Rhodes is South Africa and South Africa is Rhodes," said Walter, "and we do thank God for him."

From this fragment of conversation it will be perceived that the book, though unconventional and sometimes grotesque, is not lacking in piety. Moreover, it is readable.

Anima Vilita: a Tale of the Great Siberian Steppes. By Marya Rodziewicz. Translated by S. C. de Soissons. (Jarrold.)

LIKE so much of what comes to us from her countrymen, the work of this Polish lady, new to the English-speaking public, is of a melancholy cast.

Antoni Mrozowiecki is a young man of blameless manners; yet from the cradle, wherein he was defrauded of his patrimony, to the moment when he is presented to us reduced by the hazard of the road to his last halfpence upon his way to the Siberian village of Lebiaza, he is ever the football of malignant destiny. In the house of his host he is still pursued by ill-luck; at every turn he finds himself in a false position, his honesty discredited, his most hopeful enterprises turned to shame and ridicule. His benefactor is driven to doubt his honesty, and presently he is haled to Tobolsk for a murderer. Finally, within twelve hours of his marriage he is overwhelmed, with his Marya, by a blizzard. So that the despondent exclamation of his good friend Andryanek—"Even if we find them they will be frozen. How unfortunate my poor friend is!"—has the effect, by its very inadequacy, of comic relief. Here, however, is the end of his troubles. Marya can predict, "Antoni, it is our last misfortune"; and he liturgically may reply, "Thank God!" For such immunity is attributed by Siberian superstition to him who has cheated the blizzard.

But the strange community—the weird land! Antoni's host is a doctor of medicine who buys and sells oxen and millinery, furnishes dram-shops with liquor, and peddles scythes through the countryside when the black eight-months winter has broken down before a sudden breath out of the Asiatic desert. "Within two days the steppe was black; in five it showed signs of life; in a week it was green."

In the melting of Marya the intelligent reader may easily trace an analogy to this change of the season:

"I never said anything about it to anyone," she said thoughtfully, "but it has always seemed to me that this perpetual martyrdom this longing which must be overcome, has made me wicked. I think that one to whom it is forbidden to love his own country cannot love anything. Such a man or woman does not attain his full growth—he does not blossom, but becomes dried-up stubble. . . ."

"Do you know that there are some days when one is afraid to touch a knife . . . !"

Of the natives, she asks:

"Have you not noticed that they never laugh heartily? They are never merry without vodka! This country stunts the human mind."

Already, when she has become so communicative, the first warm breath has blown upon her soul. Presently she softens altogether, and blossoms like a peach on the sombre brown of the story.

Miss Rodziewicz is a writer of power and intensity of vision. The translator, however, can hardly be said to have done her justice.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE QUEST OF MR. EAST.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

An original and well-thought-out novel. The spiritual and material adventures of Edward St. John in his quest of Mr. East—a kind of modern hermit—are good reading to those who, like St. John, are in quest of "the principle of unity in history and in modern life" which, if found, would compose all the differences of creeds. An important, if improbable, character is Father Optate, a learned Roman Catholic priest, who before he dies delivers his soul in an astonishing manner. (Constable. 6s.)

A DREAM OF A THRONE.

By CHARLES FLEMING EMBRETT.

The story of a Mexican revolt. Says the hermit to the hero: "Child, to save a lost and fallen race is the noblest calling that a man can have. If that race be your own and its blood leap in you, and you be fighting the battle of your butchered fathers, and winning that which is by God's right yours, the task is infinitely great. Do you know, child, whose is that task? . . . Boy, that task is yours." The tale is full of action, and is enlivened with patios, jefes, mozos, and sopladors. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF MUNCRAIG.

By ROBERT JAMES MUIR.

The kailyard again, with ministers and whisky and the Psalms of David—and Scottish life generally, by one who knows it. The story opens in Edinburgh in 1861, and the hero is charged with piracy in the South Seas, a circumstance which provides a pretty proposal scene later. "You haven't asked me yet." "No! It has never been my way to ask for things." "Oh!" said Isobel, trying to look in his face, "I suppose you—pirates—just—take—things?" "We do," said Rob. And he took one. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE NORTHERN BELLE.

By JOHN WERGE.

A "Diamond Jubilee Romance," in which a major brings his daughter to London and talks to her, by the page, like this: "We are now passing the Hotel Cecil, but it is partially obscured by these shops, which, however, are soon to be removed. Down this street is the Savoy Hotel and Theatre, and here is Terry's Theatre. There are some very handsome shops between the places I have named, but they are nearly all closed at this time of night. Now we are at Somerset House, a large building extending to the Embankment, and having a fine river frontage." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE QUEEN WASP.

By JEAN MIDDLEMAS.

A story of society match-making and shady finance, opening on an evening when Grosvenor-place was "instinct with life and aglow with light." "Lady Sabina looked round. 'Harry, dear,' she suggested, 'will you go and tell the bandmaster to begin playing?' He did as he was bidden. Harry Jolliffe always tried to do what his wife wished. He was desperately in love with her—worshipped the very ground she walked on. Alas! it is not always those who love the most who bring to others the greatest need of happiness." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

BETTINA.

By MAY CROMMELIN.

Bettina's fate is to be left by her Russian mother at the door of an English merchant at St. Petersburg. Her bringing up in England, and the discovery of her romantic and aristocratic origin, make the story, which is quite readable. (John Long. 6s.)

THE DESPATCH RIDER.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

This story, by the author of *The Kloof Bride*, gives us the atmosphere of the early days of the Boer war in Natal. The first days of the siege of Ladysmith and the arrival of General Buller are described. (Methuen. 6s.)

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The Vogue of "Reminiscences."

THERE is a magic in all remembrance of one age by another. The past within a past—how remote, how vivid it seems! How we warm to Cicero, and feel his antiquity in a flash, when we find him remembering the figures that moved about Rome in his boyhood.

There was old Caius Duilius, Marcus's son, he that gave the first blow to the pride of Carthage by sea. Many a time, when I was a youngster, have I stood to look upon him as he was marching home after supper, with a wax-taper to light him, and a violin playing before him. That was always his humour, and the great reputation of the man easily justified the levity.

How that figure engages itself to live in the mind, and gives the sense of immemorial distance. And why? Because it is recollected by Cicero, not related by Mommsen. It would be easy to collect such passages. One will quote for its beauty. It seems more than probable that Defoe described his own boyish curiosity, and insatiable love of a story, when he wrote this passage about his boy hero, Captain Jack—a passage which no Englishman can read without a thrill.

In this way of talk, I was always upon the inquiry, asking questions of things done in public, as well as in private; particularly, I loved to talk with seamen and soldiers about the war, and about the great sea-fights, or battles on shore, that any of them had been in; and, as I never forgot anything they told me, I could soon, that is to say, in a few years, give almost as good an account of the Dutch war, and of the fights at sea, the battles in Flanders, the taking of Maestricht, and the like, as any of those that had been there; and this made those old soldiers and tars love to talk with me too, and to tell me all the stories they could think of, and that not only of the wars then going on, but also of the wars in Oliver's time, the death of King Charles I. and the like.

Nor does the power of reminiscence end soon. While it enlarges and flatters our grasp of life it is all the time making that grasp more sane, more deliberate, less childishly tight; it is preparing us to let all go. We see how men were witty, were fed, were in love, were powerful, were eccentric, were envied—but how they, who differed so widely and piquantly in life, were huddled into Charon's boat together. There is a page of Hazlitt that is something to the point. Calling on Northcote one day, he found the painter half regretting that he had just sold a whole-length portrait of an Italian girl, which had become an old friend. The purchaser had said to him: "You may at least depend upon it that it will not be sold again for many generations." The picture was still in the studio, and Northcote showed it to Hazlitt.

On my expressing my admiration of the portrait of the Italian lady, he said she was the mother of Mme. Bellochi, and was still living; that he had painted it at Rome about the year 1780; that her family was originally Greek; and that he had known her, her daughter, her mother, and grandmother. She and a sister, who was with her, were at that time full of the most charming gaiety and innocence. The old woman used to sit upon the ground

without moving or speaking, with her arm over her head, and exactly like a bundle of old clothes. Alas! thought I, what are we but a heap of clay resting upon the earth, and ready to crumble into dust and ashes.

However careless, "genial," and superficially chatty recollections may be, they are, at least, a personal record of the world when it was preparing itself for your own distinguished advent; and out of that adjacent past, and out of the crowd of men so nearly your contemporaries, who might have been your uncles, there issues many a sharp analogy, many a conversation one would like to have carried further, many a stray shot at the conscience which the reader must ward off as he can.

To-day the flow of reminiscences is a torrent without precedent, but not without proportion or explanation. For there was never an age in which writing was so fashionable or recollection so rich. An old man who has never dreamed to distinguish himself as an author through all the years of his strength, may do so if he will only sit down and dictate to the phonograph what he remembers of the tinder-box. Is it strange that many do it?

So wonderfully has the social life of England changed in the Queen's reign that the personal identity of the nation has almost wanted proof; and this proof the reminiscence writers have furnished. It may be found, in infinite witness-box variety, in the published recollections of Mr. Justin McCarthy, Henry Vizetelly, Sir Algernon West, Sir Edward Russell, Dr. B. W. Richardson, the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Mr. W. J. Linton, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Sir Harry Keppel, Mr. A. J. C. Hare, Stacey Marks, Dr. Newman Hall, Frederick Locker, Mr. Joseph Arch, Miss Betham-Edwards, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Mr. James Payn, Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson, Prof. Max Müller, Walter White, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Baring-Gould. If this list, written down from memory, seems wearisome, consider its utter incompleteness! We will add to it only the name of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who has just published his *Personal Recollections* through Messrs. Cassell. His anecdote, which is gay and tragic, and wholly readable, begins at a time when Fleet-street was paved with cobbles, and when no omnibus charged less than sixpence to carry a Londoner the length of the Strand.

Those who had business to transact in the City went there in cabs; but there was little communication between the two extremities. . . . Ladies did not use these cabs. They were out of everything. No lady was admitted into a restaurant, nor into the coffee-room of an hotel, nor into an hotel at all if travelling by herself. Ladies who, in the middle of the day, were kept from home by the pleasures and pains of shopping, went for lunch to pastrycooks' shops, where they got indigestion by eating raspberry tarts. . . . In families where no carriage was kept ladies going out for the evening had to take what was called a "glass coach." . . . A lady living alone in apartments could not in those days receive a visit from a gentleman; still less could a gentleman living alone receive a lady in his rooms. . . . It was scarcely fashionable to go to the play, and few persons went there in evening dress. The theatrical saloon, whose abominations were put an end to by Macready, was a disgusting place. . . . Very little money was spent on stage production. Painted calico did duty for silk and satin, spangles for jewellery; it was held and believed that for stage purposes imitation was better than the real thing.

This is the world which Mr. Edwards peoples with men like the seven Mahews, the three Salas, Macready and Hans von Bülow, Douglas Jerrold and Shirley Brooks, Gavarni and Albert Smith, Edward Tinsley the publisher, and E. S. F. Pigott, the Censor of Plays—Thackeray and Browning, and Rubenstein lending their distinction. The same world has been described very, very often, but

apparently people do not tire of hearing of these men and their times. A faint odour of palled punch and stale tobacco is wafted from the pages, and strange tints of old play-bills are flashed on one's vision, and kind things are said of good fellows who went to the wall in the fifties by the methods then in vogue, and skits, and "witty" articles, and "agreeable" satires are quoted, and it is all amazingly ancient-modern. This vein of early and mid-Victorian anecdote will be worked out presently; and then? Will our own day have its small chroniclers? Will men write quaint and much quoted pages about the first cinematograph shown in London, and the Vagabonds' Club, and the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and the supremacy of the novel, and the automatic scent sprinkler, and the motor omnibuses, and the Aerated Bread Company, and the "Souls." And will Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. John Kensit, and Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Bugler Dunne shine as stars in the anecdotal firmament of 1950? Doubtless. But the present fervour of reminiscence must, we think, pass away. It is natural that the Victorian era and the Nineteenth Century should put their papers in order. It is between those two worlds of Matthew Arnold, the one worn out, the other not ready to be born, that the cataracts of reminiscence have been heard all day long. It will be under similar conditions that the next wave of Reminiscence will arrive.

The Scholars and the Poet: a Parable.

ONCE there were four Scholars who all their lives spent much time and labour and learning in studying the works of a great Poet. And it chanced that they all died on the same night, and came together to the place of departed spirits; and, because they had given much devotion to this task, it was granted them for a boon that they should each make one request of the Poet himself. So they were brought to where he sat; and around him many were gathered, but at a little distance, for they might not draw nearer unless he called them.

And when the first Scholar was bidden approach, he said: "Tell me, I pray you, of your courtesy, concerning those sonnets of yours, whether they were in truth written of a certain lord." But the Poet only answered: "Look, yonder is my lord himself of whom you speak. Go and see whether he will talk with you of the matter."

So the Scholar turned away sorrowful.

And the second asked of a certain work of the Poet's youth, which of its lines were written by himself and which by another. But the Poet smiled and said: "Nay, I cannot now remember. But yonder is a learned Doctor who has studied the matter more nearly than I have. He will reveal it all to you if you ask him."

And the third Scholar said: "Know you not that some of your writings are deemed to be immoral in their essence, and others in their form, and therefore there are some who speak ill of you. Tell me how you would defend yourself against their accusations." And there was no displeasure in the Poet's smile as he answered: "Perchance my words thereon would not satisfy you. But here is a grave Professor who has written a book on this very matter. Inquire of him concerning it."

So this Scholar turned away like the others.

But when the fourth Scholar came, who on earth was accounted to have more love and understanding of the Poet than they all, he sat down at the Poet's feet, and, looking up into his face, said, as the children say, "Tell me a story." And the Poet's eye was kind, and his voice was gentle, as he told the Scholar a new story of love and joyousness and happy laughter. But the others were still held in talk by those to whom the Poet had sent them, and being a little way off they could not listen to the story. So they never heard it.

A Laureate's Satire.

Is Mr. Alfred Austin's satire, *The Season*, on sale at his publishers'? I should fancy it is not. "A new and revised edition, being the third," came out in 1869 with the imprint of Mr. John Camden Hotten; that edition, I take it, was disposed of long ago, and I have not heard of its being followed by another. The work is not of the kind which appeals to its writer when he has achieved a position of less freedom and more responsibility. Much has happened in Mr. Austin's public life since 1869. In 1862, when *The Season* first came out, matters were different. Its author was then only twenty-six years old. He had already published two books, but one of them had been anonymous, and neither had made any particular impression.

Practically, when *The Season* appeared, Mr. Austin made his literary *début*. It was the foundation, certainly, of his literary reputation. "Dedicated to Disraeli," says Mr. Escott in a recent volume (*Personal Forces of the Period*), "it secured the warmest recognition of Mr. Gladstone and his old select literary and scholarly friends." The book was not dedicated in the first instance to Disraeli. The first edition contained no dedication: it is in the second edition, issued very soon after the first, that we find the inscription: "To the Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., by one who reveres his genius and exults in his success."

The first edition had been issued by Robert Hardwicke of Piccadilly; the second bore on the title-page as publisher the name of George Manwaring, of King William-street, Strand. Had Mr. Hardwicke been alarmed by the hubbub which *The Season* had created? For it did create a hubbub—and no wonder. There had been nothing in the way of rhythmic satire, at once so vivid and so vigorous, since the appearance of *The New Timon*—an interval of fifteen years. The writer had his literary spurs to win, and did not hesitate to lay about him with a will. He was, or persuaded himself that he was, very much in earnest. In one place he wrote:

I am, I must insist,

A most uncompromising moralist.

And in another:

Who think by verse to better make the bad,
I grant it freely, must be vain or mad. . . .
Yet in an Age when each one deftly hides
The scorn he feels for every one besides,
I claim the precious privilege of youth,
Never to speak except to speak the truth.

He certainly seems to have lashed himself into a state of violent indignation. The slightest thing would set him off. The anger which he could not introduce into the rhymed text overflowed into the prose annotations. Thus, below a couplet on the younger Lytton—

Compete with [Owen] Meredith; discreetly steal
Your plot, your apophthegms, and top "Lucile"—

one found these sentences:

This clever but somewhat spasmodic young man, who is too modest to write under his patronymic, is perhaps too modest likewise to have his own opinions. But if he will not adopt the name to which he has a right, why does he adopt and dress up again for the public, already well acquainted with them, the dicta of his father, to which he has none?

Neither of these passages is to be seen in the third (and latest revised) edition of the Satire, which nevertheless includes all the most pungent portions of the original work. If you possess a copy of that third edition, you have all that is best in *The Season* as first published. And some of that best is excellent of its kind. A good deal of it, of course, is necessarily somewhat jejune after the

lapse of so many years. The scorn poured by Mr. Austin upon designing damsels and match-making mammas, upon the popularity of "La Traviata" and the opera-ballet, and upon the *morals* of the ball-room generally, strikes one nowadays as trite. It was expressed, however, in a style which deserves to be remembered. Some of the writer's single lines, such as that about "the half-drunk" leaning over "the half-dressed," are assuredly pointed, if a little brutal. Genuinely epigrammatic, too, are such couplets as these :

What is the spell that 'twixt a saint or sinner
The difference makes? a sermon? bah! a dinner.
The odds and ends our silken Claras waste
Would keep our calico Clarissas chaste. . .
A hundred pounds would coy have made the nude,
A thousand pounds the prostitute a prude.

The poor votaries of fashion have never, probably, been so severely lashed as by this satirist in his twenties :

The padded corsage and the well-matched hair,
Judicious jupon spreading out the spare,
Sleeves well designed false plumpness to impart,
Leave vacant still the hollows of the heart.

So with ladies at the opera :

Their rounded, pliant, silent-straying arms
Seem sent to guard, yet manifest their charms.
Mark how the lorgnettes cautiously they raise
Lest points, no pose so thoughtless but displays,
A too quick curiosity should hide—
For they who gaze must gaze at be beside.

There was, I fancy, only one person about whom in the first edition of *The Season* its author had something pleasant to say; and that was Her Majesty the Queen, whose virtues were eloquently celebrated. This, at any rate, is a passage on which Mr. Austin can afford to look back with satisfaction. Elsewhere in the satire he had ironically suggested that contemporary bards should, with other things,

Industriously labour languid lays,
Beloved of Courts, and snatch the Poet's bays!

Only the very ungenerous would nowadays turn these lines against their writer.

The stiff press criticism to which *The Season* was subjected led Mr. Austin to pen (in the same year) a reply, also in the conventional couplets, called "My Satire and its Censors." In this, again, there is much that is vigorous and vivid, but nothing quite so excellent, in a literary sense, as the best things in *The Season*. It is all very pointed and pungent, but, of necessity, only for the day. Mr. Austin was himself taken to task in yet another satire, written by Mr. Brook B. Stevens, and entitled "Seasoning for a Seasoner." In this composition Mr. Austin was certainly well peppered, but with no permanent effect. "Seasoning for a Seasoner," like "My Satire and Its Censors," is, I take it, rarely read. *The Season*, on the other hand, has some claim to be regarded as a minor classic. It may, indeed, outlive much of the verse on which perchance the Laureate more prides himself.

A.

The Charwoman.

SHE is an elderly person and she cleans shoes till you can see your face in them. But her ideas are limited.

We told her that Mafeking had been relieved. She did not understand. We told her that it had been surrounded by the enemy, so that none should leave the village and none enter it. She said it was a shame, but she did not seem to understand.

We then told her that the besieged had been living on horseflesh. Her gaunt face lighted up. "I knew a girl once who ate cat's-meat," she said.

Correspondence.

"Soft as Velvet."

SIR,—I observe that, in a review of *The Chaucer Canon*, in your last number of the ACADEMY, the following statement occurs: "Soft as velvet has, we take it, been a stock description of turf at all times since velvet was invented." My argument is, to some extent, founded on the fact that such a statement is quite unwarranted; and that, as a matter of fact, the expression "soft as velvet" does not occur (outside of the two passages which I compare) in any English poem whatever, anonymous or otherwise, before the year 1500. It may even be doubted whether it occurs elsewhere before 1600. Certainly, it does not occur in Shakespeare, nor in Milton; the former has only "velvet leaves" or "velvet buds," and the latter has "the cowlip's velvet head"; and that is all.

Before 1500, the occurrence of the word *velvet* is by no means common. It is found, of course, in wills and inventories as far back as 1319, and in glossaries; but in poetry it only occurs twice in Chaucer, a few times in Lydgate, once in Sir Launfal, thrice in "The Flower and the Leaf"; but *where else*? This is precisely the point at issue. Seeing that "soft as velvet" is "a stock description," may we be favoured with a few quotations, of early date, in support of this assumption?—I am, &c.,

WALTER W. SKEAT.

2, Salisbury-villas, Cambridge.

The Supremacy of Fiction.

SIR,—I have read, in a docile spirit, Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson's remarks on my remarks about the predominance of Fiction and "Fictionalists." This pleasing word I borrow from contemporary criticism: perhaps we shall soon read about "jurisdictionalists." I am prepared for anything. My humble essay, "On the Supremacy of the Novel," was prompted by Lytton's preface to *Pelham*. Seventy years ago Lytton frankly stated that he wrote novels because nothing else paid. Am I wrong in thinking that nothing else is remunerative now? For, of course, books about the war, and reminiscences, and educational books, and legal books are not, usually, "literature." I said, "we produce novels only." Miss Forbes-Robertson then talks about great works of philosophy, history, and poetry, written in my "lifetime." But I myself spoke of *these*; when I say "we produce," and so on, I allude to the living present. Miss Forbes-Robertson then avers that "there is an immense population that in past generations never read anything." How could it read anything before it was born? unless this lady believes, like the Arunta, in reincarnation. My fair censor goes on thus: "This taste of the crowd neither augments nor diminishes the number of serious readers, unless, indeed, towards reading at all." The meaning of the text entirely escapes me. How can a taste augment or diminish a number, or *not* do so, "unless towards reading at all"? And how, next, can "the public that reads serious literature" be (as the lady avers) "equally greater in number." Equally greater than what? Miss Forbes-Robertson is certain that the works of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James "tower above the expositions of subjective philosophers, metaphysical meanderings, tirades of criticism, or catalogues of historical events Mr. Lang deploras [*sic*] as no longer read." I cannot admit that even Mr. Henry James, "in every kind of way," towers above Kant, Hume, Hazlitt, or Gibbon. In how many ways can even Mr. James tower? But these authors—Mr. James, and the philosophers and historians—do not work in the same matter. Even if Mr. James towers above them (which I don't think he does), we need not neglect criticism, history, and philosophy because, in fiction, Mr. James towers. I am supposed to contemn "great novels." This is a misapprehension. I would

liefer have written *Old Mortality* or *Esmond* than all the works of Locke. I do not "contemn the literature which takes the form of a novel." I only wish that literature did take that form more frequently. I do say, and I keep on saying, that novels are almost, if not altogether, the only form of literature that is remunerative now. But I think, and I said, that a new Froude, Macaulay, or Tennyson would even now find readers. Still, I do not observe that poetry or history has, at present, any such authors as Tennyson, Macaulay, and Froude.

I am sorry to seem to accuse a lady controversialist of an *ignoratio elenchi*, but by these hard terms the logician is apt to style arguments like hers.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

Book Titles.

SIR,—Is there no available register of book titles which authors could consult before deciding how to name their books? Twice in the same day I have come across the duplication of titles. Two years ago Mr. John Lane published a novel of high quality by Mr. E. A. Bennett, called *A Man from the North*. And now I find "The Man from the North" at the head of a story by Mr. A. Gissing in a ladies' weekly. One of the most readable books on the war, *Sidelights on South Africa*, by Roy Devereux, came out in the earliest crop of South African works issued since the Boer ultimatum. This week's papers review a work by Lady Sykes called *Sidelights on the War in South Africa*. Surely something can be done to prevent this.—I am, &c.,

MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

21, Greycourt-gardens, Victoria-street, S.W. :
May 22, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—May I quote from a letter I received from a Welsh correspondent? The following quotation is from Milton's *Of Reformation in England*: "O Thou that . . . didst build up this Brittanic Empire to a glorious height, with all her daughter islands about her," &c. If Brittanic Empire denotes the Empire, then (by analogy of Teuton and Teutonic Empire) a subject of the Brittanic Empire is a Briton. The Americans recognise this in a way by the term Britisher—a subject of the British Empire. Brittanic for Briton seems far more dignified and quite as accurately descriptive terms. Possibly it may be objected that Briton is open to the same racial interpretation as Englander, but we do not say the English Empire.—I am, &c.,

H. LOGAN.

Sandgate, Prestwick: May 15, 1900.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

PAUSANIAS, AND OTHER GREEK
SKETCHES.

BY J. G. FRAZER.

This is the promised abridgment, or rather the quintessence, of Prof. Frazer's great Commentary on Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, published two years ago. "Slight and fragmentary as these sketches are," says the author, "I am not without hope that they will convey to readers who have never seen Greece something of the eternal charm of its scenery." The places described include Marathon, Mount Hymettus, Phyle, the Port of Athens, the Sacred Way, Megara, Nemea, Delphi, the Lernean Marsh, and many other spots. (Macmillan. 5s.)

DRIFT.

BY HORATIO F. BROWN.

Mr. Horatio Brown has spun many verses in the intervals of writing prose such as his *Venetian Studies*, *John Addington Symonds: a Biography*, and *Life on the Lakes*. If we are not mistaken, many of these verses, modestly entitled *Drift*, were first printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The following stanzas are from one of the lighter pieces called "Bored: At a London Music":

Two rows of foolish faces bent
In two blurred lines; the compliment
The formal smile, the cultured air,
The sense of falseness everywhere,
Her ladyship superbly dressed—
I liked their footman, John, the best.

The tired musicians' ruffled mien,
Their whispered talk behind the screen,
The frigid plaudits, quite confined
By fear of being unrefined.
His lordship's grave and courtly jest—
I liked their footman, John, the best.

(Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THE STORY OF BADEN-POWELL. BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

Obviously a timely book. In "An Introductory Fragment on no Account to be Skipped," Mr. Begbie says:

Ask those who know him best what manner of man he is, and the immediate answer . . . is this: "He's the funniest beggar on earth." And then . . . your informant will suddenly grow serious and tell you what a straight fellow he is, what a loyal friend, what an enthusiastic soldier. But it is ever his fun first.

(Grant Richards.)

LUCRETIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH. BY W. H. MALLOCK.

This is the rendering of certain passages in Lucretius into English, and into the metre of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, to which we drew attention when it appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon*. We then pointed out that Mr. Mallock's idea has been to reduce Lucretius and Omar to a common literary denominator, and so bring out the likeness between the philosophies of the Persian and Roman poets which has been remarked by more critics than one. We quoted the stanza:

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms, and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

The poem is very handsomely enshrined in white vellum covers. (Black. 10s. net.)

TCHAIKOVSKY.

BY ROSA NEWMARCH.

Six years have elapsed since Tchaikovsky's death and the authorised *Life and Letters* is not yet forthcoming. From widely scattered sources Miss Newmarch has gathered the materials for a book which, though inevitably patchy, is likely to meet the English demand for information about the composer of "The Pathetic" Symphony. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

BY CHARLES HENRY LANE.

Mr. Lane is a well-known breeder and exhibitor of dogs, and into these pages he pours his knowledge of all sorts and conditions of dogs, the humours of the Show Ring, doggy anecdotes, and what not. The book contains four hundred large octavo pages, and is profusely illustrated. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hawes (Rev. H. R.), *The Story of the Four Evangelists*.

(Burnet & Tabbler)

Rutherford (W. G.), *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* (Macmillan)

Burn (J. H.), *For Quiet Moments: Devotional Readings from the Writings*

of the Right Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D. (Wells Gardner):

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Skrine (J. Huntley) <i>The Queen's Highway</i> (Mathews) net	1/0
Rossetti (D. G.), <i>Lenore</i> . By Gottfried August Bürger (Ellis & Elvey)	
Miller (Alexander), <i>Bacchus and Bohemia</i> (Published by the Author)	
Eudæmus. <i>Lays of Ancient Greece</i> (Redway) net	1/0
Ford (Harold), <i>Shakespeare's Hamlet: a New Theory</i> (Stock) net	2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Brooks (Noah), <i>Henry Knox: a Soldier of the Revolution</i> (Putnam's Sons)	6/0
Firth (Charles), <i>Heroes of the Nations: Oliver Cromwell, and the Rule of the Puritans in England</i> (Putnam's Sons)	5/0
Smith (G. G.), <i>Periods of European Literature: The Transition Period</i> (Blackwood) net	5/0
Macdonald (Rev. A.), <i>The Clan Donald</i> (Northern Counties Publishing Co.)	
Stebbing (W.), <i>Charles Henry Pearson</i> (Longmans)	14/0
Bancroft (Frederic), <i>The Life of William H. Seward</i> (Harper & Bros.)	5 dol.
Side, <i>Lights on the Reign of Terror: Being Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Échéroles</i> . Translated by Marie Clothilde Balfour (Lane) net	12/6
Workman (H. B.), <i>The Church of the West of the Middle Ages</i> . Vol. II. (Kelly) 2/6	

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Hare (Augustus J. C.), <i>Paris</i> (Allen)	
<i>Black's Guide to Paris: Exhibition Edition</i> (Black)	1/0
<i>Cassell's Guide to London</i> (Cassell)	1/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Lee (Elizabeth), <i>Cowper—The Task</i> (Blackwood)	3/6
Robertson (J. Logie), <i>Milton—Paradise Lost</i> . Books I.-IV. (Blackwood)	2/6
Scott (Sir Walter), <i>Marion</i> (Black) net	1/0
Anden (H. W.), <i>Cicero—in Octavianum</i> . I.—IV. (Blackwood)	1/6
<i>The Agamemnon of Æschylus. With English Verses Translation. By Upper Sixth Form Boys of Bradford College</i>	

JUVENILE.

Begbie (Harold), <i>The Strawwelpeter Alphabet</i> (Richards)	3/6
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Clodd (Edward), <i>The Story of the Alphabet</i> (Newnes)	1/0
Ford (W. J.), <i>A Cricketer on Cricket</i> (Sands)	2/6
Harris (J. Henry), <i>Robert Baikes, The Man Who Founded the Sunday School</i> (Sunday School Union)	1/0
Richards (Laura E.), <i>Captain January</i> (Bowden)	2/6
Delbos (Leon), <i>The Metric System</i> (Methuen)	2/0
Der Junge Breitmann in South Africa (Baskerville Printing Co.)	1/6
Arnold-Forster (H. O.), <i>The Coming of the Kilogram</i> (Cassell)	1/6
Todd (Mabel Loomis), <i>Total Eclipses of the Sun</i> (Sampson Low)	
Deaney (Daniel), <i>Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland</i> (Nutt) net	1/0
<i>The Annual Register, 1899</i> (Longmans)	18/0
<i>The Word</i> . Vol. I. (Unicorn Press)	
<i>An Evening with Punch</i> (Bradbury, Agnew) net	2/6
<i>The Genealogical Magazine</i> . Vol. III. (Stock)	
<i>Everyday Heroes</i> (S.P.C.K.)	
Bennett (Arthur), <i>The Dream of a Warringtonian</i> (Sunrise Publishing Co.)	
Brady (H. C.), <i>Rugby</i> (Bell & Sons)	
Howard (Elliot), <i>Studies of Non-Christian Religions</i> (S. P. C. K.)	
Tuker (M. A. B.), and Malleon (Hope), <i>Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome</i> . Parts II. and IV. (A. & C. Black)	10/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Dobell (Sydney), <i>Home in War Time</i> . Ed. by W. G. Hutchinson (Mathews) net	1/0
Travers (Graham), <i>Mona Maclean; Medical Student</i> . 15th edition. (Blackwood)	2/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 35 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best rendering of a portion of a poem by Emil Verhaeren, which we quoted from *Iris*. The task has, we think, been enjoyed, and we have had some difficulty in awarding this prize. The charm of Verhaeren's lines is associated with a metre which is intended to convey a calm acceptance of a scene utterly dead and dreary, and itself resigned to winds and desolation. A certain weary flow of cadences, making for monotone, is needed to give the effect—a circumstance fully appreciated by most of the competitors. We have decided to award the prize to Mr W. G. Fulford, "Eastman's," Southsea, for the following rendering.

This is the dune-land, ashen-grey,
Deep-scored and scarred by the rough hand
Of desolating Time—a land
Of dead things, mournful in decay.

Grey sea, grey sky, shut in a storm-threshed ring!
And they who endlessly go to and fro,
The winds—the bitter, roaring winds—that wing
The shafts of winter from their bow.

Long since died summer, long since autumn died;
Far hence October's fled, with all its purple pride.
Its gloom, its silence, and its pain;
And now on, on they press,
The hordes of winter, wild and pitiless,
Bringing the darkness once again.

Yonder the village lies and weeps—
Its roofs, that from the storm decline,
Squalid and sad, in crouching heaps
Like huddled kine;
The night droops down, the horizon melts and fades,
The thunder-clouds give tongue, and faint
In answer one far ball from out the creeping shades
Wails softly, like a little child's complaint.

And there, where in confusion lie
The tresses of the land,
With mourning measureless, go by
The long dim lines of ghostly sand;
The shore is desolate, the birds are flown,
On the salt flats a ship heels slowly, sinking down.
As ebbs the sea, so flows the night,
The vacant, black and infinite.

[W. G. F., Southsea.]

Among other answers is the following:

This is the white shore of the Dunes
That Time has wearied with decay,
Bowed peaks, and valleys worn away,
And hills that crumbled one by one.

Wan sky, waste sea, the storms that gird them round!
And those that hither sweep with icy wing,
The howling winds, the winds that whistling sound,
And hurl the winter from their sling.

Summer and autumn long have past away,
And past the misty dim October day,
The day of purple gloom and silence drear;
And now, with stormy stress
The winter, winter wild and merciless,
And its black months, again is here.

And there below the hamlets groan,
And houses tremble in the blast,
Poor, sad, in heaps together thrown
Like cattle on the waste;
The night sweeps down, the sea-line nears,
The cloudy legions black and fall
Howl to the blackness, and a distant bell
Only replies, mingled with childhood tears.

And on the beach that hears their cry,
These endless mourners of the land,
Like furrows dim beneath the sky
Stretch the long strips of sombre sand;
The shore is void, the birds fly past,
The ship has vanished in the dismal vast,
And dreary nothing follows here,
League after league, the dreary sea.

[E. M., London.]

N.B.—Competitors will oblige by writing their names and addresses at the top of the same sheet of paper on which their answers are written, whether a letter accompanies the answer or not.

Replies also received from: R. F. McC., Whitby; F. R. A., Ealing; T. C., Buxted; E. N. A., Penarth; G. P. G., Stoke-on-Trent; M. A. C., Cambridge; C. J. S., Saltburn-by-Sea; E. H. H., Streatham; E. C. M., Crediton; F. S. H., Bath; A. W., West Hampstead; F. F., Leicester; M. T., London; A. L. M., Belfast; W. F. P., Glion sur Montreux; S. M., Addiscombe; T. B., Leicester; G. N., Bristol; E. B., Liverpool; R. H. H., London; A. W., New Brighton; L. L., Ramsgate; F. E. W., London.

Competition No. 36 (New Series).

In a little book of *Sonnets and Other Poems*, by John K. Ingram, just issued by Messrs. Black, occurs this quatrain:

Master, amid the turmoil and the strife,
How shall my spirit calm and trustful be?
Thus only, if the fountains of my life
Are hidden in Humanity with thee.

The "Master" referred to is Auguste Comte. We ask our readers to send us similar quatrains in which a personal tribute is paid to a great writer. It is not necessary to hail the selected writer as "Master." His name should form the title, or it may be incorporated in the verse. A cheque for One Guinea will be sent to the competitor whose quatrain strikes us as being the most epigrammatic and impressive.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 22. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 456, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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Further particulars may be obtained from

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The salary has been fixed at £300 per annum, and the appointment, which is from year to year, is to date from 1st October next.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. 280.—JUNE, 1900.

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The Literary Week.

THE June issue of the *Fortnightly Review* is memorable by reason of an article by M. Maeterlinck on "The Evolution of Mystery." Over twenty pages in length, this, the latest expression of M. Maeterlinck's philosophy, is divided into thirty-two short chapters. We have not space here to indicate the trend of M. Maeterlinck's thought, but we find room for a passage from the last chapter. The translation has been made by Mr. Alfred Sutro :

Our impulse is ever to depict life as more sorrowful than truly it is ; and this is a serious error, to be excused only by the doubts that at present hang over us. No satisfying explanation has so far been found. The destiny of man is as subject to unknown forces to-day as it was in the days of old ; and though it be true that some of these forces have vanished, others have arisen in their stead. The number of those that are really all-powerful has in no way diminished. Many attempts have been made, and in countless fashions, to explain the action of these forces and account for their intervention ; and one might almost believe that the poets, aware that these explanations were all of them futile in face of a reality that for ever, and all things notwithstanding, reveals more and more of itself, have fallen back on fatality so as in some measure to sum up the inexplicable, or at least the sadness of the inexplicable. This is all that we find in Ibsen, the Russian novels, the highest class of modern fiction, Flaubert, &c. (see *War and Peace*, for instance, *L'Education Sentimentale*, and many others).

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has written for the *Daily Express* a series of stories based upon his experiences during his recent visit to South Africa. These stories will present, under the guise of fiction, phases of both the administration and the actual conduct of the war which Mr. Kipling felt he could not embody in letters which he sent home.

MESSRS. OCEIL and Hildebrand Harmsworth are about to start a weekly paper, which will be called the *New Liberal Review*. The price, it is stated, will be threepence.

MR. WILLIAM TINSLEY, who was for many years a prominent publisher, and who is about to publish a volume called *Random Recollections*, sends us the following letter : "May I say that the quotations you printed in your last issue from Mr. Sutherland Edwards's new book about my young brother Edward and the founding of the publishing business known as Tinsley Brothers are very incorrect? My brother and I were equal partners in that business, which had been established four years before we published *Lady Audley's Secret*, not *Aurora Floyd*, as Mr. Edwards intimates ; and the price agreed for *Lady Audley* was £250—two-fifty pounds—not one thousand, as Mr. Edwards also intimates, and there was no need to, nor did we, borrow a shilling or any sum of money to pay Miss Braddon for any one of the four books we published for her. I must say I am sorry Mr. Edwards has thought it prudent to publish

foolish matter about my brother which could hardly be of interest to anyone and is certainly not good history."

WE take the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :

AFTER HEINE.

The stars look down from heaven above
When human hearts are breaking,
And mock the foolishness of love
That sets poor mortals aching.

This love, they say, this fatal baue,
To us it cometh never,
And thus do we alone maintain
Our deathless course for ever.

MR. GEORGE HAW, the author of the remarkable letters, "No Room to Live," in the *Daily News*, is the assistant editor of the *Municipal Journal*, a paper for which he has done varied and interesting work. He has now collected his *Daily News* letters into a volume, to which Sir Walter Besant has contributed an introduction.

THE issue by Messrs. Kegan Paul of *A Zulu Manual or Vade-Mecum*, by the Rev. Charles Roberts, reminds us that this is the third manual on the subject prepared by this writer. It may be assumed, therefore, that the Zulu language is being studied in this country—a veritable sign of the times. A Zulu sentence on the second page of this book reads like advice to Lord Roberts on his arrival in Pretoria : "Tyanelisisa indhlu izingosini zonke," which means : "Sweep thoroughly the house in all the corners."

A CORRESPONDENT writes : "Mr. Andrew Lang, in the last ACADEMY, demolishes Miss Forbes-Robertson's English and arguments with a gusto which precludes all notions of unmannerly heat. Should argument and answer rankle, however, as controversy is apt to do, may one of Miss Forbes-Robertson's sex recommend the reperusal of Chapter V. of *Northanger Abbey*? I will quote one sentence only: 'Let us leave it to the reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the "press now groans.'" There is nothing new under the sun, even for Mr. Lang's searching."

Exit Party is the (we fear) rather premature title Sir Frederick Young is giving to an essay in political history. Theoretically, we are all opposed to the principle of "party"; and yet—! There can be no question that, however bad for the State the principle may be, it has been provocative of good matter from the literary point of view. We remember a couple of goodly tomes, entitled *English Parties and Party Leaders*, and they made very lively reading.

IN the June *Cornhill*, under the title "A Literary Nihilist," Mr. Thomas Seccombe draws the literary character of M. Anatole France with fulness and skill. He finds M. France's literary counterpart in Lucien: "There is no imitation . . . but there is a remarkable affinity and a common attainment of that most difficult literary aim—the gift of making us think without being a bore." More interesting is this:

Among English writers it is difficult to name any whom he resembles with any degree of distinctness. Generically speaking, as a master of irony and a humorist of Cervantic descent, he has not a little in common with Fielding and with Disraeli; but in subtlety he suggests a much closer resemblance to Mr. Meredith, while in sentiment he is a good deal nearer than either to Dickens. As a practitioner of fiction he takes, perhaps, a greater licence than any of the masters named, for he is less a novelist than a thinker in novelistic form. As regards style it is still more difficult for us to match him; but by combining some of the features of Chesterfield, of Sterne, and of Matthew Arnold, we may get some idea of the pellucid clearness, the happy glint of fancy, and the felicity in phrase that go to make up a style *absolutely free from any straining after effect*. With all great artists it is the same, their talent seems to ignore labour.

Messrs. Cassell have just issued the first part of a new serial publication entitled *The Life and Times of Queen Victoria*, which will be completed in twenty-nine sixpenny parts. The bulk of the work consists of the narrative of the Queen's reign written some years ago by Mr. Robert Wilson, but this is preceded by the memoir of the personal life of the Queen on which Mrs. Oliphant was engaged at the time of her death. Both narratives have been brought up to date. The work is well and profusely illustrated.

We are glad to see that the fine work of Mr. James Lane Allen in fiction is likely to be better known in this country than hitherto. Messrs. Macmillan have just issued Mr. Allen's book of short stories, entitled *Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales and Romances*, and his longer stories, *A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath*. In a new introductory sketch to the *Kentucky Tales*, Mr. Allen has this suggestive note on the story called "The Two Gentlemen":

The author attempted to exhibit, in a way, a type of Kentucky gentleman farmer, who at the close of the Civil War abandoned the country for the towns, and led rather idle, useless lives. In England objection was made to this character on the ground that the trail of Colonel Newcome is over the colonels of American fiction. It is a point curiously misapprehended, curiously misconceived. The truth is, about the same time that Thackeray found the lineaments and elements of his good and mighty Anglo-Saxon gentleman in that branch of the race, had he been living in certain parts of the United States he would have found essentially the same lineaments and elements diffused through this. Among the Kentucky gentlemen of the old school there were characters that forced you to think of Colonel Newcome. Not because they were imitations of Colonel Newcome, for they may never have heard of him, but because they themselves were made of the same stuff. And if to write of this local type, however inadequately, is to suggest some poor resemblance, as a pool might resemble an ocean, the point to be enforced is not the influence of Thackeray's work upon literature, but the influence of life upon Thackeray's work. So that he gathered together out of the depths of the race, and put together in the image of his own genius, a type of man that was the widely diffused creation of the race itself.

MR. J. C. TARVER, the author of a *Life of Gustave Flaubert*, writes pleasantly in the June *Macmillan* on "Cowper's Ouse." There is a great deal more of Cowper than of the river, but no one will complain of that. Mr. Turner thinks that an "adventurous holiday-maker . . . might find a less agreeable pastime than a voyage in a canoe from Newport Pagnell down to Turvey. Thus he

might bathe himself in the atmosphere which was breathed by no mean English poet, gliding beneath hills close with trees, or between wide meadows; but he would well not to surrender himself unguardedly to the pleasures of plain-sailing, lest he should rue his error in the mazes of a reed-bed. Failing this adventure, events will be the scream and flash of a kingfisher, or sulky croak of a heron disturbed in his meal of the water mussels." We thought, as we read, that Mr. Turner was going to forget Edward FitzGerald's love of Cowper's Ouse, but he mentions it just at the end. FitzGerald fished on the Ouse with his friend, W. Brown. When that friend married a wife and could come no more, FitzGerald wrote: "I have laid by my rod and line by the willows of Ouse for ever."

THE dedication of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's new volume containing three stories, is as follows:

To the Memory of the Child

NADA BURNHAM,

who "bound all to her" and, while her father cut his way through the hordes of the Iugobo Regiment, perished of the hardships of war at Bulwayo on 19th May, 1898, I dedicate these tales—and more particularly the last, that of a Faith which triumphed over savagery and death.

THE author of "Musings without Method" is more atrabilious than usual this month. He jibes at Mr. Pinero's sensitiveness to criticism, and at the Academy Exhibition because it is a Babel of Art; but he looks back on the Mafeking orgies, and has nothing but praise for old gentlemen who were detected in the act of blowing trumpets from the roofs of hansom cabs. Lastly, he writes with personal enthusiasm of the splendid qualities of the late Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson. Of the writer:

He painted and he wrote, but neither in his pictures nor in his books did he reveal the genius that was in him. His eager brain was so busy with theories, that he never abandoned himself completely to the excitement of colour and form. As for writing, he deemed it always an ungrateful trade, which he had learned late, and pursued of necessity. Yet, had he realised it, words were always his true medium, thought was his true material. For, as it was, half-untrained within him, a splendid gift of expression.

Of the man:

He was a true fantastic, for whom all things, even himself, were appearances rather than realities, and appearances which changed and shifted as he willed. He was, in fact, always dressing-up, as children say, and more than this, he was always dressing-up others. There was one of his friends that had not for him a special character which may or may not have resembled life, but which certainly influenced Stevenson's appreciation. One friend, for instance, personified for him the life of a rather squabbling Bohemian. A, he would say, devotes his days to the comfort of the miserable and unfortunate. Another friend, with equal fantasy, he convicted of a too great sensibility, asserting that in his pleasures he was something of a snob. As for himself, his character changed with his hat or his coat.

Of the talker:

It was to talk that he gave the best of his life, and those who knew him have suffered a supreme loss. Never did he spare himself or his fancy. He spoke of all things with incomparable courage and invention. Now he would dazzle you with the fireworks of paradox, now he would speak with the daring of Rabelais and a mercurial gaiety which was all his own. Or he would sketch oddities in the manner of Wordsworth, or he would build up a romance about a phrase, an aspect, or a casual visitor.

Can no one—will no one—give us a more extended portrait of this delightful man?

IN an entertaining article on Spring by Sir Edwin Arnold, in the *Daily Telegraph*, he quotes his friend Mr. Bates, the famous traveller and naturalist, as saying to him: "Future generations will find out that climate is almost the only thing worth living for, and these chilly storm-fields of our North, where the race fights only to exist, will be contemptuously depopulated for the heavenly comfort and splendour of the Amazon and such vast sunlit valleys." Now contrast this with the following passage from *The Return of the Native*: "Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things, wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen." A curious contrast!

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Some months ago a little Spanish poem appeared in the ACADEMY with a challenge to any of your readers to translate it into English verse. The following attempt has been sent to me, which can hardly fail to be of interest, coming as it does from one of the loneliest regions of South America. 'Tis a far cry to Bolivia,' writes my correspondent, 'but I have beguiled a lonely hour in the attempt to render in English the sense and rhythm of the Spanish *potenera* you quote. Most likely the verses were sung by a forgotten improviser.' The version forwarded by our correspondent is excellent:

A bonnie birdie that was my pleasure
Flew away from me,
A lovely maid was my heart's sole treasure,
Her loss I dree:
And so is all in this world of sorrow,
And so go all as the twain have gone;
Some lost by flying, and some by dying,
While men say sighing: God's will be done!

VISITORS to the Paris Exhibition cannot do better than provide themselves with *Exhibition Paris* (Heinemann). Its information is of the fullest, and contemplates all Paris as well as the Exhibition. To name one or two features out of many, there is a chapter on "How to See Paris in One Day for Forty-Five Francs." You begin your rounds in a cab at 5.30 a.m., and you emerge, at an unstated hour, from one of the theatres. The vocabularies include a useful list of slang words, as:

Bécoter, to kiss.	Bigolo, jolly.
Beurre, money.	Sapin, a cab.
Chipper, to steal.	Tube, a tall hat.
Douloureuse, the reckoning.	Urfe, lovely.
Gondoler, to shake with laughter.	Vadrouiller, to be out on the loose.
Pépin, an umbrella.	Youtre, a Jew.

The book is profusely illustrated, and, altogether, seems excellent.

In an article on "The Star System in Publishing" the *Chicago Dial* warns American publishers against the dangers of the present "boom" in American novels. Enormous circulations, it is pointed out, may prove a delusion and a snare:

Publishers themselves know well enough that their success in the long run depends, not upon the fortunate acquisition of an occasional book that enjoys a sky-rocket career, but upon the possession of a substantial list of works of permanent value—works that occupy a standard

place in literature, and may be depended upon to provide a steady income for many years. The publisher who has a list of this sort is, of course, glad enough to get hold of an exceptionally successful novel from time to time; such a book represents to him so much clear gain, and he would not be human did he fail to keep an intelligent watch for productions of this sort. But if he allows his head to be turned by visions of this kind of luck; if he despises the more modest, but safer, ventures; if he bends his energies toward achieving an abnormal sale for a few books, instead of a normal sale for many, he is likely to come to grief. His real interests lie in the possession of many claims to public esteem, rather than in the making of a few successful appeals to popular caprice.

That is good sense.

A CORRESPONDENT reminds us that when Tennyson's first version of the "Dream of Fair Women" was published, the lines

One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
Slowly,—and nothing more,

were met by one critic with the question—"What more did she want?" Our correspondent regrets that this blunt, effective sort of criticism is out of vogue, and he would like to see a revival. His desire is shared by others. A correspondent of the *Chicago Dial* writes to that paper under the heading, "Honey or Vinegar in Book Reviews":

An old-fashioned acquaintance of mine complains that reading a modern Review leaves him with an unpleasant sensation as of having dined wholly off honey. The book-reviewer of to-day is altogether too lenient, too considerate, too apologetic, too blandly deferential a creature to suit this reader's robust taste. He laments the decay of that fine old spirit of ferocity which animated criticism in the palmy days when Jeffrey and his merry men used to fling themselves on an aspiring "Laker" or "Cockney" with the joy of an Iroquois scalping his victim, and the fluency in insult of the late Mr. Brann. The most readable thing in the world, he thinks, is a merciless "roast" of a new book—something in the way of Macaulay's flagellations of Croker and Robert Montgomery. Holding these opinions, this charitable soul was naturally much gratified the other day when a well-known critic proclaimed in print the present crying need of a Review conducted on the old savage Edinburgh lines. The article in which this opinion is aired smells, it is fair to say, suspiciously of paradox. But, at all events, what the writer of it appears to think is wanted in these degenerate days of critical urbanity and super-abundant human kindness is a Review whose amiable speciality it shall be to damn and disparage, to thwart the "booms" of publishers, to clip the wings of aspiring young authors, to knock new-born reputations promptly on the head, and, in fine, to play in the world of current letters a part not unlike that played in politics by Marat's *L'Ami du Peuple*. . . . It can hardly be denied, I think, that the criticism of the modern reviewer is mostly of a sort that does more credit to his heart than his head. His eagerness to praise constantly impels him to over-praise—to lavish upon mediocrity terms that should be reserved for genius. I have often thought that the sanguine American lady who was gently taken to task by Matthew Arnold for asserting that excellence is "common and abundant" must have been a great reader of Reviews. The habit would easily account for her cheerful delusion.

Perhaps, after all, a slight infusion into the honeyed sweetness of the new Review of the spice and vinegar of the old might not be unsalutary.

Other times other manners. Still, we think that the happy medium was struck by Hepworth Dixon when he edited the *Athenæum*. His counsel to his reviewers was this: "Be just, be generous, but when you do meet with a deadly ass sling him up."

We confess (possibly to our shame) that we do not know who the "Brothers of the Book" may be. But the Brothers of the Book send us an announcement which we read with awe and appetite. There is a kind of pro-

cessional, soft-footed, wand-shaking unction in the terms in which art booklets are announced in America. Take the following advertisement :

The Brothers of the Book announce as their next publication a monograph, entitled *Some Children's Book-plates: an Essay in Little*, by Wilbur Macey Stone.

The book will be printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, bound in French charcoal paper boards with designed paper labels, and illustrated with eight reproductions of children's book-plates (one in three colours) on Japanese vellum. The plate forming the frontispiece will be autographed by the designer, Jay Chambers.

The edition (which will be numbered) is offered to subscribers only, and will be limited to the number of subscriptions received before June twentieth, at which time the book will be put to press.

Few pages in Ruskin's writings are more familiar to young people than that one in the appendix to *The Elements of Drawing* in which he gave his advice about the choice of books. The advice was eccentric, and with it came certain judgments which only Mr. Ruskin could have enunciated. In her monograph on Ruskin, reviewed by us elsewhere, Mrs. Meynell criticises the passage :

The young artist is directed to read the poets—Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow, and Coventry Patmore alone among the moderns. "Cast Coleridge at once aside as sickly and useless, and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Byron is but withheld for a time, with praise of his "magnificence." And we have Patmore—the poet of spiritual passion and lofty distinction—praised for "quiet modern domestic feeling" and a "finished piece of writing." And Shelley "verbose"—"Adonais" verbose, and not "Endymion"! All the living poets whom Ruskin praised—Browning, Rossetti, and Patmore among them—had to endure to be praised side by side with Longfellow, and they did not love the association. But in all this strange sentence nothing is less intelligible than the word which commends to the young student—urged in the same breath to restrict himself to what is generous and reverend and peaceful—all the writings of Robert Browning. The student is warned to refrain from even noble, even pure satire, from coldness, and from a sneer; and is yet sent to a poet who gave his imagination to the invention of infernal hate in the "Spanish Cloister," and of the explanations of Mr. Sludge and Bishop Blougram, busily and indefatigably squalid and ignoble, and delighting in derision.

How quietly a huge book may pass from the press to its own public! We have before us

THE CLAN DONALD

BY THE

REV. A. MACDONALD
Minister of Killearnan

AND THE

REV. A. MACDONALD
Minister of Kiltarity

It contains 826 pages, and is the second volume of the work.

Bibliographical.

A GOOD deal of attention has been drawn by advertisement to the production of a novel by Mr. Ronald MacDonald—"a son of George MacDonald," as the announcements tell us. This is not, I think, Mr. MacDonald's first performance as a "writing man"; I fancy he has, before this, dabbled in dramatic work. In 1896 appeared two plays, "All the Difference" and "The Eleventh Hour," of the first of which Mr. "Ronald MacDonald" was the

sole author, while of the second he was part-author. Was he not, also, part-author, with a brother, of a play produced some years ago at the Royalty Theatre? My memory may, of course, be deceiving me. The children of George MacDonald have been rather encouraged to take an interest in things dramatic, for their father, it will be recollected, made a sort of drama out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and conducted representations of the work in different parts of the country. Among the juvenile actors, no doubt, was Mr. Ronald MacDonald.

Talking of plays and players, it has flashed across me that, in the recent quota of Royal birthday honours, there figured the name of a worthy Conservative, one of the leaders of the party in Derby, in whose person the Crown has, no doubt unwittingly, conferred distinction on literature. Mr. (now Sir) C. C. Bowring, is, I believe, the author of a play called "Pedigree," produced one afternoon some years ago at Toole's Theatre. It might never have been written but for the existence of "Caste"; but it was by no means ineffective, and showed a not unjustifiable ambition.

Yet another brief note on the literary side of the theatre. A writer in *Literature*, I see, includes, among the living English novelists who have written plays, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hardy, and Sir Walter Besant. There have been adaptations, of course, of "The Sorrows of Satan"; but what drama has Miss Corelli herself written? The dramatised "Far from the Madding Crowd" was described officially as "by Thomas Hardy and J. Comyns Carr"; but was not the dramatisation actually done by Mr. Carr alone—though, to be sure, with Mr. Hardy's concurrence? Sir Walter Besant, also, has come before the play-going world only as collaborator with Mr. W. H. Pollock. I am not aware of his having accomplished, unassisted, the production of a drama.

Mr. Hector Macpherson "greatly dares" indeed. He is going to write a monograph on David Hume, and I dare say it will be very readable and useful. Can we, however, rank it among "felt wants"? One remembers a certain monograph on Hume in the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan, 1879), and another such monograph in the series of "Philosophical Classics" (Blackwood, 1886). The former was written by Prof. Huxley, and the latter by Prof. William Knight—very good authorities both, as Mr. Hector Macpherson, I am sure, would be the first to admit.

I read that a lady novelist, finding that the title she had first chosen for a tale had been used already, has substituted for it that of *The Touch of a Vanished Hand*. Alack and alas! in this case also she is not without a predecessor. A story called *The Touch of a Vanished Hand* was published in 1889, and, moreover, it is in Mudie's Catalogue at the present moment. Mudie's Catalogue, I think, is a book which novel writers would find it worth their while to acquire, or at any rate to consult, before they christen any more stories.

The poets, as well as the novelists, would welcome an official list of titles (published, shall we say, at the public's expense?). Here, for instance, is Mr. Horatio Brown with his book of verse called *Drift*. Now, this is such an obvious name for a volume of miscellaneous lyrics that it seems a moral certainty that it has been used before. Nevertheless, to go no further back than two decades, I know of nothing (in the same line of literature) nearer to it than the *Drift Wood* of Miss H. M. Burnside, whose muse, I need not say, is of the humblest sort. The idea of "drift," in general, is, of course, familiar enough to the literary mind. During the last ten years we have had volumes entitled *The Drift of Fate* (a novel), *Drifted Home*, *Drifted Northward*, *Drifting (tout court)*, *Drifting Apart* (by Mrs. Macquoid), *Drifting Through Dreamland*, *Drifting Towards the Breakers*, *Drifting Under the Southern Cross*, *Driftwood Sketches*, *Drift from Longshore*, and so forth.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Mind and a Mind.

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS. — *John Ruskin*. By Mrs. Meynell. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

IN her first chapter Mrs. Meynell speaks of this book as a "handbook of Ruskin," and, similarly, in her last chapter, as an attempt toward a "little popular guide." These descriptions may stand if we are allowed to suggest that the handbook is for those who are returning from Ruskin, rather than for those who are going to him; that the guidance is more suited to readers who are perplexedly filled with the Master, than to those who are about to fill themselves in a girlish hope of "lilies." Again, some readers may feel generously indignant with Mrs. Meynell for putting the name of handbook to a work of exhaustive thought and beautiful literary fibre. We feel no such concern. In an age when trash comes with trumpet, a piece of literature may as well swim into our ken as Number Three in a series of handbooks.

In its preparation and building this monograph is a work of unusual solicitude—solicitude of the heart as well as of the head: for when we have reckoned up the books that have been mastered; and the long dissectings, relating, and comparings which alone could unify that reading; and the writer's pains to spare us the processes which she would not spare herself—there remain a crowd of instances where, not the faculties, but the loyalties, of her mind have had to bear their strain; where the burden of dealing justly by a dead man's work has been heavy; and where reverence, though it never failed, has had to make itself felt in the tone of "I do not agree," or in the tone of "I do not understand." It may be said that these are simply the pains of critical biography. Yes, but the quantity of such pains depends on the quantity of the biographer's mind; and the resolve to walk with a Master, yet not be dragged by him, to record his conclusions, but always to understand them, to set free his messages, but to give them the accent and effectiveness of the hour, becomes notable when it is made by a mind competent for the task in hand, and sensible of all the risks. Such a book, we think, is Mrs. Meynell's. It expounds a known mind by its effect on a known mind, and we watch the impact. It is impossible to read her acute exposition and not be thinking almost as much about the author of *The Rhythm of Life* as about the author of *Modern Painters*. This is not to diminish the expository value of the book, but to describe it.

In approaching her task Mrs. Meynell might, it is obvious, have quickly pronounced for the notion that Ruskin was a true seer of nature but a muddle-headed instructor in Art, and so have been free to interpret and emulate his fine words about Sun, Cloud, Shadow, Reed, Blade of Grass, and the Winds of the World. For on these things she also has thought intently, and on all could say unusual things again. But it has not been her way thus to use Ruskin's best. She has undertaken nothing less than a study of the whole body of his work, and its painful exposition. Painful is the word; we have rarely seen a mind in such lengthy travail, imposing such exactness on every decision. The essay on "Rejection" had prophetic sentences: "We are constrained to such vigilance as will not let even a master's work pass unfanned and unpurged. . . . Our reflection must be alert and expert. . . . It makes us shrewder than we wish to be." It is this helplessness to be the bland disciple that makes this book so vital. The warmest praise of the Master is there, and yet courteous alarm-bells are rung on every page.

This doctrine of rejection compels Mrs. Meynell to be a vigilant critic of Ruskin's style. Yet there is an eager, almost laughing, recognition of the fine things. Thus, from

some pages "beautiful beyond praise" in *Unto this Last*, Mrs. Meynell gives:

All England may, if it chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory or a mine. . . . Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them. . . . So long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of the happy multitudes ring round the winepress and the well.

In the chapter on the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* we have: "How exquisitely is this written of the Venetian citizen, with its allusions to certain Greeks—to Anacreon, to Aristophanes, and to Hippias Major":

No swallow chattered at his window, nor, nestled under his golden roofs, claimed the sacredness of his mercy; no Pythagorean fowl brought him the blessings of the poor, nor did the grave spirit of poverty rise at his side to set forth the delicate grace and honour of lowly life. No humble thoughts of grasshopper sire had he, like the Athenian; no gratitude for gifts of olive; no childish care for figs, any more than thistles.

From *Prætorita* "this magnificent image of the great balance of Johnson's style":

I valued his sentences not primarily because they were symmetrical, but because they were just, and clear. . . . it is a method of judgment rarely used by the average public, who. . . . are as ready with their applause for a sentence of Macaulay's, which may have no more sense in it than a blot pinched between double paper, as to reject one of Johnson's, . . . though its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons.

Of censure there is some, too, and it is in this direction that we encounter, with distinct regret, what we may call Mrs. Meynell's *ukase* method of criticism. Page after page passes, and the criticism is gracious, experimental, or proven; then comes a *ukase*, an emanation of opinion, decisive in inverse proportion to its needlessness. These *ukases* are in your hands before you recover speech. You would exclaim, you would summon assistance, but Mrs. Meynell passes on in the gentle, deaf autocracy of her mood. The ceremony of delivering a *ukase* cannot be better illustrated than by her remarks on one of the most famous passages in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. She says:

Ruskin's description of that landscape. . . . is a finished work, exquisite with study of leaf and language, but yet not effective in proportion to its own beauty and truth. Ruskin wrote it in youth, in the impulse of his own discovery of language, and of all that English in its rich modern freshness could do under his mastery—and it is too much, too charged, too anxious. Some sixty lines of "word-painting" are here, and they are less than this line of a poet—

"Sunny eve in some forgotten place."

This refraining phrase is of more avail to the imagination than the splendid subalpine landscape of *The Seven Lamps*.

That is a *ukase*. How civilly you would have accepted the whole judgment up to the words "too anxious"! But this line of poetry—torn from some antipodean context, flicked into the witness box unnamed, unsworn, unremembered, and crucially irrelevant to the case—this pet lamb in court, or this rabbit from counsel's hat, how shall we accept it? how be happy if we do not accept it?

And yet this is a mild example. On another page, after quoting a few sentences of Ruskin's, Mrs. Meynell writes, in parenthesis:

(Ruskin, at this time and ever after, used "which" where "that" would be both more correct and less inelegant. He probably had the habit from him who did more than any other to disorganise the English language—that is, Gibbon.)

That is the perfect *ukase*. Note the intensification of authority by the withholding of Gibbon's name until the air has been darkened with his sin. But is it fair, or quite in the scheme of things, thus to ban Gibbon in a casual breath; to flout, *en passant*, the reader's probable cherished opinion of Gibbon, as if it were nothing? We picture Gibbon's own astonishment, when this judgment is whispered along "the line of the Elysian shades." He may have expected it, may have humbled himself for its coming; but the manner of its coming he could not have foreseen. "In parenthesis!" we hear him gasp, as he sinks back on his couch of asphodel.

Well, but it is not enough that an interpreter should have prayed three times a day "in his chamber toward Jerusalem," or that he should pronounce the handwriting on the wall elegant or not—the question is, Can he translate its meaning? In this case the question may be hard to answer. Our own difficult, incompact impression of Mrs. Meynell's interpretation of Ruskin—itsself necessarily difficult and incompact—flies to a phrase, or rather to two words, which Mrs. Meynell brings into vital relation with Ruskin—Mystery and Lesson. She shows that, when dealing with the Mystery, Ruskin is great; but, "if ever he has explained in vain, registered an inconsequence, committed himself to failure, it has been in the generous cause of possible rescue—it has been in the Lesson." The nobility of her exposition of Ruskin dwells centrally in the fact that, while she is sometimes doubtful about the Lesson, or is obliged to show (by its arduous compilation) that it was not too clearly or consistently delivered, or is constrained to deny it as a working precept, she makes us feel how glorious were those dealings with the hidden Mystery which issued in the peccant Teaching. And the vision of Ruskin which she leaves in the mind, in the mind of the present writer, is that of a man who spent his life in turning over with his great clean hand—first in hope, and at last in weariness—the whole assembled result of human art, and the registers of its origins. Anon he rose, like one drunken with beauty, afflicted with more purpose than he could contain or control, to teach from a full, but too particular, inspiration. And because in its divine frenzy the Lesson was not aimed, shaped, timed, proved, peptonised—it was laughed into the street by men whose hands stayed in their coat-tails. It would be easy for us to show again and again how Mrs. Meynell, having wrestled with and reluctantly confuted Ruskin's Lesson, has convinced us of his hold on the Mystery. And one comes to be very grateful for these long compensating swings of the pendulum, and for the smaller reparations. One notes how, after some pages of particularly destructive criticism on *The Two Paths*, a dainty justice hastens to offer this:

If I have treated this book with controversy, it was impossible to do otherwise. But out of its treasures of wisdom take the page in praise of Titian, which ends with the passage: "Nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they."

And surely with this quotation went a tact in its choice, for Ruskin's fate and Titian's are not unlike. Ruskin's bitter disappointment when he found that the Turner water-colours in the National Gallery, which he had arranged with incredible labour, had been absolutely forgotten by the public and allowed to fade by Providence, produces a fine comment. Ruskin had said: "That was the first mystery of life to me," and Mrs. Meynell says:

The reader will remember that Turner's pictures were not only neglected by men, but also irreparably injured and altered by time; to witness this was to endure the chastisement of a hope whereof few men are capable. Surely it is no obscure sign of greatness in a soul—that it should have hoped so much. Ninety-and-nine are they who need no repentance, having not committed the sin of

going thus in front of the judgments of heaven—heralds—and have not been called back to rebuke as was this one. In what has so often been called the dogmatism of Ruskin's work appears this all noble fault.

Upon the discovery of this mystery crowd all the mysteries. Who that has suffered one but has also suffered all? In this great lecture ["The Mystery of Life and its Arts"] Ruskin confesses them one by one—extremities of soul. And he is aghast at the indifference of the vulgar only, but of poets. The seers themselves have paltered with the faculty of sight. Milton's history of the fall of the angels is unbelievable to himself, with artifice and invention, not a living truth presented with living faith, nor told as he must answer it in the last judgment of the intellectual conscience. "Dante's . . . The indifference of the world as to the infinite quest of religion, the indifference of all mankind as to the purity of its little life, of every man as to the effect of his little life—in an evil hour these puzzles throng the way to the recesses of thought.

We have shown the temper and tendency of Mrs. Meynell's book. If we are now asked whether it has evolved from Ruskin's teaching a clear resultant, one may copy into one's pocket-book, and say, "Ah, this is Ruskin's teaching," we answer that she has failed to do this—because it was not possible. All the more one impressed by the patience which footed every inch the way to a forseen vagueness. But Mrs. Meynell has many things in order, and has put some things in a bright light; she has greatly distinguished Ruskin's failure from his success; and she has written an intrinsically fine book of which the labour and truthful speaking adumbrate the labour and truthful speaking of the Master.

"And yet—he is a Master."

The Dead City. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symons. (Heinemann.)

D'ANNUNZIO is a master of unquestionable genius in a very questionable school. It is the school which makes parade of the fact that it is the offspring of decay, which seeks its charm in decay, and has veritably "made a covenant with death." Exceedingly perfect in technique, vividly imaginative, his masterly novels are impregnated with corruption in a much deeper sense than that of mere sensuality—though this at times is present. To him and the writers of his school we are often tempted to cry with Macbeth: "Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?" And yet—he is a master!

This latest play of d'Annunzio's is most typical of its author and of a moribund age and art. As a play it is over-soft, over-luxuriant. The copious stage directions of Maeterlinck are carried to an excess in which one sees the novelist. They become veritable descriptive passages. Withal, it is most powerful in its kind, its strictly limited kind, though that is not the power of strength nor yet of spiritual insight. Infinitely delicate razor-edge of sensuality pervades the play: its people see with their finger-tips, feel at every pore; but it is yet a purely material sensibility, it is subtilised, one might almost say rationalised, materiality. Symbolic it is throughout; but the symbolism is of the tomb. Incidents are artfully introduced, Maeterlinck-wise, and emphasised, for their figurative and bodeful significance. The scene is laid in Argos, looking out on the ashes of Mycenæ—a sultry and thirsting soil, an expired and dismembered city. The atmosphere is laden with death, the characters are marked with death like decaying or over-ripe plants; and, unlike Shakespeare, there is no character to suggest, however tacitly, the sanity from which the others defect. A luxuriant and most sensitive beauty overspreads this dramatic cemetery, peopled by the mad. The whole play palpitates with a deadly beauty, a mortal and ruinous loveliness, which shines as putrescence shines. Our phrase

is not overstrained; delirium seems not far from all d'Annunzio's characters; we feel as if we were in an asylum for diseased minds, where the ideas of everyone are monstrous and distorted, like shadows cast by firelight. The blind girl, Anna, at the very outset recounts a dream of sudden age—a dream undreamed by the sane, just possible in its hideousness to dawning madness: "I felt furrowing wrinkles breaking out all over my body; I felt the hairs falling from my head in great locks on my lap, and my fingers tangled in them as in unwound skeins; my gums were emptied, and my lips stuck to them." She complains of the hurry of life in its morbid perception by her senses: "In the silence and darkness, sometimes, *I hear life hurrying with such a terrible noise*, Bianca Maria, that I would gladly die, only not to hear it any longer."

Much of the vividly imaginative speech in this drama, like the words we have italicised, oversteps the verge of sanity. The very skylarks are *fin-de-siècle*. "One," says Alessandro, "fell, all of a sudden, at the feet of my horse, heavy as a stone, and lay there, dead, struck by its own frenzy, by having sung with too much joy." It is only a decadent skylark that would do that.

This blind Anna is one of the principal personages. Beautiful, though blind, she is of a preternatural perceptiveness, not inconceivable in one so afflicted, and described with touches of exquisite passion and poetry. Her husband is Alessandro, a poet, and they are dwelling with his bosom friend Leonardo, who is wrapped in the search among the ruins of Mycenæ for the buried remains of the Atridæ and Cassandra—victims of the terrible tragedy renowned in Greek drama. With him is his lovely sister, Bianca Maria, glowing with the flame of youthful life, and magnetic to those about her. Leonardo's discovery of the buried Atridæ (magnificently described) takes place at the close of the first act, nor has his pursuit any obvious connexion with the plot; but it is continuously suggested that from the soil impregnated with ancient crime the buried spirit of dark Greek passions rises as an infection upon the living searchers, fevering them with the obsession of like sin. The working out of these morbid passions among the four constitutes the theme of the tragedy. Bianca Maria and Alessandro are violently drawn to each other; and the poet's blind wife, Anna, from the beginning divines their love. Leonardo is infected with a more sinister disease, obscure to the others, until he himself, half-way through the play, reveals it to the horrified Alessandro. For this latter reason we cannot here deal fully with the play. We can but indicate it as the theme of John Ford's well-known play, and (from a very different standpoint) the basis of *The Revolt of Islam*, as Shelley originally wrote it. Lovers of contrast may compare Ford with d'Annunzio. The former is far the more healthy (so far as is possible with so morbid a theme) and dramatic; the latter more finished and levelly poetic—more an artist in all but dramatic power. When Leonardo realises that Bianca Maria is the source both of his own and Alessandro's obsession, and that Anna is preparing to drown herself in order to free her husband for the woman she loves as a sister, he comes to the delirious resolve to liberate them all by the death of Bianca Maria. The play closes as Anna stumbles upon the drowned body of Bianca Maria, tended by the poet that loved her and the brother that has murdered her.

This sombre plot, lavishly and resolvedly designed to play upon all the nerves of horror, is worked out with marvellous intimacy of execution. Dramatic character neither exists nor is attempted, save in the most generic way. Anna is other-worldly, outside life; Bianca Maria is intended for the embodiment of plenitudinous youth. Yet she is no less a creature of naked nerve than her avowedly neurotic friend. But if you can reconcile yourself to this universal super-exaltation of sensibility, there is tragic keenness and the bare edge of suffering beauty

in the play. The Italian genius is visible, acute rather than wide, as a great writer has described it. "Pain is the exceedingly keen edge of bliss" in the most voluptuous passages. Written, for the most part, in a strain of eloquence shot with gleaming threads of poetry, it rises frequently into poetry absolute and unmingled. D'Annunzio is *féy* of flowers. Their scent, their colour, their profusion fill his imagination and overflow continually into his imagery. They lend an exquisite metaphor to the lovely passage in which the blind Anna fingers the loosened tresses of Bianca Maria: "What hair! what hair! It is as soft to the fingers as tepid water flowing! . . . It is a torrent. It covers you all over. It covers me too. What floods! what floods! It has a perfume; it has a thousand perfumes. A torrent full of flowers!" Note that adjective "tepid," in its connexion with the living warmth of hair. The blind girl's exaltation of perception is most subtly described: "It is as if your fingers saw. . . . Each of your fingers is like an eyelid that presses upon one. Ah! it is as if your soul came down into the tips of your fingers, and the flesh lost its human nature." With the same beauty Bianca Maria is delineated: "The desire of life radiates from your body like the heat of a lighted hearth."

The first scene of the second act, in which Alessandro declares his love to Bianca Maria, is a marvellous piece of eloquent passion, with flashes of lyricism intensified by daring imagery. Too long, perhaps, for stage effect, and almost certainly too subtle for a popular audience, the speeches carry one away in the reading by their impassioned enchantment. Here are a few snatches:

ALESSANDRO.

I have met you in dreams as now I meet you in life. You belong to me as if you were my creation, formed by my hands, inspired by my breath. Your face is beautiful in me as a thought in me is beautiful. When your eyelids quiver it seems to me that they quiver like my blood, and that the shadow of your eyelashes touches the root of my heart.

BIANCA MARIA.

Be silent! Be silent! I cannot breathe. Ah, I cannot live any longer, I cannot live any longer!

ALESSANDRO.

You cannot live if you do not live in me, for me, now that you are in my life as your voice is in your mouth. . . .

BIANCA MARIA.

You exalt with your breath the humblest of creatures. I have been only a good sister. . . .

ALESSANDRO.

But was there not also another creature living beside the good sister? . . . Wherever there was a trace of the great myths or a fragment of the imaginings of beauty with which the chosen race transfigures the force of the world, she passed with her reviving grace, passing lightly over the distance of centuries as if she followed the song of the nightingale across a country strewn with ruins.

This is splendid writing. With Leonardo's communication to Alessandro of his dreadful secret, in the ensuing scene, begin the most darkly oppressive portions of the play, prelude to the final tragedy. It is not possible, nor perhaps desirable, to suggest by extracts the power of these repellent, yet subtle, scenes. But even this part is relieved—or perhaps intensified—by passages of contrasting beauty. Such is the wonderfully lovely imagery with which Anna describes the statues in fountains:

They enjoy, at the same time, rest and fluidity. In lonely gardens they sometimes seem in exile, but they are not; for their liquid soul never ceases to communicate with the far-off mountains, whence they come while yet asleep, and shut up in the mass of lifeless mineral. They listen astonished to the words that come into their mouth from the depths of the earth, but they are not deaf to the

colloquies of poets and sages who love to repose there, as in a retreat, in the musical shade where marble perpetuates a calm gesture.

Of the final scene, powerful and intensely morbid, we can give no conception. The play, as a closet-drama, is, perhaps, near perfection in its decadent kind. Nor need we attempt more formal criticism. In this case, to describe is to criticise, to criticise is to describe. But we should add, in conclusion, that Mr. Arthur Symonds's translation is admirable—nay, beautiful.

Birds of the North.

Among the Birds in Northern Shires. By Charles Dixon. Illustrated by Charles Whympers. (Blackie & Co.)

MR. DIXON has produced a large, pleasant, gossiping book of ornithology, that might prove difficult to read straight through, but seems meant for dipping into. You can scarcely open it without fishing up something interesting and agreeable. But the exact student, the hunter of mere facts, should be warned away. "Northern Shires" is in itself a vague expression, and means to Mr. Dixon all the counties between Yorkshire and Shetland. He has rambled in most of them, but pretends to make no exhaustive study of local ornithology. To show what we mean let us instance the raven. He tells us generally that this bird is disappearing everywhere except in the Highlands, and in a word picture as charming as Mr. Whympers's excellent drawing tells us of his meeting with it in Skye, St. Kilda, and on the misty heaths between Sligachan and Talisker, but is somewhat indefinite in his references to its occurrence in the North of England. This to us proved somewhat disappointing. Last year Mr. Christopher Leyland, whose zoological collection at Haggerstone might have rewarded a visit from Mr. Dixon, informed the present writer that a pair of ravens have annually reared and brought off a brood of young near Kidlands, his Cheviot shooting-place. We searched through Mr. Dixon's references in order to find out, if possible, other proofs that the raven, common enough in old days in the wild country round Harrow Bog and the Henhole, is recovering ground, but all he says is that it frequents Dartmoor, but is only a casual visitant to other English moors. From the same authority we learned with regret that the merlin, smallest and prettiest of our falcons, and so characteristic of the Cheviots, is disappearing. Mr. Dixon's information confirms this account, but lays the blame on the gamekeeper, whom he also denounces for exterminating kites, buzzards, and hobbies. Not quite fairly we think. The growth of one species and the disappearance of another baffles every attempt to find a satisfactory reason. If we may trust to the references in Shakespeare, old Acts of Parliament, parish records, and other documents, literary and antiquarian, choughs and crows used to follow the spring plough in equal numbers. We use crows in the way of the careless playwright, who signifies thereby all the black tribe that ranges from jackdaw to raven. The chough has become *avis rarissima*, and the rook and daw have multiplied exceedingly. Why? No gamekeeper interferes here. In a water close by where these lines are penned the moorhen and coot were once equally abundant. They have been neither shot at nor disturbed, yet while one has flourished the other has dwindled away, and there is not a nest where a score used to be. Why? At one time the kite was the commonest of London birds, sitting on the houses and haunting the markets. It has become a stranger not only in Fleet-street but in the Northern Shires, and no adequate reason can be found. The magpie was as familiar to hamlet and cottage a few generations back as the starling and sparrow are to-day. It is seldom seen now and the jay has become

abundant. To account for the magpie's increasing rarity is as difficult as it is to say why a species of buzzard appears in myriads and then dwindles till it is a cherub's prize of the "boy-collector."

But this is taking us away from our Northern Shires. Frequently in skimming the attractive pages of Mr. Dixon we have caught ourselves wondering where a contrast could be established between the birds of the Northern and those of the Southern Shires. The fauna is very nearly the same. On May nights it is not you shall not in the bleaker North list the nightingale—"most musical, most melancholy lay"—that is to say, may do so on rare occasions only. Mr. Dixon, who seems to accept the current belief that Philomel does not breed north of the Trent, may like to know that he has doubtably appeared, to take one place, in the Vale of Whittingham. Veracious newspapers told the stranger, and a naturalist of renown went, saw, heard, and ultimately attested to the fact—these things being duly chronicled in another Mr. Dixon's charming book, *Whittingham*. Yet the "voluptuous nightingale" is not characteristic of the Northern night. But there are far more owls to hear them hooting in Chillingham Park, or about the Castle, or in the dark Flooden woods is to wonder where they find holes enough to live in during daytime. And you follow the ploughman on a spring day the other side behind will not be quite the same in the North as in the South. Black is the prevailing, almost the uniform colour behind the Wilts or Glo'ster plough-boy; all the way from Lincolnshire to the Highlands, gulls—the black-headed one *Larus ridibundus*—turns the black into piebald. Indeed, this inland breeding gull lends a character to the North, nesting sometimes in the pond of a beautiful garden, sometimes in bog or mountain tarn, always carrying with it something of the freshness, the colour, and even the sound of the sea. Yet its tastes are fickle and wayward. A gull pond—we like not the expression gullery—is a beautiful ornament to a manor, but is difficult to establish, and the creatures forsake it at slight provocation. We do not think they have ever been enticed back to Paston Park—dear to boyish memory for many a long summer perch-fishing—and very few go to Pallinsburn. Superstition says they were attached to the family of Askew and that they have not been so friendly since the present head of it assumed the name of Robertson, and in accordance with the will of his father-in-law made Kirk his chief residence.

The streams of the North, tumbling as they do from the hills and abounding in shallows, runs, and cascades, suit that merry bird, the dipper, better than the serene Tennysonian brooks of the South, and he is, accordingly, a familiar of the angler. But the kingfisher—"refulgent avine gem," as Mr. Dixon calls him with a profusion of epithets—shows himself rarely on the Tweed. You are more likely to meet with him in James's Park than the Braes of Yarrow. The heron, however, stands on one leg and admires his reflection in the pool, not by any means so wild and shy as he is in the home counties, where he carries about with him memories of the punting sea-coast gunner. Mingled with the bar of the water is the sand-piper's eternal scream, especially in May and June, when the anxieties of nesting-time are at their worst. To the fisherman, too, comes the wail of the curlew, here a bird of the mountain more than of the sea-coast; and all the summer day the white gulls flash like the sunlight as they wing up and down the water-course seeking for fish.

It is doubtful how far Mr. Dixon is justified in lamenting the extinction of birds of prey, since very great changes have occurred in the last two decades. As far as birds are affected, the chief of these are the desertion of the country by the peasant and the greater strictness with which land and stream are preserved. Probably Mr. Dixon would say the latter circumstance operates against

all bird life, except that of pheasants, partridges, and grouse. That is not so, really. Take the Grey family as an example. They own some of the best, and much of the wildest, land in the North. But ornithology is a tradition and a passion with them. Sir Edward Grey, for instance, knows birds as well as he does the South African Blue Books. Earl Grey is fascinated by the same study, and the relative who manages his estates, together with a dozen others, is peculiarly interested in wild life. Now, with angling stopped, and tourists shut off from the mountains—you cannot go to drink out of Marmion's Well, or climb Cheviot, without permission—is it not probable that the fauna is undergoing change? We have the best authority for saying that it is, and what has taken place in one district is occurring elsewhere. If Sir Edward Grey would only give us that book on birds which he has so frequently been asked to write, it is probable that this view would be confirmed.

Of course, this is not written in a spirit of fault-finding with Mr. Dixon. He knows his birds well, and it would be asking an impossibility to expect that one man should deal intimately with the vast tract of land he covers. His writing is generally good, and sometimes very good indeed, but it would be improved by the elimination of such eccentricities as the habitual use of *passere* as the singular of *passeres*. Mr. Whympers's illustrations are beyond praise.

The American and the Provençal Amorists.

The Troubadours at Home. By Justin H. Smith. 2 vols. (Putnam's.)

ONE needs a particular variety of mind to be greatly interested in the troubadours of tradition. The practical man, for example, can see nothing in them whatever but midsummer madness. To write long odes to a lady's eyebrows, and, more, to sing them under the walls of an insanitary castle at midnight, to the accompaniment of a guitar—this is nothing in a practical man's way. Had the ordinary troubadour the desire to make the lady his wife it might be different; but for the most part the lady was already married (although "Provence," said Daudet, "is polygamous"), and two or three other troubadours were engaged in compiling similar aggregations of amorous tropes for the same lady; each poet's aim being less to induce her to smile upon him than to win the approval of the judge to whom the rival effusions would be submitted. All this discourages the practical man from extending his sympathies to the Provençal brotherhood of amorists. The romantic minded reader has more tenderness for them, but it is probable that he, too, would like something less poetical and more practical. The schoolboy is interested in Blondel, the friend of Richard Cœur de Leon, but to carry a guitar when one might carry a battle-axe does not strike him as a brilliant choice of weapon. Without enumerating other types of readers, it may be said that among us Northerners the troubadour of tradition is somewhat lacking in fascination. He belongs to the region of comic opera. We tolerate him as a gay, witty, insouciant fellow, good company enough in his frothy way, and there we leave him.

But the facts of his character are otherwise. In these two large entertaining and patient volumes the troubadour stands out as a more complete, a more all-round man than tradition has permitted him to be: a fighter as well as a singer, a lover as well as a love-maker, a man of affairs as well as a jester. Mr., or Professor, Smith (for the author is Professor of Modern History at Dartmouth College in America) writes the history of the troubadours with extraordinary minuteness; and the ordinary reader will lay down his two large volumes with a very different idea of their worth from that with which he took them up.

Perhaps Mr. Smith is too fond of conjecturing as to the habits of his heroes, but for the most part the account is sober and, we feel assured, accurate. As a specimen of his imaginative faculty as well as of the variousness of the troubadour character, take this passage—a picture of the state of Provence on one bright morning in 1182:

Marcabru, Raimbaut d'Aurenga, and the Countess of Dia have passed off the stage, and Sordel is not yet alive; but most of the great singers are somewhere to be found. Bernart de Ventadorn, too old for violent pleasures, is just sitting down to a quiet game of chess in the palace of Toulouse; while Peire Rogier is pacing slowly back and forth in the cloister of Grammont, and his old love—Ermengarda of Narbonne—discusses with King Amfos the wisdom of leaguering themselves with Henry II. of England against the Count of Toulouse. Faidit might be seen climbing the zigzags of Ventadorn with a new song for Maria. Stormy Born is raving about Autafort, preparing to oust his brother; while his bookish neighbour, Borneil, thankful to be out of the battle at his native place, is far on the way to Spain, wishing he could forget the inconstant Escaronha. Daniel could be found in Beauville "swimming up-stream" with all his might, while Vidal, looking often at his ring, sighs for the beautiful Viscountess of Marseille. Peire d'Alvernhe, not in a sentimental mood this morning, is recovering from last night's concert in the castle hall of Puivert by hunting the deer, and the Monk of Montaudon has just rolled out of bed at Aurillac after making a night of it.

That passage gives the temper of the book. It is a leisurely pageant of hot Southerners, singing, fighting, loving, pretending to love, blustering, laughing, philosophising; and the background is Provence, with its wonderful old walls, its sunny, lazy life, its roses, its bright eyes, its flashes of colour. Truly a fascinating book, the fruit of true zeal, the reflection of a very agreeable temperament.

The fault of Mr. Smith's book is its length. His subject so pleases him that he cannot restrain his enthusiasm: he babbles on and on, translating here, paraphrasing there, fondling the towns with the love of an Old Mortality, eulogising his heroes, telling of pretty little personal adventures on his road. He writes very well (and very differently from professors of modern history in English colleges) and his mind is gay and sympathetic and his eyes and ears ever alert for pleasant impressions. This being so, we are the more sorry that his book is so unwieldy. It contains something like 350,000 words when 100,000 would have been ample. Perhaps some day he will treat the whole work as a quarry from which to dig out a block of pure marble. Or he might cut the book into two; for not only are the historical portions, the biographies and criticisms of the troubadours, good, but Mr. Smith's own narrative is good too—something in the manner of the *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, yet by no means imitative or derivative. One adventure, indeed, Mr. Smith had in common with R. L. S. (and in common also with another lover of old France, Mr. Hamerton): he was arrested as a spy. We quote part of the account of the judicial proceedings:

"Who are you?"

"An American."

"Grossly improbable, monsieur. What are you here for?"

"To find the picturesque and the historic."

"What do you find of that sort here?"

"Exceedingly little."

"Ah, you are looking for the picturesque and the historic and you come to a place where there is neither! You refute yourself. It is very grave, monsieur."

He shook his head and nodded solemnly to himself a long time, and I began to feel rather guilty.

"Very singular, monsieur, very singular. Have you no papers, nothing?"

"Oh, yes!" I handed him a letter from our embassy in Paris, recommending me to the authorities of southern France.

"It is a forgery," he exclaimed after reading it. "Anybody could get up such a letter. How do I know whose signature that is? It is not authentic. It is a forgery. If it were genuine, why didn't you produce it sooner?"

I was clearly convicted, not only by his logic, but by my own papers.

The incident is presented with humour. Mr. Smith can write also like this of the Provençal people of to-day. The town referred to is Aix :

The only live people seem to be the small tradesmen, and they live only once a week. Every one has a *bastide*, a garden in the suburbs, and he may always be found there on Sunday. In the shade of his arbour he drains a flagon of good wine, expands his chest, bandies mocking pleasantries, sings out the old songs of Provence, and with a turn of the eye repeats its old proverbs: "A man's shadow is worth a hundred women"; "To lie well is a talent, to lie ill a vice"; "One half of the world laughs at the other half"; "Praise the sea, but stay on dry land"; "Water spoils wine, carts spoil roads, women spoil men."

There is enough there to show that he entered the country in the right spirit. And here is another proof of Mr. Smith's non-professorial fitness to be the historian of the Midi and its happy folk. Henri, it should be explained, was convoying Mr. Smith to Courthézon. Henri, who was expecting to be met, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, there they are! there they are; they are coming!" Mr. Smith continues :

Three specks are crawling along the edge of the shrubbery, a quarter of a mile away.

"It is my sister and her *cousine* from the farm; and oh! *la petite fillette. Venez donc, venez donc.*" Then realising that they cannot hear a word, and will be long in arriving, he dashes down the hill like a chamois.

After a while they all come tugging up together. *La cousine* is a buxom country girl of sixteen almond harvests, and *La Petite* a demoiselle of six, with short hair tied in a humorous queue. The *bise* whisks off a hat—never mind, it is recovered. The *cousine's* skirt blows into her face; the purple ribbon comes off the *fillette's* queue and the hair flies blustering over her face—never mind, so much the more fun. *La Petite* trips on a big stone, and is righted up with a pull and a shout. So up they come, laughing and chattering, putting themselves to rights and getting put wrong again by the pranky wind, holding each other fast, and Henri holding most of all the rosy *cousine*.

Other New Books.

OUR STOLEN SUMMER.

BY MARY STUART BOYD.

A tour of the world is no new thing, and critical guns are ready loaded with the terrible word "hackneyed" to fire at the adventurer whose pen is dedicated to any region less novel than a "virgin peak." Yet every record in which the adventurer has described what lives and changes, rather than what vegetates imperturbably in museums and galleries, is a fresh record and worth the reading. Of such is Mrs. Boyd's volume, which her husband has illustrated profusely with spirited line drawings. The travellers were part-spectators of the mild explosion known as the Samoan war, but it would be absurd to call the bombardment of Apia the centre-piece of the book. The description of a Tongan wedding is more to our mind. In it we learn that "a pillow is the one article of actual furniture indispensable in the starting of a South Sea Island home." As it appears that "stools of dark polished wood" are "distinctive Tongan pillows," we may suppose that the saying "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" has in Tonga lost its peculiar pathos. Writing on the Tongan coaling station Mrs. Boyd says :

Owing to the still lingering influence of the singularly comprehensive code of crimes framed by the notorious

missionary-politician, Shirley Baker, almost everybody in Nukualofa is serving a term of punishment for some half-imaginary offence. One of these laws forbids any man to wear the shoulders uncovered—a rule which, apart from the discomfort entailed thereby in a tropical climate, has proved conducive to pulmonary disease; as during the frequent heavy rains the thin outer vests get drenched, and moisture that would roll harmlessly off a well-oiled skin is apt to bequeath a chill when left to dry on the body.

Mrs. Boyd is under the impression that in Maoriland her party witnessed the *haka*, but the scandalous nature of the *haka* (*vide* Mr. Kerry-Nicholls's *King Country*, p. 87) renders it probable that they were entertained by a comparatively decorous substitute. The tourists finished their land-travels in the United States. How times have changed there, to be sure! What would a certain Mr. Legree say to this: "In Central Park, on Sunday afternoon, we saw a benevolent-appearing, gold-spectacled negro, attired in superfine broadcloth, taking an airing in his handsome carriage with a white coachman and footman on the box." Chinatown, in 'Frisco, seems to have revealed to Mrs. Boyd the secret of the Celestial's toilet. "The length and thickness of the pigtailed surprised us," she writes, "until we discovered that all were closely intertwined with strands of black silk." Master Boyd's fleeting eligibility for half-price tickets determined the epoch of the expedition, and his foot-gear (renewed from time to time) supplies his mother with a humorous topic. Beer is beer, even small beer; and who would grudge a kindly, serious, intelligent Englishwoman her little joke? (Blackwood. 18s.)

GREATER CANADA.

BY E. B. OSBORN, B.A.

What do we owe to the Hudson's Bay Company? The "peaceful acquisition," says Mr. Osborn, "of a territory as large as the whole of Europe." Prince Rupert was the Company's first governor; "our dear and entirely beloved cousin" Charles II. quaintly calls him in the Royal Charter for Incorporating the Hudson's Bay Company, granted in 1670. In this useful book, which contains a map, the text of the charter, a chronological table of North-western history and other supplements, Mr. Osborn attempts a combination of historical events and emigrant's practical guide. The historical part is rather tantalising. It is conceivable that a large section of the public have forgotten the career of Louis Riel, with which Mr. Osborn evidently supposes them to be familiar, although this "descendant of St. Louis" made such stir in 1870 and 1885, indulged in the picturesque diet of blood cooked in milk, and lived to be hanged. Many will turn to these pages for information about gold. They will be warned off the Klondike if they trust Mr. Osborn, for it would seem that the royalty on the production claimed by the Government prohibits a claim owner from making any profit to speak of even on a winter's work resulting in 75,000 dollars' worth of dust.

It is not generally known [says Mr. Osborn] that the first discovery of gold in British Columbia occurred in 1852—six years before the Great Rush to the Fraser River—at Mitchell Harbour, on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Mr. Osborn suggests that young men "capable of acquiring and applying a modicum of scientific knowledge" might go to the old placer mining camps resolved to trace "the gold of alluvial diggings to its source in the living rock." But Mr. Osborn does not allow his reader to forget the fur industry, which, after all, is the oldest source of wealth in Greater Canada. In conclusion, the philosopher, with his eye on future rack rents, may reasonably regret the system which admits of the acquisition of extensive and valuable freeholds in new colonies by private individuals. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

Fiction.

"My First Book."

Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. Grant Richards. 6s.)

Lady of the Regency. By Mrs. Stepney Rawson. Hutchinson. 6s.)

Kent Squire. By F. W. Hayes. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

COMPLAINT is often made that, in the "rush" of modern literary production, the first books of new authors are pushed against the wall and trodden under foot, and that such promising merit is thereby stifled and lost. Further, it is stated that, established authors being perfectly capable of succouring themselves, literary criticism should direct Samaritan attentions first and chiefly to the unestablished, not only out of kindness to the unestablished, but for the good of literature and mankind. We have here three first novels by three new novelists, carefully selected and upraised from the seething mass of the latest fiction, and the curious thing is that all three authors, in their respective ways, are likely to do well and achieve prosperity of sorts. Now it is a mistake to imagine, as many do, that a first novel usually bears the outward signs of being a first novel—marks of immaturity, ignorance, misdirected strength, or splendid error. The history of the great novelists supports this contention. Consider *Vaverley*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Treasure Island*, and de Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. Quite probably the average excellence of first novels is higher than the average excellence of second, third, tenth, or *n*th novels. Most authors spend themselves more lavishly upon the first book than upon any other. Time is nothing, trouble is nothing, expense of spirit is nothing—in the writing of that adored and marvellous volume. As regards the three novels named at the head of this article, no one could assert from internal evidence that they were the first-fruits of talent. It is by no means a case of the young idea timidly putting forth its pale green shoot. Therefore, the attitude of the critic towards them must be even as his attitude towards other novels, and not that of the old gentleman patting clever youngsters on the head.

He is indeed a bold reviewer who would pat Mr. Booth Tarkington on the head. For *The Gentleman from Indiana* has sold fifty thousand copies in America, and in unenthusiastic England has reached a second edition. It is of course an American novel. Mr. Tarkington takes the tiny township of Plattville, Carlow County, State of Indiana, and presents it to you with a decidedly attractive admixture of wit and sentiment. The reasons of his popularity are plain on the face of the book. The description of Plattville, with which the story opens, has an admirable *verve*, and shows also much fine observation. It is not the observation, however, but the rather pert and irresponsible wit that tells. "People did not come to Plattville to live, except through the inadvertency of being born there." Lo! a phrase which the reader can seize, laugh at, and remember. Having prepared his environment, Mr. Tarkington plants into it a hero at once heroic and lovable. John Harkless—"the great John Harkless" he was called at College—is really a charming character, not conceived at all on original lines, but nevertheless genuinely and forcefully conceived. It is the function of Harkless, journalist, to wake up Plattville, and he does so in a manner effectively dramatic. Plattville begins to move, and one of its first actions is to raise Harkless to the height of demi-god. The hero falls into love and into danger. Caught at last by the "White-Caps," those marauders whom he had tried to extinguish and whom the inhabitants of Plattville could not teach him to fear, he is witched away, and given up for dead. Naturally he arrives again, shaken but sound, and when he discovers

that the heroine has been conducting his newspaper for him with extraordinary acumen and success, there is no alternative but a *finale* of orange-blossoms. Helen, this lady journalist, has the true heroine's strength and fascination. "When you saw her, or heard her, or managed to be around, anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't get up no hope of marryin' her, you wanted to marry *sombody*." (Another phrase!) The principal fault of Mr. Tarkington's novel is an occasional uncertainty in the handling of the narrative—a tendency to diffuseness, to go nowhere in particular. The merit of it lies in its sincerity, the richness of its imaginative inspiration, and its continual surprising wittiness. There is stuff in the book, and plenty of it. We may express the hope that Mr. Tarkington will perpend upon the question of style. His writing is loose and undistinguished, and he has scarcely even begun to put a valuation on words as words.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson, the author of *A Lady of the Regency*, is clearly a stylist by instinct. She has the literary temperament, which fondles words, and treats them like human beings (as they ought to be treated). In various respects, her novel is the most promising of the three before us. Decidedly, it is the most finished literary achievement, and the most ambitious in conception. Mrs. Rawson has occupied herself with an historical period unaccountably overlooked by novelists in search of fresh woods and pastures new—1800 to 1820. The central, but not the chief, personage of the story is the Regent's wife, Caroline of Brunswick, that figure which, to the haughty eyes of history, would be ridiculous were it not almost intolerably pathetic. June Cherie, the heroine, and the "lady" of the title, becomes a Court damsel after the ruin of the gigantic North Country squire her father, and the plot moves amid all the complicated mazes of Court intrigue. Mrs. Rawson has dealt royally with her royalties. She gives dignity even to Caroline, and her portrait of the Prince Regent is brilliant. Queen Charlotte and the Princess Charlotte are equally good. The scenes between the Prince Regent and June Cherie, between Caroline and that flawless gentleman Mr. Stephen Heseltine, and between Queen Charlotte and Mr. Frewin, are all executed in the true elevated romantic manner. In particular, the closing chapters of Caroline's futile career, and her exclusion from Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day, have a mournful dramatic impressiveness which sticks in the memory. *A Lady of the Regency* seems to us to be, in a special sense, the direct and honest expression of a literary individuality—an individuality sensitive, intense, and courageous. The characters are out of one mould; every one, good and bad, noble and despicable, has distinction; spectrum analysis would reveal the same prismatic colours in each. In short, all the acquired cautiousness of the reviewer cannot hinder us from asserting that *A Lady of the Regency* is a remarkable novel. It handles a large theme largely, it offers a complete picture of an epoch, and it does not once fail at a critical point. Perhaps it might with advantage have been a little shorter. We have not, for instance, discovered the exact *raison d'être* of Chapters X., XI., and XII., and we scarcely think that the early marriage of the heroine enters with sufficient usefulness into the scheme of motivation.

Mr. F. W. Hayes is much more hackneyed in subject and methods; but he appears to have in him the root of a popular success. He does again, but somewhat differently, what has been done a thousand times before. His subtitle—"Being a Record of Certain Adventures of Ambrose Gwynett, Esquire, of Thornhaugh"—must inevitably give pause to the reader satiated with conventional *fantasias* upon the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Hayes has immense fertility in the invention of incident, though none of his incident is precisely new, and his use of coincidence (see, for example, that on p. 162) is too free. The characters are for the most part stock figures, doing

the usual feats, and uttering the usual sentiments. Take the soliloquy of that smooth villain, the Abbé Gaultier, on p. 20: "So," he said to himself venomously, "it is M. Ambrose Gwynett of Thornhaugh—what devils of names!—who is in the way. All the worse for M. Ambrose Gwynett of Thornhaugh. Murial Dorrington is for me, M. Gwynett—for me, Arnaud Gaultier, if a hundred of you stood in my way." From such a speech the whole novel might be deduced. Mr. Hayes's originality lies in his fixed determination not to be tedious, but to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." He has apparently tried to make his novel as much like a play as possible. No descriptions, no divagations, no neat little essays, but all action and rapid dialogue. If it is necessary to clear the ground, the ground is cleared by the characters themselves in dramatic converse. Playgoers will remember Sardou's old trick of beginning a scene with a couple of explanatory gossiping servants. This device is very well, used in moderation; but we think Mr. Hayes has carried it to excess. For the rest, his novel is distinctly readable, despite its length—444 close pages, and a sequel threatened!

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

VOICES IN THE NIGHT.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

Mrs. Steel's new story is a veritable warehouse of Indian goods. The story centres in the family of Sir George Arbuthnot, Lieut.-Governor of Nushapore. Plague and famine and superstition and treason play their parts, and the depths of Indian life, European and native, are plumbed. The spirit of the book is hinted at in these words of the Prologue: "The threatening voice paused as a dull reverberation shivered through the chill air. It was the first gun of the Imperial salute which every New Year's morning proclaims that Victoria, *Kaiser-i-hind*, reigns over the fog, and the voices in it . . . Between the beats of the guns the voices had their way unchecked. About what? That is a difficult question to answer when the voices are in the night." (Heinemann. 6s.)

LOVE AND MR. LEWISHAM.

By H. G. WELLS.

Here Mr. Wells reverts to the quiet matter and manner of his *Wheels of Chance*. Mr. Lewisham is a young schoolmaster who hangs a *schema* of work, and sundry splendid mottoes, on his bedroom walls, where he "could see them afresh every morning as his head came through his shirt." He is but eighteen when we meet him, and is thinking "little of Love, but much of Greatness." But Mr. Wells makes him think of love; makes him marry hastily; makes the *schema* turn yellow and crumpled; and makes us enjoy the humours and poignancies of a hasty marriage with its sweetness, squalor, and exclusion of Greatness from Mr. Lewisham's life. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

URSULA.

By K. DOUGLAS KING.

Ursula's governess wrote of her when she was eight and a half: "She wishes to dominate me, and generally tries to take the lead in the household. . . . At present she walks like a young savage, and is absolutely ignorant. . . . When I asked her, sarcastically, if she could do anything, she replied with impertinent coolness: 'Well, I bet I can saddle my pony faster than Jim (the stable boy) can; and I cured our collie when he had fits, when even the vet. had given him up.'" Ursula has Russian relatives, goes to them, and has adventures in travel and love. A bright story. (Lane. 6s.)

THE FOOTFALL OF FATE.

By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

A typical story of English life, by the author of *The Senior Partner*, and many other novels. Country-house

people, London people, up-river people walk and talk Abbotsmead. "Each day some fresh fact enters Abbotsmead. First it was bruited about that Foster had been commissioned to erect a temporary ballroom. . . . She engaged the Riverford String Band." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LIFE'S TRIVIAL ROUND.

By ROSA N. C.

Miss Carey's new novel is in the minor domestic which she has made her own. "I Take Possession of the Brown Parlour," "A Controversy about the West Room," "Hope Helps to Shell the Peas," and "I Take Possession of the Porch Room" are chapter headings. Prepare us for the last, "The Chiming of Well Bells." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

GEORGE LINWOOD.

By W. N.

A kailyard story, full of ministers, and goodness and etiquette. The author's fine writing makes for luxury. Two lovers on a sofa: "They sat thus—they took a moment of time—their faces, sunbeams; their souls, sun-silent ecstasy—perhaps the period in most human life the purest, sweetest ecstasy; they sat thus for the space of fifteen minutes, shining, and were so shining when Mr. St. Clare, who had left the room when they had sat together with the album, entered again." (Gardner.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

By ROBERT G.

A big study of American life, with the heroine's proceedings early in the story. The local politics of Benham are the background to Selma White's principles and loves. "On the following day Lyons voted for the Gas Bill" is not an inspiring sentence in itself, but occurs in the rounding-off of an interesting story. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE CHICAMON STONE.

By CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOOD.

A gallant story of fortune-hunting in Alaska, with much of Indians and volcanoes thrown in, by the author of *Gold, Gold in Cariboo*. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

COLONIAL BORN.

By G. FIFTH S.

A tale of the Queensland bush. The heroine, Alice, a typical colonial girl, a horsewoman and a fluent talker. Of gold-seeking life there is plenty in the chapters called "The Rout of Boulder Creek" and "The Sway of Gold." (Sampson Low. 6s.)

DANIEL HERRICK.

By SIDNEY ROBERT BURWELL.

The hero, who tells the story, is a news-writer of the reign of Charles II., and he becomes mixed up with a secret revolutionary party, and is sentenced to death. But Margery's happiness is not sacrificed. The King, Lady Castlemaine, and other ladies of the Court are introduced, and the historical basis of the story has been carefully laid. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

ROBIN HOOD.

By A. ALEXANDER.

"A romance of the English Forest." "S'death! List! . . . 'Have at them!' . . . 'Good, my lord! Thou sittest thy Saladin like a leech, but I jolt me an' down like a popinjay.'" (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE THORN BIT.

By DOROTHEA CONTE.

"She puzzled for a moment, and then found the correct horsey terms for the bay's faults. 'Too leggy, and a bone,' she said discontentedly." These are typical sentences from this novel of fox-hunting, dancing, Hussars, and the Murphy girls. For motto, Mr. Kipling's

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manner and carriage,

But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn bit of Marriage.

(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The A.B.C. of Maeterlinck.

It were an easy matter to make fun of Maeterlinck. One has but to dwell upon peculiarities in the form of his expression, regardless of the spirit and meaning out of which they arise. This was done recently with some success in a review article.

Those who wish to approach Maeterlinck seriously, to know what he is and what he has to say, will not be deterred by superficial eccentricities. Take, for instance, the propensity of his dramatic characters to the repetition of words and phrases and exclamations. Who that has studied human nature has not observed its tendency in times of great soul stress to use over and over again the same simple words or exclamations until they become fraught with the awful significance of intense pain, of great passion, of supreme gladness? To quote instances of this in Shakespeare, where they are so many and so well known, were superfluous. But let anyone call up the closing scenes of "Othello," for example, and note the "iterance," as Othello himself calls it, when Emilia's amazement can find no other expression for a time than the repeated utterance of "My husband." Mark how Othello harps on a word and repeats an exclamation.

Of course, this sort of thing must be born of insight and feeling. When a writer, once having observed this tendency of an overwrought mind to repetition, resorts to it as a mechanical device for the conjuring up of an emotion which he does not feel, the effect is fatal. His work then ceases to be art: it degenerates into artifice. It has been charged against Maeterlinck that he does this. Perhaps it does sometimes seem that the situation is not sufficiently intense to make these repeated exclamations and observations quite natural.

It is not unfrequently the case that an artist feels a situation more strongly than he can vividly set it forth, and his expressions are then apt to be born rather of his own feeling of the situation than of the situation as presented to the spectator. In such a case he is to be charged with imperfect command over his material and of the vehicle of expression which he has chosen, but by no means with device and insincerity.

And there are in Maeterlinck many examples of this repetition being inevitable. That is to say, the dramatist has so entered into the heart of his characters that what he makes them say is what they could not but say; is, indeed, the natural and inevitable expression of themselves under given circumstances. Take, *e.g.*, Selysette's repeated statement: "I was leaning over and I fell." She has sacrificed herself for the happiness of the other two. But, to secure the fruit of her sacrifice—the happiness of the others—they must not know that she has thrown herself down. Their joy in each other would be dashed by their remembrance of the price paid for it—the life of Selysette. But in great pain and with fast fading strength she cannot elaborate her explanation. By a sublime instinct she reserves her strength for the maintaining of her purpose. Her mind is fixed. No amount of pleading and persuasion can shake her resolution. In answer to all expostulations and appeals she quietly repeats: "I was leaning

over and I fell. I was leaning over and I fell." This steadily-maintained prevarication reveals and illumines as nothing else could do the greatness and beauty of the simple and inarticulate soul of Selysette, beside whom Aglavaine, with all her fine speeches, becomes dwarfed, and Melleander is contemptible. And so in other instances that might be given, this repetition has such intense and revealing force, is so instinct with soul, that it can only be the offspring of that which it reveals.

It is not as an artist that Maeterlinck appeals to the majority of his readers. They do not greatly concern themselves with art. They are people who have their lives to live, their burdens to bear, their problems to solve, their appointed tasks to perform, their loves, their sorrows, their disappointments, and their temptations to go through with, and who withal have their desire for the grace and culture of life. What they feel after in a writer is not perfection of artistic form, but wisdom and guidance in daily life. It is to such people that Maeterlinck brings great help. How then does he help them? What has he to say to them? What, in a word, is Maeterlinck's gospel?

It is, after all, a very simple one and ancient. He preaches it with a new emphasis, sheds new light upon it, draws new and sometimes startling deductions from it; but it is in reality the everlasting gospel which one finds in all great religions, in all great poetry, and in all true philosophy, for Maeterlinck in drama and essay never ceases to preach the supremacy, the sufficiency, and the imperishable beauty of Soul. But so peculiarly has Maeterlinck made this region of the soul his home, and so remarkably has he set forth subtle and elusive phases and fleeting aspects of the soul, moods of the soul well-nigh inexpressible and tenses transitory as a dream, that what he says comes to us at times with almost the force of a new revelation. Because of this dealing with the soul, and with the more obscure movements of the soul, he has been called a mystic, more a mystic than an artist, with the assumption that mysticism is destructive of art. Great art has again and again been mystical, has again and again dwelt in the spell-bound twilight land which lies between the Known and the Unknown. Whether we call Maeterlinck a mystic or not depends on our definition of mysticism. In the present writer's understanding of the term he is a mystic, and is not, therefore, a worse artist nor a less reliable teacher.

But if any were to insist on his own definition of mysticism, and to say that a mystic is one who has lost his hold upon reality, who has shut his ears and closed his eyes to the actual, who has got drunk upon his own nerve fluid, deeming it the wine of God, who has become enamoured of the vagaries of his own brain, and watches it spin upon nothing, regarding its intoxicated gyrations as more momentous than the motion of the spheres, we should simply content ourselves with protesting that Maeterlinck is not a mystic, for he keeps his eyes steadily on facts: only they are not the facts which lie open to observation, but rather the shy facts of life which lurk in dim corners, which elude us in dark ancestral forests, which appear for a moment and then vanish down some long corridor of the mind, or drown themselves in some deep moat, or get locked within a gloomy fastness where the light of day never penetrates. Maeterlinck has made it his business to set on the servants of the soul to open the doors of these ancient castles and let in the day, to remove the barriers and investigate those dimly lighted corridors, to drag the moats and hunt in the forests. These doors are hard to open, they have been closed so long; and one is apt to get lost in these forests. But there is a reward: we find some new and beautiful ideal. For illustration let the reader consult again the first and second scenes of "Pelléas and Mélisande," where the Doorkeeper objects to open the door, and bids the servants: "Out by the little doors; out by the little doors; there are enough of them"; and where Goland, hunting a Beast through the forest to

slay it, finds a Beauty that has lost its crown through excessive grief, as soul-beauty so often does; a Beauty that has come from far, far away, and that by so many has been hurt.

In *The Treasure of the Humble* and in *Wisdom and Destiny* we find the same earnest search after the hidden beauty and wisdom of the soul. It is this finding of the subtle ideas which vaguely haunt our souls day by day, expressed in clear and beautiful language in the essays or hinted at in strangely beautiful symbolism in the plays, which makes the reading of Maeterlinck for the first time so new and delightful an experience to those whose delight is in the inner world, and who are desirous to learn both how far this inner life influences the outer, and how to make its influence yet greater. Imagine a man dreaming frequently of certain places and people, vaguely recalling his dreams, yet dismissing them as vain and idle fancies, though they are shaping his daily life, then coming one day all unexpectedly upon the people and places of his dreams—how he would recognise them, how delight in them; how, beholding them clothed with dignity and beauty and all the marks of reality, while the things of his waking moments seem but the shadows and images of these, his faith in his dreams is strengthened—and you will form some idea of what Maeterlinck means to those who can understand him. Thoughts that have dwelt in unappreciated loveliness in the dark recesses of the mind; hopes and aspirations which have flitted like fairies in the pale moonlight of the soul have been gently seized and firmly held by Maeterlinck, and are allowed to reveal themselves, their eternal reality, and their high office.

The soul, he tells us, knows no distinctions of great and small in events or circumstances. To it the kiss of two lovers is as great an occasion as the wreck of an empire or the creation of a people. Out of one or the other it can draw inspiration. The joys and sorrows of the household, the smile of a child, the tears of an old man, quite as much as the affairs of a nation, are the doors and windows through which the soul can reveal to us the Infinite. Why wait for a bolt to shoot out of the blue ere we are awakened? Why wait for great sorrows, great events, great joys, great occasions? The force that makes the bolt dwell in all things, is moving around us and within us constantly. We have but to learn how to approach it, how to manipulate it, and every day, every hour may become great.

Things Seen.

The Beggar.

I PEEBED through the rain-covered windows, and saw the early-lit street lamps shine tremulously in the raw damp atmosphere.

An old man was slowly walking up the hill, and at each house he knocked, waiting patiently till the door was opened, and then, as if he were briefly dismissed, turning as patiently away to recommence his task.

He was decently clad, and in no way resembled the ordinary beggar. His hair was white and dishevelled, and his aspect was one of pathetic, hopeless poverty.

A sudden pity stirred my heart.

I drew the coppers from my purse and waited, for surely he would not miss my door. He had as yet missed no house in the road.

How tired and downcast he looked as he paused for a moment at the gate, evidently debating his chance.

Why did I not tap the window-pane?

He passed my house, and a dull surprise, a paralysing torpor, stole over me, as with fascinated gaze I watched him pass by, his shadowy bent figure gradually fading from my sight.

From the Well Deck.

SHEER joy of life illuminated her rugged, labour-weary face; the hard lines of her brow smoothed wonderfully; her mouth was twisted in strenuous effort not to smile; yet the causes of her pleasure were so small! To us, the first class passengers on board s.s. *C — Castle*, "Southwards-bound," it seemed sufficiently pathetic that to win the third prize in the egg-and-spoon race of ship's sports should cause a triumph so abundant, a jubilation so supreme, in this one third class competitor.

Prize-giving day came laggingly, she with it at an early hour. Long before the time announced upon the programme, we saw her skip up the "companion" from the well-deck, a plain, squat, elderly, unattractive woman, dressed in her every-day skirt of much patched cotton—I think it was her only one—and a maroon flannel blouse. Her battered straw hat, limp from tropical use, was worn on one side with a certain jauntiness; her face was aflame with heated expectation; red nervous fingers gripped and twisted a grimy handkerchief as she leant up against the rail, cheek by jowl with the daughter of a marquis, and facing a duke—on this, perhaps, the one proud moment of her life.

One by one the winners' names were called, the rewards apportioned. The egg-and-spoon race was low down on the list. As the cheers rang out the old woman's joy rose in ascending scale; she shook with excitement; her breath came gustily; her eyes were eager, anxious, alive with expectation.

At last!

"The winners of the egg-and-spoon race are: 1st, Lady —; secondly, Mrs. A —."

No third prize?

At first we could not believe our ears. Nor could she. She looked at us, the assembled crowd, with the scared expression of a scolded child; she caught at the rail to steady herself; her jaw dropped; a shutter fell on the joy of her face. Someone said "Hush!" beneath his breath as the cheers re-echoed when Lady — stepped forward to receive her fourth first prize.

The first shock over, the old woman nerved herself to turn away. Very old she seemed as she looked timidly upon the steep "companion" she had scaled so cheerily an hour before. . . . There had been witnesses of the incident. There were hurried whisperings, exchanges, consultations. As the woman turned drearily, the voice of the hon. secretary rang out with special clearness: "We regret that the announcement of the winner of the third prize in the egg-and-spoon race was unfortunately omitted. Mrs. Garlick, please come and take your prize."

How we cheered!

Wind and City.

WHEN I revisit, on a night of stars,
The encampment old and foul of London's horde
And pierce the smoke of sluggish lusts and wars
Still from that blotch of lath and plaster poured,
How do I rage that in a blast more keen
I from Fate's mountain trumpet am not blown
And all this dingy frailty bestrown
With "Strike tents, millions, let your lair be clean!"
With what a glee would I divide the swarm!
A third should soar and whistle to the veldt
To feel the ancestral sun—a third should melt
Into honeyed forest far—and a third storm
Settle on Andes: but the morrow here
Should find the brow of Ludgate green and clear.

HERBERT TRENCH.

Mathilde Blind's Poetry.*

MISS BLIND was a copious and apparently fluent—too fluent—writer. Her collected poems are equal, or nearly equal, in bulk to the collected poems of Shelley; and they have all Shelley's fatal facility, and Shelley's love for diffuseness. It does not need the evidence of Dr. Garnett's memoir to tell us that the poet of "Prometheus Unbound" was a chief influence with her. But there the resemblance ceases. In texture the poems are very different; there is nothing of Shelley's opulent imagination or fecund imagery. We cannot find any evidence that Miss Blind's "fundamental brain-power" (as Rossetti called it) in poetry exceeded that of numerous female writers lessoluminous and less noticed. The impression made upon us is one of ambitious mediocrity—could we find a less harsh term we would use it. Yet it is precisely upon this undamental substance that Dr. Garnett insists. We do not deny that there is brain-power, of a kind, in "The Ascent of Man" and other poems which could be named. But it belongs rather to the prose-thinker than the poet, to the rationalising faculty than to the imaginative intuition. That (as Dr. Garnett relates) it should captivate a man of science we can well understand; but no over-laying with poetic forms and description can make that poetic which was not conceived through the imagination, or hide the secret of its birth. The true poet does not think first and imagine afterwards, but the processes are indissolubly blended *ab initio*. In regard to form, Dr. Garnett admits that Miss Blind was deficient, and laments the preoccupation, with truth, which left her indifferent to artistic externalities. But, apart from the fact that a poet indifferent to art is scarce thinkable (however impetuosity may betray him into negligences of art, or defective taste blind him to lapses in art), there seems to us in Miss Blind something more than carelessness of or indifference to form. There seems something like an incapacity to sing, a lack of the instinct which "voluntary moves harmonious numbers." Otherwise the shaping spirit would sometimes take the matter into its own hands, compelling the reluctant verse to momentary loveliness of perfect form—as happens frequently with poets the most admittedly negligent of art. But this, we are bound to say, we do not find in Miss Blind; and the absence of it confirms us in the impression derived from the manner and movement of her verse.

"The Ascent of Man" is Miss Blind's longest and most ambitious poem; an apotheosis of evolution, which Dr. Garnett allows to be a failure, but a fine failure. For ourselves, we cannot see the touches of redeeming sublimity which he discerns in this chaotic and tense rather than intense poem. At its most effortful it is strained and excited—a painfully obvious striving beyond the poet's power. Its more level passages simply leave us cold. Here are some stanzas in which the author has put forth all her power:

Constellated suns, fresh lit, declining,
Were ignited now, now quenched in space,
Rolling round each other, or inclining
Orb to orb in multicoloured rays.
Ever showering from their flaming fountains
Light, more light, on each circling earth,
Till life stirred crepuscular seas, and mountains
Heaved convulsive with the throes of birth.
And the noble brotherhood of planets,
Knitted each to each by links of light,
Circled round their suns, nor knew a minute's
Lapse or languor in their ceaseless flight.
And pale moons and suns and burning splinters
Of wrecked worlds swept round their parent spheres,
Clothed with spring or sunk in polar winters
As their sun draws nigh or disappears.

* *The Poetical Works of Mathilde Blind.* With a Memoir by Richard Garnett. (Unwin.)

In this crowd of words and colours and sound there is no one great and original phrase or idea which imposes itself on the mind at once. A few choric lines of Shelley would pale it all. In her less ambitious narrative poems Miss Blind can write pleasant descriptive passages, but without magic. Thus in "The Teamster":

Sam came a-courting while the year was blithe,
When wet-browed mowers, stepping out in tune,
With level stroke and rhythmic swing of scythe,
Smote down the proud grass in the pomp of June,
And wagons, half-tipped over, seemed to sway
With loads of hay.

But taken as wholes, they leave little impression, for she has no power over the emotions. For like reason, and from her lack of form, she is not successful in the brief lyric, though she has written much in this, as in all kinds. The sonnet Dr. Garnett judges one of her most successful fields, and two especially he singles out for excellence: the sonnet to "The Dead," and the almost equally impressive "Cleave Thou the Waves." In "The Dead" we have a sonnet really fine in substance, original in imagery, not undeserving of Dr. Garnett's phrase, "majestic."

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill,
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.
Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw their breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

Note especially the strong image in the second line of the sonnet. Yet even this sonnet seems rather forced into metre than to have moulded the metre to itself: it moves like a hay-wain under the load of thought; and we have sought vainly for another as fine. We may agree with Dr. Garnett that these poems show "energy, enthusiasm, aspiration towards the higher things." But, without high imagination, emotional power, or grace of form, those qualities are insufficient for vital poetry; and we cannot think that Miss Blind's place in poetry will be high.

Correspondence.

Mr. Andrew Lang and Myself on the
Supremacy of Fiction.

SIR,—Mr. Lang accuses me of *ignoratio elenchi*. I dare counter-charge him with *petitio principii*. My elliptical sentences have fallen a prey to his humour and criticism. He has crushed me, though not my argument. The meaning of the following line "entirely escapes" Mr. Lang: "This taste of the crowd neither augments nor diminishes the number of serious readers—unless, indeed, towards reading at all." In other words, taste for light literature may augment the potential number of serious readers by imparting an inclination to read. My sense was clear if my sentence was elliptical. Mr. Lang asks, next, "equally greater than what?" Equally greater than nothing, but greater equally *with* the number of those who read novels of a paltry value. But criticism of my phraseology is not an answer to my argument. When Mr. Lang turns to that, he after all sides with me against himself. "I would liefer have written *Old Mortality* or *Esmond* than all the works of Locke." If my stumbling English has drawn that from Mr. Lang after his article in

the *Westminster*, I can but say that I have won my case, and that I will hear with being called "a lady controversialist." By the by, is a man who differs from another on some point, and expresses that difference, "a gentleman controversialist"? I suppose so, and yet . . . —I am, &c.,
FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.

P.S.—I think that a great work of fiction will outlive any historical or philosophical effort, no matter by whom, and is of more value, for the reason that with time history loses vital interest, even significance, and philosophy grows obsolete at last, or becomes a summary of truisms we hardly care to peruse. However fine, historic or philosophic works remain, after all, but glorified school books, to be edited away to nothingness when a later age must fail to grasp their meaning. Let Mr. Lang look through his immense storehouse of knowledge and note how the fiction of antiquity remains the dominant key. *Prince Prigio* will doubtless be read when many "more serious" writings will be wholly forgotten.

Balzac.

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR,—Ignorant malheureusement la langue anglaise, je viens seulement d'apprendre la publication dans le *ACADEMY* du 5 courant de l'article relatif aux lettres de Balzac, et je m'empresse de vous remercier pour la façon dont, en ce qui me concerne, vous avez apprécié les faits.

Je n'ai pas actuellement le loisir d'approfondir et de discuter toutes ces histoires de falsifications de textes, qui d'ailleurs ne me regardent en rien, étant très antérieures à mes travaux personnels, les seuls dont j'aie à répondre. Je me contenterai donc de vous affirmer que je possède, parmi beaucoup d'autres *lettres autographes* de Balzac :

1. Tout ce qui a été retrouvé de sa *correspondance autographe* avec Mme. Hanska, c'est à dire les *Lettres à l'Étrangère*.

2. L'*autographe* de la lettre à Mme. Surville du samedi 12 (Octobre 1833), dont le texte est cité par moi page 79 d'*Un Roman d'Amour*, est absolument conforme à celui de l'original. En conséquence, rien ne m'est plus facile que de produire la preuve indiscutable de l'exactitude de cette citation.

Il en est de même pour le fragment de la *Quotidienne* reproduit dans mon livre, car il suffit de consulter la collection de ce journal pour constater que les lignes en question sont extraites, comme je l'ai dit, du numéro du 9 Décembre, 1832. Cette date aussi est donc incontestable, et la première lettre de Balzac à Mme. Hanska est bien de Janvier 1833.

Quant au renseignement relatif à un prétendu incendie ayant éclaté à Moscou, dans lequel la plus grande partie des lettres de Balzac à Mme. Hanska aurait péri, ce renseignement n'a été fourni que par la veuve de Balzac elle-même, et ce n'est que d'après ses instructions qu'il a été livré jadis au public. La preuve qu'il est de tous points contraire à la vérité, c'est que la plupart de ces lettres soi-disant brûlées sont à cette heure entre mes mains.

Enfin, ainsi que je le fais savoir en toute occasion—M. Jules Huret l'imprimait encore dans le *Figaro* du 2 Mars dernier—je ne suis absolument pour rien dans la mise au jour des *Lettres à l'Étrangère*. Mon rôle s'est exclusivement donné à remettre à l'éditeur une copie de ces lettres, exécutée et collationnée par moi-même. Par conséquent, s'il existe des différences entre les autographes et le texte publié, ceci m'est absolument étranger.

Du reste, je m'étonne on ne peut plus qu'avant de mettre au jour tous ces racontars et d'y mêler mon nom, l'auteur de la traduction anglaise de ces *Lettres*, n'ait pas songé d'abord à s'adresser à moi directement. C'eût été, ce me semble, le meilleur moyen de se faire renseigner exactement, et d'obtenir la preuve ou l'authenticité absolue des textes cités dans mes ouvrages.

Je vous autorise, Monsieur le Directeur, à publier cette lettre, si cela peut vous être agréable, et je vous prie de trouver ici l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

VICOMTE DE SPOELBERCH DE LOVENJOU.

Paris: 25 Mai, 1900.

[The "fragment" from the *Quotidienne* newspaper, to which M. de Lovenjoul refers, is Balzac's private advertisement, inserted by him in response to the request contained in Mme. de Hanska's first letter.—ED.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE.

ED. BY THEODORE H. RAND.

This book is welcome at sight. It appears to be an exhaustively representative selection of Canadian verse, "selected from the entire field of our history." Here are reflected the aspects of nature in Canada in all the seasons, the aspirations of a young country, and "Anglo-centric conceptions and aspirations, divining with poetic insight the coming good." (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

NATURE IN DOWNLAND.

BY W. H. HUDSON.

Mr. Hudson is one of our most popular ornithological writers, and the author of *Birds in London*. Here he is engaged with Sussex, a county for which writers of charm have done little. Leaving geology severely alone, Mr. Hudson takes us over the smooth surface of the Downs, chatting of their "animal and vegetable forms, from the point of view of the lover of nature, and, in a moderate degree, of the field naturalist." (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

HYMNS OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

TRANSLATED BY

REV. JOHN BROWNLIE.

When, thirty-eight years ago, Dr. John Mason Neal published his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, he wrote: "And while fully sensible of their imperfections, I may yet, by way of excuse rather than of boast, say, almost in Bishop Hall's words:

I first adventure: follow me who list,
And be the second Eastern Melodist."

Mr. Brownlie has accepted the challenge, and here gives us translations of some of the beautiful hymns in the Greek Church service books. A scholarly introduction is prefixed to the hymns, which number about fifty. (Oliphant. 2s.)

BYRON'S WORKS.

VOL. III.

ED. BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

This volume of the definitive edition of Byron contains "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," "Parisina," the "Hebrew Melodies," and a number of short poems. A portrait of Byron in an Albanian costume, from a picture in the possession of Mr. Murray, forms the frontispiece. (Murray. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Kingsbury (T. L.), *Spiritual Sacrifice and Holy Communion* (Macmillan & Bowes)
Srawley (Rev. J. H.), *The Epistles of St. Ignatius*. 2 vols. each 1/0
Bindley (Rev. T. H.), *The Epistle of the Galician Churches, Lugdunum and Vienna, &c.* (S.P.C.K.) 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Ward (May Alden), *Prophets of the Nineteenth Century* (Gay & Bird) 4/0
Robinson (W. Clarke), *British Poets of the Revolution Age* (Olley & Co.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church. Second Series. Vol. XIV. (Parker & Co.)
Theal (George McCall), *A Little History of South Africa* (Unwin) 1/6
Sonntag (Hedwig), *The Magic Ring of Music* (Dent) net 3/6
Lindsay (Thomas M.), *Luther and the German Reformation* (Clark)
French (R. V.), *British Christianity during the Roman Occupation* (S.P.C.K.) 6

Richardson (Ralph), Courts & Co., Bankers	(Stock)	5/8
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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 36 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best quatrain on a writer, in the nature of a personal tribute. The response has been good. We have decided that the prize is due to Miss L. C. JACK, 5, Quadrant, North Berwick, for the following tributes to

JOHN RUSKIN.

Greener is the green, and bluer is the blue,
Truer seems the Good, and the Beautiful more true,
Loveller far is love, and life a second birth,
Since thou, O little child of God, wast master of my worth.

The two next best quatrains are these by Miss Gertrude Newstead, Clifton, and Miss Elizabeth F. Stevenson, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

BROWNING.

Greatheart among us pilgrims, thou dost move
"The baffled to fight better," urge the strong
To worthier effort; brave faith, boundless love
For man, in God, the burden of thy song. [G. N.]

HORACE.

Moulder of metres and of words made fit
For mellow thoughts whose fame the ages keep,
Beneath thy Roman calm, thy balanced wit,
Our modern spirit stirs, and cannot sleep. [E. F. S.]

Other answers are:

WORDSWORTH.

Master, the world is too much with us still,
The din, the tumult, and the jostling rude!
We need with thee to climb the morning hill,
And breathe thy spirit's vaster amplitude. [T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Of art and life the master, deep within
My heart, I keep thy axiom, sweet and clear;
Not vainly to strive in leading men from sin,
But doing all for happiness while here [H. P. B., Glasgow.]

MILTON.

Milton, the task was yours to "justify
The ways of God to men": you deftly trod
The journey whose accomplishment were nigh
To justify the ways of men to God. [C. E. H., Richmond.]

S. AUGUSTINE.

Goethe's clear brain, plus Gordon's scorn of pelf,
O, son of Monica, were thy double dower:
In heavenward life, and daily death to self,
Aid me to share the secret of thy power! [R. F. MCC., Whitby.]

SHAKESPEARE.

What gladsome flutterings from baser earth
My soul hath lifted, after thine to look;
What tears of pity and what draughts of mirth
My heart hath drawn, O Shakespeare, from thy book! [S. W., Cathcart.]

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Spirit, that builds Love's walls and architrave,
Of colours, music, self the corner stone:
Honour to hearts as manly brave,
As woman-sweet as is thine own! [H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne.]

SHAKESPEARE.

In Homer's, Dante's, Milton's verse the measured roll
Keeps equal state monotonous: the poet's soul
Is, Wordsworth, thine; the sound we yield, oh, Keats, to thee:
Thou, Shakespeare, bear'st all palms, and each immortally. [T. C., Buxted.]

CHRISTINA ROSSSETTI.

I will build a monument unto her glory,
A monument of gentle deeds and love;
I will raise it up from story unto story,
In gratitude to her who taught us love. [S. M., Addiscombe.]

TENNYSON.

When life's long burden hangeth heavily,
I muse that thou hast lived, beloved guide;
And when I meet my death, so let me be
Content to die, Master, for thou hast died. [E. M., West Smithfield.]

EMERSON.

"The soul can be trusted to the end."
"Trust thy soul! pure, God-filled, true!"
The dulled word rang out minted new;
And two worlds saw a fading truth
Restored by thee to glowing youth. [C. M. D., London.]

TO SHAKESPEARE, ENSPHERED.

Might but one ray of that "particular star"
Which is thy crown and high prerogative,
Pierce to the herd uncrowned who gaze afar,
My soul with thine should laugh, and love, and live. [M. A. W., London.]

THE BURGESS OF STRATFORD.

One of the people; at the people's call
To act, to vamp to travel, to procure;
Separate and vast; in some sort through it all
By being of the people to endure. [C. S. O., London]

WORDSWORTH.

To read the meaning 'neath the outward show,
Thy high illumined message well hath taught,
But, better far, through thee we come to know
The deep abiding happiness of thought. [S. C.]

VIRGIL.

Master, what muse thy verse with magic dowers,
The rich, sad tone that to our memory clings?
Thy face was set to applaud the conquering hours,
But in thy voice were tears for human things. [J. H. F., Clifton.]

JOHN RUSKIN.

The golden bowl is broken! mute Despair
Means o'er the glittering dust in vain!
The silver cords are loosened! Shall frail Air
Retouch them into life again? [W. M. R., Manchester.]

OMAR KHAYYAM.

O far above the clanging bells of strife
And throb of pulses beating out their day,
Some ceaseless echo vibrates thro' my life
Omar, since first I hearkened to thy lay! [Z. McC., Whitby]

Competition No. 37 (New Series).

In this week's competition the following witty stanza was sent in by Mrs. F. L. Anderson, of Ealing:

JANE AUSTEN.

Dear Maiden Aunt of Letters, faultless Jane,
Pattern precise, prim critic of our sex,
What would *you* say—could you come back again—
Of Zaza, Nana, and the Gay Lord Quex?

Obviously this had no chance of the prize, for it is an epigram, not a eulogy. But it may serve as a model for another competition. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best epigrammatic verse of four lines connecting an old author with the present day.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 5. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 476, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

We feel impelled to apologise to our readers from time to time for the evidences which we furnish from week to week in our "Notes on Novels" of the appalling quantities of poor novels which are poured forth. We wonder more and more why such novels are written, why they are published, whether they are read, and whither they go. And our wonder is always interrupted by the arrival of new fatuities. Into one of the newest we dip, and read:

He felt that he must do something towards ascertaining his fate with Florence; so, taking his fate in his hands, he moved his chair into closer proximity to hers, and, in a tone of voice which not a little betrayed his agitation, he asked, "Would I offend you, or be presuming too much, if I called you Florence instead of Miss Montgomery? It would make me happy just to be permitted that liberty. You will not deny me that—will you, Florence?"

"Why should it make you happier to call me Florence than to call me by my society cognomen? I'm sure it can't make any difference to you? Will I play something to you now, Mr. Haldane: aunt will not be pleased, you know, if I don't?" . . . Florence was silent and perfectly motionless, except that her head drooped more, and her hands, which lay on her lap, were clasped tighter than usual, and her bosom heaved more than ordinary respiration warranted.

To the pages of the *New Review* Mr. George Wyndham, the Under Secretary for War, contributed a critical essay on Mr. Stephen Crane. This appreciation was reprinted as the introductory chapter to a volume called *Pictures of War*, containing "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Little Regiment," and other shorter stories by Mr. Crane. Mr. Wyndham is enthusiastic about Mr. Crane: "He has painted a picture [in 'The Red Badge of Courage'] that challenges comparison with the most vivid scenes of Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix* or of Zola's *La Débâcle*."

You may shut the book, but you still see the battle-flags "jerked about madly in the smoke," or sinking with "dying gestures of despair," the men "dropping here and there like bundles"; the captain shot dead with "an astonished and sorrowful look as if he thought some friend had done him an ill turn"; and the litter of corpses, "twisted in fantastic contortions," as if "they had fallen from some great height, dumped out upon the ground from the sky." The book is full of sensuous impressions that leap out from the picture: of gestures, attitudes, grimaces, that flash into portentous definition, like faces from the climbing clouds of nightmare. It leaves the imagination bounded with a "dense wall of smoke, furiously slit and slashed by the knife-like fire from the rifles." It leaves, in short, such indelible traces as are left by the actual experience of war.

HAD Mr. Crane lived, it was arranged that he should sail to St. Helena as the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. He has left a volume of short stories which may be called *Wounds in the Rain*, and a long novel of adventure. An article on Mr. Crane's work will be found on another page.

MISS KINGSLEY has gone, and we who are left have to mourn the loss of a good comrade, and one with an honest, kindly nature. When the time comes to appreciate her scientific work it will probably be seen that she lacked the time to co-ordinate the facts that she was quick to observe and resolute to collect. But on literature she has certainly left her mark. She possessed the rare gift of a perfectly original and distinctive style. Curiously enough, it had nothing about it that one is accustomed to associate with the word "feminine," and many must have been astonished to find that the "stinging and bitterly cheerful irony" on which M. Marillier complimented her was the production of the prim and staid maiden lady that Miss Kingsley really was. She possessed, indeed, much of Swift's sardonic power without either his misanthropy or his love of the unmentionable, and one has to go back to the great classics to find any writer who might have served her for a model. With more animal spirits than Lucian, she had less of his cynicism; and perhaps it is only in Rabelais that we find her parallel. Yet she could never have studied the master in the original, for, although a good German scholar, she assured the present writer that she could not read a line of French; and much of the Pantagruel would have been repulsive to her. One wonders whether Charles Kingsley, who was fond of Rabelais, can have initiated her into the mysteries of the Sage of Meudon.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON contributed the following to last week's *Speaker*:

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I too have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love.

Half-a-dozen titles could be found to suit these fine lines. If there is anything left in the world that would make a "gentleman in khaki" start, it would be to learn that Mr. Watson's title is "On Being Styled a Pro-Boer."

We take the following from the *Daily Chronicle*:

A curious literary and artistic quarrel is in the air, and may even reach the Law Courts. In a popular magazine there appears a story which bears in plot a resemblance to Mr. Anstey's *The Giant's Robe*. The hero—or villain—is a young poet who suggests a well-known writer. The artist who has illustrated the story has quite inadvertently drawn a speaking likeness, not only of the writer in question, but also of his publisher. Naturally, a certain amount of annoyance has been caused. Perhaps the most curious thing about the matter is that the author of the story, the artist, the poet, and the publisher are all well acquainted with each other.

The aggrieved author, we understand, is Mr. Le Gallienne. The astonished publisher, we understand, is Mr. Harmsworth.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO's literary services to M. Maeterlinck have been so great that it is not surprising to find them reciprocated in kind. Mr. Sutro has written a play of modern life in four acts called *The Cave of Illusion* (Grant Richards) and M. Maeterlinck, whose *Aglavaine and Selysette* is advertised on the page facing the title-page, writes a thirteen-page Preface. This Preface is in French. In its opening paragraphs M. Maeterlinck talks at large about English literature of the second half of the nineteenth century. He thinks that the only tragedy produced in that period that will not fall into oblivion is Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. In poetry:

Depuis la période romantique anglaise et française, si je mets à part les poèmes de Wagner qui n'appartiennent pas à la littérature proprement dite, mais à la musique—quelle est la pièce poétique qui ait réellement vécu, qui nous ait révélé dans les actions et les passions des hommes une beauté, une grandeur ou un charme lyrique inconnus? Quelle est celle qui ait marqué dans l'histoire littéraire, qui ait eu une influence durable et dont on se souvienne? Si l'on m'interrogeait sérieusement sur ce point je ne pourrais guère citer que *Pippa Passes* de Browning, et encore faudrait-il dire que ce poème ne demeure poème tout en étant neuf, réel et actuel, que parce qu'il n'est pas à proprement parler une pièce de théâtre, attendu qu'il est probablement impossible de le porter sur la scène.

WHILE M. Maeterlinck talks thus of tragedy in the past, Mr. W. L. Courtney is telling us, in his reprinted lectures on *The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama* (Constable), that there is hope. Indeed, he thinks that in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" we have a play which is "a true tragedy in form, manner, and style. We stand too close to it at present to see its true proportions, and the real issue disappears because it is classed, not only among other plays of his [Mr. Pinero's], but superficially described as a study after the model of Ibsen. In form it is much more like a play of the school of Dumas the younger. . . . The character of Paula Tanqueray is one of the most triumphant creations which has ever been composed for the stage." Mr. Pinero returns these compliments strenuously in a "Prefatory Note to the Author."

MR. EDWARD CLODD's memoir of Mr. Grant Allen is a book which will be read with peculiar interest and sympathy by those who write for a living. For to that hard occupation Mr. Allen had to bend his energies. His mental equipment was almost too fine and various; and the force of circumstances continually made him write, as it were, from only a part of his nature. Yet few men, in the end, have delivered their souls more completely. Mr. Clodd gives in facsimile Mr. Allen's answer to someone who had asked him for his favourite quotation. He wrote:

I don't know that any phrase or quotation has ever been of much use to me in life, but the two passages most frequently on my lips are probably these:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

"To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

On the title-page of the memoir, which, by the way, is of just the right length, we have this text from 1 Kings iv.:

He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts and of fowl and of creeping things and fishes.

He spake of much else besides.

Munsey's Magazine has started an English career, at the price of sixpence, and under the care of Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son, and a capital sixpence-worth of literature it is. Sir Walter Besant discourses on "My Favourite

Novelist and his Best Book." The novelist is Mark Twain, the book *Huckleberry Finn*:

I lay it down as one of the distinctive characteristics of a good story that it pleases—or rather, seizes—every period of life; that the child, and his elder brother, and his father, and his grandfather, may read it with like enjoyment—not equal enjoyment, because as a man gets older and understands more and more what the world of men and women means, he reads between the lines and sees things which the child cannot see and cannot understand. . . . The first quality that I claim for this book, then, is that it does appeal to all ages and every age. The boy of twelve reads it with delight beyond his power of words to express; the young man reads it; the old man reads it. The book is a joy to all alike. For my own part, I have read it over and over again, yet always with delight and always finding something new in its pages.

Another article in *Munsey's*, which, no doubt, the *Munsey* readers will think tip-top," is called "Beezie, the Successful Maid: The Story of a Housemaid who was Born a Genius in her Line, as surely as Mozart and Millet were in theirs, and how She brought Comfort and Delight into a Troubled Household."

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS's article on Ernest Dowson in the current *Fortnightly Review* may be read with interest for its revelation of a strange corner of the literary world. We would not imply, however, that it has not stronger claims to be read. Mr. Symons's tribute to his friend is genuine, and has moving passages of narrative and striking ones of criticism:

He did not realise that he was going to die, and was full of projects for the future, when the £600 which was to come to him from the sale of some property should have given him a fresh chance in the world; began to read Dickens, whom he had never read before, with singular zest; and, on the last day of his life, sat up talking eagerly till five in the morning. At the very moment of his death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped.

Of Dowson's life in London we have some curious and unexpected glimpses:

I think I may date my first impression of what one calls "the real man" . . . from an evening in which he first introduced me to those charming supper-houses, open all night through, the cabmen's shelters. . . . He invited us to supper, we did not quite realise where, and the cabman came in with us, as we were welcomed, cordially and without comment, at a little place near the Langham; and, I recollect, very hospitably entertained. . . . Dowson was known there, and I used to think he was always at his best in a cabmen's shelter. Without a certain sordidness in his surroundings, he was never quite comfortable, never quite himself; and at those places you are obliged to drink nothing stronger than coffee or tea. I liked to see him occasionally, for a change, drinking nothing stronger than coffee or tea. . . . But I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink. . . . He drank the poisonous liquors of those pot-houses which swarm about the Docks; he drifted about in whatever company came in his way; he let heedlessness develop into a curious disregard of personal tidiness. In Paris, Les Halles took the place of the Docks. At Dieppe, where I saw so much of him one summer, he discovered strange, squalid haunts about the harbour, where he made friends with swazing innkeepers, and got into rows with the fishermen who came in to drink after midnight. At Brussels, where I was with him at the time of the Kermeesse, he flung himself into all that riotous Flemish life, with a zest for what was most sordidly riotous in it. It was his own way of escape from life.

IN Mr. Symons's opinion Ernest Dowson epitomised himself in the following lyric: "a lyric which is certainly one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time." The Cynara of the poem is doubtless the young girl, the

daughter of a French restaurant keeper, to whom Dowson wrote most of his verse.

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine,
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was grey:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

In the current *Blackwood* Mr. G. S. Street has a light, clever article on "Sheridan and Mr. Shaw." But the title should have been "Congreve, Sheridan, and Mr. Shaw." Here is a remark:

Sheridan's weakness is his lack of ideas; Mr. Shaw's weakness is his superabundance of them. Congreve's ideas come naturally from the play of his characters, and out of the fulness of his experience; Mr. Shaw's ideas have come in at all cost, and character and experience may go hang. It seems that in whatever he writes he must introduce his whole philosophy.

Another is this:

The greatest writers of comedy could use normal characters and make them dramatic, entertaining, or what they willed. Sheridan was not one of them, and he was content to exploit eccentricity. Mr. Shaw is not one of them (at present), and his eye is for eccentricity exclusively. He thinks it is not, as one of his characters would say, but it is. Even the characters he designs to be normal and a contrast to his eccentrics he makes eccentrically normal. Consequently in this respect—and it is most important—one's amusement in seeing his plays is just the same as one's amusement would have been in seeing Sheridan's, if one had been Sheridan's contemporary.

In reviewing Mrs. Meynell's book on Ruskin, last week, we could not find space to quote from the striking page in which she contrasts the simplicity of Ruskin's life seen from within, with its bewildering spaciousness when seen from without. "His life was not only centred, but limited, by the places where he was born and taught, and by the things he loved. . . . There was a water-colour drawing by his father that interested him when he was a little boy in muslin and a sack (as Northcote painted him, with his own chosen 'blue hills' for a background), and this drawing hung over his bed when he died; the evenings of his last days were passed in the chair wherein he preached in play a sermon before he could well pronounce it." And yet, says Mrs. Meynell,

the student of the work done in this quiet life of repetitions is somewhat shaken from the steadfastness of study by two things—multitude and movement. The multitude is in the thoughts of this great and original mind, and the movement is the world's. Ruskin's enormous work has never had steady auditors or spectators: it may be likened to a sidereal sky beheld from an earth upon the wing. Many, innumerable, are the points that seem to shift and journey, to the shifting eye. Partly it was he himself who altered his readers; and partly they changed with the long

change of a nation; and partly they altered with successive and recurrent moods. John Ruskin wrote first for his contemporaries, young men; fifty years later he wrote for the same readers fifty years older, as well as for their sons. And hardly has a mob of Shakespeare's shown more sudden, unanimous, or clamorous versions and reversions of opinion than those that have acclaimed and rejected, derided and divided, his work, once to ban and bless, and a second time to bless and ban.

TOLSTOY'S *Resurrection* has not escaped some caustic criticism from his countryman Verestchagin, the painter of war. It seems that Verestchagin is in the habit of publishing, from time to time, under the title of *Leaves from a Note Book*, his views, private thoughts, and criticisms. His handling of *Resurrection* is in this wise:

In spite of finely written separate scenes, full of realistic grace, the plot as a whole will not stand analysis. It is impossible to enumerate all the incongruities caused by the desire to point a moral. For example, Katusha, betrayed by Nekhludoff, stands at his side for several hours, and yet either fails to see him or else fails to recognise him. Neither is even an admissible possibility, because, according to the story, the hero has not changed appreciably. Yet this was necessary to the author's purpose, and he sacrificed probability. Again, the unnatural, the impossible Prince Nekhludoff, who despises his circle, does not shrink from bothering official personages, enduring insults and ridicule for the sake of legalising his union with Katusha. But marriage is a spiritual, as well as a legal material union, and can there be such a thing as a spiritual union between these two? Marriage would have been worse than physical torture to both, yet somehow it was necessary to Tolstoy to insist upon it for his hero!

In truth, Tolstoy himself perceived finally the unsoundness of his whole conception, and in *Resurrection* the very thing we miss is the resurrection. The whole story ends with the accidental lighting of Nekhludoff on a page of the Bible, which shows him that everything was wrong, and that the right is something different. What? This is left for the future, also because it was necessary that it should be so.

In a word, the artist in Tolstoy has lost at the expense of the preacher.

AFTER this Verestchagin becomes more personal, and brings against Tolstoy the preacher the following indictments:

Having wearied at the close of a long life of nutritious, palatable food, he assures us that it is injurious to man, even to young and strong men.

Having reached the age of seventy, he wonders what good there is in life that it should be so ardently desired, and yet allows a physician to treat him in illness so that he may ward off death.

Having bred a large family, he declares that the reproduction of the species is wrong and that celibacy is the right course for men.

He advocates non-resistance to evil. What would he do if his family were kidnapped and sold as slaves? I think he would shoulder a gun and join the regiment that went to free the captives.

It is amusing to read Tolstoy's affirmation that he has tried to discover a solution in science and has found the latter wanting. He talks of science as a blind man might of beauty. Well-read he is, but his scientific education is slender and he never learned anything systematically. He is regarded by many as a philosopher, but he is only a great novelist. It was Turgeneff who observed that true art is impossible without the largest freedom, the fullest independence of systems, notions, and preconceived schemes. In Tolstoy the splendid talent, the wonderfully written episodes, the separate pictures, are all rigidly subordinated to a philosophic-moral system.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has made a book of the topographical articles which he recently contributed to the *Weekly Sun* under the title of *Travels in England*. His "England" is

a restricted one; but it includes such lovely and interesting spots as Selborne, Stratford-on-Avon, Winchester, Hazlitt's Winterslow, Stonehenge, Lechlade, the Cotswolds, &c. The dedication is as follows:

To

WILLIAM SHARP

THESE "TRAVELS" ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Will, you have travelled far and wide
On many a foreign country-side.
Tell me if you have fairer found
Than honeysuckled English ground;
Or did you, all the journey through,
Find such a friend, dear Will—as you?

By the way, Mr. Le Gallienne's poetical Epilogue suggests that he expected his book to appear last autumn, for it begins: "Put by the wheel, the summer's done."

A REVIEWER points out to us the following coincidence, in which one quotation has been used almost at the same moment (apropos of Mr. Le Gallienne's book on Mr. Kipling) by two independent writers to point a moral. ACADEMY, May 26, 1900, from article, "A Poet with the Heartache":

"Who shall deliver us from too much love?" is his eternal cry. Well, he might for a change try as an antidote what George Borrow found so much to his taste: "Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

Sunday Sun, May 27, 1900, from "Book of the Week"—*The Zeit-Geist*:

And this after all is the best method of fulfilling the splendid opportunities of life, and realising its intense joyousness. It is better than saying with Tennyson that our hopes are with the uncertain Future, to say with Kipling that our intention is to make the best of the certain present. Jasper summed up the whole matter when he said to Lavengro: "Life is sweet, brother." "Do you think so?" asked Lavengro. "Think so!" replied Jasper. "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother."

Bibliographical.

"You greatly should oblige me," writes an esteemed citizen of Potsdam, "when kindly informing me about the critical essays, articles, and bibliography published on Ben Johnson during the last decades." "Kindly pardon," he adds, "my incorrect English." I do; but I must ask my correspondent to leave out the "h" in "Johnson" when he refers, as I presume he refers here, to the poet-dramatist. "The last decades" is a vague phrase; but taking the *two* last, I will, with pleasure, indicate the most notable of the publications concerning Jonson during that period. They begin in 1884, with Jonson's inclusion in the "Old Dramatists" of Messrs. Routledge, and with Henry Morley's collection of his *Plays and Poems*. Then, in 1886, came Jonson's *Dramatic Works and Lyrics*, with an essay thereon by J. A. Symonds, who, in the same year, introduced a memoir of Jonson to the "English Worthies" series. To 1889 belongs a reprint of the *Discoveries*; to 1893, the appearance of three volumes of plays by Jonson (edited by Brinsley Nicholson, and C. H. Herford) in the "Mermaid" series. In 1897 Jonson received a good deal of attention. Messrs. Chatto issued Gifford and Cunningham's edition of the *Works*, in three volumes, at a reduced price; *Every Man in his Humour* was included in the "Temple Dramatists"; in *English Masques* appeared the text of several by Jonson; and Mr. E. J. Castle brought out a book of essays, of one of which Jonson was the subject. In 1898 came a reprint of *Volpone*, handsomely got up, with drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; while, last year, Prof. Arber made Jonson the figure-head of one of

his *British Anthologies*. Add to this the new and revised edition of Prof. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, in which much space is devoted to Jonson, and you have, I think, a tolerably complete bibliography of that worthy for the past twenty years.

It would seem that in Messrs. Greening's series of volumes on contemporary English writers the work on Mr. Swinburne is to be from the pen of Mr. Theodore Wratlaw, himself a devotee of the Muse, as he showed us in his *Caprios* and *The Pity of Love*. I suppose the work will be more critical than biographical, and indeed there is room for an exhaustive study of Mr. Swinburne's large and varied output in verse and prose. Lowell and Stedman both wrote essays on Mr. Swinburne's verse; but, so far, his work has not been made the sole topic of a volume. Now, Mr. Thomas Hardy, whom Mr. W. L. Courtney will deal with in Messrs. Greening's series, has already been the subject of two volumes—one by Mr. Lionel Johnson, which came out in October, 1894, and one by Miss Annie Macdonell, which appeared a few weeks later. Mr. T. E. Pemberton, who is to write about Mr. Bret Harte, has hitherto distinguished himself (apart from play-production) only as the biographer of dramatists or actors.

We may take for granted, I think, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree's pronouncement at Oxford on the proper stage presentation of Shakespeare will appear in one of the reviews. It is not so very long ago since he figured in the *Fortnightly* with a discourse on Hamlet from the point of view of an actor's prompt-book. Mr. Tree is among the literary actors. His dissertation on the imaginative faculty was published in a booklet some seven years ago. It is the correct thing for a leading player to discourse, some time or other, before an academic body. In 1885 Sir Henry Irving spoke at Harvard on "The Art of Acting," and in the following year at Oxford on "Four Great Actors." *Vide* his little book called *The Drama* (1893).

Talking of literary actors, let us not forget the literary actresses—such as Miss Janet Achurch, who has just translated a play by Hauptmann into English. This is the lady who first made Ibsen a force in England by producing "The Doll's House" at a London theatre. Lady Bancroft, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Kendal, have written their reminiscences; but actresses do not often make excursions into literature pure and simple. Miss Dickens is a busy novel writer, but she has given up the stage as a profession.

I mentioned last week the monographs on David Hume by Prof. Huxley and Prof. William Knight. I am now reminded that Prof. Henry Calderwood has penned a monograph on the same subject. It is quite true: the book appeared two years ago in the "Famous Scots" series of Messrs. Oliphant & Co., and was a very workmanlike performance. But it was sufficient for my purpose to refer to the Huxley and Knight volumes.

Messrs. Macmillan have just missed an opportunity of adding substantially to the art-culture of the population. They have issued a volume of Tennyson's *Poems*, illustrated by sixteen drawings made by celebrated artists for the volume of 1857. But in no case is the name of the artist indicated. Educated people need no such information; they know a Holman Hunt, a Rossetti, a Millais, a Maclise, when they see one. But for many the value of the volume we refer to would have been greatly enhanced had some concession been made to their ignorance of the origin of the illustrations.

The title of Mr. W. D. Howells's forthcoming work, *My Acquaintance with Authors*, reminds one pleasantly of that of Hazlitt's well-known essay, "My First Acquaintance with Poets." It also suggests, though more remotely, J. T. Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*. Did not Mrs. Fields, too, write a book on *Authors and Friends*? Mr. Howells's volume will be, I suppose, autobiographical.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Pageant of History.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
By Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury, M.A.
7 vols. Each 6s. (Methuen.)

It was in 1764 that Gibbon started upon the twenty-three years of scholarly labour which gave to the world, volume after volume, the greatest of its histories. Why should we deny ourselves the pleasure of once more transcribing the passages, surcharged with eighteenth century sentiment, in which he describes the inception and the completion of his mighty task :

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City first started to my mind.

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom and perhaps of the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

The life of Gibbon, up to 1764, as depicted in his autobiography, had not been without its elements of paradox. He was a self-made scholar; not in the sense that he sprang from a hedge-school, for he had been to Westminster and Magdalen, but because he had had to climb to erudition over all the impediments which those two famous seats of learning could throw in his way. During his university career he was suddenly converted to Catholicism. This brought it to a close. His father hastily packed him off to Lausanne, where the theological subtlety of the Protestant pastor in whose house he was domiciled presently argued him out of his new faith. Here, too, he fell in love with Mlle. Curchod, afterwards the famous Mme. Necker. But, alas! yet another generous impulse of youth was destined to be thwarted by an obdurate father. Gibbon himself describes the upshot with an artificiality thoroughly characteristic of his age: "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life." The lady, too, recovered, and in after years Gibbon and Mme. Necker were on terms of courtly friendship. Ah! Gibbon was of the eighteenth century. He would dilate on the "incomparable landscape" of Lausanne, but he lived there for fifteen years without climbing so much as a hillock. He was carried over the Alps to Italy in an osier basket, and "the spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment." One summer he spent some weeks at Lord Sheffield's country place—in the library. When he was about to go, his hat was missing. "On my arrival," he said, "I left it on the hall table. I have had no occasion for it since." He is not singular among students of history who have remained purblind to the political needs of the present. Throughout the long struggle which ended in the separation of the American States from the colonial empire of England Gibbon sat in Parliament, a silent supporter of Lord North. To Lord North, who learnt less from history than any man, and taught it one of its most bitter lessons, Gibbon dedicated the *Decline and Fall*.

Were I ambitious of any other Patron than the Public, I would inscribe this work to a Statesman, who, in a long,

a stormy, and at length an unfortunate administration, had many political opponents, almost without a personal enemy; who has retained, in his fall from power, many faithful and disinterested friends; and who, under the pressure of severe infirmity, enjoys the lively vigour of his mind, and the felicity of his incomparable temper. Lord North will permit me to express the feelings of friendship in the language of truth; but even truth and friendship should be silent, if he still dispensed the favours of the crown.

Gibbon's life smells eighteenth century, but his work is of all time. Alone of modern histories, it will bear putting on the shelf with the masterpieces of antiquity, Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy. Gibbon's masters in historical writing were Robertson and Hume—admirable writers, but they are antiquated, while he is fresh and luminous as ever. "Whatever else is read," said Prof. Freeman, "Gibbon must be read too." Over a thousand years, the critical thousand years during which modernity was in the making, he is still the prime exponent of the broad lines upon which the world moved.

It will not, however, in future be wise to read Gibbon in any other edition than this of Prof. Bury's. Too high praise could not be lavished upon the way in which it has been conceived and executed. Prof. Bury is equally erudite and discreet. Here is the *Decline and Fall* as Gibbon left it, with precisely so much editing as is needful in order to enable the student to correct Gibbon's few and inevitable errors, and to pursue his researches, on Gibbon's lines, through the vast mass of primary and secondary material which has become available since Gibbon's day. Briefly, Prof. Bury's method is as follows: he tampers neither with Gibbon's text nor his notes. A few additional notes are inserted, always clearly defined by square brackets, with the object of making the references more precise, and of quickly qualifying the disputable statements. At the end of each volume come brief, but admirably full, dissertations on selected topics of great historical importance, together with a discussion and criticism of the original sources and other authorities for that volume—a necessary branch of a modern historian's task, which Gibbon neglected. Prof. Bury's wide knowledge of the literature of his subject in every tongue, Greek and Slavonic as well as West European, makes these appendices of first-class value. He has apparently read everything. Maps and plans are interspersed, and about a third of the last volume is devoted to a full index, for which we have to thank Mrs. Bury. The modest, but masterly, introduction should be carefully read by every student who desires to know exactly what he should and what he should not expect from his Gibbon. So far as the historical soundness of the book goes, it comes to this: "If we take into account the vast range of his work, Gibbon's accuracy is amazing." In spite of his imperfect education, he had the scholar's instinct. He exhausted the original texts, so far as he could get them, and the best research of his own time. He made large and wise use of the impeccable Tillemont, "whose inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius." Nevertheless, "accuracy is relative to opportunities"; the century since the *Decline and Fall* appeared has become fertile in the accumulation of new historical material; and "if Gibbon were alive and writing now, his history would be very different." Prof. Bury elaborates this point through a dozen brilliant pages, leaving the clearest impression of the exact nature of the qualifications and prepossessions which the modern reader must be content to bring to the book. As has been hinted, Gibbon was deficient in "Quellenkunde," the systematic investigation of sources, which plays so large a part in modern scholarship, and the nature and importance of which has been worked out with such detail in the recent *Introduction to the Study of History* of MM. Langlois and Seignobos. He does not always succeed in distinguishing a primary from a secondary source of information, or attempt, for instance,

to disentangle the succession and weigh the relative authorities of the various authors of the *Historia Augusta*. Consequently, he relies, from time to time, upon the statements of authorities whom an exacter criticism discredits. Much of his history of the beginnings of Mahometanism is based upon what is little more than a romance. And this imperfect discrimination of one authority from another leads straight into the easy historical pitfall, from which, according to Prof. Bury, even Mommsen has not always escaped, of blending together the evidence of different periods in order to paint a complete picture of an institution. Gibbon's account of Germany, for instance, is half Cæsar and half Tacitus, irrespective of the fact that, as Bishop Stubbs has since shown, more than one development took place in Germanic institutions during the interval between the two writers. Prof. Bury points out the chief directions in which historical knowledge has grown since Gibbon's time, and the chapters of his work which are most affected by the new lights. The principal grave, or structural, defect in the book he finds in Gibbon's treatment of the "Byzantine," or "Lower," Empire. This Gibbon treated somewhat cursorily; and in his impatience of certain pettinesses which it displayed, he certainly failed to realise the importance of Constantinople, century after century, as a bulwark of the West against the East. The devoted scholarship of recent years has reversed Gibbon's point of view; and Prof. Bury considers that the new tendencies reach their culminating point in Krumbacher's magnificent *History of Byzantine Literature*. This work he declares to be "likely to form as important an epoch as that of Ducange."

In most respects Prof. Bury's appreciation carries us along with him. We differ to the extent of regarding Gibbon as less of a philosophic historian than he does. "His position among men of letters depends both on the fact that he was an exponent of important ideas and on his style." A little further on this is expanded:

Gibbon has his place in literature not only as the stylist, who never lays aside his toga when he takes up his pen, but as the expounder of a large and striking idea in a sphere of intense interest to mankind, and as a powerful representative of certain tendencies of his age. The guiding idea or "moral" of his history is briefly stated in his epigram: "I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion." In other words, the historical development of human societies, since the second century after Christ, was a retrogression (according to ordinary views of "progress"), for which Christianity was mainly to blame. This conclusion of Gibbon tended in the same direction as the theories of Rousseau; only, while Rousseau dated the decline from the day when man left Arcadia, Gibbon's era was the death of Marcus Aurelius.

Well, Gibbon may have had this idea; but we rather doubt whether it much affects the evolution of his history. In fact, as Mr. Cotter Morison pointed out many years ago, Gibbon approaches his subject rather as an artist than as a philosopher. Perhaps this is why he endures. He is occupied rather with the pageant of history, with its show and splendour of delightful circumstance; than with the deep underlying causes that set it in motion. His judgment is of men rather than of forces. Splendid visions course over his beautiful deliberate pages; emperors and barbarians, saints and sinners. They decorate his imagination rather than stir his speculation. It is a procession of setting empires and "new-caught sullen peoples," of creeds and enthusiasms that rise to fall again. For Gibbon it is enough that these things passed so. He sets them forth with ironical detachment, and leaves to others the task of explaining them, if they will. It is a legitimate attitude towards history, and has, at any rate, the advantage of permanence.

South Africa and the War.—VII.

London to Ladysmith, vid Pretoria. By Winston Spencer Churchill. (Longmans. 6s.)

Ladysmith: the Diary of a Siege. By H. W. Nevinson. (Methuen. 6s.)

Four Months Besieged: the Story of Ladysmith. By H. H. S. Pearse. (Macmillan. 6s.)

EXCEPTIONAL personal adventures, and a plain English style of a rather eighteenth-century cast, are the distinguishing features of Mr. Churchill's war book. The adventures are known to everyone; the style will bear a little illustration. Mr. Churchill is, we are sure, a student of Johnson, and Gibbon, and other writers of the rotund and balanced sentence. Again and again we seem to see a copy of *Rasselas* in his knapsack. Take this description of life at sea:

Monotony of view—for we live at the centre of a complete circle of sea and sky; monotony of food—for all things taste the same on board ship; monotony of existence—for each day is but a barren repetition of the last; all fall to the lot of the passengers on great waters. It were malevolent to try to bring the realisation home to others. Yet all earthly evils have their compensations, and even monotony is not without its secret joy. For a time we drop out of the larger world, with its interests and its obligations, and become the independent citizens of a tiny State—a Utopian State where few toil and none go hungry—bounded on all sides by the sea and vassal only to the winds and waves.

Is not this an older convention than we are accustomed to nowadays? Is not Mr. Churchill at the farthest end of that pole of which Steevens held the other? Here is a scene which actually recalls one described by Steevens in his *From Cape Town to Ladysmith*. But the style is anti-thetic. Mr. Churchill is describing the field of dead after the fight at Trichardt's Drift:

Here by the rock under which he had fought lay the Field-Cornet of Heilbronn, Mr. de Mentz—a grey-haired man of over sixty years, with firm aquiline features and a short beard. The stony face was grimly calm, but it bore the stamp of unalterable resolve; the look of a man who had thought it all out, and was quite certain that his cause was just, and such as a sober citizen might give his life for. Nor was I surprised when the Boer prisoners told me that Mentz had refused all suggestions of surrender, and that when his left leg was smashed by a bullet he had continued to load and fire until he bled to death; and they found him, pale and bloodless, holding his wife's letter in his hand. Beside him was a boy of about seventeen shot through the heart. Further on lay our own two poor riflemen with their heads smashed like egg-shells, and I suppose they had mothers or wives far away at the end of the deep-sea cables. Ah, horrible war, amazing medley of the glorious and the squalid, the pitiful and the sublime, if modern men of light and leading saw your face closer, simple folk would see it hardly ever.

Some of our new writers would do well to study Mr. Churchill's pages. They will see what can be accomplished with plain English and untortured phrases, and will be able to judge how far events and emotions which are intrinsically tragic benefit by that staccato style which confers vigour rather than dignity.

Mr. Churchill's account of his escape from Pretoria, whither he was taken as a prisoner after the memorable armoured-train fight, is the liveliest piece of writing in a book which never wants life. But note the quietness of a passage on which many writers would have wreaked phrases:

My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time. From my lofty position I commanded a view of the whole valley. A little tin-roofed town lay three miles to the westward. Scattered farmsteads, each with a clump of trees, relieved

the monotony of the undulating ground. At the foot of the hill stood a Kaffir kraal, and the figures of its inhabitants dotted the patches of cultivation or surrounded the droves of goats and cows which fed on the pasture. The railway ran through the middle of the valley, and I could watch the passage of the various trains. I counted four passing each way, and from this I drew the conclusion that the same number would run by night. I marked a steep gradient up which they climbed very slowly, and determined at nightfall to make another attempt to board one of these. During the day I ate one slab of chocolate, which, with the heat, produced a violent thirst. The pool was hardly half a mile away, but I dared not leave the shelter of the little wood, for I could see the figures of white men riding or walking occasionally across the valley, and once a Boer came and fired two shots at birds close to my hiding-place. But no one discovered me.

In many respects—but particularly in its reliance on ripe old English—Mr. Churchill's book is, we think, the most readable of all the War books.

One is a little sad to find that such capitally-told stories of the siege of Ladysmith as Mr. Nevinson's and Mr. Pearse's awake less feeling than they ought to do. This is because they play on chords on which many writers have lately exercised their skill. It is absurd that war literature should thus dilute itself, that reports of great deeds and perils and sufferings should weary by duplication and re-duplication. These two books are themselves concerned with the same events, observed from the same standpoint. There is, of course, the personal equation; but even this is reduced to a minimum by the fact that both writers wrote their books in the form of despatches to newspaper offices in Fleet-street, Mr. Nevinson serving the *Daily Chronicle* and Mr. Pearse the *Daily News*. Both writers emphasise the weary monotony of the siege, although their books are alive with incident. As early as November 14 of last year Mr. Nevinson wrote, in Ladysmith: "The siege is becoming tedious, and we are losing heart." A week later Sir George White said to his staff: "Gentlemen, we have two things to do—to kill time and to kill Boers; both equally difficult." Mr. Pearse tells us how time was killed in the long evenings.

Walking along the lampless streets, at an hour when camps are silent, one is often attracted by the notes of fresh, young voices, where soft lights glow through open casements, or the singers sit under the vine-traceried verandah of a "stoup," accompanying the melody with guitar or banjo. Occasionally stentorian lungs roar unmelodious music-hall choruses that jar by contrast with sweeter strains, but sentiment prevails, and who can wonder if there are sometimes tears in the voices that sing "Swanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home," or if a listener's heart is deeply moved as he hears the words, "Mother, come back from the Echoless Shore," sung amid such surroundings in the still nights of days that are hoarse with the booming of guns? Few of us, however, despise comic songs here when time and scene fit. We have them at frequent smoking-concerts that help to enliven a routine of duty that would be dull without these entertainments.

As for killing Boers, let Mr. Nevinson tell a grim story of the attack on Surprise Hill by the 2nd Rifle Brigade on the night of December 11. The voices of friend and foe became intermingled in the darkness:

Then came the horror of a war between two nations familiar with the same language. "Second R.B. ! Second R.B. !" shouted our fellows as a watchword and rallying-cry. "Second R.B. !" shouted every Boer who was challenged or came into danger. "B Company here !" cried an officer. "B Company here !" came the echo from the Dutch. "Where's Captain Paley ?" asked a private. "Where's Captain Paley ?" the question passed from Boer to Boer. In the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The only way was to stoop down till you saw the edge of a broad-brimmed hat. Then you drove your bayonet through the man, if he did not shoot you first. Many a poor fellow was shot down by some invisible figure who was talking to

him in English and was taken for a friend. One Boer fired upon a private at two or three yards—and missed him! The private sprang upon him. "I surrender! I surrender!" cried the Boer, throwing down his rifle. "So do I," cried the private, and plunged his bayonet through the man's stomach and out at his back.

If we must compare these narratives, Mr. Pearse's is the more solid and informing, Mr. Nevinson's the more varied and amusing. It is from Mr. Nevinson that we get the humours of the siege, and phrases like "ennui enlivened by sudden death." Under November 13 he tells us:

The schoolmaster's wife had a fine escape. She was asleep in her bedroom when a 45 lb. shell came through the fireplace, and burst towards the bed. The room was smashed to pieces, but she was only cut about the head, one splinter driving in the bone, but not making a very serious wound. Two days before she had given a soldier 10s. for a fragment. Now she had a whole shell for nothing.

Burton's Verse.

The Kasidah (Couplets) of Haji Abdú Al-Yazdí. A Lay of the Higher Law. Translated and Annotated by his Friend and Pupil, F. B. By Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. (H. J. Cook.)

THIS poem—like Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and other things of the kind—is a literary hoax. But, unlike most of its *confrères*, it has a certain external plausibility, which was sufficient to prevent its being at once detected for the thing it was—an original poem masquerading as a translation. No one doubted the true nature of Mrs. Browning's very artless poetic fraud. But Burton's ostentatious Eastern knowledge caused his poem to be taken at its own valuation—superficially enough, to our mind. Composed seven years before FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*, it was printed in 1880. In 1893 Lady Burton included it in her husband's *Life*. In the following year it was issued separately, but in a limited edition of one hundred copies. Now for the first time it is independently issued to the public at large.

Lady Burton compares it to the *Omar Khayyám* of FitzGerald, which (as has been seen) it preceded. Nay, she does not believe it has an equal: it is unique. "It will," she said, "ride over the heads of most, it will displease many, but it will appeal to all large hearts and large brains for its depth, its height, its breadth, for its heart and nobility, its pathos, its melancholy, and its despair. It is the very perfection of romance; it seems as the cry of a soul, wandering through space, looking for what it does not find." She never read it without tears, and her husband used to take it away from her because it impressed her so. This is very conceivable, very pardonable, in such a woman and such a wife. Pardonable also, if not quite conceivable, is it that a male correspondent should assure her he considers it equal to the greatest poems of the Earth (with a large E), and in front of most. Another, a woman—with a severe aversion to "exceptless rashness," as Timon calls it—allows that Job seems a worthy companion to Sir Richard. There is about this lady a caution, a sense of critical balance, which we admire.

It is, perhaps, well for the reputation of the much-trying Patriarch that he was spared foreknowledge of this final trial. Had he heard the comparison, and heard the conventionally descriptive lines with which the poem opens, no one could blame him if he had flung his potsherd at the critic. They are not only conventional, but Western. And though (let us hasten to add) they are not otherwise representative, in this latter respect they are. The poem is so essentially Western that it is difficult to understand how its Eastern superficialities—learned though it be—should have deceived anyone with the poetic sense. It is to us disappointing. Dismissing Job, and even FitzGerald—

unfairly perfect comparisons—it might have been thought that Burton's powerful personality would fairly commit a rape upon the Muse, and force itself into strong though rugged poetry. But the result does not belong to poetry—in the true sense—at all. It is verse of that didactic order which in our language has for masterpiece *The Hind and Panther*; and by side of it Dryden's poem "sticks fiery off" indeed. Vigorous it is, as whatever Burton wrote was bound to be vigorous; but poetry (with a single exception) it has not, while finish—an essential in such a poem—as might be expected, is absent. One really poetical passage there is, towards the beginning, which has a certain rough affinity with FitzGerald; but this was quoted in the ACADEMY of May 19, so that we need not repeat it here. Would that all were as fine! It shows that this singular man united something of the poet's gift to his other remarkable qualities, "would he observingly distil it out." In the remainder of the poem the best passage is the conclusion, which will give the reader a fair idea of Burton's verse:

Survey thy kind as One whose wants in the great Human
Whole unite;
The Homo rising high from earth to seek the Heavens of
Life-in-Light;

And hold Humanity one man, whose universal agony
Still strains and strives to gain the goal, where agonies
shall cease to be.

Believe in all things; none believe; judge not nor warp
by "Facts" the thought;
See clear, hear clear, tho' life may seem Mâyâ and mirage,
Dream and Naught.

Abjure the Why and seek the How: the God and gods
enthroned on high
Are silent all, are silent still; nor hear thy voice, nor
deign reply.

The Now, that indivisible point which studs the length of
infinite line,
Whose ends are nowhere, is thine all, the puny all thou
callest thine.

Perchance the law some Giver hath: Let be! let be! what
canst thou know?
A myriad races came and went; this Sphinx hath seen
them come and go.

Haply the Law that rules the world allows to man the
widest range;
And haply Fate's a Theist-word, subject to human chance
and change.

This "I" may find a future Life, a nobler copy of our
own,
Where every riddle shall be read, where every knowledge
shall be known;

Where 'twill be man's to see the whole of what on earth
he sees in part;
Where change shall ne'er surcharge the thought; nor
hope deferred shall hurt the heart.

But!—faded flower and fallen leaf no more shall deck the
parent tree;
And man once dropt by Tree of Life what hope of other
life has he?

The shatter'd bowl shall know repair; the riven lute shall
sound once more;
But who shall mend the clay of man, the stolen breath to
man restore?

The shiver'd clock again shall strike; the broken reed
shall pipe again:
But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of brutes, the
doom of men.

Then, if Nirvâna round our life with nothingness, 'tis
haply best;
Thy toil and troubles, want and woe at length have won
their guerdon—Rest.

It will be gathered from this specimen that the *Kasidah* is, in substance, a mixture of agnosticism and the worship of humanity—with little trace of the pantheism which Lady Burton ascribes to it. But whereas true poetry is synthetic, not analytic, the bulk of the *Kasidah* is purely critical and destructive—in which point it is a faithful echo of most modern thought. It reviews the chief creeds and religious systems of East and West, with trenchant comment on each. Two pages at the close suffice for the edifice which Burton would erect on these universal ruins. In those two pages of synthesis (whence we have quoted) the verse lifts, as if escaped from trammels—an evidence how naturally synthetic is poetry. One wonders, by the way, whether it be through a singular coincidence or a—perhaps unconscious—borrowing, that the finest image in the poem—a very fine one—is identical with that in Coventry Patmore's *Two Deserts*. Burton calls the moon:

A corpse upon the road of night.

And Patmore likewise calls it:

A corpse in night's high-way, naked, fire-scarred, accurst.

Were there more such imagery in the *Kasidah*, it would lift it from a forceful and mordant poem, technically inept, into a fine poem. Yet it remains an interesting proof that Burton might have written poetry of very considerable value, had he submitted to the necessary apprenticeship and toil.

The Preacher in Print.

The Life of Lives: Further Studies in the Life of Christ.
By F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. (Cassell. 15s.)

It is twenty-six years since, "by God's unseen Providence, which men nickname 'Chance,'" Dr. Farrar was led to write a *Life of Christ*. Since that day his busy pen has hardly rested; and now, in this vast volume, he has, as it were, given yet another turn to the kaleidoscope, and offers to the public the glittering pieces of his well-used knowledge composed into yet another pattern.

For a public that likes sermons it is as a preacher that the Dean of Canterbury writes. To read him is with the eye of the mind to behold him once more as, on a hot Sunday afternoon of the early 'eighties, he champed upon the bit of his indignation against the triviality of rabbinical exegesis, while a cherubic vice-chancellor nodded in his chair. The style that has served him so well in the past has lost none of its properties. Every noun goes esquired by its own epithet: "prudence" by "calculating," "stagnation" by "unprogressive," "crisis" by "crowning"; selfishness is "narrow," courtesy is "gentle," even hypocrisy is "disguised." Emphasis presses upon emphasis; superlative fortifies superlative: the Resurrection is the "most central" event in the history of the world; Christ, we are told, spoke of God as His Father "in a very unique sense," and enjoyed over sonorous catalogues of Greek and Roman worthies a "unique supremacy"; "none has ever been able in the most distant degree to equal Him"; and "by comparison with the founders of other religions He is absolutely incomparable." For a consecutive example of the Dean's eloquence take this passage, in which we enclose in brackets the words which seem to differentiate his style:

We believe, then, in the Miraculous Birth of our Saviour Christ; and our belief is confirmed when we examine [the records of all] history [through and through], and find that the Babe, at whose birth the heavens burst open [to disclose their radiant minstrelries], stood ALONE [UNIQUE], SUPREME among [all the million millions of every age of all] the sons of men.

"He sighed," writes St. Mark; but the Preacher: "A sigh was wrung from His inmost heart." The bald simplicity of the authentic record stands rebuked in the presence of the Dean's expansive manner as he follows the sacred figure through the recorded incidents of His life. The author of *Eric* bids us picture the "earnest joy" with which His first Passover would be anticipated by "the Holy Boy"; he follows Him step by step to Jerusalem and to the Court of the Gentiles, "marked off from the more sacred enclosures by the double barriers of the *Soreg* and the *Chel*."

Through one of the openings of the *Soreg* Jesus would climb the fourteen steps to the *Chel*. . . . Mounting the steps of a terrace, which towered sixty feet above the Court of the Gentiles, Jesus would pass, perhaps, through the "Beautiful Gate" and gaze at the Court of Women and the Court of the Israelites. In the latter stood the *Lishcath Hag-gazzith*, or Hall of Square Stones, to the south-east of the inner forecourt, in which, perhaps, at that time the Sanhedrin held its meetings.

The curtain that veils the life at Nazareth is lifted thus:

How familiar must Christ have been with that village *Beth Tephilla* (House of Prayer) or *Beth Hakkeneseth* (House of Assembly), as he sat among the other boys of Nazareth, behind the chief worshippers! How deeply must he have taken in the divine meaning alike of the *Parashuth*, or 154 sections of the Law by which the Pentateuch was read through in three years; and also of the *Haphtaroth*, or sections of the Prophets, the reading of which had been introduced in the days of the fierce persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes, when the reading of the Law was punished with death. . . . How deep must have been the expectant interest with which the child Jesus saw the *Rosh Hakkeneseth*, or Ruler of the Synagogue, receive from the hands of his clerk (*Chazzan*) the roll of the Law, or of the Prophets, and appoint the reader, who took his stand beside the elevated *Bema* and read the lesson, and then sat down to deliver the explanation or sermon (*Darashah*). With what a thrill of heart must He have heard the trumpets (*Shopharoth*) blown at the beginning of the new year and on the solemn feast days.

Incidentally the simplicity of the synagogue service and the condemnation of Pharisaism are themes upon which is embroidered much acceptable denunciation of priestcraft and ritualism; and asceticism is once more swept impatiently aside, with all "the carping brag of the posing Pharisee."

As to the interpretation of Scripture in general, the Dean discerns in the teaching of our Lord the luminous principle "that Scripture does *not* cover any number of inferences which can be extorted out of isolated expressions, but that we are to abide by all that is permanent in the plain meaning of Holy Writ." On the other hand: "To quote a phrase, and attribute to its literal significance a meaning which it never had, and never *could* have had, is a mere trick of ignorant hypocrisy." So, indeed, we should suppose.

The pages are decorated with illustrative lines, sometimes introduced at some pains. For instance: "Jesus also felt most deeply the sting of thanklessness in those who had been recipients of inestimable gifts. He sometimes felt as if all his mercies were 'falling into a deep, silent grave'; and He might have said:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

But to whatever exceptions Dean Farrar's style and manner may lie open, it may be cordially confessed that, in making intelligible to the general public the main results of archæological research, he has rendered a service to the cause of intelligent Christianity that is not wholly unworthy of his great ecclesiastical place.

The Actor's Life.

The Stage as a Career. By Philip G. Hubert, Jun. (Putnam's Sons).

THIS is described by its author as "a sketch of the actor's life; its requirements, hardships, and rewards." We have had more than enough of such sketches, which seem to leave the matter very much where it always was. Our only reason for dealing with the present production is that it comes from America, and is, therefore, from a point of view different from its predecessors in this country. The writer, to be sure, prides himself upon presenting a selection from the opinions on acting as a profession expressed by notable actors and actresses, such as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Jefferson, and Mme. Modjeska. We may be quite certain, however, that such opinions, formulated by players at the top of the tree, are of no very great practical importance. An avocation in which a man or a woman has risen to eminence and a measure of opulence and fame must needs appear to him, or her, an avocation more or less desirable. More useful to the youthful aspirant would be the pronouncement of a player or players who had failed, or had succeeded only in just paying their way. The experience of an Irving, a Jefferson, or a Modjeska has little bearing upon the general question and as regards the average person. Sir Henry Irving is an honoured guest in the highest circles of society, but that fact does not imply that the actor, *as actor*, has a recognised social status. As a matter of fact, he has not a social status, as a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor has. The great players, from Betterton and Garrick down to Macready and Charles Kean, have had all the social recognition that they cared for. But that was because they had managed to raise themselves above the crowd, not because they were actors.

The mere fact that a man or a woman is a player does nothing for him or for her, so far as the world is concerned. Nay, unless they are prominent, it is positively against them both. And this is so, not so much because players may be poor, as because they belong to a class which society looks upon as Bohemian in the broadest sense. They are here to-day, and there to-morrow. The heads of the profession are well known and much esteemed. Their habitat is usually permanent and often brilliant in the social way. They entertain, and are entertained by, Royalty and aristocracy. They are looked upon as citizens of a substantial, not to say ornamental, type. But the average player, the second-rate performer, the mediocrity, the camp-follower—what of them? Society looks at them askance. They have no settled home and no settled income. And why? Because they have no settled employment. That is the first, and most effective, of Mr. Hubert's objections to "the stage as a career." Very few are the players, not actor-managers, who can depend on having work to do all the year round. Always there are a melancholy number of excellent performers "resting." Able and experienced as they may be, they are not wanted—for the moment. Their turn may come, but meanwhile they must wait. And that brings us to the second of Mr. Hubert's objections—"the helplessness of the actor as an independent factor in the world." Your player has to remain idle till he is sent for. Put pens, ink, paper, and postage stamps within reach of the literary man, and he can at least work at his trade whatever betide him; the actor, alas! can do nothing till he gets an engagement, even if it be only as a "super." He cannot dig; to beg he is (usually, though not invariably) ashamed.

Mr. Hubert, it would seem, is an American journalist, familiar (as a critic) with the insides of theatres, and possessing relatives and friends either on the "boards" or in some other way connected with the stage. And this is the conclusion at which he has arrived: "Were a boy or girl of my own to declare an intention of going upon the stage, I should consent with the greatest reluctance. If

my boy or girl had aptitude for professional life, skill in writing, art, music, or teaching, I should consider such a course deplorable, and nothing less than a misfortune." In other words, any other legitimate profession is more to be desired than that of actor. The rewards of the latter are few, the drawbacks many. There are, of course, such persons as the "born actor" and the "born actress." These are sure to find their way to the theatre, sooner or later; and the labour we delight in physics pain. Your enthusiast will endure all things. For him, life is the life of the "boards" or nothing. Moreover, there are such things as hereditary actors—families of players—who take to the business as if by the decree of Providence. For them the life of the "boards" is all (and therefore the best) they know. But for "the stage as a career," deliberately chosen as such, there is next to nothing to be said. Multitudinous are the blanks, and rare the prizes.

Other New Books.

PINK AND SCARLET.

BY LIEUT.-COL. ALDERSON.

Since the days when the Great Duke was holding the armies of France at bay in the Peninsula there has always been an intimate connexion between hunting and cavalry work. This connexion Lieut.-Col. Alderson, who is now at the front in South Africa, brings home and emphasises in this capital book, and it is not too much to say that the cavalry man, whether he belongs to the regular army or to one of the numerous Imperial and Colonial Light Horse regiments, will find a mine of information and instruction in this work. It is now an accepted thing that the best cavalry officer is the hunting man, who not only can ride, but can judge at a glance of the country before him, of the shortest and quickest way of getting to a given point, and of the country over which it is safe to pass or to ease his horses. To some men this comes by instinct, others pick it up at once when a few hints are given them. To all alike Lieut.-Col. Alderson's book will be of the highest use, for there is not a point that he leaves unnoticed or a subject on which he has not some information to offer. (Heinemann.)

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

BY W. SCARTH DIXON.

Like Mr. Jorrocks, Mr. Dixon does not look beyond hunting; to him it is the beginning and the end. This volume consists of articles which have already seen the light in a sporting paper, and here they are so arranged and ordered as to make a record of the hunting man's year. To the old sportsman the work will afford much entertainment, while to the tyro it will be full of instruction, though even the oldest follower of hounds may learn something from it, for, as Mr. Dixon remarks, "hunting is ever fresh and ever new, and, though I have now entered on my forty-first hunting season, I have, I hope, learned something worth knowing since I saw hounds for the first time this season at Venniford Post." There are sixty-five chapters in the book, dealing with all matters from "Hunting a Hundred Years Ago" to "For Next Season" and "The Future of Fox-hunting." The truly enthusiastic follower of hounds is always at a loose end in summer time. Mr. Dixon has published his book at an opportune moment; its pleasant pages will beguile the sportsman wearying for next autumn through the long blank summer season. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

TRACTATUS DE INDULGENTIA S. MARIE

DE PORTIUNCULA.

EDIDIT PAUL SABATIER.

This is a supplement to M. Sabatier's life of St. Francis of Assisi, itself one of the classics of hagiography. It concerns a disputed point in the history of the saint. According to tradition, St. Francis obtained from Pope

Honorius in 1216 a remarkable privilege for the little chapel of the Portiuncula at Assisi. Plenary indulgence of all sins was granted to contrite pilgrims visiting this chapel on August 2, the day on which a vision of Christ with the Virgin and a company of angels had appeared to the saint when engaged in prayer there. Such an indulgence, if really granted, would be a thing unique in the annals of the Church. When writing the Life, M. Sabatier came to the conclusion that the whole narrative was a legend, due to the desire of the Franciscans of the Strict Observance to glorify the Portiuncula, which they held, as against the Basilica of Assisi, which was in the hands of their rivals of the Large Observance. He has since, after detailed study of the many and difficult documents involved, seen reason to alter his view; and this book is his palinode. It consists of a minute study of the history of the tradition, together with a number of documents, up to, and including, the tractate on the subject compiled by Francis Bartholi in the middle of the fourteenth century, a tractate which "marks the definitive triumph of legend over history." It is an important contribution to a branch of ecclesiastical history which M. Sabatier has made peculiarly his own. We observe with interest that in the same series of studies will presently appear the text of *The Acts of St. Francis and his Companions*, which M. Sabatier declares to be the Latin original, hitherto unidentified, of the famous *Fioretti*. (Fischbacher.)

THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT.
VOL. I.

BY ROBERT THOMPSON.
ED. BY WILLIAM WATSON.

This book is an accretion of nearly half a century, and it has the depth and maturity of old soil. In 1859 appeared *The Gardener's Assistant*, under the editorship of Mr. Robert Thompson, the then superintendent of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, at Chiswick. In 1877, and again in 1884, the work was revised and enlarged. The same processes have again been applied, and now the alterations and additions have practically resulted in the production of a new book at the very time when the old gardens at Chiswick are likely to be given up on account of the spread of London. The largest shares in the present volume appear to have fallen to Dr. Maxwell T. Masters, who writes on a variety of subjects, and Mr. John Fraser, whose admirable and very long chapter on "Insect and Other Plant Enemies" is fascinating reading. Profusely illustrated, and furnished with statistical tables of real value, this new edition of a work which has been repeatedly adjusted to the advance of horticulture deserves unqualified praise. Although an encyclopædia of gardening, it seems to us to include, without obscuring, the needs of the amateur gardener. The potterer in a garden ought to find a subtle pleasure in measuring his ignorance of this noble art, as well as in deepening his knowledge; and he can have both pleasures in this work. (The Gresham Publishing Co.)

A HISTORY OF EASTERN ASIA.

BY J. C. HANNAH.

We are no doubt on the eve of great events in the Far East, in which the Great Powers of Europe will be at one another's throats over the break-up of China. A compendious history of the Far East is therefore a necessity to the student, and Mr. J. C. Hannah, who was formerly master of the English school at Tien-Tsin, has supplied a brief history of Eastern Asia which will be of much use as a work of reference. In the space at his command Mr. Hannah could not, of course, attempt a comprehensive history, but he has made a useful summary of the events which have taken place in the eastern half of the Asiatic continent from prehistoric times. He has omitted to deal with Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Asia Minor, because these countries, although Asiatic, fall more properly into the groupings of European nations or those

of the Mediterranean basin. The remaining countries of Asia are those which are bound up in what is known as the Far Eastern Question, for the proper understanding of which a brief epitome of their history is necessary. Happily for the general reader the real crux of the question is of fairly modern growth, so that Mr. Hannah's book will supply all that he needs to know. (Fisher Unwin.)

AN ORLEANS DIARY.

BY M. CUVILLIER-FLEURY.

The private diaries of those who hold positions about a Court are of perennial interest. M. Cuvillier-Fleury, the French Academician, was the son of one of Napoleon's officers, who became tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, and the admirer and apologist of Louis Philippe. He kept a private diary from 1828 onwards, and the volume before us deals with the life of the Orleans family at the Palais Royal from 1828 to 1831. The papers have been collected by his daughter, and edited, with an introduction, by M. Ernest Bertin, of the *Débats*. The work, which is prefaced by a sketch of the life of M. Cuvillier-Fleury by the Duc d'Aumale, naturally chronicles a good deal of small beer, but it throws some most valuable sidelights on a very interesting period of French history. The diary is written day by day, and records the impressions of the moment. To the future historian of the Orleans family in France it will be of the highest value. (Paris: Librairie Plon.)

Fiction.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THE scene of this elegant and charming fantasia upon life, love, and art is laid in a Latin country; the old Cardinal, and Marietta, that delightful and antique serving-maid, are pure Italian; the lovers, though English, are Latinised, and the whole spirit of the book, half gracious, half malign, entirely witty, is Latin. The possessor of a fine, fragile talent which has absorbed most cultures, Mr. Harland lavishly expends that talent for the diversion (nothing higher) of those who can appreciate his delicate entertainment. He would not be serious; he would not take life seriously—and yet somewhere, woven imperceptibly into the woof of the thing, there is a quality, an inclination to "hedge" against the ultimate risk of having been only frivolous. Mr. Harland has in him something of Anatole France and something of Renan. The moral attitude of the *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* reminds us irresistibly of a passage in Renan's "philosophic drama" *L'Eau de Jouvence*: "On the hypothesis, which is becoming more and more probable, that the universe is only a tautology in which the sum of movement is found again exactly, in the final balance, without loss or gain, let us take care that the pleasantry has been agreeable. . . . Having regard to our incertitude as to human destiny, the wisest thing is to arrange so that, under any and every hypothesis, we may not discover that we have been too absurd. So that we shall not be saints, but neither shall we be dupes. In any event, we shall not have been too violently surprised." These words are the witty justification of books like Mr. Harland's.

Not that there are many novels in the least similar to *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* in English. It belongs to an order of its own. Its chief characteristic is that all ugliness is carefully eliminated from the aspect. The action passes in a lovely Italian landscape, on either side of a diminutive rushing river. There are the Italian trees and swards, Italian snow-crowned hills, Italian chateaux, Italian villages, "improbable" in their notorious beauty. And there is money, and every refinement of luxury, every

grace of manners. The lady is a duchess, youthfully widowed; the man is a novelist, at once brilliant and modest. He had caught sight of the duchess in various cosmopolitan centres of gaiety, and written a book round her profile. They meet at last, separated only by the little river; she has his book in her hand. They talk—mere badinage, but *moussoux* with an exquisite fantastic lightness. *Pouf!* It is like down wafted across the little river. He falls in love; she falls in love. Blind to her symptoms, he despairs of winning this noble dame. She—she throws herself at him, with what adroit skill of womanliness! The Cardinal supervenes, and antique Marietta, and these two have their share of the intrigue. Marietta is ill, and confesses her sins to the young Englishman her master—this is the prettiest imaginable bit; and, of course, the duchess must visit the sick. Then there are convenient sudden thunderstorms which necessitate the taking of shelter, and snuff-boxes which conveniently get themselves lost and must be returned to immemorial castles. And then, presto! she has accepted him. It is all over. The frailest trifle, only just about as perfect as a trifle can be.

Fate the Fiddler. By Herbert C. MacIlwaine.
(Constable & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a novel of the Australian Bush, and it proclaims its author to be a serious and promising literary artist who must be reckoned with, whose work must be watched book by book as it appears, whose achievement is already notable. There is no question here of a Colonial author producing agreeable stuff about a colony, and to be praised on that account. Mr. MacIlwaine has an imagination which ennobles, and which (feeding on the vast spaces of the Bush) has drawn therefrom an unfamiliar and impressive dignity. Out there, where life is life, and the austere solemnity of nature's pageant rebukes the soul into discarding every triviality of thought and feeling, a man may come to grips with the primal force of the world; a man may exist, in the deepest, ultimate sense; he may perceive the simplicity and grandeur of earthly things in a new, strange light. One is conscious in this book of a fine, sane freshness; of a quality which, with no ostentatious effort, gives value to the commonest manifestations of life. When the two squatters, Somers and Colyer, come to occupy their thousand-mile domain, the mere procession of cattle, the mere driving of a six-horse wain across a river-bed, the mere fall of evening upon the prone forms of men and beasts, have a beauty and significance in and by themselves, and not to be assessed by any scenic standard.

Above the rocky rise beyond the creek a golden fume of dust arose; the earth was shaking to the din and trampling of the herd, and yet there had been no sign of one of them. Then the crest of the rise was broken—a single heifer rose up and stood an instant silhouetted against the rolling dust behind her; she sniffed the air inquiringly, started down the slope at a trot, the trot broke into a canter, and the canter was varied by gambollings of the inimitable uncouthness of all cow-kind when at play. She bellowed at her caperings, and the bellowing was broken by the exercise into a series of ludicrous ejaculations. By the time the pioneer was well upon her way down the slope, a hundred more young cows had appeared above the ridge, had paused and begun to trot, bellow and caper precisely after the manner of their leader; and hundred after hundred followed these, till the rise and the creek-flat were one bellowing, bucking chaos of flourishing horns and tails, and heaving bright-skinned bodies. As the rabble flowed down the bank to the creek-crossing, it steadied and packed itself into a solid press towards the drinking place; the leading beasts as they drank were pushed out and out into deep water, till it seemed as if a huge catastrophe from drowning and mangling were imminent. Yet matters were settled by order of nature

and brute strength; the cattle, having drunk their fill, found their way somehow, singly, then in pairs, dozens, hundreds, up the other bank, and spread out upon the downs.

The book is not wholly excellent; it lapses somewhat from the extraordinary promise of the opening. The title, *Fate the Fiddler*, is scarcely satisfactory, and the theme partakes of this unsatisfactoriness. The fact is, Mr. MacIlwaine's Fate fiddles too random a tune. The plot lacks unity, precision, and cumulative power. There is no inevitable march of event, but rather a zigzag progress of happenings towards a final justice which is slightly too "poetical." The character-drawing is uneven. Somers is good—a man seen and felt to the inmost; but Colyer is manipulated in such a way as to startle and confuse the reader. There is a good deal of Australian finance in the story, and these scenes with bankers and wirepullers have not the authenticity, the absolute rightness, of the Bush chapters. Lastly, Mr. MacIlwaine's style, though it shows many admirable qualities, and has indeed the essentials of a fine style, is frequently cumbrous and turgid. But make no mistake—this is a book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CHEVALIER OF THE
SPLENDID CREST.

BY THE RT. HON.
SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

This story, by the Chevalier of the Busy Pen, is adorned with a list of "works by the same author," classified as History and Biography, Science, Fiction, and Miscellaneous. This is the fifth excursion into fiction, and it is an attempt "to realise what were the conditions of living in this country before its people had become so busy, so well off, and, perhaps, so fond of ease, as they are now." The period chosen is that of the Crusades. (Blackwood. 6s.)

FOR THE QUEEN IN
SOUTH AFRICA.

BY CARYL DAVIS HASKINS.

Six stories of British fighting, mostly in South Africa, and mostly in some relation to public schools and sport. When Brooks led his men up a kopje he shouted: "'Play up close to the ball! On the ball!' with his heart in football, with never a thought of battle, until he reached almost the top of the parapet, and strange faces looked down upon him—faces with deep-set lines, and blue-grey eyes looking along rifle barrels." (Putnams. 5s.)

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

BY FRANCIS DODSWORTH.

The title is the book: we follow the fortunes of a spendthrift from his front-view portrait on the front cover to his back-view portrait on the back cover. Some blame is thrown on the spendthrift's parents: "Following out that curiously short-sighted policy which has been the making of our Colonial police, Devan's father and mother had always kept him as short as possible. 'You do not understand the value of money,' they used to tell him, whenever he protested." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

PAUL THE OPTIMIST.

BY W. P. DOTHIE.

A novel, somewhat of the Dickensian type, laid in that part of the century when people "went on pottering over their tinder and flint in the dark mornings, and snuffing their tallow candles in the dark evenings. . . . To the north of Paternoster-row, very near the Newgate-street end of Bluebell-lane, was the establishment of Twist Brothers, Clothiers. . . . In Twist's house the lad might become errand-boy, knife and window cleaner (a sinecure),

journeyman's helot, apprentice, clerk, no matter what. Let him take his chance, was Peter's only idea, and sink or swim." (John Long. 6s.)

THE SWORD OF THE KING.

BY RONALD MACDONALD.

A pleasant story of the reign of James II. and the coming of the Prince of Orange, written in the first person round a broken sword, which "hangs yet (and long may it so hang!) in our great hall at Drayton . . . beneath it, also against the wall above the hearth, is the scabbard." (John Murray. 6s.)

REVENGEFUL FANGS.

BY F. W. BAMPFORD.

The fangs are the fangs of snakes. The Ryfields—an Anglo-Indian family—are continually being menaced by snakes, and Ryfield *père* has "a terrible suspicion . . . with regard to an ancestor having been the original cause of our many dangerous experiences with snakes. . . . 'I will certainly look over whatever papers I have that are at all likely to contain anything calculated to throw light upon the subject.'" The story is full of snakes, cobras, fakirs, and coolies, serpent-worshippers, and antidotes; and the mystery is cleared up. (Stock. 6s.)

MACGILLERROY'S MILLIONS.

BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

"No, it would be buying his millions dear to get them at the price of handing himself back into the grip of the law, to undergo the rest of his sentence!" . . . "All . . . if it turns out that Anthony Fleming is dead, goes to Miss Perceval. . . ." (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

THE ROBBER TRAMPS OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY LILLIE C. HOSIE.

The advantages of an Explosive factory as a background for a novel are obvious. There need never be a lack of incident. Here the manufacture of Globulite is attended with accident after accident; the story is shaped by Globulite, and the course of true love is adjusted by concussion and soothed with compresses. (Drane. 3s. 6d.)

THE WHITE FLOWER.

BY CLIVE R. FENN.

An adventurer, a true lover, and a woman are found in smart society. We have the inevitable French phrases, "*Mille compliments!*" *régimes, esclandre, distraits, en fête, and matinées.* "My dear Farleigh," says the Duke of Elvaston, who stood in front of the fireplace with his hands behind the tails of his evening dress coat, "My dear Farleigh, if I had any wish to make another few hundred thousand pounds, and, mind you, I haven't, I should finance the rubber trade." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

ADA VERNHAM, ACTRESS.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

This story, by the author of *A Second Coming*, is a story of the stage, of novelette merit. The heroine breaks down in an important part at the Soho Theatre, and we are treated to wild scenes in front of the curtain and behind it, until there suddenly enters to Ada her own true love, who has been mentioned only once before in the story. He wore a felt hat and cloak, and "his eyes were flaming fires." His only office was to stop the play—and the novel. Of course he "went out with the woman into the night"—she being still "attired in the stage costume of a Rhineland maiden of the olden time." (Long. 6s.)

ONE OF MANY.

BY VERA MACHA.

The heroine describes her "many" love affairs, in which she was invariably unfortunate. Twice she marries under our eyes, her second engagement being entered into just six hours before Frank Corbin declares his passion: "Too late by just six hours! Is love ever thus to curse and mock my heart?" (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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Stephen Crane.

As special correspondent he had seen two wars; he had been wrecked; he had written eleven books, two still in MS., and when he died last Wednesday his years did not number thirty. He was the type of the nervous, nimble-minded American, slight in figure, shy and kind in manner, speaking little, with a great power of work, a fine memory, and an imagination of astonishing psychological insight. Latterly his health had been bad, partly constitutional, and partly through malarial fever contracted in the Cuban campaign. The last two years of his life were spent in the old, huge, fascinating house in Sussex, Brede Place, which he made his home. There he lived, many miles from the nearest railway station, a quiet, domesticated life, welcoming his friends, and writing—always writing. He battled bravely against ill-health; but the disease gained ground, and a few weeks ago he was ordered to the Black Forest. It was a forlorn hope, and, although many days were given to the journey, he succumbed at the end to exhaustion.

The Red Badge of Courage was published when he was twenty-five. This study of the psychological side of war, of its effect on a private soldier, justly won for him immediate recognition. Critics of all schools united in praise of that remarkable book, and the more wonderful did the performance appear when it became known that he had never seen a battle, that the whole was evolved from his imagination, fed by a long and minute study of military history. It is said that when he returned from the Greco-Turkish war he remarked to a friend: "The Red Badge is all right." It was all right.

The same swift and unerring characterisation, the same keen vision into the springs of motives, the same vivid phrasing, marked *George's Mother*. Here, as in most of his other stories, and in all his episodes, the environment grows round the characters. He takes them at some period of emotional or physical stress, and, working from within outwards, with quick, firm touches, vivifies them into life. Nowhere is this more evident than in the short sketches and studies that were, probably, after *The Red Badge of Courage*, the real expression of his genius. His longer novels, though not wanting in passages that show him at his best, suggest that in time he would have returned to the earlier instinct that prompted him to work upon a small canvas.

As a writer he was very modern. He troubled himself little about style or literary art. But—rare gift—he saw for himself, and, like Mr. Stevens, he knew in a flash just what was essential to bring the picture vividly to the reader. His books are full of images and similes that not only fulfil their purpose of the moment, but live in the memory afterwards. A super-refined literary taste might object to some of his phrases—to such a sentence as this, for example: "By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dingey," to his colloquialisms, to the slang with which he peppers the talk of his men—but that was the man, who looked at things with his own eyes, and was unafraid of his prepossessions.

His gift of presenting the critical or dramatic moments in the lives of men and women was supreme. We could give a hundred examples, and though the sketch we take the liberty of quoting is not by any means the best of its kind, it is complete in itself, and shows how neat, how to the point, how sympathetic without being sentimental, his work was. It is called "A Detail," and is included in the volume of stories and sketches called *The Open Boat* (Heinemann), the title of that remarkable account of the escape of himself and three companions from the wreck of the steamer *Commodore*:

The tiny old lady in the black dress and curious little black bonnet had at first seemed alarmed at the sound made by her feet upon the stone pavements. But later she forgot about it, for she suddenly came into the tempest of the Sixth Avenue shopping district, where from the streams of people and vehicles went up a roar like that from headlong mountain torrents.

She seemed then like a chip that catches, recoils, turns and wheels, a reluctant thing in the clutch of the impetuous river. She hesitated, faltered, debated with herself. Frequently she seemed about to address people; then of a sudden she would evidently lose her courage. Meanwhile the torrent jostled her, swung her this and that way.

At last, however, she saw two young women gazing in at a shop-window. They were well-dressed girls; they wore gowns with enormous sleeves that made them look like full-rigged ships with all sails set. They seemed to have plenty of time; they leisurely scanned the goods in the window. Other people had made the tiny old woman much afraid because obviously they were speeding to keep such tremendously important engagements. She went close to the girls and peered in at the same window. She watched them furtively for a time. Then finally she said: "Excuse me!"

The girls looked down at this old face with its two large eyes turned towards them.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where I can get any work?"

For an instant the two girls stared. Then they seemed about to exchange a smile, but, at the last moment, they checked it. The tiny old lady's eyes were upon them. She was quaintly serious, silently expectant. She made one marvel that in that face the wrinkles showed no trace of experience, knowledge; they were simply little, soft, innocent creases. As for her glance, it had the trustfulness of ignorance and the candour of babyhood.

"I want to get something to do, because I need the money," she continued since, in their astonishment, they had not replied to her first question. "Of course I'm not strong and I couldn't do very much, but I can sew well; and in a house where there was a good many men folks I could do all the mending. Do you know any place where they would like me to come?"

The young women did then exchange a smile, but it was a subtle, tender smile, the edge of personal grief.

"Well, no, madame," hesitatingly said one of them at last; "I don't think I know anyone."

A shade passed over the tiny old lady's face, a shadow of the wing of disappointment.

"Don't you?" she said, with a little struggle to be brave in her voice.

Then the girl hastily continued: "But if you will give me your address, I may find someone, and if I do, I will surely let you know of it."

The tiny old lady dictated her address, bending over to watch the girl write on a visiting card with a little silver pencil. Then she said:

"I thank you very much." She bowed to them, smiling, and went on down the avenue.

As for the two girls, they walked to the curb and watched this aged figure, small and frail, in its black gown and curious black bonnet. At last the crowd, the innumerable wagons, intermingling and changing with uproar and riot, suddenly engulfed it.

This youth wandered much over the world in his brief, brilliant life. As we write, his last journey is beginning. He is being taken to his home in America.

Things Seen.

In a Toy-Shop.

I WAS in a toy-shop in Oxford-street, searching for a clock-work toy. Between the attractions of washerwomen, performing minstrels, and tickshaw men, I was getting rather perplexed and not a little bored when a small boy, with attendant nurse and sisters, came in. The boy knew what he wanted, and so I felt that I at least was his servant. He had half-a-guinea to spend, and he intended to buy one of the large figures dressed in khaki. The choice had been almost made, when he edged up to me and whispered: "Do you know what regiment Baden-Powell belongs to?"

"He was in the 13th Hussars, I believe," I answered.

"I won't have that Yeomanry man," my small friend said at once to his companions.

"But, Master Lionel, we have chosen it," the nurse remonstrated.

"I want a Hussar."

"We haven't got any Hussars left, would you rather have a Highlander?" the shop-lady asked, persuasively.

"No, I want a Hussar, Hussars don't wear kilts. You are sure he was in the Hussars?" he added to me.

"Yes, I think so, and he was at school at Charterhouse," I said by way of general information.

"And I am going to Eton. I sha'n't. I shall go to Charterhouse."

The situation was becoming strained; and as I was in some respects responsible for having made my small friend so perplexed, I said to him: "Don't you think it would be nice to have a Highlander now and then go to Charterhouse afterwards?"

"You are sure he was at Charterhouse."

"Yes, quite sure."

"Nurse, I'll have the Highlander, but I shall go to Charterhouse," he decided promptly.

The nurse beamed an instructive smile upon me.

"Don't wrap him up. I'll carry him as he is," the boy said.

He went out of the shop smiling; but after that smile of nurse's I cannot believe that he will go to Charterhouse.

At the Door.

HERDGEROW and field were on one side of the road only. The opposite footpath was flanked by a brick wall, and its long perspective was broken by a somewhat architectural doorway, with a pair of iron studded doors, and a mediæval bell-pull. It was the door of the county workhouse. Two men and two women approached from opposite directions. The men were ragged, unshaved, and frowsy, wearing boots that might have been found on an ash-heap. Each had buttoned up his coat collar to hide his lack of a shirt. The women showed as much tidiness as is possible when drink and the pawn-shop have done their worst. The shawls and gowns were of the dark neutral tint of poverty. Their tattered bonnets had evidently passed through a long succession of reverses of fortune. As these persons came along, it was evident that they had made up their minds to "go into the house." Their faces were gloomy, but this chance meeting brightened the gloom with something like a smile, although there was no sign of previous acquaintance between the couples. The women gave a feminine pat to their hair. One of the men pulled off his slouched hat, brushed it with his arm, and tried to give it a more becoming shape. The other man stepped forward and pulled the bell, which gave out a loud jangling, and when the porter opened the door he would have gone in at once, but his comrade held him back, saying, "Ladies first!" And so the women passed in before the men, acknowledging the courtesy graciously, coquettishly picking up their dingy skirts, and walking with an air.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. MARCEL PRÉVOST has stepped into serious literature at last; he has condescended to place his remarkable talent at the service of good womanhood, and in his *Strong Virgins* has made noble amends for a book many of us have found it difficult to forgive him. But the author of *Demi-Vierges* is forgotten in the large-minded and generous apostle of Femininism who has just given us *Frédérique*. This powerful and original novel will greatly interest English readers because of the vigour, the surprising accuracy and sympathy with which English life and scenery are depicted. If nothing is more amusing than the inaccurate and atrabilious descriptions of our ways and cities by the pens of unsympathetic foreigners, who seemingly leave their own country to hold a "review of their Maker's mistakes" elsewhere, on the other hand nothing can be more instructive and interesting than the impressions and observations the intelligent and liberal-minded foreigner carries away from our midst. M. Prévost detects the good and bad in England with a just and sensible discernment. If he can admire the pure and independent English girl, he is as quick to recognise her repugnant antithesis, the Anglo-Saxon flirt. With a fine impartiality he sees where the English stand above French civilisation and where they fall below it. He retorts to the cry of the admiring Englishman "they manage those things better in France" with a no less ready admission that many things are far better managed in England. Before his conversion M. Paul Bourget had a kind of sneaking preference for England, but this admiration was hardly of a quality to flatter the best of the nation; it was the sentiment of the foreign snob in love with English tailoring, the flavour of exterior correction well-bred English people carry into all their relations, the vast pretentiousness of English society, the luxurious town mansions and country houses, the prestige of the British aristocracy. These were the things that dazzled M. Bourget. But M. Prévost, who is nothing of a snob, has brought away from England far higher impressions, and in *Frédérique* and its sequel, *Lea*, which has already appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, he has given us two books which will surely open for him the doors of the Academy.

I have said that M. Prévost has constituted himself, in a way, the apostle of Femininism. Let it at once be understood that this implies no affinity with the late outburst of feminist literature in England. There is nothing here of the hill-top novel, nothing of the *African Farm*, and far less still of the unclean divagations of *Keynotes* and its successors. This is a feminism of a claustral austerity. M. Prévost's strong virgins ask of men and society nothing but the right to work for themselves and live chaste and noble lives. Uncloistered nuns is really what they aspire and strive to be. Lea and *Frédérique*, the two enthusiastic Parisians, who leave their lovely Paris to come to London to live by their work in the delightfully free atmosphere of Free College, are beautiful young girls. Their voluntary renunciation of marriage and the love of man is the result of their mother's lamentable frailty. Seeing what a miserable thing the love of man, without pride or dignity, made of her weak and sensual mother's existence, *Frédérique*, resentful of her birth, haughtily resolved to keep herself clean of such influences. Her contempt of man is intense and passionate, and, considering her proud nature and her sad experience of men, quite justifiable. Her brother, a brilliant young lawyer, had seduced the light and shallow Christiane, a pretty creature with the instincts of a *grisette*; on paternal orders had gone abroad, leaving Christiane *enciente*. A subordinate of the house was found who, for an indemnity, consented to marry the seduced girl and give his name to her child. The stepfather of *Frédérique* is a consumptive brute, and in very childhood the family

skeleton is paraded before the unhappy little girl. And so through girlhood she cherishes an affectionate and indulgent contempt of her mother, and a dark hate of her father and stepfather. Being exceptionally intelligent, as well as beautiful, she obtains a good situation in a factory, where Lea soon joins her as a designer. Lea is a soft and charming creature, in every way the contrast of her strong and haughty sister, whom she adores and looks up to. The relations of these sisters are drawn for us with a captivating sincerity and charm. It is not for nothing M. Prévost has made womanhood his study. It would be difficult to name a book in which the fraternity of two girls, so fond and so widely different, is portrayed with a nobler precision and a more touching grace. Its singular force lies in the fact that this distinguished picture of sisterhood, with its reserved tenderness, its invincible purity of form and colouring, has not a trace of sentimentality.

In London the fortunes of these girls are enviable in every way. There is the gallant briskness of the Free College, where young girls are brought up with the freedom of boys on a new Feminist plan, with delightful results. There is the charming intimacy in Apple Tree-yard with an ideal brother and sister, natives of Finland, and the delicate love idyll of Georg Ortsen and Lea, which grows slowly out of this intimacy—an idyll which, if it lacks the poetry, lacks none of the grace and fragrance of Loti's exquisite idyll in *Ramunchto*. The flaw in the book, and indeed the flaw in Frédérique's inexorable feminism, is the compulsory sacrifice of this love. Lea and Georg, guided by the stronger and more spiritual natures of their sisters, whom both idolise, share the opinion of these that love should be ideal, should lead us to the ether of Platonism instead of into the muddy regions of matrimony. And so both, with breaking hearts, after a single kiss of avowal, part. True, Georg afterwards revolts and comes to Paris to claim his bride. This scene, which is powerful by its extraordinary cruelty and brevity, ends *Frédérique*. Georg in Italy, whither he went in search of forgetfulness, has learnt that love has a deeper and more ineffaceable significance than the sentimental dalliance of Platonism, and Frédérique ungenerously uses this knowledge in the duel between him and her for the possession of Lea. Pirnitz, the teacher and guide of the girls, is called upon to decide between them, and is quite as remorseless as Frédérique in the presence of two young breaking hearts. I own I like neither the admirable Pirnitz nor the implacable Frédérique in this scene. Some pity is due to erring love, and the error of Georg was of so slight a nature, considering the circumstances, as to claim silence and not chastisement. These pure women uncandidly exaggerate it to work upon Lea's pride, and when the penitent and tortured lover advances and cries to her: "I swear to you, Lea, that you have been my one and only love"—an oath in this case simple truth—the poor girl flings out her arms and cries: "Don't touch me." In vain he adjures her not to break two lives for a trifle, not to be guided by women who would imprison her heart. She sends him away with all the reader's sympathy, and Frédérique salutes her triumph over love as a moral grandeur. The novel is a pure and lofty work of imagination; but herein lies the initial error of its doctrine: Frédérique is revoltingly harsh and proud.

H. L.

For the Bookplate of a Married Couple.

A BOOK our eyes have glanced on
Together,
A wind that ev'ry feather
And windlestraw hath danced on,

A path our feet have trodden
Together
In still or windy weather,
On springy turf or sodden.

From "Poems for Pictures" by Ford M. Hueffer.

Correspondence.

The Title to a Title.

SIR,—You have proved yourself a friend so constant and generous to those who have not yet abandoned the pen for the sword that I am tempted to ask you to lend me the ear of your readers for a moment's space. Quite lately a letter appeared in your columns drawing attention to several recent cases of plagiarism in the matter of book titles, wherein my name was cited as being one of the sufferers. My case, briefly stated, is as follows: In December of last year I published a book called *Sidelights on South Africa*, now in its third edition. A few weeks ago Lady Sykes brought out a volume on the same subject, which she calls *Sidelights on the War in South Africa*. On the appearance of her book my publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston, wrote to Mr. Fisher Unwin protesting against this flagrant assumption of my title, and I myself wrote to Lady Sykes pointing out two cases in which friends who had ordered my book at the libraries had received hers instead. But, although Mr. Unwin expressed his willingness to change it, Lady Sykes has refused to discontinue the use of my title for her book on the ground that she considers the two names "as dissimilar as are their contents." I am quite prepared to admit that the contents are dissimilar, but the titles are, I contend, practically identical, and likely to confuse the public. In this opinion I am fortified by such experienced booksellers as Mr. Humphrey, of Hatchard's, and Mr. Bumpus. I may, at the same time, point out that neither Lady Sykes nor Mr. Fisher Unwin have alleged ignorance of my work as an explanation of their choice of title.

The legal aspect of this matter is interesting, and, I think, not generally understood. Although, as your correspondent writes, there is no *copyright* in the title of a book, there most certainly is *property* in it. Copinger in his standard work, *The Law of Copyright*, is most distinct about this point. He says: "There can be no doubt that there is in a title a right capable of protection, and in the case of *Bell's Life* this right was asserted by Vice-Chancellor Stuart to be a right of property." The case of *Weldon v. Dicks* still further bears out this view. In 1873 the Rev. Henry Palmer published a novel called *Trial and Triumph*, a title "adopted by the defendant in entire ignorance that it had ever been used by any other person or applied to any other work. The defendant's work was entirely distinct in its plot and subject-matter from the plaintiff's book. It also appeared that both before and after the date of the first publication by the plaintiff of his books, more than one book was published by other persons under the same title, or one substantially the same. Vice-Chancellor Malins held that the plaintiff was entitled to an injunction."

It will, therefore, easily be seen that, regarding a title as literary property, it is—to quote Copinger once more—"usually considered that, as the injury caused by the infringement is an injury to property, the fraudulent intent is not necessary to prove." In other words, the law gives protection to the title of a book not so much for the sake of the author as to prevent the public being deceived into buying a book under the impression that it is buying one previously published with the same or "substantially the same" title. Various attempts have, of course, been made to secure a copyright for the titles as well as for the contents of books, but this is a matter of extreme difficulty. In the report of the Select Committee appointed in 1898 to consider Lord Herschell's Copyright Amendment Bill, this point was brought forward by Mr. Daldy, who gave evidence in his capacity as Secretary to the Copyright Association. The question had been previously raised in the Trade Marks Act and not satisfactorily disposed of. On this occasion it was again shelved, at the suggestion of Lord Thring. It is believed by many authors that if some scheme could be devised by which the names of books

could be registered the duplication of titles through ignorance would be obviated. This remedy was also discussed by the Commission of 1898, Mr. G. H. Thring giving evidence on behalf of the Society of Authors. But here again nothing was done. The most natural places where such registration might be effected are the British Museum or Stationers' Hall; but both these institutions have brought forward innumerable and to some extent incontrovertible reasons why neither of them should be troubled with the organisation of a system whereby the names of the multitudinous army of volumes produced year by year might be inscribed and thus protected from piracy.

But, as I have already stated, legal machinery is not really lacking by which those who use the name of a book already in circulation may be compelled to surrender it. It remains with the original proprietor of such title to set that machinery in motion, for the safeguard of literary property in general no less than for the protection of individual interest.

ROY DEVEREUX.

59, Cadogan-square, S.W. :
June 7, 1900.

SIR.—It is not pleasant to find that one has used a title already adopted by another author, if only on account of one's ignorance appearing hardly a compliment to the writer aggrieved. In the case, however, which your correspondent last week brings home to me, I hope the grievance is reduced to a minimum by the insignificance of the story of mine to which she refers. The letter is headed "Book Titles," and it might from that be inferred that my story was a book, as is the work of Mr. Bennett's, against whose title I have trespassed. May I point out that this is fortunately not so? The fact of my "slender performance" being but an ephemeral story of some four thousand words may, I trust, remove the worst of the mishap and form something of an apology to the author and publisher whose rights I unwittingly infringed.—I am, &c.,

ALGERNON GISSING.

Willersey, Broadway, Worcestershire :
May 31, 1900.

Novels and Logic.

SIR.—The *Ignoratio Elenchi* still persists. My fair adversary not only attacks a position which I never held, but officially announces that I have evacuated the post, and come over to her side. I never said anything against great works of fiction, from the *Odyssey* to *Vanity Fair*. What I did say was that we now produce little that commands a sale except novels. What I said, or did not say, is of infinitesimal importance. But it is important that logicians of either sex should know what the thesis of their adversary is; should not attribute to him a thesis which he never held, and then assault that.

I still think, *pax* Miss Forbes-Robertson, that "all the works of Thucydides" are likely to outlive those even of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James. But this is a mere opinion; perhaps, in A.D. 2000, *What Maisie Knew* or *The Amazing Marriage* will be eagerly asked for, while the historian of the Sicilian Expedition, or the philosopher who describes the death of Socrates, will be entirely forgotten. The Platonic Dialogues and the Muses of Herodotus "are but glorified school-books" in Miss Forbes-Robertson's opinion, as I understand her. I dare say that many ladies are of her mind.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

1, Marloes-road : June 3, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

GRANT ALLEN: A MEMOIR. BY EDWARD CLODD.

We refer elsewhere to this biography, which is comprised in little more than 200 pages. Mr. Clodd closes his narrative with the fine and familiar lament:

They told me, Heraklitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed;
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, laid long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but these he cannot take.

(Grant Richards.)

VILLAGE NOTES, AND SOME OTHER PAPERS.

BY PAMELA TENNANT.

Mrs. Tennant, who is one of the three ladies in Mr. Sargent's great picture in this year's Academy Exhibition, has gathered into this volume some sketches of country life which she contributed to the *Outlook*. Charmingly made up into a book, and illustrated with photogravures, these sketches look inviting. "There is a village I know of in South Wilts," Mrs. Tennant begins, "in whose cottages I have heard many things said worth recording—of humour, intentional, or otherwise, and of pathos, real and deep." (Heinemann.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE.

BY SIR JOSEPH FAYRER, BART.

Sir Joseph Fayrer is one of the most celebrated of army doctors. He entered the Bengal Medical Service in 1850, and served in the first Burmese War, and through the Indian Mutiny. He was in Lucknow during its beleaguement. His writings have hitherto been purely medical; but his long and varied life and its recreations, which have included big-game shooting in India, have furnished material for a bulky volume of reminiscences in which there is an abundance of exciting incidents. (Blackwood.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE
BRITISH ARMY.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

A very interesting subject is treated of in this book. We are given many particulars about the inner life of a British regiment, its guest nights, its polo matches, the cost of chargers and outfits, points of etiquette, and what not. When the social life of the officers' mess has been described, we are introduced to the rank and file, to the married quarters, the canteen, the cricket match, the Sergeants' Ball, &c. &c. The author says: "In the army it is fully recognised that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'" The book is dedicated, by permission, to Lord Wolseley, and is admirably illustrated by Mr. R. Caton Woodville. (John Long. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hird (Dennis), Was Jesus a Ritualist? (Watts & Co.) 1/0
Daubney (W. H.), The Use of the Apocrypha in the Christian Church
(Clay & Sons)

Hudson (Thomson Jay), The Divine Pedigree of Man (Putnam's Sons)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Courtney (W. L.), The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama
(Constable) net 3/6
Butler (A. G.), The Choice of Achilles and Other Poems (Frowde) 2/6
Swift (Morrison J.), Advent of Empire (Roubroke Press, Los Angeles, Cal.)
Huntingford (E. W.), The Frogs of Aristophanes (Methuen) 2/6
Bayne (H. P.), A Book of Verses, Occasional and Commonplace
(Burlingame) net 1/6
The Dome. Vol. VI. (Unicorn Press) net 3/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Bryce (George), *The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company* (Sampson Low) 7/8
 Malden (Henry Elliot), *A History of Surrey* (Stock)
 Scoble (J.), and Abercrombie (H. B.), *The Rise and Fall of Krugerism* (Heinemann)
 Coates (Thomas F. G.), *Sir George White, V.C.*.....(Grant Richards)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- De Wet (Augusta), *Facts and Fancies about Java* (Van Stockum & Son) net 7/8

EDUCATIONAL.

- Ready (A. W.), *Essays and Essay Writing for Public Examinations* (Bell & Sons) 1/6
 Melven (W.), *The Talisman* (Black) 1/6
 Ord (H. W.), *Quentin Durward*..... (Black) 1/6
 McKinlay (R. G.), *The Lady of the Lake*..... (Black) net 1/0
 Mackenzie (W. M.), *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (Black)

JUVENILE.

- Tuck (Mary N.), "Little Wheel" (Sunday School Union) 0/8
 Spicer (Howard), *Sports for Boys* (Methuen)
 Glover (Lady), *Let's We Forget Them* (Simpkin Marshall) 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Leonard (E. M.), *The Early History of English Poor-Relief* (Camb. Univ. Press)
 Schooling (J. Holt), *A Peep into "Punch"* (Newnes) 5/0
 Hewett (Sarah), *Nummets and Grummits* (Burleigh)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Avebury (Right Hon. Lord), *Pre-Historic Times as Illustrated by Ancient Remains. Sixth Edition revised*..... (Williams & Norgate) 18/0
 Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Contraband*..... (Ward & Lock)
 Tennyson (Alfred, Lord), *Poems: In Memoriam, Maud, Princess, Enoch Arden, &c.*..... (Macmillan) 2/0
 Ridge (W. Pett), *A Son of the State* (Methuen) 3/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 37 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best epigrammatic verse of four lines connecting an old author with the present day. We are disappointed with the results. We award the prize to Mr. T. Constable, Hurstwood, Buxted, for the following epigram:

POPE.

I saw the shade of Pope as Mudie's guest,
 I saw it read, mark, learn—almost digest—
 Ten thousand tomes, then heard it wail in pain:
 "Would I might write my 'Dunciad' yet again!"

Other replies are as follows:

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT TO GEORGE MEREDITH.

"The friable and the grumous, dizzards both!"
 Why blunt with pedantry the dart you fling?
 I plied my mother-tongue, and by my troth
 When I displayed the fang, men felt the sting.
 [R. F. McC., Whitby.]

BURNS.

"A man's a man." Why, so he is!
 That's not enough to tell, sir.
 What Moderns want to know is this:
 Are women men as well, sir?
 [T. B., Cheltenham.]

DEFOE.

Oh, Boy of the Past! with what rapture you read
 Of your Isle Hero's skill, and his food and his bed;
 Dear Crusoe! your island, yourself and your Co,
 By tale-pampered lads are to-day voted "slow."
 [C. M. D., London.]

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Oh! Richardson, what would thy Pamela say,
 Who at the word stooping blush'd rosy red?
 Could she read of poor "Tess" or "The Woman who Did,"
 She'd swoon right away, or go off her head!
 [G. H., Didsbury.]

SHAKESPEARE.

I've frequently thought, If the dead could awaken
 What perfectly glorious times there would be;
 If Shake-peare, for instance, and Francis Bacon
 Could dine with Donely and Sidney Lee.
 [C. E. H., Richmond.]

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Preceptor, in a school of manners dead,
 Of wisdom, wit, and social dealing;
 Our ease, to courtesy most lightly wed,
 Might shock you, still you would hide your feeling.
 [M. T., London.]

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

All writing's changed, quaint, kindly Browne, since thou,
 In moments spare, wrote thy dust-smelling tomes;
 How would a Doyle write *Hydriotaphis* now,
 Or thou indite another *Sherlock Holmes*?
 [H. W. D., London.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet-singing Shakespeare, would'st thou not be
 Sad in thine heart if the seraphs told thee
 That to day, on the star that thou blest by thy birth,
 If ten take thee up, but one sees thy worth!
 [L. F., Manchester.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT—RUDYARD KIPLING.

'Twas his, the Wizard of the North, to wave his wondrous wand,
 And make our fathers breathe the air of moor and heatherland,
 Like him, whose burning genius now wafts us from afar
 The scent of spicy blossoms beneath an Eastern star.
 [C. B., Bristol.]

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Ah, noble departed! our Alfred "The Great,"
 How it grieves us you took every tittle
 Of your spirit of song, when you joined the great throng,
 And you left none for Alfred "The Little"!
 [L. L., Ramsgate.]

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Plain dealer in the "rough-hew'd granite" style,
 How you would wince could you return awhile
 To earth, and scan the modern wares we view—
 Fiction by Fowler, Hall Caine, and Le Queux!
 [Z. McC., Whitby.]

WORDSWORTH AND REALISM.

Wordsworth, progenitor of realistic art,
 Realism did to thee infinite good reveal;
 We, the *fin siècle*, make prostitute our art:
 Sink goodness in oblivion, proclaiming evil real.
 [A. M. P., Hampstead.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Great maker of Romance, you hit the tune,
 And thousands, with variations, followed after;
 Your day of glory has not come to noon:
 Their mock heroics make a moment's laughter.
 [H. P. B., Glasgow.]

Other answers have been received from:—E. F. S., Newcastle; E. C. M. D., Crediton; F. S. H., Bath; A. H. F., Southsea; J. O., Bath; E. H. H., Streatham; F. L. A., Ealing; H. R. S., Newcastle; —, Highgate; E. M., West Smithfield; T. B. D., Bridgwater; H. E. M., Edinburgh; M. R. H., Eastbourne; E. B., Liverpool; A. E. W., Inverness; F. E. A., Buxton; A. W., West Hampstead; H. J., Crouch End; A. G., Cheltenham; H. H., Old Shoreham; M. A. C., Cambridge; G. N., Bristol.

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DR. F. J. FURNIVALL writes to us as follows:

In the *Johnson Club Papers*, 1899, p. 161, my friend, George Radford, writes of the great Doctor:

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The Literary Week.

IN accordance with our annual custom we devote a supplement this week to topographical and guide-book literature. The production of guide-books, as of general literature, seems to have been greatly checked by the war. However, as a set off, Mr. Newnes is about to launch a new sixpenny monthly illustrated magazine, devoted to the interests of tourists, and called *The Traveller*. An advance copy of the first number which lies before us is filled with varied and useful matter. Among the permanent features will be "Travel Notes and News," "In the Hotels," "What to Wear Abroad," "Peeps into New Books," "Tours through the Shops," "Sunday Morning Notes," &c., &c. The special articles are well chosen, and altogether *The Traveller* promises to be a most helpful counsellor and an entertaining friend.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society will give its last performance of the season next Friday evening, in the Lecture Theatre, Burlington Gardens, when Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein," translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, will be performed.

AMONG the novels that have reached us lately we had set aside *Charlotte Leyland* for a special review on account of certain qualities which distinguished it. The review was in preparation when we received the following communication from Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of the book: "I published on May 22 *Charlotte Leyland*, by M. Bowles, of which a copy was sent you on that day for review. Since its publication I have learnt that one of the characters is so drawn as to constitute a libel against a lady well-known in London society. Her solicitors threaten me with proceedings unless I withdraw the book from circulation, which I am now doing; they also ask me to warn you against reviewing the book in its present shape." As the three chief characters in *Charlotte Leyland* revolve in orbits very far removed from "London Society," and as the story is mainly concerned with them, we hope that the book will be republished after the excisions that "constitute a libel" have been made. It would be a great pity if such excellent and promising work were to be denied the recognition that Miss Bowles deserves.

JUST now, when the peace of the world is threatened by "The Yellow Peril," it is interesting to turn to the pages of a work which aroused considerable attention at the time of its publication seven years ago—Mr. Charles H. Pearson's *National Life and Character: a Forecast*. This writer was "obsessed" apparently by the idea, which he explains in his work, that the Chinese whose resources he considered immense, the capacity of their people for toil unlimited, and their wants of the slenderest, would eventually dominate the universe—that China's flag would float on every sea, and her naval officers visit every port as honoured guests. He says:

The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow

racés, no longer too weak for aggression, or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and the natives of Hindostan, the States of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be African nations of the Congo and the Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilised world. The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf, or the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to intermarriage. It is idle to say that, if all this should come to pass, our pride of place will not be humiliated. We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to Aryan races and to the Christian faith: to the letters, and arts, and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by people whom we looked upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs.

A line from Bret Harte irresistibly suggests itself to us.

The Ladysmith Treasury is the title of a volume of stories which Messrs. Sands & Co. announce for immediate publication. The book is dedicated to Sir George White, and it is intended to forward the profits arising from the sale to the Mayor of Ladysmith for the relief of the distress caused by the siege. The following authors have contributed stories: F. Anstey, Joseph Conrad, Bernard Capes, Edgar Fawcett, Francis Gribble, Robert Machray, Ian Maclaren, F. Frankfort Moore, W. E. Norris, Eden Phillpotts, Edwin Pugh, Morley Roberts, Gabriel Setoun, H. A. Vachell, Percy White, and "Zack." The volume has been edited by Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Dowson's 'I have been true to thee, Cynara, in my fashion,' which you quote in last week's ACADEMY, is merely a Swinburnian translation of Mr. Burnand's comic lyric, 'His heart was true to Poll.' Don't you remember how he strayed first with Bet and then with Sal, then with Susan and then with Moll; but all the time, wherever his kisses might be, 'his heart was true to Poll'?"

WE understand that Mr. Robert Barr will finish the romance of Irish life which Mr. Crane left uncompleted.

MR. H. G. WELLS, whose new novel, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, is attracting very favourable notice, has finished a long story called "The First Men in the Moon." It will begin in the *Strand Magazine* next January.

"C. K. S.," who recently announced in the *Sphere* that what is called Bramwell Brontë's chair at the "Black Bull," Haworth, was for sale, now states that the price asked is £100; but he adds, "I do not for the life of me understand why the most enthusiastic admirer of the Brontë sisters should offer £100 for a chair in which . . . their very worthless brother was so frequently in the cups."

MR. W. D. HOWELLS'S pronouncements on the art of the Novel have been many, but they are always lucid and interesting. In a recent after-dinner speech he said some sensible things about the "many-headed." Thus Mr. Howells:

He is a terrible fellow, the average man, but there are a great many of him; and it is worth while trying to find out his secret, if he has one.

The difficulty is not to make him like the best, but to give him the best. In this case, as in so many others, the law of demand and supply works backward, and the demand follows the supply. We must in all these things rely upon education, but education that begins with the artists, as with those who write and paint and build, as those who model and carve. When I see people reading the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand of the latest historical romance, my heart sinks; but I do not lose my faith that, when some great novelist divines how to report human nature as truly as such romances report it falsely, people will read him too in the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand. I do not say that they will think his novel greater than those romances; probably they will not. . . . But, happily, that is not the artist's affair, in either art; his affair is to do a beautiful and true thing so simply and directly that the average man will not miss the meaning and the pleasure of it.

We have conceived a great respect for the Free Public Library of Wigan. The number of books in its collection must, we think, be far ahead of that possessed by most provincial libraries. A bulky volume of the catalogue has reached us which we supposed comprised the whole library until our eye fell on the words "Letter L Only" printed on the cover. Wigan Library is rich in L's. There are 350 pages of books whose titles or subjects begin with L. The collection of books about London possessed by Wigan is large, though we notice that many cross entries swell the list. The collection of Law books, too, seems amazingly rich to any one who knows Wigan only by the buns in its railway refreshment room. They far exceed those classed under Life, where, however, the titles lack nothing of variety:

Life, a Comedy.
Life, after Death.
Life, Adventures, and Amours.
Life, Conduct of Life.
Life, Future Life.
Life in London.
Life in Normandy.
Life, Holy Life, the Beauty of Christianity.
Life, High Life Below Stairs.
Life of a Bird.
Life of an Insect.
Life, Miseries of Human Life.
Life, Pleasures of Life.
Life Tables, &c., &c.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will next week begin their series of "Westminster Biographies" with a monograph on Robert Browning, by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The series is of the dainty order, the volumes being delicately bound in leather. In length the biographies are of about 25,000 words apiece, and they seek to give clear but simple pictures of their subjects, selecting striking points only, and avoiding tedious detail. The volumes will be in two forms, at half-a-crown and two shillings, and fit easily into the pocket.

THE Guild of Handicraft has issued its sixth publication, an edition of Shakespeare's poems in the orthography of the early editions with initial letters, "bloomers" they are called, by Mr. Reginald Savage. The book is a fine piece of typography, and is bound in limp vellum with tapes to fasten it. Such books have their lovers, but we are not

among them. The initial letters—one is attached to each stanza and sonnet throughout the volume—do but vex our eyes with their endless array and importunate blackness. But it is a matter of taste, and tastes differ profoundly.

A CORRESPONDENT who has enjoyed Mr. Thomas Seccombe's article on M. Anatole France (to which we referred three weeks ago) would like ACADEMY readers to share his enjoyment of the following "delicious ironical portrait, by M. France, of the antiquary, Pignonneau." The translation is Mr. Seccombe's. M. Pignonneau speaks:

"I have consecrated my entire life, as is well known, to the study of Egyptian archæology, nor have my labours been sterile. I can say, without self-flattery, that my *Memoir upon the Handle of an Egyptian Mirror in the Louvre Museum* may still be consulted with advantage, though it was one of my earliest productions. . . . Encouraged by the flattering reception accorded to my studies by colleagues at the Institut, I was tempted for a moment to embark upon a work of a much wider scope—no less than a broad survey of the weights and measures in use at Alexandria under the reign of Ptolemy Anletes (80-52 B.C.). But I recognised very soon that a subject so general and so vast is not in any way adapted for treatment by a genuine man of science, and that serious scholarship could undertake it only at the risk of finding itself compromised amid all kinds of adventures. I felt that in considering several subjects at one and the same time I was abandoning the fundamental principle of an archæologist. If to-day I confess my error, if I avow the inconceivable enthusiasm which launched me upon a project so extravagant, I do it in the interest of the young student, who will learn from my example to subdue his imagination. It is likely to be his most cruel enemy; for the scholar who has not succeeded in stifling the imagination within him is for ever lost to science. I shudder still when I think of the chasms over which I was dangled by my adventurous spirit in this (happily) transitory ardour for general ideas. I was within an ace of what is called History! What an abyss! I was upon the point of falling into Art. For History is really no more, or at best only a specious and false science. Is it not a matter of common knowledge to-day that the historian has preceded the archæologist, just as the astrologer has preceded the astronomer, the alchemist the chemist—nay, as the ape has preceded the man? But, thank heaven! I got off with a fright."

IN the current *Argosy* appears this very interesting letter of Harrison Ainsworth's:

Kensal Manor House, Harrow-road, London,
 April 7, 1842.

MY DEAR DR. E.,—You must excuse a very short note in answer to your kind and sympathising letter, because I am much pressed for time, and am, of necessity, obliged to abridge all my correspondence. You ask me how much I have made by my literary exertions in one year. I will just put down the positive gains of last year:

Old St. Paul's.....	£1,000	0	0
Editorship, Bentley	612	0	0
For Guy Fawkes	150	0	0
Tower of London (about).....	300	0	0
	£2,062	0	0

by which you will see that I made upwards of £2,000 in that year. By similar exertions I could make the same amount in any year. . . .

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The last sentence is delightfully sanguine and matter of fact. But Ainsworth wrote when the tastes of readers changed less rapidly than now.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE has been given a pension on the Civil List by Mr. Balfour. It is stated that Mr. Merivale has been a sufferer in one of the recent failures of London solicitors which have attracted so much attention. For some years Mr. Merivale was editor of the *Annual Register*, a position once occupied by Edmund Burke. His plays, novels, and verses have been numerous.

A REACTION against the Omar Khayyám cult is bound to set in. It has, in fact, already set in. In the *People's Friend* Mr. A. H. Miller discusses, somewhat trenchantly, the fragmentary records of Omar, and the few and late texts of his poem; and he asks:

What can one make of a poem (or set of verses) whose supposed author may have died either in 1090 or 1126, whose poetical writings were absolutely unknown in the East—in his native Persia as well as in India—until the present century; whose text is so indefinite that it varies from 632 lines to 2064 lines, and the oldest copy of whose verses was confessedly written nearly four centuries after his death? The most devoted professor of Higher Criticism would give up such a problem in absolute despair.

Possibly, though we should hesitate to put a limit to the patience of a professor of the Higher Criticism. In any case FitzGerald's poem—be it what it may in relation to Omar—can, and does, stand on its own merits, which are many and deep and, we believe, lasting. Mr. Miller continues:

The Omar of the quatrains was a Pantheist, and disowned the Monotheism of Mahomet: he was a fatalist who believed in no hereafter, but preached the Epicurean method of enjoying to-day and caring nothing for to-morrow. He was a wine-bibber, though the Mahometan creed bound him to abstinence from wine, and it is possible that his hopeless heresy led him to pen such a stanza as this!

Yesterday this Day's Madness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Omar's fatalism was not that of the true Son of the Faithful, who looked for a positive reward hereafter for the deeds done in his body. The poet scoffed bitterly at every such delusion. . . .

There is not much comfort in the mournful pessimism of such a creed, and it seems strangely out of harmony with the spirit of an age which has witnessed many fervent religious revivals, and has carefully avoided the pitfalls of Atheism and Materialism. Hence it is probable that the Omarism which has suddenly burst forth within these few years will rapidly sink into oblivion; and the next generation, as the present, will prefer the calm, steady faith of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar," to the heartless, hopeless, impotent despair of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám."

Surely Mr. Miller protests too much. Many read Omar, but who takes him for a guide? In the varied moods and situations of life one teacher and then another shall prevail, one message and then another seem good. Job's friends, as well as Job, speak wisdom.

It is not generally known that "Comedy and Tragedy," which Miss Janette Steer revived with "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Comedy Theatre on Thursday, originally appeared as a short story which Mr. W. S. Gilbert contributed to a theatrical annual edited by Mr. Clement Scott, called "The Stage Door," in 1879.

THE literary fecundity of Leigh Hunt is hardly appreciated in these days, when only his essays and his *Town* are read, and these by few people. Striking evidence of his industry is afforded by Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Francis Harvey, in which no fewer than seventy-two works by Leigh Hunt are set down.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has made an interesting collection of common misquotations. We take leave to make a selection from his list, which we fancy contains

accusations for almost everybody. In the following examples the misquotation comes first, then the correct rendering:

"The tongue is an unruly member."—"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." (James iii. 8.)

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." (1 Peter iv. 8. Rev. Vers.: "Love covereth a multitude of sins.")

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." (Pope. *Essay on Criticism*. Misquoters are hereby given notice that Pope was a man of intelligence, and did not write nonsense.)

"A man convinced against his will Will hold the same opinion still."—"He that complies against his will Is of his own opinion still." (Butler. *Hudibras*. Part III. Butler also was a man of intelligence.)

"Make assurance doubly sure."—"Make assurance double sure." ("Macbeth." Act IV. Sc. i.)

"Benedict the married man" should be "Benedick the married man." ("Much Ado about Nothing.")

"Falleth as the gentle dew."—"Droppeth as the gentle rain." ("Merchant of Venice." Act IV. Sc. 1.)

"The man that hath no music in his soul."—"The man that hath no music in himself." (*Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 1.)

"Falls like Lucifer Never to rise again."—"Falls like Lucifer Never to hope again." ("Henry VIII." Act III. Sc. 2.)

"Thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa."—"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

"Fresh fields and pastures new."—"Fresh woods and pastures new." (Milton, *Lycidas*.)

"Just cause and impediment."—"Cause or just impediment." (Book of Common Prayer.)

"The even tenour of their way."—"The noiseless tenour of their way." (Gray's *Elegy*.)

In his *Nature in Downland*, which we review elsewhere, Mr. W. H. Hudson tells, with some relish, the story of the dedication which Gilpin affixed to his last book on forestry, in which he abused the Sussex Downs. It was inscribed, says Mr. Hudson,

to the memory of a still living wife, the faithful companion of his rambles for over fifty years. Of course he quite expected that she would be gone before the book was out; but he was greatly mistaken, just like the rogues who lied in the famous ballad of the mad dog and the man who was bitten by it. He it was, even Gilpin, who died, leaving his good wife alive and well to publish the book, dedication and all.

WHEN literature falls into the hands of the professional joke-maker—say the joke-maker of the *Chicago Times-Herald*—the effect is that of lions jumping through hoops. According to the above paper:

The most cheerful author is Samuel Smiles.

The noisiest author—Howells.

The tallest author—Longfellow.

The most flowery author—Hawthorne.

The holiest author—Pope.

The most amusing author—Thomas Tickell.

The happiest author—Gay.

The most fiery author—Burns.

The most talkative author—Chatterton.

The most distressed author—Akenside.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, who has ere now compared the nightjar to Browning and the nightingale to Tennyson, says of the former bird in his new book, *Travels in England*: "He is seldom mentioned in poetry; indeed, almost all the important references to him are to be found in the writings of Mr. George Meredith. It was the nightjar, not the nightingale, I like to think, that was in the wood that holy night with Lucy and Richard; and the nightjar is the chosen bird of 'Love in the Valley.'"

Bibliographical.

No one will grudge Mr. Herman Merivale the Civil List pension which, it is said, has been bestowed upon him. It may be quite true that his contributions to literature pure and simple have not been very numerous or very important. Two prose fictions and two volumes of verse—these, with collaboration in a little *Life of Thackeray*, represent, I believe, the bulk of his published output in the *belles lettres*. *Faust of Baliol* (1882) is most notable, perhaps, as being based upon, or the basis of (which is it?), the play by Mr. Merivale which has been represented on the stage under no fewer than three titles—"The Modern Faust," "The Cynic," and "The Lover." "Binko's Blues," the other story, came out in 1884. It had been preceded by *The White Pilgrim, and Other Poems* (1883), which, again, was followed by *Florien, and Other Poems*. "The White Pilgrim" is a play in verse, the scenario of which was furnished by Gilbert Arthur à Becket. This piece was duly performed rather more than a quarter of a century ago. "Florien" also is a play of verse, but has never, I believe, been acted. Nevertheless, it is by his dramatic works that Mr. Merivale is best and most deservedly known. "The Modern Faust" is no longer in the current theatrical repertory; nor are "A Son of the Soil" and "Peacock's Holiday" (both adaptations), "The Lord of the Manor" (founded upon "Wilhelm Meister"), or "Civil War" (from the French). On the other hand, "All for Her" and "Forget Me Not," written in collaboration, are often in demand; "The Butler" and "The Don" (written with Mrs. Merivale) may be revived by some follower of Mr. Toole; and "Ravenwood," a dramatisation of "The Bride of Lammermoor," may some day be reproduced by Mr. Henry Irving. Personally, I think Mr. Merivale was at his best in the burlesque which he called "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled." In the "book" of that diverting piece will be found some humorous and witty verses which, in literary quality, run the best work of Mr. W. S. Gilbert very close.

Somebody has been saying—apropos of the thirtieth anniversary of Dickens's death—that the author of *Pickwick* is not read nowadays, and sundry heads of public libraries have hastened to tell us that he is read, supporting their assertion by reference to the records of books by Dickens which have been "taken out" by their clients. That, I think, is irrefragable testimony. I could, in my capacity of bibliographer, recount to you a long list of recent editions of Dickens's works; but it does not follow because a book is published that it is read. People buy editions of the classics—as they buy any other furniture—to look well. Dickens's works are among "the books that no gentleman's library should be without," but I doubt very much if the "gentleman" bestows much, if any, time upon them. I find among the conventionally "educated" members of the new generation a large ignorance of Dickens. I find, moreover, among the educated members of the elder generation a marked disinclination to read Dickens over again. On the other hand, you have this undoubted demand for Dickens among the class which "takes out" books from public libraries. The conclusion is obvious. Dickens is "read," but mainly by "the people." Your "cultured" person prefers Thackeray. I do myself. But I can quite believe that Dickens, if he is conscious of his present vogue in England, is quite satisfied with the direction it has taken.

I am glad to note that the managers of the Irish Literary Theatre propose to give this year a representation of Calderon's "Purgatory of St. Patrick," as translated by Denis Florence McCarthy, and published, with other translations from Calderon, in 1853. McCarthy did much to make the Spanish dramatist known to English readers. Beside the volume named, which contained six

plays, there was one, containing three plays, printed in 1861; another, devoted to one play, comprising "The Two Lovers of Heaven," appeared in 1870; and in 1873 there came a third, containing three plays. In fact, so far as bulk goes, McCarthy's versions of Calderon are more considerable than those of Omar FitzGerald, who, I fancy, tackled and "freely translated" only eight of the master's dramas.

Attention has been drawn to the opinions on savage as opposed to civilised life expressed by the late Major Thruston, whose account of his "personal experiences in Egypt and "Unyoro" has just been published by Mr. Murray. Major Thruston had thought of ending his days in this country, but soon, he says, "began to think that the advantages of a residence in England were perhaps somewhat overrated. The climate was vile, the natives were yahoos, dirty in their persons, and rude in their manners; their restrictions I found tedious, their conventionalities artificial and insufferable." So once more the major volunteered for work in Africa. As regards his appreciation of the so-called "savage," he would have found R. L. Stevenson a man after his own heart, and would have read with pleasure what Stevenson wrote from Honolulu in 1889: "I love the Polynesian: this civilisation of ours is a dingy, ungentlemanly business; it drops out too much of man, and too much of the very beauty of the poor beast." (*Letters* ii. 153.)

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful." Thus it is that no sooner does one leading English actress announce that she is about to appear in a play having Nell Gwyn for its heroine, than another leading actress comes out with a similar announcement. Why this sudden and simultaneous interest in Nell? Mr. Frankfort Moore has just made her the central figure of a novel, thus following immediately in the wake of Mr. Anthony Hope. The worst of it is that the Nell Gwyn of the stage is not at all likely to be the Nell of history: and it is to be hoped that all those people who witness the two promised plays will straightway betake themselves to Peter Cunningham's memoir of the actress, therein to discover what sort of woman she really was. The memoir, it may be remembered, was reprinted a few years ago, with Cunningham's latest corrections and a useful introduction by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. That is the edition which should be consulted by the playgoer.

Talking of plays, I see that a London actor-manager is going to revive the drama which Charles Reade based upon Tennyson's "Dora." Altogether, our late Laureate has provided the foundations for a good many dramatic works. He suggested Mr. Gilbert's "Princess"; there are several stage versions of "Enoch Arden"; two Americans wrote a play about "Elaine"; and Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur" reflected the tone and influence of Tennyson rather than those of Malory. Another poet-dramatist comes to the fore in a few days, when the Elizabethan Stage Society will perform the Schiller-Coleridge "Death of Wallenstein." Why not give us the whole trilogy, presenting the three plays on successive days? The enterprise would be worthy of the inexhaustible energy of Mr. Poel, who is always so enthusiastic about the "literary" play.

The latest autobiographer in *M. A. P.* is Mr. Freeman Wills, who tells us what he saw and did "in the days of his youth." He had already done something of the sort in the opening chapters of his memoir of his brother—W. G. Wills—to which book, by the way, he makes no reference in his article, though it is probably the work by which he will be remembered when *The Only Way* and such-like have gone into oblivion.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Unproven.

The Unknown. By Camille Flammarion. (Harper Bros.)

M. FLAMMARION is a most distinguished astronomer, in which capacity he has lately attended the expedition sent by the French Government to observe the solar eclipse at Lisbon. He has also always had the courage of his opinions, as when he last year dissociated himself from the spirit-rappers, who had till then quoted him as their most famous convert. For which reasons we are inclined to treat *The Unknown* with more attention than it seems to be entitled to from intrinsic merit. In this work, which is a none too accurate translation of a French original, published, if we remember rightly, some years back, M. Flammarion gives us one hundred and eighty-one cases where persons of presumed trustworthiness have received what they consider to be communications from friends or relatives at the moment of the death of the latter, he follows this up by a short chapter on Hallucinations—which are, though he does not say so—deceits of the senses pure and simple. He then presents us with a discursive and not very closely reasoned chapter on "Psychic Action," in which he suggests the mode in which the mind of one person can be supposed, without the intervention of the senses, to act upon that of another: and he then plunges into a discussion of dreams, of which he gives instances hardly inferior in number to those which he calls "telepathic manifestations of the dying." A later volume is, we gather, to include cases of communications with the dead and of "presentiments," and the "eternal problem of free will and of destiny" is then to be discoursed upon. But, from the facts he has already collected, M. Flammarion thinks himself entitled to draw "certain preliminary conclusions" of which the following are fair specimens:

One soul [not, it will be observed, "mind"] can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses. . . . Many dead persons [the context shows that "the deaths of many persons" is meant] have been told [*i.e.*, announced?] by telepathic communication, by apparitions [subjective or objective], by voices distinctly heard, by songs, noises and movements (real or imaginary), and impressions of different kinds. . . .

There are psychic currents as well as aerial electric and magnetic currents, &c.

The soul, by its interior vision, may see *not only what is passing at a great distance*, but it may also know in advance *what is to happen in the future* [the italics are not ours]. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

These are sufficiently large conclusions, and we feel that the premises must be correspondingly well founded to bear their weight.

M. Flammarion's premises, however, break down so completely when examined as to make one wonder whether Frenchmen, in spite of the clearness of thought and expression that they often show, have any idea of what evidence really is. One of his theories is that at the time of death a "vibration" can be set up by the expiring person which can strike the mind or soul [we have seen that he uses the words indifferently] of another at a distance. Looking haphazard into his list of cases, we find [Case cxxx.] that a lady doctor asleep at Lausanne on October 29 was awakened by "little knocks" at her door, which had been left open for the convenience of her cat.

"By chance [she says] my eyes lighted on my cat, who was occupying his usual place at the foot of my bed. He was sitting up, with his fur bristling, trembling and growling. The door was shaken as if by a slight gust of wind, and I saw a figure wrapped in a kind of white gauze, like a veil over some black material. I could not distinctly see the face. She drew near me. I felt a cold shiver pass over me; I heard the cat growl furiously. Instinctively I shut my eyes, and when I reopened them all had disappeared."

Later she hears that a former friend of hers had died ten days before the date of the apparition, of peritonitis, and of course concludes that the vision came to inform her of the fact. Here the evidence is direct, but the death and the mysterious announcement of it did not even correspond in point of time. In other cases the time corresponds, but the evidence is of the kind known as hearsay. Thus we read [Case cxxiii.] of a German professor named "Paul L—," who is warned by a mysterious voice that his sister is ill, and the warning being confirmed by telegram, sets out with his mother in a post-chaise.

On their way, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, M. L— saw the form of his sister suddenly glide by him and brush against him as she passed through the carriage. . . . When they returned home they found that the clock had stopped at the exact hour of their sister's death, and that her picture had fallen at the same time. The portrait had been carefully nailed to the wall, but it had fallen without pulling out the nail.

As it is said in the same letter that M. L. had a firm conviction when his sister appeared to him in the post-chaise that she had died at that very moment, he was no doubt in a proper state of mind to be impressed by the dramatic stopping of the clock and the fall of the picture. But the letter that M. Flammarion produces in evidence is signed, not "Paul L.," but "V. Mouravieff," and written in 1899, whereas M. L.'s experience occurred in 1866. Is any value to be attached to hearsay after a lapse of thirty-three years? In another case (cxxviii.) an "old bachelor" writes that when he was twenty-five he was in love with a girl whom her family refused to him.

Dec. 17, 1867.—I was thinking about all this, when the door of my room opened softly, and, almost noiselessly, Marthe entered. . . . Eleven o'clock struck—this I can confidently assert, for I was not sleeping. The vision drew near me, leaned lightly over me, and I tried to seize the young girl's hand. It was icy cold. I uttered a cry, the phantom disappeared, and I found myself holding a glass of cold water in my hand. . . . On the evening of the next day I heard of the death of Marthe, the night before at eleven.

As the poor old gentleman says that he still "thinks constantly of the vision," and that "it haunts his sleep," the suggestions that the vision was a dream caused by the glass of water—a theory that he himself hazards—and that he had by dint of long musing unconsciously invented the correspondence in time, are irresistible. But no common-sense explanation will do for M. Flammarion, and he appends to the story a note that "telepathic influence is much more probable"!

There are, of course, other stories in the book which, in the absence of cross-examination, appear to support M. Flammarion's views better than those that we have quoted. But the fact that these last should be gravely put forward in support of his case is, to our mind, a psychological phenomenon much more marvellous than any he quotes. Its explanation is, perhaps, to be found in a passage in his Conclusion that "the object of these researches is to discover if the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and if it will survive the destruction of the same." In other words, M. Flammarion, instead of first collecting his facts, and then extracting, if possible, the general law which they reveal, begins with a preconceived theory, and then hunts about for the facts which seem to him to fit it. Had it not been for this inversion of the scientific method, we are sure that a trained observer would never have dreamed of adducing the three cases quoted above in support of any of the conclusions given, and his having done so shows us the besetting fallacy of most of those who receive eagerly stories of apparitions and the like. That the soul of man is inserted into his body, as a celebrated Anglican preacher once said, "like a pin into a pincushion, to fall out at the first shake," is a theory nearly as old as the world, and is at the present moment held by the lowest savages quite as

firmly as by the professors of the most sublime religions. Hence we are all, both by heredity and training, predisposed to believe in it, and would gladly grasp at anything that might confirm the faith we have received in our childhood. But up to the present, at any rate, this theory receives no confirmation from physical science, and if any such proof does come it seems hardly likely that it will take the shape of doubtfully-authenticated ghost-stories.

Rossetti at Sixteen.

Lenore. By Gottfried August Bürger. Translated from the German by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Ellis & Elvey).

THIS interesting "find" was only made last year. It was known to his brother that Rossetti had translated Bürger's *Lenore* in 1844, being then only sixteen; but it was believed that the poem (which was only in MS.) had perished. At Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of 1899, however, a copy turned up, and was bought by Mr. Gilbert J. Ellis. It is now for the first time published, with a preface by the poet's brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

It is not probable the poet would ever himself have given it to the world, for it is not worthy of his maturity. Nevertheless, if not such a version as the adult Rossetti would have owned, its merits as a translation justify the publication, apart from literary curiosity. Bürger's *Lenore* was one of the first products of the Romantic movement in Germany, started by the study of our own ballad-poetry; and it had great influence in England at the outset of our own Romantic revival, when our ballad-literature was still little known. At the present day it is harder to understand the sensation it made. It has been more often translated than, perhaps, any other German poem. Taylor of Norwich was first, followed by Sir Walter Scott. Both versions, especially Taylor's, are rather adaptations than translations, but Taylor's has some fine features. Of the rest, the only one worth comparison with Rossetti's has escaped Mr. W. M. Rossetti's knowledge in the interesting list which he gives in his preface—that, namely, of Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet.

Rossetti's is certainly a remarkable performance for a youth of sixteen. Mangan's is more faithful to the German, but Rossetti is more uniformly spirited, though Mangan does not lack spirit in particular passages. One wonders if Rossetti had seen the Irish poet's version. One of his two departures from the original metre is the lengthening of the final couplet to four instead of three feet, which is precisely one of Mangan's two divergences from the original metre. Rossetti's metre, however, differs from the original in point of rhythm as well as form; it is, in fact, the rhythm which he afterwards used for his own *Rose Mary*. At the outset he handles it very vilely, and the translation, from a poetical standpoint, is no less vile. As, for instance:

The Empress and the King,
With ceaseless quarrel tired,
At length relaxed the stubborn hate
Which rivalry inspired.

But as Bürger really comes to business, Rossetti gets into his stride; the more demand is made upon him, the better he writes. His first chance comes with the happily alliterative stanza describing the arrival of the ghostly lover at Lenore's door; and he strives to match its alliteration in English:

But hark to the clatter and the pat pat patter
Of a horse's heavy hoof!
How the steel clanks and rings as the rider springs,
How the echo shouts aloof!
While slightly and lightly the gentle bell
Tingles and jingles softly and well;
And low and clear through the door plank thin
Comes the voice without to the ear within.

But the fifth and sixth lines are novice work compared to the felicitous alliteration of Taylor's version:

But soon she heard a tinkling hand
That twirled at the pin.

Taylor, to be sure, imitated the old ballads, whereas Rossetti has ventured for himself. Then comes one of the best stanzas of the poem; and Rossetti's rendering is decidedly spirited—marred chiefly by the bad third line.

She buked her well, and into the selle
She sprang with nimble haste—
And gently smiling, with a sweet beguiling,
Her white hands clasped his waist:
And hurry, hurry! ring, ring, ring!
To and fro they sway and swing;
Snorting and snuffing they skim the ground,
And the sparks spurt up, and the stones run round.

Rossetti is, again, full of *verve* in the stanza which has the famous refrain, Taylor's and Scott's imitation (rather than translation) of which we have already quoted:

How flew to the right, how flew to the left,
Trees, mountains, in the race!
How to the left, and the right and the left,
Flew town and market-place!
"What ails my love? the moon shines bright:
Bravely the dead men ride thro' the night.
Is my love afraid of the quiet dead?"
"Ah! let them alone in their dusty bed!"

Not happy, however, is the epithet "quiet dead" for the participators in this spectral ride; and Mangan's last lines are, perhaps, better:

With light-like flight, to left and right,
How fled each hamlet, tower and town!

"Hurrah! the dead ride rapidly!
Beloved, dost dread the shrouded dead?"
"Ah, no! but let them rest!" she said.

In the summons of the dead criminals, Rossetti discards fidelity with fine effect. Four lines of Mangan are, perhaps, superior; certainly closer:

"So ho! poor carcass, down with thee!
Down, king of bones, and follow me!
And thou shalt gaily dance, ho! ho!
Before us when to bed we go."

But thereafter Rossetti carries all before him, at whatever cost of literal adherence.

See, see, see! by the gallows-tree,
As they dance on the wheel's broad hoop,
Up and down, in the gleam of the moon
Half lost, an airy group:
"Ho! ho! mad mob, come hither amain,
And join in the wake of my rushing train;
Come, dance me a dance, ye dancers thin,
Ere the planks of the marriage-bed close us in."

And hush, hush, hush! the dreamy rout
Came close with a ghastly bustle,
Like the whirlwind in the hazel-bush,
When it makes the dry leaves rustle:
And faster, faster! ring, ring, ring!
To and fro they sway and swing;
Snorting and snuffing they skim the ground,
And the sparks spurt up, and the stones run round.

This is about the best thing in the translation, from a poetic standpoint, and one quite recognises in it the true Rossetti. There are two more decidedly fine stanzas, had we space to quote them; and then, with the close of the ride, the translator flags, like the hero's horse. Evidently he had neither heart nor care for the skull and rattle-bones business with which the poem ends; for it is as abominably rendered as it deserves to be. On the whole, in spite of obvious blemishes, the youthful Rossetti has executed perhaps the best translation of *Lenore* which exists—certainly the most energetic and spirited.

General "Unforeseen."

1815: *Waterloo*. By Henry Houssaye, Member of the Académie Française. Translated from the Thirty-First French Edition by Arthur Emile Mann, and Edited by A. Euan-Smith. (Adam & Charles Black.)

WE have studied M. Houssaye's remarkable and masterly work with considerable care. Every page turned has but confirmed our first impression. Here, in two paragraphs and a line of figures, is the summary of a monument of erudition, of tireless patience, of triumphant research.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

SECTION I.

On his return from Elba the Emperor found scarcely 200,000 men under arms. . . . The number of men on six months' leave of absence amounted to 32,800, the deserters to 85,000. It was possible to rely on the vast majority of the former; and already three or four thousand of them had rejoined their depôts in obedience to the Royal decree of March 9. But among the 85,000 men "absent without leave" there would undoubtedly be many refractory ones; there would also be a number liable, on presenting themselves, to be finally dismissed, on the ground of their being either invalids or fathers of families. The Minister of War, Marshal Davout, reckoned that the recall of soldiers of every description would hardly muster a total of 59,000 men.

BOOK III. CHAPTER VIII.

SECTION IV.

Napoleon never exercised the commandship more efficiently, and never was his action more direct. But, in reality, forced to play the part of *sergent de bataille*, so censured by Maurice de Saxe, he applied all his efforts in repairing the mistakes, the omissions, and the faults of his lieutenants. And, seeing all his combinations prove abortive, all his attacks failing, his generals frittering away his splendid troops, his last army melting through their hands, and the enemy dictating to him, he lost his resolution with his confidence, hesitated, limited himself to providing against the more pressing dangers, waited for the lucky moment, let it pass, and did not dare in time to risk all in order to save all.

NOTES.

Number of pages, 159. Number of separate notes, 1,231!

Here is no attempt at word-painting or picturesque writing. The volume is built upon statistics and mortared with archives. "Two hundred thousand men": it sounds a good round number, easily enough computed. It is remarkable, however, because it is correct. In almost every existing history of Waterloo, with the exception of Sir Herbert Maxwell's (who has acknowledged his indebtedness to M. Houssaye in most generous terms), you will find a different total. Napoleon himself estimated the effective strength of the army on March 20 at 149,000 men, while Chartras put it down at 224,000. But M. Houssaye always goes, behind and beyond the accepted authorities, to the original documents, musty and often forgotten; tabulates, classifies, annotates, until his search is rewarded by the discovery of bed-rock fact. We may criticise M. Houssaye's criticisms; but, as a compilation, his work is unquestionably authoritative, the most complete, the most accurate collection of facts and figures about the great campaign that has ever been offered to the public.

The opening paragraph, which we quote, is eloquent of the amazing difficulties Napoleon had to surmount and, in this way too, is characteristic of M. Houssaye's history, which, as we shall see later, is something of an apology for failure. Public opinion was hostile to the war, and even among those who responded to the call there were thousands of malcontents. The army was undisciplined, critical, without confidence in its leaders; discord reigned in the general staffs, confidence was at lowest ebb among the officers. You cannot read the figures in the first

paragraph without realising that the wonder of Waterloo is not that Napoleon lost but that he almost won. And that wonder grows with every chapter.

His first sentence is typical, too, of M. Houssaye's weakness as well as his strength. One has almost to be reminded that these words usher in one of the greatest dramas of all time. M. Houssaye has neither the dramatic insight nor the wide-cast vision of the born historian. You start with the Emperor and his two hundred thousand men. As you turn the pages, these are joined by all the giant figures of that memorable year and the armies grow and grow. But in all that vast host there is not a living, breathing, moving creature, not one. M. Houssaye's Waterloo is bloodless, noiseless; M. Houssaye's Napoleon, his Wellington, his Blücher, just pieces on the great battle-board. For students of military history this is a great, an invaluable volume; to students of human history it offers next to nothing. The individual brain must do what M. Houssaye has left undone and breathe life and colour and movement and the clash of arms into this army of dry facts. For M. Houssaye seldom shows the man behind the mask of the soldier, and when once or twice, particularly in his description of the final disaster, he does lift the mask you catch a glimpse of a—corpse.

No one who has read M. Houssaye's previous works needs to be reminded that he is devoted to the Napoleon idea, and although he always endeavours to be as scrupulously fair as he is accurate, it is easy to see that he is firm in his opinion that at Waterloo the best man did not win. The real hero of his book is, however, not Napoleon, but that grim and shadowy figure whom the French have named le Général Imprévu—the unforeseen, chance, luck, providence, call it what you will. It was he who moulded the destinies of empires in the decisive hours of the century, and he who, in the guise of Ney and Grouchy and the endless array of mistakes of omission and commission of his lieutenants, hounded Napoleon to St. Helena. Such a theory can never be palatable to English taste, but now that it is admitted by almost every authority that Wellington was surprised and, in a degree, outwitted and outgeneralled at Waterloo, we are, at least, in a position to give it fair consideration. If M. Houssaye does not prove his case to our entire satisfaction, he at least convinces us that "General Unforeseen" was more often to be found working on the side of the allies than on that of the French. You have only to study his account of the first engagements of the fifteenth of June, of Ligny and Quatre-Bras, to realise how ill-luck dogged the Emperor, fastening on almost insignificant errors of judgment, on the slightest misconceptions, and worrying them into disasters. It is not always thus in war; it was not always thus with Napoleon; and the allied armies blundered more than once into victory. It was the realisation of the continued presence of General "Imprévu" at the side of his enemies which finally broke the supremacy of Napoleon's mind. Fortune had abandoned him; was, indeed, fighting against him; he lost the assurance of success; he caught sight among the opposing forces of something—Someone—more awful than flesh and blood, principalities and powers. We are strongly of opinion that it was this sense of battling with the inevitable, and not, as so many distinguished writers have affirmed, the state of his health, which was the secret of Napoleon's inaction on the morning of the seventeenth of June, the inaction which decided Waterloo. His trouble was not physical, but mental, spiritual. "With his faith in his destiny," writes M. Houssaye, "he had always been a daring, audacious gambler. Now that fortune showed herself contrary, he became a timid player. He hesitated to risk the game; he no longer followed his inspiration; temporised, weighed the chances, saw the *pros* and *cons*, and would risk nothing save on a certainty." For Napoleon knew everything was lost when he saw "General Unforeseen" take his stand at the elbow of the other player.

Fiction.

Hearts Importunate. By Evelyn Dickinson.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a very British and a very good novel; and though the landscape is Australian, the people are pre-eminently English of the English, carrying English manners and ideals to a remote sheep-station—clean, candid, curt, and arrogant in the true, fine insular way.

So Hazell reflected as he sat in his sitting-room at half-past six in the morning, polishing his favourite gun. He was an early riser: India had made him so, he said; but he did not wish to be exacting to his household. By means of a spirit-lamp he could make himself a great cup of tea, wherewith to enjoy his first pipe; and he liked to spend a quiet hour or two cleaning and mending his sporting tackle, looking to his dogs and horses, and occupying himself generally with dirty and interesting work of an Englishmanly kind. About seven o'clock he expected to be supplied with a firkin or so of boiling water (for India had made him chilly) with which to remove the traces of his toil, and then came breakfast; and then the long solitary riding, which seemed, when he thought of the future, to fill the whole vista of his life.

That is the hero. The heroine matches. Both of them had been the miserable victims of conjugal or quasi-conjugal disaster—Avis Fletcher especially. Miss Fletcher wished there were no men and no women, but only slightly materialised angels. She had that passionate hatred of even the minor phenomena of sex which is to be found sometimes in women who have had to endure the pointing finger of the world. When Hazell approached her she fought him back, as it were by an instinct of self-preservation; but in the end nature was too strong for her, and the pair were united. The manner of their coming together, by the way, is stale and theatrical, and constitutes the chief defect in an admirable book. Miss Dickinson writes excellently and has much feeling for character, natural beauty, and that quality of wonderfulness in the apparently commonplace which it is the business of the novelist to discern. Her descriptions of the large and varied Bolitho household, in particular, show distinguished talent.

The Tiger's Claw. By G. B. Burgin.
(C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

WE have here a novel of London clerks, and its chief characteristics are a freakish good-humour and an amiable sentimentality. Mr. Burgin deals mildly with life, and yet there is a certain masterful relentlessness in his way of extracting from every situation its due toll of drollery and tenderness. The record of the friendship (based on a Mayne-Reid contract of blood) between Blount, the heavy, taciturn bourgeois youth, and "Monty" Grey, that scion of aristocracy, affords him full opportunity to exercise his gentle gifts of entertainment. In an external manner he is always fairly realistic, but when it comes to questions of motive, and crucial dialogue, he slips away from actuality, and remembers only the established conventions of a thousand novels:

Grey was silent, and Blount pursued his advantage. "You can do such a lot for me, Monty," he urged. "You're of gentle birth—I'm not; you're accustomed to good society—I'm not; you know the world—I don't. You can prevent me from being robbed in a hundred ways. Besides, the money wouldn't be any pleasure to me if I couldn't share it with you. We've always shared, haven't we? You know I think the world of you. Stop all this silly nonsense."

"Ah, but when we shared everything the difference wasn't so great. I did pay you back—sometimes."

"You've opened a new world to me," said Blount, "and now I'm going to open a new world to you—the world in which you are entitled to move by your birth and breeding. I sha'n't be happy until you marry an heiress. With

your good looks," he beamed upon his friend, "you're sure to marry some beautiful girl who has heaps of money, and become a great artist."

The story is neatly invented and fluently told, but we think that the Australian aunt (though her method of testing and benefiting Blount at one stroke is decidedly fresh) is too trite and unoriginal a figure for any novel dated 1900. On the whole a quaint, fanciful, unassuming book, which it is neither fatal to read nor fatal to have left unread.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SIX STORIES NARRATED BY
MAX VON POCHHAMMER. BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

We are not very sure whether Max von Pochhammer ever had an existence; but these purport to be stories told by him during his life. Pochhammer was a fine old Prussian army officer, and a rare raconteur. He would say: "Oh, my dear ladies, I have a story in my head! It has been with me all day. I will tell it, and you shall write it. I make you a present of it. Did you ever write a story in which the heroine should only speak one word twice over and nothing more? The only word she says is 'No!' The story begins with 'No!' and ends with 'No!' In my mind I have called the story 'No.'" There are six stories, of which the last is "No." (Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.)

THE PERSON IN THE HOUSE. BY G. B. BURGIN.

This, we believe, is Mr. Burgin's thirteenth novel. Like many of its predecessors, it is concerned with the humours of London life. We hear much of a paper called *Top Lights*, a fourpenny fashion paper with wonderful personal paragraphs. "Did a noble dame dream of running away with her groom on Monday, by Tuesday her husband knew all about the contemplated elopement through the medium of *Top Lights*, which, in one instance, was thoughtful enough to append an extract from the Great Eastern time-tables, in order that the erring couple might not have too long a start of the enraged husband." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE HAUNTED ROOM. BY GEORGE HUMPHREY.

"Nothing is so extraordinary as the totally unexpected; nor so unlikely as the eagerly anticipated probable." This not very brilliant quotation from an unnamed author adorns the title-page of this "phantasmal phantasy," as the author calls his story. The illustrations give fair warning of the weird and the gruesome. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

JAN OXBEE. BY ORME ANGUS.

A pleasant Wessex story of the old oak settle, and Blue Boar Inn, type. Jan is a kind village Hampden, with no belief in the theory of "betters." To the parson he says: "All I know is, parson, that it do zay a good deal mwore in the New Testymnt 'bout the rights ov the pore and wrongs the rich do than 'bout *betters*. I never zeen *betters* mentioned as I knows on, and the only *betters* I knows be they that follow the Bible better than me. And I tall 'ee that iv 'ee preached a bit mwore 'bout gentry doen their duty and less 'bout vaults ov we pore volks things might be a lot better." The story is prettily illustrated, and is followed by four shorter stories. (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

MUMMER MYSTIC PLAYS. BY ALASTOR GRAEME.

The title is an enigma. The stories are two, and are concerned with country-house loves, romps, and flirtations. The second, "What's Gone of Menie?" is explained as "A Study in the Vulgarly of the Modern Maiden." (New Century Co.)

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SATURDAY: JUNE 16, 1900.

Books About Places.

A Retrospect.

IN the ACADEMY of June 10 last year we looked back on the topographical literature of 1898-99. We propose to take a similar retrospect of the books of 1899-1900.

English country life has found many new books and some new writers. Mr. Baring-Gould has written so much, and so well, about English country life that it was with reluctance that we found rather grave fault with his two-volume work, *A Book of the West* (Methuen), published last August. To be sure, Mr. Baring-Gould cut the ground from under his critics' feet by the preface remark: "There are ten thousand omissions . . . the book is not intended to supersede guide-books, but to prepare the mind to use these later with discretion." But less competent pens could do such work, and the title, *A Book of the West*, suggested something more than a budget of anecdotes, quotations, and scraps, without finality and without an index. Still, there is the book, undeniably full of West Country stories and lore. Many of the stories are excellent. Quite recently Mr. Gould has given us a work of less pretension in *A Quiet Village* (Isbister)—a record of quaint village "characters" with whom he has made acquaintance. We reviewed this book so recently that there is no need to reaffirm its entertaining qualities. A very similar book, but of a less personal kind, was Mrs. Caroline Geary's *Rural Life* (Long), published last November. The stories it contained were gathered from many sources, and some of them were not new. But others were indigenous to the author's village, twenty miles from London, which has changed so little that an inhabitant remarked of it: "'Tis as 'tis, and it can't be no 'tisserer." A book that was vague as to locality, but delightful for its photographs, was Mr. Clifton Johnson's *Among English Hodgerows* (Macmillan), issued last December. Mr. Johnson is an American, and he pre-supposed in his American readers almost no knowledge at all of English country customs. Hence his book abounds in quaint and rather illumining observations like this: "The English, when they want to travel on foot anywhere, . . . are apt to go, not by road, but by foot-path." Mr. W. F. Collier's *Country Matters in Short* (Duckworth) showed an English knowledge of England, and gave sound information on "Cub Hunting," "The Tongue of the Hound," &c. In his chapter on "The Chastity of Flowers," Mr. Collier suggested that Shakespeare had a prevision of a scientific truth when he wrote of the flowers "lamenting some enforced chastity"—a view not shared by Mr. Huxley, to whom the author had sent his essay, nor by many correspondents of the ACADEMY who discussed the point. More literary in its style, and more historical in its substance than any of these books, was Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's *By Moor and Fell* (Unwin), published last March. As a novelist Mr. Sutcliffe has made the Yorkshire moors his favourite background; in this book the background is all, and is treated topographically. The book is instinct with the author's love of his subject. Old squirearchical days, old Methodist days, old Brontë days, old ghost stories—Mr. Sutcliffe knows them all; and he knows the bleak moors and lonesome stone villages where their dramas were enacted. It is a pleasure to re-state our high opinion of this book. Mr. H. Thornhill Timmins's *Nooks and Corners of Shropshire* (Stock), noticed by us in the same month, was a gossiping antiquarian journal of walks through Shropshire by an author who was his own artist. In Dr. Mackennal's

Haunts and Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers the Lincolnshire and Cambridge homes of the Fathers were described with spirit. Mr. Norway's *Highways and Byways of Yorkshire* (Macmillan) was written on the plan common to the excellent series to which it belongs, and was illustrated by Mr. Pennell. The contents were, perhaps, too uniformly historical.

Books primarily concerned with natural history, antiquities, history, &c., often contain much interesting topography. Mr. Charles Dixon's *Bird Life in a Southern County* (Walter Scott) and the same author's *Among the Birds of Northern Shires* (Blackie) both fall within our retrospect. Mr. George A. B. Dewar's *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands* (Dent) and Mr. John Watson's *The English Lake District Fisheries* (Lawrence & Bullen) are natural history books of topographical interest. A new and extremely fine edition of White's *Natural History of Selborne*, edited by the late Mr. Grant Allen, was issued by Mr. John Lane last November. Mr. B. C. A. Windle's *Shakespeare's Country* (Methuen) was a capital little book, with a map of the Shakespeare country pasted on its cover. The *Picturesque History of Yorkshire* (Dent) has made steady progress in monthly parts under its editor, Mr. J. S. Fletcher; it is a museum of local lore and views. The Northumberland County History Committee issued the fifth volume of its great *History of Northumberland* (Reid) early in this year; it dealt with the parishes of Warkworth and Shilbottle. A new edition of Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Annals of an old Manor House: Sutton Place, Guildford*, came to remind us that this is a model book of its kind. Mr. Harrison very properly describes not only the house, but its rich backgrounds of hills and woods and the water-meadows of the Weay.

Books about London have been fairly numerous, though not very striking. Mr. H. Barton Baker's *Stories of the Streets of London* (Chapman & Hall) was an industrious compilation of anecdotes, by no means inspired, but by no means dull. Mr. C. W. Heckethorn's *London Souvenirs* (Chatto) was more original, but wanted style, and was somewhat marred to the reader by rash judgments on matters outside the scope of the book, as, for instance, the author's condemnation of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as "not poetry," and an amazing diatribe against meat in the form of chops and steaks. But, setting aside some obvious faults, the book was full of curious matter. Mr. Edward Callow's *Old London Taverns* (Downey) recalled the "cozy roughness" of eating houses twenty to fifty years ago, the strength of the book being in its personal recollections. The *Hampstead Annual* (S. O. Mayle) duly appeared last January. Among books incidentally touching on London life we must not omit to mention Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's *With Zola in England* (Chatto), which, though primarily concerned with the Dreyfus case, shows how London suburban life struck M. Zola.

Scottish social life and topography is producing an active new literature. Mr. Henry Grey Graham's admirable *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century* contained a great deal of topographical matter. Mr. Howard Crosby Butler's *Scotland's Ruined Abbeys* (Macmillan) was an American architect's treatment of a subject on which no very handy work existed. Mr. John Geddie's *Romantic Edinburgh* (Sands), recently noticed by us, is a gossiping book, well indexed, but not too well illustrated.

Among guide-books to European towns and countries, Miss Hannah Lynch's *Toledo* (Dent) probably deserves the first place. Its mingling of narrative and impressionism is very effective. Miss Lynch quotes Maurice Barré on Toledo: "It is less a town, a noisy affair yielding to the commodities of life, than a significant spot for the soul . . . an image of exaltation in solitude, a cry in the desert."

Mr. Grant Allen's *The European Tour* (Richards), published last October, was a spirited, almost masterful guide-book for American visitors to Europe. Mr. Allen button-

holed his readers and talked to them with rapidity and emphasis. "Don't go first to Rome," was his advice to Americans bound for Italy, and he repeated the advice in capital letters. "To see Venice before you have seen Florence is a serious mistake; to see Rome before you have seen Florence is a fatal blunder."

Mr. Percy Dearmer's *Highways and Byways in Normandy*, illustrated by Mr. Pennell, was reviewed by us only a month ago, under the heading "The Stones of Normandy," Mr. Dearmer's preoccupation being with church architecture and stained glass.

Books on Klondike were frequent when everyone seemed to be going to Klondike. Mr. Robert C. Kirk's *Twelve Months in Klondike* (Heinemann) and Mr. Angelo Heilprin's *Alaska and the Klondiks* (Pearson) were, perhaps, the most notable works in this class.

Reviews.

Butterfly Topography.

Travels in England. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE trouble about Mr. Le Gallienne is that he fails to show us, under all his happy fancies and gay casualness, a thread of purpose, a reminiscence of work and experience in the background, which would enable us to enjoy this book as his, and our own, recreation. He dismays the reader by letting it seem that this is his work—this butterfly tricksomeness, this feather-tickling of the face of life, this airy literary mention of its deeper significances. The great essayists have never left this void. Read Hazlitt's essay, "On Going a Journey," and you will find we know not what undercurrent of sterner things—the mid-stream of a man's life, swaying no lilies but running on, on, on, with a certain purpose, or fatality; authorising his riparian play. It is this we miss. Confessedly Mr. Le Gallienne does not propose to be useful or definite. He proposes not so much to travel as to lie in the sun and say things. "Any excuse to be near the warm heart of the mighty Mother: hay-making, playing at soldiers in Woolmer Forest, writing books about nothing—anything at all, anything at all." At first the reader is pleased with the free uncertain prospect. A summer book, a dance of thoughts! . . . But it is odd how the mind begins to demand sureties when it finds that it is to be prettily fooled and flattered through 300 pages. It will not let the smilingest dandy of a writer fill its view for long, unless he convinces it that he is a dandy only for the nonce, or by your leave, or for a mask. Mr. Le Gallienne, we think, fails to give this satisfaction. We are reluctant to say so, because it cannot be proved by extracts. Isolated extracts will always show Mr. Le Gallienne as the possessor of a delightful fancy, or an interesting melancholy. He is infinitely pleasant, wayward, sad, and bookish. But he would have been the same had his tour been totally different, or ten times as long. He would have written thus of Bosnia, or of Billingsgate.

He is too literary. Hazlitt was purely literary, yet there was a difference; his thoughts had a secret connexion and consistency, they hinted of thoughts he kept back, they disclosed a man and then a curtain. Mr. Le Gallienne's comments on life and nature are too prodigal and uncouthly. They take you here and they take you there; and, never palling, they pall. Can you not imagine how this fails on the 193rd page, that might have pleased on the 19th:

Pewsey, of course, is a very minor Crewe. Probably no one has ever thought of it before as a form of Clapham Junction. . . . It was to lead me to Avebury in Wilts. That was its one and only significance. Yet, so strange are the vagaries of human destiny that who knows but

some day Pewsey may suddenly become for me the very centre of the universe, the capital of dreams. A face at a window, a voice from heaven, and how differently I had written of Pewsey. Or, some day a letter may come with the Pewsey postmark that shall change the whole course of my life. Who knows!

And can you not divine our reason for laughing aloud, and again aloud, over this passage about a service in Fairfield Church:

I listened, too, to a sermon of great antiquarian interest on the text: "They shall come from the East and the West, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." The rector warned us against the dangers of several thousand years ago with much eloquence, and, meanwhile, I prayed to the painted windows.

But if these limitations haunt, you are not to suppose that Mr. Le Gallienne is not often satisfying. Sometimes he is so fresh and felicitous that you forget the general in the gay particular. His description of a Shropshire dairy, managed by a wiry farmer's wife and her six daughters—all content with their lot and proud of their work—rings true and simple, though he *must* remark: "There is something to be said for work that compels us to hear the morning stars singing."

As we mounted the stairs to the cheese-room the Squire asked our hostess why she didn't let some of her rooms to summer visitors. She had thought of it, she said, but she feared that her cooking might prove too humble. She was all right on simple dishes, joints and puddings, but, she added, in a phrase which particularly delighted me. "I should be *lost* on jallies." . . . I suppose she would resent a cheese in marble for her tombstone, with the inscription: "She made a good Cheshire cheese—and six beautiful daughters"; and yet, when you think what would be implied in the inscription, what prouder monument would any of us ask?

Mr. Le Gallienne went to Selborne, Winchester, Stonehenge, Stratford-on-Avon, Lechlade, the Cotswolds, and other places—but his route is no more important than his commentary. They are both wayward and pretty.

Chalk Hills and Shepherds.

Nature in Downland. By W. W. Hudson. (Longmans.)

MR. HUDSON is well known for his pleasant and accurate books on bird life; on the birds of London he is an authority. Here he is not too birdy, but just birdy enough. His field naturalist's journal, kept always and everywhere, had in it many pages about the Downs, but this book is no mere expansion of those notes. It is a book about Down life, human, animal, avine, and floral, distilled in great measure from the author's memory. The Sussex Downs have been waiting for their book. White of Selborne wrote of them with heavy, sincere rapture; and sundry obscure authors like William Hay, Charlotte Smith, and Hurdis, the local poet, have written out their love of these rolling chalk lands. Richard Jefferies did not die in Sussex before he had praised it. But the Downs have not really been put into a book. Mr. Hudson's opportunity, therefore, has been great. We think he has risen to it. Other writers could have been more literary, whimsically digressive, and aptly quotational. But Mr. Hudson comes to us with the smell of the Downs in his clothes, and with a hundred plain things to tell.

No analysis of the pleasure received from this or that type of scenery is likely to be very convincing; for one thing, one doesn't want analysis. Still, Mr. Hudson is probably on the right track when he traces the beauty of the Sussex Downs to their "fungus-like roundness and smoothness." Fungus is not a nice word (Mr. Hudson takes it from Gilbert White), but it suggests the broad,

dreamy curves, the "solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep," which the Downs yield the eye. Furthermore, it is not a Down that is beautiful, but the Downs; not a curve, but many curves. As Mr. Hudson points out, Hogarth's theory of beauty, and Burke's, derive a likeness from the Downs, where undulations please the eye because they invite the feet. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer is quoted—but enough! We shall give the reader the idea that Mr. Hudson writes bookishly, whereas he writes like this:

One wonders which of the three following common sights of the Sussex Downs carries us further back in time: the cluster of cottages, with church and farm buildings, that form the village nestling in the valley, and, seen from above, appearing as a mere red spot in the prospect; the cloaked shepherd, crook in hand, standing motionless on some vast green slope, his grey, rough-haired sheep-dog resting at his feet; or the team of coal-black, long-horned oxen drawing the plough or carrying the corn.

These are the insignia of the Downs. Mr. Hudson does not forget the surface on which they shine. The turf, fragrant and springy and centuries old, with its peculiar "medicine smell with something subtler added," is the fundamental fact. Once destroyed, as it has been in many places by short-lived attempts in tillage, this proud turf does not return. Flowers come and make marvellous patches, wild gardens, natural carpets flung on the ancient floor. Here viper's bugloss usurps an acre, there white campion queens it over a large parallelogram, or forget-me-not flourishes on a field forgotten. We have delightful glimpses of the animal life of the Downs, which includes foxes, badgers, shrews, moles, stoats, adders, and big snakes. How is it that moles, which are supposed to be always athirst, can flourish on the high dry Downs in summer, where even the shepherds have to fetch their water from sources three or four miles away? That is one of many delightful riddles propounded by Mr. Hudson. In such cases he has always consulted the natives, and has always learned something. Thus with the moles:

Walking on I met an intelligent-looking shepherd, who was, I found, a good observer and something of a naturalist; and to him I put the question that occupied me. He told me that he had been shepherding on these hills over forty years, and the moles had always been there where they had no water to drink. "They must drink or die," said I; "it is down in the books, and therefore it must be true." He shook his head at the books, and replied that the moles came out at night to lick the grass—the dew was enough for them. "If that is so," I said, "then they must die of thirst in seasons when there is no dew." They do die," he answered; "in very dry, windy summers, when there is no dew, you find a good many moles lying about dead on these hills every morning." He added that they did not all die; that a year or so after a time of great mortality they become numerous again.

The shepherds are great men. They neither dream dreams nor see visions, but they know their work, and all that comes near it, and are content. Even the young men are content; and one of them—a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-three—defended his calling and its wages against Mr. Hudson's pretended ridicule with quiet spirit. At last Mr. Hudson said:

How could he marry on twelve and sixpence a week? At that there came a pleasant, far-away look into his eyes; it could be seen that they were turned inward, and were occupied with the image of a particular and incomparable She. He smiled, and appeared to think it was not impossible to marry on twelve and sixpence a week.

Such is the shepherd of the Downs in youth; in age he is not soured. We leave untouched chapters on "Shepherds Wheatears," "Summer Heat," "Swallows and Churches," and "Chichester." Mr. Hudson's book ranks with the late Mr. Gibbs's *A Cotswold Village*; it has the same plainness and intimacy.

Some Atlases.

The Royal Atlas of England and Wales. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew. (Newnes.)

Philip's Handy-Volume Atlas of London. Third Edition. (Philip & Son.)

Cook's Historical and Literary Map of London. (Cook & Son.)

THE folio *Royal Atlas of England and Wales* is noble in its proportions, and greatly to be desired. It is England spread on your desk—political England, ecclesiastical England, populated England, railway England, geological England, orographical England, and—England. In all there are seventy maps and town plans, and what they do not tell about England's surface cannot be much. The maps proper are indexed as "topographical sections," and are named after some fairly central town. Thus Section III. is "Newcastle," and gives us the southern half of Northumberland, the country westward to Hexham, a great part of Durham, and the top of Yorkshire's north-east shoulder, with Whitby for its epaulette. The scale is the noble one of four miles to an inch.

A fascinating section is No. 64, showing the relative population of the districts round London. The density of population is shown by means of nine colours. London and urban districts are marked black. Slate colour indicates districts with a population of over 512 inhabitants to the square mile, purple indicates districts of from 384 to 512 inhabitants to the square mile, and successive colours graduating down to white show the thinning out of the population in all directions. The results are most curious and instructive. South and west of London the slate colour flows out for miles, halting at Croydon and Wallington, extending a finger to Epsom, an arm to Leatherhead, and a writhing leg to Godalming—such extended limbs always following the lines of railway. An unbroken expanse of slate colour (512 to the mile) stretches from Hounslow to Windsor, and thence, to one's surprise, flows on in a narrow stream to Cookham. The invasion of Essex by the London clerk and working man is graphically shown by dun streamers to Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire and to Blake Hall in Essex. But each colour tells its own interesting story, and the local relations of the colours to each other are the most interesting feature of all. A bright yellow arm stretching from Hertfordshire right into London indicates the thinly populated Lea valley and the Hackney marshes. It takes a still fainter tint of yellow to indicate the population of the Plumstead marshes, and the waste lands lying around the lower docks of London. There are curious incongruities. At Chislehurst you are in slate colour (above 512); but only two miles further south, at Orpington, you are in yellow (64 to 128); and west of Orpington for many miles there is a tract of country as far as Guildford which is several degrees less populous than the country north and south of it. As a guide to the choice of a residential district the map is singularly useful. We should add that an exhaustive index completes the Atlas.

Messrs. Philips's *Handy-Volume Atlas* displays London in fifty-five sectional maps bound into a book which can be slipped into the pocket. The arbitrary divisions of London necessitated by a book atlas produces some interesting results. In not a single instance has the bookbinder's sheers cut out an unbroken expanse of streets; but this is all but attained in Plate 17, where the City-road, De Beauvoir-town, and Bethnal-green districts spread their miles of brick, and are relieved by nothing larger or greener than London Fields. Another depressing section, lying south of Bermondsey, is just redeemed by Southwark's small park and some nameless nursery gardens near the Old Kent road. London's many Londons are curiously differentiated in these fifty-five sections. Her dishabille, her ragged edges, her strange contrasts, her

growths and stagnations, are caught "in the act," so to speak, by the accidents of binding. The maps are clear, and in the more open districts they appear to be as complete as could be fairly expected. Unfortunately the scale (three inches to the mile) is not large enough to permit every street to be marked, and this defect becomes a little serious in the case of a very short but well-known street like York-street, Covent-garden, which is here merged in Tavistock-street. Panton-street, Leicester-square, is marked but not named, and, of course, its very short continuation, Spur-street, suffers equally. Being unnamed in the maps, these streets are naturally unnamed in the index. However, a map is an affair of scale, and you cannot have a big scale and a very compact atlas, or a big scale and a very cheap atlas. For its scale this atlas is excellent.

Messrs. Cook's folding map of London is very clear, and includes such distant suburbs as Hampstead and Cricklewood. With the map we have some interesting information, in the form of lists, concerning historical and literary landmarks, places referred to by Dickens, reliques of old London, &c., with references to their places in the map. The list of houses in which great men have lived is particularly interesting, as it enables us to compare their readiness to support the inconveniences of a change of residence. Boswell had eight London addresses in his life, being outdistanced by Dr. Johnson, who had fourteen. Milton lived in twelve different London houses, or twice as many as Shelley. Sydney Smith removed ten times, Swift ten times. Dickens had eleven London addresses to show for Thackeray's six and Bulwer Lytton's seven. Cowper is credited with only his Temple address, but he lived in Ely-place as an apprentice to the law. Ruskin's Denmark-hill home, and Browning's home in South London also escape notice, although the map includes their sites. The general interest of the list is perhaps greater than its detailed accuracy. The derivations of some London street names given in another list are somewhat too courageous. Rotten-row may be a corruption of Route du Roi, but there is no agreement on the point. Nor is the derivation of Gutter-lane, from "Guthrum, an ancient Dane," very satisfying. Notting-hill is doubtless a corruption of Nutting-hill. The obviousness of some origins given, such as Haymarket from a "market of hay or straw," is exqually by the unexpectedness of "Blind Chapel-court—a corruption of Blanche Appleton-court." A useful and interesting map.

England.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XI. (J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. net.)

Guide to the English Lakes. (Black.)

Guide to the Wye. (Black. 1s.)

Guide to East Kent. (Black. 1s.)

Part XI. of Messrs. Dent's well-known work deals principally with the valley of the Ure, with Ripon, and its cathedral, and Fountains Abbey; while a beginning is made with Wensleydale. Perhaps the greatest attraction of this, as of other parts of the work is its revelation of the charms of little known ancient towns and villages off all beaten tracks. Yorkshire is one of the best of English counties in which to find such places. Masham is one.

Its appearance is quaint, and suggestive of long-dead centuries. It consists, practically, of one great market square, surrounded by old-fashioned houses, with an obelisk or pillar, rising from a base of four steps, in the centre, and at the east end a very fine church, surmounted by a handsome octagonal spire of considerable height. . . . When Leland visited this part of Yorkshire he found Masham pretty much as it shows itself to the traveller of to-day. "Masseham," he remarks, "is a praty quik"—this was a favourite expression of his—"market-town, and a fair Chirch, an a bridge of tymbre. A little bynethe

Masseham on the other side of Yore river lye the Aldbury village. At the end of Masseham townlet, I passed over a fair river called Bourne, it goeth into the Ure thereby a little bynethe the bridge." There were good markets in Leland's time, but these seem to have decayed, though there is still a great annual cattle and sheep fair here, held about the middle of September, whereto as many as forty thousand sheep are usually brought for sale. During this fair open house is kept by every person in the place, and there is a staple dish of roast beef and pickled cabbage to which every comer is made heartily welcome. While the fair lasts Masham is a place of bustle and excitement; when it is over the little town settles down to the quiet-st and most monotonous of existences, save on market days, when the folk from the dales come in to give it a momentary increase of life.

The illustrations are of somewhat varying styles and excellence, and the reader has usually to choose between a competent prettiness and a less competent matter-of-factness. But there is no doubt that this work will be, when completed, a literary and pictorial record of great interest.

Messrs. Black's *Guide to the English Lakes* has assumed an entirely different aspect in this edition. The arrangement of the book has been altered, and the whole district divided into five sections: the Windermere, the Ullswater, the Central, the Keswick, and the Coast sections. Otherwise the features of the guide are preserved. The maps are excellent and alluring. A more difficult district to compass and compress could hardly present itself to the maker of a guide-book; but the editor appears to have surmounted most obstacles. We might suggest a longer note on Swarthmoor Hall, which is briefly, almost inaccurately, described as "once the residence of George Fox." Quaker visitors to the Lakes—who are many—will probably desire a better account than this of the place they regard as their Mecca.

It was Magee—was it not?—who said to his brother of Hereford: "If you will give me your river, I will give you my See." The offer was inspired by a sight of the lovely banks of the Wye. Black's *Guide to the Wye*, a handy little volume, goes far to explain Magee's enthusiasm. We doubt if the following particulars about the Severn Tunnel are so well known as they are interesting:

Over 3,000 men were employed in this bold enterprise, which was attended with incidents of perilous and, indeed, romantic adventure. After seven years' labour, the works were inundated by the tide, and sixty men had to be rescued by one small boat making repeated trips of a mile underground after being lowered into a shaft. Only one man was drowned, who tried to save himself by swimming; but the brave young engineer, Mr. G. O. Formby, who headed the rescuing party, for hours wet to the skin in the choking darkness, then laid the seeds of an illness from which he died prematurely. The tunnel is now kept dry only by constant pumping. At Sudbrook (*South brook*), below Portakewett, are the great pumping works, where gigantic pumps discharge daily from twenty to thirty million gallons. The pumping houses have not only to drain the tunnel, but to supply water to several villages whose wells have been sucked dry by these subterranean operations. The works are not open to visitors without special permit.

The guide to *East Kent*, by the same firm, reaches its fourteenth edition this year.

London.

Black's Guide to London and its Environs. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Eleventh Edition. (A. & C. Black. 1s.)

Our Great City; or, London the Heart of the Empire. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Cassell.)

Cassell's Guide to London. (Cassell. 6d.)

To look through London guide-books is to wish for a week to fill in the larger gaps in one's knowledge of

London. The present writer has lived in London for fifteen years, has made the study of its streets and life a hobby, has collected prints and books relating to London, and has roamed its miles of suburbs in all directions; yet he has never entered the Tower of London, or seen the effigies of the Crusaders in the Temple Church, or visited the Tate Gallery, or admired (from within) "the most beautiful and most venerable monument of old London"—the Charterhouse. And yet how pleasant it would be to give a week to seeing London in the receptive spirit of the country cousin. "A catalpa tree in the garden is said to have been planted by him, perhaps brought by Raleigh from America." The writer is Mr. Hope Moncrieff, the garden that of Gray's Inn, the planter Lord Bacon. Really, it would be very interesting to look up that catalpa tree with the aid of Black's *Guide*, and, looking at it, to murmur: "Perhaps brought by Raleigh from America." Nay, given time for such reflections, one might find a subtle pleasure in quoting Wordsworth's sonnet, written on Westminster Bridge, in conjunction with the fact that the length of the bridge is 1,160 feet. Then there are descriptions which titillate the mind:

Opposite Kensington, on the other side of the Park, lies Bayswater, not quite such a fashionable quarter, but still highly respectable, and in parts more than respectable.

Surely one might learn a few things in an afternoon devoted to the identification of those parts of Bayswater which are more than respectable. It will be perceived that Black's *Guide to London*, like all the guides ever written, has its unconscious humour as well as its curiosities of information. But its solid merits are indisputable: they include orderly arrangement, an abundance of good maps, and a lively sense of the stranger's needs.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's book is a sign of the times, and our wonder is that it has not arrived sooner. London citizenship will never recover its old vitality until its old connexion with education is revived. Persuaded of this, Mr. Arnold-Forster has compiled a London primer, which he hopes will be used in London schools. After examining the book with care we share that hope. The book is eminently suited for schools, if we except the statement, on page 41, that Edward III. won the battle of Agincourt. Mr. Arnold-Forster has begun at the beginning—that is, with the soil on which London stands. He traces the early history of London, legendary, Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, and the rest. The survey is lucid and bright throughout, though, with intention, elementary. Chapters XVIII. and XIX., on "Pictures from the Book of the Streets of London," are happily inspired. The young Londoner is bidden to see dimmest antiquity in the name of Ludgate, Saxon saintliness in St. Swithin's-lane, Roman road-making in London Stone; and to recognise the features of an old and rural London in the names of Brook-street, Fleet-street, Holborn, Great Windmill-street, Spitalfields, and Finsbury. The White Friars and the Black Friars and the Knights Templar are traced in surviving names, and the names of kings and queens and battlefields are shown to be daily on the lips of 'bus conductors. Old trades and their localities are recognised under names like Vintry Wharf, Cornhill, Ironmonger-lane, Ave Maria-lane, and Seacoal-lane. Other chapters describe St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, the National Gallery, &c. The Thames, with its trade and government, is carefully considered; and the government of London as a whole is explained in terms simple enough to be understood by the little child, and even by the oldest ratepayer. In short, Mr. Arnold-Forster has made excellent use of his space. The very birds of London have a chapter to roost in; and, not content with describing London as it was and is, the author adds a final suggestive chapter on "London as it Might Be."

Cassell's *Guide* is a good sixpenny booklet, with one map and many illustrations. A well-planned round of visits, to occupy a week, is sketched out. The book is full of sound information and suggestions. Fancy going to see the "grounds of the Toxophilite Society, which exists for the promotion of archery."

Paris.

Exhibition Paris. (Heinemann.)

Paris. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 vols. Second Edition, revised. (George Allen. 3s. each.)

Guide to Paris. (Black. 1s.)

THE title *Exhibition Paris* is to some extent misleading. *Exhibition Paris* is indeed exhaustively dealt with; but normal Paris prevails, as it should do. We doubt whether any guide to Paris so directly and completely useful as this exists. The information about hotels, &c., is no beggarly array of generalities, but is full, modern, and convincing; and this note, one soon finds, is the note of the book. There are fifteen closely packed, classified columns devoted solely to questions of eating and drinking. There are sections on Tobacco, Cigars, Illness, Chemists, Laundresses, Hairdressers, Lost Property, Telephones, Furniture, &c., &c. The visitor is told what he must do if he is arrested by the police. He is directed to the best shops for curiosities, Dress Materials, Flowers, Fireworks, Boots, Gloves, Jewels, Bronzes, and Books. Plans of the seating accommodation in the principal theatres are given; and the section on "Paris by Night" is a complete guide to amusements. It is only on p. 111 that the sights of Paris, properly speaking, are taken in hand; nearly two hundred pages are devoted to them—pages alive with woodcuts. At page 300 *Exhibition Paris* begins, and continues to page 431, the end. A complexity of usefulness marks every page. We may add, as showing the alertness of the compiler, that a Calendar of Events from May to October is included in the book, so that no English visitor need miss a race meeting or fail to see the fountains play at Versailles, or lose the chance of taking a walk in the Sewers or the Catacombs. *Exhibition Paris* is the guide to Paris for this year. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hare's guide-books have a distinction of their own. They are not cheap, but good paper and charming woodcuts make them singularly attractive. The black bindings with red lines were an inspiration. "The conscientious hard work of two years" were given, says the author, to this book and *Days Near Paris*, and there is evidence on every page of this book of original study. The references to, and quotations from, French writers are extremely numerous and suggestive. Victor Hugo, Zola, and Taine are frequently drawn upon for picturesque descriptions. This guide-book may be best used as an intellectual companion, and the tourist can seek in other books the "dull-useful information" which Mr. Hare compresses into a few pages.

Black's *Guide to Paris* is modelled on the *Guide to London*, issued by the same firm. The present edition, however, includes about fifty new pages dealing with the Exhibition. The map of the Exhibition is quite admirable. By means of six colours one can immediately distinguish the Exhibition buildings proper, the special foreign pavilions, the exhibits with an extra charge, the restaurants, gardens, walks, &c. After the Exhibition section follows the guide to Paris proper, illustrated with photographs, and followed by the usual sections on Rouen, Le Havre, Calais, &c., with information for cyclists. We can confidently recommend this guide-book to those whose time in Paris is limited.

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You remember in *The Mill on the Floss*, where Bob Jakin brings to Maggie some coloured prints and a few second-hand books. It is the moment of supreme need in the girl's life—the moment when her passionate personality is struggling into consciousness to be constantly tortured and repelled by the depression of daily circumstance. Her proud father has been made bankrupt, and forced to serve under his enemy Wakem; the mother, separated from her household gods, becomes ever more childish and querulous; Tom, whom Maggie adores, is self-centred and cold. "To the early precocity of the girl she added that early experience of struggle, of conflict between the inward impulse and outward fact which is the lot of every imaginative and passionate nature." The little old clumsy book brought to her by the packman, marked in faded ink

and with its corners turned down, is to be the almost unflinching source of spiritual strength to her throughout life.

Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything else in the world. . . . If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet or free from care: for in everything somewhat will be wanting and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the truth which teacheth inwardly.

When Maggie reads this for the first time, a strange thrill of awe passes through her, "as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. . . ."

Maggie's story is the story of the suppression of a magnificent self, culminating in a sacrifice that may allow question of its wisdom, but none of its sublimity. The state of moral exaltation produced by the old monk's book is almost incomprehensible to a moment inclined to regard the gratification of self with so appreciative an eye. Think of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and then pass to such sentences as the following: "I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . If thou wert inwardly good and pure, then wouldst thou be able to see and understand all things clearly without impediment. . . ." The contrast has the force of a shock.

George Eliot has given us two direct utterances on *The Imitation of Christ*. The inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, she tells us, is, "that renunciation remains sorrow, though sorrow borne willingly." And she attributes the power of the book, which "works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness," to the fact that it is the "direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience": "it was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting: it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph."

No such understanding criticism is to be found in *At the Cross Roads*, by Miss Montrésor, in which, somewhat casually, *The Imitation of Christ* appears. It does not, in this novel, prepare the soul for strenuous conflict, but helps, by its presence, to contribute something to an atmosphere already charged with simplicity and restfulness. While Maggie practises asceticism, Lady Jane discards luxury; her rooms are scantily furnished; the walls are distempered blue; "it was a pleasant place, and one that sometimes suggested a reminiscence of some far-away French convent cell." "Your room is like a Quakers' meeting," Gillian says. Lady Jane herself wears black "with white cambric frills in her sleeve and round her throat." She reads the *Imitation* in the Latin edition, "for the stateliness of the old language pleased her." In all this the insistence on externals is very marked. The description is almost entirely confined to material things. The *Imitation* has indeed no definable spiritual influence upon Lady Jane. Her days of effort and struggle are over. Out of the hard, mediæval teaching she extracts only a sentiment of purity and austerity. This is her statement of life: "The world is sad, I think; but underneath the sadness one finds—God."

Lady Jane's room suggests some far-away French convent cell; let us now see how *The Imitation of Christ* is employed in a Jesuit monastery in France. The scene occurs in Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew*, which combines series upon series of extra-melodramatic situations, never approached by the most daring of Adelphi flights, with chapters that display penetrating observation and wide common-sense. It is hard to reconcile the last tragi-comic scene, where Rodin is confronted with his six victims, ranged upon black biers, dressed in black grave-clothes, and faintly illumined by the bluish light of a silver lamp, with the admirable description of the Jesuit's tactics in

working on Hardy's sensuous feelings in order to win him to a religious life from its sensuous side. Throughout this novel the Jesuits are painted in the darkest colours. We read of the "profound and diabolical craft of the Reverend Fathers." Their object is to extinguish free will and power of discrimination, so that they may secure large donations for their order. They are represented as having in the *Imitation* one of their most powerful auxiliaries: "In that awful book may be found a thousand terrors to operate on weak minds, a thousand slavish maxims to chain and degrade the pusillanimous soul." Thoughts and reflections from its merciless pages, written in very large characters, were suspended in black frames about the room where the man they desire to influence is confined: "Thou art nothing but dust and ashes, grief and tears are thy portion. Believe not in any son of man. There are no such things as friendship or ties of kindred. All human affections are false. . . ." The same book that brought Maggie an infinite hope brought to Hardy inextinguishable despair. What is to some one of the most precious of spiritual possessions is stigmatised by Eugene Sue as impious and Machiavellian. Truly, in Milton's words, the mind is its own place; it can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven; and no book affords such materials for building at once so pure a heaven and so gloomy a hell as *The Imitation of Christ*.

Things Seen.

The Dog.

THE stream of humanity lounged through the Strand. In the broad June sunlight everything was stark and plain, and the utter limp dependence of the little monkey on the retriever's curly back touched me with its gratuitous pathos. The retriever strode through us in the wake of two young men, its masters, willing, seemingly, to cut a caper. And I was angry with those young men, as though they were perpetrators of an impertinence in bringing their fragile toy in the highway of bulging omnibuses and skimming cabs. I was angry because I knew they sought to unloosen in themselves and in me the ancient spring of laughter that gushes forth at sight of the ignorant astonishment, the clinging misery, of a tiny thing. Confronted with nothing less than our whole civilisation, the monkey was afraid even of heaven, and with lowered head sprawled over the retriever as a crab sprawls over a stone.

Presently the procession was obliged to quit the pavement, on account of the ambition of a monster hotel to expand its lungs. And so, while the seasoned human pedestrians monopolised the meagre footway of planks that skirted the hotel, the retriever trotted into the road and mixed himself with the vehicular traffic.

At last there was a slight congestion in the eastward hurrying tide. There were those who paused and those who, remembering the flight of time, thriftily threw back a pitying glance. I heard the noise of a body scraped along the road. I saw a dog's paw quiver painfully in the air, and a hansom cabman gaze down commiseratingly from a godlike height. And just then the Tivoli discharged its smiling throng.

Altruism.

It was in a great railway terminus, in a corner by the chief exit. Two tall wooden pillar-boxes stood near each other, dumbly appealing for newspapers for the two great hospitals of the city. On his knees before one of them was a messenger-boy, evidently sent to empty it and bring the contents for distribution in the wards. The busy crowd in the station passed him unheeding as they hurried

to and from their trains. But the little lad was so business-like and so much interested in his work that I, having a moment to spare, spent it in watching him.

The box was emptied: the contents were lying before him; and he gave them a solemn and careful scrutiny while he arranged them into a satisfactory bundle. They were mostly dailies, penny or half-penny; here and there came a little spice, say *Tit-Bits* or *Answers*; once or twice a plum in the shape of a *Punch* or *Graphic*. But suddenly he came upon a new thing—a handful of religious tracts.

For a moment he pondered.

Then a happy inspiration came to him. He rose from his knees and dropped the tracts into the box for the other hospital.

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THE Brook Farm experiment owed its origin, in the famous 'forties of Boston, U.S.A., to one of those revulsions from the precarious felicity of an artificial system which, in other ages, have manifested themselves by withdrawal to the desert or the convent. The Transcendental Club, out of which the colony came, derived its principles through Edward Everett and George Ticknor and Carlyle in various measures from Fichte and Schelling and Hegel and Schleiermacher, disciples—faithful or dissentient—of Kant. Among its members were Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, the Channings, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the lady who afterwards became his wife—Sophia Peabody, and the Ripleys. It was by George Ripley—afterwards described by Carlyle as "a Socinian minister who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions"—that the Brook Farm Settlement was imagined. Its purpose was "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labour . . . to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing all with labour adapted to their tastes and talents . . . to do away with the necessity of menial services . . . and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of competitive institutions."

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On April 16 he broke a machine for chopping hay, through very excess of effort, and his remarkable energy then employed itself on a heap of manure. This useful adjunct to the new life he soon began to call his "gold mine." . . . Presently he writes: "I have milked a cow!"

For six months he was ecstatically convinced that toil "defiles the hands indeed, but not the soul." Then came a reaction:

On August 12 he burst forth in a different, but not less rhapsodical, strain: "In a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage—free to enjoy Nature—free to think and feel. . . . Oh, labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so."

But it is in his *Bliothdale Romance* that his matured impressions are to be sought.

* *Brook Farm: its Members, Scholars, and Visitors*. By Lindsay Swift. (Macmillan.)

A company which in the main disused tobacco was not likely to be free in its conscience as to the consumption of the dead bodies of animals. The vegetarian "quiddle" was generously represented. Sam Larned went so far as to abstain from milk on the ground that "his relation to the cow did not justify him in drawing on her reserves." On the other hand, Ripley is said to have worn a worried look during the decline of a calf which it had been sought to raise, while setting free its dam from her maternal function, on hay tea.

Outdoor amusements enjoyed a vogue, and there was a good deal of harmless philandering. Emerson (whose every reference to Brook Farm, says Mr. Swift, suggests that someone is laughing behind the shrubbery) gives a general notion that the Farmers' life was one long, guileless picnic. Not even the practice of punning, which seems to have been treated with shameless indulgence, availed to hush the prevalent mirth; nay, the contentious Brownson himself, when he paid the Farmers a visit, was unable to damp down the cheerful buzz, or to cast a doubt upon the enduring humour of the request to cut the pie "from the centre to the periphery." Not that higher matters were ruled out. Miss Ripley declared herself at one time weary of "the extravagant moods of young girls," and "sick of the very word affinity"; and there is an account, by Mrs. Kirby, of a well-sustained argument on the burning question, "Is labour in itself ideal, or do we, in effect, clothe it with the spirit we bring to it?"

Divers of the apostles of the "Newness," after the collapse of the community, won distinction in the world; and some found salvation in the Church of Rome. Of these the most notable were Brownson and Father Hecker, whose name has by differing critics been sealed with the note of "heretic" and that of "saint."

One cannot but regret that an enterprise which, though its financial position was never sound, at one time showed fair promise was, by a series of fatalities, brought to naught.

Correspondence.

Mathilde Blind.

SIR,—I hope someone more capable than I will take up the cudgels for Mathilde Blind, because I feel that my weapons must needs be awkward: that I can resent such criticism as appeared in your last issue only in the blind, helpless fashion of a devotee who sees a blow aimed at one of his idols. Several times lately I have read similar reviews of Miss Blind's poetry, and, curious to state, Shelley seems to have come in for some of the depreciation so liberally bestowed upon her, in more than one instance. His pedestal is too strong to need buttressing, but the woman poet seems to lack a valiant supporter. If, as your reviewer says, she has no "high imagination, emotional power or grace of form," a humble inquirer would like to know why her fame is steadily increasing year by year, and why a writer of such known critical acumen as Dr. Garnett should be found to edit her work?

Can it be that, in spite of her failure to satisfy the poetic analyst of this century end, she possessed some indefinable quality that has stamped her with the hall-mark of genius? I do not assert this, being able to speak from the purely amateur point of view only—that of the lover rather than dissector; but I do assert that I am not easily moved by poetry, and that Mathilde Blind's poetry has affected me powerfully. I have read her often during the past ten years and never with any waning of appreciation. It seemed to me the quotations given in last week's ACADEMY did not represent her fairly, and I wish I dare trespass on its space to supplement them with some of her more spontaneous and pregnant passages.

We are constantly told that the critical age is never the creative age, but perhaps we are not sufficiently conscious

of the sterilising power of criticism. May it not be possible that the barrenness of our era in great works of art is due, on the one hand, to the niggling, pedantic spirit of our much trusted reviewers; on the other hand, to the over-laudation of mediocrity by scribblers of the rank-and-file? And our fashions are so strange! Recently a great cloud of incense arose before the suddenly-erected altar of a young poet, of whose slender dramatic work one of the herd of fulsome critics wrote: "He has achieved the impossible"! A second Shakespeare could have been welcomed with no more *éclat*. Yet to many outside this fashionable literary circle the comet has appeared a very ordinary rocket! To honour all that betrays promise in the newcomer is well and just; but when his admirers, in acclaiming him a god, would dethrone Shelley and others whom time has hallowed, questions and comparisons are bound to arise. Fortunately, nothing can harm the poet who, "being dead, yet liveth." We only, who are alive and love, can be pierced by the shafts hurled at our idols.—I am, &c, M. L. PENDERED.

[Miss Pendered is, of course, very welcome to her opinion. It does not happen to be ours—that is all.]

SIR,—I was much interested in the review of Mathilde Blind's poems published in the ACADEMY of June 2.

Apart from their own intrinsic value, these poems represent an attempt which has not unfrequently been made, to create, as it were, a poetry of science—and more particularly of evolution.

As we recall the various efforts in this direction, the question suggests itself: why has no poet hitherto succeeded in treating the subject in a really satisfactory manner? Why has there been no so-called Apotheosis of Evolution?

It would be difficult to conceive of a more sublime theme, or one offering a wider field to the poetic imagination.

Many writers have contributed to this field of literature, among whom the names of George Eliot, Romanes, and Mr. William Watson come familiarly to the mind.

But their finest passages leave us—to quote your reviewer—untouched and cold; and we are unwittingly reminded of the famous parody:

An ape there was once, in the days that were earlier,
The centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Some centuries more gave a thumb to his fist,
Then he called himself man—and a Positivist.

One sonnet alone, and that by an almost forgotten writer, seems to rise to the level of true poetry.

It is by Emily Pfeiffer, and bears the hall-mark of original thought and expression in every line, but more especially in the last.

TO NATURE.

Dread force, in whom of old we loved to see
A nursing mother, clothing with her life
The seeds of Love divine—with what sore strife
We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and thee!
Thou art not calm, but restless as the ocean,
Filling with aimless toil the endless years,
Stumbling on thought and throwing off the spheres,
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs and fears,
Thou crownedst thy wild work with foulest wrong
When first thou lighted on a seeming goal,
And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.

—I am, &c.,

EVELYN FORSTER.

Novels and Logic.

SIR,—Mr. Lang puts forward a law of logic as a canon of criticism. My paper did not pretend to deal with Mr. Lang's special thesis, but to criticise certain of his statements and his general tone of contempt towards the novel.

—I am, &c.,

FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON.

For Students of Stevenson.

SIR,—A correspondent in British Columbia asks me, in a letter: "Who is the man (in *The Wrecker*) met in San Francisco whose name is 'known to lovers of good English'; 'who tramped and toiled and had such a profit of his life among the Islands'; and from whose house Dodd returned with the first glamour of the Islands over him, bearing *Omoa* under one arm and the man's own book under the other?" Can any of your readers help me to the answer?—I am, &c.,

London: June 4, 1900.

R. M.

George Eliot at Richmond.

SIR,—Those who care for literature and its nobler memories may like to get out of the train at Richmond, Surrey, and ask anyone for No. 8, Parkshot. The house almost touches the station.

Between 1855 and 1859 George Eliot not only made the decision which revealed herself to herself by setting to work on *Amos Barton*, but wrote all the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and practically the whole of *Adam Bede*, in cheap lodgings in this little house.

I should like to set a few who care for literature thinking whether it is not worth while at least to consider, among the right men and women, if it is not wise and practicable to secure the permanent existence of the house (the demolition of which is very imminent), and its use in some way to the benefit of Richmond and of London in definite memory of George Eliot.

There will be difficulties, because the cottage is the centre one of three; and they are clearly marked for demolition, that something solidier and more profitable may take their place. I should like to see the centre one actually acquired and preserved and placed under trustees, were it only as a place of deposit for bicycles, though I love them not. And I grudgingly make the suggestion that I may be humble in aim and practical. But let it be plainly and permanently recorded upon the house that in its second floor the *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* were written.—I am, &c.,

CHARLES SELBY OAKLEY.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall:

June 4, 1900.

Dr. Johnson's Thunder.

SIR,—It is, I suppose, to the credit of us women that we are born hero-worshippers, to the extent even of worshipping the idols of our idols, nay, to worshipping other women. I suppose there are few women who read at all who do not heartily admire the exquisite literary instinct of Mrs. Meynell. But has not Mrs. Meynell's appreciation of Ruskin's merits led her to yield a too ready approval to his judgment of Johnson, a judgment surely which Johnson's own sturdy common sense would not have approved? To say of Johnson's style that "its symmetry is as of thunder answering from two horizons" seems to her to outstep the legitimate limits of even oratorical and hyperbolic prose. The vigour of Dr. Johnson's style was, like Fred Bayham's emotions, "manly, sir, manly," but it contains a very perceptible trace of artifice, and if we must resort to metaphor to describe it, the image of answering salvoes of artillery would be more apposite than that of the elementary roarings of nature. And even the devoutest admirer of Johnson must admit that the salvoes were often of blank cartridge!—I am, &c.,

F. L. A.

[Ruskin described the symmetry of Johnson's style, not his style as a whole, by the simile of "thunder answering from two horizons." Surely the sonorousness and balance of Johnson's style—these two qualities—are finely indicated in the phrase to which our correspondent objects. Is not this enough?]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THOMAS GIRTIN.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

Mr. Binyon, who is known in the literary world by his poetry, is an assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. This splendidly illustrated study of the work of Girtin is largely based on the water-colours in the national collection, but drawings in private collections also are reproduced. Girtin's fame is undoubtedly less than he deserves. Mr. Binyon boldly declares: "When Girtin died he was Turner's rival on more than equal terms." And he continues: "Had Turner died with him, Girtin's name would stand the higher." Mr. Binyon's suggestive essay fills twenty-two pages; the remainder of the volume, a folio, is taken up with photographs of Girtin's water-colours. (Seeley. £2 2s.)

PARIS.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

Loving Paris of to-day, Mr. Belloc, whose literary range seems to be quite indefinitely wide, has written this book about Paris of yesterday. He says: "The more vivid be the contemporary effect of a city, the more urgent does the question of its origin and development press upon one. . . . In the effort to satisfy this a man will read this book and that, look up old prints and catch the chance phrases of memoirs; he will, for his own sake, clear out a rough sketch of the whole past of what he loves, and he will end by making a record that is as incomplete and fragmentary, as incongruous a mixture of the general theory of life and of particular trifles, as are the notes and letters we keep to remind us of absent friends. This is the way my book was written." (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

TALKS WITH OLD ENGLISH.

CRICKETERS.

BY A. W. PULLIN.

"There is no attempt in this volume to give a life-history of the famous cricketers whose portraits adorn its pages. . . . The idea kept in view is to delve deep into the mine of personal reminiscence. . . . The preparation of these talks . . . was originally undertaken on behalf of the *Yorkshire Post*." (Blackwood. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bird (Robert), Paul of Tarsus. . . . (Nelson)
Nicol (W. Robertson), The Expositor's Greek Testament. Vol. II. (Hodder & Stoughton) 25

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shadwell (Bertrand), America, and Other Poems. . . . (Donnelly, Chicago)
Clark (John), A History of Epic Poetry (Post-Virgilian). . . . (Oliver & Boyd)
F. W. L. B., The Battle of Maldon, and Other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon. . . . (Parker & Co., Oxford) 3
Platt (William), A Three-fold Utterance, yet a Single Outcry of a Man's Life-Truth. . . . (Published by the Author)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Harrison (Frederic), Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages: The Bede Lectures. . . . (Macmillan) net 2
Shand (Alex. Innes), General John Jacob. . . . (Seeley) 1
Bennett (Ernest N.), With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train. (Sonnenschein) 2

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Savory (Isabel), A Sportswoman in India. . . . (Hutchinson) 18
Wallis (E. J.), Illustrations of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. (Edinburgh Wilson) net 2
Bradshaw (B.), Bathing Places and Climatic Health Resorts (Kegan Paul)
Black's Guide to Belfast and the North of Ireland. . . . (Black) 1

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New Penny Magazine. . . . (Cassell) 2

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Krause (K. C. F.), The Ideal of Humanity and Universal Federation. (T. & T. Clark) 3

EDUCATIONAL.

Mills (T. R.), Lucian: Charon and Timon. . . . (Clive) 1
Basset (A. B.), An Elementary Treatise on Hydrodynamics and Sound. (Deighton, Bell & Co.) 4
Lyster (R. A.), First Stage Hygiene. . . . (Clive) 2
Smith (D. N.), Macaulay: Life of Johnson. . . . (Blackwood)
Lobban (J. H.), Goldsmith: Traveller, &c. . . . (Blackwood)

NEW EDITIONS.

Fielding (Henry), The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. 2 vols. (Macmillan)

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 38 (New Series).

LAST week we offered, at the suggestion of Dr. Furnivall, a prize of One Guinea for the best reproduction of the lost verses addressed by Dr. Johnson, when he was at Stourbridge school, to Olivia Lloyd, the young Quakeress. We have decided that the prize is due to Mr. F. B. Doveton, Torquay, for the following poem :

Oh deign to listen to my simple lay !
 Scorn not my homely measures, maid demure ;
 Thy beauty's star illumines my dreary way ;
 My heart is sick—thou only hast the cure !
 And when thou wanderest by the crystal stream,
 Or 'mid the umbrage of green pendent boughs,
 Forget not one who cannot cease to dream
 Of thee, and at thy shrine perform his vows.
 And, though my years be few, yet none the less
 For thee great deeds and doughty would I dare ;
 Brave the recesses of the wilderness,
 Or flch his cubs from the Siberian bear !
 Only some token would I humbly ask
 Of thee, Olivia, gentle as the dove ;
 Some sign to cheer me in my daily task,
 And prove that thou thy worshipper dost love !

Other poems are as follows :

Sweet maid demure, thou charmer of our race,
 Venus herself sure lacked thy simple grace,
 Nor glanced such love from her rich lustrous eyes.
 As shines in thine, where only virtue lies,
 Purest of daughters thou of all the earth,
 Blest is the spot that's honoured by thy birth ;
 Blest more the place where thou shalt live thy days,
 Lit by thy light of love's warmth-giving rays.
 Teach this poor suppliant how to plead with thee
 For favours from the fount of purity ;
 Inspire this heart with goodness and with grace,
 That I may more deserve to see thy face.
 In thy loved presence all base thoughts shall flee,
 And heaven itself seems near at sight of thee :
 God's choicest gifts enshrined in female frame
 All seem revealed, Olivia, in thy name !

[H. W. D., London.]

Olivia, since the day I saw that face,
 Matchless and perfect in each separate grace,
 One only hope my weary heart hath known—
 The hope of making thee my very own.
 Thy modesty of manner and of dress,
 The truth and purity which all may guess,
 The beauty of thy form and of thy soul,
 Making a very perfect human whole,
 All rise before me, making every day
 Not worth the numbering, if thou'rt away :
 All rise before me, making every night
 With endless dreamings of thee sweet and bright.
 Olivia, dear Olivia, kind and fair,
 Pity and love to thy poor servant spare.

[G. C. P., London.]

Olivia, fair as she whom Avon's bard
 Portrayed ; dear object of Orsino's heart,
 Can I aspire that Fate may prove less hard
 To me ill favoured ? Nay, Cesario's part
 Is not for me whom Nature has denied
 Her gifts that fascinate the casual eye.
 Ah ! happy he who, welcome at thy side,
 Finds thee respondent to his burdened sigh !
 Thrice happy he who through this weary while
 Of transitory things shall gain thy love ;
 Who thro' the impending cloud shall see thy smile
 That bids him dwell dejecting care above !
 My fair, be thine to rule the nobler sphere ;
 'Tis vain that I should yearn to share thy life ;
 I, slave of all that most is sad and drear :
 Thou, peace's angel in a world of strife.

[L. L., Ramsgate.]

Fair Livy, hear thy Samuel's lay,
 Extend one glance benign on him,
 Experiencing the live-long day
 Dan Cupid's darts in every limb.
 His copy-book is scrawled with doves,
 And olive-boughs, and nuptial rings ;
 His dreams are of Cythera's groves,
 Responsive nymphs, and similar things.
 Grant me, High Jove, the hour to see
 That shall abridge my single life
 With this : " I Samuel take thee,
 Olivia, to my wedded wife " !

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Mistress Olivia, with the beaming eye,
 Which for its brightness with the stars can vie,
 Oh, fairest of the fair, deign but to look
 On one who leaves for thee his every book.
 Your Samuel Johnson pants with passion's flame :
 Ah, cruel fair ! alone thou art to blame.
 Possessed of every grace beneath the sun,
 Fair Queen of Beauty, leave me not undone.
 Pure-souled Olivia, maid devoid of wiles,
 Not in thy breast, as in the crocodile's,
 Lurk treachery and deceit. It needs but this
 To plunge thy lover in the realms of bliss :
 That thou wilt listen to his tale of love
 As did a mortal to immortal Jove.

[A. W., London.]

Diana chaste were counted all too bold,
 And Cynthia unworthy of her name ;
 And all fair virgins were as dark to light
 Compared with thee, sweet mistress of my flame.
 If Philomel would grant me her sweet voice,
 I'd pour my passion in a melting lay,
 Till zephyr should my love-sick measures waft,
 And to my lady's bosom find a way.

A roseate hue the morn has given thy cheek,
 And lily white the night has kissed thy heart ;
 Thy eyes two stars that rise to higher state,
 Thy lips the nectar cup the gods have pressed.

And if too bold, too over bold my plaint,
 The gentle lightning of thine eye I'll meet,
 Forsaking roses for the branch of peace,
 Lay thy own name, Olivia, at thy feet.

[H. E. M., Edinburgh.]

Rejuvenescent Phœbus circumvolves
 His terrene nymph : responsive to his art
 She warms ; but my unchangeable resolves
 Gain not the sister-fort, thy moon-cold heart.

Olivia ! 'Tis a name that Avon's swan
 Hath made immortal ; but, were Shakespeare mute,
 Thy charms, self-justified, would yet live on.
 O, live, Olivia, beauty's flower and root !

Thy predecessor by a reigning duke
 Was long adored, though every sigh proved vain.
 Thou reignest as a queen, and if thy look
 Shall rest in kindness on a serving swain,
 Nor earth, nor sea, nor sky, nor heaven, nor hell
 Shall hold a truer knight than *Samuel*.

[T. C., Buxted.]

O fairest nymph, thy charms unite
 To fill a lover with delight ;
 Thy tranquil mind, with mirth imbued,
 Leaves far the coquette and the prude.
 Olivia, loveliest of thy sex,
 May naught thy gentle nature vex !
 Thy uttered name doth conjure forth
 An image of surpassing worth.
 I see a flower of rarest grace,
 Oft as I gaze upon thy face.
 Ah ! beauteous maid, shall I implore,
 Or stay enraptured and adore ?
 The love my heart can not restrain
 Is mix't of chastened joy and pain ;
 If tongue refuse its office meet
 I'll lay me at thy virgin feet.

[E. H. H., London.]

Other replies received from : R. H. M., Manchester ; L. F., Manchester ; L. W., Cambridge ; W. A. B. L., Sheffield ; H. F. H., Nottingham ; J. L., Chesterton ; Mrs. von S., London ; K. E. J., Bristol ; R. K. C., Lee ; G. B. F., London ; E. M., London ; M. M. E., London ; Z. McC., Whitby ; G. M. T., Bradford ; F. L. A., London.

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The Literary Week.

TOLSTOI, we imagine, will find himself able to bear the latest arrow of outrageous fortune with equanimity. The Holy Synod of Russia has issued a secret ukase excommunicating him on account of his novel, *Resurrection*. It declares that Tolstoi has shown himself clearly and plainly to be an enemy of the Orthodox Christian Church. Among other sins, he is charged with distorting the sacred text of the Gospel, finding fault with Holy Church, calling it a human arrangement, and so on.

MR. GEORGE MOORE has finished the first writing of his novel *Sister Teresa*, which we are informed is not a sequel to *Evelyn Innes*. *Sister Teresa* was contained in the original idea, and the publication of *Evelyn Innes* was decided on because the book had lengthened out to 500 pages, and Mr. Moore's publisher felt that novels of 1,000 pages in length would demand some new form of publication not easy to devise. *Sister Teresa* will be as long, or nearly as long as *Evelyn Innes*, and when the two books are brought together, as Mr. Moore hopes they will ultimately be, the story of *Evelyn Innes* will be the longest novel ever written about one character, for together the two books will contain about 300,000 words. As soon as *Sister Teresa* is finished Mr. Moore will begin to re-write *Evelyn Innes*. The two books will be published together probably in the spring of next year.

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE writes (apropos of this remark in our Bibliographical page last week: "Mr. Frankfort Moore has just made Nell Gwyn the central figure of a novel, thus following immediately in the wake of Mr. Anthony Hope"):

To prevent the confusion which might arise from our both addressing the same lady, do me the favour to allow me to remind you that the first of my "Nell Gwyn" episodes appeared in the pages of *Pearson's Magazine* eighteen months before Mr. Anthony Hope's "Simon Dale" had begun its course in serial form. Your mention last week of the fact that my "Nell Gwyn, Comedian," followed hard upon "Simon Dale" suggests that I was made aware of the possibilities of the "Impudent Comedian" by studying her portrait as painted by the master hand of Mr. Anthony Hope. Though I daresay I might have done so with great advantage to my art, yet, having written and printed my story, the privilege of following in the wake of another novelist was denied to me.

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY has marked his recovery from severe illness by the completion of his editorial work on the "Tudor Translations." Vol. III. of Rabelais, which comprises Motteaux' version of Books IV. and V., will shortly be in the subscribers' hands.

Two literary clubs, the Johnson and the Whitefriars, have chosen Stratford-on-Avon as the scene of their annual outing. The Whitefriars Club has the advantage over the Johnson Club in that the members will take tea, so we learn from the *Sphere*, with Miss Marie Corelli.

AMONG the contents of the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* we note "The Logic of Events," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett; "The Limitations of Art," by Mr. W. H. Mallock; and "An Eclogue of the Downs," by Mr. John Davidson.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN's new novel, *The Increasing Purpose* (formerly announced under the title of *The Hemp-breaker*), will be published shortly by Macmillan & Co. The key-note of the story is given in Tennyson's well-known lines from "Locksley Hall":

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

It is a little difficult to keep pace with Mr. Crockett's exuberant production. This week we review *Joan of the Sword Hand*; this week, too, his newest novel, *Little Anna Mark*, is upon us. It has 446 pages, and begins thus:

"Come in hither, Joe Janet! Here you will see at one eye-blink the whole cursed pack kennelled, the lying priest that slandered me, the fatted English calf that disinherited me, and the gap-toothed old hound that begat me—and did me other disservice beside!"

WE are asked to state that the *New Liberal Review*, to which we referred the other day, will be a monthly and not a weekly publication. It will be under the control of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth.

WITH the opening of the Wallace collection in Hertford House, Manchester-square, next week a most interesting and valuable addition will be made to the galleries of London. The collection which the late Lady Wallace bequeathed to the British nation is housed in 22 rooms, arranged as follows:

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| 8. Oriental Armoury. | 18, 19, 20, and Great Staircase. French Schools of 18th Century. |
| 9, 10. French and British Schools of 19th Century. | 21, 22. Water-colours. |
| 11. Paintings by Oudry and Desportes, and Miniatures. | |
| 12. French Furniture, &c., | |

THE book which Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has arranged for the benefit of the War Fund will be published, almost immediately, under the title of "For Britain's Soldiers." Messrs. Methuen, who are bringing it out, are giving their services gratuitously. The contributors are Messrs. Alden, Besant, Crockett, Hornung, Hyne, Kipling, Mason, Moore, Pemberton, Roberts, Ridge, Wells, White, Wood, and Mrs. Croker.

THE issue of the "Works of George Warrington Stevens" has begun with a volume entitled *Things Seen: Impressions of Men, Cities, and Books*. The title hardly fits such of the contents of the volume as the article on "Mr. Balfour's Philosophy," "From the New Gibbon," or "The New Humanitarianism." A golden-brown canvas has been chosen for the binding; the Hon. John Collier's admirable portrait of Mr. Stevens is reproduced as frontispiece. Mr. G. S. Street has selected and edited; and Mr. Henley has written the introductory Memoir, which, however, is rather to be described as a critical appreciation. When Mr. Stevens joined the *Daily Mail*, this is how he stood, Mr. Henley thinks:

He had shown, not once but many times, that he could *understand*. He was now to prove to admiration that he could both *understand* and *see*: that, given a figure, an aspect, an incident, even a great and notable passage in affairs, he could apply that admirable brain of his to the task of observing and realising what he saw, on lines so essential and so clean that, his faculty of speech thrown in, 'twas easy for him—almost too easy—to pass on the final effect of his vision. This is putting it baldly enough, no doubt; and I do not know that it will make matters very much better to note that, at the time of his recording his impressions in the terms which made his fame, he stood alone among English journalists. To be sure, the capacity he showed was not now for the first time shown in English journalism. Dickens had exemplified it, and that with "an immense and far-reaching instinct of the Picturesque" (I quote from memory, from Mr. Henry James); so had Ruskin; so had Meredith and R. L. Stevenson; so had Rudyard Kipling. I do not think that Stevens was deeply read in any of these writers; and that I do not think so is enough to show that I hold him better versed in Greek and Latin than he was in English. All the same, he was cut out of the same stuff with them: the peculiar capacity for vision and realisation, which was theirs, was his also; so that his "Omdurman," done amid the stinks and horrors of the field, is like to remain a classic—and a classic unsurpassed—for many years to come. He had a sort of visual grip of things: not reckless, nor haphazard, nor touched with sentiment; but alert, athletic, of an absolute and unalterable serenity. I am told (and I can very well believe) that a certain commander-in-chief, himself the hardest and sternest of communicants, has, on his own confession, been more than once indebted to George's despatches for essentials in his own.

The volume, to which we shall return, renews one's knowledge of the variety of Mr. Stevens's work.

THE strongest and most original appreciation of the late Mr. B. A. M. Stevenson which has yet come in our way is certainly Mr. Henley's in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is a little startling to find Mr. Henley writing such sentences as these of R. A. M. S. and R. L. S.:

Each is a loss to us. But I think, as I sit here writing of both, that we shall get ten Lewises, or a hundred even, or ever we get a Bob.

Certainly a little startling; but Mr. Henley has a right to the opinion. He suggests that R. A. M. S. was the greater, though the less productive and definable man; and he places them in the relation of master and pupil:

Lewis [Mr. Henley's spelling] Stevenson was, of course, for all his weak lung, one of fortune's favourites; but I have ever thought, and I shall ever believe that, in having his cousin for a chief influence in his beginnings, he was especially favoured—favoured, it may be, even beyond his deserts.

Mr. Henley is writing with R. A. M. S.'s talk in his ears. The books of R. L. S. are before us; but his cousin's talk is returned to air, and perhaps no single register of it has been kept. Not all able men write; some of the ablest loathe writing. Mr. Henley says that R. A. M. S. loathed it. "His true gift was that of talk; and he had it—Heavens! in what perfection! I think I've heard the best of my time; but among them there is but one

R. A. M. S." Here is his picture of R. A. M. S. among his listeners, in his own room:

Someone, bright-eyed, a little flushed, ever courteous, ever kindly, ever humorous, taking any bit of the Universe as his theme, descanting upon it as if he had a prescription right in it, and delighting everyone who listened by its unflinching excellence, wisdom, sanity—(however insane it seemed at times!) of what he had to say. Says a friend of his, and mine, in a letter announcing his death: "He was commentary, and that should go on for ever. Good commentary on whatever God saw fit to provide. It seems to me to dwindle the applications of the Universe that it can no longer serve for his interpretations." Had Lewis lived to reassert himself, and had it been possible for any one of us to sit and heed while these two—the Master and the Pupil—talked of That which is, That which must be, and That which may be, then should we have heard about the best that spoken speech can do.

Who invented the Circulating Library? Mr. Archibald Clark, who tries to answer this question in the *Library*, is properly cautious. Hints and projects there may have been in abundance before the Rev. Samuel Fancourt started his circulating library in Crane-court, Fleet-street, next door to the Royal Society, about 1740 or 1745. Fancourt was a Nonconformist minister at Salisbury, who was driven up to London by some quarrel with his congregation. Author, schoolmaster, and librarian, he struggled along for many years in London. Time has saved few particulars of his methods of working the library which was governed by a committee. The subscription was a guinea a year at first, but it was considerably reduced later. Fancourt seems to have got together about 3,000 volumes, and to have attracted many subscribers; but in the end things went badly with him, and he died in Hoxton under the care of religious people in his ninety-first year. The details of his work in Crane-court are few and vague, and the interest of Mr. Clark's article would have been increased if he had given the titles of some of the more typical books in Fancourt's Catalogue; for he compiled a catalogue.

AMONG books which have been "called back"—reissued, that is to say, to meet an entirely new demand—must be numbered Major-Gen. Baden Powell's *The Downfall of Prempeh*, first published in 1896. It is now reissued in Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny Library, with illustrations "after" B.-P.'s own sketches. A few of the illustrations, however, do not appear to have been re-drawn. B.-P.'s "Apology to the Reader" is a very characteristic document. The reason for the book:

On every side I am badgered—and I suppose that most of the other members of the expedition have been similarly badgered—with the remark:

"Oh, you have come back? Now I do hope you are writing a book about it. You are wasting your opportunities if you don't."

These importunities have reached a climax. I will take the plunge. I will shut myself up for four days, and will overhaul my diary.

The moral of the book:

That my tale should not be entirely futile, I shall endeavour to make it point a moral, and to save the reader the trouble of wading through its tedious pages. I will here at once say that the moral may be summed up thus:

A smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world, more especially if you act upon the old West Coast Motto, "Softly, softly, catches monkey."

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND, whose humorous odes are a popular feature of the *Outlook*, has republished a selection of these eccentric compositions. And for a railway journey, in which the jig of the lines may come into harmony with the jog of the carriage, they make good shilling reading. We take the liberty of quoting, and (by curtailment,

mutilating the most literary of these undeniably "pleasant" odes:

To MR. W. B. YEATS.

But, when it comes
To
The
Celtic
Muse,
I sneeze:
There is no such person—
That is to say,
The Muse of Mr. Yeats and his following
Is not Celtic at all,
But merely the late William Blake
Done up
In green petticoats—
And William Blake
Was
A Cockney.
I have not the smallest desire
To discount
Your great gifts, Mr. Yeats;
I hold
That you have given us
A considerable body
Of decent poetry,
And I forgive you
Many things in consequence.
At the same time,
Until you expunge "Celtic"
From among the epithets
Of your Muse,
Some of us
Will never feel ourselves
Really able
To swallow you.

PARTS 6 and 7 of *The History of the Boer War* (Methuen), just issued, are particularly interesting: they comprise the fights of Modder River, Magersfontein, and Stormberg. Mr. Cunliffe's narrative flows with ease, and his commentary is just and helpful. The illustrations are excellent.

THE recent completion of the "Eversley" Shakespeare (Macmillan), in ten volumes, is followed by its re-issue in separate plays, with Prof. C. H. Herford's introductions. The merits of the "Eversley" edition are, therefore, simply retained in this subdivided edition. Prof. Herford's introductions are very much to the point; and his notes are sound. The latter might have been different; some seem rather needless; some that seem called for are not given; but to say this is only to say what is suggested by every annotated Shakespeare. The reader's whole curiosity cannot be satisfied in a handy edition; a library of comment must leave much in the dark. Alike for easy reading or close study the "Eversley" Shakespeare is excellent.

THE language of invective is seldom seen nowadays in print; but it can still be studied when an American Presidential Election is imminent. We do not refer to the slangy abuse of inferior newspapers; but to the reasoned denunciations of such a paper as the *New York Nation*. On the merits of the questions now engaging the American public we have no opinion to express; we merely wish to show that the blend of logic and wrath which is found in Defoe, Junius, and other pamphleteers is not quite dead. Under the title of "The Idol," the *Nation* has a scathing article on Mr. McKinley's career at White House, concluding as follows:

The fulsome adulation bestowed upon McKinley has surpassed anything in the memory of the present generation, and has been worthy of the subjects of a South American Rosas. His reputation for humanity and statesmanship has been gained by keeping his mouth shut at a critical time when Congress seemed driving towards what the country dreaded. Yet he has made no disguise of his

profession that the Constitution does not extend over him *ex proprio vigore*, and that, as a rule, he has no veto for any action whatsoever taken by a Republican Congress. Complete party subserviency, a rare gift for wire-pulling, a genius for cant and humbug, mark his public career both in and out of the White House. Of courage—even of genuine feeling unalloyed by selfish consideration—not a trace. He has never coined a phrase that will be remembered except to his shame, nor contributed one leading idea to the political thought of the day. In spite of the tremendous changes in the extent of national territory and the Republican ideals wrought under his administration, he must personally sink at last into the oblivion of a Buchanan or a Pierce, but to a lower level.

That McKinley's renomination, a fortnight hence, is inevitable we cannot doubt; nor do we judge the probabilities of his re-election according to our hopes.

"It may succeed; and if our sins should call
For more than common punishment, it *shall*."

In the same magazine, Mr. H. B. Wheatley discusses with acumen the new *Rules for Compiling the Catalogues in the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum*, recently issued by order of the Trustees. Cataloguing is one of those things which looks simple, but is in fact full of mysteries; looks dull, but is in fact the breath of life to eager librarians. To us there seems to be force in some of Mr. Wheatley's criticisms. For example, by the Museum rules Peers are placed under their surnames; but, as Mr. Wheatley points out, the Peer's name is lost in his title; we do not think of Marlborough as Churchill, and in a score of cases the search for a Peer's book involves a previous search for his family name—which is a nuisance. Another of Mr. Wheatley's objections is directed to Rule 11, which tells us: "In the case of authors who change their name, or add to it a second, after having begun to write under the first, the heading is to consist of the original name followed by the word 'afterwards,' and the name subsequently adopted." Mr. Wheatley points out how badly this works in the case of Mrs. Sherwood, a well-known writer, whose works must be looked for under her first name of Butt.

A still better example may, however, be instanced. The well-known historian, Sir Francis Palgrave (1788-1861), changed his name from Cohen to Palgrave in 1823, but before that date two trifling publications appeared under his original name: in 1797 a translation into French from a Latin version of *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, made at the age of eight and published by his father, and in 1818 a collection of Anglo-Norman Chansons, published by himself. None of the works which made his name famous were published under the name of Cohen, and possibly nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand readers are ignorant that Palgrave ever bore another name. May we not, therefore, object to a rule that causes his works to be hidden away under the heading of Cohen?

But surely there is a cross reference to Cohen under Palgrave? If so, the reader has not much ground for complaint. In any case the force of these objections is not easy to measure. The rules are founded, we must suppose, on a vast number of instances, and a continuous and detailed experience. We do not know that they are bad because we see a few of their inevitable failures dangled before our eyes. They must fail and perplex sometimes; but how often do they succeed?

THERE is a useful account of Modern Persian Literature in the June *North American Review*, by Mr. E. Denison Ross, Professor of Persian in University College. It is probably news to many that Persia contains no printing press, and that for the distribution of its literature it relies entirely on copyists and on lithography. Early in the present century a printing press was set up at Tabriz, but its career was brief and inglorious:

The unpopularity of type-writing in Persia is due to two principal causes: firstly, the straightness of the lines offends a Persian's artistic sense; and, secondly, in printed

books the *character* of the letters is entirely lost. The same cause which leads a Persian to esteem so highly great calligraphers makes him deplore all absence of character in a type-printed book. What most delights him is a well-written MS., and he takes the same delight in the copyist's work as we take in the touch of an old master. Failing this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually the facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe, and has, at any rate, a human element about it.

Under these circumstances it might be thought that no very visible book-trade is done in Persia. But such is not the case:

In every big bazaar a certain number of shops are set apart for the sale of books. In these one finds the bookseller—in his long, dark outer mantle and his high, black lamb's-skin hat—seated on the floor surrounded by his little stock-in-trade. The front of his shop is open, like a butcher's, while his books are either arranged in shelves against the three walls, or in heaps upon the floor. His collection usually consists of lithograph editions of Korans, school-books, favourite poets and historians, but the assortment is limited. Besides these, hidden away in a corner, he often has one or two MSS. which he has either bought as a speculation or is trying to dispose of for a friend.

Even lithography has not been much applied to the multiplication of Persian standard works. Many of these exist only in MS., while others have been lithographed only by the efforts of Indians and Europeans.

C. K. S. publishes in the *Sphere* the following verses by Mr. George Cable, the well-known American novelist. They were printed in a newspaper a quarter of a century ago, and were written, Mr. Cable explains, on the birth of his eldest child:

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on,
I looked, and looked, and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter! O my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter! O my daughter!

Ring out wild bells, and tame ones too,
Ring out the lovers' moon,
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pen and ink—
My daughter! O my daughter!

Bibliographical.

As I write, Mr. Arthur Waugh's monograph on Robert Browning is at the point of issue, and I read that Mr. Stopford Brooke is at work upon the Browning Lectures which are to be published as a companion to his book on Tennyson. Few, perhaps—save Browningolaters—are aware of the extent of the literature which has grown up round Robert Browning. The ball was set rolling in 1885, when Mrs. Sutherland Orr produced her *Handbook to the Works*. Then came an interval of five years, the year 1890 being exceedingly productive. Then it was that we

had from Mr. William Sharp his *Life* of the poet, from Mr. Edmund Gosse his *Personalia*, from Mr. J. T. Nettleship his book of critical essays, from Mr. E. Berdoe his account of Browning's *Message*, and from Mr. W. G. Kingsland his celebration of Browning as "chief poet of the age." In 1891 came the *Life and Letters*, by Mrs. Orr; the *Guide*, by Mr. G. W. Cooke; the *Cyclopædia*, by Mr. Berdoe; and the *Primer*, by F. Mary Wilson.

Even more fertile was 1892, which brought with it disquisitions by W. F. Revell on Browning's *Critical of Life*, by W. Fairfax on his association with the Drama, and by Jeanie Morison on certain of his poems, together with an *Introduction* by Corson, a *Primer* by Esther Defries, and a collection by F. Galand of *Sermons from Browning*. In 1893 came a book of *Studies* (by F. Walters) of *Some of Browning's Poems*; also a discourse on Browning and Whitman by O. L. Triggs. In 1894 the poet was alone, but in 1895 we had *A Few Words* on him by L. H. Vincent, a discussion (by H. Jones) of his philosophical teaching, and a volume of *Studies* by members of the Browning Society. Mr. Berdoe reappeared in 1896 with a treatise on the poet's *Christian Faith*. In 1898 we had more *Studies*—this time from the pen of Mr. J. Fotheringham. Last year brought with it not only *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett*, but a collection of *Essays* by Marion Little. And these details have to do only with the books and brochures relating to Browning; of magazine articles I cannot here say anything.

In last week's ACADEMY an esteemed correspondent quoted the following lines as from "a famous parody":

An ape there was once, in the days that were earlier,
The centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Some centuries more gave a thumb to his fist,
Then he called himself man—and a Positivist.

The writer, no doubt, was quoting from memory: but what Mortimer Collins really penned was, of course, this:

There was an Ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier.
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
Then he was Man, and a Positivist.

This, obviously, is at once more concise and more effective. Nor is it correct to speak of the *jeu d'esprit* from which the stanza is taken as a "parody." It is part and parcel of Collins's *British Birds*, which is simply a rhythmic essay in the Aristophanic manner.

I observe that somewhere in the provinces next week there is to be performed a dramatic piece called "The Publisher." I hope we may regard this as significant of the position taken by the publishing fraternity in the social cosmogony to-day. Not that this will be by any means the first appearance of a publisher on the theatrical boards. On the contrary, so long ago as 1757 the *dramatis personæ* of a comedy by Foote, called "The Author," included a publisher named Vamp. Authors themselves have always been tolerably conspicuous in the drama. There was one, called Luckless, in Fielding's "Author's Farce" (1730), and another, called Dramatick, in "The Author's Triumph" (1737). Still, I do not think that either authors or publishers are accepted as very heroic figures on the stage. They do not seem to possess for the public the element of romance.

It is understood that Mr. Whibley's new book, called *The Pageantry of Life*, is to deal with notable fops and such-like. It is not a bad subject (as the elect would say), because, although Beau Brummell has been pretty well exploited, there are other men of his profession who still lack celebration. Beau Nash, for example, has been but little discoursed upon. I remember a book, named *The Wits and Beaux of Society*, written by "Grace and Philip Wharton," which had a certain measure of vogue a few decades ago; but possibly Mr. Whibley has never so much as heard of it.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Written in 1862.

Love's Comedy. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by C. H. Herford. (Duckworth & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THIS English edition of the first of Ibsen's three great satiric dramas in verse is an admirable one in every respect. To a brilliant translation of the play Prof. Herford has added a critical estimate which leaves little else to be said; and in the matter of *format* the publishers have done their part worthily. Prof. Herford has been assisted in the work of translation by Mr. William Archer, who is alone responsible for the first twenty pages, and to some slight extent by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The latter critic, by the way, who was probably the first prophet that Ibsen ever had in this country, remarked many years ago, in an essay containing a number of extracts from *Love's Comedy*, that he had translated Ibsen's rhymes into blank verse—"a rhymed play being a shocking thing to English readers since Dryden's day." Prof. Herford, at any rate, has shown that a rhymed play in English need not be a shocking thing. His ingenuities, his felicities, and his occasional sheer lyrical force and beauty, could not easily be over-praised. His version of *Love's Comedy* will certainly rank with his version of *Brand*. Mr. Gosse's fragments, nevertheless, are extremely successful, and there are moments when he can surpass Prof. Herford in the adroit terseness of epigrammatic wit. Thus:

He loved her to the tones of his guitar,
And she responded on the harpsicord—
And first they lived on credit—

is distinctly better than—

He loved her to the notes of the guitar
And she gave lessons on the violin—
Then all, of course, on credit they bespoke—

This is scarcely the time of day to enter upon a detailed discussion of *Love's Comedy*. Written in 1862, the last thing that Ibsen did before he turned his back upon inimical Norway, it has formed the theme of countless dissertations since then. The public have long known all about it; now they are put in a position to know the piece itself. The tendency of critical opinion has been, while admitting the extraordinary talent displayed in the comedy, to place it in a category by itself as a general picture of manners rather than with the other dramas as a *pièce à thèse*. Mr. Gosse, for example, after dealing fully with the first two rather stagnant acts, dismisses the third in a few lines as something merely "tragical." It seems to us that *Love's Comedy* is just as much a problem-play, just as typical of its author, as anything that Ibsen ever wrote. The first two acts, with their elaborate and ferocious satire upon a society which insists on turning Love into prose, are but a preparation for the third, where all the action and most of the lyricism is concentrated. Brilliant as they are, the first two acts cannot be compared with the third. Here the problem—whether or not Love and Marriage are reconcilable—is stated and solved with a simplicity, a poetical beauty, and a dramatic effectiveness, worthy of the early direct vigour of a great genius. Svanhild's superb outburst strikes the note of high song at the beginning of the act:

O suffer me in silence still to dream.
Speak you for me; my budding thoughts, grown strong,
One after one will burgeon into song,
Like lilies in the bosom of the stream.

Homeless within my mother's house I dwell,
Lonely in all I thought, in all I felt,
A guest unbidden at the feast of mirth—
Accounted nothing—less than nothing—worth.
Then you appeared! For the first time I heard
My own thought uttered in another's word;

To my lame visions you gave wings and feet—
You young unmasker of the obsolete!
Half with your caustic keenness you alarmed me
Half with your radiant eloquence you charmed me,
As sea-girt forests summon with their spell
The sea their flinty beaches still repel.
Now I have read the bottom of your soul,
Now you have won me, undivided, whole;
Dear forest, where my tossing billows beat,
My tide's at flood and never will retreat.

From this point, even through all the reasoned dialectics of Guldstad, the tension is never loosed till Svanhild's final words are uttered:

Now over is my life, by lea and lawn,
The leaves are falling;—now the world may take me.

We have said that the problem is stated and solved. But we should hesitate to admit that it is solved in the right way. Ibsen's animus against the conditions of marriage is too marked and too bitter to allow him to hold the scales evenly. His conclusion is that love is bound to die in marriage, and that sudden death, with a sort of after life in memory, is preferable to this lingering torture of extinction. Therefore Guldstad, the sagacious bourgeois and far-seeing Philistine, is "put on" to frighten the lovers:

That heartfelt love can weather unimpaired
Custom, and Poverty, and Age, and Grief.
Well, say it be so; possibly you're right;
But see the matter in another light.
What love is, no man ever told us—whence
It issues, that ecstatic confidence
That one life may fulfil itself in two—
To this no mortal ever found the clue.
But marriage is a practical concern,
As also is betrothal, my good sir—
And by experience easily we learn
That we are fitted just for her, or her,
But love, you know, goes blindly to its fate,
Chooses a woman, not a wife, for mate;
And what if now this chosen woman was
No wife for you—?

With such two-edged words Guldstad begins his attack—an attack which continually increases in subtlety and strength of logic—until at last the lovers yield, and, after they have sought and found a pale voluptuous ecstasy in the sensation of parting for all eternity, Svanhild gives herself mildly to the ingenious and opulent Guldstad. But could this have occurred so? Could a passion which Ibsen would have us believe was of the sort known as elemental have ended in so futile and so logical a manner? The event of a great passion is not decided by syllogisms. The supreme lovers never think; they feel. They never measure risks; they accept them. Had Guldstad's argument been a thousandfold more potent than it was, a great love must have prevailed against it, brushing it aside by mere instinct. Great lovers never yet parted except at the bidding of a lofty sense of duty, and not always then. Svanhild and Falk had no such motive for separation, and, therefore, when they part we cease to believe in them. For them to part was a transgression against human nature. Human nature is more imperious than logic, and life is not to be mapped out by the pen of reason. And so it happens that the conclusion of *Love's Comedy*—brilliant, beautiful, tender—while a triumph of symmetrical rationalism, is a fatal lapse from essential truth. The very core of it is false, and not all the pageant of genius can cover up this disastrous secret. In *Love's Comedy* Ibsen has sinned the artistic sin of putting an environment round an idea, instead of drawing the idea from the environment. He invented a proposition, and tried to demonstrate it by means of an art-work. But in art the proposition, instead of preceding, must succeed the work.

Neither Prof. Herford nor Mr. William Archer nor Mr. Edmund Gosse nor Dr. George Brandes seems to have pointed out the fact that *Love's Comedy* is the spiritual

complement of Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. And Théodore's final letter to Albert, after she has quitted him, fails to convince in exactly the same way, and from the same cause, that the last scene of *Love's Comedy* fails to convince. "Cela durera six mois, deux ans, dix ans même, si vous voulez, mais il faut toujours que tout finisse. . . . A quoi bon attendre d'en venir là?" What sweet dolour! What pretty melancholia! And how ignoble an attenuation of Love! Such utterances may be the voice of reason, but the sublime madness of Tristan and Isolde is more sane.

The Newman of His Time.

The Confessions of St. Augustine. In Ten Books. (Kegan Paul.)

It is not a new translation of the famous *Confessions of St. Augustine* which Messrs. Kegan Paul have issued; but it is a new and limited edition, beautiful in letterpress and parchment binding. It is so fine an edition that we are the more tempted to regret the publishers did not depart from the bad old precedent by issuing a complete translation. For, in accordance with the usual custom, the last three books are omitted. It is true that these last three books have no personal bearing, and are not of a nature to interest the majority of readers. But that is a matter for the reader himself, not for publisher or translator. Why should this, alone of all masterpieces, be subject to arbitrary and sweeping mutilation, in an age which is seriously indignant at the omission of the smallest obscenity from any profane author? We sincerely hope that some publisher will have the enterprise to give us a complete edition of the *Confessions*, leaving the responsibility for all they contain, as it should be left, with their illustrious author.

The fact that such an iniquity can be perpetrated, and has for a number of years been perpetrated, without so much as a comment, suggests that this famous book is more familiar by name than in fact. Even Byron talked of it; but when he said that St. Augustine "in his fine *Confessions* makes us envy his transgressions," one wonders whether he had read it—as Byron was certainly the last person one would expect to read St. Augustine. For anything less voluptuous than the saint's account of those "transgressions" could not well be conceived: the romantic reader will be disposed, indeed, to complain that it is so meagre and dispassionate. In truth, the reader who approaches this book with expectations roused by the customary manner of reference to it is likely to be very considerably discomfited. Have the customary referrers themselves any first-hand knowledge of it? one is moved to speculate. They suggest to the modern reader that he will find in Augustine a classical Amiel, a religious Marie Bashkirtseff—intimate details of early profligacy, experiments on life, soul-questioning and world-questioning. But to the reader accustomed to the very open door, the extreme dishabille and unquailing "realism" of the modish autobiography, St. Augustine will seem very skimmed milk indeed. They will feel as if they had gone to a theatre and come by mistake upon a pulpit-orator. The biography has not much detail according to our ideas; it is cast in a most undramatic—we might almost say un-narrative—form; and it is soaked through with the religious spirit in such a fashion that you are not for a moment suffered to forget the intense religious preoccupation of its author. To the student of character this feature is itself a document, an integral part of the man, and therefore of the book's appeal. But to the general reader it must come as a disconcerting surprise. He will have the temerity to say that the great and lauded *Confessions* are "dry."

Yet if you will put yourself in the proper attitude they are not that: nay, if you put yourself in the proper attitude you will understand the traditional reputation of the book. Conceive yourself a Christian—or, if you will, a Pagan—in the days of Valentinian the Emperor, when Christianity was established, through the Imperial profession of it, but Paganism was the aristocratic and fashionable creed. To be a Christian still meant to draw upon yourself cold looks and obloquy from your friends, if you were a member of the higher orders, as Augustine shows us in this book. The question between Paganism and Christianity was a burning question, as full of vital appeal to the hearts and consciences of the moment as the old Tractarian controversy (let us say) in its day. But the appeal was more instant, more universal. Upon such a world came forth this book from the Newman of his time, a man who had gone through the great internal struggle through which thousands were going, and had attained high ecclesiastical rank, high reputation as a great controversial writer, in the Church of his final adoption. It was Augustine's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. This—and more. For it was a world entirely without personal literature of any kind; a world still feeding on the stately remains of the classical authors, brought up on their coldly impersonal models, imbued with their impersonal literary traditions. And this man had gone through the great struggle common to most of mankind—decide it how they will—the struggle between the higher life and the lower, between the body and the soul, the beast and the angel. In this he had gone through more than the calm seclusion of Littlemore. Upon a world so without the very conception of, or precedent for, personal literature he exploded the record of that personal struggle. Related simply, truthfully, without ostentation and without suppression, in so far as he undertook to relate it at all. Exploded is the right word, for the effect was resounding. It was Newman to an age which had no precedent for a Newman; it was Rousseau to an age which had not conceived in its heart the possibility of a Rousseau. It was the mirror of what all were experiencing held up before eyes which had never seen the likeness of a mirror. All which to us seems human and charming was to them trebly so: all which to us seems pale was to them magically and startlingly frank. An added intimacy of detail was not conceivable to them. The reverberations of that first *éclatant* sensation have come down the ages to us, impressing modern criticism of the book with the stress of accumulated tradition. It is as difficult to speak independently of it as to speak independently of Homer.

Yet when all this has been deduced and allowed for, there remains an undoubted residuum of eternal appeal. It was no traditional reverence which made Shelley condense an exquisite quotation from it as a heading for *Alastor*. "I was in love with love, nor had I aught which I might love; and I sought for what I might love, being in love with love." So it runs, as far as it is possible to translate it; and it suggests the reason of the *Confessions'* perennial appeal. For the quotation might stand as the motto of the *Confessions* themselves; it represents the whole strife and quest to which Augustine finally worked out the issue which satisfied himself. It was not the issue of *Alastor*; but the quest in both was the same. So long as that is the quest of the human heart, to human hearts the *Confessions* will have their interest.

For the man is very human, and has a very human history, notably human among religious biographies. We may well believe that his sins were forgiven him because he had loved much. The brilliant boy of Tagaste, who grew into the brilliant young teacher of rhetoric, had a strong element of the poet in him. In a more propitious age we may believe he would have been a poet; but it was an age when the hearthstone of poetry was cold, and the most distinguished career open to such gifts was doubtless that of rhetoric. The *Confessions* are full of

poetic flashes. "Too late," he exclaims after his conversion, "too late I learned to love Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days!" The outburst is lyrical; it recalls a modern poet, who laments

That life was once so low, and love arrived so late.

Poetry and philosophy make Platonism, and "Plato the divine" was a passion with Augustine: the two milestones in his conversion are Plato and Paul. The open humanity of the man shines forth at every turn. Like Newman, he had a genius for friendship, and a magnetic power of retaining it; like Newman, he carried many of his friends with him even in his change of creed. There was a natural ingenuousness and refinement in him which caused him to retain an invincible modesty of demeanour and an unstated attraction even during the aberrations of his youth. And, indeed, his very sensuality was singularly unsensual, strikingly delicate for that age of unshamed coarseness. In his early quest for "quid amarem" he did not scruple to search for and pick up his mistress in the church itself—like that very different personage, Mr. Pepys. But, having found her, he remained absolutely faithful to her, and she to him, until the date of his conversion—an affection which he extended to the son she bore him. There must have been something unique, and uniquely fascinating, about the young rhetorician's character, for such mutual constancy, in such a period of society, and so irregular a connexion. Nor can his choice, one must surmise, have been a bad one, apart from the nature of the tie itself. Who she was or what she was Augustine never mentions: she passes from his narrative nameless and all but noteless. One regrets that it was not his conversion which at last broke the constant bond between them, but his mother's persistent treaty that he should "range himself" (as the French say) by a respectable marriage. And the immediate result of the separation was simply, alas! that Augustine took another mistress. Under the circumstances one feels a compassion for the hapless girl, and no little impatience with certain of the saint's biographers. One such, an ecclesiastic, expresses his hope that the sinning woman spent the rest of her life (in the convent to which she retired) repenting her sin in having so long kept this great servant of God from the Church to which he naturally pertained. Seeing that it was Augustine (so far as may be gathered from his own implication) who sought her, not she who sought Augustine; seeing her fidelity till she was set aside by his own decree, a more unjust attitude towards the poor child could not well be conceived. We are tempted to hope (and suppose) that the saint spent a considerable portion of his remaining life in repentance that he seduced a tender-hearted girl, and, after years of faithful cohabitation, abandoned the still loving mother of his child to shame. Unfair as it would be, it is less unfair than the position of the ecclesiastical biographer. We need hardly say that Augustine in no wise gives the smallest countenance to this ungenerous and iniquitous judgment. The saint was emphatically a gentleman—after the ideas of his time. If he did not marry the girl (and how many modern gentlemen would think it necessary?), he abstains from any slur upon her. He would hardly view it as an honour to him that anyone should cast on his poor victim the obloquy of enticement which he never cast; reversing their relations in a falsified zeal for his glory. He, the seducer, made the seduced; she, the betrayed, made the betrayer. It is not the attitude of the *Confessions*, nor one which could be less than abhorrent to the man who meant those *Confessions* to be a disclosure of his early flagitiousness.

How far, one may ask, has that purpose of self-humiliation caused him to exaggerate his early sins? It does not seem to have led him into any intemperance of statement. His errors, on his own showing, were very much less than those of most brilliant young men in the heyday of the

senses and the passionate search for happiness which hurried him from Tagaste to Carthage, and Carthage to Rome and Rome to Milan. But it has biased him towards intemperance of judgment. His boyish lies, thefts, and gluttonies are set forth with an ascetic rigour of condemnation. He even declares that when Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," He must have spoken allegorically of the low stature of children, since they are too evil for the words to be literally understood!

But the mention of Augustine's childhood recalls what is assuredly a main part in the undying human appeal of this book. And that is Monica, his mother. She is one of the great and beautiful female figures of literature, no less than of history, as she is drawn by the tender touches of her son; she stands side by side with Antigone, Imogen, Cordelia. The world will not forget the ideal record of that long prayerful and patient pursuit of her child who was gone astray, which drew from the old bishop the declaration that the son of so many tears could not perish. "Elevaverunt flumina voces"—the floods have lifted up their voice; those floods of her year-long and life-long tears, the voice of which is heard through the ages "with the sound of many waters." That scene by night at Ostia, when she sat with the son whose conversion had at last been yielded to her prayers, discoursing of the heaven into which she was about to enter, remains in its unearthly beauty one of the memorable things in literature. That alone would make the *Confessions* divinely human, so long as man is born of woman.

Up and Down the World.

Travels Through the Alps. By James D. Forbes. Edited by W. A. B. Coolidge. (Black. 20s. net.)

Rambles and Studies in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia. By Robert Munro. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.)

Handbook for Travellers in Greece. Seventh Edition. (Murray. 20s.)

Handbook for Travellers in Constantinople, Brusa, and the Troad. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

An Illustrated Historical Handbook to the Parish of Chelsea. By Reginald Blunt. (Lamley & Co.)

A THICK volume of nearly 600 pages now contains the more popular Alpine writings of the late Prof. Forbes—writings familiar to every student of Alpine phenomena and Alpine climbing. Four works are included, of which the longest is *Travels Through the Alps of Savoy and Other Parts of the Penine Chain*, originally published in 1843. A scientific appendix which was added to the second edition of 1845 has been omitted in accordance with the editor's intention of presenting in this volume only Forbes's narratives of travel and his more popular science. While, however, the scientific appendix has been left out, nothing has been taken from the learned survey of the Mer de Glace at Chamonix; and the chapter on "Experiments on the Motion of Ice" also remains, to be studied deeply or lightly at the reader's discretion. The second work is the *Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Bernes, and Saxony*, originally printed at the end of Forbes's *Norway and its Glaciers Visited in 1851*, and now little known to Alpine students. The third work is an article from the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1857, on "Pedestrianism in Switzerland"; and the fourth is an article from the *North British Review* for March, 1865, on the "Topography of the Chain of Mont Blanc." Mr. Coolidge, whose editorship is simply the most competent that could have been obtained, gives us a careful and condensed biographical sketch of Forbes, whose Alpine career began in 1839. The points on which he lays emphasis are that Forbes was one of the earliest of British explorers of the

High Alps; was the author of the first detailed book in English dealing with such explorations; and was a link between Saussure and the founders of the English Alpine Club. The grand conclusions of the book—*i.e.*, Forbes's Theory of the Motion of Glaciers—remain as true as ever. Science has practically rested on Forbes's discovery, and Charles Kingsley's praise may be quoted to-day as freely as when it was penned. "We have heard Prof. Forbes's book on glaciers called an Epic Poem, and not without reason. But what gives that noble book its epic character is neither the glaciers, nor the laws of them, but the discovery of those laws; the methodic, truthful, valiant, patient battle between man and Nature, his final victory, his wrestling from her the secret which had been locked for ages in the ice-caves of the Alps, guarded by cold and fatigue, danger and superstitious dread." It was a happy idea to bind up with the "Epic" the smaller but not less characteristic works of one of the greatest of writers on the Alps. There are pages in the *Quarterly* article on "Pedestrianism in Switzerland" which call men to the Alps with a voice of power and priesthood. The article was written shortly after the Crimean War, and Forbes writes with eloquence:

We have all lately heard much of the influence of even remote chances of danger on the minds of our gallant officers and soldiers; we have heard much of the transition from the indolence of barrack life to the privation and risk of the battlefield, and to the sobering, humanising effect which it produced on minds possessing any tinge of nobleness of character. An Alpine journey is, perhaps, the nearest approach to a campaign with which the ordinary civilian has a chance of meeting. He has some of the excitements, and many of the difficulties and privations of warfare, without any of its disgusting and dreadful features.

Prof. Forbes had the true "out-of-door mind," to use a phrase of which he was fond; and in this great volume we meet science and manhood, brain and muscle, in a happy combination. With all its specialism—specialism of the scientist and specialism of the climber—these writings glow and live as a book; and we are glad that they have been printed and interpreted anew.

The second and enlarged edition of Mr. Munro's work is of great importance to the ethnologist. First published in 1895, the book aimed "to give an abbreviated account of the attractions—scenic, social, and scientific—of a portion of the Balkan peninsula, which, till lately, was almost inaccessible and unknown to the people of Western Europe." Mr. Munro is secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and an archaeologist of high attainments—his books on ancient Scottish lake dwellings, the European lake dwellings, and on many curious prehistoric problems being standard works. This reprint and enlargement of a work of great interest derives importance from the fact that the Government of Bosnia-Herzegovina has abandoned its intention of publishing a bilingual report of the proceedings of the Special Congress of Archaeologists and Anthropologists, held at Sarajevo in 1894. It was while attending this Congress that Mr. Munro wrote his work, which now has the distinction of being the only record in book form of the proceedings. The book cannot be described as "popular," and yet it would be an act of folly on the part of even the ordinary traveller to knowingly neglect Mr. Munro's work, in which is gathered a great deal of sound information about the archaeology of this interesting corner of Europe, together with much trustworthy inference and suggestion. Some new plates have been added, and the omission of an index from the first edition has been supplied.

Mr. Blunt's Chelsea guide strikes us as very good. We wish the paper had been less highly glazed, and something warmer in tint; but these are small points, on which tastes will differ. Although Mr. Blunt makes little claim to original research, we must credit him with a good deal of

originality. One perceives immediately that he has thought out a clear working plan. The book is arranged on the basis of two itineraries, the first (the most interesting) taking riverside Chelsea, the second striking inland. For each of these itineraries a special map, not too large and very easily folded, is supplied in a convenient part of the book, and on each the itinerary is marked in red. Once this simple arrangement is grasped, all is plain. Mr. Blunt squares his shoulders to the task of guidance. It is, of course, along the river side that his talk becomes glowing. Chelsea was essentially a river-side village, and the real Chelsea can be seen even now only from the river. There, or within sight of the water, the reverend things of the place group themselves: the church, Carlyle's house, Turner's cottage, Lindsey House, Cheyne Walk, and the sites of Sir Thomas More's house, Winchester House, Henry's VIII.'s Manor House, &c., &c. But we are not going to thread old Chelsea together. Mr. Blunt's book is to be read on the spot; every sentence is written with that idea; and, by the way, there are blank pages left for your inmost thoughts as you gaze at the old brick house in which Rossetti could not persuade Mr. Meredith to live. You don't know the story? Rossetti wanted everyone with brains, and a heart at all like his own, to live with him. He asked Ruskin, and Mr. Swinburne, and G. P. Boyce, and his brother William, and Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Meredith rather irresponsibly agreed to occupy a couple of rooms there, should the lease be effected. One morning, shortly after Rossetti moved in, Mr. Meredith who was living in Mayfair, drove over to Chelsea to inspect his new apartments. "It was past noon [this is Mr. Meredith's own account]; Rossetti had not yet risen, although it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish, rested five thick slabs of bacon upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in dressing-gown and slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He did not even trouble to look at his rooms, but sent in a quarter's rent that afternoon, and remained in Mayfair, where eggs and bacon were presumably more appetisingly served.

We can recommend Mr. Blunt's guide to anyone who wishes to explore one of the most fascinating of London suburbs; it is a model of helpfulness.

Mr. Murray's excellent Handbooks to Greece and Constantinople are each in new editions. In the *Greece* the new French discoveries at Delphi have been carefully noted, and the work of archaeological schools at Corinth, Melos, Paros, &c., has also been taken into account whenever necessary. The *Constantinople* handbook contains a re-written account of the Imperial Museum, and the Map of Ancient Constantinople has been revised by Prof. van Millingen.

Two Literary Exercises.

The Story of Eros and Psyche from Apuleius, and the First Book of the Iliad of Homer. Done into English by Edward Carpenter. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

OF the two pieces which make up this little book, the writing of the former must have been by far the easier, because Mr. Carpenter merely retells the story, thus drawing attention to his manner of telling, his literary craftsmanship; he does not invite comparison with the original or with Adlington's classic. It is quite otherwise with his verse-rendering of the *Iliad*. Here it is inevitable that two tests will be applied: are we helped to feel and understand the original better from the rhythm and language of the translation? and is there sufficient vitality and interest in the narrative to hold the attention of readers ignorant of Greek? No one now, thanks to criticism, dares to turn Homer into rhymed pentameters

(Pope's Iliad is an original poem, and not a translation); and there can be little question that Homer flows better in English hexameters than Dante does in imitations of the triple rhyme or Virgil in any of the ordinary metres. The reason is not far to seek: it lies in the primitiveness of Homer's theme. His story is of a people just emerging into civilisation. As Mr. Carpenter says, in a very short but suggestive introduction, "On the whole, it will be found very helpful to mentally compare the Greeks of the Iliad as to manners and customs with the North American Indians or African Kafirs and Zulus a few years back." It is this simplicity of subject-matter, both the words and ideas being those of a pastoral and seafaring folk living in clans, which makes the hexameter—the least conventional metre—eminently suitable for translating Homer. All epics written in the youth of the world can be rendered with precision in the original metres. Morris's Beowulf is much more satisfying in verse than a prose translation would have been by the same hand. It is not so with artificial epics like the Æneid; the time, the atmosphere cannot be transferred, and there is nothing for it but to be content with prose versions. Mr. Carpenter's hexameters read easily, the word-order is that of prose, there is no affectation of quaintness, and the meaning is always as transparent as that of the original.

Let me not find thee again, old man, by the deep-bellied warships,
 Either tarrying now or turning back hereafter,
 Lest, indeed the god's sceptre avail thee naught, nor his garland;
 For her I never will free—till old age itself overtake her,
 Far from her land, in Argos, as parcel and part of our household,
 Busy [by day] at the loom and sharing [my couch [at even]].

We quote below Clough's rendering of the same passage for comparison:

Old man, let me not, by the hollow ships of Achaia
 Lingering find you now, or henceforth ever appearing,
 Lest to defend you fail the staff and wreaths of Apollo.
 Her do I not release until old age come upon her,
 In my house in the land of Argos, far from her country,
 Stepping at the loom and in the chamber attending.

Clough's translation of *καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιώσωσαν* "and in the chamber attending" is preferable to Mr. Carpenter's, and brings out much more forcibly the contrast; otherwise there is little to choose between the two versions. The second is a little rougher, and the word-order slightly more twisted. In both the translation is literal, and proves the suitability of the metre.

Mr. Whibley, in his introduction to a reprint of Adlington's translation (1566) of Apuleius' *Golden Ass*, refers to the Eros and Psyche episode as "an interlude which, although exquisitely planned and phrased, is yet the one conspicuous fault of the book." Be this as it may, it is nevertheless this intercalated fable which has made Apuleius known to the many. It is not a little remarkable that a story which seems to be as old as the hills, to which neither time nor locality can be assigned, cannot be traced back farther than the second century A.D., and that Apuleius was the first—it is not conceivable that he could have wholly invented it—to tell the story. "To what extent Apuleius may have amplified, and elaborated the material that came to him, it would be impossible to say. As a writer he is full of invention, humour, lively wit, and varied learning and experience." Mr. Andrew Lang has very carefully examined the fable, but without establishing anything definite as to its sources. This is the way in which the author describes the first sight Psyche has of her husband Eros:

But the instant the light fell that way, and the mysteries of the couch were revealed, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all wild creatures, even Eros himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom

the glad flame of the lamp shone doubly bright, and even the wicked knife repented of its edge.

But as for Psyche, astounded at such a vision, she lost control of her senses; and, faint, and deadly pale, and trembling all over, fell on her knees, and indeed would have hid the knife in her own bosom, had it not nimbly (as it were of its own accord) slipped from her hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, it was new life to her to gaze on those divine features . . . to see his dewy wings of dazzling whiteness and fair smooth body such as Venus might well have given birth to.

Devon for Ever!

Nummits and Crummits. By Sarah Hewett. (Burleigh.)

LOVE of county (to describe which some diminutive variant of "patriotism" ought to be coined) never reaches so intense a degree of warmth as with Devonians. Yorkshiremen, Northumbrians, men of Kent, Cornishmen, all may be glowing sons of their especial soil; but it is to Devon that we go for the most exultant filial joy. Not only in life, but in literature; for what other county can bring forward such pages as have been written of Devon by Kingsley, Blackmore, Mr. Baring-Gould, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts—to name these only?

And now comes another good Devonian to do reverence to the mother county: a smaller voice, it is true, but a sincere one. *Nummits and Crummits* is a collection of quaint Devoniana. To other historians Miss (or Mrs.) Hewett leaves the highroad story—whereon the milestones are such noble Devonshire names as Francis Drake—and concerns herself merely with the byways. Her title comes from this scrap of doggerel on "Meal Times":

A wee-bit and breakfast,
 A stay-bit and dinner,
 A nummit and a crummit,
 And a bit arter supper.

Superstitions, weather saws, old songs, comic stories, quaint personages—these are Miss Hewett's material, and she sets them down very pleasantly. Bamfylde Moore Carew is here, for example, and so is Joanna Southcott. So also are the Cheritons, the North Devon savages, and though one now and then may regret that the delicate hand of a woman is setting forth their histories, rather than that of a sociologist of sterner stuff, yet they lack not interest.

In the Cheritons we are particularly interested, because they are so recent: this wild family of Amazons and Ishmaels dwelt in primitive barbarity within sixteen miles of Exeter, as nigh our own day as the seventies. The Cheritons lived on their own freehold in a state of unparalleled uncleanness and tribal completeness. The patriarch of the family favoured, like Diogenes, a barrel lined with brake fern. They married not but multiplied exceedingly; they stole, and now and then laid waste the neighbouring farms; they obeyed no laws and treated all strangers with violence. At length, in the seventies, the march of civilisation proved too much for them and the Cheritons disappeared. That is as far as the story goes. But the point is, where are they now? It would be worth while to track down some of the descendants. A stock that clung so picturesquely to the old order would make a good study.

Among Miss Hewett's stories we like best the report of the goose stealing case. Mr. Lambahead's goose Sally was stolen by Samuel Scrane. Mr. Lambahead went to Scrane's and identified his property. After Mr. Lambahead had given the court the account of this identification and the goose's joy at regaining his master, this dialogue ensued:

MAGISTRATE'S CLERK: This seems far too ridiculous for belief. Did anyone witness the mutual recognition between you and the goose.

LAMBSHEAD: Whatever be telling about, sir? You apayketh so fine there's no understanding aw'ee; but s'pose you be axing who 'twas zeed my guze Sallie recognise me? Why, then, when I went to Scrane's 'ouze, Billy Chubb and Nick Stradles went with me, and they both aw'm zeed Sallie rin tu me.

MAGISTRATE'S CLERK: Did you, Chubb, see the goose when she recognised Lambshead?

BILLY CHUBB: 'Ess, by Gor, I did, and 'twas a sight for sore eyes, I kin tell'ee, for when thickee old gennelman went vore and caled she, 'er 'urned tu'n a-hissing and a-tissing as if 'twas 'er father. When us loked into the back-'ouze nobody cude tell wan guze from t'other; but the very instant 'er master spoke, 'er up and 'urned tu'n and rubbed 'er 'ead agin his legs so loving as a cheel. Mr. Lambshead munched 'er down awver 'er head and neck and 'er was so plaized as Punch, 'er was.

Mias Hewett does not always tell stories well. We do not consider her version of the old story of the parson and the pup is so good as the simpler non-Devonian form. It will be remembered that a visiting parson, conversing after service with the clerk, excused the shortness of his sermon on the ground that his dog ate up some of the manuscript. Whereupon the clerk is made to say: "Lor! now, zir, did 'er ate um all up? I warndee yu widden mind letting our passen 'ome yer have a pup of your dog, widdee now? for he du mappery a darned sight tu long tu please us, most times." Now, that is altogether too long. The point comes out with more distinctness if the clerk is merely made to reply, earnestly: "I wish, sir, you'd let our parson have one of her pups."

Literature.

The Rhodesians. By "Stracey Chambers." (John Lane.)

THE South African difficulty has produced a great deal of writing but very little literature. This little book is, however, literature. It is very grim, very sordid, very slight; but it lives. It has the true note. And not only is it authentic, it is also shapely. The author is an impressionistic artist, with a particular gift for separating the important from the unimportant. Taken piecemeal the book is, as we have said, very slight; but the cumulative effect is extraordinary. So quietly the author adds detail to detail that one may at the moment miss her purpose altogether; but then, after laying the book aside, the picture begins to assert itself, and goes on growing, until one's mind is filled with a disheartening impression, in which are blended the hot sun, the poor little struggling wives, the tawdry townships, the down-at-heels bread-winners, the seamy-lived speculators, the resentful Kaffirs, the dust, the heat, the whiskey, and all the other ingredients of financial imperialism and immature colonisation.

As stories pure and simple, these episodes will probably be voted dull. It is too much to expect a public accustomed to unflinching symmetry in romance to be interested in such wayward and ragged emotions as have play among dispirited colonists in a disappointing tropical El Dorado. Whether they are really dull or not is a matter of temperament. Personally, we have found them interesting. Best of all, perhaps, is "The Knot in the Loin Cloth," which is both a narrative of fact and a terrible little parable of the white man's progress. A passage from the beginning of this masterly story will illustrate the author's direct method. A few Englishmen—loafers, tramps, officials—are lounging about a store when a consumptive Kaffir comes into view, limping through the heat.

A man reclining in a deck-chair looked up with an imprecation: "Trust the blooming Kafir to make himself a nuisance; if it isn't their bally crops, it's their precious bodies—anything to upset the labour market—curse them! It's their climate; so why can't they stick it, that's what I want to know?"

But no one present finding himself in a position to solve this enigma, his inquiry remained unanswered, and he was forced to fall back for solace on an ancient number of the *Strand Magazine*.

Meanwhile, the black speck on the road loomed larger. "The boy" bore the customary long stick, to which was fastened his various goods and chattels—a cooking-pot and accordion (tied up in a red handkerchief), a brightly-coloured blanket, and the boots he had taken off when fording the swollen stream a mile or so back as well as to flounder through the squelching slush, for no primitive Kafir ever cares to soil his foot-gear, which he wears more with an eye to personal adornment than use. The group of men, having nothing better to do, took stock of the black, as he slowly, and with evident weariness and pain, made his way up the slight ascent.

"The brute's about ready to peg out," observed one of the railway men.

"Takes a darn'd lot to kill a nigger," returned another.

"I remember passing him upon the Falisbury road about two days ago, and he looked about ready to corpse it then," remarked the older of the two tramps, "and I've not been travelling fast."

"A mine boy," again observed the first speaker; "they all seem to go that way when they've worked the 'low levels' any time—no stamina."

"Or too frequent 'shifts,'" suggested another. "I'm dashed if I know how any man, black or white, can stand the fumes of the dynamite without caving in."

The matter of the story we shall not reveal. The reader must seek the book for it.

The author of *The Rhodesians*, we would say in conclusion, has done with her few strokes more to bring European Rhodesia home to us than scores of the Chartered Company's blue-books and huge volumes could do. She has performed a remarkable impressionistic feat.

Other New Books.

AN OLD FAMILY.

BY MONSIGNOR SETON.

Here American aristocracy lifts up its head. The author is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Jersey City, and a descendant in the oldest cadet line from the main branch of the Setons—viz., that of Seton of Parbroath. He gave forty years to the collecting of his material—a circumstance which, he thinks, requires some apology in view of Paul's advice to Timothy and Titus to "avoid foolish questions" and "endless genealogies." Alas for Paul, the more recedite the questions and the more endless the genealogy, the greater the temptation to explore both. Moreover, the provocation of the "insolence of wealth" and the claims now "advanced in every direction by Americans who aspire to Society" has strengthened the author's impulse to record the history of the Seton family and its American branch. The name of Seton is reverberant with Scottish history, and even to those who know least about it it is a kind of shibboleth. One expects it to emerge from almost any song or tale of Scotland, as in the *Lord of the Isles*:

Where's Nigel Bruce, and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?

The Setons, like all Scotland's noble families, were of Norman origin, and they are of the few families who can be traced right back to Norman soil.

All this is set forth in procession by the author. Throughout this portion of his work he is but following in the footsteps of other historians of the family, notably, of course, Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, who annalised the family down to 1599. A completed history of the family, by Mr. George Seton, was published four years ago. In general interest the best pages in Dr. Seton's work are those in which he describes his own

childhood in his father's mansion on an estate now practically swallowed up in New York:

We were brought up in aristocratic seclusion. Our ancient Scotch descent, our gentle English connexions, and the social superiority of our family were made familiar to us from childhood; while the heirlooms and miniatures, and old letters with armorial seals upon them, would be tangible witnesses of our association with other lands and other ages. . . . Our nearest visitors lived five miles away. . . . Our only railroad station was William's Bridge, three miles distant, which my father used to say was quite near enough to a gentleman's house; and he usually preferred to drive the twelve or fifteen miles down the old Boston post road, through West Farms and Harlem, to the City. Like all the Colonial families, my father had a stock of old Madeira. . . . The late Cardinal (then Archbishop) McCloskey, who was a guest, spoke to me once about the inestimable flavour of that wine. . . . The fire always seemed brighter and pleasanter to me because the hickory and chestnut and beechwood logs and the hemlock cones came from our own place. . . . Our Fourth of July fireworks used to gather the villagers to our front lawn, which was free that evening to all.

What a novel there is here! This island of peace and pride being overtaken by railways, trusts, electricity, "notions," and New York—even by patriotism, for Dr. Seton says that theirs was the only house around which either had a flag, or ever thought of raising it. Dr. Seton is amply justified of his long labour.

FRANCE SINCE 1814. BY BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin's work, or the greater part of it, has, if we mistake not, already appeared in the shape of a series of articles in one of the English reviews, though no mention is made of the fact in this volume. However, that does not detract from the interest of this study by a capable observer of a most important period of French history. M. de Coubertin holds, and rightly, we think, that historians have made a great mistake in splitting up the history of France since the death of Napoleon I. into periods perfectly distinct from each other. All these phases have a continuity which M. de Coubertin endeavours to bring out, and with success, though perhaps all his conclusions will not meet with universal acceptance. Three French nations have been struggling with one another during the past century; in the centre the real French nation, which has always called for repose. "She is naturally somewhat apathetic, and suffers herself to be circumvented rather too easily; but, after all, she is the true France, and it is impossible to understand her history if we do not see in her the victim of those others, Reactionaries and Jacobins, who for eighty years have outraged her turn by turn." The Reactionaries and the Jacobins have always entertained a lively hatred for each other, and the true France has suffered in consequence. But M. de Coubertin holds that the Hundred Days was the period of greatest misfortune for modern France. In 1814 Louis XVIII. had come back as a heaven-sent sovereign, and no one imagined that his throne could be overturned. The ease with which he fell in 1815 destroyed the prestige of the Royal family, and paved the way for the interminable revolutions and disturbances which have followed. Those interested in the France of to-day will find this book suggestive and informing. (Chapman & Hall.)

OXFORD ROWING. BY THE REV. W. E. SHERWOOD.

Mr. Sherwood, it will be remembered, rowed for Oxford in 1873 and 1874, and, with a few years' interval, has been treasurer of the O.U.B.C. ever since. He is, therefore, peculiarly fitted to deal with a matter which has demanded much patient research in official and other papers, and the result is a book worthy of the subject. The first half of the volume is the more interesting, and deals with the history of rowing and of the various races of Oxford from the earliest known time. Incidentally Mr. Sherwood

points out that Thackeray makes the Rev. Bute Crawley stroke the Christ Church boat in his undergraduate days, taking ten years to pay off his college debts, and accomplishing this in 179—. Thackeray thus antedates the races at Oxford by at least thirty years: a curious and interesting little bit of criticism. The larger half of the book is taken up with statistics of the races. There are two excellent indexes, and the volume is well illustrated with photographs and with reproductions of old prints (Henry Frowde.)

Fiction.

Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett.
(Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

A MAN in woman's clothing—that was the charm of "Charley's Aunt." The same, and the converse withal, constitute the charm of *Joan of the Sword*. All resemblance between the play and the novel there cease; in the former case ludicrous incongruity was the object; in the latter—whatever the object—a grateful warmth and intimacy of sex-feeling is the result. Absurd as it may seem to those who think of Mr. Crockett as the ex-minister, his new novel contains more than a touch reminding one of Mlle. de Maupin and Rosette. The pleasant trepidations which he excites in an unaustrere critic are enhanced by the fact that he has laid his scenes in regions contiguous to that ruled over by Hugo of "the Red Axe," and has fixed his period a few years after that hero's accession to the mythical principedom of Plassenburg. There is really no limit to the riot a man's fancy can run in a country and an age which are both of his own invention. Yet Mr. Crockett does set himself a limit. True love is instant and irrevocable in its pages and marriage is the goal of even the basest of his characters. But his rhetorical flourishes would still bear subjugation. "I am the Duchess of Hohenstein," says Joan, "and I do not leave this boat till I know in what place I am, and who this may be that cries 'Follow!' to the daughter of Henry the Lion!" And rhetoric bedizens even the supreme moment when a desperate woman is about to fire the enemy's powder-magazine. Needless to say, when the heroine's brother "knew very well that he was going to his death . . . none would have discovered from his bearing that there was aught upon his mind of graver concern than the fit of a doublet or, perhaps, the favour of a pretty maid-of-honour." But, for all that, Mr. Crockett is master of a very vigorous and picturesque style; he knows and reveals a great deal about woman-nature, and he has a sense of humour which can express itself in whole scenes and not in mere intermittent guffaws. The Cardinal's interview with the Pope, for instance, is an excellent piece of comedy.

The Angel of Chance. By G. G. Chatterton.
(John Long. 6s.)

CHANCE was certainly an angel to endow an ill-provided orphan with £4,000 a year; but the title of the story, and its rather pretentious motto, do not prevent the reader from being slightly bored by the obvious lack of artistic intention which characterises the performance as a whole. Rachel Meredith swims beautifully, and her admirer, who has made her acquaintance in the water, loses his preference for the affected and *petite* woman. Of the latter we are told: "She fluttered away in the froth of the waves, and down she sank finally in the salt sea-water, where floated unconsciously the leg of Rachel Meredith above her grave!" Such jocosity is slightly inept.

Mrs. Grundy is displeased when she discovers that the pair have swum to shore in curtailed raiment to avoid spending a night together on the pier, and her anger causes their abrupt separation. The reader is sorry, but

cannot fail to remark that they might have had the intelligence to throw their discarded garments into the sea instead of leaving them as compromising evidence on the pier.

A horrid system of punctuation, and a tendency to a frank ugliness of phraseology, do not conceal the fact that Mr. Chatterton is master of a clever and engaging style. The bits of seascape and landscape which he proffers us are touched with personality. Here is one who can speak of "purple willow-herb and golden hawkweed, campion red and white, the speedwell thrusting bright blue eye up through the delicate yellow cinquefoil." He is friends with Nature. His rector and curate, too, are very well done, the former so chronically comfortable, the latter a "dusty cyclist with [a] bag of infant's clothing swung cumbrously from his machine." Poor, awkward altruist, it is a pity that he fell in love with the heroine when he could not even open a gate properly! In fine, *The Angel of Chance* is a pleasant book, though, as we have suggested, deficient in motive power.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS. BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

The size of this novel is appalling. It is issued in two volumes, called "First Half" and "Second Half," and is accompanied by a "group" portrait of the author and his translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin. The work should act as a kind of sandbank in which the American enthusiasm for historical novels can bury itself. The period is that of the Hussite Wars, wars which arose out of "ideas of race and religion which were born in Bohemia." (Dent. 2 vols. 6s. each.)

AFRICAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. BY A. J. DAWSON.

We have here fifteen stories by the author of *Bismillah*, full of verve and colour, and dealing with the contact of Europeans and Moors. The sixth story is typical, and tells how Clare Mayburn's soul was fired and melted by Moroccan life, its heat and hues, its veiled women, its despotism and stoicism, "the unchanging picturesqueness of the Thousand and One Nights, the dramatic inevitability of the Old Testament." All this was very detrimental to the claims of her engaged lover, Algernon Taunton, with his milk and water correctness, his "impossible checked knickerbockers, his Chippendale legs . . . and his little remarks about 'Oriental effects.'" The Byronic happened. (Heinemann. 6s.)

BLIX. BY FRANK NORRIS.

"A Love Idyll," by the able author of *Shanghai* and *McTragus*. Blix is the nickname of the heroine, given to her by Condé Rivers when they decide on a Platonic friendship. Blix is San Francisco girlhood at its whitest, ripest, best. Condé writes stories, and is just "convalescing from Maupassant" when we meet him. Blix's family, the Bessemers, supply some delightful youngsters. Novels are written, and sunsets dye the floor of the Pacific. The story makes for fun and happiness. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

SOCIAL SINNERS. BY EMILE A. PALIER.

An extremely crude story of politics and adultery. The hero, in the height of his ambition, is a candidate for Congress, a husband, the father of two illegitimate children, and the lover of a third woman. Much of the story reads very much like a vulgar police report. (New York: Abbey Press.)

OUTRIDDEN.

BY FOX RUSSELL.

A sporting novel by the author of *Cross Country Reminiscences*. Hounds bay through the book, and horses leave hardly room for the characters. "Lovers in truth they were," we read at last, "though Jack Stanforth and Geraldine Leycester have been married for eighteen months or more. . . . A grand-looking bay horse trots up at sound of the familiar voices, and rubs his nose affectionately against Jack's sleeve and Geraldine's hand." (Everett. 2s.)

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE.

BY ANNA,
COMTESSE DE BRÉMONT.

A story of theatrical life, its jealousies, and dangers. We are much in theatres, before and behind the scenes; and in the end the three heroines, Athene, Hera, and Neara, emerge with laurels, characters, and husbands. (Greening. 6s.)

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. LEACH. BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

Unhesitating melodrama. Marriage in the first chapter is followed by murder in the second, and there is mystery, sin, rouge-et-noir, "The Avenging Voice," &c. But at last: "He laughed gaily at her words, catching her to his heart, and the gold-fish rose upon the surface of the still water to watch that fond embrace." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

CAGED!

BY HEADON HILL.

Some misprints are funny. The first sentence of this "Romance of a Lunatic Asylum" reads: "It was in 1857—the year of Mutiny and Terror, when the cries of women and children went up to Heaven for mercy and found it not." Somehow—we don't know why—this quite prepared us for Flash Alf and his crimes; and the gruesome "Grey House," where a series of heartrending shrieks suggests to the proprietor "one of those pretty dears in the refractory ward"; and the diamond worth £60,000, to steal which Flash Alf goes to India while other characters languish in the Grey House. "You had forgotten the old well?" says one of the characters. But the author has forgotten nothing. The story is all excitement. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE PRISON HOUSE.

BY JANE JONES.

"A young man married is a man that's marred" is the quotation over the fourteenth chapter, and over the fifteenth: "Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other." It was the case of a man of the world married to a woman who knew nothing, and shrank from London, and evil, and life generally. She disliked Society, and wanted her husband to go to church. "Every Sunday morning and every Sunday afternoon Mary wrestled for her husband's soul." A second woman appeared, and had her reign; then came what little balm was left in Gilead. A sombre story. (Blackwood. 6s.)

SPUN YARN.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

Sixteen stories of sea life, naval and mercantile. The second story, "The Brain of a Battle-ship," ends gloriously: "'Rise up,' said Mr. Clarkson, as they surrounded him; 'rise up, Daniel Drake Nelson Farragut Finnegan. You are small potatoes and few in the hill; you are shamefully drunk and your nose bleeds; you are stricken with Spanish mildew, and you smell vilely—but you are immortal. You have been a disgrace to the service, but Fate in her gentle irony has redeemed you, permitting you, in one brief moment of your mis-spent life, to save your country the command of the seas—to guide, with your sub-conscious self, the finest battle-ship the science of this world has constructed to glorious victory. . . . But Finnegan only snored.'" (Richards. 6s.)

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A Novelist of the Unknown.*

EVERYONE KNOWS that Mr. Wells, as a novelist, has two fields of vision. Broadly speaking, one is stellar, the other mundane. In the one he looks for big things that may be, in the other for little things that are. He must be a singular reader who is not struck by the divergencies of power which have given us the Time Machine and Mr. Hoopdriver's bicycle; which have shown us the Martians devastating London, and Mr. Lewisham devastated by love. Yet we would remark that the distance between these two fields is more than obviously great. For whenever Mr. Wells returns—we had almost written "homeward plods his weary way"—from Mars, or from the forward abyms of Time, to this dull little nineteenth-century Earth, he straightway throws off the trappings of distances and æons and sits down to depict suburban manners. His gestures no longer connote measureless ether, or a fifth sense. He does not even call the nations into his study, like Mr. Kipling, or desire, with Stevenson, to dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea and be the Ariel of Literature. Unspoiled by the influences of the Pleiades, he dissects the mind of a Kensington draper's-assistant; unblinded by visions of Science in her glory, he tells us how a student jilted Science for a poor girl in Olapham.

Now there is one description which applies to Mr. Wells in both these characters. To discover it would be something of a feat if it were anything more than this: that in both he is breaking fresh ground, in both he is an explorer. Not in Mars and not in Olapham has he stepped in another man's tracks. Hoopdriver, with his pins and aspirations, was as much to seek, really, as Graham and his flying machine. So far, then, Mr. Wells is revealed as the most enterprising of novelists, exploiting a planet and a draper's shop as calmly as Cinquevalli tosses a cannon ball with a pea. But the simile—like every simile—calls for correction. There are profound literary differences to be named and considered. We deny in toto (to use a loved phrase of Smithers in *Love and Mr. Lewisham*) that Mr. Wells's stellar novels are to be compared with his mundane novels. That seems a strong view, but it is our view. We hear an opponent blurt: "Consider the imagination of *The War of the Worlds*." But the word "imagination" does not satisfy us here. Four-fifths of what passes for "imagination" in Mr. Wells's scientific novels is not essential imagination; it is rather the skilful—the absolutely daring and decorative—use of science. It is science in purple; science producing her "effects"—the glory and smoke of the "experiment"; science rehearsing what she will be. When Mr. Wells appears to be soaring, he is really only calculating generously; when he seems to be creating, he is only playing behind the professor's back; and the ladder by which he climbs, immeasurably aerial though it seems, is an extension ladder taken from the laboratory cupboard.

* *The Time Machine*. By H. G. Wells. (1895.)

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. (1898.)

The Wheels of Chance: A Holiday Adventure. By H. G. Wells. (1896.)

Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. (Harper, 1900.)

Science, taking the bit between her teeth, can run gloriously amok among the principalities and powers; but the Phaeton who gives her her head is not exercising his imagination—he is merely having a lark. We have a deeper objection to scientific novels. It is that their subject-matter is outside literature, and is, indeed, as noxious to literature as we feel that spiritualism is to life. We have the strongest conviction that scientific anticipations of the future of man and of the universe, even when, like Mr. Wells's, they are brilliantly conceived, have no more to do with the art of the novel than *The Battle of Dorking*.

These our troubles pass like a summer cloud when we turn to Mr. Wells's two novels of human life, *The Wheels of Chance* (1898) and his new novel, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. Here Mr. Wells is doing really fine work, and we use the word in a sense far beyond clever. To call such novels as these "clever" is the first infirmity of ignoble critics. Clever they are; and, if one must dabble in the word, we are prepared to rant with Laertes, and pile Pelions of proof on Æneas of assertion that Mr. Wells is clever. But we dislike the word, and we resent its application to a fine novelist. "Clever" in dealing with flesh and blood! Clever in tracing tears to their springs in the human heart! Clever in justifying the ways of God to men or of men to God! No. The great novelists cannot be thought of as clever. They are sagacious, charitable, wise, and tender. Was Scott clever, or Cervantes, or Sterne, or Dickens? No one would use so base a word. It is just a suspicion of cleverness which causes a few minds to see an everlasting ghostly mark of interrogation at the end of every proclamation of the genius of Thackeray. It is precisely because we see in Mr. Wells those greater things—the sympathy of one who knows and the big hand of one who loves—that we feel eager about his work. If the analysis of the mind of Hoopdriver, the Kensington draper's-assistant who longed for gentility, who cajoled and lied and blundered toward higher things, was clever, then assuredly it was a higher quality that saved *The Wheels of Chance* from being one long humorous butchery of Hoopdriver. It is indeed alight with humour, and Hoopdriver is not spared a single shaft of ridicule that a good man may give or take. But there is one thing that Mr. Wells never does, or allows his reader to do, and that is to doubt the essential manhood, dignity, and native sweetness of the man who cannot help sticking pins into his lapels. You have the queerest feelings of regret as you see Hoopdriver's back disappear with his bicycle into the stable yard attached to Messrs. Antrobus's emporium in Kensington—his holiday, his dream of culture, his worship of a beautiful girl, all to be settled and adjusted in the intervals of "Hoopdriver, Forward!"

In *Love and Mr. Lewisham* Mr. Wells's qualities appear to even greater advantage. For one thing, this novel is a higher organism than *The Wheels of Chance*. In *The Wheels of Chance* the incidents of a bicycle chase through several counties supply a kind of material or mechanical interest—the easy interest of every chase. The analysis of character triumphs, but somewhat by emergence. In *Love and Mr. Lewisham* character is all; Mr. Wells is doing his best work all along. We are not going to describe the story in any detail. When we meet Mr. Lewisham he is a very young master—in fact, eighteen—at Whortley Proprietary School, Whortley, Sussex. There he "hears his years before him, all the tumult of his life"; sees it every morning as his head comes through his shirt, and his eyes fall on the magnificent *schema* of study which he has pinned on the bedroom wall of his humble lodging. Chance-wise, he meets Ethel Henderson, and the pretty fools steal walks and talks and plight their love; and Mr. Lewisham is dismissed the school with his character (in the Proprietary School sense) considerably damaged. In London he toils at the Kensington Normal

Science School; toils manfully, little embarrassed by memories of Ethel, who has vanished into Clapham. The Career flourishes. It enlists a supporter, too, in a fellow-student, Miss Heydinger, a girl of the period, who encourages him to wear the red tie of Socialism. Laboratory work, examinations, and glowing talks in the Gallery of Old Iron at the Museum with his Egeria. But Ethel is to come again into his life, and she does it, so to speak, with a vengeance. More naturally than it sounds, he meets her in a darkened room, at a spiritualistic *séance*, whither he has gone in laughing scepticism with some fellow-students; meets her, too, as the docile accomplice of her step-father, Mr. Chaffery, in a despicable imposture. Her helplessness and her beauty and the old Whortley days are too much for his common sense and strength of will. And when he finds that Ethel is innocent at heart, though not quite in conscience, it is enough; he loves her, will save her. There are wonderful walks to Clapham, dwindling honours at the school, tears and dismays in Miss Heydinger's bosom, and remorse (about the Career) which cannot be uttered. At times he sees all things with deadly clearness:

He suddenly perceived with absolute conviction that after the *séance* he should have gone home and forgotten her. Why had he felt that irresistible impulse to seek her out? Why had his imagination spun such a strange web of impossibilities about her? He was involved now, foolishly involved. All his future was a sacrifice to this transitory ghost of love making in the streets.

Transitory ghost it should have been, but was not. Marry the stepdaughter of a Chaffery, a quack, a blasphemer of science! Marry on a legacy of one hundred pounds! A pretty pitiful marriage, full of its own mad sweetness. For she was sweet, was Ethel, and for a time her wifehood could hold its own against the Career. It was the bills and the price of coal that brought complete revelation: these, and the reproaches of Miss Heydinger, and the blankness of his scholastic prospects. The revulsion, the rebellion, the final solution—need we speak of them? Lewisham is submissive to Love, and passes with resolute resignation into the obscurity of a small home, parentage, and Clapham. The child is coming, and this—yes, *this*—is life; the other was just vanity; at any rate, it is over, quite over. The *schema* that had long lined a trunk is torn up without a pang—in the stillness of thought.

That is the theme, and it is worked out with a searching analysis that would be merciless if it were not, in fact, so very merciful. We have need of such themes. Modern fiction will be regenerated by these faithful seizures of neglected types. It has great work to do in floating little men (who are not little) and narrow lives (which yet globe all life) into our ken. Dickens did it by caricature, by an emphasis necessary in his day. But it has yet to be done in the noble manner; and it is much that for Mr. Horatio Sparkins we have now Mr. Hoopdriver. Let Mr. Wells travel this road. These two novels may be masterpieces or not (we should be the last to deny it); but we are certain that their production tends to create the atmosphere in which masterpieces are born. Our own faith in his future is immovable, and we know not how we can pay him a less formal compliment than by saying that when we closed *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, full of gratitude and stimulations, we involuntarily groped for a definition of good novel writing which might celebrate our mood. And, groping, we found one which, with all its defects and *bisarrerie*, seems to sweep into its net every writer in whom is greatness, or the seed of greatness: a definition adapted from Coleridge:

He writeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Things Seen.

A Harvest Home.

We went into the kitchen when the men had taken their tea, and found them sitting round the room on benches against the wall—Angus, Murdoch, Eachan, Duncan, and Ian, the boy. Their dogs, collies of uncertain breed, lay about the stone floor at their feet—Old Smart, the amiable and talented shepherd; Tweed, the one-eyed and dour, who detested strangers; Gloun and Sirdar, the boisterous friendly youngsters; and Chairl, the house-dog. All had done justice to the meal; and the men, having been awarded a wine-glass of neat whiskey with their pipes, were as silent and somnolently biasful as their dogs. They had three meals a day in this kitchen the year round, but the whiskey and tobacco were harvest extras. A glowing peat fire and one small misty lamp provided a sleepy light. On the huge dresser stood the "maiden," a last gleanings of corn, decorated and cherished till next year, when it would be given, for luck, to the first horse taken out to "ahear" (reap). A grey parrot in a cage by the window cried "*Thugad!*" at intervals, the Gaelic for "Get out!"

We suggested a reel, and the apathy of the Highlanders vanished. Our farmer host brought out his pipes, and we danced like maniacs to the weird stimulating music, two of the men taking off their boots to do their steps the better. How they flung up their arms and yelled! It was hard to believe they had been shearing since five a.m.; the firelight flickered on such ecstatic faces! Then, exhausted, we sat down while Angus, the bard, sang *Hero mo nighnan dhonn Bhoideach* and songs of his own composition. Once started, there was no stopping him, until someone remarked that Mrs. Angus might be sitting up. The effect was electrical. He rose and shook hands all round several times.

"I will no be keeping the leddies up," he said gallantly, "but I will be thinking this was the bonniest harvest nicht I will effer be had."

The rest concurred. All but the parrot, who wanted to go to sleep.

"*Thugad!*" she croaked peevishly, and the dreaming collies round the fire rose, stretched, and followed their masters out into the night.

Juggernaut.

THE setting sun shone right down the village street: it lent the white road a dusty radiance, and glowed on the red roofs of the houses. It was Sunday evening, the first warm Sunday of the year. Cheerful groups stood in every doorway, shy youths and maidens lingered in dim corners, clean and uncomfortable children roamed restlessly from house to house. It was the hour of gossip, courtship, and tobacco. Suddenly someone cried "Here comes a motor." In an instant the road was empty.

It came from the west, the golden sunset behind it. One moment it was a speck on the road, the next it was in our midst. As it tore through the twilight, this strange misshapen monster from an alien world seemed some horrible uncanny thing, the living chariot of an evil god. With a hoot and rattle it was past; but as it fled a boy, struck with a sudden passion for brute powers, cried out: "I would like to go to heaven on that motor."

Beyond the village, where the fields come down to the highway, a flower had chosen to blossom in the very road. It was an extremely nice flower—upright, individual, impertinent.

But the motor passed by—rapid, relentless, unswerving: and the flower was gone.

Presently a vague scent of petroleum drifted slowly down to the village.

Two "Punch" Books.*

WEEK after week the remark, "Another poor number of *Punch*," may be made; but it matters nothing. In the aggregate—in the "loomp"—*Punch* always scores, is always satisfying. As one turns over the leaves of a bound volume the inferior recedes into the background, the genuine holds the eye.

The little volume entitled *An Evening with "Punch"* has been very well prepared by its anonymous editor. We cannot agree with everything he says—we must demur, for example, to his description of Mr. H. W. Lucy as the "greatest of diarists"—but his taste in humour is fairly satisfying, although, by the necessities of the case, he has been compelled to include a great deal of rather thin and excessively out-of-date padding, not because it is first-rate, but because it was needful to illustrate the manner of such venerable jokers as Albert Smith and Gilbert & Beckett, to name only these. A paper like *Punch* must always have a permanent bodyguard of writers ready to supply, not humour itself, but that which stands for humour. It is, indeed, one of the secondary uses of a comic journal to bring home to each generation the symbols of humour. Now and then the real thing is supplied, as when *Punch* had the good fortune (to keep the illustrations to our own day) to stimulate Mr. Anstey to study the "voices populi," or when Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts" began. But, for the most part, *Punch*, together with its journalistic companions, uses counters rather than current coin. The printed pun, for example, unless it is as good as Hood's, has not the true ring; and *Punch* has latterly loved puns far too well. The younger generation to-day cares nothing for the printed pun, and not much more for the spoken. It does not, however, suit the book of the bodyguard of a comic paper to recognise this, and the tiresome old convention therefore goes on.

But we are drifting into an indictment of *Punch*, while all the time we are in the best possible humour with it. For the *Evening with "Punch"* has left us smiling and happy, so full-flavoured is it—so ripe and wise and shrewd, and now and then so gloriously comic. Whoever acted as editor holds the right opinion of Charles Keene—that penetrating humorist and humanist and magnificent artist. What a pencil was his! Look at its superb, dashing strokes. Another man would toil all day at a turnip field: Keene's hand made a score of rapid movements, and behold! not only a turnip-field, but an October breeze that you can sniff and tingle under, blowing across it! Look on p. 89 at the miserable street scene which Leech considered good enough to stand above his joke, and then recollect how Keene transferred horses and traffic to paper. There are great examples of black and white in this book; there is Sir John Tenniel's "Mose' in Egitto" (on p. 165); there is Doyle's "Napoleon of Peace" (on p. 127); there is a field scene by Randolph Caldecott, full of atmosphere (on p. 43); there is Mr. Sambourne's beautiful naiad (on p. 41). But the greatest master of the medium was Charles Keene. On laying this book aside it is Keene's strokes that dominate the memory. And his gift for character, within his boundaries, was perfect. Look at the soldier's face on p. 177; look at the submissive husband on p. 145; look at the struggling Scotsman on p. 101; and at the old gentleman on p. 37 starting at the mandate "Let loose the gorgonzola"; and look at the Economist describing the horrors of London in the "Bang went saxpence" picture on p. 27. Keene was so fine a judge of a joke. He worked at them so lovingly, with so rich an appreciation. Some of the best are here.

In *A Peep into "Punch"* Keene is even better represented, but unfortunately the pictures are reduced to so

small a scale—almost to postage-stamp size—that the merits of the draughtsman evaporate, and only the joke remains. The jokes are well selected, and we must be grateful for small mercies; but it is a hard thing to lose Keene's lines. Still Keene's pencil was only the half of him; his sense of fun was the other half, and his joy in the humours of volunteers, of Scotchmen, of parsonages, of rustics, and of inebriety is here. It speaks volumes for the spirit of England's martial amateurs that they survived Keene's delicious ridicule. On p. 286 of *A Peep into "Punch"* is one of his most acceptable volunteer jests—the excited appeal of Capt. Wilkinson to Major Walker, of the firm of Wilkinson, Walker & Co., Auctioneers and Estate Agents: "Don't you think we'd better bring our Right Wing round to attack the Enemy's Flank, so as to prevent them occupying those empty houses we have to let in Barker's Lane?" The author of *A Peep into "Punch"*, by the way, is Mr. J. Holt Schooling, the ingenious statistician, who month after month instructs the readers of the popular magazines in such curious and valuable matters as the distance which would be covered by all the cigarettes smoked by Mr. Labouchere in a year were they placed together in a line. Mr. Schooling for the time being has forgotten his statistics, and has presented instead a very clear and informing account of the birth and career of the Fleet-street sage and of all his colleagues. *A Peep into "Punch"* is a book into which one dips and dips again, to the complete rout of the duties of the day.

Another humorist to whom justice is done in *An Evening with "Punch"* is Captain Howard. It gave us almost a thrill to come again upon the Captain's contribution of December 6, 1856 (p. 49), entitled "Mysterious." Even without the picture it is good:

Omnibus Driver. Have you set down that party as got in at the Crescent, Jim?

Conductor. Yes.

(An interval of five minutes.)

Omnibus Driver. You recollect that there wet Sunday I druv you down?

Conductor. Ah!

Omnibus Driver. Well, do you remember a werry remarkable surpris' circumstance I was a relatin' of to you that afternoon?

Conductor. To be sure I do.

(Another pause)

Omnibus Driver. Well, then—

Conductor. What! you don't mean to say as that—

Omnibus Driver (definitively). That's the party, sir!

(Inquisitive old Gent on the Box, who has arrived at his destination, is upset for the rest of the day.)

Barring the conclusion of the story—which is enfeebled by the exaggeration that comic journalists always seem to feel needful—the thing is perfect. And it is inspired by a kind of humour now passing away. Dickens, Leech, and Keene were the great masters of this method. One wonders sometimes whether London had more of comic material in those days, in the shape of quaint 'bus drivers and conductors, cabmen and so forth, than it now has, or whether these genial middle Victorians invented them.

Genuine fun is always rare, even in a selection from fifty years of a leading comic journal. Somehow the English mind does not incline much to fun. Lamb had it, Hood had it, Sydney Smith had it, Mr. Burnand (in *THE Ride to Khiva*, for example) had it, Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear had it; but there is little enough in ordinary comic journalism. Mr. Priestman Atkinson's "Three-volume Novel at a Glance," on p. 163 of this book, is full of fun; so is Doyle's picture of the Grenadier Guards, on p. 63; and so are many things by Keene and Leech. But these are pictures. In the prose and verse there is little that is lightheartedly frivolous. For the most part *Mr. Punch* takes himself seriously. The "Song of the Shirt" is here, and Tennyson's verses against Bulwer Lytton: "The padded man that wears the stays."

* *An Evening with "Punch."* (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

A Peep into "Punch." By J. Holt Schooling. (Newnes.)

Correspondence.

"The Man Who Tramped."

SIR,—I have not a copy of *The Wrecker* beside me at the moment, but I believe the man of whom your correspondent "R. M." writes, "who tramped and toiled and had such a profit of his life among the Islands," is Mr. C. A. Stoddard, author of *Summer Cruising in the South Seas*. Let me draw the attention of "R. M." to letters addressed to Mr. Stoddard in *The Letters of R. L. Stevenson* (Vol. I., page 173, and Vol. II., page 18), and to Mr. Colvin's notes on them. Probably these will solve the difficulty.—I am, &c.,

A. R.

Glasgow: June 16, 1900.

"Drift."

SIR,—Five or six years ago I produced in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic a volume of poems. I had intended to call my volume *Drift*; but some weeks before publication a lettered friend (whom I note is still an honoured contributor to the ACADEMY), to whom I had explained this intention, sought to dissuade me from it, inasmuch as *drift* had no status as a noun and did not mean, as apparently I held it to mean, *fotsam*. But I was headstrong, and, by way of justifying my title, I added a few introductory stanzas, in which I spoke of

Spray from Huron, cones from Erie,
Hemlock from the Gataineau;
Grasses quaint from prairies dreary,
Mocking at the ebb and flow.

Drift of weeds and drift of branches
Odd wisps from the blue-birds' nest,
Yellowed stalks from distant ranches,
Sumac from the Golden West.

and in conclusion:

There are green and humble pages
Of Love's making which do sift
Life's grey river as its rages,
And leave hidden yonder—Drift.

When the book came to be published, one or two critics, who took note of the title, fell foul of it at first, but finally held it to be justified by these same verses.

Three days ago a book was placed in my hand; it was a collection of poems; it was entitled *Drift*, and the author Mr. Horatio F. Brown. Were I a dead poet my friends, relations, and executors would be foolish to complain; but I still live, and I treasure the hope of bringing out a second and enlarged edition of *Drift*: and, moreover, I hold I have as good a title to *Drift* as Mr. Swinburne has to *Atalanta in Calydon*. And may I ask Mr. Brown, since I cannot discern the fact in his book of poems, what he means by *Drift*?—I am, &c.,

BECKLES WILLSON.

Hope Lodge, Twickenham: June 18, 1900.

Misquotations.

SIR,—I have not seen the *Pall Mall Gazette* list of misquotations. The commonest of all is, undoubtedly, the line from Lycidas, which, oddly enough, not long ago occurred in a lecture given here.

May I suggest these "howlers" as being only too common: "Cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined," instead of "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" (*Macbeth*, III. iv.); "Like angels' visits, few and far between," instead of "Visits like those of angels, short and far between"—perhaps the only lines of Blair that anyone remembers (Did Campbell honour them, I wonder, in "The Pleasures of Hope?"—"Like angel visits, few and far between"); and worst of all: "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," instead of "nor any drop to drink"?—I am, &c.,

N. LAWDEN BANKS.

The Redlands, Tiverton, North Devon:

June 18, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A HISTORY OF BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

BY OLD BRADFIELD BOYS.

How do publishers time these things? Just when the performance of "Agamemnon" is filling the papers with notices of Bradfield College comes this history of the school, written by old Bradfield scholars, and edited by Mr. Arthur F. Leach, the author of a *History of Winchester School*. "Bradfield, like Lancing and Radley," says Mr. Leach, "was an outcome of the religious revivalism of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, known as the Oxford Movement." It was on the oldest model of a public school, that of Winchester, that Bradfield was founded by Thomas Stevens, rector of Bradfield, and lord of the manor. (Frowde. 10s. 6d. net.)

BY MAJOR A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

ANNALS OF SANDHURST.

No apology is needed for this history of our great training college for army officers. The Royal Military College for future officers of the Army was established in 1802. Previously, the Royal Military College was maintained for the improvement of officers already commissioned. The Staff College—the senior department of the institution—is also fully described by Major Mockler-Ferryman, and the great changes which have come over this highest branch of military training are duly recorded. There is significance in the fact that two-thirds of the book is devoted to statistics of Sandhurst athletics. (Heinemann.)

SOME NOTABLE HAMLETS.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Having given us his somewhat inchoate recollections in *The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day*, Mr. Scott has collected his "Hamlet" reminiscences in this volume. Strictly speaking, the collector is Mr. L. Arthur Greening, who writes an appreciation of Mr. Scott as "a clever and often misjudged man." The Hamlets are those of Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Tree, and Mr. Forbes Robertson. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

IN DWARF LAND AND CANNIBAL COUNTRY.

BY A. B. LLOYD.

Mr. Lloyd has been for four and a half years engaged in the Church Missionary Society's work in Uganda. When, last year, his time of furlough arrived he struck out to the West Coast through Belgian territory, and through the Pygmy Forest of which Stanley was the first to give an account. The book is profusely illustrated. (Unwin. 6s.)

WHERE AND HOW TO

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A very agreeable and helpful little book with a somewhat wider scope than its title indicates. "With the information here conveyed it will be possible for the Englishman to live much the same humdrum existence as the born Parisian." (Richards. 2s. 6d.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wylie (James H.), *The Council of Constance to the Death of John Hus*. (Longmans.) 6s.
Whitman (Sidney), *Conversations with Bismarck*. Collected by Heinrich von Poschinger. (Harper)
Mélanges De Littérature et D'Histoire Religieuses. (Picard)
Hood (George), *Famous Fighting Regiments*. (Hood, Douglas & Howard) net 10s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Jackson (Holbrook), *The Eternal Now: A Quatrain-Sequence and other Verses*. (Nutt)
Chambers (G. Haddon), *The Tyranny of Tears*. (Heinemann)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eye (Walter), An Index Rerum to Norfolk Antiquities	(Grose)	5/3
Henry (Prof. L. E. H.), England's Armed Neutrality	(Mitchell)	
Bowker (E. R.), The Arts of Life	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) net	5/0
Oppenheim (Nathan), The Care of the Child in Health	(Macmillan)	5/0
McClure (A. K.), Our Presidents and How We Make Them	(Harper)	
Alexander (P. Y.), More Loose Links in the Darwinian Armour	(Bale, Sons, & Danielsson) net	2/0
S. M. C., The Fisherman's Text-Book	(S.P.C.K.)	
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Pycraft (W. P.), The Story of Bird-Life	(Newnes)	1/0
Koechlin (R.) and Marquet de Vasselot (Jean J.), La Sculpture à Troyes et dans la Champagne Méridionale	(Colin et Oie)	
Royal Academy Pictures, 1900	(Cassell)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Smith (Martin E.), What I have Taught my Children.	(Williams & Norgate)	3/8
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* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 39 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best quotation to be inscribed over the door of a London house from which the residents have temporarily fled for a country holiday. Some felicitous suggestions have been made. We award the prize to Miss (or Mrs.) Winifred Paenell, 97, Oakley-street, Chelsea, S.W., for this line from Pope :

Dear, damn'd, distracting Town, farewell !

Other replies are as follows :

Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My dog howls at the gate.
(Byron.) [T. K., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.]

Come away—no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
(Tennyson.) [E. B., Liverpool.]

A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true ;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.
(Wordsworth.) [S. B., Great Malvern.]

In the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make an absence sweet.
(Ben Jonson.) [H. E. M., Edinburgh.]

From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hauds with business, and retires indeed.

And all impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.
(Cowper.) [J. L., London.]

Brother, had we but time to live,
And fleet the careless hours together,
With all that leisure has to give
Of perfect life and peaceful weather.
(Andrew Lang.) [H. P. B., Glasgow.]

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut
("Romeo and Juliet," Act v., sc. 1.) [A. W., London]

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
(Vaughan.) [E. P., London.]

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?
("Henry IV.," Part I., Act iii., sc. 3.) [T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

We are blessed in the change.
("Henry V.," Act i., sc. 1.) [C. B., Bristol.]

Fresh woods and pastures new.
(Milton.) [H. J., London.]

Away, away, from men and towns.
(Shelley.) [M. A. C., Cambridge.]

At this hour the house doth keep itself.
("As You Like It," Act iv., sc. 3, line 82.) [J. C.-S., Bristol.]

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.
(Goldsmith.) [A. A., Birkdale.]

Tired of the Senate's barren brawl
An hour with silence we prefer,
Where statelier rise the woods than all
Yon towers of talk at Westminster.
(William Watson.) [F. O. N., London.]

At this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.
("As You Like It," Act iv., sc. 3.) [K. K., Dublin.]

All within is dark as night :
In the windows is no light :
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.
(Tennyson.) [E. M. H., London.]

All hope abandon ye who enter here.
[A. M. P., London.]

Other replies received from : M. I. O., Ealing ; Rev. W. A. S., Manchester ; Mrs. S., London ; A. S. H., Dalkeith ; M. M., Ramsgate ; H. F. H., Nottingham ; T. C. Buxted ; J. J. B. Glasgow ; Z. McC., Whitby ; C. R., Redhill ; E. V., London ; G. M. Bedford ; J. C., London ; R. F. McC., Whitby.

Competition No. 40 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for a "Thing Seen" written in verse and not exceeding eight lines. We need scarcely remark that all or nearly all the poem should be devoted to the Thing Seen ; comment should be inferential, or come briefly at the end.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 26. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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The Literary Week.

SIR E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, in his report on the general progress at the British Museum for the year ending on March 31 last, records a slight decrease in the number of visits of students to the reading room—188,554 as against 190,886 in 1898. The daily average was 624. The number of volumes, &c., supplied to readers was 1,306,078, as against 1,397,145 in 1898. Mr. G. K. Fortescue, in his report on the Department of Printed Books, says that the printing of the entire catalogue, which was begun in 1881, is now almost complete; there now remains unprinted only a portion of the heading "England." The number of readers in the newspaper room was 19,090, giving a daily average of over 63.

THE story of action, or romantic novel, still holds the field in America. The *Century* magazine, which is not given to hasty statements, acknowledges in the current issue that "after sporadic advances, over a considerable space of time, it has finally carried the citadel of public fancy with a rush." But in this country the citadel has not been carried by the historical novel. It would seem that that honour is destined for what is known as the society novel, the account—smart, witty, and sentimental—of a circle of people whose objects in life are mainly social ambition, and falling in and falling out of love. An excellent example of this type of fiction is Mr. Percy White's amusing and interesting story called *The West End*.

IN the future, no doubt, the military story will dominate our magazines and circulating libraries. We could wish that these onrushing pages of fiction could all have the purpose and the meaning behind the tale that characterises the striking stories of the war by Mr. Rudyard Kipling that are now appearing in the *Daily Express*. "The Way That He Took," which appeared on June 12th, 13th, and 14th, and "The Outsider," which appeared on June 19th, 20th, and 21st, should be printed as an appendix to General Baden-Powell's *Aids to Scouting*. We hope Dr. Conan Doyle will bring his ingenious brain to bear on the medical arrangements, as Mr. Kipling has thrown the flashlight of his intelligence on military matters.

NEXT week Mrs. Craigie's latest novel, *Robert Orange*, will be published. It is a sequel to *The School for Saints*, and the two books together represent five years' work. Disraeli again is a prominent character. A sixpenny edition of *The School for Saints* is ready for publication. It is printed in the same style as the six-shilling book, and is, perhaps, the largest sixpenny novel ever offered to the public.

THE publication of Mr. Churton Collins's essays, *Plain Truths about Current Literature*, has been deferred till the autumn.

S. G., the writer of the Literary Notes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has the courage of his convictions. Commenting on the announcement by Messrs. Macmillan of the issue of a complete edition of the writings of Mr. Walter Pater "uniform with the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Kipling's work," he says:

I have never been able to realise the fascination of Pater's style, except, indeed, in passages like the famous one about Leonardo's lady in the Louvre, nor to understand the influence of his thought. *Marius the Epicurean* always seemed like the dry bones of "Greats" lectures dressed up in togas, but there is no doubt that the presentment of ancient Rome had a peculiar charm for many people who cared for literature, particularly for those who knew no Latin.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce the publication of the *Times' History of the War in South Africa*. This History, which has been in course of preparation for some months, will be the joint production of several of the Special Correspondents of the *Times* in South Africa. It will be edited by Mr. L. S. Amery, and will be completed in five volumes.

MESSRS. CECIL AND HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH, who will jointly edit the new monthly magazine, the *New Liberal Review*, have furnished us with some particulars about their forthcoming venture. In size and shape the *New Liberal Review* will resemble most of the other great monthly reviews, and, like them, it will include many articles of literary and general interest. But these resemblances soon fade away into differences. The *New Liberal Review* will answer to its name, in that it will have a distinct political trend of thought. It will be the monthly organ of Liberal Imperialism, and will print articles by the leaders of this political division. Secondly, it will endeavour in a general way to attach clever young writers to the Liberal cause. Literary and general articles will be accepted from any writer, whether he is known or not, who can furnish originality and style. Known writers whose style is dull, or whose views can always be anticipated, will be left in the cold by the *New Liberal Review*. An amusingly characteristic fact, elicited by our representative, is that whereas no definite list of contributors to the *New Liberal Review* has yet been drawn up, a list of writers who will not write for it has been made. Articles will rule shorter in the *New Liberal Review* than in most of the reviews; a length of 3,000 to 4,000 words will be the standard as against the 5,000 to 6,000 words favoured by other editors. The political articles will, of course, be in general accord with the policy of the *New Liberal Review*, and this granted they will undergo little editorial treatment. But a strong editorial hand will be kept on the rest of the *Review*; and a general control over the whole of it will be exercised in a few pages of editorial notes, somewhat in the style of the *Spectator's* weekly summary. The price of the *New Liberal Review* has not yet been definitely settled, but we shall not be surprised if a review edited within the walls of the Harmsworth Buildings is characteristically venturesome in giving large measure for little money.

We did not express a decided opinion on the Parliamentary proposals of the British Museum Trustees with regard to the disposal of provincial newspapers and "superfluous" literature. The subject is a difficult one, and we have little doubt that "best wisdom"—to use an old Quaker expression—will be vouchsafed to the few on whom the decision really rests. Mr. Leslie Stephen, a British Museum student of the highest type, wrote on the subject in last week's *Speaker*, but his views have hardly his characteristic definiteness. One scarcely gathers what he would himself propose. He points out that a superstitious regard for facts as facts is apt to fill the minds of museum directors:

Because any fact may be important, they speak as if every fact must be interesting. A single observation may clear up a scientific difficulty. Millions of years ago an insect happened to be stuck in a clod of earth. Its "mortal remains" when dug up may give a decisive solution of some problem of evolution. The one specimen was priceless. But if we afterwards found a whole stratum composed of similar remains they might tell us nothing more. A single locust would be as instructive as a countless swarm. So a single ancient document found in a mummy may reveal something of deep interest as to the remotest civilisation. If similar documents were discovered their value would decline in a rapidly accelerating ratio. They would only repeat what we knew already.

On the other hand, "as we . . . are not yet quite infallible, we must keep everything that we may be sure of not destroying just what our posterity will desire." The "only moral" which Mr. Stephen wishes to draw, and he merely draws it—he does not elaborate it—is that "the demand for the preservation of the material should be accompanied by a demand for its organisation. Our huge storehouses should be arranged with a view to their accessibility." This, however, has been said already by those who object to the Trustees' proposals. There has been organisation as far as space permitted. The cry is for space. The Trustees propose to secure it by throwing out "superfluous" material. The objectors ask: "When did you discover that it was superfluous? Your business is to pull down your old barns and build greater." But—*mirabile dictu*—it has now been discovered, through Mr. Morley's inquiry in Parliament, that these "Trustees' proposals" do not represent the mind of the Trustees at all, but have been brought about by Government pressure. The Trustees wish to hold what they have, and extend their space; and the Government is thrifty! Probably the evaporation of the proposals has begun.

MEANWHILE, however, a correspondent writes to us:

Instead of scattering the provincial papers to the four corners of the kingdom, the British Museum authorities ought to consider whether they could not better set free a lot of space by distributing their superfluous books among the free libraries. A glance through the catalogue shows that there are dozens of copies in the library of many books, and, probably, in a majority of cases not a single copy is used from year's end to year's end.

Of Robert Hall's "Modern Infidelity," for instance, first published in 1800, there are sixteen editions; of "The Sunday Friend," thirteen editions; of a sermon by a certain Archbishop of York, nine copies; of the "Collected Sermons of Master Henrie Smith (year 1592, &c.)," twelve editions; of his sermons on "Jonah's Punishment," six copies; on "God's Arrows against Atheists," six copies; on "Contentment," six copies, and so on. Probably religious writers take up more room than all other writers put together. One Baptist minister has no less than six pages of the catalogue to himself with writings on "Pleasant Things from the Everlasting Hills or Pleasant Truths for all Peoples," "Pearls from the Ocean, or Wealth for Souls," and things of that kind. Perhaps the worst offenders are the writers of school books. Of Hamblin Smith's "Arithmetic for Junior Classes," "Arithmetic for Senior Classes," and "Answers" to each, there are, in all,

thirty-three copies. Of his "Algebra," "Trigonometry," "Geometry," and "Treatise on Arithmetic," there are altogether forty-two copies. There is a book on botany by another Smith, written in 1807, and almost of no value now, but it is represented by no fewer than nine copies. Then the poets are certainly given too much space. Of Longfellow's "Poetical Works" there are seventy-four editions, besides scores of volumes of "Selected," "Early," "Later," &c., poems. In addition there are thirteen editions of "Miles Standish," twenty-six editions of "Evangeline," twelve editions of "Hiawatha," &c. All the readers of all the ages to come will not wear out a title of these, and they could be distributed with great advantage.

ACCORDING to a daily paper (from which we condense the following account), a strange literary lawsuit is amusing Rome. Some time ago Prof. Cugnoni, of the Rome University, came into possession of a copy of some MSS. alleged to have been written by Leopardi. He published them as a contribution to Leopardi literature. Soon afterwards a Government librarian, named Tacchi, declared himself to be the author of the MSS. Prof. Cugnoni maintained that it was impossible for any living Italian to counterfeit Leopardi's style, and refused to entertain Tacchi's claim. Thirteen years passed, when, on the occasion of the Leopardian centenary, Abbot Cozza Luzzi, vice-librarian of the Vatican, published certain MSS. of Leopardi which had found their way into the Vatican Library, and which the abbot declared to be authentic. Some of the MSS. contained passages identical with those published by Prof. Cugnoni. On the strength of this confirmation of his theory Prof. Cugnoni accused Tacchi of literary dishonesty. Hence the present trial. Feeling is running high not only between Cugnoni and Tacchi, but also between their respective advocates. Signor Ferri, the Socialist leader, is hot on one side, and Signor Bonacci, a well-known Zanardellian, is hot on the other. These two worthies recently came to blows over the question of the authenticity of Cugnoni's copy of Leopardi, and had to be separated by the Carabineers. Meanwhile Italian justice is putting on its spectacles.

THE present season of the Monday dinners of the Authors' Club will conclude on July 2. During the past year the club has entertained a number of distinguished guests, among whom may be mentioned Lord Wolseley, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. James Bryce, General Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the French Ambassador, the American Ambassador, the Chinese Minister, the Swedish and Norwegian Ministers, Sir Walter Foster, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., Lord Strathcona, Mr. E. F. Knight, and Sir Robert Ball.

WE do not quite follow Mr. Heinemann in his argument in last week's *Literature* that fashion in fiction does not exist, or is of small account. He says: "The only justification I have ever found for the assumption that fashion favours one class of novel to-day and a different class to-morrow is that every striking work of literature or art engenders in the lazy writer the vision of a welcome *pons asinorum*, and with the unthinking reader a comfortable wish for more of the same." Mr. Heinemann proceeds to give instance after instance of the imitation of successful novels by inferior writers. Well, in the world of dress this is the state of things which we call fashion. What is fashion there but the "pons asinorum" of people without original taste? Fashion is the refuge of the unthinking in dress; and so it is in literature. Mr. Heinemann seems to quarrel greatly with the word, but to supply overwhelming evidence of the fact. We regret the phenomenon as much as he

does; but we should say that there is undoubtedly, in these days, such a thing as fashion in fiction. It is happily more easily changed than fashion in dress, and we are glad that Mr. Heinemann thinks that "the success of to-morrow may grow on any branch of the tree of fiction"; adding, for emphasis: "Let any new author offer me a novel that excels in any particular—let his work be of any school—he will not find me difficult to convince that his, and his only for the nonce, is the novel towards which the tendencies and the taste of the day are gravitating."

INCIDENTALLY Mr. Heinemann has this severe word on the historical novel of the moment:

If I were asked whether the novel of an unknown author dealing with daily life in an everyday way would be as likely to "catch on" as an historical romance, I think I should favour it, because it would in all probability be nearer to human actuality, and might possibly be based on observation and insight, if not even on experience or knowledge. To make living and real personages of past ages, hampered as the writer must be with the necessity of creating a remote atmosphere and a strange milieu, is the task of the master, and that is why, at a moment devoted to the apotheosis of the incompetent, it becomes the favourite ambition of every bungling amateur.

SOME of the philological asides which occur in Dr. Murray's Romanes lecture, which we deal with elsewhere, are extremely interesting. He shows how Dr. Johnson corrupted the spelling of the word "dispatch." This word

had been in English use for some 250 years when Johnson's Dictionary appeared, and had been correctly spelt by everybody (that is, by everybody but the illiterate) with *dis-*. This was Johnson's own spelling both before and after he published the dictionary, as may be seen in his *Letters* edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill. It was also the spelling of all the writers whom Johnson quoted. But, by some inexplicable error, the word got into the dictionary as *despatch*, and this spelling was even substituted in most of the quotations. I have not found that a single writer followed this erroneous spelling in the eighteenth century: Nelson, Wellesley, Wellington, and all our commanders and diplomatists wrote *Dispatches*; but since about 1820, the filtering down of the influence of Johnson's Dictionary has caused this erroneous spelling *despatch* to become generally known and to be looked upon as authoritative; so that at the present time about half our newspapers give the erroneous form, to which, more lamentably, the Post Office, after long retaining the correct official tradition, recently capitulated.

New and recent books relating to China and Japan are pretty sure of a sale now that the Far East horizon is beset with threatening clouds. A book which comes very opportunely will be *The "Overland" to China*, by Archibald R. Colquhoun, F.R.G.S., the author of *China in Transformation*. This is an account of the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and a study of the rapid ascendancy of Russian Influence in China during the past few years; together with speculations as to the political significance of the completion of this great undertaking. Messrs. Harper Bros. will issue the book next Tuesday.

ANOTHER imminent publication is *Feudal and Modern Japan*, by Mr. Arthur May Knapp, which Messrs. Duckworth announce. Mr. Knapp has frequently visited, and for a long time resided in Japan, thus enjoying peculiar advantages for observation. The book includes a study of the history, religion, art, life and habits of the Japanese. While avoiding that indiscriminating praise which has characterised so many works on Japan, it presents fresh points of view and furnishes information which is difficult of access. There will be twenty-four photogravure illustrations of Japanese life, landscape, and architecture.

THAT the effect of the American law of copyright as it now stands may be to discourage the production of serious literature is very clearly brought out by Mr. Alfred Austin in his article on Anglo-American Literary Copyright in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Copyright in America can be secured only by simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic. This means a double production and expense, and it is easy to see that in the case of a "non-popular" book this double expense may frighten an English publisher or author. But if they once publish the book on this side only, the American copyright is lost for ever. What regrets and anomalies may then arise is seen in the following fragment of a conversation between an author and a publisher, which Mr. Austin reports as an actuality:

"I quite understand," said my friend; "but, had I thought the book would have the circulation here it seems to be having, I should willingly have incurred the additional expense of simultaneously producing it in America. As you say, it is now too late to do that. But I observe, from the statement of sales you have just shown me, that the book—that is to say, the English edition of it published by you—finds a certain number of purchasers in America, where so far, roughly calculated, as many hundreds of copies have been sent and sold as there have been thousands sold here. Can you not, therefore—for this is the point I wanted to urge—do something to stimulate the sale there still further?"

"Possibly," said the publisher. "But just consider whether that would be wise, from a business point of view. The book seems to be much appreciated in this country, and therefore we have been able to dispose, as you say, of a certain number of copies in America. But, if once the impression arose there that the book is what in trade parlance is called a great success with the English reading public, it would at once be pirated, and we should be able to dispose of no more copies to American readers. As soon as it was believed that there is 'money in it,' it would at once be reprinted there, and your share in that money would be reduced to nil. As it is, you will receive something, at least, from the sales in America."

From which it appears that under the above circumstances—which could arise in connection with no European country—an author may find that it is directly against his interest to bring his book prominently before a public eager to read it.

The New Battle of Dorking, by a writer whose name is represented on the title-page by a row of six asterisks, is like the old *Battle of Dorking* in its aim to arouse Englishmen to a sense of the danger of a French invasion.

There are three months in every year—July, August, September—during which the French army is fit for immediate warfare. And every year during these months there is a constantly recurring probability of a surprise raid on London by the 120,000 men whom they could without difficulty put on board ship, land in England, and march to within a dozen miles of London in less than three days from receipt of the order to move.

The story tells how a French army landed at Horsham, after a torpedo attack on Portsmouth, while the Channel Fleet was off the Irish coast. An immediate advance to London was met with fair promptitude by the volunteers and reserves. After terrible bloodshed in Surrey, and panic in London, the French army surrendered. But a new necessity to defeat France on her own soil, and quench her passion for revenge, was created, with corresponding needs for army reform. The writer is strongly opposed to those "humanitarian" methods in war which endanger results by excessive economy in human lives. He does not believe in "extended order" except in skirmishing. In battle he advocates "the decisive, rapid advance, ending in the relentless bayonet attack, when having located your enemy's position it is absolutely necessary to shift him bodily out of it. Our fellows did this the other day in those two wonderful bayonet duels with the French near Dorking and at Chaldon." Larger lessons are enforced.

MR. DONNELLY is ever with us. War cannot stale, nor Presidential elections wither, the infinite variety of his attacks on Shakespeare. Mr. Donnelly is now Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. But neither Populism nor popularity can turn him from his purpose of inducing us to spell Shakespeare's name B-a-c-o-n. He now tells us that the very inscription on Shakespeare's tomb bears witness against his authorship of the plays. Mr. L. F. Austin makes short and sanguinary work of this suggestion in the *Illustrated London News*:

He [Mr. Donnelly] applies to the rhymes that served so well to frighten illicit bone-disturbers the test of what he calls Bacon's secret cypher. This produces the disclosure that "Francis Bacon wrote the Marlowe, Greene, and Shakspeare plays." . . . Mr. Donnelly must have expected more than this. If in the intervals of writing the works that bear his illustrious name, and of discharging the duties of a somewhat laborious office in the State, Bacon could find time to write Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Greene, I see no reason why he should not have written Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—in short, the whole Elizabethan drama. Nothing in the shape of toil is impossible to such a prodigy. Not only did he pile Pelion on Ossa by writing Shakspeare, but with sheer wanton riot of intellect he introduced the cryptogram into the plays for the Populist candidate to find out. Whilst his imagination was in the throes of "Lear," "Hamlet," and what not, his historical conscience was penning a veracious narrative of the life and times of Elizabeth, and interweaving it with the blank verse. The Baconian theorists say it is incredible that a man of Shakspeare's education could have written his poetry; but they offer us in their imaginary Bacon the most astounding miracle in human history.

APROPOS of our recent remarks on the clashing of novel titles, the following statement is interesting. It appears on a slip of pink paper in a book of two stories, by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs, entitled *Before Good Night* and *From Door to Door*, the second story being a sequel to the first:

The author regrets that the similar title of this sequel-story to that of Mr. Capes's lately published book has arisen by one of those accidents of coincidence which need only to be acknowledged to be understood. Mr. Capes had inadvertently adopted the identical title used in a serial story by the author of *Before Good Night*, and it was not brought to his notice until his novel was published and reviewed. The author of this version of *From Door to Door*, while fully exonerating Mr. Capes, cannot surrender his title.

MR. HEINEMANN has in preparation a series of translations of the novels of Matilde Serao, to be published uniform with the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the first volume to appear in the autumn.

OWING to pressure on our space we have been unable to quote so many verses in the "Things Seen" (metrical) competition as we could have wished. We shall quote a few others next week.

Bibliographical.

THE continued vitality of the late Mrs. Edwardes's story, *Ought We to Visit Her?* is shown in the fact that Messrs. Macmillan have just reissued it in two-shilling form. It is by this novel and by *Archie Lovell* that Mrs. Edwardes in all probability will be remembered. The former had the distinction of being adapted to the stage by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at a time—a quarter of a century ago—when dramatisations of novels were not so frequent or so popular as they are now. Mrs. Edwardes's last published work was posthumous—*A Plaster Saint*, which came out last

year, apparently without the advantage of the author's final revision. It had been preceded in 1890 by *Pearl Powder*, and in 1885 by *A Girton Girl*. Of Mrs. Edwardes's *Leah* and *Susan Fielding* there were new editions as lately as 1899 and 1893, but they have been outdistanced in popularity by *Archie Lovell*. In *Ought We to Visit Her?* we have, no doubt, the survival of the fittest.

"Bibliographers of Thackeray," wrote Mr. F. G. Kitton in last week's *Literature*, "are apparently unaware of the fact that the author of *Vanity Fair*, in his early days, was responsible for the libretto of a little musical opera called 'The Mountain Sylph,' first performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre on Monday, August 25, 1834." I beg Mr. Kitton's pardon. If the bibliographers of the author of *Vanity Fair* do not ascribe to him the authorship of the libretto of "The Mountain Sylph," it is simply because he has no claim thereto. The said libretto was the work, not of W. M. Thackeray, but of T. J. Thackeray, his cousin, some references to whom may be found in Planché's *Recollections*. The two Thackerays have frequently been confounded in regard to theatrical productions, but it is really high time that the truth prevailed. No dramatic work by W. M. Thackeray was ever performed in public, whereas T. J. Thackeray made several appearances of that sort, in addition to "The Mountain Sylph."

I see it stated that along with the text of *The Mesmerist*, a new novel by Mr. B. L. Farjeon, will be published that of a play which Mr. Farjeon has himself based upon the story—"for the purpose of forestalling any raids that may be made upon it for theatrical purposes." I doubt very much if the said raids will have been successfully averted by this latest device of the self-defending novelist. The decision in the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* case appears to render it possible for any raider to annex the entire plot and characters of *The Mesmerist*, and make them into a play, so long as he does not use any of Mr. Farjeon's dialogue. Even Mr. Farjeon's title, I believe, could be taken by anyone sufficiently unprincipled. I do not think it has been used as a play-title, and it would, therefore, be proportionately valuable.

Talking of printed plays, that sort of literary product is becoming quite familiar. It was only the other day that Mr. Haddon Chambers followed in the wake of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, by giving to the world the text of his comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears." Of course, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero did but follow the example of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, most of whose dramas have attained the dignity of print. (He has refrained, by the way, from including his burlesques of opera—"Dulcamara," "The Pretty Druidess," and so forth—in his volumes of plays.) But, in truth, the extent of printed plays is very considerable—the dramas of Westland Marston, the comedies of T. W. Robertson, the plays of Knowles and Lytton and so on, being all accessible in volume form. Then, what a mine of dramatic matter is to be found in the current list of Mr. French's publications!

It is understood that the *Two Stage Plays* of Lucy Snowe, announced by Mr. Heinemann, have never been offered to managers for stage representation. They are called "Denzil Herbert's Atonement" and "Bondage." If the latter piece had been accepted for production, the title would probably have had to be changed, for a play called "Bondage" was performed in London in 1883, and the proprietor thereof might claim priority of choice. The title of Lucy Snowe's other play is not likely to be challenged.

In reply to a correspondent, I may mention that Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Confession* was published by the Modern Press in 1886 (price one shilling), and that a revised edition of it appeared in 1889. Mr. Shaw's *Unsocial Socialist* appeared in 1887 (six shillings) and in 1888 (two shillings).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Grant Allen.

Grant Allen. By Edward Clodd. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

TAINÉ says somewhere that a certain philosopher secured for himself the devotion of the British public by discovering the English God in the sacred writings of the Hindoos. Though gifted beyond most men, and catching at times glimpses of profound truths, Grant Allen made no discoveries of this type; quite the reverse.

To accept nothing unless it commended itself to his own reason and conscience was Grant Allen's fixed and invariable rule, and as that is not the way of the world he came sharply into collision with much that is dear to the orthodox heart. He hated shams and conventions, and he took every opportunity of saying so. He disliked those vulgar superstitions which usurp the name of religion, and he was at times outspoken in declaring his preference for a religion of essentials—truth, justice, pity, love, gratitude and sympathy. He hated war and everything leading to it. Napier, "Peninsular War Napier," declared that soldiers were licensed murderers; but Grant Allen dispensed with qualifications, and bluntly avowed his belief that military enthusiasm meant enthusiasm for killing people. He was an evolutionist, not of the limited, but of the unlimited kind; and he believed in the orderly unfolding of everything from cosmic dust to man, body and soul. He wrote a book on *The Evolution of God*, and was with difficulty persuaded to modify the title to *The Evolution of the Idea of God*; but even the modified title was all too shocking for the British public; albeit that it had the approval and had, in fact, been suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Finally, he unbosomed himself on the relations of the sexes in *The Woman Who Did*.

Obviously, Grant Allen needs a biographer who sympathised with him, and who can put him right with the court of appeal—the coming generations. And the majority of people who take an interest in the matter will be of opinion that Mr. Edward Clodd is eminently well suited to accomplish this task. Mr. Clodd is an evolutionist; he understands the work accomplished by the pioneers of the doctrine and, as he tells us himself, he enjoyed Grant Allen's friendship for well nigh twenty-eight years. Besides, he had something to pour into the ear of the public of potent effect with the vast majority of folks—to wit, a deeply pathetic tale, and on a scaffolding of deep feeling he could have erected a solid edifice of reason. For Grant Allen's life was charged with tragic interest. After a period of sunshine in the land of his birth—Canada—and at Dieppe and Birmingham, he matriculated at Merton College, Oxford. While at Oxford changes occurred in family circumstances and he was thrown on his own efforts, and from that time till his death he never knew the peace which comes from possessing a good banker's balance—a peace which truly passeth all understanding—and he was never wholly free from some measure of anxiety about financial ways and means. He had one bit of good luck in being appointed a professor at the Government College in Jamaica, but that only lasted three years, and was a mere passing glimpse of the comfortable side of life. He had to live by his pen, and he soon learned that living by his pen, in the regions he was specially equipped for—namely, science and philosophy—meant starvation. Then he tried his hand at every branch of literature, and displayed a versatility which was truly marvellous. He achieved success; he became a known man, and commissions poured in. But success came too late. He had been constantly thinking, planning and scheming to produce wares to catch the literary market, and this ceaseless mental activity and worry wore him out, and cut short his life at a compara-

tively early age. He was never robust, and his burden was too much for him.

"What place is to be assigned to this versatile well-equipped worker?" Mr. Clodd asks this question in his closing pages; but he contents himself with some melancholy reflections about the short memory man has except for the few immortals, and leaves the answer to his question to time. He forgets that it was his bounden duty to assign a place to this hero and martyr, and to help time to form a correct verdict about him. We must say frankly that we expected much from Mr. Clodd; we thought him the right man for the task he had undertaken; but we must with equal frankness declare that we finished his book with feelings of utter disappointment. He has given us many good things—letters and sketches by Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Prof. Powell, and Miss Bird (sister of Dr. George Bird), but he has relied too much on the good things supplied to him by others. His connecting narrative is at times singularly weak. He is apt enough about Grant Allen's ancestry, his "grand forebears o' auld lang syne," and he gives us a good background from which to trace this gifted man's physical and mental constitution. But there is another background even more important than that of the family—namely, one of the social and intellectual antecedents of our time, so as to enable us and those who come after us to understand exactly where Allen took up "the burden and the lesson," and what he has actually accomplished as a pioneer of evolution. Grant Allen himself thought he had done something for evolution, his dying words to his son being: "I want no memorial over my remains. Tell those who care for anything that I may have done to buy a copy of *Forces and Energy*." But the evolution he did something for was the Spencerian form of that doctrine, and that form has never kindled in Mr. Clodd the enthusiasm of an adherent.

Mr. Clodd's method, or rather want of method, is glaringly evidenced in his bibliography of the writings of Grant Allen. The bibliography is a complete misnomer. The writings are given in chronological order, which would be all very well for an author who kept to a definite pathway, and to whom dates were of consequence in order to establish his claims to originality. But Grant Allen did not keep to a definite pathway, but was philosopher, naturalist, physicist, historian, poet, novelist, essayist, and critic. The efforts of a many-sided man like him ought not to have been given indiscriminately according to dates, but should have been tabulated according to subject-matter, and the tabulation should have been done in such a way as to show a definite purpose and a definite unfolding of a distinctive gospel. The bibliography is limited to writings published in book form, and it is well that that limitation is distinctly stated, otherwise we should have been obliged to mention several omissions.

The Spencer-Allen correspondence forms the most interesting and, at the same time, the most valuable portion of the book. The letters are, however, given in chronological order, and are consequently scattered throughout the volume. In adopting this method Mr. Clodd allows an opportunity to escape him of doing a signal piece of service to two distinguished men. Mr. Clodd contents himself with saying that Grant Allen made an early profession of the faith as it is in Herbert Spencer, and that, with some modifications hardly affecting the fundamentals of that faith, his attitude remained unchanged to the end. This would be all very well were Mr. Clodd writing for philosophers; but as he was writing for the public, and the public, according to Lord Beaconsfield, are largely doctored with nonsense, and much require books which refute that nonsense, a very different statement was called for. Grant Allen diverged from Mr. Spencer on three points. The public were told that Mr. Spencer keenly resented the modified falling-off in his gifted adherent,

and showed his resentment in such a way that, had it been true, would have reflected lasting discredit on that philosopher. But it turns out that the public have been misinformed, and that from first to last, for a period extending to a quarter of a century, there existed unclouded friendship between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen. Only in one letter does Grant Allen put in a very mild *caveat* for his way of looking at the land question, which probably caused Mr. Spencer to smile and reflect on the Celtic form of Grant Allen's hereditary make-up. Mr. Spencer's letters are charmingly written, and his epistolary touch has a freshness about it that reminds one of Hume's playful style of addressing friends. Clearly this correspondence ought to have had separate treatment, so as to enable readers to understand the exact nature of Allen's divergences, and adequately to appreciate the solid ground he occupied in common with Mr. Spencer, while the devoted friendship of the two ought to have been specially emphasised. But in this as in the other instances we have mentioned Mr. Clodd gives his readers no assistance whatever.

The Byron of Tinsel and Splendours.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.—*Poetry*. Vol. III. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. (John Murray.)

THIS volume of the new Murray Byron deals principally with the Eastern tales—the "Giaour," the "Corsair," ending feebly with the "Siege of Corinth," "Parisina," and the "Bride of Abydos." Among its many illustrations is a strikingly beautiful drawing of Augusta Leigh, Byron's beloved half-sister, beautiful as regards the face presented. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge here, as always, fulfils his work of editor and commentator with quiet thoroughness, though he has no new matter to lay before the public.

"The whirligig of time brings about its revenges," but never a stranger one than that which makes the descendant of Coleridge a leader in the rearguard fight that covers the retreat of Byron's reputation; Byron, who damned Coleridge with imperceptive condescension conceiting itself praise (the adolescent satire of "English Bards" should not be laid to his count). Coleridge, on his side, was not Byron-bitten. But all this is nothing to the gulf between the most perfected (though, alas! most capricious) inspiration of that day and the most tinsel splendours in English poetry. Nothing more antithetic in heredity could happen, unless a descendant of Byron should approve himself a poet. Mr. Coleridge has the task of defending Byron's most Byronic poems (which are far from equivalent to Byron's best poems). His tactics involve him in certain dashing advances of principle, which are magnificent, but are they criticism? They come in such a questionable shape that some will challenge them. We must, he says, assimilate ourselves to Byron's accidents of environment. "Unless we are ourselves saturated with his thought and style, unless we learn to breathe his atmosphere by reading the books which he read, picturing to ourselves the scenes which he saw—unless we aspire to his ideals and suffer his limitations, *we are in no way entitled to judge his poems, whether they be good or bad.*" In other words (though Mr. Coleridge may not intend it, may not realise his own contention), poetry is to be judged by what is impermanent, transitory, of the hour, not by what is permanent, what remains when the *detritus*, loosened from immediately circumjacent interests, has been precipitated in the on-flow of the stream. Wagner (who was more than solely a musician) maintained that the value of any masterpiece, in whatsoever form of art, was precisely to be gauged by that in it which survived unsubmerged, indestructible, after the temporary and accidental had been borne under by time. The musician here was surely the sounder critic. Because these poems, not in detail but integrally, are unvital and moth-eaten unless you contemporise yourself (pardon the

coinage) with Byron, they lack that unsubmergible essential quality which belongs to all true poetry. Poetry is a lifeboat; overset for the moment by the rough seas of time, it finally rights itself through its own structural buoyancy. That is the case with some verse (scarce or seldom poetry) in Byron, but not with this. His contemporaries (says Mr. Coleridge) "being undisturbed by ethical or grammatical or metrical offences, . . . understood enough of what they read to be touched by their vitality, to realise their verisimilitude." But vitality, verisimilitude, is precisely what we feel lacking in these "Giaours" and "Corsairs." As for the metrical offence, it is not a thing of technical detail, incidental and unconsidered lapse; it is an organic disease, a congenital weakness, one with the very flesh of the poetry. "Bold and rapid and yet exact presentments of the 'gorgeous East'" Mr. Coleridge finds in these Oriental poems. Their exactitude is a traveller's trick of "local colour," superficial enough; but where is the soul of the East? It is not in them. They are Western melodrama, in "correct costume," taken from Byron's notes of Turkish travel.

For their style, it is beguiling enough to make us wonder they are not still popular. Take a not undeservedly celebrated passage:

He who bath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last of Danger and Distress,
(Before Decay's defacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of Repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fies not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power.
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Here is the loveliness in death.
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!

Eloquence here treads illuively close on the heels of poetry, almost overtakes it in "Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" &c. So with some of the descriptions: we have to collect ourselves before we discern that (as an excellent critic once put it) they are not paintings, but oleographs. For the minor poems, you will find that typical Byronism,

Fare thee well, and if for ever, &c.

Byron related how he wrote it with the tears dropping on the page, and so forth. But on what is obviously the original (Mr. Coleridge confesses) there is no trace of these tears which once excited the lachrymal glands of so many English schoolgirls—though there is of elaborate corrections and erasures. Byron's evil genius moved him to head it by the exquisite lines of Coleridge on broken friendship; that all succeeding generations might have a monumental collocation of the false and the true. For the immortal Byron we await a future volume, with "Don Juan," "Beppo," and the "Vision of Judgment." That is the Byron of profuse and surprising genius.

The Spirit of Paris.

Paris. By Hilaire Belloc. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is neither a history nor a topography, or it is both in a personal, eclectic way. That it may not be read on a wrong mental plane, Mr. Belloc explains exactly how he came to write it. Loving Paris, and *feeling* Paris, he desired, as a man must who "has felt keenly the modern impression of a place he loves," to know "its changing past, the nature and experience that it draws from the centuries, and the platform upon which there can be constructed some little of that future he will never see." And so Mr. Belloc began to read books and gather old prints. He allowed Paris to possess him more than ever, until at last he "shaped the city's legend" into nine long chapters of appreciation of the past of Paris, seen through its present. This mingling of past and present is raised to a sort of luxury that is the main charm of the book. The author has, indeed, no more serious aim than to bulwark his day-dreams, and justify his veneration. To do this he uses the suitable and suggestive facts, and leaves the others gloriously alone. Hence this is the very last book in which to seek a first acquaintance with the history and character of Paris. It is neither a text-book nor a laborious history. It is a personal appreciation, often learned with the learning of formal accounts, but wayward in its own operations. Criticism has little to do with the plan of the work or the authenticity of its details. We can ask whether imagination, insight, and sensitiveness are brought to the contemplation of Paris old and new, and whether a book so little set on formal narrative has style and intuition. With a few reservations, to be noted, we can say that these virtues, so necessary to such a book, are here. Still, the book is not quite right. It would have been improved by division into detached essays (instead of chapters), with some corresponding changes of treatment, and by the rejection of enough of its heavier material to reduce its 476 pages to about 350 pages. The book is something too solid, a little stiff and forbidding to weak brethren. Its Table of Contents wants fancy and allure-ment; it does but promise a procession through "Lutetia," "Paris in the Dark Ages," "The Early Middle Ages," "The Later Middle Ages," &c., &c., whereas Mr. Belloc is not writing that kind of book. It is a book of felicitous generalisations, interpretations, and associations. Take this about the Paris students:

They keep it fresh with a laughter that is lacking in the centres of the modern world, and they supply it with a frank criticism bordering on intellectual revolt, which is the self-satisfaction of less fortunate capitals, mere seaports, or military centres, fatally ignores. The young men, from their high attic windows on the Hill, interpret her horizons; and, as they grow to fill the places of the old, such a youth helps them to keep the city worthy of the impressions with which she delighted their twentieth year.

We are not going to follow Mr. Belloc through a work which is interesting for its spirit rather than its performance. We will be as eclectic as himself, and remark that the dim weird Paris of the later Middle Ages has a real lodgment in his dreams, and is not weakly projected in sentences like these:

Paris, whose mind was changing, yet kept her form. Had you passed through Paris in the night in one of those winters you would have had everywhere about you the narrow mystery of Gothic streets. The houses, overhanging and timbered, would have hidden the sky, and the spirit in which Europe had attempted to reach heaven would still be mournfully with you in decay. You would have seen spires beyond the roofs, and here and there the despairing beauty of the flamboyant in its last effort, the jutting carved windows of the rich, or the special accretion of porches at St. Jacques or at the Auxerrois. . . . All those who have well described the end of the Paris of St. Louis have made their descriptions fall in with the

spirit of night. Victor Hugo shows you Paris moonlit in the snow from the towers of Notre Dame; its little winding streets like streams of black water in breaking ice, its infinite variety of ornament catching the flakes that had fallen. Stevenson shows you Paris moonlit in the snow from the eyes of Poor Villon wandering after the murder, and afraid of wolves and of the power of the king.

One more quotation. We recognise the truth of this lingering farewell passage—this summary of Paris when Paris is known.

All the streets are noisy with an infinite past; the unexpected turnings of old streets, the reveries that hang round the last of the colleges and that haunt the wonderful Hill are but a little obvious increment to that inspiring crowd of the dead; the men of our blood and our experience who built us up, and of whom we are but the last and momentary heirs, handing on to others a tradition to which we have added very little indeed. Paris rises around any man who knows her; her streets are changing things, her stones are like the clothes of a man; more real than any present aspect she may carry, the illimitable company of history peoples her, and it is in their ready speech and communion that the city takes on its dignity. This is the reading of that perplexity which all have felt, of that unquiet suggestion which hangs about the autumn trees and follows the fresh winds along the Seine; the riddle of her winter evenings and of the faces that come on one out of the dark in the lanes of the Latin quarter. She is ourselves; and we are only the film and edge of an unnumbered past. There is nothing modern in those fresh streets. The common square of the Innocents is a dust of graves and a meeting place for the dead; the Danse Macabre was too much of a creation to pass at the mere falling of the wall. The most recent of the ornaments make a kind of tabernacle for the memories of the town—Etienne Marcel before his Hôtel de Ville, Charlemagne before the Cathedral. The Place de la Concorde is not a crossing of roads for the rich, it is the death-scene of the Girondins; the vague space about the Madeleine is not only a foreground for the church, it is also the tomb of the Capetians. Wherever the town has kept a part of her older garment—in the Cathedral, in the Palais, in Ste. Chapelle—you may mix with all the centuries.

This and the preceding passages will show that Mr. Belloc has written *Paris* with the brilliant pen that wrote *Danton*. But we must express our opinion that the book before us is poised somewhat awkwardly between the essayist's sphere and the historian's. It is lavish of generalisations which demand rather than win acceptance. A certain fatigue overtakes the reader, who remembers that he was told to expect a book of private interpretations and finds often a solidity proper to a book of general usefulness. Facts are too allusively handled, and the reader looks round for a text-book to aid him. In short, Mr. Belloc seems sometimes to forget his part, and become strenuous. The book does not strike a clear note. But it is full of educated thought; it opens and shuts many doors to learning, and in its pages knowledge and sentiment meet and say fine things.

The Red Rags of Politics.

An Introduction to English Politics. By John M. Robertson. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book contains five hundred pages of humdrum, indifferent journalism and two pages of fine prose. The journalism is speckled with hideous verbs, such as "to subsume," and still more adjectives, of which "viable" and "demotic" are the least objectionable. Purity of language, grace, energy, and imaginativeness distinguish the small oasis of good writing to be found on pp. 500 and 501. In it the author describes the intolerable disappointment generated by his studies of history, where the known and the unknown alike appear to be only "fruitless, purposeless moments in some vast eternal dream." Through æons of time "morning and evening wove their sad and splendid pageantries" above a moiling race of men who,

in Mr. Robertson's estimation, have acted with extreme folly; so that the record would fill one with despair but for the hope that in the future "social science," working with the weapons of reason and persuasion, will effect a transformation. A slender consolation to temper a judgment so pessimistic! It makes one ask if the reading can be correct, the conclusions wisely drawn.

There is a personal question not without bearing on the wider one. Our moralist, in a too brief passage, affords proof of rare mental qualities—insight, poetry, thought, passion. In toiling through the annals of Rome, Greece, Spain, Belgium, and so on, he is dull and prosy, his language a jargon; he writes like one out of his *métier*. Analysis, going a little deeper, finds further reasons for distrusting him as a political guide. The subject is so apt to engender controversy and attract prejudice, that it ought, in the first place, to be presented impartially; secondly, with more light than heat; and, thirdly, in a form as clear, definite, and concrete as possible. Mr. Robertson begins with a vague definition. "Politics," he says, "is the strife of wills on the ground of social action. As international politics is the scene of the strifes and compromises of States, so home politics is the scene of the strifes and compromises of classes, interests, factions, sects, theorists." As will be noticed, there is no etymological relationship between the word and this interpretation. Compare the latter with the opening sentence of Mr. Jenks in his exceptionally able *Short History of Politics*: "By politics we mean the business of government—that is to say, the control and management of people living together in a society"—a meaning at once practical and scholarly. The object of Mr. Robertson's survey of the politics of the past is to obtain guidance for the future. We do not hesitate to say that he ought to have done it in the dry, hard manner of a shopkeeper taking stock and surveying his past transactions.

War is a red rag to Mr. Robertson; another red rag to Mr. Robertson is patriotism. He is no believer in dying nations, but appears to think that race is nothing; that not proclivity, but suitable conditions, made antique Greece artistic, Rome a conqueror, England a coloniser. But the analogy of nature is against him. Tribes of birds and beasts and insects grow and die as if they had a corporate individuality. They differ immensely, too, in their potentialities, and it would be easy to show that among them are races that are as expanding and aggressive as Russia is; others are in decay, as is the case with China and Spain. The most unsatisfactory feature of Mr. Robertson's book is that it does not introduce us to the issues now being shaped. It is a *résumé* of dead controversies, a mumbing of the remainder biscuit. On a thousand points he is ready to fight, but why wrangle over the past? Those dead empires that he cites as warnings for England were different. They were, so to speak, advance guards thrown forward before the great army of mankind. But the whole world has now made progress, so that as pioneers we are not more than a handbreadth in front. And the points of interest to-day are not in the past, but in the future. The end of the century, by a curious coincidence, sees the end of many movements. Most of its luminaries achieved their aim. Free Trade rewarded Bright and Cobden, universal education followed on the steps of Forster, manhood suffrage has practically been adopted, and the early Victorian Chartists are justified. Mr. Gladstone's work lives in the well-arranged taxation, the financial prosperity of the country. Yet all these are but preparation and equipment for another onward rush. Parliament, political discussion, politics generally, are dull and stale just because they are still wrangling over the dry bones—the fresh, bright movements of the coming years are only felt by a few thinkers. But Mr. Robertson has not grasped the situation; his eyes are all on four red rags—Religion, War, Patriotism, Imperialism—and they see neither around nor beyond.

A Prophet of National Life.

Charles Henry Pearson: Memorials by Himself, his Wife, and his Friends. Edited by William Stebbing. (Longmans.)

THE author of *National Life and Character* was born at Islington Church Missionary College, of which his father was principal. The early years of his life were passed in a grey atmosphere of rigorism into which a Bible Society meeting threw occasionally a gleam of sunshine. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" the little boy was once heard to moan; and it is not easy to confine the scope of the lament to the physical pain which was its immediate occasion.

At the age of six, in accordance with the rule of the house—he was one of an innumerable brood—he was introduced to the Latin Grammar; and he was sent to Rugby the year after the death of Arnold, whom Dr. Tait had succeeded. It is from his own unfinished "Story of my Life" that we learn the impression that those days left upon his mind. In spite of a half-smothered kindness for the traditional system of English education—"the best in the world and very bad," as Talleyrand called it—he is alive to its faults, and particularly to the neglect of modern languages and mathematics. There is a picture of the present First Lord of the Admiralty, who had lately come back from a preparatory school at Meiningen, surrounded by a group in the quadrangle, and invited, at the critical moment before the weekly German lesson, to give a swift and sound rendering of the day's task. So much for Arnold's boasted reforms in that matter. As to the beneficial consequences of Arnold's system of moral influence, Pearson evidently was inclined to be sceptical. One gathers that in his judgment the Rugby men of that generation were neither better nor worse than men from other public schools, only more self-conscious. The four years he spent there he considered in a great measure wasted, though he read all the books in the school library, and learned to write correct Latin verses at the rate of fifty an hour. Among his contemporaries were Waddington, afterwards Foreign Minister of the French Republic; Lawrence, the author of *Guy Livingstone*; and John Conington. Bonamy Price was one of his masters, another was Congreve, the disciple of Comte, and the founder in England of the church which has been described as consisting of "three persons and no God."

In 1847, having been removed by the headmaster's request as unmanageable, he was sent to King's College, London, to which, says he, "I owe everything that can be derived from a place of education." While there, on the occasion of the Chartist danger he shouldered his constable's staff like a man, and incidentally laid seeds of lung mischief which in the end was fatal. In the midst of his lectures and studies at King's College he found no opportunity for the study of mathematics; so that when it was time for him to proceed to Cambridge he was able joyfully to point out that his acquirements in this branch of study were hopelessly defective. There was nothing for it but to send him to Oxford, and a place was found for him on the books of Oriol.

But Oriol was not in good form: the discipline was lax, the moral tone was low, the lectures were poor. Men like Pearson and the present Bishop of Lincoln were forced to withdraw themselves in a measure from the society of the college. Election to a scholarship at Exeter transferred him to a more congenial sphere.

Its principal figure at this time was the sub-rector, William Sewell, whom, although at one time he had been looked upon as a possible rival of Newman, Pearson seems to have regarded with such scorn as only an undergraduate is capable of. Indeed, the man was by that time pretty generally discredited: *Suculus*—*Little Pig*—they named him, because he would not go the whole hog. For the sake of Grant Duff's daring, but perfectly pertinent, parody of an amateurish misstatement of a sound argument im-

perfectly understood, we transcribe here an incident related by Pearson :

On one occasion Sewall contrived to diverge from some classical text into a justification of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. "I dare say you think it very strange that God should condemn a man to eternal torments; to the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched; to the fellowship of the bad for all time; to the horrible companionship of his own thoughts, simply because he hasn't believed certain abstruse dogmas, which perhaps were presented to him in such a way as to revolt his natural feelings, which, perhaps, he never heard of. But just consider. If anyone writes to us and misspells our name, or designates us by a title inferior to what we may claim, are we not very angry with him? And, arguing from the creature to the Creator, shall we not suppose that God will be much more angry with those who confound or refuse to recognise His attributes?" "If the creature is a fool, what must the Creator be?" was Grant Duff's pithy comment.

Pearson gained his first class in 1852, and two years later was elected a fellow of his former college. Then came the question of a profession. He had scruples about taking Orders; and on the surely rather hollow ground that "the better the advocate is the worse is the chance of justice being done," doubted the morality of the legal profession. So, "hungry for facts after the dry husks of scholastic logic and metaphysics," he took to medicine. Then his old love, King's College, called him to a professorial chair, and finally to the chair of modern history, during his occupancy of which he writes: "I am afraid in one or two instances an emulous or delicate student really died of excessive mental strain."

His career as a journalist began in 1856 with a review of Miss Strickland's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, which he contributed to the *Saturday*. Thenceforward he wrote regularly for that paper till 1859, when he found himself out of touch with it on the question of Italian Unity. Afterwards he worked for the *Spectator*, and in 1862 succeeded Hutton as editor of the *National Review*. His sketches of colleagues and rivals during this season are by no means the least entertaining part of his personal narrative. But the strange thing is this half-blind dandiacal dyspeptic, this meditator and self-communer, this winner of poetical competitions on set subjects, this churner of elegiacs, should have been all the time athirst for savagery. Europe he knew; the Antipodes called him—whither, before the end of the next century, it was his prophecy the centre of fashionable society shall be transferred. Of his life there as farmer, as politician, and as educational reformer we have left ourselves no space to speak, having preferred to confine ourselves to the sprightly and simple "Story of my Life," which is the principal charm of the book. But for the convention which would seem to regard compression and conciseness as an insult to the defunct, we should be inclined to doubt the wisdom of printing at length the appreciations of friends which fill a quarter of the volume.

On religious questions he seems never to have thought to a conclusion, and the things he is reported from time to time to have said do not rise above the level of commonplace.

Literary Hampstead.

Sweet Hampstead and its Associations. By Caroline A. White. (Eliot Stock.)

MRS. WHITE is in her eighty-ninth year, and her memories of Hampstead are as vivid as they are long-reaching. Accustomed during a great part of her life to "coin her brain for drachmas," she now dedicates the last of her strength and talent to the place she has loved longest.

No writer can read untouched her quotation of a sixteenth century poet :

Now cease my lute : this is the laste
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun :
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I am done.

A tender, truthful book is the result—the book of a dear old lady. The sweetness of many summers seems to be gathered into its pages. We are in the lovely hill-suburb that sees London on one side and England on the other; that has heard Shelley shout like a boy in his poetic glee, and has seen Constable's eye grow dim with rapture as he looked at St. Paul's from his bower, or watched a rain-cloud pass over fir and hillock and gleaming gorse. In nearly four hundred pages of lingering gossip Mrs. White takes us through all the Hampsteads (for there are many), and the air seems always murmurous with new songs of Nature or old talk of men. With eighteenth-century Hampstead Mrs. White is thoroughly well acquainted. And while, in her pages, we follow Steele and Addison, Arbuthnot and Gay, Romney and Mme. D'Arblay, in and out of the old sunny intricate streets and lanes, we know them the better because Mrs. White can recall a Hampstead so like to theirs. Even forty years ago the place wore a stationary calm.

Then Hampstead was a street of village shops upon the slope of the hill, with a broken sky-line of red-roofed, one-storied, brown-brick or weather-boarded houses, with small windows, often glazed with glass that darkened light. Some of the shops had still hanging shutters and open shop-boards, and many of them half-hatch doors, a few of which, with a fine vein of what was called independence, were comfortably bolted against all comers during meal-times.

In nothing has Hampstead more changed than its outskirts and approaches. Its heart of warm red brick and loamy gardens endures well; but Mrs. White can tell you of a time when the South End, now a congerie of third-rate streets, was a little hamlet of red-roofed houses embosomed in green trees, and when the Conduit Fields and Shepherd's Well might be enjoyed where Fitzjohn's-avenue and its tributaries now spread their villas. Here is a picture of old Haverstock Hill :

As recently as 1859 the road to Hampstead was a charming one, especially if one drove there; for there you had the advantage of seeing beyond and above the pedestrian. No sooner did you cross the Canal Bridge than your pleasure in the prospects began. Leaving Chalk Farm on the left, where in some one or other of the effaced fields Tom Moore and Jeffrey (afterwards Lord Jeffrey) met to fight their intercepted duel, and Primrose or Barrow Hill, in a ditch on the south side of which (1678) the body of the murdered Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was found . . . and upon the summit of which, with sublimated vision, William Blake, *pictor ignotus*, saw the spiritual sun, "not like a golden disc the size of a guinea," but like an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"

If we turn to the Hampstead humanities, whom shall we select? Mrs. White delights in Leigh Hunt, in Constable, and in Erskine—in a hundred others. There is something about the old Lord Chancellor that rivets attention. His residence, Erskine House, is familiar to all who know the Spaniard's Inn and the Spaniard's-road. The house and grounds had not much to commend them to a Lord Chancellor, but Erskine found their possibilities of improvement delightful. His garden lay on the opposite side of the road, and was reached from the house by a subway. To-day the garden is incorporated in the grounds of Mansfield House. Here Erskine, after his labours at Westminster, worked with his gardener, planting so diligently that the place was soon named Evergreen Hill. In the neighbourhood he was known as an amiable man,

who loved flowers; though a Hampstead donkey-driver, whom Erskine found ill-treating his animal, had reason to remember little more of his lordship than his stick, which was laid on his back in righteous wrath. Burke came to see Erskine at Hampstead after a long estrangement, and said to him: "Come, Erskine, let us forget all. I shall soon quit this stage, and wish to die in peace with everybody, especially you." When, presently, they took a turn round the grounds, Burke could not resist a kindly sarcasm. As they emerged from the tunnel before mentioned, all the beauty of Ken Wood, Lord Mansfield's, and the distant country, burst upon him. "Oh," said Burke, "this is just the place for a reformer. All the beauties are beyond your reach. You cannot destroy them." It quite spoils the Erskine idyll to know that after the death of his wife, in 1805, he returned to London, lived in Pimlico, and married again.

Close by Erskine House, Collins's Farm, now called Tooley's Farm, lies in the hollow below the Sandy-road leading to North End. A choicer retreat for a writer or an artist did not exist sixty years ago, and the spot had even then associations of great interest. It

was for successive summers the "sunshine holiday" home of the elder Linnell and his family, who perhaps never worked harder himself when here, and who, being here, drew around him a little company of his brother artists—amongst them Blake, Varley, Flaxman, and Morland. Nearer to our own time Dickens had lodgings here, and wrote, it is said, several chapters of *Bleak House* in this retirement. Lover is also said to have made it his summer quarters on one occasion. . . . It is easy to return from this point to the broad holly hedge opposite Lord Erskine's house. At the end of it is the site (until quite recently) of the most interesting relic that Hampstead retained of what may be called its classic days—the Nine Elms, whose boughs had shaded the favourite resting-place of Pope and Murray (the after owner of Ken Wood, Lord Mansfield).

It is natural that Mrs. White should feel little sympathy with the changes which have come over Hampstead in the last few years. Even the holiday carnivals, to which the Hampstead folk have been reconciled by many years of repetition, have lost some of their picturesqueness. The gipsies are hardly seen there now; and, moreover,

in those far-away times gipsies . . . were not the only picturesque figures to be met with on the Heath. It was no unusual thing to meet with speculative lace-makers from Buckinghamshire, in their short red cloaks, frilled with black lace, and wonderful black bonnets, with cushion and pendent vari-coloured ribbons swinging from it, selling their thread lace to chance customers, and taking orders from others who had learned the value of their wares.

Those of us whose memories of Hampstead go back only fifteen years could name similar losses and regrets. On p. 163 of Mrs. White's book there is a photograph of North End, showing the little hamlet opposite the Bull and Bush inn. The cottage gardens are seen sloping down to the road; almost you catch the scent of their mignonette and sweet-williams. But those cottages are gone, their gardens are a grassy mound; gone are the tea-tables on which cut flowers were generously placed in jars, though they grew on every hand. It was a coign of vantage, whence could be seen all the small stir of the inn. To sit there, and be meditative; to finger a pocket Horace, and murmur, with the precocious melancholy of youth,

Achilles perished in his prime
Tithon was worn away by time,

or some other gnomic exclamation of the Sabine poet—all this hallowed a spot which no villa or grocer's shop or sky-climbing block of flats can hallow. But what are such memories and regrets; and why do we name them in the same page as Mrs. White's? Only that we may claim a place in the great company of those who have loved Hampstead for her best gifts.

Other New Books.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

The "Westminster" series of small biographies, of which this is the first volume, seems to be very well conceived. We have had new editions of standard works in neat pocket formats, but here we have original work presented as daintily as a classic that nobody reads. It seems particularly fortunate that the field chosen for this extension of a popular form of publishing is Biography, for there is no branch of literature that is more in need of fresh sap. We have again and again protested against the portentous size and artistic nullity of the memoir of commerce. The "Westminster" biographies should show that the biographical miniature is a very charming and efficient means of recording a man's traits and achievements.

Mr. Waugh's memoir contains, we should judge, about 25,000 words, and it is divided into eleven short chapters. His treatment of his subject is simple, picturesque, and marked by good taste and proportion. A short biography ought never to look like a big one painfully compressed, and here no such error has been made. Within the limits of a small book there is freedom and leisure. Nor does Mr. Waugh afflict us with advanced or "precious" views of Browning, Bostonian epithets, or fantastic Browning Society elucidations. Indeed, his service to Browning's genius consists partly in his quiet acceptance of him as a classic, not as a curiosity or riddle-making prophet. That is the only right attitude. This book meets Browning in that level highway of literature on which he walks in the footsteps of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Shelley, Tennyson, Dickens, Arnold. In minor matters the book is well managed. Mr. Waugh furnishes a chronology, an adjunct which no biography should be without, and a bibliography which will satisfy all but the most exacting students. Browning's relations to others—to his wife, friends, critics—are carefully noted; and the hum of the literary world is allowed to steal in, as it were, through the poet's windows; so that we see him atmospherically and relatively.

In the following representative passage Mr. Waugh discusses the traditional "obscurity" of Browning in connexion with his traditional "message":

What, then, was the quality in which Browning lay outside the habits of his own time,—the quality which kept him for more than thirty years at work before he began to have anything like a considerable following? It would seem to have been almost entirely a question of *method*, and not a question of thought or "message" at all. Browning's "message" . . . is essentially simple and direct. It is concerned entirely with wide and open problems of life. It may be made to move hand in hand with orthodox religion. It contains nothing to repel or even astonish. It is a necessary part of any spiritual system whatever, of every conceivable school of philosophy which leads anywhere beyond the abyss of despair. But his *method* was another matter. It was new and disturbing, intricate and curious; and it was introduced into poetry at a time when literature, having just recovered from the fervours of the French Revolution, had settled down again into a natural calm, in the pursuit of beauty for its own sake. Now, although the pursuit of the spirit of beauty is implicit in all Browning's work, he had very little care for abstract principles apart from their direct relation to humanity. Mankind, and especially the individual man as the microcosm, was the entire concern of his poetry; and, in order to arrive at the truth of all general principles as they affected man, it was the essence of his method to analyse the emotions of the individual, to dissect the impulse, and from the isolated example to proceed to the generalisation. The method required complexity if it was to be in the least degree effectual; and the complexity demanded concentrated attention in the reader who was to follow it.

Excellent in itself, Mr. Waugh's book recommends the series which it inaugurates. (Kegan Paul.)

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

BY CHARLES HENRY LANE.

Mr. Lane is a well-known fancier, exhibitor, and judge of dogs. His work will be of great value to those interested in dogs with a pedigree. Of each breed he has a few remarks to make of his own, and in the generality of cases he adds thereto an authoritative list of points. The illustrations are pictures of well-known winners, capitally drawn by Mr. Moore. Indeed, his work in this book demonstrates the superiority of the pencil over the camera in delineating animals judged by points. It is seldom, indeed, that a photographer is also a good judge, and if he were it is impossible always to obtain a good picture and at the same time bring out the beauties that appeal to the connoisseur's heart. Mr. Lane has done his work well, but sportsmen should be warned that before all else he is a judge and exhibitor, and therefore does not always show as much attention to the history of a breed as is desirable. Retrievers, for instance, he divides into flat and curly without mentioning the circumstance that the former is a creation of the last forty years or so. Nor does he venture on any criticism of the standard set up by the Kennel Club. For instance, it is very certain that the continual exhibition of deerhounds is tending to make the breed much too fine—merely a greyhound with a rough coat. Here and there, in a country house, one may meet with someone who cultivates the original type of strong, rough dog with a jaw that would make prize-winning impossible—a dog of the mountain and forest; but the average owner, on the look-out for show-bench honours, deliberately breeds away from what used to be needed on heath and forest. We are sorry, too, that so good an authority has not seen fit to make any mention of the rough Scottish greyhound. The truffle-dogs used in Wiltshire are also omitted—we suppose, because they are not often shown; but they have been bred true to type since the days of the Spanish Armada, and quite deserved a place among poodles. If, instead of "All about Dogs," Mr. Lane had chosen for title "A Manual for Dog Exhibitors" little fault could have been found. (Lane.)

IN BIRD-LAND WITH
FIELD GLASS AND CAMERA.

BY OLIVER G. PIKE.

Within the last five years the photography of birds' nests has grown into a popular pastime that is doing much to define and render exact a kind of knowledge that used formerly to be very vague and untrustworthy. Adopting the prevalent fashion, Mr. Pike has produced a pretty and enjoyable volume. His pictures, as might be expected, are not uniformly excellent. The majority are satisfactory—a few, such as the Garden Warbler that serves as frontispiece, are very fine indeed, but in one or two we are forcibly reminded of certain pictorial advertisements that used to adorn the hoardings with "Puzzle, find the Cat," inscribed beneath. "Find the Nightingale" might have been written under the cat on p. 14 and "Find the Duck" on p. 178. Probably the young ornithological student will sigh as he looks for coloured pictures. So many nests and eggs, particularly of small birds, resemble one another so closely that we doubt if specimens could be named from black and white illustrations. Mr. Pike's letterpress is clear and unpretentious. Most of his work has been done in those parts of Middlesex and Hertfordshire that are almost suburban in character, and it is extremely interesting to learn how many forms of wild life may be studied just outside the postal district. But he also describes one or two more distant journeys on his favourite quest, and that to the Norfolk Broads deserves special mention. He and three other naturalists sailed about in a yacht bearing the appropriate name of the *Reed-Bird*, and one result is an account of the Bearded Tit as full and satisfactory as any that we have previously met. But the whole tour is very charmingly described. In the course of the book Mr. Pike animadverts bitterly upon the inroads that "murderous

millinery" is making on our fauna. "At one sale in London that came under my notice," he says, "nine hundred Kingfisher skins were offered besides 265,000 other gay-plumaged birds, and 49,600 ounces of Osprey feathers." Our annual importation of bird-skins amounts to 35,000,000. And, of course, most of them are killed in the breeding season, when plumage is at its best. A sufficient cause of protest, surely! (Unwin.)

Fiction.

Ursula. By K. Douglas King.
(Lane. 6s.)

Ursula is bright and unflagging, but it is none the less a literary mistake. It is one of those pseudo-Russian tales full of passion and treachery, in which one instinctively feels that the choice of locality was due to a convention. Given two pairs of cousins strongly resembling each other, and it is obvious that extraordinary things can happen to them in a Russia manufactured by an English novelist. *Ursula* tells the story herself, and soon strikes the note of fatalism by relating how, as a child, she was "transported" into "the unknown future" and saw "crimson stains" on white stones, and at her feet "a stretched-out figure, still as death." Later on we find that this tragedy is the result of a desperate fight on the premises of a villain distinguished by that eerie suavity which we have learned to associate with the pseudo-Russian of the English novel. Miss King's climax has dignity, for "the stretched-out figure" had laid down his life to save the man he hated for the sake of the woman he loved. *Ursula* was that woman, and, having three lovers and a very high temper, she proved a worthy ally of the melodramatic Norms. The pace of the story is exciting, and the incidents attending the detention of *Ursula* and her escort in the house of the doctor who proposes to murder them have the quality of genuine romance. We may add that *Ursula* discovered the trend of her affections, and that she makes her farewell to the reader from a veritable heaven of domesticity. It would be interesting to have Turgenev's opinion of the structure and characterisation of this novel.

To the Healing of the Sea. By Francis H. Hardy.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

ODDLY enough Mr. Francis Hardy combines in his new novel the sincere but shallow religious sentiment evinced in *The Mills of God* with a brilliant narrative of stock-broking in extraordinary. His plot is of the simplest: a financial genius, Blabon, takes the place in Wall-street of a friend, Livingstone, who by reckless speculation lies under an imminent risk of bankruptcy and dishonour. Suffering as he is from nervous breakdown, Livingstone is persuaded to cross the Atlantic to England for the sake of "the healing of the sea." On the other hand, a beautiful brunette of charitable instincts is persuaded to regard the unfortunate stockbroker as a patient, and to endeavour to take him out of himself. The sentiment of love made him feel acutely the injury sustained by his self-respect during his financial adventures; and indeed a man seldom finds it pleasant to remember that he has appropriated to his own use money which he held in trust. Thereupon Mr. Hardy with questionable fitness vouchsafes him a vision of Him who walked the waves. Furthermore—and here the Optimist casts on him a tolerant eye—he allows his penitent stockbroker to save a life at the peril of his own. Meanwhile astounding juggleries go on in Wall-street, to the end that Livingstone becomes once more a millionaire. But at what cost!

The first ten minutes of that terrible "Blue Monday" had worked ruin to a quarter of a million gamblers,

exposed the carefully concealed defalcations of a hundred trusted officials, driven a score of desperate men to suicide, swept into bankruptcy six Stock Exchange firms, and closed the doors of three large banks.

Let us hope Livingstone was worth it.

Nell Gwyn, Comedian. By Frankfort Moore.
(Pearson. 6s.)

In this slight series of episodes Mr. Frankfort Moore has followed a prevailing fashion, and given us a highly idealised picture of Nell Gwyn. We watch the fortunes of the wayward and warm-hearted orange girl from her first appearance outside Drury Lane Theatre, jesting with Buckingham and Sedley, to the final scene, the only one of real human feeling, in which the lover she has mourned as dead returns to find that Nelly is "the King's." The following is a specimen of the badinage between orange girl and courtiers:

"Ay, but I'm no lady, only a bit of a woman," said Nell.

"If you're only a bit, I'll buy a score from the sample, Nelly."

"Ay, your Grace treats womankind as oranges—to be picked up by the score."

"And to be found deadly sour."

"Ay, and then flung into the gutter."

Her caprices and repentances are not rendered peculiarly convincing, yet she is by far the most vital figure in the book. Mr. Moore's Churchill is something of a puppet, though Nell's jesting prophecies concerning him are not without point.

"Lud, Nell, Jack hath no quality of the volatile shuttlecock about him."

"Oh, yes; if we live long enough, we shall see him exhibit the best quality of the shuttlecock—the quality of changing sides rapidly without falling between them."

As to Lady Castlemaine and Mme. de la Querovaille, it is difficult to conceive of these violent ladies, as here depicted, appealing to the fastidious, if whimsical, taste of Charles II. Historic accuracy is not to be expected in stories of this nature, and Mr. Moore has been at as little pains to impart historic atmosphere. The absence of these qualities, however, will probably not interfere with the popularity of these comedies with readers desirous of a half-hour's amusement, who will welcome their vivacity. (Pearson. 6s.)

The Sword of the King. By Ronald MacDonald.
(John Murray. 6s.)

THE plot of Mr. MacDonald's romance centres closely about the sword which gives it name. The "king" is William of Orange, and the story deals with a plan for his assassination and its thwarting by the heroine, Philippa Drayton. Her wild ride, disguised, to warn the Prince, and the service by which the seeming lad wins the gift of William's sword, with a promise to redeem it by any boon in his power, is told in stirring fashion. Philippa's brother, a Catholic and devoted adherent of King James, is endangered by her act, and through his escape Edward Royston, her lover, an officer of the Prince, is brought face to face with degradation and death. In this crisis Philippa claims the promise, and when William, sparing his follower's life, does not release him from disgrace. She restores the sword—broken.

"The greater half," he said; and in despite of himself he smiled.

Being by that smile much emboldened, I answered: "Then am I more generous than William, Prince of Orange. For life," I said, lifting from the floor the broken point of the sword, "is less than honour. Yet, like his Highness, I keep the point that kills."

The complicated situation is handled with force and clearness, though none of the incidents are markedly original. A promising first book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE INCREASING PURPOSE. BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The author of *The Choir Invisible* is coming to his own in England, and this novel, full of racial warmth and freshest human nature, will substantiate his claims. As in most of his other writings, Mr. Allen treats of Kentucky life and Kentucky ideals. The period is that at the close of the Civil War, about 1865. A wind of intellectual life, embodied in a university, is passing over the State, and hero and heroine alike respond to it. Intending to fit himself for the Christian ministry, the hero is caught by the Darwinian theory, and he finds in love the solace he had sought in religion. The book is redolent of the soil, from which David goes to his studies and to which he returns. Life is intense, richly coloured, and splendidly aspirant in these pages; yet the eternal note of sadness is brought in. (Macmillan. 6s.)

AS THE LIGHT LED. BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

In this novel also the period after the War of Secession is chosen; but here the effect of the war is not the broadening of intellectual life but the narrowing and hardening of religious life. The hero and heroine are divided by sect; we are among Methodists, "Disciples," and what not. (Macmillan. 6s.)

LITTLE INDABAS. BY J. MAC.

Five documents of South African life. Such documents, too! The Kaffir, the Boer, the Englishman. As Mr. Edward Garnett says, these studies may not quite "fit in with what the newspapers say"; but there is no doubt that they are well written and that they reflect human nature. The first story, "The White-Patched Kaffir," ends thus: "When Thornton gives the history of his fortune he claims the credit of having made one black man carry out his moral obligations, which, he says, is more than Exeter Hall has done; he firmly believes that Providence specially decreed the white-patched Kaffir should fall into his hands to enable him to help himself, and he maintains that banging the black man's head with a Bible answers better than tenderly handing it to him limp and soppy with negrophile tears. As his wife, who entered these pages as Nell Marsden, has the costliest conservatory in Maritzburg, she agrees with him." (Unwin. 2s.)

MANY DAUGHTERS. BY SARAH TYTLER.

Mrs. Tytler's present concern is with the woman movement, and her story deals with the inmates and interests of "The Woman's Institute and Emporium of Technical Knowledge and its Productions." The heroine's name is Delia, and she is "illustrious in combined cookery and mathematics." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES. BY ELEANOR HOLMES.

Five short stories of the improving type, with mild writing like this: "Those who have ever found themselves beneath the same roof with a pair of newly-engaged lovers will bear witness to the imperative necessity that exists for the constant observance of precaution in entering rooms." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF EBENEZER LOBB. EDITED BY ALLEN UPWARD.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men." The title, and this motto, will suggest the nature of this book, which follows an old convention. Ebenezer Lobb is the all-round blunderer, whose adventures in sport, literature, politics, the Volunteers, and other spheres, provide what is known as merriment. The book also includes "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Ebenezer Lobb." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Canadian Muse.*

It was decidedly the time and the hour to put forth a collection—at any time interesting—of Canadian verse. Canada is to the fore in English minds, as her troops are to the fore in English battle. The editor of *A Treasury of Canadian Verse* dedicates his collection to “the Lamartine of Canada”—Louis Fréchet; but, oddly, we look in vain among the poets therein “sampled” for the said Mr. Louis Fréchet. Why veil from our pardonably irritated curiosity the Muse of the “Lamartine of Canada”? There is, as we saw the other day, an—nay, the Australian Swinburne; whom England knows not: now is there also the Canadian Lamartine, “an instant and no more” flashed before our eyes and straightway withdrawn. “Wherefore are these things hid?” as Sir Toby Belch says. “Why have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Moll’s picture?” Lowell, you may remember, observed that in every American family of decent size at least one member was sure to turn out to be some very great man all over again. But in all seriousness, let us say that we are not minded to treat this collection as such collections are mostly treated. It seems usually considered that Colonial poetry is much on a par with Colonial wine. If it give you a wry mouth you shall not publicly say so, lest you discourage Colonial industries. Both will mature, if you suffer them time. It appears to be thought rather a remarkable feat that the Colonies should grow their own poetry at all; as though this exotic were unsuited to the soil and must naturally be imported from the mother country. Therefore, Colonial poetry is met with a fatherly indulgence, a “You’ll soon be as big as papa!” air. Which is not good for Colonial poetry. It is not remarkable that our great colonies should produce poets: it is somewhat remarkable, perhaps, that they have not yet produced greater poetry. Therefore, we shall judge this book like an anthology of English poems; which is doing Canada much more honour than if we treated it with slovenly lenity.

No one who reflects will expect much novelty, that “national note” which is so thoughtlessly demanded from our Anglo-Saxon offspring across seas. They inherit the unbroken tradition of English poetry, and they are just English poets writing on a new soil. Such difference as climate may make will not be clamorous; it will show itself, if at all, in subtle, unobvious ways. Save for scenic distinctions, patriotic Canadian allusions, this volume is much like a collection of lesser English verse. It does not show that Canada is yet “going strong” in poetry. There is evidently much fertility, much fluency, but a conspicuous lack of condensation. The ballad, which Mr. Kipling has made the fashionable form in England, does not seem to flourish in Canada as in its sister-colony, Australia. There is nothing here, for example, like the ringing and swinging verses of the Australian Lawson. Nor yet is Canada eminent in meditative verse—sparse enough in England since Mr. Watson “cares not his idle

bagpipe up to raise” (the expression is Spenser’s, not ours!) and Mr. A. C. Benson has fallen silent. Descriptive poetry, or lyrics chiming of external nature, and the joy—sometimes the melancholy—of life; these make up by far the bulk of this collection. Shelley—stripped of metaphysics and the flush of imagery fallen from him; Keats, without condensation of phrase and figure; such seem to be the dominant inspiration of Canada. Something, at times, of Tennyson one naturally finds; rarely of Matthew Arnold. Once only we find the trace of Edgar Poe: Emerson and the other American poets seem to be unimportant.

That Canada, as represented here, has yet far to go is demonstrable from a single fact: the uncontested supremacy among all his fellows of Mr. Bliss Carman. We were prepared to find him in the front rank—nay, at the head; but not for such primacy as this. He stands head and shoulders above all the rest. This is the more striking because (apart from “Low Tide on Grand Pré”) he is far from being represented, we think, by his finest work. In him the Canadian fondness for external nature and the *joie de vivre* culminates, reaches fulfilment and distinction. Has he not, indeed, sung—and sung bravely—of “the outward eye,” as Wordsworth did of “the inward eye”? That was in the *Songs from Vagabondia*, where his work, indistinguishably mixed with Mr. Richard Hovey’s, naturally fails to obtain for him individual credit. But all his work is a song of the outward eye, full of manhood and the “shrill spirit” of the open wind, in which no morbidity can live. It is not always perfect poetry, it does not always “come off,” and he is not careful to bring it off when the shaping impulse fails; he is not, that is to say, eminently an artist; but it is good to walk with Mr. Carman on the road of life—and how many modern poets are good travel-comrades? Flashes, too, there are of deeper things, struck off with an adventurous individuality, hardy things which give you a pleased fillip of surprise. Of this poet Canada may with right be proud. Too long to quote is “Low Tide on Grand Pré”; but here is a verse:

Was it a year, or lives ago,
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow-lands,
And held it there between our hands?

A fine example, this, of his most polished manner. Of his more individual fancy, take “The Crimson House”—good, though better might have been chosen by Mr. Rand:

Love built a crimson house—
I know it well—
That he might have a home
Wherein to dwell.

Poor Love that roamed so far
And fared so ill,
Between the morning star
And the Hollow Hill,

Before he found the vale
Where he could bide,
With memory and oblivion
Side by side.

He took the silver dew
And the dun-red clay
And beheld when he was through,
How fair were they!

The braces of the sky
Were in its girth,
That it should feel no jar
Of the swinging earth:

That sun and wind might bleach,
But not destroy,
The house that he had builded
For his joy.

* *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*. With Brief Biographical Notes. Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand. (J. M. Dent.)

"Hore will I stay," he said,
 "And roam no more,
 And dust when I am dead
 Shall keep the door."

There trooping dreams by night
 Go by, go by,
 The walls are rosy white
 In the sun's eye.

The windows are more clear
 Than sky or sea;
 He made them after God's
 Transparency.

It is a dearer place
 Than kirk or inn;
 Such joy on joy as there
 Has never been.

Let the reader whom this book may stir to seek his poems not overlook the two *Vagabondia* volumes, where Mr. Carman finds a congenial partner in his American friend, Mr. Richard Hovey. Among the numerous other poets in the present collection, one of the best things is by a woman—Miss (or Mrs.) Isabella Valancy Crawford. It describes the Helot, intoxicated by his Spartan master, for the warning of the Spartan's son, Hermos.

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung
 O'er the fountain's murmuring brims;
 To the bronzed vine Hermos clung—
 Silver-like his naked limbs.

Flashed and flushed rich coppered leaves,
 Whitened by his ruddy hair;
 Pallid as the marble eaves,
 Awed he met the Helot's stare.

With fixed fingers, knotted, brown,
 Dumb, the Helot grasped his beard,

Heard the far pipes, mad and sweet,
 All the ruddy hazes thrill,
 Heard the loud beam crash and beat
 In the red vat on the hill.

Wide his nostrils as a stag's
 Drew the hot wind's fiery bliss;
 Red his lips as river-flags
 From the strong Cæcuban kiss.

On his swarthy temples grew
 Purple veins like clust-red grapes;
 Past his rolling pupils blew
 Wine-born, fierce, lascivious shapes.

"Lo," he said, "he maddens now!
 Flames divine do scathe the clod:
 Round his reeling Helot brow
 Stings the garland of the god."

It has a fine colour-sense, as will be seen from these extracts, and a classical condensation of diction not common in female work. Extremely spirited is her "Forging of the Sword"; and altogether she is one of the most notable of the band. Another woman—Margaret Gill Currie—has a fresh descriptive poem, "By the St. John."

With honeysuckles, meadow-sweets,
 And rue the banks are lined;
 O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites,
 To pipe of merry wind.
 By the tall tiger-lily's side
 Stands the rich golden-rod,
 A king's son wooing for his bride
 The daughter of a god.

The poem of which this is a specimen is favourably typical of a large quantity of Canadian work in this book. Such, again, is Sarah Anne Curzon's "Invocation to Rain." Of the poetry which owns Keats for master Mr.

John H. Duvar's "How Balthazar the King Went Down into Egypt" is a good representative:

Music was on the Nile boats: conch and horn,
 Flute answering flute, while zitter and lycoru
 Took up the keynote from the leading barge,
 And part and counterpart in measured strain,
 In gathering volume, rolled on to the marge,
 The while the swelling chorus grew amain
 And inland o'er the standing rice was borne.

Accomplished work, nowhere inspired. Lastly, for our space wanes, let us quote a really good sonnet by Mr. Charles Heavyside, on "Night":

'Tis solemn darkness; the sublime of shade;
 Night, by no stars or rising moon relieved;
 The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,
 O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.
 Upward, around, and downward I explore,
 E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air,
 But cannot, though I strive, discover more
 Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
 Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
 Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
 Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two hours fair,
 Thou stand'st between the evening and the morn:
 I took thee for an angel, but have wooed
 A cacodæmon in mine ignorant mood.

This fine sonnet, it will be seen, is also descriptive. Nor does Canada excel in sonnetteering. On the whole, even from the chosen specimens we have quoted, it will be evident that there is much accomplishment revealed in this anthology, but a lack of the inevitability of high poetry. We note, by the way, what is too often a characteristic of female poets, strongly displayed here—namely, a tendency to display enthusiasm for natural objects by addressing them in diminutives and coaxing familiarities, with domesticities (so to speak) of affection. The lady, in fact, makes baby-eyes at nature. Sometimes pretty, always weak, it becomes irritating in mass.

A Pedigree of "Drudgery."

Lexicographer—A harmless drudge.—JOHNSON.

DR. JAMES A. H. MURRAY delivered the Romanes Lecture for this year in the Sheldonian Theatre on the 22nd, and the lecture has been printed and neatly published by Mr. Frowde within a few days. "The Evolution of Lexicography" was Dr. Murray's almost inevitable subject, and he treated it with a thoroughness and simplicity which make this little blue-paper-covered pamphlet well worth keeping. In effect we have here the pedigree of the Oxford English Dictionary, a veritable "long pedigree of toil." In skeleton (but Dr. Murray gives it flesh and blood) the pedigree is as follows:

In the seventh and eighth centuries, when Latin was the only language of books, the possessor of a good book frequently came across a difficult word which lay outside the Latin vocabulary. In such cases he often, as a help to himself and others, wrote the meaning over the word in the original text, in a smaller hand, sometimes in easier Latin, sometimes in English. Such an explanation written over a word of the text is a *gloss*. Latin MSS. of the Middle Ages are full of such glosses.

Later it occurred to someone to collect out of the MSS. to which he had access all the glosses they contained, and combine them in a list to be learned by heart, or consulted at need. Such a list constituted a *Glossarium* or *Glossary*. Simultaneously with the formation of such glossaries from the Latin, vocabularies to the Latin were formed for teaching purposes. Vocabularies and glossaries were frequently combined.

When such lists of words became very long it was seen that their usefulness would be increased by an alphabetical arrangement of words and phrases. The various stages in alphabetisation may be seen in four of the most ancient glossaries of English origin that we possess, known (from the libraries to which they now belong) as the Leiden, the Epinal, the Erfurt, and the Corpus (Corpus Christi, Cambridge).

Onwards to the eleventh century many vocabularies were formed, all dealing with Latin words but all tending more and more to give the meanings of words in *English*, until the vocabularies of the tenth and eleventh centuries are truly Latin-English. "A new aim had gradually evolved itself; the object was no longer to explain difficult Latin words, but to give the English equivalents of as many words as possible, and thus practically to provide a Latin Dictionary for the use of Englishmen."

For three hundred years after the Conquest English lexicography stood still, but with the revival of English as a literary and legal tongue more Latin-English dictionaries, notably the *Ortus Vocabularum* of Wynkyn de Worde, were produced. The next advance was the production of English-Latin as distinct from Latin-English vocabularies. The *Promptorium Parvulorum*, or Children's Repository (1440), is the famous example.

With the Renaissance came renewed activity, and in 1538 the first Latin vocabulary to be called a "dictionary" was published by Sir Thomas Elyot. It was followed, in 1554, by Withal's *A Short Dictionarie for Young Beginners*, ending with the words, "Thus endeth this Dictionarie very useful for Children."

Latin had been the essential element in all dictionaries. French and Italian were now taken account of in the fine French-English Dictionary of Randall Cotgrave, and the Italian-English Dictionary of John Florio, both published in 1611.

In 1604 Robert Cawdrey supplied the germ of the modern English Dictionary, in his *Table Alphabeticall of Hard Words*, and in 1616 came Dr. John Bullokar's *English Expositor* on the same lines.

In 1623 appeared the work which first assumed the title of *The English Dictionarie*, by Henry Cockeram. This is a curiosity and a mine of instruction. Its hard words include *abrogate*, "to lead out of the flock"; *acersecornick*, "one whose hair was never cut"; *adcorporated*, "married"; *balbulcitate*, "to cry like a cow-boy"; *collocuplicate*, "to enrich"; *adcastick*, "one who will do just whosoever."

In Cockeram's *Dictionarie*, *blunder* is given with the meaning, "to bestir oneself, and *garble* as the equivalent of "to cense things from dust." The Second Part is intended to teach a learned style. The plain man may write a letter in his natural language, and then, by turning up the simple words in the dictionary, alter them into their learned equivalents. Thus "abound" may be altered into *exuperate*; "too great plenty" into *uberty*, "he and I are of one age" into *we are coetaneous*, "youthful babbling" into *juvenile inaniloquence*.

Blount's *Glossographia* took the field in 1656, and went through many editions to 1707. Many other dictionaries appeared, including that of Nathaniel Bailey, whose *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* appeared in 1721, and obtained such a hold that editions continued to appear long after Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. It contained diagrams and proverbs. According to Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Johnson used an interleaved copy of Bailey's Dictionary as the basis of his own work.

In 1731 Bailey marked the stress accent, a step in the direction of indicating pronunciation.

In 1755 appeared the Dictionary which had long been projected by the booksellers, and had at length been entrusted to Dr. Johnson. "Johnson's great work," says Dr. Murray, "raised English lexicography altogether to a higher level. In his hands it became a department of literature."

In 1791 John Walker—following Bailey, Dr. Kenrick, and others—systematised English orthoepy.

Only two independent contributions to the development of lexicography were made in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. These were the American dictionaries of Webster and Richardson, the former valuable for its definitions, but weak in its etymologies; the latter almost scorning definitions, but rich in illustrative quotations.

Dr. Trench's paper, read before the Philological Society about fifty years ago on "Some Deficiencies in Existing English Dictionaries," pointed out that all the dictionaries neglected the *history* of words, and omitted thousands of rare and obsolete words. He also insisted that a complete dictionary must be the work of many collaborators. From this impulse arose the movement which has culminated in the preparation of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. "It can be maintained," says Dr. Murray, "that in the Oxford Dictionary, permeated, as it is, through and through, with the scientific method of the century, lexicography has, for the present, reached its supreme development."

Things Seen.

The Sower.

It was near a haunt of Folly in the early afternoon that I happened on the Sower. Grizzled and slim, ill-suited in rusty black, he threaded the moving crowd, singling out one and another, saying a word and pausing for no reply. He spoke in the ear of a tall, showy man, screwed up a semitone above the pitch of fashion; pressed for an instant the clean hand of a defeated vendor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; whispered to a loafing, vicious stripling, and to a meagre shopboy with a khaki tie. In his wake he left a track of surprised faces. The newsmen looked mildly resentful; the loafing lad laughed hoarsely; the shopboy cackled with a fine show of contempt. It was all one to the Sower.

In a back street, whither an idle curiosity drew me after him, he saluted a costermonger. The fellow rested on his handles, and called over his shoulder. As I drew near, the Sower handed him from his breast-pocket a leaflet.

"Seek the Lord!" said he, as he turned.

"God 'elp me!" cried the other, and winked hideously at a pal upon the pavement.

The Sower passed on, dropping the seed right and left as he went. At a certain door he paused and knocked. I was almost level with him. I was curious—even a little flustered: what message should I receive from this queer evangelist—I, new from the altar this feast-day of Corpus Christi? Would he discern? He looked steadily at me from under his wry brows. His face a little relaxed.

"God bless you!" he said.

The Bill Distributor.

THE child—he could not have been more than five—stood but a stone's throw from the British Museum, handing to every passer-by a slip of paper. Information thus gratuitously distributed is often, in that neighbourhood,

of a character eminently refusable; but his offering no one could refuse. He showed no favouritism, however, and it was a slip of paper I received. It was blank on both sides. His mission was none the less earnest for that. Two ladies were the next recipients of his bounty; I watched them staring. A moment later found him in a jeweller's shop, but he was careful of his opportunities; and he was out again directly. As he stood on the jeweller's threshold I bent down to him. "May I ask why you give people these pieces of paper?" I said. His blue eyes met mine widely, but vacantly; his smooth forehead was puckered. To ask was to puzzle him. He had not the key of his humour.

He met no resentment; how should he? For on his blank slips of paper all his beneficiaries read themselves back into their childhood—that state of dream when action is dear for its own sake, and to play at commerce with real customers is the Game of games.

Correspondence.

"Mr. Punch": A Protest—An American View.

SIR,—Few things are more amusing to the stranger within your gates than the touching affection which the British public maintains for their—and our—old friend "Mr. Punch"; and, upon the whole, he has deserved it. But I must confess that I regret to see your excellent paper, in a critical article, joining in the praise of the latter-day "Mr. Punch," as though he remained beyond criticism, and as though the paper which we buy on the bookstalls to-day was the same paper which our parents and grandparents bought twenty—nay, ten—nay, five—years ago. Please understand that I am only a Yankee, whose humour may be "new," and whose tastes may be vulgar; but what I am, *Punch* has made me, for he has lain on my table since boyhood, and I would stand the test of examination with the bluest-blooded Britisher that ever laughed or wept with Leech or Keene (that magnificent artist!), or smiled ironically with George Du Maurier. And now, alas! when I study this preceptor of my youth at the end (or is it at the beginning?) of the century, I can only cry (quoting from my Bartlett), "What a falling off is here." The *Punch* repartee to the old lady who complained that *Punch* was not so good as it had been was, "Oh, it never has been." But that little spark of humour won't scintillate to-day. The decadence is of a material kind. Lovers of *Punch* do not complain that Keene is dead, that Tenniel has grown grey, that Phil May is parsimonious of his exquisite draughtsmanship; but an ugly sheet of advertisements has been stuck into the heart of the paper, and sometimes, lately (but this must be whispered), the illustration here has been the one bright spot in the number. The pages are no longer varied with small pictures, and the deadly pun, that microbe of diseased humour, lies everywhere. One shivering block per page is the allowance, and often that block stands as a tombstone to record a jest, long since dead, but which some irreverent jester will not allow to lie at rest. The events of the moment are ignored. Mr. *Punch's History of His Own Times* is ended, for Mr. Sambourne is a great artist to whom mundane affairs are a bore, and Sir John Tenniel is living in a glorious past which nothing—not even his present—can obscure.

But this—all this—is but the commonplace of the smoking-room and the street, and yet the "conspiracy of silence" in the newspapers chatters its unceasing praise and utters no word of criticism. How comes it that English journals, critical in all else, allow their old friend and comrade to stumble on blindly and never to warn him with so much as a hint? Well, sir, my explanation is this: all men, especially newspaper men, make jokes,

and their hereditary desire to publish them in *Punch* stays their hands, lest he should die before their progeny is published. As I never detected you,* sir, in anything like a joke, I address my protest and appeal to the ACADEMY.—
LUCIUS M. DRAGE
I am, &c.,

(Manhattan-crescent, Boston.)

Langham Hotel, London:

June 25, 1900.

[* And we have tried to joke so often.—Ed.]

"Drift."

SIR,—Mr. Beckles Willson's letter to you on the subject of "Drift" shows the imprudence of not consulting a modern dictionary. For while the word *drift* boasted fewer than half-a-dozen meanings according to the last-century lexicographers, its status as a noun is to-day established by at least nineteen, although I am unable to discover anywhere its application to floating weeds, flowers and grasses. In this poetical sense Mr. Beckles Willson may, therefore, claim to be original; but his rival, Mr. Brown, might with propriety have used *drift* as implying (*vide* Century Dictionary) a drift of snow, of logs, of cattle of swine, or of bullets. Whether this would have been poetical I shall not presume to decide.—I am, &c.,

E. B. POLLOCK.

Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.:

June 25, 1900.

Ernest Dowson.

SIR,—The discovery that the beautiful lyric by which the name of Ernest Dowson will be chiefly remembered was a mere Swinburnian rendering of a comic ballad of Mr. Burnand's is sufficiently astonishing. The critical insight your correspondent displays is amazing; perhaps, therefore, he will now indicate the source from which Mr. Burnand derived his fable. Whatever that may be, Dowson found the inspiration in his own life; had, probably, never heard of Mr. Burnand's version; and, in writing his own, was only giving the fullest expression to an emotion that has "thrilled dead bosoms." A little more of that astonishing smartness upon which many people pride themselves would have rendered this clear to your correspondent's perspicacity. The line he cites, moreover, is a misquotation; and the poetic formula he styles "Swinburnian" is one favoured in this country by Rossetti as well as Swinburne, and in France by scores of poets since Villon, by whom it was probably conceived.—I am, &c.,

HAROLD LUSH.

Judy Office, Chancery Lane, W.C.:

June 25, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

ESSAYS OF JOHN DRYDEN.

EDITED BY W. P. KER.

Mr. Ker is Professor of English Literature in University College, London, and this work has been anticipated with interest for some time. It is not a complete edition of Dryden's prose. The longer works and those unconnected with literature have been left out. The book contains a collection of Dryden's principal essays on literary subjects, with a short commentary, and an introduction intended to explain his position as a critic. There are also copious notes. Dryden's prose is neglected of the multitude, but its importance to thorough students has always been great, and this presentation of it is welcome. (Clarendon Press.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES. BY
W. W. CAPES.

This is the third volume (issued in advance of the second, which is not yet ready) in the great *History of the English Church*, which is being edited by the Dean of Winchester, and which will be completed in seven volumes. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

IN addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Prayers, Lessons and Hymns in the Twent or Slavt Language of the Indians of Mackenzie River.* Compiled by the Bishop of the Diocese. (S.P.C.K.)
Kennedy (James Houghton), The Second and Third Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians (Methuen) 6 0
John, Marquess of Bute. A Form of Prayers, Following the Church Office. (Burns & Oates) net 1 0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Bertouch (Baroness de), The Outcast (Chapman & Hall)
Gracey (H. K.), The Zuff Ballads (Kegan Paul) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Baylis (T. Henry), The Temple Church and Chapel of St Ann. (Phillip & Son) net 2/6
Bligh (William), The Mutiny on Board H.M.S. *Bounty* ... (Bankside Press)
The Westminster Biographies: Browning. By Arthur Waugh. (Kegan Paul) net 2/0
Brinkeshoff (General R.), Recollections of a Lifetime. (Robert Clarke Co.)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Patterson's Guide-Book to the Rhine and its Provinces* (Oliphant) net 1/6
Patterson's Guide to Switzerland (Oliphant) net 1/6
Waddell (Major L. A.), Among the Himalayas (Constable) 3/0
Freeston (C. L.), Cycling in the Alps, with some Notes on the Chief Passes. (Richards) 5/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Page (T. E.), The *Aeneid* of Virgil. Books VII.-XII. (Macmillan) 5/0
Mark (H. Thistleton), The Practical Sound and Sight Method of Language-Teaching: French. Part I. (Sonnenschein)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Allen (Rev. G. C.), Tales from Tennyson (Constable) net 3/6
Aristo. Zoroaster, Philosopher, Teacher, Hermit. (Watts) 2/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 40 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best "Thing Seen" in verse, not exceeding eight lines. This Competition has been popular, and has produced very varied results. We award the prize to Mr. J. M. Strachey, 69, Lancaster-gate, W., for the following :

Quick through the bars of his cage the monkey, with jubilant
treble,
Seized the small parcel, unfolded the nut from the paper and ate
it,
Stretched forth his paw for another, when, lo! not a nut but a
pebble
Lurked in the treacherous wrapper, grating his teeth as they met
it.
What chatter and grinning of fury! what clutching for foes to
belabour!
Till sudden he paused, there came over the foam of his wrath a
transition;
He re-wrapped the stone in a hurry, and up overhead to his neigh-
bour
Thrust it, then rolled on the floor of his cage in ecstasie derision.
Other replies are as follows :

ON THE TACK.

Close where the calm cliff fronts on the splash and the swell of the
ocean,
She, in her strength and her height, paused with a shivering
sigh;
Wildly the huge white sails flapped about with tumultuous motion,
Loose ropes rattled, and shouts rose to the infinite sky.
This for a moment; then she turned with a bang from the leeward;
Sails taut, deck on a slant, ropes that were rigid again,
And, with the course and the force of a hawk, swept splendidly
seaward,
Buoyed by the great grey winds, over the mist of the main.

[G. L. S., London.]

AT CHORAL EUCCHARIST.

Cross and altar, choir and pictured window
Faded from our tear-dimmed mortal sight;
In its stead . . . Nay, who can paint that glory?
Could I find the words—I dare not write.
But I know a door in Heav'n was opened.
Lit the blood-stained way the Martyrs trod,
Till I saw the pathway of the lilies
White and golden, leading up to God.

[E. A., Suffolk.]

IN THE CEYLON TEA GARDEN, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

Green shade and sward, and wicker chairs,
And tables set for tea;
Parisian talk, and British stares,
And sound of girlish glee.
In daff attendance on the crowd
Move dusky Cingalese—
Impassive, dignified, and proud—
Of Nature's gentry these.

[L. R., London.]

Workhouse folk in a sultry street,
Filling by with shuffling feet;
A painted woman dispensing dols,
Smiles, as they pass, on the grateful souls;
Smiles, then spits a wild-cat curse,
On one who scorns the ill-gained purse.
Human sinner, saint divine,
Mingle ever—myrrh and wine!

[T. B. D.]

I once did see a face that, gleaming, gazed
From out a halo of snow-whitened hair;
And lo, a hand stretched out, a sword upraised,
That flashed in shining radiance thro' the air.

It seemed to cross a stream of rippling light,
And come towards me; and I screamed aloud,
And ran up to my mother in a fright,
Whom smiling at me, said "Tis but a cloud."

[M. I. C., London.]

LONDON.

Above, St. Paul's majestic pile,
The thronged street below,
The busy scene, now flushed awhile
In tender evening glow.

The age-worn spire across the way,
The mighty frosted dome,
The bridge beneath, all seem to say,
In London, here's my home!

[E. H. H., London.]

Other replies received from : R. M. S., Gourcock ; H. D. C., Cambridge ; G. B., Liverpool ; T. C., Buxted ; J. B. W., Hove ; L. C. J., North Berwick ; J. C. S., Bristol ; E. R., London ; A. R., London ; M. T., London ; A. L., London ; M. von S., London ; E. J. L. A., Penarth ; S. B. M., Glendevon ; G. L. S., London ; Mrs. D., London ; K. E. T., Bristol ; G. C., Ferris ; M. B. E., Melbourne, Derbyshire ; H. B. B., London ; L. L., Ramsgate ; S. R., Malvern ; T. B. D., Bridgwater ; M. O., London ; H. E. M., Edinburgh ; F. J. O., Walsall ; A. S., Edinburgh ; R. H. M., Manchester ; E. B. G., Croydon ; E. S. C., Redhill ; H. C., Leicester ; A. A., Birkdale ; Z. McC., Whitby ; A. M. P., Folkestone ; H. O., Leicester ; L. F., Manchester ; L. M. L., Stafford ; S. W. S., Oxford ; P. P., London ; A. W., London ; R. B. J., London ; H. J., London ; C. S. O., London ; M. A. W., London.

Competition No. 41 (New Series).

LAST week we received the following ingenious letter, typical of many which reach this office :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am most anxious, as one having literary aspirations, to cultivate *style*. Would you favour me with a few hints, or tell me where I could get the hints?—Yours truly, —"

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter to be sent in reply to the above.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.O.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

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