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# THE ACADEMY.

*A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
AND ART.*

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JANUARY — JUNE,  
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REVIEWS.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POETRY.

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. (John Lane.)

IN 1890 Mr. Stephen Phillips was one of four friends who published at Oxford a slender brown-paper-covered pamphlet of poetry called *Primavera*. He was not the most undeniable poet of the four. Mr. Laurence Binyon, who also has since made a reputation, showed the more delicate accomplishment; Mr. A. S. Cripps, of whom we are sorry to have heard no more, the mer lyric impulse. But with *Christ in Hades*, which appeared some years later in Mr. Elkin Mathews's Shilling Garland, Mr. Phillips made a remarkable advance. The poem had qualities—a distinction and an individuality—which lifted it out of the category of minor verse, and attracted somewhat widespread attention. In the present volume *Christ in Hades* and its accompanying lyrics are reprinted, and to these are added some fifteen new pieces, which include two or three of considerable pretensions.

The next book published by a new writer after he has for the first time made his mark is always a critical one. Was that intoxicating success due only to the glamour of the novelty, or to that transient inspiration which, once at least in life, and generally in youth, comes to so many who have it not in them really to achieve greatness? or was it an index of vital and enduring gifts, of a creative temperament capable of progress, capable of control? Let us say at once that nothing in Mr. Phillips's new work appears to us to reach the level of *Christ in Hades*. In reading that fine poem, we are struck once again by its completeness and its rare literary qualities. To nobility of fundamental thought it adds an imaginative vision by which that shadowy world, half obscure, half defined, with its tremendous significant figures, is magnificently bodied forth. And the verse, fully in keeping with

its subject, has the Virgilian stateliness and the Virgilian simplicity. How grandly it opens!

"Keen as a blinded man, at dawn awake,  
Smells in the dark the cold odour of earth;  
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him  
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes;  
The room is brightening, even his own face!  
So the excluded ghosts in Hades felt  
A waft of early sweet, and heard the rain  
Of Spring beginning over them; they all  
Stood still, and in each others' faces looked.  
And restless grew their queen Persephone;  
Who, like a child, dreading to be observed  
By awful Dis, threw little glances down  
Toward them, and understood them with her  
eyes.  
Perpetual dolour had as yet but drooped  
The corners of her mouth; and in her hand  
She held a bloom that had on earth a  
name."

Note the precision and the pregnancy of the epithets. "The excluded ghosts": how much it says! And this is Mr. Phillips's manner throughout. Elaboration of epithet he eschews, and will work up to some single phrase or line, clear-cut and holding easily all its ample meaning. Surely a Virgilian trait! Thus in the ultimate line of the poem:

"The vault closed back, woe upon woe, the wheel  
Revolved, the stone rebounded; for that time  
Hades her interrupted life resumed."

And again, in the fifth line of this simile:

"Just as a widower, that dreaming holds  
His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,  
So natural it appears; then starting up  
With trivial words, or even with a jest,  
Realises all the uncoloured dawn  
And near his head the young bird in the  
leaves  
Stirring."

How should language, without the slightest strain, express more? It has an almost physical effect upon the reader, in the opening of the eyes, and the dilation of the heart.

Mr. Phillips has not as yet quite recaptured the note of *Christ in Hades*. Nevertheless his new work follows the same ideals, and, if it achieves less, is still profoundly interesting. The drop is, perhaps, chiefly in finish and distinction of style. The poems are nearly all in blank verse or heroic couplets, and the rhythm is often stiff and wooden; the careful distribution of inverted accents and resolved feet fails to give it the required spontaneity. We should think that just at present Mr. Phillips is not much preoccupied with questions of technique; he is more curious about what he has to say than about how he says it; and this in an age of confectionery verse must be imputed to him as a fault on the right side. There are plenty of writers to be careful how they say their nothings. Mr. Phillips's poetry, on the other hand, is primarily a thoughtful poetry. He is a psychologist, interested in nothing more than in the conduct of human souls, especially in the conduct of human souls when they put off the daily mask, and reveal themselves under the stress of some

overmastering emotion. Here is a study of such a sudden and momentary revelation:

"FACES AT A FIRE.

"Dazzled with watching how the swift fire fled  
Along the dribbling roof, I turned my head;  
When lo, upraised beneath the lighted cloud  
The illumed unconscious faces of the crowd!  
An old grey face in lovely bloom upturned,  
The ancient rapture and the dream returned!  
A crafty face wondering simply up!  
That dying face near the communion cup!  
The experienced face, now venturesome and  
rash,  
The scheming eyes hither and thither flash!  
That common trivial face made up of needs,  
Now pale and recent from triumphal deeds!  
The hungry tramp with indolent gloating  
stare,  
The beggar in glory and released from care.  
A mother slowly burning with bare breast,  
Yet her consuming child close to her prest!  
That prosperous citizen in anguish dire,  
Beseeching heaven from purgatorial fire!  
Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed,  
I saw; then through the darkness went  
afraid."

So, for the most part, Mr. Phillips's psychology is less a psychology of processes than of crises, and his verse gathers tragic significance from the fate-fraught momentousness which such crises are wont to hold in life. Such a crisis is the theme, for instance, of what we think the finest of Mr. Phillips's new poems, "Marpessa." The story of Marpessa is the subject of one of the recently recovered Odes of Bacchylides. It is the inversion of the Judgment of Paris. Marpessa, the mortal maiden, must choose between her mortal lover, Idas, and her divine lover, Apollo. Each in turn pleads his cause. Apollo would assume Marpessa into the rhythm of the universe. She shall be associate to the labours of the sun:

"Thou shalt persuade the harvest and bring on  
The deeper green; or silently attend  
The fiery funeral of foliage old,  
Connive with Time serene and the good hours.  
Or—for I know thy heart—a dearer toil,  
To lure into the air a face long sick,  
To gild the brow that from its dead looks up,  
To shine on the unforgiven of this world;  
With slow sweet surgery restore the brain,  
And to dispel shadows and shadowy fear."

Idas can offer no such splendid dowry; but he speaks the language of passionate human romance. Here Mr. Phillips touches his highest point of lyric rapture, in an apostrophe fulfilled, surely, with the very spirit of poetry:

"I love thee then  
Not only for thy body packed with sweet  
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,  
That jar of violet wine set in the air,  
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;  
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged  
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;  
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke  
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all  
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange  
sleep.  
Not for this only do I love thee, but  
Because Infinity upon thee broods;  
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.  
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;

Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
 What the still night suggesteth to the heart.  
 Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
 Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;  
 Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
 It has been died for, though I know not when,  
 It has been sung of, though I know not where.  
 It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
 And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee  
 I am aware of other times and lands,  
 Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.  
 O beauty lone and like a candle clear  
 In this dark country of the world! Thou art  
 My woe, my early light, my music dying."

Very beautiful too, full of fine thought and fine feeling, is the long speech in which Marpessa makes her choice, and, a woman, has the wisdom to accept the woman's destiny and miss the divinity's.

Personally, we think "Marpessa" a better poem than either "The Woman with the Dead Soul" or "The Wife." The aloofness of the setting becomes Mr. Phillips's classical manner; whereas the more modern poems, if they gain in poignancy, seem to us to suffer a more than disproportionate loss in breadth and universality. On the other hand, they are perhaps more characteristic of the writer in their tragic, troubled outlook on life. "Marpessa" has the touch of melancholy which seems inevitably to cling about all modern reconstructions of classical myth, but it has not quite that keen sense of pain in human things to which Mr. Phillips shows himself elsewhere so profoundly sensitive. The poetic nature, by the very law of its being, vibrates between the pain of life and the joy of life. Mr. Phillips's nerves are attuned to respond with more unerring certainty to the stimulus of the former. In "The New *De Profundis*" he gives expression to the pain of that curious state of spiritual numbness or inertia—*Acedia* the mediæval moralists called it—to which the oppressive conditions of modern civilisation so frequently give birth:

"I am discouraged by the street,  
 The pacing of monotonous feet;  
 Faces of all emotion purged;  
 From nothing unto nothing urged;  
 The living men that shadows go,  
 A vain procession to and fro.  
 The earth an unreal course doth run,  
 Haunted by a phantasmal sun."

And a large place is occupied in his verse by the more obvious, more comprehensively human pain of *desiderium*, of regret for personal loss, for death. Death and the after-death are stimulant to his imagination: he "sends his soul into the invisible, some lesson of that after-life to spell," would give shape and form to dim visions of that phantasmal world. He has indeed the cosmic imagination; witness his dignified lines on Milton, large with something of Milton's own large movement, wherein he conceives the poet is blinded so that he might better see the whole.

"He gave thee back original night, His own  
 Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,  
 Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.  
 O blinded with a special lightning, thou  
 Hadst once again the virgin Dark!"

In "Beautiful Death" Mr. Phillips deliberately poses the problem of death: would find compensations and "huge amends" in

the thought—call it fancy, rather—that the dead, unseen, silently, are working for the living, have become part of all the sweet terrene influences, givers of light and health.

"Thou maiden with the silent speckless ways,  
 On plant or creature squandering thy heart;  
 Thou in caresses large shalt spend thy life,  
 Conspiring with the summer plans of lovers,  
 scent

From evening hedge the walk of boy and girl.

Thou merchant, or thou clerk, hard driven,  
 urged

For ever on bright iron, timed by bells,  
 Shalt mellow fruit in the serene noon air,  
 With rivulets of birds through fields of light,  
 Causing to fall the indolent misty peach.

Then thou, disturbed so oft, shalt make for peace;

Thou who didst injure, heal, and sew, and bless;

Thou who didst mar, shalt make for perfect health;

Thou, so unlucky, fall with fortunate rain."

Well, it is a beautiful idea, but it does not carry conviction. The personal craving will not be drugged by this hope of impersonal immortality, nor will

"lose calmly Love's great bliss,  
 When the renewed for ever of a kiss  
 Sounds through the listless hurricane of hair."

That is Mr. Meredith; but, in truth, Mr. Phillips has answered himself, for what is the aspiration of "Beautiful Death" but the sophistry of "Marpessa," the sophistry which the unspoilt humanity of the maiden is clear-sighted enough to blow away. And in an earlier lyric is another exquisite refutation:

"O thou art put to many uses, sweet!  
 Thy blood will urge the rose and surge in  
 Spring;

But yet! . . .

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky,  
 And all thy laughter to the rivers run;  
 But yet! . . .

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen,  
 And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn:  
 But yet! . . .

Thy briefness in the dewdrop shall be hung,  
 And all the frailness of thee on the foam;  
 But yet! . . .

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,  
 Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere,  
 And yet!"

Mr. Phillips provokes argument, but argument is not criticism, except in so far as it is homage to the sincerity, the justness, the worthiness of the poet's thought. And among all the young poets who are his contemporaries no one is more interesting to us than Mr. Phillips. He has not yet come to his inheritance; but he has that in him which may go very far. He has seriousness of purpose, and the essentially poetic way of looking at things, interpretative sympathy and that fine imaginative insight which can afford to disperse with the surface of things and go straight to the heart of them. We trust that he will take *Christ in Hades* as his standard, and will be content with nothing which does not at least equal that, alike in individuality of outlook and in the perfect fusion of matter into form which is that indefinable, inimitable, undeniable thing, style.

## THE BIRTH OF VIRGINIA.

*Old Virginia and Her Neighbours.* By John Fiske. (Macmillan & Co.)

To most Englishmen we suspect the name Virginia chiefly suggests tobacco. And they are not so far wrong. Mr. Moncreu Conway, himself a Virginian, has declared that "a true history of tobacco would be the history of English and American liberty." Certainly, it would be the history of Virginia. It was not tobacco, however, but treasure which tempted Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Raleigh to undertake their first expedition to North America in 1578. No doubt they hoped to emulate Spain, which by that time had taken from her colonies gold and silver amounting to nearly £1,000,000,000. The expedition turned out disastrously and Gilbert sank with his ship; but six years later Raleigh sent out another expedition, which landed in the country now known as North Carolina. The Indian who was asked the name of his country replied, "Win-gan-da-coa," which signified "What pretty clothes you wear." This name Queen Elizabeth, when the explorers reported it to her, transformed into Virginia.

After the first colony had been murdered by the Indians, Raleigh assigned the rights of trading in Virginia to a company of which the Rev. Richard Hakluyt was the most remarkable member. Though his own travels did not extend much further than Paris, he had listened with profit to the tales of all the travellers who went in and out of Bristol, and seems to have known by intuition the course which should be adopted by the colonists in choosing their headquarters and in dealing with the natives. He declared with prophetic insight that America would form a great market for English wares and a home for the thousands of labourers who were even then losing their employment owing to the substitution of pastoral for arable land. The paper of instructions which he drew up for the use of the settlers might have been the outcome of many years of personal experience of savage lands, so much to the point is his advice. No better man than Captain John Smith could have been found to carry out his admirable precepts. In service with Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, he had met and killed three Turks successively in single combat, and received from the Prince a coat-of-arms with three Turks' heads in a shield. The Turks had their revenge later on, for they captured him, and sold him into slavery. He was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, and had an iron collar about his neck, but managed to kill the brutal Pasha who owned him and to escape into Russia, and thence, after further adventures in Germany, France, Spain, and Morocco, to England, just in time to take part in the expedition to Virginia, in 1607.

The explorers landed on May 13 in Hampton Roads, and built a fort, afterwards known as Jamestown. The Indians lurking in the long grass, and picking off the garrison with their barbed stone-tipped arrows—"sniping," in fact—were very annoying, and disease and starvation soon

also assailed the intruders, while quarrels among the leaders, begun on board ship, continued on land. In January, 1608, Smith, who had been very active in trading with the Indians for corn, was captured by a party of the Powhatans, and would probably have suffered death had not the chief's young daughter, Pocahontas, rushed up and embraced him, and laid her head upon his to shield him; whereupon her father spared his life. This picturesque story has always furnished a battle-ground for historians. Bancroft, in the first edition of his history, gave it in all good faith. Charles Deane, in his *Notes on Wingfield's Discourse of Virginia*, published at Boston in 1859, attacked it so fiercely that Bancroft was induced to leave it out in subsequent editions, though by a curious oversight a reference to it was allowed to remain in the index. Eventually, it was once more restored to the body of the text. Mr. Fiske has examined the story in some detail, and comes to the conclusion that it is true, chiefly on the ground that in 1624, when Smith first published it, there were plenty of people who knew the facts to contradict it if it were false, and that "without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony became incomprehensible; but for her friendly services on more than one occasion the tiny settlement would probably have perished."

Times were very hard, as it was. A good many of the settlers were "gentlemen," who did their best to learn wood cutting, but

"the axes so oft blistered their tender fingers that many times every third blow had a loud othe to drwne the echo; for remedie of which sinne the President devised how to have every man's othes numbred, and at night for every othe to have a cann of water powred downe his sleeue, with which every offender was so washed (himselpe and all) that a man should scarce hear an othe in a weeke."

Soon somebody discovered a bank of bright yellow dirt, and "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." Captain Newport carried a load of the stuff to London, only to find that all is not gold that glitters, and that the coop of plump turkeys which he also carried, "the first that ever graced an English bill of fare," was far more valuable. The energy thus dissipated would have been far better devoted to agriculture, for the Indians were beginning to withhold their corn, "with a doggedness that refused even the potent fascination of blue glass beads"; and it required all Smith's ingenuity and pluck to obtain supplies, while a warning from Pocahontas alone saved him and his companions from massacre. Fortunately the Indians were in mortal terror of the white men's firearms.

"A couple of accidents confirmed this view of the case. One day, as three of the Chickahominy tribe were loitering about Jamestown admiring the rude fortifications, one of them stole a pistol and fled to the woods with it. His two comrades were arrested, and one was held in durance, while the other was sent out to recover the pistol. He was made to understand that if he failed to bring it back the

hostage would be put to death. As it was intensely cold, some charcoal was charitably furnished for the prisoner's hut. In the evening his friend returned with the pistol, and then the prisoner was found apparently dead, suffocated with the fumes of the charcoal, whereupon the friend broke forth into loud lamentations. But the Englishmen soon perceived that some life was still left in the unconscious and prostrate form, and Smith told the wailing Indian that he should restore his friend to life, only there must be no more stealing. Then, with brandy and vinegar and friction, the failing heart and arteries were stimulated to their work, the dead savage came to life, and the two comrades, each with a small present of copper, went on their way rejoicing. The other affair was more tragic. An Indian at Werowocomoco had got possession of a bag of gunpowder, and was playing with it while his comrades were pressing closely about him, when all it once it took fire and exploded, killing three or four of the group and scorching the rest. Whereupon, our chronicler tells us, "these and other such pretty accidents so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and all his people that from all parts with presents they desired peace, returning many stolen things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that . . . all the country became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

Meanwhile the London company had been reorganised, the list of its new members being headed by the name of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and it now sent a new expedition, under Captain Newport, to the relief of the colonists. But Newport's ship, the *Sea Venture*, was wrecked upon the "still vext Bermoothes," and only a portion—and they not the most desirable—of the new settlers reached Jamestown. Soon after their arrival Smith had to go home invalided, and then ensued a terrible period, which Mr. Fiske calls "the starving time."

"After the last basket of corn had been devoured, people lived for a while on roots and herbs, after which they had recourse to cannibalism. The corpse of a slain Indian was boiled and eaten. Then the starving company began cooking their own dead. One man killed his wife and salted her. . . . No wonder that one poor wretch, crazed with agony, cast his Bible into the fire, crying, 'Alas! there is no God!'"

At lengthsome sixty souls, the haggard remnant of 500 that Smith had left, determined to try and make their way to Newfoundland. They dismantled their cabins, and were sailing in pinnaces down the ever-widening James River when a black speck was seen far below on the broad waters of Hampton Roads. It was the Governor's own longboat bearing a message that his three well-stocked ships had passed Point Comfort, with himself on board.

Thenceforward the history of Virginia is smoother. Tobacco-planting was introduced with such success that soon it ousted almost every other form of agriculture. The sole currency was tobacco; even the parson's annual salary was 16,000 pounds of tobacco; fines were paid in tobacco. Charles I. tried to make himself the sole consignee of the colony's greatest product, and Cromwell passed a Navigation Act which forbade the importation of goods into England except in English or Colonial bottoms, and, as enforced by

later rulers, produced much discontent. For though James I. had taken away the Company's charter, and Charles I. had appointed Royal Governors, the House of Burgesses continued to exhibit the "virus of liberty" inherent in English blood. The local laws were, however, somewhat paternal. An unmarried man was taxed according to his apparel; a married man—this is indeed drastic—according to his own and his wife's apparel. An attempt was even made to put down flirting by an enactment which provided that

"what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at once should for such their offence either undergo corporal correction (by whipping) or be punished by fine or otherwise."

We have left ourselves no room to speak of Mr. Fiske's interesting account of the settlement of Maryland, which was a "Palatinate" founded on the model of Durham, and of the subsequent history of the various States. His pages show clearly how the institution of slavery was the direct result of the tobacco industry, and how the plantation system tended to differentiate the population into three classes—the planters, the negroes, and the "mean whites." His book is a storehouse of facts relating to the government, history, and customs of Virginia and her neighbours. If we have a complaint against him it is that he has filled it almost too full of interesting details, so that the main lines of development are sometimes rather hard to follow. That is the sole blemish upon a work which is as entertaining as it is instructive.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

*The Life of John Nicholson: Soldier and Administrator.* Based on Private and Hitherto Unpublished Documents. By Captain L. J. Trotter. (John Murray.)

THE name of John Nicholson was probably unknown to the present generation until it was widely blazoned, only within the last year or two, by Mrs. Steele's novel of the Indian Mutiny, *On the Face of the Waters*, and by Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*. It is, therefore, in happy time that Captain Trotter has issued this full Life of a man concerning whom latter-day curiosity has been much piqued, and who appears to fulfil more completely than any other Englishman of the century both the simple and romantic ideal and the practical and philosophic notion of the Hero in Action. It puts no slight upon the admirable and industrious biography of Captain Trotter—at any rate, we do not mean it as such—to say that his method of putting together the material he has acquired and his style of writing are not equal to the magnificence of his subject; for to write adequately of the Hero and Demigod you need the Poet. And Captain Trotter, for all his admiration of Nicholson and his assiduity in collecting all the facts that can be gleaned of Nicholson's career,

is lacking not only in the rhythm and eloquence of the Poet, but also in the far more valuable quality of imagination—that force of imagination which melts multitudinous hard detail in its own fire and runs it into the shape of life.

Although Captain Trotter's own efforts in style achieve no more than worn *clichés* and tags of verse for picturesque narrative and decoration, some of the letters he quotes, written by men of vigour and perspicacity (and "not necessarily for publication," the thought of which has the effect of panic on many capable men) are a refreshment and an illumination. Two years before the Mutiny Herbert Edwardes wrote thus to an inquiring friend concerning Nicholson:

"Of what class is John Nicholson the type? Of none; for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bannu forts, John Nicholson has since reduced the *people*—the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab—to such a state of good order and respect for the laws that, in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not even an *attempt* at any of those crimes. The Bannuchis, reflecting on their own metamorphosis, in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Muhammadans of historic ages must have been like *Nikalsain*. They emphatically approve him as every inch a *hâkim* (master or lord). And so he is. It is difficult to describe him; he must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps best summed up his high military and administrative qualities when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a division or general of an army."

Take further these words of Colonel Becher, written upon Nicholson's famous death after the storming of Delhi:

"Foremost in all brave counsels, in all glorious audacity, in all that marked a true soldier, so admirable was our dear friend, John Nicholson. From the beginning of the great storm his was the course of a meteor. His noble nature shone brighter and brighter through every cloud, bringing swift and sure punishments to rebellion, wherever it raised its front in the Punjab, carrying confidence and new vigour to the walls of Delhi, triumphant in the greatest fight that preceded the assault; the admiration of all the force. His genius foresaw the sure success: his undaunted courage carried the breach. He fell, the greatest hero we have had, loved and mourned through all India. Glorious fellow! . . . How proud must his mother feel that God gave her such a son, even though he was so soon taken away!"

Nicholson was thirty-five when he died at Delhi of his wound. He went to India at the age of seventeen, and he was only two years older when he underwent a long and terrible imprisonment in Afghanistan after the disaster to our arms there in 1841. Ever after Nicholson had the extremest distrust and hatred of the Afghans. Himself of the nicest honour and the simplest sincerity, he declares he "cannot describe their character in language sufficiently strong. . . . From the highest to the lowest, every man of them would *sell* both country and relations. . . . The surest mode of apprehending a criminal was to tamper with

his nearest friends and relations." After that, although he saw a good deal of service and won recognition in the two Sikh wars, it was mainly as administrator of certain districts of the conquered Punjab that he earned his unique fame, until the appalling and lurid episode of the Mutiny; and it is precisely in that administrative period that we get the most blurred and flat picture of the hero. And the reason is that that period is most cumbered with detail, not only in fact, but also in its exposition here. It was then that Nicholson won and exhibited his singular influence over the natives. But we see little and feel less of such influence until well through the volume we come upon one or two anecdotes characteristic of his dealing with the natives, whether prince or peasant.

But, after all, it is not difficult to understand the springs of Nicholson's god-like reputation among the tribes of the Punjab. His handsome, gigantic figure, his boundless energy, his wrath, his justice, his tenderness to the poor and feeble, his severity in punishment and his grim humour withal, his generosity in reward and his carelessness of himself,—all these things, as well as his swiftness in the act of war and his fiery personal courage, clearly marked him out to be the idol and the hero of simple, brave, and semi-barbarous tribes. The story has been told before how he was so adored and worshipped that, in 1849, a Hindu devotee discovered him to be "a new Avatar, or incarnation of the Brahmanic godhead," and how thus a new creed and a new sect were founded of *Nikalsain*. But, we imagine, the story has not been told before which Captain Trotter quotes from Sir Donald Macnabb of the singular and touching behaviour of the *Nikalsains* on the death of Nicholson. There is no space to quote it here, but it may be read in its proper place in Captain Trotter's volume.

And, in fine, it is due to Captain Trotter to repeat that, if we are somewhat disappointed with his work, it is not that his performance is so poor and small as that his subject is so rich and great. Some day Mr. Rudyard Kipling may think it worth his while to attempt a portrait of John Nicholson which we can "see all round."

#### ARCHITECT *v.* ENGINEER.

*Modern Architecture: a Book for Architects and the Public.* By H. Heathcote Statham. (Chapman & Hall.)

In this book Mr. Statham has chosen for the most part to make a *liber aureus* of creditable achievement. In addition to his example and his criticisms of contemporary work Mr. Statham expounds some principles which are the seeds from which only really fine results can spring. True architectural design, he says, is a kind of symbolism; it may merely symbolise the interior arrangements of the building; but in a sense more poetical it may symbolise moods of feeling or of association—"power, gloom, grace, gaiety, gracefulness." Every detail should express an idea which shall combine, like

the words of a sonnet, with the many others that will crowd around, to form the harmonious symbol of the dominant intention. Mr. Statham cites an instance of this "architectural characterisation." At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he wished to find the pavilion of the Pastellists. "All at once I caught sight of it a little way off: there was no notice that I could read from where I was, but I had no doubt of the building and went straight to it." He then describes the treatment of detail by which the ultimate expression of the motive was achieved. He applies the theory of symbolism to many of the buildings he has illustrated, and points to modern architects who have written large on their exterior elevations the objects of the structures. He notes that a church almost expresses itself: a very gifted architect of our day may have had this in his mind when he said: "O! any fool can design a church." From base to chimney summit a building should be an organism: to remove one feature should produce the same effect as a wound upon the body; it may be remembered that, some years ago, the urns that mark the receding stages of the tower of St. Mary-le-Strand were taken down; the effect was so painful that the parish rebelled and new vases of the old design were hauled aloft to their stone resting-places.

Mr. Statham rightly insists on the need of good planning; it is the first process in the creation of the organic whole; a plan well thought out goes far to secure the perfection of the completed structure. The making of clever plans is one of the few arts that have really flourished in our days. The growing up of new municipalities and the development of old ones, the demand therefore for town halls; the luxurious habits of the people, who have mansions built for them; the system of housing families in flats, the growth of hotels; all these and many other causes have produced a school of planning to which there has hitherto been no parallel. Never before was so much ingenuity needed nor so much thought expended on the compacting of plans. The complication of services; in towns the irregularity and restriction of sites; and, in other cases, the novelty of requirements have vitalised the dry bones of the old conventional system of plan, and introduced possibilities of internal effects and exterior symbolisms to which the older architects were never called. Elaborate plans are among our few originalities. Unfortunately, a lovely plan can, in most cases, only appeal to the expert. To be able to draw a competent plan is almost in itself a sufficient art; it is to create logical and geometric beauty; to have drawn it is to have made a picture; to set it out on the site is to capture an intellectual and practical delight which will not depart until the completion of the structure. The glory of the plan, as has been hinted, is so obscured by technicalities that it can be fully felt only by the initiate; still, such a plan as that of the Paris Hôtel de Ville—shown by Mr. Statham—should appeal, by its intrinsic dignity and charm, to that appalling majority who know nothing about architecture. It is sad to think how many cultivated people wander through the streets of cities and

cannot distinguish good design from bad. How many persons know the only fine front in Piccadilly? How many ever think about the fragment of Whitehall? Do people often note the vista through the arches of Somerset House? Why is so much beautiful work lost in the Shaftesbury Fountain? Only the few could give the reason why.

Therefore such books as this of Mr. Statham, dealing with principles, are so useful, if the people will only read them; but architecture seems a stern study to those who are not strongly called to it, or who are engrossed in other pursuits. It is, however, a strange fact that one great profession which should be kind and kindred is, in effect, actively hostile. The civil engineer who builds in iron is a product of this century; his masterliness in construction, his powers of invention, his skill in satisfying the needs he has created, have gained for him a position which is new and amazing. The scientific spirit being clear as to its objects, keen in its analysis, and irrefutable in its deductions, has captivated many strong minds. Science unadorned, exultant and intolerant, has wrenched from architecture provinces of labour; indifferent to ugliness, it has set utility in high places, and, satisfied with its own ingenuity, has, with much success, eliminated beauty. In London Bridge you see the now excluded architect; in the railway viaduct at Charing Cross you view the engineer unashamed. Mr. Aitchison, A.R.A., in one of his Royal Academy lectures, said: "Science that in mediæval days was in the mire is now at the top of the wheel, while art is in the mud." And, again: "So far as I know there is no *a priori* reason why art and science should not flourish together, although in later times we know they have not." Thus we live in the age of the unaided engineer, since science has willed it so. Mr. Statham warns students against the argument of some architectural critics that such great structures as the Forth Bridge are the real architectural works of the modern period. He admits that the great intellectual triumphs of the present era have been in scientific invention and not in artistic creation. He lays it down as an axiom that it is not until we get beyond the merely utilitarian aim that we enter the domain of architecture in the best sense of the word. He says: "With whatever new materials we have to deal, architecture must still remain the art of producing what is beautiful and expressive in building, which involves a great deal more than the mere question of economic structure." Thus the Forth Bridge is not art but a problem in cantilevers.

#### MASTERS OF MEDICINE.

*John Hunter.* By Stephen Paget.

*William Harvey.* By D'Arcy Power.

*Sir James Y. Simpson.* By H. Laing Gordon. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE idea of a series of short popular medical biographies was a good one; and the three volumes before us make a capital

beginning. Each Life is gripped sympathetically. Mr. Paget, for instance, tells the story of Hunter's breathless career with the right gallop, the right amount of anecdote—*anecdote* being so swift in its revelation. Hunter was one of those men who solve the riddles of life by hurrying on. Mr. Paget compares him with Swift, who "tore through life." He did not even play at cards. "Come to me to-morrow morning, young gentleman," he said to a budding surgeon newly arrived in London, "and I will put you in the way of things; come early in the morning, as soon after four as you can." The youngster kept the appointment, and found Hunter dissecting beetles. His thirsts to learn and to teach were equally insatiable. When need was, he could quarrel; and then he would keep twenty men at bay and do his work calmly the while; witness the story of his struggle to improve the medical teaching of St. George's Hospital, which he joined six years after its foundation. He fed his enthusiasm with endless acquisitions of natural history specimens—quick and dead; but the story of his collection is an old one. His letters to Jenner will be immortal in the profession. They quiver with haste and eagerness:

"Dear Jenner,—I received yours, as also the cuckoo's stomach." . . . "Dear Jenner,—I am always plaguing you with letters, but you are the only man I can apply to. I put three hedgehogs in the garden, and put meat in different places for them to eat as they went along; but they all di-d. Now, I want to know what this is owing to." . . . "Dear Jenner,—I received yours with the heron's legs."

Once he rushed into a bookseller's shop and said:

"Mr. N—, lend me five pounds and you shall go halves!"

'Halves in what?'

'Why, halves in a magnificent tiger which is now dying in Castle-street.'

"Don't think, try; be patient; be accurate," was his motto; and, in a large degree, it has been the broad motto of the medical profession since Hunter died. He left to his fellow-men achievements which even Mr. Paget hardly tries to estimate, and a collection which so embarrassed them that it lay for thirteen years in his house in Leicester-square before a scheme could be framed for dealing with it. Hunter found time to marry happily. In 1859 Frank Buckland sought for and found Hunter's coffin in the vaults of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the great anatomist was then laid in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

It is pleasant, in turning to the second and third volumes in this series, to find them written with the same quick apprehension of the charm of their subjects. Mr. D'Arcy Power is alive to the even, stately progress which Harvey kept through life under King and Commonwealth. We see him in his zenith, riding out from Ludgate to visit his patients, as Aubrey saw him, "on horseback with a foot-cloth, his man still following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent." Maybe Shakespeare stood still to

see the courtly physician, who had discovered the circulation of the blood, go past. Maybe Harvey passed Bacon in the narrow street, and bowed coldly to the man who, he said, "wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." We see Harvey again, as Lumleian lecturer, presiding over a "public anatomy," with its quaint and turgid ceremonial, at Amen Corner. We follow him with Charles I. to Scotland, where he would steal away from the glittering court to the Bass Rock to pick up eggs, and solve, if he could, the problem of incubation; or, later, to Edgemoor, where, during the battle, he took charge of the two boys, aged twelve and ten years, who afterwards reigned as Charles II. and James II. Best of all, in the sunset of his life we find him sitting on the leads of Cockaine House, in the City, "for the indulgence of his fancy," or expounding, in wise and learned talk, to Janssen. He could look back on a life that answered to his fine motto, "*Di laboribus omnia vendunt*" ("For toil the gods sell everything"); yet so modest he was, that Janssen could write: "Our Harvey . . . has not comported himself like those who, when they publish, would have us believe that an oak had spoken, and that they had merited the rarest honours—a draught of hen's milk, at the least." Mr. Power makes a lucky comparison between Harvey and Hunter. They had, indeed, much in common. Harvey loved to cut up animals: "his lectures show an intimate acquaintance with more than sixty kinds." Aubrey says he dissected toads; and when the Parliamentary soldiery rifled his house, his chief sorrow was the loss of many observations on the generation of insects. Like Hunter, Harvey was a short, choleric man, a born collector, an ardent comparative anatomist; less eager, perhaps (there has been only one Hunter), but better bred—a finer and a courtlier man.

The third volume before us carries us into that world of Edinburgh medicine which has produced so many great doctors. Sir James Young Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, rose from humble life in a Linlithgowshire village. The villagers always said he would do great things, for was he not a seventh son? And so heartily did he work and play as a boy that he was known as the "wise wean." He came to be a veritable king of medicine. In 1845, when he paid a professional visit to London, society rose to greet him, and boys sold his Life in the streets.

Simpson did more than promote health, he irradiated it. His consulting practice grew to enormous dimensions. He was gloriously unmethodical, and so careless of money that he would wrap professional or antiquarian specimens in bank-notes, and his valet had to empty his pockets each night of the money with which he had carelessly filled them during the day. Nor was he less than independent:

"When I called for Simpson," says one of his friends, "his two reception rooms were as usual full of patients, more were seated in the lobby, female faces stared from all the windows in vacant expectancy, and a lady was ringing the door-bell. But the doctor brushed through

the crowd to join me, and left them all kicking their heels for the next two hours."

The personal magnetism of the man was immense: he had the "Heraclean cheerfulness and courage" which Robert Louis Stevenson ascribed to doctors. Mr. Gordon tells the story of his "Fight for Anæsthesia" in one stirring chapter, showing us how Simpson met the medical, the moral, and the religious objections to chloroform. In Scotland the religious objections were as strong as any, and were analogous to those raised against threshing machines by the Scottish farmers who had for generations tossed their corn on shovels. But Simpson could quote Scripture, and he silenced his opponents with the text: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and he slept; and He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof."

We have but dipped into these biographies; but they are racy enough to tempt columns of quotation. They are not too long. They are bound in as gay a fashion as many novels, and they are more readable than most.

#### WILD LIFE AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

*With Nature and a Camera.* By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Pictures from Photographs by Cherry Kearton. (Cassell & Co.)

WHEN Mr. Richard Kearton, some years ago, produced his book about British birds' nests it was seen that he had seized upon a method for taking full advantage of that re-awakened love of nature characteristic of the town-dwelling modern. He was the first to show what photography could do by representing young birds and eggs and nests *in situ*, and his writing, too, is in a sense photographic. That is, it is uninformed by the spirit and poetry of nature. You do not catch him dropping his camera "to feel back into the centuries"; when he is searching for the merlin or watching the kestrel on down and moor he is not distracted by curiosity about "the man in the barrow," who so long ago also saw the wild hawk striking the partridge, and the butterfly fluttering on its love flight; he does not stop to wonder at his own ego, and reflect that the wind will blow and the brook will sing and the rain fall, when his eye sees no longer, just as they did thousands of years before he was born. In a sense, the writer is lucky not to be perplexed by such thoughts: they endear him only to the few across whose minds similar speculations have flashed; they make dull, uncomprehended reading for the many who prefer a material fact, illustrated by an exact picture. But the grosser taste in itself is perfectly sane and wholesome. The healthy average man is not to be blamed for living only in the present minute and caring nothing for "the man in the barrow," and thinking little of the wider beauty and mystery of life. It is something to be thankful for when a writer like Mr. Kearton comes forward with wholesome and nourishing food for a robust

and healthy appetite. We may, and do, regret that a Jefferies was allowed to starve mainly because he stood upon a higher plane; but that would be a poor reason for refusing to acknowledge the candour and sincerity, and a kind of sunny youthfulness, with which this book is written. Taken within its own limits, it is wholly pleasant and admirable.

In the end it will probably be found that photography is not an ideal method for illustrating natural history, and that its province is rather to rectify the errors of the draughtsman than to supplant his work, but it is admirably adapted to the book before us. The author's aim is to describe the difficulties and adventures encountered while gathering material for his previous work. He explains that he and his brother are engaged in the city, but having been born and bred on the wild Yorkshire moors, and having imbibed a passion for outdoor life in childhood, they are in the habit, when holiday time comes round, of returning to the old pursuit. And their zeal has carried them into distant and little known haunts. The rarer birds, especially those of the sea, can only be studied in places difficult of access. They are protected and breed freely on the Farne Islands, which are now preserved for them. When in the neighbourhood, however, we rather wonder that the brothers did not penetrate inland as far as Pallinsburn, where the famous pond is a breeding-place of the black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) and has long been kept as a kind of sanctuary for wild fowl. Quite close at hand, too, is Haggerston, where Mr. Christopher Leyland has formed a very different kind of sanctuary, and nylghais, gazelles, mouflon, kangaroos, yaks and antelopes, may be seen in an English park. On the neighbouring Cheviots several of the rarer *falconide* may be studied to advantage. Further north the author and photographer visited the Bass Rock, where they obtained one or two excellent pictures of Solan geese. The following extract will exhibit the nature of this pastime:

"My brother was anxious to obtain a picture showing a good crowd of gannets in it; and when he descended for that purpose to the very edge of the cliff, and began to stalk the birds (with his camera in front of him) from ledge to ledge—off any of which the slightest slip meant a headlong plunge of a hundred and fifty feet into the sea below—I saw one of the men who had accompanied us in the boat turn away, and heard him mutter to himself: 'Ventreuxsome devil; he'll never get off the Bass alive.'"

More than a third of the book is devoted to an account of St. Kilda, another favourite hunting ground of the naturalist, inhabited by a score or so of the most primitive folk to be found in the British Islands. With very great charm Mr. Kearton has succeeded in rendering their old world habits and pursuits. On another occasion, perhaps, he may be induced to go yet further afield. There are many aspects of bird life well worth studying in the more remote and solitary islands of the Orkney and Shetland group. Twice—and both times, as it curiously happened, on a Christmas Day—we have seen a golden eagle perched upon the spire of St. Magnus' Cathedral in Kirkwall, and

the scarce visited islets set amid those dangerous currents, where the Atlantic waters sweep round the stormy Pentland and make an endless jumble as they meet those of the North Sea, are practically undisturbed haunts of birds now become rare elsewhere.

We do not so much care for Mr. Kearton's writing on gamekeepers, poachers, and other themes connected with the South. These have been written about so often and so well that it is difficult to add a new touch, and we miss that charm of a first impression that is so attractive in the Northern sketches. Finally, let it be added with great caution of statement, that Mr. Kearton has described and photographed the famous St. Kilda wren. We add not one word more, because so emulous are naturalists of claiming the glory of having discovered this little mite of a bird, that to connect one man's name with it is only to invite indignant correspondence from another. Enough, then, to say that Mr. Kearton has not only confirmed the story that St. Kilda rejoices in a wren all to itself, but has succeeded in obtaining its photograph.

#### ARMCHAIR BOOKS.

BY AN UNPROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

##### II.—A CHIEF AMONG THE F.R.S.'S.\*

"DR. SHARPEY, while writing the Council Minutes, talked with me of sundry matters. He said on the lunch table of the Athenæum there is, at times, a boar's head. Hart, the artist, a Jew, stood one day looking at the head, and Landseer, coming in with a friend, whispered, 'Do you know what Hart is thinking about? Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

That is a quotation from *The Journals of Walter White*, the latest volume of reminiscences. Here is another passage, enshrining a picture of Thackeray. The date is June 23, 1859:

"While in Chapman's counting-house was introduced to Thackeray, who happened to come in. Had heard so often that he was ugly, that I was agreeably surprised to find him otherwise: he has a lively eye, fresh colour, and an appearance of old youth or youthful age. Told him I had been the means of making persons like his books. I longed to tell him that he had harped too much on the sentimental string in the *Virginians*, to the exclusion of incident and the detriment of the work. He said he wished he had five numbers yet instead of three. In reply to a remark of F. Chapman's he said that if he had a rich uncle he should strangle him. Then F. C., 'You say that who can write such books; why, if I could write such books as yours I wouldn't envy even Rothschild. I don't as it is.' Soon after he rose, shook hand, expressed pleasure at having made my acquaintance, and said: 'I go away a little taller, Mr. White, for this conversation with you.' During the conversation F. C. said that E. Chapman had once said to Dickens, 'Take a pinch of snuff,' and handed him a box containing £1,400.

That surely is a most excellent way to take snuff! From another of Walter White's

\* *The Journals of Walter White.* (Chapman & Hall.)

entries it would seem that no small part of Dickens's life was occupied in receiving generous gifts from the Chapman counting-house :

"G. Lovejoy hears from Charles Tilt that Dickens's *Pickwick* was not at first popular. The work had been offered to various publishers, and Chapman & Hall were not over pleased with their bargain. Tilt sold 1,200 of No. 6, and the publishers sent to Dickens a cheque for £30 over and above the £8 per sheet agreed on ; he acknowledged it. For No. 7 they sent him an extra cheque for £60, which he did not acknowledge. For No. 8, a cheque for £100, which he returned. They altered the one into four, and then the author kept it. Altogether he received for *Pickwick* £1,200 more than was stipulated for."

Walter White, the chronicler of this gossip, was largely a self-educated man, who after beginning life as a cabinet-maker attained to what it is customary to consider the infinitely finer position of assistant secretary of the Royal Society, and confidant of the late Lord Tennyson. Walter White was born, in 1811, at Reading, and began early to have literary ambitions and devote the nights to study. Married in 1830, he emigrated with his family to New York in 1834, varied cabinet-making with lecturing, teaching, and writing prose and poetry, returned to Reading in 1839, gave up cabinet-making about 1843, and became sub-librarian at the Royal Society, then at Somerset House, in 1844. In 1861 he became assistant secretary to the Royal Society, with a residence at Burlington House, a post which he held till 1885, when he retired. He died in 1893. Throughout his life he regularly kept a journal, selections from which have now been arranged by his brother and published in the compact volume which has beguiled an hour fairly interestingly. Their author was no Boswell ; but he knew several of the men whom one always is glad to read about. It is probably to the circumstance that he was on peculiarly friendly terms with Tennyson that we owe the book at all. Just now, one suspects, no publisher would dare to refuse any MS. which contained that august name.

The most circumstantial entry in the whole diary is an account of a conversation between Carlyle and Charles Kingsley at Chelsea in March, 1860. At one period the talk ran thus :

KINGSLEY: 'How long will this jackassery, this flood of books written by people who have nothing to say, continue? Look at Dickens, a man who might have been a Defoe if he would but have restrained his pen, who has degenerated even since *Nickleby*, whose Christmas stories are gloomy and depressing.'

'What is the reason?' I asked.  
'Ignorance! He is one of the most ignorant of modern writers.'

CARLYLE: 'I find the humour of his *Pickwick* very melancholy. As for Defoe, he would have been a greater man, but he was such an incontinent fellow—always write, write, write on some petty city matters. But he had wonderful power of imagination, making you feel that he had seen everything he described.'

Then sermons were talked of, and the strictures on books applied to them. 'I hate the sound of my own voice,' said K., 'especially if I have to speak beyond a quarter of an hour. 'Tis a torture to me.'

'Then I: "Then every Sunday is to you a martyrdom?"'

'It is; and judge of my feelings when I am obliged to listen to somebody else's sermon for thirty-five minutes. Think of 15,000 clergymen having to stand up Sunday after Sunday with nothing to say. Ah! the Reformation has much to answer for.' Turning to C.: 'You and your Puritans have much to answer for. Those men first started the notion that the way to heaven was by infinite jaw; and see what infinite jaw has brought us to.'

'Ay,' said C. 'Tis wonderful how men will go on talking with nothing to say.'

There is nothing very new here, nothing surprising; but it is impossible to turn aside from a book which reports such conversations. Human nature is otherwise constructed. Elsewhere Carlyle calls Gilfillan a "brute," a "wild ass's colt"; and Kingsley tells how he stung Dickens's *Child's History of England* into the fire. Carlyle also says, when asked to take part in the movement for opening museums on Sunday, that "he would be sorry to give the old religion its last kick." Since then the kick has been administered, but the old religion still perseveres. Finally, let me quote one of the references to Tennyson. The date is October 16, 1852 :

"Tennyson came to the library to-day. After a time he said, 'I must have a pipe. Mr. Wild replied that he should either go and smoke up the chimney in the back library or on the roof. He chose the latter, and I went to show him how to thrust his huge length through the window. In a quarter of an hour he came down greatly refreshed. During a conversation on French affairs on the day of the christening of his child, he broke in with his deep sonorous voice, 'By the holy living God, France is in a loathsome state.'"

### BRIEFER MENTION.

*Life and Letters of William John Butler.*  
(Macmillan & Co.)

THE late Dean of Lincoln belonged to the first flight of the High Church Movement. The friend of Pusey and the saintly Keble, he looked with some distrust upon the Ritualistic vagaries of their more feather-headed successors. As a parish priest at Wantage, he did good work in civilising a somewhat lawless community; and he was one of the first to institute or revive Sisterhoods in the Anglican Church. His task was not lightened by the tendency of the Sisters to become converts to Roman Catholicism; but at the time of the founder's death the community of St. Mary of Wantage numbered thirty-four branches occupied in various works of piety and charity throughout England and India. In 1870 occurred a curious episode in Butler's life. He was taking a holiday on the Continent when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He volunteered at once for Red Cross work, and for a considerable period this somewhat autocratic organiser served patiently as storeroom-keeper in a military hospital. His letters describing this curious experience are,

perhaps, the most interesting part of the book; but as a whole it leaves a pleasant impression of an honest, hard-working, and, within his limits, a reasonable man. He had a great influence over his curates, the most remarkable of whom was the late Canon Liddon.

*Our Churches, and Why we Belong to Them.*  
By Canon Knox Little and Others.  
(Service & Paton.)

A COLLECTION of essays by two dignitaries of the Church of England and nine representatives of the principal bodies of Protestant Dissenters. There is no hint in the book itself of how it came to be written, but all the essays show internal evidence that their writers' attention has been especially drawn to the possibility of corporate re-union. When the Churches do agree, their unanimity is wonderful; and there is hardly a discordant note in the book, save for the pronouncements of the two Anglicans. From these we give a few extracts side by side.

CANON KNOX LITTLE. PREBENDARY WEBB  
PEPLOE.

The Church of England has preserved the Apostolic Succession, and therefore has validity for her sacraments.

Evangelicals may doubt the reality or power of what is now called "Apostolical Succession."

The sacrament of confirmation . . . which is stated in the New Testament to be one of "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ."

The Church of England knows nothing whatever of more than two Sacraments . . . Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

Prayers for the dead and unexaggerated invocation of saints have been revived and re-placed in their due position.

The Church of England has given proof that invocation of saints and prayers for the dead are not according to the mind of the Lord.

The Blessed Sacrament and Sacrifice (is) the chief service of the Church ordained by our Lord . . . Whenever "the Sacrifice of our Ransom" is celebrated, all hear the living voice of the creed of Nicæa.

For a man to profess to offer a "Sacrifice of our Ransom" or a propitiatory offering in any sense for the sins of his fellow-men is at once to place himself in opposition to the teaching of the Church of England.

May not those Dissenters who are invited to unite with the Church of England reasonably ask which set of doctrines it is that they are asked to accept?

*The Nursery Rhyme-Book.* By Andrew Lang. (F. Warne & Co.)

CONSIDERING that a work similar in scope and of the same bulk as this book appeared only two or three years ago, edited by Prof. Saintsbury and illustrated exceedingly well by Mr. Gordon Browne, we cannot speak of Mr. Lang's volume as a long-felt want. Nowadays, however, it is the fashion in literature to do the same thing twice; and Mr. Lang is so entertaining a compiler of books for the young that we cannot complain, whatever the publishers of the earlier work may do. For the volume

before us Mr. Lang has gone avowedly to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's collection. Having chosen the rhymes he has prefixed an essay upon them and added notes. The essay, which is intended for young readers, but will not (of course) be read by them, shows the author in one of his infrequent confidential moods. Thus:

"To read the old Nursery Rhymes brings back queer lost memories of a man's own childhood. One seems to see the loose, flappy picture-books of long ago, with their boldly coloured pictures. The books were tattered and worn, and my first library consisted of a wooden box full of these volumes, and I can remember being imprisoned for some crime in the closet where the box was, and how my gaolers found me, happy and impenitent, sitting on the box, with its contents all around me, reading. There was 'Who killed Cock Robin?' which I knew by heart before I could read (entirely 'without tears') by picking out the letters in the familiar words . . ."

We cannot always quite understand Mr. Lang's selections. For instance, why print this—

"There was an old man of Tobago,  
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sage,  
Till, much to his bliss,  
His physician said this—  
To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go"—

and not accompany it with many other and better nonsense rhymes? The number of funny jingles (irrespective of Edward Lear's) on this model is large, yet Mr. Lang offers only indifferent ones. But it is a kindly book, and for grown-ups its pages are filled with reminiscences. Some of Mr. L. Leslie Brooke's illustrations could hardly be better, others are singularly lacking both in fun and fancy. The Old Woman who Lived under a Hill is, however, perfect. So is the Pussy Cat who had been to London to look at the Queen.

*Sketches of Rural Life.* By Francis Lucas. (Macmillan & Co.)

SINCE the first edition of this pleasant little book was published, eight years ago, its kindly author has died. Mr. Lucas, who was by profession a partner in an old Quaker private bank at Hitchin, rhymed only occasionally; but his rhymes, though few, were fit, and his philosophy was old-fashioned and sound. The poems which give the title to this volume, comprising the Miller, the Hedger and Ditcher, the Ploughman, the Shepherd, and kindred others, have a fresh and simple note and a welcome homeliness and humour. Our copy concludes with pages 157, which bears the words "The End," although the index promises on page 159 another poem with the attractive title "Imaginary People of 1838 and their Sentiments and Surroundings." This is rather a curious error, to which we call the attention of the publishers. A formal and an informal portrait of the late Francis Lucas, the latter much the better, accompany the volume.

*All About Animals.* (George Newnes, Ltd.)

This book brings the Zoo to our very fireside. It consists of some four hundred photographs, reproduced to the scale of 10 inches

by 7, of wild animals, taken instantaneously. The plates have been printed with the utmost care, and every picture in the copy before us is a sharp, clear impression. We have no hesitation in saying that this is incomparably the best book of its kind that has yet appeared. Here is the justification of the camera indeed: to enable a home-keeping reader in a comfortable chair to know accurately, and in a moment, what manner of beasts infest the jungles of India and the forests of South America, the bush of Australia and the African deserts! In the nursery the book should be an inexhaustible treasure: the lions almost growl, and when we come to the elephants' bath we almost dodge the spray. The photographs are the work of M. Gambier Bolton, the Scholastic Photo Company, Herr Anschutz of Berlin, and Mr. Stuart of Southampton. Until colour photography is introduced we cannot conceive of the camera excelling some of these plates. A brief and pithy account of each animal accompanies each picture.

*The Blackberries and their Adventures.* By E. W. Kemble. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. E. W. KEMBLE, the American artist, is, by general consent, incontestably the best comic delineator of negro life that has yet appeared. In the volume before us we have a number of coloured drawings in his merriest manner depicting the adventures of a little company of nigger children. The model of the book is Mr. Palmer Cox's *Brownies*, but Mr. Kemble has taken nothing but the ground plan of that diverting work: the superstructure and fun are his own. The Blackberries pass through the usual experiences: they play golf, and swim, and make fireworks, and ride a steeplechase, and always contrive a comic mishap. Some of their facial expressions are a treat for sore eyes, as the saying is. The accompanying verses may or may not be good—so faint is the orange ink in which they are printed that we cannot read them. Luckily they are not needed.

*The Making of Matthias.* By J. S. Fletcher. (John Lane.)

WE cannot conscientiously call this anything but a dull book. The author's intention is admirable: to show a boy, rich with the freedom of the open air, the fields and woods and secret places of the earth; rich with the friendship of the beasts and birds; knowing no evil, yet wanting for his perfection the elements of human sympathy; finding it at last in grief for a dead friend, and thus being "made." But the treatment is unrelieved, undistinguished. Mr. Fletcher writes accurately, yet his book is without movement, without soul. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch supplies some charming illustrations.

*The Adventures of a Siberian Cub.* Translated from the Russian by Léon Golschmann. (Jarrold & Sons.)

THE name of the Russian author is not given; but we are led to suppose that the true English equivalent of the title of the story is "The Ruined Home," which may

be illuminative to some of our readers. The book is aimed at children, and it certainly should hit them. The life-stories of animals are always profoundly entertaining, when done well (witness the popularity of *Black Beauty*), and this is done well enough. It has an un-English roughness and abruptness, but the interest is sound and persistent. The following extract should give the nursery a pleasant foretaste:

"Next morning the grocer sent the following bill to Mishook's master: 'Yesterday were eaten in my shop by your Highness's cub:

|                                     | Rou-<br>bles. | Co-<br>pecks. |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 6 lbs. spiced gingerbreads, at 30   |               |               |
| copecks per lb. . . . .             | 1             | 80            |
| 5 lbs. ordinary ginger breads, at   |               |               |
| 25 copecks per lb. . . . .          | 1             | 25            |
| 13. lbs caramel, best quality . . . | 0             | 50            |
|                                     | 3             | 55            |

Please pay this bill, and please forbid your Highness's cub to enter my shop!"

There are many excellent pictures of the cub, by Miss Winifred Austen.

*Two Essays upon Matthew Arnold, with Some of his Letters to the Author.* By Arthur Galton. (Elkin Mathews.)

NATURALLY one first goes to the letters in this volume. The series begins with one in which Mr. Arnold gave his correspondent the wholesome advice that "exercise in verse cannot but be valuable to you if you set yourself to be distinct." In the closing epistle Mr. Arnold remarks that "Macaulay can hardly be of use to any mortal soul who takes our times and its needs seriously." The letters between deal with nothing more important to the general reader than pet-dogs and lumbago, the fortunes of the *Hobby Horse*, and how the great critic had an "aching back" at Hastings and had little inclination for his American tours. They also show that he tried in vain to induce Mr. Galton to make a certain dedication less flattering. Had he seen these essays it is possible that he would have felt still more uncomfortable under their excessive laudation.

*Mary Powell and Deborah's Diary.* Edited by W. H. Hutten. (Nimmo.)

THE two romances which Miss Manning wove around the domestic life of Milton do not deserve to fall into total oblivion. A trifle sentimental, they are done with real knowledge and with sympathy alike for the poet and for the household to whom he must have been something of a trial. Mr. W. H. Hutten contributes a preface, in which he recalls memories of the authoress, old-fashioned and satirical, "a tall, thin lady with black hair, an aquiline nose, and a bright colour," and the reprint is adorned with some dainty drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. John Jellicoe.

*Carlyle on Burns.* By John Muir. (Hodge & Co.)

FIRST came Burns, writing his best. Then came Carlyle, with a warm eulogy. Now comes Mr. Muir with opinions on both. Meanwhile Burns's poems await readers.



SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Alphonse Daudet left behind him a considerable body of unpublished and incomplete work, including short stories, reminiscences, a novel entitled *Quinze Ans de Mariage*, and the bulk of a work of a personal nature, called *Ma Douleur*, the account of his own sufferings under ill-health, and those of other writers similarly afflicted. M. Léon Daudet will act as his father's biographer—at least, as his father's first biographer. It is not likely that only one memoir will be published.

MR. BALFOUR's plea for poor novelists confronted by a world whose fictional possibilities they have exhausted, upon which we remarked last week, has drawn forth much criticism. Probably Mr. Balfour intended that it should, just as a clever debater will sometimes change sides in order that the discussion may be more spirited.

THE best comment upon the speech that we have yet seen is made in a letter to the *Scotsman* from a writer whose work is now too seldom seen—Mr. William Black. He says:

"At this pacific season of the year, would you allow a perfectly obscure person to endeavour to calm the perturbed spirit of Mr. A. J. Balfour? He appears to be agitated about the probable future of the novel. At Edinburgh the other day he spoke of 'the obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with.' And again he said, with doubtful grammar, 'Where, gentleman, is the novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off,' and so forth. Mr. Balfour may reassure himself. So long as the world holds two men and a maid,

or two maids and a man, the novelist has abundance of material, and there is no need to search for a 'theatre' while we have around us the imperishable theatre of sea and the sky and the hills. If Mr. Balfour cannot master these simple and elementary propositions, then it would be well for him to remain altogether outside the domain of literature, and to busy himself (when not engaged in party politics) with some more recondite subject—say bi-metallism."

ANOTHER critic of the novel has been laying about him with some vigour—M. Rzewusik, a Pole. We cannot agree with much that he says, but the opinions of an outspoken intelligent foreigner are always interesting. M. Rzewusik begins by exempting Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Meredith from his strictures: they, he says, are, by the intensity of their style, their psychological analysis, the elevation of their feelings and the grandeur of their philosophical conceptions, the rivals of the great Slav, German, and French novelists; although even in their best work there is always something of insincerity and a tendency to metaphysics (Dickens metaphysical!). In structural skill, however, they are the inferiors of even second-rate Frenchmen.

As for the second-rate English novelists, men and women, M. Rzewusik thinks them terrible. Their work reveals bottomless depths of silliness, chatter, stupid admiration, mawkish sentimentality, and harsh, preachy cant. The women are the worse offenders: to let lodgings and write a novel is within the power (so M. Rzewusik says) of any Englishwoman. Still he finds some Englishwomen of the second rank who can please him: Miss Rhoda Broughton, Ouida, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Charlotte Brontë!

IN the January *Blackwood* the late Mrs. Oliphant's office of "Looker On" will be found to be occupied by another. A fit successor of the wise and shrewd observer whose pen is now still for ever must have unusual gifts.

THE first number of *Saint George*, the quarterly journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham—the Society of the Rose—reaches us. The editor is Mr. John Howard Whitehouse. The reports of three lectures delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham form the bulk of the number, which is well printed and well presented. A portrait of the Master serves for frontispiece.

*Saint George* also contains the following extract from a letter from Mr. W. G. Collingwood: "I am glad to say that Mr. Ruskin's health is much as it has been during these later years. He still takes his daily walks, sees his personal friends, and spends much time in reading. But it does not seem to be understood by the public that his comparative health depends upon his being kept from all unnecessary work. He directs his own business, but is obliged to decline correspondence, and cannot reply to the

many letters which still come asking for his intervention in public matters, or for private advice and assistance." Mr. Ruskin, we might add, will be seventy-nine in February.

THE first number of *The Ethical World*, a twopenny weekly journal whose scope is explained by its title, is also before us. It seems soundly done. Among the articles in the current issue are a dissertation on a passage in Newman's writings, by Mr. Leslie Stephens, and an account of the social outlook in America, by Mr. Charles Zueblin.

FROM Mr. Conan Doyle poems come but seldom, but when he does turn to verse he hits the mark. His song of the English bow in *Micah Clarke* is a stirring ballad, and he wrote nobly of the *Fourdroyant* when it was proposed to sell her some few years ago. But in the main he adheres to prose. We are, therefore, the more glad to find his spirited ballad of "Cremona" in the January *Cornhill*.

"CREMONA" tells the story of the capture of that city by the Imperial army under Prince Eugène in 1702, and its recovery by the Irish regiments of Dillon and Burke, who were assisting the French army under Marshal Villeroy. Here are some stanzas:

"Prince Eugène of Austria is in the marketplace;  
 Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face;  
 Says he, 'Our work is done,  
 For the Citadel is won,  
 And the black and yellow flag flies o'er  
 Cremona.'  
 Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,  
 And just six hundred Irish boys are waiting  
 for him there;  
 Says he, 'Come in your shirt,  
 And you won't take any hurt,  
 For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona.'  
 Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,  
 And just six hundred Irish boys will neither  
 stay nor wait;  
 There's Dillon and there's Burke,  
 And there'll be some bloody work  
 Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold  
 Cremona.  
 Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river  
 fort,  
 And just six hundred Irish boys are joining  
 in the sport;  
 'Come, take a hand!' says he,  
 'And if you will stand by me,  
 Then it's glory to the man who takes  
 Cremona!'"

At last the Irishmen succeeded in beating back the besiegers. The ballad ends:

"There's just two hundred Irish boys are shouting on the wall;  
 There's just four hundred lying who can hear no slogan call;  
 But what's the odds of that,  
 For it's all the same to Pat,  
 If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.  
 Says General de Vaudray, 'You've done a soldier's work!  
 And every tongue in France shall talk of  
 Dillon and of Burke!  
 Is there anything at all,  
 Which I, the General,  
 Can do for you, the heroes of Cremona?'"

'Why, yes,' says Dan O'Mahony. 'One favour we entreat,  
We were called a little early, and our toilet's  
not complete.  
We've no quarrel with the shirt,  
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,  
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona.'

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* reviews Miss L. Alma Tadema's volume of poetry, *Realms of Unknown Kings*, as if it were the work of the artist, her father: "If Mr. Alma Tadema," it says, "will devote himself to his art, look closely for subjects, rid himself of the affectation that love, to be interesting, ought to be unlawful, and elaborate his lyrics, he ought to make a name." But when names are thus confused, the temptations to make one cannot be very alluring.

THE *Critic* prints the following letter from Mark Twain, in Vienna, concerning certain false rumours which have been recently circulating: "It has been reported that I was seriously ill—it was another man; dying—it was another man; dead—the other man again. It has been reported that I have received a legacy—it was another man; that I am out of debt—it was another man; and now comes this 82,000 dols.—still another man. It has been reported that I am writing books—for publication; I am not doing anything of the kind. It would surprise and gratify me if I should be able to get another book ready for the press within the next three years. You can see yourself that there isn't anything else to be reported—invention is exhausted. . . . As far as I can see, nothing remains to be reported except that I have become a foreigner. When you hear it, don't you believe it, and don't take the trouble to deny it. Merely raise the American flag on our house in Hartford and let it talk."

SOME time ago an article appeared in one of the American magazines in praise of an "artist of the monostich": in other words, a poet or phrase-maker who confined his productive powers to single lines. His capacity for epithet was sometimes striking, but it seemed to some of his readers that his task had only begun. Now, in the *Critic*, we find the same, or another, artist of the monostich again at work. Here are some specimens:

"A PEARL

Up from the deep sea's darkness stole a drop  
of light.

AN ALBATROSS

It climbed the horizon with slow stroke of wing.

MIST

God's breath upon the mirror of the sea.

TWILIGHT

Gray with the vestige of forgotten light."

A monostich in time, it may be presumed, saves nine; but we confess to preferring longer poems of more sustained interest.

FEW Christmases go by without seeing the publication of a new edition of Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. This year the work has come from the house of Cassell in

the shape of a *facsimile* of the original MS. According to the "Editor's Note" (though surely a *facsimile* of an original MS. is in no need of an editor) the book is published to give every reader the opportunity "to watch for himself, or herself, the master-mind at work; to see how the story grew under his hand; to trace his very moods, in the corrections and alterations made as the work progressed." Unfortunately, Dickens's writing at best was not too distinct, and the corrections and interlineations render it here quite illegible, except to a reader with a microscope and an infinite patience. But it is certainly extremely interesting to see such a story in the making.

THE humour of the authors of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and its sequel, which seems to us of a quite desirable quality, is not to all tastes. Among the eulogists of these gentlemen the *Spectator* holds, perhaps, the foremost place; yet see how an American reviewer can write: ". . . Its pictures are of the order of caricature. But they are not of a pleasing type of caricature, and the inequality of level between them and the 'verses' is marked. Such a book can have no refining influence on minds of any age, and it must be a very crude kind of taste that can find anything in it to enjoy. The production of such books is a waste of pens, ink, and paper." One man's meat is truly another man's poison.

A PROSPECTUS of the *Art Journal* for 1898 reaches us, decorated with a very modern design in colours. Among the special supplements for the year will be reproductions after Mr. Clausen, Mr. Swan, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Orchardson, and the late Sir John Millais and Albert Moore. Mr. B. W. Leader will paint the landscape from which the "premium plate" is to be etched. A series of articles on famous private picture galleries will run through the volume.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has been engaged for some time past in writing a life of Peter the Great, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. inform us they will publish about the same time that Sir Henry Irving's play of the same name is produced at the Lyceum. We do not know whether Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Browning is more to be congratulated on this happy coincidence.

OWING to an inadvertence, Mr. A. H. Norway's new book, *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, was reviewed last week under the title, *In the West Country*. There is very good reason why Mr. Norway's volume should not bear such a name, for it already belongs to a pleasant collection of papers on Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall by Mr. Francis H. Knight.

MADAME SARAH GRAND has given an interviewer of the *Weekly Sun* her opinions on *The Beth Book* and its critics. She said, among other things:

"Anything more unlike what I should have understood was criticism than the diatribes

directed against my little book, or even the grudging allowances made for it, cannot be imagined. If to praise moderately, as Vauvenargues said, is a sign of mediocrity, then (with some fine exceptions) are my critics a most mediocre lot. . . . I know I should be crushed, but there is something in me that won't be crushed, won't even take my critics seriously. You will see that their verdicts will not be final. There is only one thing in which I must acknowledge them cunningly clever—when they dubbed *The Beth Book* dull. It is not dull, and that they knew, but in order to injure the book they deliberately and dishonestly set themselves to mislead the public."

We are not concerned to return to *The Beth Book* and its merits; but it may be pointed out that to some one every author is dull, even Lewis Carroll and Thomas à Kempis.

*Vittoria* has just been added to the new cheap edition (if six shillings per volume can rightly be called cheap in the time of sixpenny Shakespeares) of Mr. Meredith's novels. We observe the phrase, "Copyright, 1897, by George Meredith," facing the contents. This has reference, we presume, to the revised text, and means that Messrs. Constable's edition of *Vittoria* is safe from the enterprise of rival firms for the next forty-two years, whereas the first form of the novel, which was published in 1866, will be accessible a considerable period earlier.

IN its new shape *Vittoria* has a frontispiece in photogravure representing La Scala, the opera-house at Milan.

IN the current number of the *Artist* we find an enthusiastic, but well-merited, eulogy of the work of Mr. William Hyde. This artist is as yet little known, except among the few, but certainly there are living few closer students, and no finer exponent, of the play of light and shade upon the face of nature. Mr. Hyde's usual medium is monochrome, which he uses with such mastery as to produce almost the effect of colour. The examples of his work which illustrate this article are all scenes of repose; yet to our mind it is when a landscape is in the grip of a storm or frowned upon by an angry sky that Mr. Hyde is at his greatest. Two of the pictures are chosen from a book on London, which Messrs. Constable will shortly publish.

THE *Essex Review* is one of the best of the county antiquarian magazines, but like many quarterly publications it has sinned against punctuality. It is resolved, we learn, to sin no more in this particular; and it aspires to positive improvements. From the beginning of the year Miss C. Fell Smith will be mainly responsible for the magazine.

WE are informed that Mr. Farrar Fenton who recently issued a translation of the New Testament in "current English," is about to issue the Old Testament on the same lines. The first section will include the *Book of Job*, and will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. We trust that "current English" does not mean slang.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

### II.—WALTER PATER.

IN and about the year 1870 a great change became apparent in the spirit of English literature. The group of vigorous writers who had made letters subservient to morality, and who believed in "the man and his message," had begun to break up. Carlyle, who had wielded a long sway over every kind of intellect—the imaginative, the historic, even the scientific—was feeling the effects of years, and though, even in decay a rugged giant, his power was no longer what it had been. All along the line the movement was being carried on with feeblers hands. Whatever was weak or imperfect in art with a purpose became glaringly apparent in the work of those secondary writers to whom the elders handed on the torch. Brilliant young men no longer found it natural to adhere to Lord Tennyson's theory of literature; and very soon it became apparent that the centre of influence was shifting, and that for a time at least an opposite doctrine was to prevail. The rebellion—if one may be permitted to apply that word to a perfectly natural and, within limits, wholesome movement—was not carried out by any single leader. It sprang up simultaneously in a number of minds, not, indeed, of the very highest rank, but of fine and genuine capacity. In verse its clearest exponent was William Morris, who, in lines as bold as they were sweet and tuneful, announced that a bard had come who assumed to be neither prophet nor messenger. "Dreamer of dreams" sang the latter-day poet:

"Dreamer of dreams born out of my due time  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate."

But though he so beautifully found words for the creed, it was another who was to be the dominant influence. *Atalanta in Calydon* had appeared before the *Earthly Paradise*, and for twenty years to come its author was to be the most sedulously imitated of poets; and the imitators taking their cue from him and Morris ostentatiously ignored "the message." I am not concerned to discuss whether they were right or wrong; indeed, I do not believe there is any abstract right or wrong in the matter. Art will bear no heavier moral than is carried by life itself, and if the poet be true to life it is impossible for him to be false to its morals. The justification of a theory lies wholly in its fruit, and it may here be pointed out that the consciousness of a great aim in life itself, the belief that "eyes do regard you from eternity's stillness," the feeling that there is and must be some great and solemn object in existence has a bracing and ennobling effect upon letters. The wave of a great moral movement gave us *Paradise Lost*;

its reaction only the drama of the Restoration. A somewhat similar wave produced *In Memoriam*, *The French Revolution*, and *Adam Bede*; its reaction has flowered into no achievement of the highest class, and is ending in something like paralysis.

Be that as it may—and I throw it out only as a suggested explanation—the late Mr. Pater, just about the time when *Atalanta* and *The Earthly Paradise* appeared, began to wield in prose an influence equal to that which Mr. Swinburne wielded in verse. It ran in channels, however, that were partially concealed. He was pre-eminently a writer's writer, and his power is not, as Carlyle's was, open, conspicuous, and commanding; it has been most deeply felt by the choice minds of his age, and has been filtered through them to the wider public. There is scarcely an aspect in which he does not differ from the great moralist. Not even Goethe could make Carlyle understand what *Kunst* was—"Carlyle knows nothing of art," said Tennyson—he used letters purely as the vehicle through which he delivered his exhortations to the age. To Pater literature was something very different. It was "a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world." He was the first great Englishman to preach the gospel of art for art's sake. He judged life not by its effect on the race or the future, but by the sensations it experienced by "the pleasure of the ideal present, the mystic now."

The creed looks foolish enough as presented by those who may be called derivatives from Pater; his own mind was too clear and strong to be content with its weaker aspect. All roads lead to Rome, and it is strange to note that the most diverse intellects, provided they be honest and capable, arrive finally at very nearly the same conclusions. He worked out his thoughts into a creed as large and austere as that of Carlyle himself. "Not pleasure, but fulness of life and insight as conducting to that pleasure—energy, choice, and variety of experience, including noble pain and sorrow"—so does he make his Marius think. Pain and sorrow are noble only when they are nobly born, and with this explanation the creed embodies all that makes for submission and conciliation, for adjustment to conditions.

Nor has any moralist laid down a sterner and more uncompromising law than this:

"Truth: there can be no merit, no craft at all without that. And, further, all beauty is, in the long run, only fineness of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to the vision within."

Mr. Pater does not himself appear to have been of a combative or aggressive disposition; but some of the more ardent spirits, who caught up the cry of art for art's sake without troubling about its deeper meaning, at once began to use it as a battering-ram on the great reputations of their time. Lord Tennyson's biographer tells us that he saw in this a beginning of decay. His words are worth quoting. After giving the poet's *impromptu* made in 1869, after reading an attack on the *Idylls*,

"Art for art's sake! Hail, truest lord of hell!" he goes on:

"These lines in a measure expressed his strong and sorrowful conviction that the English were beginning to forget what was, in Voltaire's words, the glory of English literature—'No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation.'"

That was thirty years ago, and the young warriors who then rushed eagerly to the fray are grizzled veterans now, and it is their turn to be haled before the judgment-seat and asked, not What theory did you hold? but What work have you done? To some extent they have leavened English letters, and the young poet and the young novelist have been turned aside from "the purpose," but the condemnation of the movement from a purely literary and artistic point of view is that it has failed to produce any book of the first importance. Let us see why this has been so in Mr. Pater's case.

In one sense Mr. Pater was a brilliantly successful writer. He has done many things so well that one cannot imagine how they could have been done better. But he did not know where his own strength lay. His patient hunt for what he called "the exact word" was in his case, as in that of Flaubert, doomed to futility. For a writer never can convey any but a simple thought fully and lucidly from his own mind to that of another. The meaning he attaches to words is coloured not only by his learning and knowledge, but by his previous meditation and experience. And his phrases fall on minds, each of which has a separate and different body of experience, which contracts or expands, modifies or distorts, their significance. One need not go further for examples than to certain shibboleths of his school. The very word art, so vilely hacked and vulgarised during the past quarter of a century, is applied by nearly every writer to his or her own work. Sir Walter Scott very justly called himself an artist, so did George Eliot, so do a score of fourth-rate scribblers. In each case it conveys a meaning coloured by personality; it cannot be absolutely defined; it cannot, therefore, be employed with such exactitude as to convey a meaning fully and lucidly from one mind to another. Distinction, again, is a term which has the same ambiguity. It is constantly employed by critics to indicate a quality of phrase; with Pater it describes an attitude of mind. The writer is truly distinguished who looks at life independently with his own eyes; it is but a bastard distinction that springs from preciosity of phrase. Fuller and larger illustration of the impossibility of conveying thought exactly from one mind to another may be found in the history of any creed. The Gospel of Christ is set forth in clear and simple words, yet if we consider the number of creeds and sects, the divisions, arguments, and even battles to which its interpretation has given rise, how obvious must it be that the word had one meaning in the mind of him who uttered them; another in the case of those who heard. Nay, take Mr. Pater's own teaching and compare it with that of his derivatives, and it will be seen how

distorted it has become in passing from the master to his scholars. That he knew this himself is evident from his fear that the well-known "conclusion" of his *Renaissance* studies should be misapprehended, as it undoubtedly has been.

But the great weakness of Mr. Pater and his school lies in a too great exaltation of art. He did not, indeed, as some of his followers have done, go the length of asserting that art transcended life, but art was his chiefest interest. His books are all those of a bookman. In no case that I know of did he take his materials direct from nature. His creative works, *Marius* and *Gaston de Latour*, are but attempts to show the development of a personality in times to which he was a stranger, and they could be reconstructed only through records and chronicles. The work is done marvelously well, but within limits that fix narrow boundaries to his sympathies. An imagination that had been fed not only by books, but by the living stream of life, could not have been satisfied with such a picture. It would have demanded not only the flower of the time in a refined Marius or a Gaston, but would have used a hundred vigorous forms from the wild, rugged surroundings to complete the picture, and to throw those exquisite portraiture into contrast. He does, indeed, talk of life for life's sake, but it does not work out in his conceptions. There is a passage in *Marius* typical of so much that it deserves quotation—it describes the hero's feelings after the death of his friend Flavian (the italics are mine):

"The sun shone out on the people going to work for a long hot day, and Marius was standing by the dead, watching with the deliberate purpose of fixing in his memory every detail, that he might have that picture in reserve, should any day of forgetfulness ever hereafter come to him with the temptation to feel completely happy again."

In other words, he was not living wholly in "the mystic now," but saving up his grief for future use. The man who lives his life fully, and drinks the cup, be it of joy or sorrow, to the lees, mourns or rejoices without any "deliberate purpose." Indeed, the moment emotion begins to be fondled and thought about it loses its direct natural character. One sees this more clearly by considering what a real single-hearted zest for life a great artist such as Scott had. To him, novel-writing was not even a very noble or grand way of earning a livelihood, and no one can imagine him treasuring his sensations, calculating his grief, measuring his joy, either as indicating the richness of life or to serve as stuff out of which to weave art. Far less can it be supposed that Henry Fielding, when going out to dine in his coach attended by his yellow-liveried servant, had a deliberate intention to lay by experience out of which to fabricate *Squire Western*. Not a bit of it. He and Shakespeare, and all the rest of the great artists, lived their lives without any *arrière pensée* about art, and all unconsciously gathered the experience from which their creations were ultimately fashioned. To be conscious of artistic intentions is enough of itself to take some of the fine flavour from life. In Pater,

too, it led to over-bookishness and super-refinement and preciousity, so that his books, and still more those of his followers, tend to lose touch with the actual.

But it is the limitations of his own nature and temperament that lie at the root of the matter. The greatness of a writer largely depends on the extent of his sympathies. He is the interpreter of human nature, and the wider and deeper his interests the more certain is he to command attention. A great sunny nature like that of Scott wins upon us, because it can project itself into a thousand personalities and speak through as many different masks. King, priest, and beggar—he projects himself by turns into each. But there are other writers so rigid and self-centred, so incapable of changing voice or appearance, that they seem to speak with set features and in a monotone. They tap, as it were, only one vein of interest, and the reader who is not held by that is not held at all.

Now, Mr. Pater, supreme as he is in the exercise of a fine gift (of which more anon), is one of those strictly limited writers. Moreover, he was of a sterling honesty that scorned to make pretence of what he had not. Others we know who try to rope in all sorts of readers by imitating the qualities they do not possess. They can produce a sham humour, a sham pathos, a sham passion, that will pass without question in the market-place. It is a mark of greatness in Mr. Pater that he never condescends to this. He goes on sternly compressed within his narrow channel, and never dreams of throwing out a tentacle to those not fully in sympathy with him. He has no humour, and not even in writing of Charles Lamb does he make a pretence of it. With nineteenth-century pursuits of mankind he is out of touch, and appears to be quite content that it should be so. Cold and austere in his own temperament, he makes no attempt to appeal to the warmth and playfulness of human nature. The great surging passions of life never beat in view of the windows of his cloistral refuge. Indeed, it is somewhat of a paradox that in his two novels the apostle of art for art's sake is more of a teacher and sermoniser than an artist. There is far more of the gust of human life in many a novel with a purpose than in these works. So strangely does performance often contradict intention.

But in spite of all these drawbacks he is certainly a great writer, one of the first of his day. Neither his doctrine nor his actual work is likely at any time to appeal to the general public, but they are invaluable to the student and scholar. I do not refer to the matter—it would carry us far beyond the bounds of this paper to touch even superficially on that—but to the style by which he would presumably choose to be judged. The greatest quality manifest in it is that of vivid imagination. Of what may be called pictorial English it is doubtful if any finer exists in the language. There are whole pages of *Gaston de Latour* where each sentence is like a piece of exquisite carving from purest marble, and every word is that of a man who has conjured up the clearest image of what took place in his fancy. Of his "Cupid

and Psycho" one can only say, as Tennyson said of Fitz-Gerald's *Omar*, that it is a "version done divinely well." And even in his less important essays there are bits which could have been composed by none but a man of strong imagination. What could be finer than this from the paper of Charles Lamb?—

"Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humour of Hogarth as he analyses it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque."

If the historical novelists would only study Pater's pictorial manner how much more difficult, but how much more delightful, would their work become! The plague of it is that they cannot reproduce the "quality" of Pater, while there is nothing easier than to catch at the hothouse mannerisms and preciousities that are his flaws. Nor will they amend their ways while critics bestow the epithet "distinguished" on those who murder his style.

P.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

### IV.—THE NEW POETRY.

LONDON seems to have inspired the poets in proportion as she has become herself prosaic. If you deny that she has become prosaic, we will converge to this: that London poems have multiplied with London bricks. London gives more themes to poets now that she is vast and smoky and urban than she did when milkmaids carried milk to Fleet-street from the fields, when salmon leaped under London Bridge, and when strawberries were picked in Holborn. London is written about to-day in ways which are quite new, ways which the men of old would not have understood. When Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge on the morning of September 3, 1802, breathed his sonnet, he foreshadowed this new poetry of London: the poetry which should no longer flatter king or aldermen, or compete with tinsel on Lord Mayor's Day, but should look on London as on Nature.

"Silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky."

Long enough (and far more so) had London lain open to the fields and sky; but the thing had not been said, or much felt. Yet the poets have bettered Wordsworth's teaching. He could venture to show poor Susar only an imaginary and pasteboard Spring—"a mountain ascending, a vision of trees," a river in Cheapside—whereas to-day the very Spring is exquisitely found in London. How exquisitely has Mr. Henley found it—but we mean to quote him on another theme. In so recent a book as Mr. Lionel Johnson's *Ireland, with Other Poems*, we find these questions asked—but they have been answered many times:

"Do London birds forget to sing?  
Do London trees refuse the Spring?  
Is London May no pleasant thing?  
Let country fields

To milking maid and shepherd boy  
Give flowers, and song, and bright employ,  
Her children also can enjoy  
What London yields.

Gleaming with sunlight, each soft lawn  
Lies fragrant beneath dew of dawn;  
The spires and towers rise, far withdrawn,  
Through golden mist:  
At sunset, linger beside Thames:  
See now, what radiant lights and flames!  
That ruby burns: that purple shames  
The amethyst."

Poets whom no one will compare with  
Wordsworth have gone far beyond him as  
singers of London's inner, intimate, and  
recondite beauty. The Cheapside plane-  
tree and the thrush raised for Wordsworth  
a momentary vision of spring which he trans-  
ferred to Susan, but presently—

"They fade  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not  
rise,  
And the colours have all pass'd away from her  
eyes."

For the poets of to-day the vision does  
not pass. Theirs is the vision of London's  
own spring, her own trees. Let us see how  
a plane-tree inspired a later poet of little  
name, but of the newer school of London  
overs:

"Green is the plane-tree in the square,  
The other trees are brown;  
They droop and pine for country air;  
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here, from my garret-pane, I mark  
The plane-tree bud and blow,  
Shed her recuperative bark,  
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches in and out,  
The city breezes play;  
The dun fog wraps her round about;  
Above, the smoke curls gray.

Others the country take for choice,  
And hold the town in scorn;  
But she has listened to the voice  
On city breezes borne."

In these simple lines by Amy Levy nothing  
is imparted into the London picture; no  
absence is regretted. She sings of a London  
plane-tree, green in a London square. The  
all of the spring is heard in London as  
it never was before. Take an "April  
midnight" from Mr. Arthur Symonds's  
*Silhouettes*:

Side by side through the streets at midnight,  
Roaming together,  
Through the incongruous night of London,  
In the miraculous April weather.

Roaming together under the gaslight,  
Day's work over,  
How the Spring calls to us, here in the city,  
Calls to the heart from the heart of a lover!

Cool the wind blows, fresh in our faces,  
Cleansing, entrancing,  
After the heat and the fumes and the foot-  
lights,  
There where you dance, and I watch your  
dancing.

Good it is to be here together,  
Good to be roaming,  
Even in London, even at midnight,  
Lover-like in a lover's gloaming.  
You the dancer and I the dreamer,  
Children together,  
Wandering lost in the night of London,  
In the miraculous April weather."

Even in *vers de société* a note of intimacy  
is struck that was not struck before. "I  
still love London in the month of May,"  
exclaims Mr. Wilfrid Scaven Blunt in a  
careless rhyme:

"I still love London in the month of May,  
By an old habit, spite of dust and din,  
I love the fair adulterous world, whose way  
Is by the pleasant banks of Serpentine.  
I love the worshippers at fashion's shrine,  
The flowers, the incense, and the pageantry  
Of generations which still ask a sign  
Of that dear god whose votary am I.  
I love the 'greetings in the market-place,'  
The jargon of the clubs. I love to view  
The 'gilded youth' who at the window pass,  
For ever smiling smiles for ever new.  
I love these men and women at their task  
Of hunting pleasure. Hope, mysterious too,  
Touches my arm and points, and seems to  
ask,  
'And you, have you no Juliet in the masque?'"

Shall we advance with the year? We have  
had the April night; and who will say that  
the London summer night is not truly seen  
and sung in these lines from Mr. Laurence  
Binyon's *London Visions*:

"Come let us forth, and wander the rich, the  
murmuring night!

The sky, blue dusk of summer trembles above  
the street;

On either side uprising glimmer houses pale:  
But me the turbulent bubble and voice of  
crowds delight;

For me the wheels make music, the mingled  
cries are sweet;

Motion and laughter call: we hear, we will  
not fail.

For see, in secret vista, with soft, retiring  
stars,

With clustered suns, that stare upon the  
throng below,

With pendent dazzling moons, that cast a  
noonday white.

The full streets beckon: Come, for toil has  
burst his bars,

And idle eyes rejoice, and feet unbounding go.  
O let us out and wander the gay and golden  
night."

We are not sure that the summer, mid-day  
London, dazzling and dangerous in its heat,  
has found, or needs, a song. But London's  
autumn glory has inspired Mr. Henley.  
We wonder what Dr. Johnson would have  
thought of Mr. Henley's riotous praise of  
the beauty of the Strand and Fleet-street  
on an autumn afternoon. Johnson was the  
first man of letters who constantly exulted  
in being a Londoner. But he loved London  
for its size, its concentration of learning,  
its freedom from restraint—in a word, for  
the social advantages it offered to a man of  
spirit and culture. He loved the Strand  
and Fleet-street for their taverns, and the  
meetings and greetings they offered him.  
Was he ever much touched by their beauty?  
Did his eye rest afar on the dome of St.  
Paul's, glowing in the five-o'clock sunlight  
of October? Could he have felt with Mr.  
Henley?—

"Lo! the round sun, half-down the western  
slope—

Seen as along an unglazed telescope—  
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day:

Gifting the long, lean, lanky street  
And its abounding confluences of being

With aspects generous and bland;

Making a thousand harnesses to shine

As with new ore from some enchanted mine,

And every horse's coat so full of sheen  
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels  
clean,

And never a hansom but is worth the feeling;  
And every jeweller within the pale  
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale;  
And even the roar

Of the strong streams of toil that pause and  
pour

Eastward and westward sounds suffused—  
Seems as it were bemused

And blurred and like the speech

Of lazy seas on a lotus-eating beach—

With this enchanted lustrousness,

This mellow magic, that (as a man's caress

Brings back to some faded face beloved before

A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore

Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)

Old things transfigures, and you hail and  
bless

Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once  
more.

Tall Clement's, angular and cold and staid,

Glimmers in glamour's very stuffs arrayed;

And Bride's her æry, unsubstantial charm,

Through flight on flight of springing, soaring  
stone

Grown flushed and warm,

Laughs into life high-wooded and fresh-  
blown;

And the high majesty of Paul's

Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—

Calls to his millions to behold and see

How goodly this his London Town can be!"

Mr. Henley has written so beautifully about  
London that he compels quotation. He

knows its morning cleanness, its evening  
pensiveness, and its midnight melancholy.

Here is part of a river reverie by night:

"Under a stagnant sky,  
Gloom out of gloom uncoiling into gloom,

The River, jaded and forlorn,

Welters and wanders wearily—wretchedly on

Yet in and out among the ribs

Of the old skeleton bridge, as in the piles

Of some dead lake-built city, full of skulls

Worm-worm, rat-riddled, mouldy with

memories,

Lingers to babble to a broken tune

(Once, O the unvoiced music of my heart!)

So melancholy a soliloquy,

It sounds as it might tell

The secret of the unending grief-in-grain,

The terror of Time and Change and Death,

That wastes this floating transitory world."

It is impossible within the limits of a  
short article to marshal and illustrate all the  
moods in which the beauty and significance

of London are felt by poetical minds to-day.

We will conclude by quoting a short poem  
from Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Lyric Poems*,

in which the consolations of London, the  
involuntary pity and encouragement she

bestows, are finely touched:

"As I walked through London  
The fresh wound burning in my breast

As I walked through London,

Longing to have forgotten, to harden my

heart, and to rest,

A sudden consolation, a softening light

Touched me: the streets alive and bright,

With hundreds each way thronging, on their

tide

Received me, a drop in the stream, unmarke..,

unknown.

And to my heart I cried:

Here can thy trouble find shelter, thy wound be

eased!

For see, not thou alone,

But thousands, each with his smart,

Deep-hidden, perchance, but felt in the core of

the heart!

And as to a sick man's feverish veins  
The full sponge warmly pressed,  
Relieves with its burning the burning fore-  
head and hands,  
So I to my aching breast  
Gathered the griefs of those thousands, and  
made them my own;  
My bitterest pains  
Merged in a tender sorrow, assuaged and  
appeased.

London, it is safe to say, will take rich toll of the poets as her enormous life becomes more magnetic. But we suppose that the great song of London will be sung only when she lies in the dust.

### PARIS LETTER.

A new writer, M. Remy Saint Maurice, has brought a note of freshness into the eternal theme of French fiction. In his powerful and delicate story, *Temple d'Amour*, he presents the eternal situation (this time composed of five instead of the usual three persons of the drama) with a charm, a reticence, a pathos, a freedom from vulgarity and banality, the cynical ferocity of the hour in modern French fiction has almost made us forget as graces of a remote and perfumed past. Not that he ceases for that to be intensely modern. The complexity of the situation, with its moral suffering, its morbid perturbation, its refinement of pain, could only be discovered in our own times. Even half a century ago sin was either more blithe or more lurid than to-day. The lover was tortured by the infidelity or the persistent fidelity of his mistress; either clung to her slavishly or left her without regret, as in either situation there was matter enough for the story-teller. But Stendhal and Bourget discovered new realms of pain and complication, and since then lover and mistress have entered into more poignant and more bitter strife with fatality or their own temperament. The day of the genial rake is over, and the sinner now has developed a terrible, an exasperated and dominating conscience.

M. Saint Maurice's touch is lighter than Bourget's; his analysis less searching, less ponderous and profound. His vision travels through an atmosphere less dense, and there is more of the charm and bright suggestiveness necessary to make the reading of fiction the entertainment it ought to be. He is more of the story-teller and less of the professional psychologist than is Bourget. And he has the art of capturing interest from the start. The exotic flavours of the Isle of Maurice is an added grace. Walmont, the dull and insignificant husband of British origin, is carefully drawn, but tends to the conventional, whereas his brother James, the real hero of the book, deformed and disfigured, is a more original figure. His jealousy of his beautiful creole sister-in-law, whom he has always silently adored, discovers her infidelity to Walmont, and drives him to the desperate act which ends the story, the drowning of himself and Hélène off the Breton coast. These summer scenes of Dinard are delightfully told, and in fine contrast with the unpremeditated

tragedy of the last page. But the novelty of the study consists in the attitude of the lover, Hubert de Clessé, an elegant deputy with a conscience. It is the sight of Hélène's son, George, a lad of nineteen, dropped suddenly from his picturesque island into Parisian society, that fronts him with remorse and hesitation. The innocent lad instantly attaches himself to the elegant Clessé, and is so caressing, so living an image of his mother, that the mother's lover is confounded with a sense of their double iniquity. Hélène's conscience is less unquiet, perhaps, because passion holds her in a firmer grip. The analysis of Clessé's remorse and sufferings is finely shaded, and strikes deep and true. But the character is somewhat effaced—too modern and complex to be strong. He vacillates, succumbs, defends himself regretfully against the encroachments of the creole's passion; seeks refuge now in sentimental dalliance beside a girlish profile, now in trivial flirtation with a brazen coquette; is never sure of himself, never at ease, is wistful and uncertain in his rejection of the love he cannot live without, but always keeps our sympathy through his sincere and delicate affection for Hélène's son. "As soon as you became my son's friend," cries Hélène bitterly to him in their last scene, "you shrank from seeing in me her who loved you. Ah, how different is the heart of man from that of woman!" And he reproaches her with George's likeness to herself, which from the first glance was a mirror wherein he recognised the pitiless impurity of their relations. The style is excellent—not so limpid as French prose can be, not so contorted as it has become. Here and there a detail too much, here and there excessive weight upon a stroke, but a book to welcome cordially.

M. René Doumie is the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and wields a frigid, a direct and honest pen. Of charms he has not a suspicion, of temperament not a hint. But he is a safe grinder, tolerably equipped for his difficult and delicate calling, and possibly none the worse for being so glacial and correct. His new volume of *Études sur la Littérature Française* is an interesting collection of articles that have appeared in the dull and famous "Review," as the members of that bleak house call it. To add "of the two worlds" for them is superfluous. There is but one "Review" in the universe, and it is of "the Two Worlds," possibly indicating this and the next.

M. Doumie is, very properly, an anti-naturalist, and as a lieutenant of the uncompromising M. Brunetière makes lustily for the moribund reputation of the illustrious Zola. It is somewhat late in the day to break a literary stick on that hard skull, but the article reads as an *actualité*, with all the students of Paris clamouring for Zola's blood, not even restraining their indecent shouts of "Spurn Zola" on leaving the cemetery on the day of Daudet's funeral. But as long as the Institute gates may be thought capable of a hospitable movement in Zola's regard, in the esteem of the pontifical Brunetière, it is never too late to say a disagreeable word of the author of *Rome*. Zola's style M. Doumie describes as "of a rare indigence." "Art," he else-

where acutely remarks, "is absent; that is why it lacks life."

"It is less style than nearly style, making us think of those ready-made garments that nearly fit everybody and fit nobody well, too tight for the fat, too wide for the lean. . . . A book of M. Zola's is to literature what the chromo-lithograph is to painting, masonry to architecture, a statue of the Rue St. Sulpice to the sculptor's marble, the bronze of trade to a work of art. It is the novel by the yard, a serial by measure. The introduction of naturalism into the novel is the ruin of art, sent flying by industrial fabrication."

The Goncourts he clean sweeps out of the world of letters, as:

"The *petits-mâtres* of the contemporary novel, red-heels of naturalism, artists who have left descriptions in mosaic, books lacquered and varnished with Martin varnish, listeners at doors, who have passed from historical gossip to contemporary scandals, mildly maniacal collectors for whom the occupation of writing and literature also were but a mania."

Their historical knowledge he qualifies as that of "a dressmaker, a butler, or a valet." This is hard on the rivals of Richelieu, the founders of the cracked academy of Anteuil, but M. Doumie is nothing if not hard. It saves him from the surprises and inconsistencies of sympathy.

H. L.

### TALES OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

CHILDREN are not what they used to be. The remark has been made often enough concerning real children, but you may see for yourself that it is true of the children of literature. Possibly *Helen's Babies* laid the foundations of popularity for the child who, though not very, very good, is certainly not horrid. Those babies have had many younger brothers and sisters who are far from exemplary; and even Mr. Kenneth Grahame's children, children of the age as they are, indulge in practices of which no well-conducted great-aunt could approve. We have been taught by the literature as well as by the experience of the present day that children may be naughty and yet nice. I was very different in the days when our grandfathers were remarking that our grandmothers were monstrous fine women by gad; at least, if we may judge from the children's literature that dates from the remote epoch. To-day we expect children to be naughty and to grow up good. In those days, it would appear, children were expected to be blameless. So we gather from a collection of books which were put into the hands of such as chance to be children in the early part of the century. Take, for example, a book picked from the twopenny box, *Sketches of Young People; or, A Visit to Brighton*, which bears the imprint of Harvey and Darton and the date 1822. This particular copy was given, as an inscription in an Italian hand tell us, to "Jessie, the gift of dear Granma," and the date of the gift is the date of publication, which shows that Granma was abreast of her time.

"Charles and Caroline Hamilton were one fourteen and the other twelve when they met to congratulate each other on the birth of a sister who had just made her appearance in the world."

So begins chapter one. Charles and Caroline are two very good children, though Caroline has one fault: she suspects that her father prefers boys to girls. But the appearance of Mr. Hamilton disposes of this error, and corrects this fault. He explains to Caroline that "boys require different treatment from girls." For, he continues,

"a modest reserve is most becoming in females; and it would be doing you equal injustice to bring you forward in all companies, as it would be to keep your brother back, while I see that he acts with propriety."

Caroline, aged twelve, is not quite convinced. "You are proud of my brother, papa," she said, "but in me you see nothing to value." Mr. Hamilton had his answer ready:

"Home is the sphere of females," he said to twelve-year-old Caroline, "and their male relations feel and confess their value when they know their happiest hours are spent in their society. Though we may wander abroad in search of pleasure or of profit, happiness is found with the least alloy by our own fireside, where the kind attention of our female relatives will lessen our cares, and make us forget the rough asperities of human life."

"Oh! my dear father," exclaimed Caroline, enchanted with the picture he had drawn, "may I hope to deserve such a character?" She did deserve it. For from page 5 she never gives her father a moment's uneasiness, and there are 180 pages in the book. The father, by the way, was a City merchant, who spent his days in his counting-house. But in the evening, when his tea was removed, "the happy father resigned himself to the luxury of ease and parlour comforts, which can only be enjoyed among affectionate relations, where each finds pleasure in the same employment." He is not, as he confesses, a scholar; but books are one of his parlour comforts—"something light and cheerful." As he well says: "Learned men may laugh at my presumption; but I think I have taste and judgment to admire their beauties, although my morning has been spent in calculating the price of sugar and other staple commodities."

Well, three years pass away, during which Mr. Hamilton enjoys parlour comforts and calculates the price of staple commodities; and then the health of Mrs. Hamilton transports her and Caroline, with Mr. Hamilton and Charles and the reader, to Brighton. On the way Caroline thought she perceived among the Sussex peasants, notwithstanding their rusticity, "a good will towards each other that bespoke the friendliness of their disposition." "So easily is the youthful, unsuspecting mind," remarks the author, "led to declare itself in favour of that which it has not tried." Her father was equally pessimistic. "Alas!" thought her mother, "she will too soon learn from the experience of others, if not from her own, that appearances are not always to be trusted." At Brighton Mr. Hamilton wanders, and conducts Caroline to a view of the "extended ocean." He even suggests

that she should take a dip, though he puts the suggestion less crudely. "To-morrow morning," he says, "you will see a number of females and children dipping their heads beneath the wave. I would advise you to follow their example while you are here." "I fear I shall want courage," replied Caroline. "Not when you see so many going fearlessly in, and the bright waves, glittering and shining in the morning sun, dancing to receive you. Will you want courage then?" "I must take time to consider of this," said she. "Let me at present admire its wide expanse, and not confine myself to the little waves which roll towards my feet. They remind me of a small extract from Mason's *English Garden*," which she at once quotes. "Some young ladies," interposes the author, "would have come to the sea full fraught with extracts suitable to the occasion." But this was the best Caroline could do. The Pavilion puzzles her, with its incessant cry: "Thank you, madam. Two, three. Pray, madam, take a number." But Mr. Hamilton explains: "This is by some called gambling; it is the loo-table of noted celebrity." And Caroline is appropriately shocked.

Charles's letters—for Charles was engaged for a season in calculating the price of staple commodities—"will amuse some of my young readers," says the author. Charles is full of compliments to his sister, and devotes a postscript to the exclamation: "What can there be in all you females, that we are so at a loss without your society!"

The necessary spice of naughtiness is supplied by Miss Dobson, a young lady with a penurious papa and a passion for French lace, some of which she and her misguided mamma try to smuggle through on the London coach. They are detected, and the penurious papa has to pay. Retribution follows, for Miss Dobson and her mamma "were deprived of every recreation, except what their house and garden at Islington afforded, or occasional visits to their brother's shop." So do our sins bring their own punishment. Finally, however, the shining virtues of Caroline lighten the gloom of the house at Islington—Caroline, who "by mild and gentle remonstrances led her friend to see the error of her conduct."

As for the rest, Mr. Hamilton retired into the country with his wife, where he "cultivated a few fields and his garden," while the affectionate attention of their children rendered their excellent parents happy, and gave to themselves a lasting satisfaction. Charles, moreover, went on calculating the price of staple commodities, and "by his unremitting attention and respectable conduct, the credit of their house remained undiminished, and his own reputation became thoroughly established."

So ends the book—a book thumb-marked and dog-eared by childish hands that have long ago withered, wasted, and vanished; and when you reflect that this was the sort of book your grandmother had to read, you will wonder that your grandmother was such a delightful old lady.

C. R.

## THE WEEK.

IT goes without saying that the output of new books during the last week has been small and unimportant. But we have received from the Fine Art Society a very handsome folio of reproductions of drawings and studies by the late Lord Leighton. This is neither small (it measures 17in. by 14in.) nor unimportant, whether considered as a book for the studio or for the drawing-room.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE DRUM LAUDAMUS. By the late Mrs. Rundle Charles S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.  
THE LESSONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. ILLUSTRATED BY THOUGHTS IN VERSE. Compiled by the Rev. J. H. Wanklyn. Vol. VIII. Bennrose & Sons.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- PUBLICATIONS OF THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY: VOL. X., LETTERS AND PAPERS RELATING TO THE WAR WITH FRANCE, 1512-1513. By Alfred Spont. The Navy Records Society. For subscribers only.  
LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Edmund Venables. Isbister & Co.  
CARLYLE ON BURNS. By John Muir. Wm. Hodge & Co. (Glasgow).

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

- ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. By Charles B. Newcomb. The Philosophical Publishing Company (Boston).

#### ART.

- DRAWINGS AND STUDIES. By the late Lord Leighton Stretton, P.R.A. The Fine Art Society.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF NOVELS.

- THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, NEW SERIES: SYLVANDER. MONSIEUR DE CHAUVELIN'S WILL. AGÉNOR DE MAULÉON.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

- FIRST YEAR OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. By Paul Bert. Revised edition. Relfe Bros. 3s.  
THE STUDENTS' SERIES OF LATIN CLASSES. M. Tullii Ciceronis, Laelius de Amicitia. With Notes by Charles E. Dennett. Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn (Boston, &c., U.S.A.).

#### JUVENILE BOOKS.

- ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. Frederick Bore. James Nisbet & Co. 2s. 6d. PHILIPPA'S ADVENTURES IN UPSIDE-DOWN LAND. By LARIA LUCIO Finlay. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- ALCORN CLUB TRACTS: I., THE ORNAMENTS OF THE RUBRIC. By J. T. Micklethwaite, F.S.A. Longmans Green & Co. 5s.

## DRAMA.

### "SEASONABLE" ENTERTAINMENTS.

HOW misleading statistics may be is curiously shown by the returns of pantomime this season for Loudon and Greater London respectively. We know how the statistician deals with such a case. He takes the amount of pantomime provided at the West-end theatres—which, theatrically speaking, constitute London proper—and compares it with the same class of entertainment as given at theatres just within or without the four-mile radius, finally showing the proportion of both per thousand of the population. By this method

—and the statistician knows no other—some startling results would be brought out. It would be shown, for example, that whereas the taste for pantomime in inner London remained limited and stationary, in outer London it was extensive, and growing by leaps and bounds; seeing that while two pantomimes suffice for the former area, the latter requires some five or six and twenty, or fully one-third more than last year. Of course this is all illusory; it only shows what could be done with statistics if one liked. In point of fact, the Drury Lane "Babes in the Wood" and Mr. Oscar Barrett's "Cinderella" at the Garrick are productions that serve for London at large and, perhaps, a little for the country too. As for the increased production of pantomime in the suburban theatres that is due to the fact that the theatres themselves have become more numerous, and because the ordinary manager has no idea of a Christmas and New Year entertainment other than that of tradition. Not only is pantomime *de rigueur* at this season, but year after year it continues to be written on the same model. Half-a-dozen familiar nursery tales are the stock-in-trade of the librettist. With endless iteration the changes are rung upon Cinderella, Dick Whittington, the Babes in the Wood, Aladdin, Sinbad, and the rest. Let the treatment be as varied and ingenious as you please, within the limits assigned to it, the sameness of subject and style must in the end become tiresome even to the children themselves.

WELL, the lane has been a long one, but the turning, I fancy, is at length in sight. The Drury Lane pantomime this year differs in some important respects from its predecessors. To be sure, the librettist sets to work upon the usual nursery fable, and for some little distance the conventional lines of treatment are faithfully followed. Good spirits and demons dispute with each other the control of the hero and heroine's destinies; there is the usual allowance of giants, gnomes, and fairies; the haunted wood is peopled with all the familiar monsters; the wicked uncle is to the fore in conjunction with his hireling cut-throats, Bill and Will. But the adventures of the Babes as known to nursery legend do not furnish material for more than half the evening's entertainment. After the murderers have quarrelled and fled, and the birds have performed the kindly office of covering the Babes with leaves, these little waifs sleep the sleep of—Rip Van Winkle. In short, the second half of the pantomime, although in form a sequel to the first, is in reality a wholly different entertainment, resembling in its main features the "musical comedy" or extravaganza popularised by Mr. Arthur Roberts. The Babes are no longer the Babes; they have attained to what the cynic calls their years of indiscretion, and are discovered leading a fast and horsey life about town, in as many capacities as those fertile comedians Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell can invent for them.

OF the impersonation of the Babes *quid* Babes this is hardly the place to speak. Mr. Dan Leno, in a little school-boy jacket,

and the burly Mr. Herbert Campbell, disguised in gold ringlets and a pink pinafore, are a couple of amusing drolls, whom long association in Drury Lane pantomime has taught to play up to each other with excellent effect. But, unquestionably, the important feature of Mr. Arthur Collins's first pantomime is "the sequel." What a vista it opens up of the after-lives of all the heroes and heroines of nursery lore! The precocious child often wonders what happened to Jack the Giant Killer after slaying his enemy, to Cinderella after marriage, to Dick Whittington as Lord Mayor, to Aladdin after besting the magician and regaining possession of the wonderful lamp. Perhaps the pantomime librettist of the future will tell him, and then, if the Drury Lane precedent be followed, the Christmas pantomime will merge into the variety entertainment, with the chief comedian playing as many parts as the melancholy Jaques assigned to life itself.

CERTAINLY the time is ripe for a change of this kind, which is perhaps fuller of possibilities than it looks. The conventional Christmas pantomime has had a long career—longer than most of the various phases of the drama—the poetic, the romantic, the farcical, the realistic, &c.—enjoy. Originally the harlequinade, which attained its zenith in the days of Grimaldi, was the thing. The nursery fable served then as the opening to the antics of clown and pantaloone, who were ushered in by the transformation scene. Then "the opening" gradually extended, pushing the harlequinade into the background; and when the late Augustus Harris took up the work of production, with his unique faculty for *mise-en-scène*, the clown and his fellows sank further and further into obscurity. Grimaldi had no successors of his own calibre; but a long line of clowns followed in his footsteps, zealous exponents of the hot poker and the buttered slide which he invented. Almost the last of the race was the late Harry Payne, long associated with Drury Lane. He lived to see the practical extinction of the old-fashioned harlequinade, for which there was no room in the gorgeous Christmas spectacles of the Harris *régime*. Now the spectacular pantomime itself goes into the limbo; and there seems to be about to arise in its place the musical comedy, extravaganza, or go-as-you-please variety piece, to which the name of burlesque still clings. Truly the reflections of the elderly pantomime-goer are not all *coulour-de-rose*. The pantomime of his youth is only a memory. That of his manhood is disappearing. We are now in a transition stage. The latest Drury Lane pantomime is a blend of the old and the new, with the new decidedly predominating, and this tendency is likely to increase: for the one constant law of the drama in all its branches is change.

If change were not at work in pantomime itself, the popularity of this traditional form of Christmas entertainment would be threatened by the sort of "seasonable" fare which happens to be provided at Terry's Theatre. This is a selection of the children's tales of Hans Christian Andersen

—"Big Claus and Little Claus," "The Princess and the Swineherd," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and "The Soldier and the Tinder-box"—adapted by Mr. Basil Hood, and set to music by Mr. Walter Slaughter. Little gems these pieces are purely fanciful effusions that transport the denizen of the workaday world into a delightful Toyland, where everything happens in story books. It is long since anything so pretty and charming has been seen on the stage, for between them the librettist and the composer have succeeded in reproducing these exquisite fables with all the original savour. The various little tales are not of equal merit. The rivalry in love of Big Claus and Little Claus smacks a little of Boccaccio; the moral atmosphere of the story is somewhat thick for children. But the Swineherd with his magic pipe, to which everyone who hears it must dance; the Emperor with his invisible coat; the soldier with his tinder-box, which proves as powerful a talisman as Aladdin's lamp; and the wooden soldiers who have replaced the real soldiers in this marvellous kingdom—nowhere—all these are creations in which young and old alike may revel. It is strange that Andersen should not be better known to theatre goers than he is. The Terry Theatre *matinées* are a promising instalment of a class of dramatic entertainment of which we have had too little. Of course Andersen is not exhaustible; but next we can have Planché, and perhaps Andre Lang. After which a new dealer in fairy stories may find the stage worth his attention.

J. F. N.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

IT is always interesting to know the results of a harvest, be it agricultural or otherwise; and we have obtained from a number of booksellers brief reports of their experiences last week. Here they are:

LONDON (STRAND).

The Christmas trade has been as good as usual in small books, but not so satisfactory in larger, with a few exceptions. The following have been most in demand:

Memoir of Tennyson.  
Norway's Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall.  
Deeds that Won the Empire.  
More Tramps Abroad.  
More Beasts for Worse Children.  
Sixty Years a Queen.  
Holmes's Life of the Queen.  
Captains Courageous.  
Jones's Rock-Climbing.  
Watson's The Hope of the World.  
Eugene Field's Lullaby Land.  
Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET).

On the whole, we have had a good Christmas trade, although it has been a season of small things. There has been a run upon

Memoir of Tennyson.  
Palgrave's Golden Treasury.  
Deeds that Won the Empire.  
Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.  
Keats, Illustrated by Anning Bell.



LONDON (HOLBORN).

Business has been uniformly good this Christmas. The demand has been for:

- Memoir of Tennyson.
- Creighton's Shires.
- Holmes's Life of Queen Victoria.
- Keats, Illustrated by Anning Bell.
- Lucas's Book of Verses for Children.
- The "Bab" Ballads (new edition).
- Drummond's Ideal Life.
- Captains Courageous.
- Nicholson's Alphabet.

DARLINGTON.

An excellent season. The following have sold best:

- Holmes's Life of Queen Victoria.
- Life of Lord Tennyson.
- Roberts's Forty-one Years in India.
- Farthest North.
- Westcott's Christian Aspects of Life.
- In Kedar's Tents.
- Captains Courageous.
- Deeds that Won the Empire.
- Montessor's At the Cross Roads.
- The Pink Fairy Book.
- The Vege-men's Revenge
- Adventures of Sir Toady Lion.

LEEDS.

THE "runs" during Christmas week here were on these books:

- Watson's Potter's Wheel.
- Drummond's Ideal Life.
- Miller's Personal Friendships.
- The Beth Book.
- Tennyson's Poems.
- Ian Maclaren's A Doctor of the Old School.

LEICESTER.

As a rule, parcels were smaller this year than last, but the number was much greater. These sold best:

- Deeds that Won the Empire.
- Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
- Captains Courageous.
- Nicholson's Alphabet and Sports.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Christmas bookselling season was a good one, the demand being principally for popular fiction for presents for adults, and the usual annuals and fine art coloured books for children. The large demands were for:

- Tennyson's Life.
- Forty-one Years in India.
- Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
- Ruskin's Modern Painters (new edition).
- Deeds that Won the Empire.
- Novels by Merriman, Crockett, and Rosa Carey.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Christmas bookselling season in Cambridge has been on the whole very fair. There has been a steady demand for well-illustrated books and popular novels. The only book on which there has been any considerable "run" is *More Beasts for Worse Children*.

CHELTENHAM.

The books most in demand last week were:

- Lord Tennyson's Life.
- Forty-one Years in India.
- Sixty Years a Queen.
- The Jubilee Book of Cricket.

- Deeds that Won the Empire.
- In Kedar's Tents.
- Doctor of the Old School.
- Sir Toady Lion.
- All Mrs. Steele's Books, New and Old.
- Watson's The Potter's Wheel.

CHESTER.

The general trade was good; and these sold well:

- The Jubilee Book of Cricket.
- Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
- Master Skylark.
- Deeds that Won the Empire.

CARDIFF.

The book sales this Christmas have been fairly satisfactory, especially for:

- Life of Tennyson.
- The Beth Book.
- St. Ives.
- Lang's Pink Fairy Book.
- The Christian.
- Rudyard Kipling's Works.
- Deeds that Won the Empire.
- Nister's Toy-Books.

BRISTOL.

Sales much as usual. Very little at a higher price than 6s. No remarkable runs; but Stevenson and Crockett showed great vitality.

EXETER.

Trade not quite up to the average. The most popular books here were:

- Nicholson's Alphabet and Sports.
- Mrs. Browning's Poetical Works.
- Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
- Captains Courageous.
- The "Bab" Ballads (new edition).

BOURNEMOUTH.

The season has been very fair, but heavy price sets and expensive books have sold scarcely at all. The demand here has been for these:

- Captains Courageous.
- The Seven Seas.
- Watson's Potter's Wheel.
- Memoir of Tennyson.
- Drummond's Ideal Life.
- Henty's new books.
- Eugene Field's Lullaby Land.
- Crockett's Sir Toady Lion.
- William Watson's Hope of the World.
- St. Ives.
- In Kedar's Tents.
- Mrs. Browning's Poems.
- Norway's Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall.

BRIGHTON.

Speaking generally, the season for books has not been a good one, and there has been no special run, but a decided increase in "annuals" is noted.

DUBLIN.

We are happy to be able to report favourably on the Christmas bookselling here. The most striking feature is that no particular book had a great run, with the exception, perhaps, of *Life of John Nicholson* and *Deeds that Won the Empire*. For the latter the demand far exceeded the supply. Lord Roberts's book is still in great request.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "AUTHOR'S" FIGURES.

SIR,—I am sorry to have to destroy an illusion of Sir Walter Besant's. I am not a reader of the *Author*. I do not think I have seen more than two numbers in my life. I again repeat that I should not have paid one second's attention to any statement made in its columns had not that statement been reproduced by the ACADEMY. It is true that several years ago I had some correspondence and one or two interviews with Sir Walter Besant. I had seen, by chance, a number of the *Author*, and I pointed out in a friendly and good-humoured way the baselessness of many statements made therein; in especial, I proved by *a + b* how utterly inexact was the assertion that publishers always recovered their outlay and never made any losses. That statement and others of which I complained have since been repeated in the *Author* without one word of qualification. Sir Walter Besant says that he cannot understand my change of attitude. Here is the explanation. Nothing is easier, even to the most careful and fair-minded man, than to make mistakes of fact, and then to base upon them unfounded charges. But when the mistakes have been corrected the careful and fair-minded man does not reproduce them, and he withdraws or apologises for the charge.

I will be as brief as possible in dealing with Sir Walter Besant's answer to my criticism of his *comptes fantastiques*. He entirely fails to understand the nature of the charge I make against the *Author*. A young writer acquaints it with a proposal made by a publisher (it now seems that it was one the latter "had a perfect right to make"). Instead of testing the proposal, as could easily have been done by submitting the MS. to another firm for publication upon commission, the result of which test might conceivably have been to amply justify the *Author's* strictures, a series of pure assumptions respecting the cost of production of the work in question is made, and those assumptions are used as evidence in the *Author's* campaign against the publishing trade. I challenge those assumptions, and assert that they run counter to the probabilities of the case, and that they imply on the part of the *Author* "unfair animus or gross and negligent carelessness." Sir Walter defends those assumptions. The only result of his defence is to convince me that my strictures upon the *Author's* methods of controversy erred, if anything, upon the side of undue mildness.

The *Author* assumes that the work in question (published at 6s.) would run to 272 pages. I assumed that it would run to 388 pages. Sir Walter triumphantly cites five books which average 248 pages. Well, two out of his five examples (*Many Cargoes* and *A Prisoner of Zenda*) are three-and-sixpenny books. Is it also carelessness which makes him overlook the unfairness of comparing works by the most popular novelists of the day with that of a young and untried writer? Let the comparison stand, however, but then

let it be carried through completely. The *Author* assumes the figure of £14 for advertising in its imaginary balance-sheet. Does Sir Walter really believe that the advertising bill of *The Light that Failed* or *A Window in Thrums* was only £14?

Meanwhile, I can only admire the lucky chance which led Sir Walter to take down from his shelves precisely those three six-shilling novels which support the *Author's* assumptions. I go into the nearest bookseller's and look at a number of six-shilling novels most in demand: *The Christian* (474 pp.); *The Beth Book* (536 pp.); *The Gadfly* (390 pp.); *The Sorrows of Satan* (488 pp.); *Phroso* (with illustrations, 452 pp.); *Noëmi* (with numerous illustrations, 368 pp.). As a simple matter of fact, the half-a-dozen most popular six-shilling novels issued by Mr. Heinemann between August and November of this year average 399 pages; the first forty numbers on Messrs. Methuen's list of six-shilling novels average 380 pages, and many of them are freely illustrated. In many of these cases, too (e.g., *The Beth Book*), the number of words to the page considerably exceeds the *Author's* assumption of 282.

I do not wish to take up the ACADEMY'S space by showing that the other assumptions made by the *Author* in order to arrive at its imaginary balance-sheet are just as reliable as the one I have examined. One assertion, however, is too characteristic to be passed over. I pointed out that the *Author* made no allowance for review and presentation copies, and I estimated them at 100. Sir Walter asserts that only 40 would be used, and that this number would come out of the "overs." I can assure him that the nominal "overs" do little more than compensate for the inevitable "shorts" on a long number. On an edition of 1,500 I should think myself lucky to get a clear 12 or 15 over the nominal number (on an edition of 500 copies, which I have just issued, I get one over), and these have to be reserved against the inevitable chapter of accidents, returns of damaged copies, &c., the loss entailed by which would otherwise fall upon the book.

There only remains one point. Sir Walter Besant accuses me of not deducting free copies from the author's royalty share; this is a mistake, as can be seen by reference to my letter. I do, however, interpret the agreement differently from him: it provided that royalties should accrue only after the sale of 100 copies. I take it they would then be retrospective. I may be mistaken, as the wording is ambiguous; so, too, may Sir Walter.

I think the facts are set forth fully enough for any fair-minded man to form an opinion. Apart, however, from any dispute as to questions of fact, I again protest that it is not right to base charges against third persons upon mere assumptions, even if those assumptions were infinitely better supported than in the present case.

ALFRED NUTT.

Dec. 27, 1897.

SIR,—When Sir Walter Besant's chimeras swamp the pages of his own little monthly pamphlet they are best left to the

neglect and oblivion they court and get, but when they blazon forth in your respected columns, and strut about blatantly in their naked ignorance, they must at least "be put into their proper place."

It is the poor six-shilling novel whose cause its quixotic knight gives away so completely this time that it can never, never again trust its honour to Sir Walter's valour. To prove his case he cites among five examples of six-shilling books two which are not six-shilling books at all, but three-and-sixpenny ones; and for the rest of them their size (by the yard) is about as fair as if you took our own "Bobs's" inches as a proper computation of the average height of the British soldier. Not only does he neglect, in getting his average, the gigantic dimensions of the Life-Guardsman, but he drags in naively—shall we say?—the *mignonne virandière*.

Let him return, Mr. Editor, to his own quarters. He will be safer there, and, anyhow, he will be out of the sight of those who know.

WM. HEINEMANN.

Dec. 29, 1897.

#### HEINRICH HEINE.

SIR,—Our admiration for Heine should not make us forget his cruel behaviour towards a fellow-poet, Platen by name, with whom he had quarrelled, and who thereupon called him a vile Jew. The revenge Heine took for the offence is an ugly blot upon his character; and Platen died broken-hearted. When Heine was asked by the Hungarian writer Kertbeny whether he really believed all the horrors he had published about him in his *Reisebilder*, he coolly replied:

"Not a bit of it, and I consider Platen to have been one of our most important poets (bedeutenden Dichter). only, you see, I had to protect my legs from the bites of all sorts of curs and I seized the biggest of them all, skinned him as Apollo skinned Marsyas, dragging his corpse before the footlights to discourage the others from attacking me. Besides which, this Platen was such an arrogant fellow! He would call me a Jew although I more than once requested him not to do so. And so in my turn I called him a——" (Word untranslatable.)

Is it a fact that Heine killed the Suabian school of poetry? That school was hardly worth his steel, for it only produced one great poet, Ludwig Uhland, whose lyrics, however, will live as long as the *Buch der Lieder*. Heine could not have killed him had he tried. He did better than that, he imitated him. Uhland's influence upon the younger poet is distinctly discernible.

THOMAS DELTA.

Dec. 27, 1897.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"His Grace of THE critics all find fault Osmonde," with Mrs. Burnett's hero for By Frances Hodgson Burnett, being faultless. Says the *Chronicle*:

"From almost the hour of his birth the Duke is an epitome of all the virtues associated, by idealists, with the name 'gentleman.' He was

a fine baby, a beautiful boy, as a man a sort of blend of Adonis and the Admirable Crichton. Throughout the book he never does one wrong thing or harbours one reprehensible thought. He is a gallant soldier and a favourite of Marlborough, but he loves not war; he is a passionate lover, but as pure as ice; a brilliant swordsman, a model landlord—in fact, everything that he ought to be except interesting. For that deficiency naught can atone; and we confess we should have thought Mrs. Burnett to be too true an artist not to know that mere virtue, like mere vice, is insufficient to give attractiveness to a character in fiction."

The *Westminster Gazette* agrees:

"In short, his perfection is a little tiresome; we long for him to break out in some manner not quite correct, to show character, to become human."

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Scotsman* are more merciful, and the former finds the portrait of Lord Roxholm anything but tedious.

The *Daily News* critic is very severe on the relation of the book to its predecessor, *A Lady of Quality*: "The book is not a sequel to, it is in the main a repetition of, its predecessor"; and he agrees that "to an unregenerate critic, so perfect a man [as his Grace of Osmonde] is uninteresting and unconvincing."

The *Standard* agrees that as a sequel to *A Lady of Quality* the book is a failure:

"Mrs. Hodgson Burnett seems to be infatuated with her own heroine, Clorinda Wildairs, and no less with that lady's lover, who in the former book arrived an hour too late on the occasion of the betrothment. This has blinded her to the fact that sequels are usually mistakes, and that this book is no exception to the rule. We had had enough of Clorinda, and of her second husband, too, so that 'His Grace of Osmonde' (One Vol., Warne) comes as an anti-climax, and one that falls extraordinarily flat. Mrs. Burnett has nothing to tell—nothing that is new, at least. She introduces some minor characters, or, rather, we will say, some other characters, seeing that Marlborough is among them; but they only hang about the book, and do nothing that was worth the telling or doing, as it is done and told here. . . . This book must be a matter of real regret to Mrs. Burnett's admirers; the result is only wasted time for writer and readers."

On Mrs. Burnett's style the *Daily Chronicle* has these remarks:

"The attempt to write in the literary method of the last century is feeble at best, and for the most part intensely irritating. When, for instance, the characters say 'twas' and 'twould' and 'twere' we don't mind so very much, though we wish they would refrain; but when the author herself 'twases' and 'twoulds' us all over every page we get thoroughly savage and feel an almost irresistible desire to break things."

We have not met with more favourable reviews than the above.

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|              |              |              |              |
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| 1896,        | 1897,        | 1898,        | 1899,        |
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| MARCH 6      | MARCH 6      | MARCH 6      | MARCH 6      |
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| JUNE 5       | JUNE 5       | JUNE 5       | JUNE 5       |
| JULY 3       | JULY 3       | JULY 3       | JULY 3       |
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| OCTOBER 24   | OCTOBER 24   | OCTOBER 24   | OCTOBER 24   |
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"I have met few men with so little circumspection as you. You are perfectly ignorant, and you follow nothing but your own fancy. Reason decides nothing in your case, everything is ruled by impetosity and passion. I do not desire to have any correspondence with you beyond what is indispensable as regards Foreign Courts, because they make you dance steps, and expose your want of harmony before the eyes of Europe; which I am not inclined to permit you to do. As for your household and financial affairs, I have already told you, and now tell you again, that nothing you do accords with my position and experience, and that your mode of action will bring you little success."

To which he adds in his own hand, "I love you, my dear fellow, but you are terribly young." In another letter he tells him: "You do not know men yourself, and you try to teach me to know them." Of such kind is letter after letter to Jerome, whom he nevertheless held by to the last,

only to find him useless in his final emergency. Louis, King of Holland, is visited with even more astounding language; and Louis alone, of all the Buonapartes, was a man of feeling and principle. He wished to govern for the benefit of his people; whereas Napoleon was intent on the Gallicisation of all the subject kingdoms. Doubtless the Emperor was right politically. It was impossible to make French rule popular with the annexed states, and the only thing was to hold them by the strong hand, as the Germans hold Alsace. But Louis honestly resented such methods, and was, therefore, at perpetual war with his brother, till the Emperor finally deposed him. There is, perhaps, nothing here quite so trenchant as a previously published letter to the unhappy Louis, with its recurrent burden—"Don't be a fool." Nevertheless, such charming amenities as these are quite enough:

"What can I say to you? That which I have told you a hundred times already. You are no king, and you do not know how to be a king! . . . I have portfolios of complaints from my shipowners against your agents, and if you do not put a stop to the vile behaviour of your admirals to my flag, beware lest I put a stop to it myself. . . . You know very well that everything you do is opposed to my opinion, and that I have often told you I foresaw the changeableness and folly of your action would ruin your kingdom? . . . I thank you for the interest you take in my health. I should not think it very sincere, if I were to seek its proof in your speeches in which you strive to tarnish my glory—if that were possible to a man like you, who has done nothing at all."

In another letter, not to Louis but to Jerome, he tells him: "You make war like a satrap. Did you learn that from me?" Such phrases are often in his mouth, when he is addressing his brothers or his marshals: "You never learned that in my school"; "This is not what I expect from a man trained in my school." The Napoleonic school was as little scrupulous as the school of Fagin. The naked treachery by which he tried to occupy Lisbon and seize the Portuguese fleet together with the king, keeping Portugal amused with negotiations, while his army was advancing without declaration of war, is here flagrantly revealed. The high-handed and secret methods which he employed during his long struggle with the Pope are another interesting disclosure of these letters. Treachery, misrepresentation, falsehood, he is shown employing as recognised weapons of State. One of the minor impressions from these letters is that Napoleon was less able as a foreign statesman than in his other capacities. He cuts his Gordian knots with the sword; but in diplomacy he appears hardly a match for the Continental ministers. On the very eve of the campaign of Jena he is still sure that Prussia will never venture war; that she only needs to be humoured and managed like a tetchy child. He has no comprehension of the magnitude of his Spanish task, though history (to which he frequently appeals with more fluency and confidence than accurate knowledge) should have taught him that the difficulties of a

Spanish invasion only begin with the overthrow of the regular army. In the somewhat parallel case of Russia he probably had no choice save war; but the Spanish business was one of the hugest mistakes of his career. The army of Spain might have averted Leipsic, had it been free for use. The final letter of the volume has a singular pathos. It is written on the morrow of Waterloo, and is the mere feverish raving of a shattered and desperate man.

"I will raise a hundred thousand conscripts. I will arm them with muskets taken from the Royalists, and the ill-disposed members of the National Guard. I will raise the whole of Dauphiné, the Lyonnais, and Burgundy. I will overwhelm the enemy."

It almost recalls those piteous words of the fallen Lear: "I will do such things—what they are yet I know not." So dramatically ends a captivating and valuable book, and a destiny of strangely tragic brilliance which still sways the imaginations of mankind.

### "BAB."

*The Bab Ballads.* By W. S. Gilbert.  
(Routledge & Sons.)

In preparing this new edition Mr. Gilbert was not well advised. In the first place, no book of comic verse should extend to 554 pages; human nature is frail, it cannot endure so much. Mr. Gilbert would have done well to omit all the "Songs of a Savoyard"—that is to say, the numbers from his Savoy operas, which are not at all in keeping with the *Bab Ballads* and sometimes are positively discordant. Take, for example, this ingenious mock-Elizabethan "conceited" lyric:

"Is life a boon?  
If so, it must befall  
That Death, when'er he call,  
Must call too soon.  
Though fourscore years he give,  
Yet one would pray to live  
Another morn!  
What kind of plaint have I,  
Who perish in July?  
I might have had to die  
Perchance in June!

Is life a thorn?  
Then count it not a whit!  
Man is well done with it;  
Soon as he's born  
He should all means essay  
To put the plague away;  
And I, war-worn,  
Poor captured fugitive,  
My life most gladly give—  
I might have had to live  
Another morn!"

It is pretty and quaint and very dexterous, but how ill does it consort with its companions, "Sir Guy the Crusader"—

"His views were exceedingly proper:  
He wanted to wed,  
So he called at her shed,  
And saw her progenitor whop her  
Her mother sit down on her head"—

and "Haunted"! No; Mr. Gilbert has endeavoured to fuse irreconcilable elements, and the result is a huge and somewhat disconcerting jumble.

But he has done worse than this: he has re-drawn most of his best pictures. The cuts in the original editions, and in *Fifty Bab Ballads* published in 1877, signed "Bab," were almost as good as cuts need be: they had crispness, fun, and they corroborated and strengthened the text so ably as to make them almost perfect not only as independent comic drawings, but as illustrations. Yet Mr. Gilbert apparently has never shared this view. "I have always felt," he says in the preface to the new edition, "that many of the original illustrations . . . erred gravely in the direction of unnecessary extravagance. This defect I have endeavoured to correct." The pity of it!—as if unnecessary extravagance were not the life-blood of Bab's humour. And the unreason of it, because the unnecessary extravagance of the text still remains, even if that of the pictures has been eliminated. Mr. Gilbert is, however, the author, and the book is his, and he may, we suppose, do what he likes with it; but we retain the right to grumble. And more, Mr. Gilbert is not the draughtsman he was: his hand has lost its strength, his line is no longer decisive, his sense of the respective value of black and white has left him, so that his new pictures, with few exceptions, are just ordinary amateur comic work, and we linger with relief over those ballads whose old cuts have been permitted to stay untouched—over "The Rival Curates" and "Sir Macklin," "The Bishop of Rum-ti-foo" and "The Perils of Invisibility." Once the correction of unnecessary extravagance has compelled the artist to sacrifice a stanza. It will be remembered that one of the pictures to "Thomas Winterbottom Hance" represents the two gladiators in the ring, and their mothers, shrunken almost to nothing, looking on. It is a piece of delightful fooling, emphasised by the explanatory lines:

"The mothers were of decent size,  
Though not particularly tall;  
But in the sketch that meets your eyes,  
I've been obliged to draw them small."

That has all been swept away; and the revised mothers need no apology—and raise no smile.

Fortunately—and we have now done with complaints—Mr. Gilbert has not thought it needful to alter the text of the ballads. It is true that in the amusing nonsense entitled "Barnaby Bampton Boo" the young woman who once was called "Carrotty Nell" is now chastened to "Volatile Nell"; but in the main the stories are as they were when they first diverted readers, some thirty years ago. Some, we must confess, hardly bear re-reading, but the best are still entertaining, and we have spent a most agreeable hour in renewing old impressions. Particularly have we enjoyed meeting again with some of the pieces not included in the collection known as *Fifty Bab Ballads*, which, for most people, has been the only edition. Among these is the story of "Babette's Love."

"Jacot was, of the Customs bold,  
An officer, at gay Boulogne,  
He loved BABETTE—his love he told,  
And sighed, 'Oh, soyez vous, my own!'  
But 'Non!' said she, 'JACOT, my pet,  
Vous êtes trop seraggy pour BABETTE.'"

Instead she loved Bill, a marine, gifted with a graceful way of leaning against a post; and she told Jacot as much:

"'Oh, mon!' exclaimed the Customs bold,  
'Mes yeux!' he said (which means 'my eye'),  
'Oh, chère!' he also cried, I'm told,  
'Par jove,' he added with a sigh,  
'Oh, mon! oh, chère! mes yeux! par jove!  
Je n'aime pas cet enticiog cove!'"

Bill's captain heard of Bill's depravity.

"He wept to think a tar of his  
Should lean so gracefully on posts,  
He sighed and sobbed to think of this,  
On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.  
'It's human natur', p'raps - if so,  
Oh, isn't human natur' low!'"

And so on. Here we have one phase of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar humour in a nutshell: the elevation of an infinitesimal peculiarity or habit into an offence of serious import and magnitude. In the topsy-turvy world which he has invented, every inhabitant of which is mad, such exaggerations and inversions are the order.

Humour of this mechanical kind is simple, but in the hands of a clever workman it can be made quite irresistible. Mr. Gilbert does it to perfection "Mister William" is his masterpiece—but "Captain Reece" and "The Martinet," "The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo" and "The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo Again," "The Rival Curates" and "Etiquette," "Annie Protheroe" and "Gentle Alice Brown," "Thomas Winterbottom Hance" and "The Baby's Vengeance," "The King of Canoodle Dum" and "Ellen McJones Aberdeen"—these are fine enough performances. One may become a little weary of the formula, but the execution is admirable.

Another of Mr. Gilbert's tricks is to extract fun from truthfulness and credulity. In real life people lie, and disbelieve each other; in the land of Bab they accept all statements. No sooner does Private James inform General John that they were changed at birth, than General John degrades himself to the ranks and elevates Private James to the position of commander; no sooner does Paley Vollaire, who is bankrupt, make a similar remark to Frederick West, than Frederick West hands him his hard-earned savings.

Again, tenacity to life and respect for life are the ruling passions of the normal man. In Mr. Gilbert's world death becomes, therefore, a mere incident, whether of oneself or of another. When Gentle Alice Brown went to confessional and admitted:

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy  
from its dad,  
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little  
lad,  
I've planned a little burglary and forged a  
little cheque,  
And slain a little baby for the coral round its  
neck;"

this is what happened:

"The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and  
dropped a silent tear—  
And said, 'You mustn't judge yourself too  
heavily, my dear.  
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for  
to fleecy;  
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-  
crown apiece.



'Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;  
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find.  
We musn't be too hard upon their little girlish tricks;  
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six.'

'Oh, father,' little Alice cried, 'your kindness makes me weep,  
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap.'

But when Gentle Alice Brown went on to say that she had seen a young man and had winked at him, the pastor held out no hope of forgiveness. He informed Brown *père*, and Brown *père* arranged for the young man's immediate removal. He said:

'I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two;  
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent,  
as many do,  
A feeling of disgust upon her senses then will fall  
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small.'

All this would be very horrible if we looked at it calmly, just as so much of that American humour which jests at death would be horrible; but we are not permitted to be calm. Mr. Gilbert supplies the right atmosphere—the laughing gas—with which to take his extravagance.

How the *Bab Ballads* will strike readers who are now coming to them for the first time, we cannot say. We suspect, however, that their heyday is over. Taste in humour has changed, and much that was funny thirty years ago is funny no longer. Extravagant fun, particularly, is out of date, owing, probably, to the surfeit of it which the enterprise of America has offered. The humorist to-day is required to keep closer to the fact. But for readers of an older generation Bab has still strong attractions.

#### TRAVELS IN INDO-CHINA.

*From Tonkin to India by the Sources of the Irawadi—January, 1895—January, 1896.* By Prince Henri d'Orleans. Translated by Hamley Bent, M.A. Illustrated by G. Vuillier. (Methuen.)

EXILED royalties have the most difficult position in the world to maintain with any dignity; they are frequently in the extreme condition of genteel poverty, and even when this humiliation is spared them—as it is spared to the House of Orleans—their path lies along the very brink of the ridiculous. Yet in this questionable eminence, and, perhaps, by reason of the pathetic irony in their surroundings, they succeed frequently in producing picturesque and taking characters. Prince Henri is a singularly good example; the very man to have headed such a raid as Charles Edward's in the "forty-five"; an elegant figure of a "Young Pretender." France denies him a career; he does not seek it (like the heir of the Buonapartes) in Russia's service; but the world is wide, and, like a young man

of spirit, he sets out to explore it, in the interests of the country where his uncle is still, to not a few adherents, "the king." We have heard of him in Abyssinia; but this book relates an earlier adventure. In January, 1895, he set out, accompanied by M. Roux, a naval lieutenant, and another Frenchman—M. Briffaud—from Hanoi, in Tonkin, to strike the Mekong River, explore its course up to the Thibetan frontier, and push west from there into Assam—in short, to go overland from China to India, skirting the borders of Upper Burmah, and keeping south of Thibet. It was a stiff piece of travel, but the French, so little disposed to settle down in any new country, have always been among the best explorers.

The book, to begin with, has a considerable scientific value. A very careful log, with observations, was kept by M. Roux, and is published in an appendix. So is a list of the natural history and botanical specimens collected by Prince Henri, who, although not a man of science himself, knows what to bring home; and perhaps the most interesting of all his finds are the examples of Mosso and Lolo MSS. reproduced in facsimile with a translation. The Lolo, like the Chinese, have separate characters for each word; the Mosso are picture writing. There is, however, no explanation given of these which is in the least adequate for the uninitiated. All these scientific matters are relegated to the appendices; the book itself is popular in style and intention; and a very readable, light-hearted narration it is, describing travel among the many peoples of many speeches who fringe the Chinese Empire. The queer folk and their queer customs are duly chronicled; but even stranger, perhaps, is the glimpse into mission life away far up here in the interior among an unfriendly race with a government who secretly incite to outrage. After months of wandering along the Mekong, through great tracts untravelled by Europeans, the party at last debouched upon the plain in which lies Lake Erhai and the large town of Tali-fou, the chief centre of commerce in Western Yunnan.

"At the base of the hills, in stony chaos, lay the cemetery—the town of the dead at the gate of the living. We reached the river that forms the outlet of the lake; and here three routes converged—the one from the capital (Yunnan), our own, and that from Burmah, called the Ambassadors' Road. Along the last-named stretched into the distance the posts of the new telegraph line from Bhamo—the Future; and here, on the right bank of the river—the Past, a grey loop-holed wall, with battlements and bastions crumbling to decay, vestiges of the Mussulman war. It was dark by the time we came to the gate of Tali: luckily, it had not yet been closed. A tunnel led under the ramparts, and, once inside, we asked to be brought to the house of the French Father. After a long *détour*, our guide stopped before a dwelling and hailed loudly for admittance; then, finding a side door open, entered. What was our surprise to hear a feminine European voice! The owner at the same moment appeared at the head of the staircase with a companion, both dressed as Chinese, and disclosed herself as a young English lady."

She was the wife of the Protestant missionary. Prince Henri stayed for some time with the French Father Legnilcher, and

heard later from him of the old persecutions, when the Christians had to invent a private dialect for use among themselves ("devil-talk," the Chinese called it) and of the secret society, "the United Brotherhood," which organised the persecutions. It certainly seems that mission work in China is justified of its results; any religion, indeed, is an advance on the various forms of Chinese superstition—for the purer forms of their teaching have no hold on the people. Prince Henri notes that the Houi-houi, or Mussulmans, are much better to have dealings with than the other Chinese. But the Christians whom the expedition took on from Tali—seven of them—seem to have been real good men, and the interpreter Joseph a treasure. He was a youth who had been trained for the priesthood, but feeling no vocation had married and become a trader, but preserved his knowledge of Latin! In this tongue—or some modification of it—did he and the Prince hold communication through the rocky Thibetan ranges and by the sources of the Irawadi!

Of Yunnan, the slice of China which France is likely to annex, Prince Henri gives no very brilliant account. It does not seem a rich country, though, perhaps, if it were rid of mandarins and their exactions prosperity might appear. But, even on a Frenchman's showing, the French system of colonial government is not much more economical. Here is a crucial example of what is likely to happen in the Far East. Mong-tse is a considerable Chinese town just beyond the French border; its trade should naturally come down the Songhai to Haiphong; but the freights and dues are so high on the French water that nine-tenths of the foreign trade, according to Prince Henri, goes down the Si-kiang to Canton and is in English hands. But when France occupies Hainan—as she will certainly do—she will also occupy Pakhoi, a port on the mainland opposite; from Pakhoi she will push up to the middle of Si-kiang, and from that moment our trade with Mongtse will be either cut off or desperately hampered. It is not an agreeable prospect, and it is only one of many such.

Except for the Christians, Prince Henri says little good of any Chinese. It was a relief to him to reach the Lissous, and other tribes of the Thibetan border, where edicts of the Tsung-li-Yamen hardly run; but no impression is stronger from reading this book than the slackness of all ties in that vast agglomeration of provinces. Even at Tali people seemed scarcely aware that China was then at war with Japan. The notion of a united movement of the Yellow Race seems a mere nightmare. It is hardly conceivable that China should ever grow aggressive; but it might prove a difficult country to subdue. Travel was nowhere easy; it was most difficult along the march westward from the Mekong to Assam, across an interminable series of clefts and chasms. Indeed, at this point the expedition was in grave danger of loss by starvation; its worst time came just at the end, after they left the Khamtis, the first people beyond the border of Assam. It was with a sense of great deliverance that they reached the outposts of civilisation, and were cordially welcomed

by the English magistrate. This is how our Raj strikes a foreigner :

"Sadiya is the extreme north-east outpost of the British Indian empire. Mr. Needham's position is that of Assistant to the Political Service, and he is in supreme and sole charge. He has passed twenty-eight years in India, and exercises the functions of Resident, judge, and commandant of the troops, of whom there are one hundred under native officers. Another five hundred sepoy could be summoned by telegraph within twelve hours. In addition to the importance involved by his relations with the frontier tribes, he governs in and around Sadiya more than 60,000 people. After thirteen years spent in this district, he speaks besides Hindustani: Bengali, Thai (of which he has compiled a grammar), Singpho, Assamese, Abor (also with a grammar in preparation), and Mishmi. What an example to France of the right man in the right place! and what a simplification of the world of *vice-residents*, *commiss de residence*, and *chancelliers*, all engaged in manipulating the papers which we deem indispensable to the administration of a province. Here one hand controls the whole. It is true that he is well paid, and that after thirty years' service he will be entitled to a pension. He submits his claim for travelling expenses, and it is discharged to him direct. There is none of that system of mistrust to which we are too prone. The English place implicit confidence in the zeal of their officers to work their hardest for the interests of their empire."

The praise is frank, generous, and merited; and it is only fair to admit, what Prince Henri insists on, that in the East we have stepped into the heritage of Duplex. In how many quarters of the world has such enterprise paved the way for the English to enter in and complete the edifice? Neither under a monarchy nor under a republic has France shaken off the curse of officialism. We commend the book to many readers. The pictures are lavish; many are photographs—some too obviously not: there is a rope bridge whose top cable is drawn no thicker than the other strands. The translation has been done presumably by an Orientalist, and should have been revised by someone who knew, for instance, that "trompe" means an elephant's trunk. Mr. Bent translates it "trumpet."

#### BIOGRAPHY IN LITTLE.

*Philip II. of Spain.* By Martin A. S. Hume. Foreign Statesmen Series (Macmillan & Co.)

This is pre-eminently the age of the hand-book. Our writers for the most part cannot write—and their readers will not read—the ponderous histories and treatises such as their ancestors dealt in, and the modern historian excels in the production of concise monographs and biographies, of "Epochs of History," and the like. Such excellence is by no means to be despised. The books are usually accurate and scholarly. Often their modest two hundred pages represent an immense amount of independent research and the consultation of many a neglected original authority, as well as the "boiling down" of all the old unmanageable tomes in which a more leisurely age was wont to seek its in-

formation. Mr. Martin Hume's contribution to Messrs. Macmillan's "Foreign Statesmen Series," *Philip II. of Spain*, is an admirable example of this kind of work. Mr. Hume, who is the editor of the *Calendar of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth*, is thoroughly master of his subject. In the short space of some two hundred and sixty pages he has brought together an immense range of material. He has gone to the original and unpublished authorities in many cases for his facts, and has succeeded in making his sketch at once comprehensive and succinct. His view of Philip is, on the whole, a favourable one, though he is free from excessive partiality. As we see him in these pages, he stands before us as a gigantic failure, his vast schemes all frustrated, his ambitions humbled. To many temperaments he can never be a sympathetic figure. He is too cold and hard and calculating. He lacks dash and brilliancy. His courage is not conspicuous and his generosity infinitesimal; moreover, his reign is pre-eminently stained with the atrocities of the Inquisition, and that alone repels many who might otherwise admire this cold, strong man. As a statesman, too, he is disappointing, with his incapacity for rapid decision and prompt action. Mr. Hume allows all this, but at the same time he dwells lovingly on his higher qualities, and no one will put down this book without a feeling of sympathy and pity for its subject. Here, if anywhere, was a man whose epitaph might have been the famous *Miserrimus*. The one defect of Mr. Hume's book seems to us to lie in the writing. The English is not always impeccable, and it is often slipshod. But much may be forgiven its author for his wide knowledge, his comprehensive sympathy, and impartial weighing of authorities.

*William the Silent.* By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has not left the world in ignorance as to his preference in letters and character. Something of the moralist, a little of the "friend of man" and liberal philosopher, and a great deal of the honest lover of plain courage and worth, are apparent in all his writings. The Puritan—a very enlightened and liberal Puritan, to be sure—the uncompromising hater of Machiavellianism in every form, is written so largely over his work that we do not wonder at his turning to the history of hopeless struggling against odds, and men whose natures were of gray, unadorned simplicity.

The history of the rise of the Dutch Republic has been popularised by the excellent and rhetorical Motley, and, indeed, the bare fact is sufficiently marvellous. It is the tale of the wars of one man and a little people against the greatest power of the age. More, it is the narrative of the formation of a nation from apparently hopeless elements—a mere chaos of fanaticism and narrow passions. "It was formed without design," said Voltaire, "and in the end it belied all human forecast." And the man who chiefly worked the marvel was all his life unsuccessful; his record seemed entirely of defeat; he was by no means a great soldier, and his materials

forbade prosperous statesmanship; at the last he was murdered and ended an apparently ineffectual life in what seemed the blackest hour of all. And yet the foundation had been laid, and his enemies even in their hour of triumph had been irretrievably defeated. The seven Northern provinces, with the poor, hard, toil-worn populace, had been endowed with the spirit of a nation, and were on the eve of making sounding history among the states of Europe.

The whole life of the man is a series of anomalies. Though undeniably brave, he had no military genius, and he found himself pitted against the two greatest captains of the age, Alva and Alexander of Parma, as well as Don John, its most dashing soldier. A certain measure of statecraft was undoubtedly his, but his diplomacy was less subtle than ceaseless, and his contemporaries read him like a book. Yet he had to play the game against a master of the art like Granvelle, and attempt to treat with Elizabeth and her wary ministers. He was a Lutheran by the tradition of his house, a Catholic by upbringing, and he ended by becoming a Calvinist—"I am now bald and Calvinist," he writes, "and in that faith will I die"—but it is certain that his temper was very little that of the sectary. Yet all his life he had to strive with religious fanaticism both in his own and in the enemy's camp, and this calm and reasonable man had to face the whole crazy tribe of priests and pastors. And for what end? This, indeed, is the crucial question in the matter, and we can only give a hesitating answer. The whole rebellion had an element of the fortuitous. We may conceive him as a man of humane and liberal feeling, with an honest love for his people's welfare, protesting against Spanish cruelty. Little by little the chain of accident draws him deeper into difficulties, till he is forced into assuming a bolder front for his very manhood's sake. Gradually as difficulties thicken he begins to get sight of a great end—liberty of conscience, civil freedom, national spirit—and his soul is hardened to withstand. But it is always a rebellion under protest; he is "for peace" if his foes are "inclined for battle," and his policy is slow, cautious, even timorous at times. The key-note of the man's character is a certain grave simplicity and kindness—which made him pardon his would-be murderers and ask mercy even for the assassin—and a certain freedom from prejudice in all details of life. He is above sectarianism, and he is not scrupulous about his political morality. A lofty opportunism lies at the base of his policy; a spirit which was highly necessary for such rough times, and which, in spite of Mr. Harrison, it is the glory of the much-abused Florentine to have fostered.

A comparison with his great contemporary, Henry IV. of France, inevitably presents itself. Both men had real greatness, but both had something homely and pedestrian in quality. Mr. Harrison draws an excellent picture of the Prince:

"His shabby dress, with a loose old gown and a woollen vest showing through an unbuttoned doublet, was that of a poor student or a water-

man, and he freely consorted with the burghesses of that beer-brewing town (Delft). Yet in conversing with him an English courtier admits there was an outward passage of inward greatness. Now, at the age of fifty-one, he was bald, worn with wrinkles, and furrowed with age and with sorrows; the mouth seemed locked with iron, the deep-set watchful eyes, the look of strain and anxiety, give the air of a man at bay, who has staked his life and his life's work."

Ranke gives a similar account of Henry, who "preferred the hautboy and the bagpipe to elaborate music, who would mix with the common people at inns and ferries, and loved dearly to chaffer with horse-jockeys at country fairs." Both men had a sort of scheme for a Christian Republic, and both cared little for the squabbling of rival creeds. "If the Reformed opinions are false," wrote William, "if the Catholic Faith be based on eternal truth, their doctrines will melt away in good time, like the snow before the sun"; which may be compared with the opinion of Henry, that a man might work out his salvation in one religion as well as another. These are the words of the great Laodicean, and yet we need not say with Montaigne that "religion ne les touche ni l'un ni l'autre." William at least was essentially devout, but after the fashion of the Samaritan and not of the Levite.

Mr. Harrison has written a scholarly and shrewd study of a great character. The book is worthy of its place in an excellent series.

#### A PROVOST OF ETON.

*Sir Henry Wotton: a Biographical Sketch.*  
By Adolphus William Ward. (Constable.)

This is a book of a peculiarly irritating type. It was open to Prof. Ward to treat his subject in either of two ways. He might have given us a work of research, exhausting the available material for a Life of Wotton, disinterring new facts, sifting evidence, and establishing once for all the authentic history of the man. This had been the way of the scholar. Or, taking some other point of view than Walton's—some point of view less naïve and more self-conscious—he might have drawn a new portrait, created a new, or at least a revised, conception of an unusually fascinating personality. This had been the way of the critic. Possibly he might have been felicitous enough to do both these things. Actually he has not quite done either of them. He has written a Monday Popular Lecture for some provincial college which hovers between the ideals suggested, and falls short of both. There is scholarship in the book. Prof. Ward has carefully studied Walton's *Life*, the miscellaneous papers printed in the *Reliquia Wottoniana*, and a good deal of illustrative matter bearing on his subject. But he has not done his work thoroughly: he has left many points unexamined and many difficulties unsolved. To take a single instance: "The precise date of Wotton's death is not mentioned by Walton, or in the dictionaries. It might perhaps be ascertainable at Eton." Why, then, did not Prof. Ward take steps to ascertain it? We expect this kind of half-

baked work from an amateur, but surely not from a professor. And if the exigencies of the lecture-room made incompleteness necessary, why publish? On the other hand, there is an attempt at criticism in the book also. The contrasts, the paradoxes, of Wotton's life, the double temperament in him of the man of affairs and the philosophical recluse; these Prof. Ward sees, and seeing would communicate his vision. Unfortunately he has the heaviest of heavy hands in these matters, and totally lacks that gift of phrase without which verbal portraiture can neither interest nor endure. His picture of the man is true in its main outlines, but it is wooden, cumbrous, lifeless; and an inferior portrait, to be hung as a pendant to Walton's, stands but a poor chance.

On the whole, then, one fears that the chief merit of Prof. Ward's book is, that it recalls one to Walton, and to a subject worthy of Walton's pen. Walton had fraternised with Wotton over their common friend, Dean Donne, in a Life of whom they had agreed to collaborate. But Wotton died before the book was written, and it fell to Walton to complete it and to supplement it by one of his intended colleague. It was a congenial task, for Wotton's later years had all the simplicities and the pieties which were so attractive to the worthy draper. Like Donne, he had somewhat suddenly changed his whole manner of life. He had been a courtier and a busy diplomatist. One of the secretaries of Essex, he had escaped the fate of his unfortunate fellow, Henry Cuffe, by a hasty flight. Disguised as an Italian, under the assumed name of Ottavio Baldi, he had conveyed a warning of intended assassination to James VI. of Scotland from the Grand Duke of Florence, together with a casket of antidotes. When James became King of England he had, though a Stuart, sufficient gratitude to recall Wotton from his practical exile and to take him into his service. Wotton was a *persona grata* at Venice, and for many years he was permanent or "leiger" ambassador in that city of historic memories. He took a part in the disputes, partly political, partly theological, between the Republic and the Papacy, and was vehemently attacked by that shameless pamphleteer, Caspar Schioppius. Only once, however, did Wotton give his enemies a real handle, when with too ready epigram he wrote in an album that "an ambassador is a good man sent to lie abroad for the sake of his country." Schioppius pretended to take this as the serious doctrine of the English Foreign Office, and Wotton had some difficulty in making his peace with James. At a later period Wotton became famous for his chivalrous championship of "the Queen of Hearts," the fair and ill-fated Elizabeth of Bohemia, for whose sake so many brave men went to ruin. It was in her honour that Wotton wrote his prettiest verses, those beginning, "Ye meaner beauties of the night"; and when he left the Court of Ferdinand II. he gave away a jewel presented to him by the Emperor, "because he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy of his royal mistress, the Queen of Bohemia."

About 1622 Wotton found himself out of official employment and stranded with an inconsiderable fortune. He thought himself happy to obtain, through the friendship of Buckingham, the vacant Provostship of Eton. The income was a poor £100 a year; but on this he settled down, took orders, wrote both prose and poetry in a somewhat *dilettante* fashion, leaving most of his writings unfinished; fished, enjoyed the friendship of Izaak Walton and the Admirable Mr. John Hales, and superintended the education of the scholars of Eton like a virtuous and godly gentleman. He lived until 1639, and when seventy years of age wrote the following pleasant idyll, which appears in the *Compleat Angler*:

"And now all nature seemed in love;  
The lusty sap began to move;  
New juice did stir the embracing vines,  
And birds had drawn their valentines;  
The jealous trout, that low did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:  
There stood my friend, with patient skill,  
Attending of his trembling quill.  
Already were the eaves possessed  
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:  
The groves already did rejoice  
In Philomel's triumphant voice.  
The showers were short, the weather mild,  
The morning fresh, the evening smiled,  
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now  
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;  
Where, for some sturdy football swain,  
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.  
The fields and gardens were beset  
With tulip, crocus, violet;  
And now, though late, the modest rose  
Did more than half a blush disclose.  
Thus all look'd gay, all full of cheer,  
To welcome the new-liveried year."

Wotton's verse is scanty in quantity, and some of it is of no great account. Many pieces, moreover, are ascribed to him on somewhat unsatisfactory evidence. Prof. Ward would take from him even the famous epitaph, "On Sir Albertus Morton and his Lady":

"He first deceased. She for a little tried  
To live without him: liked it not, and died."

In the following lines Wotton strikes a wise and manly note, struck after him by Wordsworth in the "Happy Warrior," and at an earlier date by Vaughan, in a poem called "Righteousness," which Wordsworth must surely have known:

"How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all."

It is a pleasant picture Walton draws of the aged Wotton, with his books and his Thames trout. Gladly he left courts and cities for cloister and pasture.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Rowing.* By R. C. Lehmann. (The Isthmian Library: A. D. Innes & Co.)

WITHIN the compass of some three hundred and forty pages Mr. R. C. Lehmann has compressed what is most necessary to be known of the art of rowing. His book is written primarily for the novice, but it will be read with equal pleasure by the finished oar; for though the instructions to the young oarsman are very full and explicit, there is much that will interest the expert in the later chapters. Mr. Lehmann has had the collaboration of Mr. Guy Nickalls, who writes on sculling; of Mr. G. L. Davis, the famous Cambridge cox of the seventies, who deals with steering; and of Messrs. C. M. Pitman on Oxford College rowing, W. E. Crum on Eton rowing, and E. G. Blackmore on rowing in Australia. Mr. Lehmann himself deals with rowing in America, a subject which his recent experiences as coach of the Harvard Eight specially fit him. He is also responsible for the chapter on rowing at Cambridge, and for the remarks on the recent controversy on the health of the oarsman. To the freshman and the second year man at the Universities the opening chapters on oarsmanship will be of the greatest use; and the coach in a small college who often has to instruct others in what he scarcely understands himself will find his duties much simpler if he studies the cautions and hints carefully before getting into the stern of a tub. The two chapters on training and racing also contain many useful hints from Mr. Lehmann's ripe experience. As much, moreover, will be learned from the photographic illustrations of good and bad positions in rowing with which the text is well furnished, and after the awful example which faces page 50, a round back should be an impossibility. The book is very well illustrated with photographs, a most necessary precaution, as few draughtsmen know how to row, or if they do are singularly unfortunate in their efforts to put that knowledge on paper. The Isthmian Library *Rowing* may be safely recommended to all those who row or hope to row.

*The Note-Book of Tristram Risdon.* Edited by J. Dallas, F.L.S., and H. G. Porter. (Elliot Stock.)

IN 1714 the pirate Curll published the *Chorographical Description of Devon*. This is the common-place book of Risdon, its author, printed after a MS. existence of nearly 300 years. It contains several features of interest to the heraldically inclined; among others, many coats-of-arms not to be found elsewhere, and a correction of some early descents in the Courtenay pedigree. A few coats are given in facsimile of the originals. If they are fair specimens of the bulk of those tricked "by the Travail of Tristram Risdon, Gent.," it is certain that the "travail" of the editors in deciphering them must have been as painful as his own. Although neighbouring counties are included, most of the book is devoted to

Devonshire, in whose armorial roll meaner escutcheons are glorified in the company of those of Raleigh, Drake, Gilbert, and Grenville. Here, too, occur the family names of the judicious Hooker and the heraldic Upton. Let it not be forgotten that Devonshire gave birth to the father of English writers of blazon in Nicholas Upton, who in the loud days of Henry VI. serenely wrote of "heraldry, colours, and armouries, with the duties of chivalry, whence our modern writers have taken great light."

*Analecta Eboracensia.* Collected by a Citizen of York, Sir Thomas Widdrington, Knt. Edited by the Rev. Cæsar Caine, F.R.G.S. (C. J. Clark.)

THE writer of this book sulked about its dedication, and his book appears 250 years after time. Sir Thomas Widdrington, a man of good lineage (he was descended from the Northumbrian Widdringtons) was Recorder of York and many other things under Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and he offered to dedicate his book, the fruit of several years of labour, to the Mayor and Corporation of York. But the Mayor and Corporation looked upon the book as a stone for an egg; and they sent Widdrington a pithy, peevish letter, telling him in plain terms that "a good purse is more useful to us than a long story," and hinting that to make the Ouse navigable were a nobler work than compiling history. Sir Thomas was so chagrined that he forbade the publication of his book. From that day to this it has remained in MS., and historians of York, like Drake, have arisen and helped themselves to Widdrington's facts, and said how sorry they were, and passed on. Now, when Widdrington's account of ancient York is itself ancient, it is printed by subscription; nor would the old knight—a self-seeking, consequential little man by all accounts—blush at sight of this handsome folio, with its list of weighty subscribers and its "process" illustrations. After all, he got the "process blocks" by waiting. Widdrington was one of our earliest topographers, and worked under many disadvantages; but he went to original documents, and copied them without mistakes; he was not orderly. There we leave him. It is too late to review a superseded history that was ready for the press 250 years ago.

*The Making of Abbotsford.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. (A. & C. Black.)

IN this handsome and well-printed book Mrs. Maxwell Scott tells the story of her home, and discourses pleasantly on several incidents in Scots and French history. She has little of the serious historian; rather, her essays are the gossip of a well-informed woman with a love for the past, and some genuine national enthusiasm. The book is, of course, in no way propagandist, but it is clearly written from the standpoint of a religious party. The paper on "Mary Stuart," which was originally published by the Catholic Truth Society, is a pleasant statement of one side of the case. Her references are chiefly to violent Marians, but it is strange to find no mention of Froude, Sir John Skelton, M. Philippon,

and, above all, Mr. Swinburne. "The Scots Guard in France," which is chiefly a review of a book by Father Forbes-Leith, adds nothing to the work of Hill Burton, and Francisque-Michel. The few purely antiquarian papers are, as a rule, too slight to be of much value. Indeed, we like Mrs. Maxwell Scott best when she merely tells a good story, such as that of the Chevalier de Feuquerolles or the heroic Lady Nithsdale.

*Pratt Portraits: Sketched in a New England Suburb.* By Anna Fuller. (Putnam's.)

THESE little studies of New England life are in the genre which the art of Miss Wilkins has done so much to render illustrious. The inspiration is the same, with its constant effort to render fine qualities of the human spirit among unpromising surroundings; and if the narrowness and weariness of the life painted is more conspicuous, and its homely, remote beauty less conspicuous than in Miss Wilkins's work, that is, perhaps, partly a matter of temperament and partly because Miss Fuller writes of New England, suburban and sophisticated, Miss Wilkins of the simple village existence of New England proper. Of the individual stories, "Aunt Betsy's Photographs," "A New England Quack," and "A Yankee Quixote" strike us most. Aunt Betsy has her picture done "in front of the grapevine, her right hand in a black lace mitt, reposing upon the wicket-gate, and her voluminous skirts spreading on either side." The sitting is a secret one, and the dramatic production of the photographs in the family circle is the triumphant moment of the poor flabby, oppressed lady's life.

*The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance.* By Bernhard Berenson. (Putnam's.)

THIS little study is a companion to the earlier volumes on *Florentine Painters* and *Venetian Painters* by which Mr. Berenson has already won golden opinions. A fourth volume on *North Italian Painters* will complete the series. Mr. Berenson's intimate knowledge of technique, befitting a disciple of Signor Morelli, together with his genuine critical gift, make him a most delightful guide to the study of Italian art. Moreover, he is an original thinker, and his speculations as to the psychology of æsthetic enjoyment give to his disquisitions a philosophical breadth and interest. The Central Italian schools are those of Siena, the Romagna, and Umbria, all of them largely influenced by Florence, and Mr. Berenson finds in them all a common tendency to develop the "illustrative" rather than the "decorative" side of painting; to excel, that is to say, more in the representation of ideas than in colour, tone, form, or movement. To this common quality individual artists add individual qualities. Piero dei Franceschi has his impersonality, Perugino his sense of space, Raphael his mastery of composition. Mr. Berenson appends valuable index lists of the works of a large number of painters, and prefixes a reproduction of Raphael's *La Donna Velata* in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. It is a practical and a highly stimulating little book.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE most interesting literary event of the week is the publication in the *Telegraph*, synchronously with the *Youth's Companion* in America, of Mr. Gladstone's recollections of Arthur Henry Hallam. It is a sketch of great beauty. As boys at Eton they were the closest friends, bound by ties more worthy and secure than schoolboys commonly are; and biography is richer for Mr. Gladstone's tribute. It is surely a unique performance: an old man of eighty-seven (the essay was written last year) setting down luminously and powerfully the praises of a friend who has been sixty-four years in the grave!

We quote a few of the more easily separated passages:

"It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional, that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. . . . Whether he possessed the greatest genius I have ever known is a question which does not lie upon my path, and which I do not undertake to determine. It is of the man that I speak, and genius does not of itself make the man. When we deal with men, genius and character must be jointly taken into view; and the relation between the two, together with the effect upon the aggregate, is infinitely variable. The towering position of Shakespeare among poets does not of itself afford a certain indication that he holds a place equally high among men. . . . In this world there is one unerring test of the highest excellence: it is that the man should be felt to be greater than his works. And in the case of Arthur Hallam all that knew him knew that the work was transcended by the man."

THE glimpses of life at Eton seventy years ago; the friendly eulogy, at once so warm and so reasonable, so unstinted and so

tender; the shrewd and impressive asides on great and grave questions and issues; the incidental words of literary and general criticism—all serve to make the essay important and memorable, and to lead us to wish that Mr. Gladstone oftener pursued the reminiscent mood.

THE literary partnership between the late Alphonse Daudet and Mr. R. H. Sherard yielded a story which is shortly to be published in Mr. Sherard's English translation. The original plan was for Daudet to dictate and for Mr. Sherard subsequently to elaborate. But the dictated matter was so good and self-sufficient that Mr. Sherard wisely left it as it stood. The story will be called "My First Voyage: My First Lie." It is a reminiscence of the author's boyhood.

MR. KIPLING, who, accompanied by his family and Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, sails to-day in the *Dunvegan Castle*, intends to make his trip to South Africa a complete holiday from work. His forthcoming volume of short stories is to be postponed from the spring to the autumn of this year.

MR. HENLEY's Essay on "Burns: His Life, Genius, and Achievement," which appeared in the concluding volume of *The Centenary Burns*, will shortly be published in a separate form by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, at a shilling.

A NOVELIST in search of a good execution scene—there is one excellently done in *The Gadfly*—will find one all ready to his hand in a recent telegram from the *Daily News* correspondent at Berlin. Five haiducks—Servian robbers—were shot at Czaka a few days ago. The two most notable were Brktytsch and Woiko. This is how they died:

"As the procession passed a house, at the window of which Brktytsch discovered a pretty girl, he cried: 'Oh, women, women! It is you who have brought me to this.' Woiko smiled, and conversed the whole way. Of a high official he asked: 'Sir, do you think as many people will attend your funeral?' Turning to the gendarme who sat next to him, he said, 'Brother, do aim at the nipple of my left breast, so that I need not suffer so long.' It was nine o'clock when the execution ground was reached. Each of the haiducks was told to alight, and to stand next to a post which was erected by the grave destined to close over his body. Woiko appeared quite lively, and kept laughing and joking. Brktytsch had become serious and smoked a cigar, and the others stood silent and immovable as if they were already dead. Woiko's grave was close to that prepared for Brktytsch. When he noticed this, he said to him, 'Brother, don't be anxious. We shall remain close to each other. We shall soon find each other again' . . . . Woiko requested to be allowed to die with open eyes, but he was refused. 'Why are you blindfolding us?' he said. 'When I killed men I did not first blindfold them.' The people were now forced back by the gendarmes. The Prefect gave a sign, the captain flourished his sword, the crack of rifles sounded, and the five men were men no more.

This is more than journalism; it is literature.

To the enterprise and industry of Mr. C. M. Falconer, of Dundee, is due the "Catalogue of a Lang Library"; which does not mean a library conspicuous for length, but one consisting entirely of the works of Mr. Andrew Lang. For ten years has Mr. Falconer worked, and he now has a list mentioning 658 volumes, in which, in some capacity or other, Mr. Lang figures. Think of it, think of the industry it implies—and Mr. Lang was once called the Divine Amateur! The divisions of the Catalogue are five: books written by Mr. Lang alone; books written in collaboration with others; books edited or prefaced by Mr. Lang; books and magazines containing contributions by Mr. Lang; volumes containing Mr. Lang's poems.

WE have received from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome a photograph of a Christmas card which he has received from a band of Russian admirers. It represents a view of St. Petersburg surrounded by visiting cards—one hundred and eleven in all—and is ascribed to Mr. Jerome, with the assurance that other of his works are eagerly anticipated in translation by his friends in St. Petersburg.

THE recipient says: "To Russia is a long cry in many senses, and to be read and liked in Russia is not too common an honour for an English writer. Madame Jarintzoff in sending the card writes me: 'Certainly you understand that it would be simply impossible to send you in that way the expression of sympathy from all your admirers in St. Petersburg; if all of them knew of the device and would be allowed to join us—then surely there would be no place for that Christmas card in your house! As it is, I had just to mention about it among our friends, and the idea instantly flew through many circles, and reached the theatres, and in a few days I received more cards than I could use in trying not to be too plump with our feelings. Please notice that everyone knew the strict and inevitable condition: *perfect sincerity*. You can see from all this how right we were to tell you in the summer that the moral success of your books is enormous here; all these persons (and several hundred more in St. Petersburg) have them and love them: notwithstanding the general small amount of bookbuyers with us.' I get so little honour now [Mr. Jerome adds] from a certain class of critic in my own country that I may be forgiven some gratification for my recognition abroad."

By the way, the same writer's statement, which has just appeared in the daily papers, that he is in no way interested in a certain forthcoming periodical, is one of the most complete and emphatic denials we can remember: "May I, Sir—not entirely in my own interests—ask your assistance in counteracting this falsehood? I am neither directly nor indirectly—not as proprietor in whole or in part—not as editor nor as contributor—not even as well-wisher, concerned with any such venture."

An English lady is reported to be now at work in the Vatican Library, busily engaged in seeking corroboration of the theory that Dante was acquainted with the Venerable Bede's Latin version of the legend of the Irish saint Furse, wherein a suggestion of the idea of the *Divine Comedy* is to be found. The lady has already written an essay on the supposed influence on Dante by the Irish legend, upon which Mr. Gladstone has thus commented: "It is indeed of great interest, and the presumptions you raise appear to be important. Dante's being acquainted with a remote local saint, such as Bede, is of itself remarkable, and if it was due to his studying in England, as I am inclined to believe he did, then England may have furnished the thread which brought into his view the root idea of his poem." Very little would be gained by proving any such dependence. A man's inspiration is nothing: his work is everything.

MR. JACOBS'S, *Many Cargoes* and *The Skipper's Wooing* are to be added to the Tauchnitz Library. Meanwhile, Mr. Jacobs has, it is said, decided not to resign his position in the Post Office, a step which his literary friends are alleged, very unwisely, to have urged upon him. Instead, he will continue to endure what the *Bookman* calls "the sober routine of a Government Office." A number of busy literary men, it might be remarked, manage to endure it very easily.

THE late Sir Edward Augustus Bond, Sir Maunde Thompson's predecessor as Principal Librarian of the British Museum, survived his receipt of the distinction of K.C.B. only a few days. It is curious that one of the last scholars selected for honour by Her Majesty—the late Sir John Skelton, whose knighthood came with the Diamond Jubilee—died also within a week of its conferment. The late Sir Edward Bond married a daughter of "Thomas Ingoldsby."

THE first number of *L'Enfant Terrible* is probably now in the hands of expectant Americans. The editors, it seems, are known as Governors, and the office is called the Nursery. One of the Nursery Rules says: "No one not duly appointed an Honorary Infant shall be allowed to contribute, except on payment of the usual space rates (ten dollars per column)." Among the contents of No. 1 is the story of the Winchester Repeating Hen, which seems to promise entertainment.

"The transformation of the old Boston Public Library into a menagerie has called forth verse from Mr. Gelett Burgess, of *L'Enfant Terrible*, two stanzas of which follow:

"A Literary Zoo!  
A Spectacle to view!  
Boston used to keep them private, but now  
they'll roar for you.  
Now they name 'em and they tame 'em, and  
they shame 'em and they brand 'em,  
And in spite of guttural dialect, a child can  
understand 'em.  
Here's a Panther with a Purpose and a  
Problematic Tail.  
An I mark these neat poetic feet! An educated  
Snail!

A Literary Zoo!  
So really clever, too!  
Ah, what ghostly authors shudder from the  
shelves that once they knew!  
In the alcoves that the sometime Literary  
Lights invaded  
Now the plagiaristic monkey thinks he does  
as well as they did,  
And the Unenlightened Publishers assemble  
here to gaze  
While the anaconda swallows indiscrimina-  
ting praise!"

IN honour of the *Star's* tenth birthday, which will be celebrated on the 17th inst., Mr. Conan Doyle has written a story, entitled "The Confession," for which Mr. Marcus Stone has made illustrations. To find Mr. Marcus Stone again acting as illustrator carries the mind back to days long past.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S lecturing tour in America has been so successful that he is postponing his return. Meanwhile Mr. Marion Crawford is beginning a lecturing tour through the Southern and Middle States, which will occupy him until May. Another lecturer leaves our own shores for America in a few days—Mr. Le Gallienne.

THE following story of the late Lord Tennyson may or may not be true; but it is good enough, merely as a flight of pure fancy, to stand. In company with a few friends, says a correspondent of the *Telegraph*, the Poet Laureate one day entered a public reading-room and sat down in a large arm-chair before the fire. Much to the amazement of the other occupants of the room, he then proceeded to elevate his feet until they rested on the chimney-piece in the fashion we are led to believe is "real American." No expostulations on the part of his friends respecting the inelegance of the position were of the slightest avail. Suddenly a brilliant inspiration seized one of them—the father of one of our leading actors of to-day. Going close to Lord Tennyson, he whispered in his ear, "Take your feet down, or they'll mistake you for Longfellow." In an instant the poet's boots were on the floor, and he assumed the ordinary position of an Englishman.

THE American *Bookman* for January gives its usual returns of the most popular books in the States. It is interesting to note that those fine novels, *The Choir Invisible* and *The Kentuckians*, are in high favour. The popularity of *Quo Vadis* with American readers is at last on the wane; but only, it would appear, after it has been read by an enormous section of the American reading public. The different appeals which this Polish author's novel has made to English and American readers is surely not a little curious and suggestive. We happen to know that the sale of *Quo Vadis* in this country has amounted to about 4,000 copies. Whereas in America 100,000 copies have been sold.

AMERICAN opinion of books often upsets that of England. In this country Mr. Blackmore's *Dariel* has not been reviewed

with the unction which some of his recent novels drew forth, nor is it by the average reader considered quite in his best manner. Yet America has offered it a very warm welcome. The *Boston Globe* says: "Like *Lorna Doone*, it is worth reading many times over, and the older it gets the more popular it is likely to become. The story is tremulous with human emotions, described as only a master can pourtray them." The *Chicago Tribune* says: "Every page must be read and savoured for itself. Every line shows a compression and a polish that makes it glitter and flash a new light from a new facet every time the mind turns it over." We are the more glad to find Mr. Blackmore's new story so popular in America, since we could not give it very high praise ourselves.

*Appropos* of difference of opinion, "A. E. T." writes: "The following from to-day's *Observer* is an amusing instance of that kind of summary criticism to which Browning once attributed the retardation of his own acceptance with the public:

'NEW POEMS. By Francis Thomson. (*Constable*).—A collection of verses of only mediocre pretensions. It is dedicated to the late Mr. Coventry Patmore, but the disciple lingers *longo intervallo* behind his revered master.'

It is not easy to conceive the class of reader for which guidance of this character is intended."

ANOTHER correspondent—Mr. C. Giffard—writes: "During my reading of the last *Weekly Sun*—a luminary in whose rays I frequently bask when the other is obscure—it seemed to rain cats and dogs. I may be wrong, but one of the latter looked something of a 'howler.' 'We hardly know whether to regard De la Motte Fouque's [without the accent] *Undine* (Macmillan & Co.) as an allegory pure and simple or as a fairy tale. . . . The author's literary style reaches a high level of excellence, and joy and pathos are artistically blended in the narrative.' Shades of *die Romantische Schule!*—but perhaps the *Weekly Sun* is only playing upon our press-cutting agencies."

*Finance*, the new weekly paper devoted to money matters, makes a very creditable appearance. It has everything handsome about it, from its deep-red cover to its headings and initials. A special feature of "No. 1, Vol I," is a series of three articles, entitled "Other People's Opinions." These are contributed by Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. I. Zangwill. Sir Edwin likes money; and will not hear it abused. He even blesses the millionaire:

"I should no more grudge his luxuries and splendours to such useful servants of the sublime History of Man than I should grudge to the upland lake its golden-spotted trout, its tranquillity, and the colours of heaven upon its elevated breast. *Allons! marchons!* then; Gentlemen of the High and Low Finance! with the varied and stupendous industries of your calling! Make money—*si possis, recte!* Start mighty enterprises! Establish companies! Exploit the earth, which is our leasehold estate! Pierce isthmuses! Tunnel under mountains! Bridge the baffled seas with swift-

beled ships! If it be money, and the pursuit of money, which does all these things—so long as it does them honestly—I say let Finance be lawful as eating!"

MR. JEROME, being, according to the latest biographical dictionary, "the founder of the New Humour," ascends the pulpit:

"You [the Financiers] have rewritten the laws: You shall live by the sweat of other men's brows. The earth is yours and the riches thereof. You toil not neither do you spin (unless you call the fevered dice-thrower a toiler), yet Solomon in all his glory was not trayed like you—nay, nor his wives either. You have prepared a new gospel for yourselves. How long do you think its statutes will stand?"

MR. ZANGWILL is less exclamatory and more argumentative than his coadjutors. He points out that, according to recent biblical scholars, the notion that the Bible enounces usury and interest is founded on misprint. Be this as it may:

"The Church has long since abandoned its objection to the breeding of money by money, and has even, I believe, investments of its own. But I cannot help thinking that the old ecclesiastical objection to money and financial operations still lingers on in a transformed shape in many modern minds equally narrow. These poetic or aristocratic spirits do not see that the international financiers are keeping the life-blood of the world circulating, and that the millennium of peace and brotherhood is more likely to come through the Bourses than through all the religions. The interest every population has in every other is a great pacificatory force when passions rage, and the profits they achieve what the prophets may have failed in. Not that this necessarily persuades us to do homage to the great god Per Cent. But it is for the philosopher to recognise the value of everything in life, and then—put it in its place. There is the Stock Exchange now, much-abused institution in more senses than one. If people unite their capitals in big undertakings, there must be shares, and a medium for negotiating them. That this provides an opportunity for gamblers is an unfortunate consequence, but it can no more be helped than the unpleasantly-exaggerated velocity of that wind which normally moves our ships."

And, to be sure, it is his spare cash that a man spends on literature; and if he is to have spare cash, he must have much cash. We all stand or fall together.

THE New York *Life* seems to have been bewildering its readers almost to distraction with a literary puzzle. A prize of 100 dols. was offered to the lucky guesser of the line of lines by Longfellow illustrated by a picture of an old gentleman in armour, standing in front of his soldiers, over flowers strewn before him by women in mediæval costume. More than three-quarters of all the guesses sent in quoted lines from "The Elfry of Bruges" and "Coplas de Manrique." Nothing could have been more natural. And nothing could have been more absurd than to intend the picture to illustrate the line from "Morituri Salutamus":

"For age is opportunity, no less than youth itself."

If the number of guesses had been twelve

million, says the *Critic*, instead of twelve hundred, not one of them would have given this line. Nothing could be farther fetched.

*Literary London: its Lights and Comedies*, by Mr. W. P. Ryan, will be published by Mr. Leonard Smithers this month. The volume deals with most of the prominent authors and schools of the day, and contains articles and satires on such subjects as "The Great Young Man and the New Style of Literary History," "The New Doom of Narcissus," "The Devil and a Modern Knight-Errant," "A Lunar Elopement: the Key to Allen Gaunt's Defection," "The Passing of the Poets," "The Flight from the Paineyard."

LAST week we said a word on Mr. Conan Doyle as a poet. There is another popular prose writer who occasionally plays with verse, and does it sometimes exceedingly well. We refer to Mr. Barry Pain, the author of the satirical comments signed Tompkins in the *Chronicle* of a Saturday. Often they display merely a keen, if mordant, humour, an intimate knowledge of Cockney dialect, and a true sense of rhythm: but on Saturday last Mr. Pain, it seems to us, achieved something finer. In the following poem there is a certain uncommon grim force, which prevails in spite of the slang setting:

"AT MIDNIGHT.

" 'Ninety-sev'n,' the bell is syin', tollin', slow,  
 'Orf yer go,  
 'Arf-a-moment's all that's left yer — 'arf-a-mo,  
 Doncher know?  
 'Arf-a-moment and you're dead,  
 Says the big bell overhead,  
 ' And 'Iteen-ninety-ite tikes on the show—  
 Orf yer go.'  
 Do yer 'ear the bell a-callin', 'Ninety-ite,  
 Ninety-ite!  
 Tike the ribbons of the cheriot of fite  
 Thet won't wite  
 While the 'orses gallop fast  
 Through the midnight dawkn' vast,  
 Snatch the ribbons from the dead 'aunds of  
 yer mite,  
 Ninety-ite!  
 Whort's ahead? The driver speaks not. All  
 is still,  
 Dark and chill.  
 And the 'orses gallop forrud with a will,  
 Darn the hill.  
 And the big bells as was swingin',  
 An' so jooberlantly ringin',  
 A myster'us silence keep;  
 And the world drops off ter sleep  
 As 'e drives us darn the steep.  
 Whort's ahead? Won't no one tell us—good  
 or ill? . . .  
 All is still."

RECENT rearrangements and additions in the South Kensington Museum include another Old English Room, which has been set up in the Western Arcade of the South Court by the side of the "Inlaid Room" from Sizergh Castle. The new specimen is from an old house, now pulled down, at Bromley-by-Bow, belonging to the early years of King James I. The spacious stone fireplace has over it an elaborate mantelpiece in oak with the Royal Arms very boldly carved. The ceiling bears in the

centre the same arms with the initials I.R., and is covered with fine strapwork ornament, having floral enrichments and medallions containing heads of ancient warriors. Specimens of furniture of the period have been taken from the museum and arranged in the room in order to give it a furnished aspect.

THE arrangement of two rooms in the Cross Gallery connecting the Indian Section and Science Collections has now been completed. The first room on descending the staircase is devoted, for the most part, to Cairene art. In the second room are textile fabrics and embroideries from various parts of the Turkish Empire. On the ground floor of the Indian Section an important addition has been made to the plaster casts by a collection of ornamental details from the palace of the great Akbar, at Fathpur Sikri, near Agra.

MR VERNON BLACKBURN'S *The Fringe of an Art: Appreciations in Music*, will be published by the Unicorn Press on February 15. It will contain portraits of Mozart, Berlioz, Gounod, and Tschaikovsky. Mr. Blackburn is musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Sport in the Highlands of Kashmir*, by Mr. H. Z. Darrah, is a new volume to be published almost immediately by Mr. Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly, London.

NEWS from Paris states that Lieutenant Julien Viaud has a holiday from service, which—under his better-known name, Pierre Loti—he proposes to use in seeking material for a new book.

By permission of the Council of the Church House, four performances of the Rev. Henry Cresswell's ecclesiastical drama, "The Conversion of England," will take place in the Great Hall of the Church House, Westminster, on Saturday, January 15, at 2.30 p.m., and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 17, 18, and 19, at 8 p.m.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. announce for early publication a translation of *L'Education à Port Royal*, being extracts from the writers of Port Royal, on the theory and practice of education, selected by the late M. Félix Cadet, Inspector-General of Public Instruction in France, with an introduction by the compiler.

*The Life of Joseph Arch, M.P.*, edited, with a preface, by the Countess of Warwick, will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Arch himself tells the story of his life, but Lady Warwick has prepared the book for publication, and has contributed a preface, in which she reviews at some length the history of the Union which Mr. Arch founded, and the position of the agricultural labourer at the present day. Mr. Arch is a Warwickshire man, and lives within a few miles of Warwick Castle.

## THE ACADEMY'S AWARDS TO AUTHORS.

In reference to our intention to "crown" two books of signal merit published during 1897, we sent the following communication to certain men of letters who have been in touch with the literature of 1897:

"The proprietor of the ACADEMY having decided to set apart sums of One Hundred Guineas and Fifty Guineas as awards to the authors of books of signal merit published during 1897, the Editor asks your kind assistance in selecting the recipients. He will esteem it a favour if you will write on enclosed post-card the titles and authors of two or three books belonging to the period named, which are, in your opinion, most worthy of being 'crowned.'"

Below are a few of the replies already received. We shall announce our decision next week:

Mr. Andrew Lang suggests that the following books might be suitably "crowned":  
*The Song Book of Bethia Hardaere.* By Mrs. Fuller Maitland.  
*The King With Two Faces.* By Miss M. E. Coleridge.  
*Admirals All.* By Henry Newbolt.

Mr. Edmund Gosse writes:  
Works by the forty members of your "Academy" being obviously excluded from consideration, my vote would be given thus:

One Hundred Guineas to Mr. Arthur Symons for his *Studies in Two Literatures.*

Fifty Guineas to Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon for his edition of *Bacchylides.*

[We have not restricted our awards in the way Mr. Gosse supposes.]

Mr. W. I. Courtney suggests:  
*The Diary of Master William Silence*, by Chancellor D. H. Madden, as being the most illuminative bit of dramatic criticism which we have had for years, as well as the most definitive answer to the Baconian theory regarding Shakespeare's works. The novel I should suggest would be *The School for Saints.*

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, makes the following suggestions: One hundred guineas to Mr. David Hannay for his *Short History of the Navy*; or, to Mr. William Ernest Henley for his "Burns."

Fifty guineas to Mr. Henry Newbolt for his *Admirals All*; or, to Mr. W. Alison Phillips for his *History of the Greek War of Independence.*

Mr. James Payn writes:  
Among the best books of fiction published in 1897 are—by well-known authors:  
*The Tragedy of the Korosel.*  
*In Kedar's Tents.*

And by new-comers:  
*Many Cargoes.*  
*Deborah of Tod's.*

Mr. Cloment K. Shorter writes:  
Samuel Rawson Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1651-1654.*  
William Butler Yeats's *The Secret Rose.*

Mr. I. Zangwill names the following books:  
*The Will to Believe.* By Prof. William James.  
*What Maisie Knew.* By Henry James.  
*The Nigger of the "Narcissus."* By Joseph Conrad.  
*The Painters of Central Italy.* By Bernhard Berenson.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll writes:  
Mr. D. H. Fleming's *Mary Queen of Scots* deals with a theme of perennial interest; is derived direct from the sources; and no error has been pointed out by any critic so far as I know. It must always be considered and referred to by every student of the subject. I venture to think it belongs to the class of books the ACADEMY should honour.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams writes:—I should give my vote for:  
*The Memoir of Lord Tennyson.*  
*The Coming of Love.* By Theodore Watts-Dunton.  
*The School for Saints.* By John Oliver Hobbes.  
*Admirals All.* By Henry Newbolt.

Dr. Richard Garnett sends the following list of eligible books:  
*The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett.* By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell.  
*Impressions of South Africa.* By James Bryce.  
*The Hope of the World.* By William Watson.  
*The Secret Rose.* By W. B. Yeats.

Mr. H. G. Wells writes:  
Henley & Henderson's edition of *Burns* is the sort of book that particularly deserves "crowning"—a magnificent performance of the utmost value to English literature, and not a very remunerative one to its authors. Mr. Henry James's *What Maisie Knew* ranks next, perhaps. *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* is, to my mind, the most striking piece of imaginative work, in prose, this year has produced. *Captains Courageous* I couldn't read by reason of the illustrations; so I know nothing thereof.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

### III.—LORD TENNYSON.

It would be useless to deny that however noisy, vulgar, and impertinent may be the newspaper *post-mortem*, it is uniformly successful in laying bare the weaknesses of its subject. Enmity and scandal soon lose their power if there is no element of truth for them to work on. Lord Tennyson did not fully recognise this. He only saw that after death a man's reputation has to go through a grim and savage ordeal, as likely as not to "shrivel it up like a cabbage," and having hated publicity all his life, the greatest terror death held for him was that it would be no longer possible to fence off the prying journalist and the gossip-monger. "The newspapers will get hold of me at last," he exclaimed sorrowfully, when taken with his final illness. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that we find his reputation emerging unsullied from the discussion to which his death and subsequent biography gave rise. Of other great men of the century, Scott alone passed through the ordeal as well. His popularity never received a check. From Carlyle downwards the rest of them have seemed to dwindle and recede as soon as life was out.

The parallel does not end here. Like Scott, Tennyson had no dark spot or mystery in his life to whet a vicious curiosity. His biography is that of a tranquil and refined English gentleman who, in early life, fixed his ambition on a certain object and resolutely pursued it. He has written no idyl more beautiful than the story of his own quest from the time when the wizard

" . . . found me at sunrise  
Sleeping, and woke me  
And learned me Magic,"

till that fine ending in which the ancient sage, gazing frankly and fearlessly over the very edge of life, finds the light of poetry shining even on the valley of the shadow of death:—

"And so to the land's  
Last limit I came—  
And can no longer,  
But die rejoicing.  
For thro' the Magic  
Of Him the Mighty  
Who taught me in childhood,  
There on the border  
Of boundless Ocean,  
And all but in Heaven  
Hovers the Gleam."

In any attempt to picture the troubled yet splendid nineteenth century a conspicuous place must be given to his great and majestic figure, ever intent on his chosen art, and yet eagerly interested in every intellectual movement of the day; listening attentive to the voices that had anything to say, yet led by none from his own path; looking life with his own eyes and reflecting it in his independent art. Something, too, of the golden atmosphere which constitutes the charm of his verse hovered about his personality. The glamour must have been great indeed that evoked not only the



respect but the warm and personal love of so many great minds, that bewitched Thackeray and Carlyle, Edward FitzGerald and Spedding, Mr. Gladstone, and the late Mr. Palgrave. Nor was his life altogether so sunny and enviable as to justify those who, like M. Taine, drew a sharp contrast between the opulent peer and the unfortunate race of bards whose lot too often is like that of Alfred de Musset in his garret or Burns at the plough-tail. On the contrary, he had crosses and tribulations enough to win our sympathy. Prosperity did not come till he had reached middle-age. For long enough he had to encounter public indifference and hostile criticism. "A barbarous people" were "blind to the magic and deaf to the melody." As he put it in homelier words, "the mass of Englishmen have as much notion of poetry as I have of fox-hunting." Yet this is not quite an accurate statement to make of a race that has produced an unequalled literature. Wordsworth was probably nearer the truth when he asserted that every great poet must educate and form his own audience. The disciple or imitator steps into a place ready-made for him; the original man has to overcome old prejudices and win adherents to his new convention. It was not till many years after Tennyson had produced some of his best work that he came to be generally recognised.

All this may be said, however, and a doubt still remain as to whether Tennyson is entitled to that high place in literature claimed for him by his contemporaries. In reading his son's biography, no one can help being struck with the indiscriminating character of their eulogy. Everything mentioned seems to be looked upon as a masterpiece by some person of authority. As often as not the result is to make one wonder how bad the criticism of a great writer may be. We are told that "Spedding, a first-rate Shakespearean scholar, George Henry Lewes, and George Eliot admired his plays." The last-mentioned wrote to Mr. Cross: "Tennyson's dramas are such as the world should be glad of—and would be if there had been no pre-judgment that he could not write a drama." A great deal more, and with deeper emphasis, has been written to the same effect. It can be very well understood when it comes from a great Shakespearean scholar. In drama alone did Tennyson allow himself to become an echo and no voice. It would be slaying the slain to insist upon the point. Time has gradually been sapping the work of those critics who used to enlarge upon his dramatic capacity, and it is apparent that here, at least, is failure. Nor was the failure accidental; it was the doom of his temperament. He had not that gift of imagining human beings acting under all conditions of light and shade that Shakespeare had to perfection, and that Scott among moderns possessed most highly. If we are to arrive at any true estimate of his work we must begin by flinging the plays overboard.

Again, we doubt if the popular "Idylls of the King" have any enduring quality, save it be in the case of the first and last of them, the rich and magnificent "Passing of Arthur."

Even at their first publication Mr. Ruskin, Edward FitzGerald, and many of the choicer minds, found something amiss. Their effect on the crowd was partly due to the strangeness and romance of the period in which they were set; but since then King Arthur and his knights have become familiar through numerous editions of Malory. It has become apparent to the dullest that Lord Tennyson fell below his model in so far as he tried to render the clash of arms and the romance characteristic of that old world, while his allegory sits badly on the characters, and is not sufficiently transparent for readers whose taste for this kind of writing has been formed on John Bunyan. Nor will his excellent style save the Idylls. There is nothing more changeable in literature than the fashion of narrative style. Let anyone who doubts it compare three translations of Homer, each of which seems to have fulfilled the requirements of its day—Chapman's, Pope's, and Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*. Here the identical story is told, but how the language of each is varied to suit its generation! If it be true—as no doubt it is—that Lord Tennyson has refined the old stories till they lost life and colour, and that he has loaded them with a heavier moral than they can carry, then their endurance has but a feeble guarantee in a quality depending on the fickle caprices of taste.

But our poet is so opulent, that a great body of splendid work remains, even after the Plays and the Idylls have been laid aside. "In Memoriam" offers a surer foothold than either. Judged, not so much as a tribute to the memory of his dear and gifted friend Arthur Hallam, but as a book of elegies dealing with the elemental mysteries of life and the swaying of an utterly just and candid mind between faith and doubt, they reflect as nothing else does the spiritual struggles of his time; and the recognition of obstacles is so full, the inclination of his mind to the higher view so reasonable, that it wins the sympathy of all, the approval of a vast majority. No doubt, it is conceivable that the twentieth century may develop a different mood and a different attitude. On a lower plane, Lord Tennyson himself saw something of the kind happen to another poet. When he, a boy of fourteen, was carving "Byron is dead" on the sandstone rock at Somersby, the most acute minds of the time were convinced that Byron had vindicated his claim to a place beside Shakespeare. But the point of view was already beginning to shift. New streams of life and thought were breaking on the nineteenth century, and to the young generation Byron made no appeal. That this could be so did not dawn even on the clear mind of a Goethe. The mood of rebellion of which Byron was spokesman was not insular; it flushed the entire thought of Europe, and who could tell how fleeting and transient it was? Those of us who have found consolation and spiritual sustenance in the pages of "In Memoriam" cannot see any inherent defect that will make it of less comfort to those who are stricken with grief and doubt a hundred years hence; but we know that the thought of the moralist "waxeth old, as doth a

garment," and there are spiritual needs to which only a contemporary can minister. How much even of a Jeremy Taylor falls meaningless on ears that have listened to a Darwin and a Renan! Much there is in the elegies eternally true; but much, too, that may well prove transient.

As often happens, it was not in his most ambitious, but in his simpler work that the poet achieved his most indisputable success: in those little country idylls that he always spelt with one *l*, to distinguish them from the "Idylls of the King." The light did not lead him astray when it fell on

"Silent river,  
Silvery willow,  
Pasture and plowland,  
Innocent maidens,  
Garrulous children,  
Homestead and harvest,  
Reaper and gleaner,  
And rough-ruddy faces,  
Of lowly labour."

When Carlyle first read "The Grandmother" it is said that tears ran down his cheeks, and he could say nothing but "Poor old body! Poor old body!" It would be difficult to imagine a finer tribute to this wonderful picture of old age. But many of the other Lincolnshire pieces done at or before the same period are equally good: "The Northern Farmer," "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "The Brook" and "Dora." To mention the names is to point to literature that has passed into the life and being of England. It must not be thought, however, that I suggest that his charm depends on locality. On the contrary, it is at its highest, I consider, in "The Lotos Eaters," which for finish, melody, and consistency is second to no work that he has done, is scarcely second to anything of its kind anywhere.

And it is this inimitable charm—"the golden atmosphere," as Carlyle named it—that constitutes Tennyson's unique distinction. In his time the wells of romance that had been closed during the materialistic eighteenth century were re-opened. What the reader of to-day finds lacking not only in Pope and Dryden and Addison, but in Fielding, Defoe, Smollett, Johnson, and the rest, is the fulness of vision that sees a human action or a human character not only as a definite material fact, but as standing against a background of endless possibility, endless emotion, endless pathos. This is what Carlyle meant by his infinities, eternal veracities, and so forth. He shook people out of their materialism, but going too far on the other side he drove them away from himself by over-emphasis and exaggeration. He did not realise, or could not apply, the truth finely expressed by Robert Browning, "nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." Tennyson, on the other hand, was keenly alive to the nineteenth century awakening of spirit, but he was artist enough not to insist unduly upon it. One perceives that his mind was saturated with the feeling, but it is all suggested rather than expressed; it does not come out in set expression, but in fine, inexplicable charm. The quality is akin to what we find both in Homer and Shakespeare, but only it is modified and changed by modern ideas; it is the very poetry of to-day.

Quite as much as in the pieces we have mentioned this intensely modern note is felt in the little snatches of song scattered through his longer poems. They are not all equal. In Tennyson two natures are always contending for mastery, and the struggle does not invariably produce an equilibrium. There is the almost too gentle and sensitive spirit he inherited from his mother tempting him ever into sentimentality, as in his "Home they brought her warrior dead," a song that had a great vogue once, but already is worn threadbare. There is also the sterner and stronger temperament that came from his father, accounting for passages in "The Vision of Sin" which seem to suggest that there was in Tennyson the possibility of grimmer work. But this combination of tenderness and strength formed no bad equipment for a poet when the two were blended and working in equipoise. Even then an immortal song is produced only at a fortunate hour. We feel occasionally, as FitzGerald said of the "Princess" lyrics, that the foam is gone from the champagne. And they are like pictures: you must live with them a long time before being quite sure that they deserve adding to the world's list of masterpieces. I could not very well explain why "Blow, Bugle, Blow!" loses its savour while "Sweet and Low" retains it; why "Break, Break, Break" seems to gain and "Tears, Idle Tears" to lose in charm. The best songs are very few in number, and a slight apparent difference distinguishes the mortal from the immortal.

These lyrics are of a kind peculiarly modern, and such as have only been written by Tennyson and him "who sang to one clear harp on divers strings." The best of them are not love-lyrics in the old sense, but bits of philosophy set against this background to which allusion has already been made. In those of Goethe one finds a wider, clearer, colder outlook on the universe, but Tennyson's are suffused with deeper emotion. The imagination of the former is at its best when bringing the whole of existence within focus of a little song; that of the latter is rich in magic and illustration. Indeed, in that respect Tennyson is without a rival. Of many possible examples it will be sufficient to give one taken not from a song, but from the epilogue to "Tiresias," where he bewails the fact that "Old Fitz," to whom the poem was dedicated, was dead ere he received it. The passage has always appealed to me as illustrating what Prof. Palgrave called the "*mediocritas aurea* of Tennyson":

"The tolling of his funeral bell  
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,  
And mixt the dream of classic times,  
And all the phantoms of the dream,  
With present grief, and made the rhymes  
That missed his living welcome seem  
Like would-be guests an hour too late,  
Who down the highway, moving on  
With easy laughter, find the gate  
Is bolted and the Master gone."

It was by passages such as this, the exquisite lyric "To Sleep!" in "The Foresters," and "Crossing the Bar," that Lord Tennyson showed that his mind kept opening and growing to the very last.

There was a period when, unknown to himself, "the light retreated, the landscape darkened." All those secondary Lincolnshire studies, "The Northern Cobbler," "The Sisters," "The Village Wife," "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," and "Sixty Years After," are written without the Tennysonian charm. He had in them lost touch of his atmosphere and his fancy. Yet the great work that accompanied them showed it to be only a temporary and accidental lapse. There is no one period of his life wherein his good work was done; it is sown all along his sixty years of labour. Without denying the very great merit of his other work, I think, however, that his strongest claim to immortality lies in the songs and the idyls with one l.

At starting it was my intention to discuss at some length his treatment of nature, but I have outrun the constable in the matter of space; and, besides, another "reputation" will afford an opportunity to enter upon that subject. P.

#### MILLAIS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS was young during the whole of the time when he was joyously passing through his phases, contemptuous of the phase just left behind, as a child of ten scorns his achievement at eight, or as any one of the growing centuries despised the work of its predecessor. The century just dying is old because it admires the past; and Millais ceased to be young when he—painting with an emancipated and triumphant hand—stopped to admire, because the world was resolved to admire, the intense, intent, and constrained work of 1849 and 1850. There seldom was so consistently changing, so intolerant, so honest, or so long a youth as his. In 1861, when he had begun to paint in what is called his second manner, he wished that he could but get his pre-Raphaelite pictures into his own altered hands, that he might tear them in pieces. It was a hearty wish. But he could not then buy them back to mend his reputation; and the owners (not yet very proud of their possessions—they no doubt called them "quaint") kept them until their day of popularity came at last. But though Millais got hold of none of his old pictures to destroy them, he borrowed all he could to repaint them. He did not spare his earlier work, having a vivacious and healthy dislike of it. That dislike might not be particularly healthy in others, but in him it was a sign of health and of life. Therefore, it is with mixed feelings that we see the proofs of an effectual *pentimento* in "The Vale of Rest." The nun who is sitting by while the lay-sister digs the grave received a new face; and something of the same kind may possibly have befallen the children in "Autumn Leaves." For the faces are exceedingly beautiful, whereas our fathers complained of the ugliness of these girls. The figures are primitive, but the faces—two of them, certainly—belong to the quickly altering period of "The Ransom" and "Trust Me." This, however, is not so certain an incident as that of the intolerant

refitting of the nun. Millais' nun, in fact, was like a solid doll mended with a new head.

As to this famous picture last-named, it is more than usually mingled work: it has one of the best skies in the whole collection, and the painting of the tree that stands against the lightest part of the after-sun sky is beautiful; there is, as it were lighted air between our eyes and these sprinkled leaves. In colour the upper part of the picture has beauty, but is the colour of the white head-dresses in the cool shadowless shadows of evening a beautiful study of white? It seems to our eyes greatly lacking in tenderness, delicacy, and sweetness, nor is there much mystery here in any colour. The execution, too, is painty. But the picture is an imaginative one and a sincere; it is the rather naïf work of a simple-minded working painter who is inspired by his literary friends. These nuns by the way, seem to have by some mean broken into an English Protestant church yard full of an 1830 kind of gravestones tablets for the express purpose of recording names and virtues—a "Low Church" church yard in strongly English provincial taste, but a modern country town. Nuns lie under thin crosses, or without anything except their mounds, and do not wear their names even in the seclusion underground. "Ophelia" is the next picture of equal fame. It is six years' earlier work (1852) than "The Vale of Rest" as this was before the partial repainting. And surely a obvious help to the study of a painter who was all things, not by turn so much as by passage, would have been the chronological hanging of these collected pictures. No such order has been observed, but it has not been neglected for the sake of dodging the discords of colour, which occur here and there. The "Ophelia" has always been famous for the beauty of its flower-painting. A landscape, however, is not a flower-piece, and assuredly this rose-bush in flower is not a landscape-painter's work. The green leaves must have been painted in the studio, for no open-air leaves ever wore this green; but the equally open roses—a very equal republic of roses, as out—are most ambiguous. The painter has contrived to fill them—wherever painted—with rich light, but you must rifle them to find it; at any reasonable distance the white rose-bush is quite dim and cold. It is much the same with the flowers in the hands of the floating figure; but what is really fine in the picture is the painting of the face. Here, and in "The Blind Girl," the fine brush, the sweetness, and the essential a fundamental finish, have produced a surface far more like that of Velazquez than Millais' work when he set himself to do so. Velazquez "on purpose." A little further on, the "Joan of Arc" helps us to decide what was Millais' perfectly dull time—was about 1864, when the "Joan of Arc" was painted; and 1880—when the new picture, "Miss Alcyone Stepney," was painted—was a day of success claimed for every touch of an easy hand; some of the accessories—hair and lace especially—in the portrait are masterly. As for the "Blessed Brunswicker" (1860), it was painted when

the Primitive time was over and remembered with great uneasiness and shame, when the sentimentality of the painter expressed itself, free from the constraining inspiration of early friends, and when Millais became exceedingly popular. The parting of these rather uninteresting lovers divides the interest of the picture with the white satin dress, of which it seems strange, perhaps, to say that it is not beautifully painted, seeing that one is compelled to own that it is very like white satin.

To our mind the best picture of these few transitional years is "The Ransom" (1861). There are passages of this work that force us to call this particular transition a fine one; the hands, the hair of the children, all the surfaces of the garments in the middle and left of the picture, are not less than magnificent. The drama, indeed, is too obvious even for this obvious manner of painting incidents in suspense; the painter insists and insists that we shall see how the robbers are hesitating to take the knight's treasure because he betrays his anguish of desire to get his children back; but the action of one of the little girls with her arm stretched up over the father's mailed arm is more really dramatic than anything Millais achieved in the expression of attitude.

Among the chief early pictures are "Christ in the House of His Parents," "Autumn Leaves," and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." The first is perhaps the principal and the most famous of Millais' Primitive or Pre-Raphaelite works. It has something more of affectation (to speak plainly) than is inevitable in work forced into the ways of other men and other times; the conception of the picture is excessively deliberate and self-conscious, and deliberate are also the actions of the figures; but the boy-Christ is an exquisite child, a figure in which simplicity wins; it is wonderfully painted, moreover.

"Autumn Leaves" is the work of a true colourist, and its sky, if not all that it ought to be, is fairly atmospheric, and has some beauty. This faint praise has to be denied to the utterly dull landscapes, from "Chill October" downwards, in which the skies have no life, no light, no intention, no unity, no movement, no repose. The truth should be told that Millais' skies are miserable. "Sir Isumbras" belongs to the Primitive period, and has strong beauties. Why, one wonders, did they in the middle-century smile at this "plum-coloured" horse? There is no visible plum-colour now, but a fair enough black. Was it not at the painting of this picture, by the way, that Mr. Ruskin, seeing the Primitive inspiration weakening, broke off finally in his praise of Millais, crying, "This is not a fall, but a catastrophe!" Three years earlier Mr. Ruskin himself had sat for the delicately beautiful portrait in the same room. The eyes of the young critic watching the young artist, through whom he so desired to paint his own will and his own way, must have been keen to descry decline in "Sir Isumbras"; but who shall say that it had not set in so soon as in 1857, seeing that seven more years landed Millais in the depth he had reached—undone, degraded,

undistinguished—when he painted the portrait of a child in the Water-colour Room—"Lily, Daughter of J. Noble, Esq."? Even the drawing—and Millais' drawing is generally excessively and subtly beautiful and searching—had fallen into wretched ruin in the face of this vulgarised child.

But, again, what a draughtsman was Millais, whenever the year was not 1864 or thereabouts! How his drawing turns, how it grasps and holds, lingers and finishes and chisels! And how beautiful it is! See "The Bishop of Manchester," the exquisitely drawn mouth of the John Bright portrait, and the well-constructed hands in a score of portraits. See, too, the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which has masterly lines; and the head of Trelawney in the "North-West Passage." That quality of drawing, which had given to his primitive work a value nothing will ever lessen, did not forsake him again, when, in later life, he had recovered it.

And yet this later work has, in general, no cheering effect upon a Millais-lover, gathered thus as it is at Burlington House, in a mass. For the display and flagrancy of the portraits of fashionable middle-aged women Millais had not enough distinction of mind, enough style. He did not deal with them grandly. He had courage, but not a grand courage. He had not the gravity that can present an extravagant stout dress with dignity; and he painted extravagant stout dresses on defiant women by the score.

In "Hearts are Trumps" the heads are admirably painted, and full of essential life; the picture is one of Millais' masterpieces, and yet "is it style"? A grasp at style is made in the large gray silk dresses—a resolute grasp. Well, in the heads it is attained; but there is something lacking in all the deliberate rush of labour with which that silk is executed; we grow tired of it under the table. A great painter would not have wearied us with it even there. Then there are the landscapes—it is impossible not to refer to them again. They are not only ugly, but insipid; and there is hardly any possible covering of the same space of wall that one would not rather look at than "Dew-drenched Furze," for example.

Perhaps the greater number of the portraits of men painted in late years are Millais' finest work. They have not more dignity than nature, but they have extraordinary power, character, freedom, knowledge, security, and ease, and if not intellect, a most uncommon intelligence. Next to these is the beauty, here and there, of a child's hair and flesh painted with the freshness he loved; for, having painted many things, he owned that he rested upon one thing with unaltered delight—the mingled colour in the middle of a child's or a woman's cheek.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### BOOK SALES OF 1897.

THE end of a year is as much a time for retrospection as it is for a natural indulgence in hope for the year to come. Even for the book-collector or the bookseller this is true; and so, on the eve of a new year, let us see what the year that has just gone has done for either of these speculators in the world of letters. A satisfactory consideration of this subject would demand the inclusion not only of the regular auction sales, but of all the catalogues of the chief booksellers; and as this is practically impossible, let us restrict ourselves to the more important public sales, and let us see what conclusions are to be drawn from them.

At once we are met with a sale for which the year 1897 must always remain distinguished—the Ashburnham Sale. So far, only two portions of the late Earl's magnificent library have been disposed. But those two portions are in themselves sufficient to establish an event in the annals of bibliomania. Eight days in June and July and six days in December sufficed to distribute some thousands of lots, which realised the enormous sum of nearly £50,000—a sum which must represent a substantial advance on the price paid for the books originally. No doubt the volumes were in good condition, and the library was one of the few private libraries in the country which was held in high esteem by those who can judge of what rare books are. But these considerations are not in themselves sufficient to account for the almost phenomenal sums paid. We can but surmise that our American cousins, infatuated with a desire to possess Ashburnham books, must have given commissioners *carte blanche*. Only by such an explanation can we understand the giving of £1,050 for a "Biblia Pauperum," which fetched £36 15s. the last time it was sold; or £147 for a pamphlet of nine leaves from the press of Machlinia; or £106 for an imperfect copy of the first edition of Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote"; or £81 for Gawin Douglas's "Palis of Honour"; or £390 for Laudonnière's "Foure Voyages unto Florida"; or £2,100 for Le Fevre's "Lylf of Jason" (Caxton, c. 1477)—the very copy for which Payne the bookseller gave £87 at Heber's sale; or £760 for "Les Prophecies de Merlin," even though it be bound by Le Monnier; or £41 for a six-leaved tract containing a "metrical declaration of the Paternoster." The truth is, such prices represent the final stage of the bibliomaniac, and may, in no sense, be taken as market prices. It may almost be prophesied that these books when next they come "under the hammer" will find a much soberer reception than they received at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms this year.

It is when we come to examine such sales as those of the libraries of Beresford R. Hope, Esq., Hon. Ashley Ponsonby (the Bessborough Collection), Sir Cecil Denville, H. W. Bruton, Esq., M. C. Scott, Esq., and J. J. Farquharson, Esq., that we arrive at material which should help us to legitimate conclusions. Not that these were

ordinary collections; by no means. But they were treated with a calm judgment and a business-like attention, which is the rule. Sensation is the exception; and if sensation form good "copy" for the reporter, it must be avoided when we require a guide as to the future. The Bessborough Collection contained a fine assortment of extra-illustrated books, and these fetched good prices. The Bruton Library consisted wholly of books and illustrations referring to Cruikshank, and the prices were by no means insignificant. Mr. Scott's library was rich in Australasian books, and particularly in Tasmanian newspapers; and for such there is always a good demand. Other libraries included some fine specimens of eighteenth-century French works illustrated by such famous book illustrators as Eisen, Moreau, Marillier, and Cochin; many very rare early gardening book; and a few of the scarcer first editions of works illustrated by William Blake. To appreciate properly the prices paid for the illustrated editions of such works as Dorat's "Fables Nouvelles" (£30 and £72); Dorat's "Les Baisers" (£20 10s. and £55 13s.); La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles" (£16 10s., £31, and £51); Montesquieu's "Le Temple de Gnide" (£18 10s. and £46); Le Sage's "Le Diable Boiteux" (£31); "Daphnis et Chloe" (£35 10s. and £41); and Erasmus's "L'Eloge de la Folie" (£22 10s.), we must remember that the illustrations, which form the real value of these works, are in the finest "states." Fine impressions of the plates and fine condition of the books make the collector's heart to expand—it is not long before his purse opens. That early gardening books fetch such high prices is to be explained on the ground of their great rarity. Most of them, we notice, were bought either by Mr. Zaehnsdorf or Mr. Quaritch. Here are a few: "Ein Blumenbuch" (1616), £25 10s.; Hill's "Gardener's Labyrinth" (1586), £10; Alamanni's "La Coltivazione," £14; "Flower Garden Displayed" (1734), £13 15s.

However much the market may fluctuate with regard to Continental books or temporary fads, or privately printed works, the Englishman is always true to his own. Thus it is that the rare editions of English classics are always sure to fetch good prices. And thus it is that good sporting books, provided they are rare, of course, always are certain of respectful attention.

Shakespeare and Milton, Defoe and Sterne, Goldsmith and Johnson, Burns and Byron, Shelley and Keats are names to conjure with when first editions are about. Then it not a matter for surprise when we see the "Merchant of Venice" bring £315; "Paradise Lost," £80; "Lycidas," £60; "Robinson Crusoe," £45 10s.; "Moll Flanders," £10 15s.; "Sentimental Journey," £22; "Tristram Shandy," £20 10s.; "Haunch of Venison," £35; "Vicar of Wakefield," £60; "Poems" (Kilmarnock), £80 and £86; "St. Irvyne," £16 10s.; and "Zastrozzi," £15 15s.

That great sporting artist, Henry Alken, seems destined to remain at the head of his class. His "Angling Sports," "Sporting Ideas," and "National Sports," which realised £9, £18 10s., and £30, always

maintain a good average. The Badminton Library "large papers" are still in vogue, and the volumes on "Hunting" and "Shooting" still command many times their original prices. This year a copy of the former brought £30 and a copy of the latter £15.

But early books are things of the past. What may we collect of the things of the present, to judge from the sales of this bygone year? Undoubtedly, first editions of Mr. Kipling, and possibly of Robert Louis Stevenson. We are not quite sure of the latter, although his juvenile writings are realising ridiculous sums: "Pentland Rising" (£13); "Familiar Epistles" 1896 (£3 18s.); Edinburgh University Magazine for 1871 (£11 5s.); "On the Thermal Influence of Forests" (£14). Mr. Kipling's works, however, are bringing in more and more as the months go by. Two years ago we could purchase, at any bookseller who had a copy of it, his "Departmental Ditties" for £5; now the auctioneer obtains £16 from a bookseller. The magazine "Quartette" continues to be much sought for, and lately was sold for £12. Even the shilling Allahabad editions of his short stories now command £1, £2, and even £2 6s.

From all that we have recorded and discussed, it is easy to see that the rage for rare books is by no means soothed. The passion to have what others have not is as strong, if not stronger, now than ever it was. But if we are to indulge our passions, let us, at any rate, consider carefully before the fit seizes us. And let us, if we are lovers of good literature, buy the first editions of the classical writers; if we are sporting men, let us collect the illustrated works of Alken and others, especially those with coloured illustrations; if we are amateurs—using that word in its best sense—let us acquire good states of the illustrations of French eighteenth century masters; if we are millionaires, let us go in for *incunabala*, *Hore*, and hand-painted and illuminated Missals. Otherwise we shall have much, but shall have gained little. Let us also think of early-printed books with woodcuts, for of a surety these will remain worth their price. But let us never buy extra-illustrated books without examining the illustrations; and, above all, let us never extra-illustrate books ourselves, unless we have not only the elixir of life, but the philosopher's stone as well. Satisfied we never shall be, even though we be as wise as Solon, or as rich as Cresus, or as patient as Diogenes. Life is too short for this labour. Far better to attempt the "higher faking" of a Walton's "Angler." That, at any rate, can have an end.

T. S.

#### THE BITTER CRY OF A SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER.

The preceding article will give little pleasure to a certain London second-hand bookseller, of good standing, who expressed himself very freely the other day to an ACADEMY representative. The subject of the conversation was the state of the

second-hand book trade. Said the bookseller sadly: "It is miserable compared with what it was twenty years ago."

"How do you account for the decline you speak of?"

"There are many causes; but the greatest to my mind is the publication of the prices of books, current in the sale rooms, in annual volumes. There are two such volumes, as you know."

"Will you explain?"

"Certainly. Here am I, a second-hand bookseller; my success depends largely on my inner knowledge of the values of books, just as a furrier's knowledge depends on his knowledge of the values of furs. But whereas the furrier is able to keep his knowledge to himself, mine is all printed in a book and distributed to the public. Naturally a great part of my knowledge has been picked up by constant attendance at the sale rooms, which means time, which means money; and by speculations and experiments, which also mean money. Then comes a 'chief among us, takin' notes.' Yes, and 'faith, he'll prent it.' Now, these annual volumes of current book prices are easily compiled. A clerk at fifteen shillings a week could take down the prices from the lips of the last bidder. It is easily done. But what is the effect? My secrets become everybody's. My knowledge is imparted to my customers. Is this the case in any other business? I don't want to charge an unfair price for a book, but I do want to fix its price myself. And I say that unless I am allowed to do this elementary thing I cannot prosper. Another thing: these publications send my customers direct to the sale rooms."

"Where, however, you can 'run prices up.'"

"Yes; but there's no satisfaction in that. The multiplication of private bidders necessarily spoils trade."

"Have you thought of a remedy?"

"The remedy is plain, but I fear we shall never get it. It is cohesion among second-hand booksellers."

"Is there none now?"

"None whatever."

"Well, suppose you cohere; what next?"

"Then we should publish our own 'book prices' at 2s. a copy, and limit its circulation strictly to the trade. That would kill the existing publications."

"But would it?"

"Oh, yes. They thrive now mainly on booksellers, who foolishly allow private bidders to consult these works. The private bidders are not numerous enough of them selves to support such expensive works."

"I see. Then your point is that there are enough private bidders and too-knowing customers to spoil business, but not so many that you could not defeat them by the plan you suggest."

"That is my point."

"And you really consider, not as a matter of inference only, but as a matter of shop experience, that the publication of current book prices is hurtful to your trade?"

"It is ruining it."

THE WEEK.

PUBLISHING is languid, after the holidays, and the arrivals are very miscellaneous. With the issue of *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* in their series of "Standard Novels," Messrs. Macmillan complete their edition of Jane Austen's novels. Mr. Austin Dobson has contributed an introduction to each volume, and none better than the one which we find here. The peculiar fate which overtook the MS. of Miss Austen's earliest effort is narrated by Mr. Dobson as follows:

"Even at this distance of time, the genuine devotee of Jane Austen must be conscious of futile, but irresistible, desire to 'feel the bumps' of that Bceotian bookseller of Bath who—having bought the MS. of *Northanger Abbey* for the base price of ten pounds—refrained from putting it before the world. That can have been the phrenological conceptions of a man who could remain insensible to such a sentence as this, the third in the book: 'Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome.' That the sentence was an afterthought in the proof cannot be intended, for *Northanger Abbey* was published sthumously, and 'the curious eyes, that saw the manner in the face,' had long been closed under a black slab in Winchester Cathedral. Only two suppositions are possible—one, that Mr. Bull, of the Circulating Library at Bath (Mr. Bull it were) was constitutionally insensible to the charms of that master-spell which Mrs. Slipslop calls 'ironing'; the other, that he was an impenitent and irreclaimable adherent of the author of the *Mysteries of Golpho*. The latter is the more natural conclusion. Nothing else can explain his suppression for so long a period of Miss Austen's 'copy'—the scene of which, by the way, was largely laid in Bath itself. He was infatuated with Mrs. Radcliffe, and Mrs. Radcliffe's following: the *Necromancer of the Black Forest*, the *Orphan of the Rhine*, the *Midnight Bell*, the *Castle of Wolfenbach*, and all the rest of those wor-shipful mas'erpieces whichabella Thorpe, in chap. vi., proposes for the de-lectation of Catherine Morland, and the general note of which Crabbe (on a remembers Miss Austen's leaning to that favourite poet) anticipates so aptly in *The Library*:

Hence ye profane! I feel a former dread,  
A thousand visions float around my head:  
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts  
resound,  
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk  
round.  
Whatever be the solution, the fact remains."

There comes to hand a volume of more less humorous verse by "Ironquill," selected and arranged by J. A. Hammerton. Who is "Ironquill"? Here is part of the answer furnished by Mr. Hammerton:

"The name of 'Ironquill,' though known to me in America, and familiar as a household word in the Transmissouri, has yet to gain in Great Britain that reputation it has so deservedly won beyond the Western wave. . . . Most Americans who know 'Ironquill' know that he is none other than the Honourable Eugene F. Ware, of Topeka, Kansas, who, to use the words of Dr. John Clark Ridpath, the historian, 'as a publicist and man of affairs, is second to none of the leaders of that great commonwealth.'"

Mr. Ware is an eminent attorney, and the verses are the fruitful occupation of his leisure."

"Ironquill" is now introduced to English readers as the typical poetic product of Kansas. The verses in this volume are very various. Here are two stanzas from "The Flopper":

"Bill was a combination of despondency and hope;  
At times he grew gregarious, at times he used to mope.  
There wasn't any office that he thought he couldn't fill;  
He looked at each new ism, and embraced it with a will.

He entered all new parties. He pioneered new creeds.  
He ran for sheriff, then he flopped to register of deeds.  
And then he tried for probate judge—but none of it would work;  
He tried to be a minister, then flopped to postal clerk.

"Ironquill's" Americanisms of style and spelling have been retained throughout the book.

Mr. R. FARQUHARSON SHARP'S *Dictionary of English Authors* is biographical and bibliographical. "In the case of each author the essential facts in his career are stated as briefly as is practicable, followed by as complete as possible a list of the first editions of his works, arranged chronologically."

A *Bibliography of British Municipal History* has been compiled by Mr. Charles Gross, assistant Professor of History at Harvard University. Incidentally, the author states that "the British Museum has the largest collection of works relating to municipal history, including many valuable MSS.;" but he adds that it does not possess more than three-quarters of the whole body of topographical books relating to Great Britain. Mr. Gross's volume runs to more than 450 large octavo pages.

A NEW "Double Section" of the *New English Dictionary* is issued by the Clarendon Press. It has been compiled by Mr. Henry Bradley, and embraces Frank-Law—Fyz, and G—Gain-coming.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE NEW TESTAMENT OF JESUS; OR, THEISIS' COMPILATION OF SELECTED PASSAGES. Williams & Norgate.
- THE LATEST FRUIT IN THE RIBEST. By Frederick James Gant. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.
- THE STABLES' CROWN, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. L. II. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d.
- WINNING THE SOUL, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. Alex. Martin, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton.
- LOGOS: CHRIST-IDEALS, NOT CHRISTIANITY! Printed and Published by the Author, A. Gottschling.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- OUR TROUBLES IN POONA AND THE DECCAN. By Arthur Crawford, C.M.G. Archibald Constable & Co. 14s.
- PETER THE GREAT. By Oscar Browning. Hutchinson & Co.
- CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. By Mackenzie Bell. Hurst & Blackett.
- LETTERS AND PAPERS OF ANDREW ROBERTSON, A.M. Eyro & Spolanswoode. 12s. 6d.

POETRY, BELLES LETTRES, CRITICISM.

- GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES: HEINRICH HEINE'S LIEBES UND GEDICHTE. Selected and Arranged by C. A. Bacheim, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
- ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF POETRY AND FINE ART. By S. H. Butcher. Second edition. Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d.
- LOVE'S FRUITION. By Alfred Gurney. Loogmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.
- A VISION OF ENGLAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Rickards Mozley. Richard Bentley & Son.
- SPECIMENS OF THE PRE-SHAKSPEAREAN DRAMA. Edited by John Matthews Mealy. Vol. II. Ginn & Co. 5s. 6d.
- RIP VAN WINKLE, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Akerman. George Bell & Sons. 5s.
- RHYMES OF IRONQUILL. Selected and Arranged by J. A. Hammerton. George Redway. 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

- NOTHANGER ABBEY, AND PERSUASION. By Jane Austen. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE TEMPLE "WAVELEY" NOVELS: THE ANTIQUARY.

FOREIGN.

- MANZONI, ILLUSTRATO DA G. PREVIATI. U. Hoepfi (Milano).
- LA DIVINA COMMEDIA DI DANTE ALIGHIERI. Various parts. Utrico Hoepfi.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- CAIRO OF TO-DAY. By E. A. Reynolds-Bell, B.A. A. & C. Black. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- EUCLED'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. Books I. and II. Edited by Charles Smith, M.A., and Sophie Bryant D.Sc. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 6d.
- ORDINARY DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS: AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK. With an introduction by James Morris Page. Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d.
- THE PITT PRESS SHAKESPEARE: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. By A. W. Verity. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

- OUR POLLY: THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT DURING HER LIFE OF 100 YEARS. By Mrs. Rouquette, Gardner, Darton & Co.
- THE SECOND FROGGY FAIRY-BOOK. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Gay & Bird.
- STORIES OF BALLOON ADVENTURE. By Frank Mundell. The Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d.
- HEROINES OF HISTORY. By Frank Mundell. The Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By R. Farquharson Sharp. George Redway. 7s. 6d.
- PRACTICAL ETHICS: A COLLECTION OF ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS. By Henry Sidgwick. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.
- THE FLOWERS OF LIFE. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Drexel Biddle (Philadelphia, U.S.A.)
- SKANTYTOWN SKETCHES. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Drexel Biddle (Philadelphia, U.S.A.)
- A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BRITISH MUNICIPAL HISTORY. By Charles Gross, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.
- A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. FRANK-LAW—FYZ; G—GAIN-COMING. Vol. IV. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Clarendon Press. 5s.
- THE BAPTIST HANDBOOK FOR 1898. Clarke & Co. 2s.
- SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION: 1894-'95. By J. W. Powell, Director Government Printing Office. KNOWLEDGE: VOL. XX.: 1897. Knowledge Office. THE COMMONWEALTH: 1897: A SOCIAL MAGAZINE. Gardner, Darton & Co.

PETER THE GREAT.

WHEN Sir Henry Irving intimated, a few months ago, that he intended to produce a play by his younger son, Lauronce Irving, on the subject of Peter the Great, there was no undue surprise expressed in any quarter, because the young author in one or two fugitive and experimental pieces had certainly manifested a dramatic talent above the average and beyond his years. On other grounds the production of "Peter the Great" at the Lyceum on Saturday night aroused exceptional interest. It is a remark frequently heard in theatrical circles that Sir Henry Irving has done much for the

drama but little for dramatists—indeed, the Lyceum “chief,” as he is familiarly called by his subordinates, made a playful allusion to this very saying when he announced the acceptance of his son’s play. Whether a more enterprising policy like that pursued by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beerbohm Tree would not have proved equally advantageous at the Lyceum there is, of course, no knowing. But it is a curious fact that on the rare occasions when Sir Henry Irving has left the safe ground of classic drama or of well established French adaptation, like “The Bells,” “The Lyons Mail,” or “Louis XI.,” he has not been too happily inspired; and, possibly, the reception accorded to “Peter the Great” will check, rather than encourage, his patronage of contemporary writers. For it is to be feared that this ambitious effort on the part of a very young author will not repay the expense and the histrionic talent expended upon it at the Lyceum in so un stinted a measure.

SCENICALLY, “Peter the Great” ranks with any of Sir Henry Irving’s great productions, and it employs the entire *personnel* of the Lyceum, including not only “the chief” himself, but Miss Ellen Terry, although the part of Catherine, for which she is cast, is a purely episodic one. Never, indeed, has a young author had a more magnificent opportunity for distinction opened up to him. But opportunity is one thing and the ability to grasp it another. I am not sure that the very wealth of illustration brought to bear upon young Mr. Irving’s tragedy does not tend by contrast to accentuate its weakness. The picture might have appeared to more advantage had it been enclosed in a less gorgeous and less massive frame. Similarly, the author’s talent might have proved more effective had it been applied to a subject less ponderous and intractable than the character of the enigmatical Tsar, at once a bloodthirsty savage, a monster of cruelty, an enlightened patron of the sciences, and a great empire builder. The truth is, that the youthful author of “Peter the Great” has confidently stepped in where dramatists of more experience have feared to tread. The life of Peter the Great has never been successfully placed upon the stage except with the softening accompaniment of music. It is too harsh, brutal, inexplicable for the purposes of drama, unless, indeed, the lines of history are widely departed from.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING has sought, I imagine, to show us the Tsar on his terrible side. Peter fumes and scowls and bellows at his terrified courtiers, who huddle together at his approach like sheep. He throttles this knavish poltroon and that, orders off another to be married against his will, or whittles away placidly at his ship-building models, while groans and agonised cries proceed from the torture chamber where evidence is being manufactured to his orders. All this is, theoretically, very awe-inspiring, and yet, somehow, despite Sir Henry Irving’s untiring exertions in the part, one does not feel this monster in human shape to be so very terrible after

all. His bark is worse than his bite. In fact, one has a suspicion that this imperial Bogey-man is merely pretending, like the ghost which terrifies children until the white sheet is pulled off its face. He is far too noisy, restless, changeable, to be the strong man that the dramatist would have us believe. The harder Sir Henry Irving toils at the part the less convincing this too turbulent Peter becomes. He veers about like a reed shaken by the wind,

“One foot on sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.”

This is not how force of character is shown. Whether such a personage as the Peter of history—madman and statesman of genius—could be adequately enacted is, perhaps, open to doubt. The experiment has never, I believe, been made, albeit the subject must often have presented itself to the mind of the practical dramatist. There are great natural forces that defy the art of the stage, such as a moving railway train, and commanding personalities like those of Napoleon and Peter the Great. In this instance the Peter of the play stands to the Peter of history in pretty much the same relation as the cardboard simulacrum to the railway train of the workaday world.

WITH true instinct Mr. Laurence Irving has taken the death of Peter’s ill-starred son Alexis as the knot of his story—an event which history has left obscure. That the prince died in prison, into which he had been flung by his father’s orders, is certain; but whether from natural causes, by misadventure, or by the Tsar’s decree, is unknown. The author fills up the gap left by the historian. In his view, Peter’s great ambition is that his successor should be able worthily to carry on his great scheme of empire-building. Accordingly, with doating fondness, the Tsar applies himself to the task of educating the youth so as to fit him for his great position. But Alexis, wrapped up in a worthless woman, has no stomach for education of any kind. Nor does he aspire to rule Russia. In fact, he is a white-faced poltroon of the most contemptible description. The Tsar sees his duty before him. Alexis, who had fled to Italy with his mistress, is brought back, tried on the charge of treason, and condemned to death. It remains for the Tsar to sign the fatal decree. Shall he do it? In the interests of the State, which he places before those of humanity, he takes his dread resolution. There is a final scene, at first of recrimination, but ultimately of reconciliation, between father and son. They arrive almost at the point of understanding each other. But Alexis prefers death to life, and the Tsar is not unwilling that he should pass into the hands of the executioner, whose weapon is poison. And so the *dévouement* comes, the Tsar feeling his son’s untimely end all the more acutely that the young man has in his last moments betrayed an unexpected fortitude.

EVIDENTLY it was for this idea that the play was written, and these closing scenes, in point of fact, are the best that the author

has given us. For once the play rises to the appropriate tragic plane, and here, to Sir Henry Irving, as Peter, obtains his finest effects. From being an unspeakable monster of cruelty, Peter becomes nobly with the nobility of Virginius, and in the interests of the State slays his son virtually with his own hand, as the Roman father slew his daughter in order to protect his honour. If the play had all been couched in this elevated vein it would have been much more satisfactory work. The author, however, wastes valuable time in leading us to his *dénouement*; he has neglected to provide a sufficiency of illustrative action, three-fourths of a portentously long cast of mere lay figures (albeit one or two of them are ecclesiastics), and the whole rendered in a curiously flippant and trivial vein of dialogue—the opposite extreme to the “stages” of convention. A lay figure like the great Catherine herself would be in the hands of an actress of less verve and emotional power than Miss Ellen Terry. Perhaps the one consistent and proportionate character of the play is the Alexis of Mr. Taber, an American recruit to the company. His sketch of the feeble-spirited youth is one that lives in the memory. Sir Henry Irving’s physical exertions in the part of Peter require a word of acknowledgment. I have never known him work with more zeal and sincerity.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE AUTHOR’S FIGURES.

SIR,—It is a common way out of a mess to prove your adversary making a still greater error of detail.

1. Mr. Nutt first declared solemnly that the “least” number of pages for a shilling book was 388. It was not, as he now calls it, an “assumption,” but a plain, naked assertion. Not the average, mind. The “least”—on this assertion he placed up his figures.

2. I showed by five examples that he was wrong.

3. He says that two of these examples are 3s. 6d. books.

4. Very well. I am out of the reach of the books. Let it be so. Three remain. How can 388 pages be the “least” alleged when three of the most popular of modern novels contain far less? Down go all his figures.

That is the whole thing. I showed, however, that on other points his letter was quite wrong, because I had allowed for everything. He tries to get out by saying if £14 is all that is spent on advertising a Barrie. A Barrie, indeed! The book before me was one which no one would produce except at the author’s cost. I assure your readers that not £14 but nearer the mark in such a book as this.

Mr. Heinemann’s letter gives me great pleasure, for it shows—what, indeed, I knew before—that he loves the *Author* as much as he loves the literary agent, and for the same reason. He has, indeed,

other occasions shown his love of both. Lastly, however, Mr. Nutt should not contradict himself. In the same paragraph he says, first, that he has not seen more than two numbers of the *Author* in his life; and, next, that a certain statement, which he would find it difficult to quote from the *Author*, has been repeated without a word of qualification. If he does not see the paper, how does he know?

WALTER BESANT.

Bath, Jan. 3, 1898.

MATHILDE BLIND'S POETRY.

SIR,—I think that your review of *A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind*, in your issue of December 26, must have pained and surprised those of your readers who have read Mathilde Blind's poems with care and sympathy. Your reviewer expends his pity on her "well nigh fruitless effort to become a poet." Her productions are "slenderly meritorious." She "has little or no imaginative insight, no creative, and little interpretative power." Well, I disagree with these judgments. It so happens that I know Mathilde Blind's verse only through the volume on which your reviewer bases his remarks, and it has affected me very differently. May I jot down a few comments and quotations, in haste and at random? Your reviewer thinks that Mathilde Blind has no creative power; I think she has it: witness the figure of Sam in "The Teamster." Here are the first four stanzas of a poem which your reviewer thinks is a "dull and conscientious study":

"With slow and slouching gait Sam leads the team;  
He stoops i' the shoulders, worn with work not years;  
One only passion has he, it would seem—  
The passion for the horses which he rears:  
He names them as one would some household pet,  
May, Violet.  
He thinks them quite as sensible as men;  
As nice as women, but not near so skittish;  
He fondles, cossets, scolds them now and then,  
Nay, gravely talks as if they knew good British:  
You hear him call from dawn to set of sun,  
'Goo back! Coom on!'  
Sam never seems depressed nor yet elate,  
Like Nature's self he goes his punctual round;  
On Sundays, smoking by his garden gate,  
For hours he'll stand, with eyes upon the ground,  
Like some tired cart-horse in a field alone,  
And still as stone.  
Yet, how's'er stolid he may seem,  
Sam has his tragic background, weird and wild  
Like some adventure in a drunkard's dream.  
Impossible, you'd swear, for one so mild:  
Yet village gossips dawdling o'er their ale  
Still tell the tale."

This is vivid and loving portraiture. Mathilde Blind could see things and make them be seen by her readers. Take this little Millet landscape:

"Sun-tanned men and women, toiling there together;  
Seven I count in all, in you field of wheat,

When the rich ripe ears in the harvest weather  
Glow an orange gold through the sweltering heat.

Busy life is still, sunk in brooding leisure;  
Birds have hushed their singing in the hushed tree tops;  
Not a single cloud mars the flawless azure;  
Not a shadow moves o'er the moveless crops.

In the glassy shallows, that no breath is creasing,  
Chestnut-coloured cows in the rushes dank  
Stand like cows of bronze, save when they flick the teasing  
Flies with switch of tail from each quivering flank.

Nature takes a rest—even her bees are sleeping,  
And the silent wood seems a church that's shut;  
But these human creatures cease not from their reaping  
While the corn stands high, waiting to be cut."

This is truly felt, and sweetly set down; it is not great poetry, but it is not "dull," it is not unimaginative, it is more than "slenderly meritorious." Your reviewer's criticism of "The Street Children's Dance" does not seem to me quite fair. He says that "the subject of the poem is not even touched until the fifteenth stanza is reached." But the children are introduced in the seventh stanza, and are not again lost sight of for a moment. The poem is reflective, and will be seen to be such at once by the discerning reader. Your reviewer might have complained with justice that its title does not strictly answer to its contents. But Mathilde Blind need only have called her stanzas "Lines Suggested by Street Children Dancing" to have anticipated his criticism. Your reviewer seems to ignore Mathilde Blind's wonderful human pity. Yet this is so pure, profound, and constant as to be itself poetry. She loved "all things both great and small" with a sad, deep love. She remembered the lowly and humble men of heart; and longed that all feeble things should know something of the glory of life. Who but she would have given that turn, in the sextet, to her sonnet, "The Red Sunsets, 1883"?

"The twilight heavens are flushed with gathering light,  
And o'er wet roofs and huddling streets below  
Hang with a strange Apocalyptic glow  
On the black fringes of the wintry night.  
Such bursts of glory may have rapt the sight  
Of him to whom on Patmos long ago  
The visionary angel came to show  
That heavenly city built of chrysolite.

And lo, three factory hands begrimed with soot,  
Aflame with the red splendour, marvelling stand,  
And gaze with lifted faces awed and mute,  
Starved of earth's beauty by Man's grudging hand,  
O toilers, robbed of labour's golden fruit,  
Ye, too, may feast in Nature's fairyland."

Note, again, how in trying to express her

own intimate love for another soul she accumulates tenderly observed images:

"As opiates to the sick on wakeful nights,  
As light to flowers, as flowers to poor men's rooms,  
As to the fisher when the tempest glooms  
The cheerful twinkling of his village lights;  
As emerald isles to flagging swallow flights,  
As roses garlanding with tendrilled blooms  
The unweeded hillocks of forgotten tombs,  
As singing birds on cypress-shadowed heights,  
Thou art to me. . . ."

I think with Mr. Arthur Symons, who edits the *Selection*, that Mathilde Blind "was a poet, almost in spite of herself." Let me, in conclusion, quote her sonnet "Nirvana," in which she seems to say her last word:

"Divest thyself, O Soul, of vain desire!  
Bid hope farewell, dismiss all coward fears;  
Take leave of empty laughter, emptier tears,  
And quench, for ever quench, the wasting fire  
Wherein this heart, as in a funeral pyre,  
Aye burns, yet is consumed not. Years on years  
Moaning with memories in thy maddened ears—  
Let at thy word, like refluxing waves, retire.  
Enter thy soul's vast realm as Sovereign Lord,  
And, like that angel with the flaming sword,  
Wave off life's clinging hands. Then chains will fall  
From the poor slave of self's hard tyranny—  
And Thou, a ripple rounded by the sea,  
In rapture lost be lapped within the All."

Put Mathilde Blind's case as you will, she cannot be dismissed as a woman who went to Parnassus on a vain errand. Her poetry has much grace; it is charged with emotion; and it is so sincere as to be a relic of her living self. J.

CRITICS.

SIR,—Will Mr. J. E. Yerbury allow me to ask him if he has ever read *Daniel Rochate* and *Rabagas*? Has he not simply opened a catalogue of Victorien Sardou's complete works and chosen two of the least known, which he is pleased to give us as models of criticism? His choice is hopelessly unhappy.

If, as Mr. Yerbury claims, I have "a very limited conception of what a critic really is," he, at least, has a very large conception indeed. For Mr. Yerbury every writer—the journalist, the philosopher, the satirist, the man who as novelist gives his opinion on any subject, the author of what French people call "la pièce à thèse"—is a critic. This at least appears from his statement that *Daniel Rochate* and *Rabagas* are "perfect specimens of criticism."

Would the readers of the ACADEMY bestow on Messrs. Hardy and Grant Allen (I beg pardon for this juxtaposition) the title of critic when these authors speak of free love? Why, then, should Sardou have a greater right to be so called for having set forth in *Daniel Rochate* the struggle between Atheism and Christianity ament the question of civil and religious marriage; for having given us in *Rabagas*—which, after all, is but a poor pamphlet—an overdrawn witless caricature of a republican? No matter! Hats off, gentlemen! Long life to Victorien

Sardou, the great French critic! Would Mr. Yerbury kindly tell me in what paper I can find, "at least twice a week, criticisms of men and things from the pen of Sully-Prudhomme"? a philosophical poet whom I greatly admire. I should be very thankful, I am sure!

For the articles of François Coppée three numbers of *Le Journal*, kept by mere chance, I assure you will give us a good example of his weekly collaboration. On July 1 Coppée writes on the Jubilee; on October 28 he tells us of a winter sunset at Geneva, "above the clouds"; finally, on November 25, he relates at length that on a Sunday morning at church he saw a poor girl praying fervently.

But Mr. Yerbury is quite right. Coppée is sometimes a critic, and this is how he comes to be so. A young writer, unknown to the crowd, publishes a book. He goes to his friend, François Coppée: "Cher maître," says he, "you who have acquired a universal reputation by your verses and your tales, will you not commend me to the public?" And the "cher maître," who likes the younger generation, for he has not forgotten the days, long since past, when he also was young and unknown, kindly takes his pen and writes:

"I have lived through many years; I have seen many things, many men; I have read many books, good and bad; therefore I am able to discern genius when I come across it. Be advised by me, read Mr. X.'s book, it is worth while, for . . . I was pleased with it."

And that is all. As we say in France: "Pour un vrai trio de critiques, c'est un vrai trio de critiques. O combien!" But does Mr. J. E. Yerbury understand French?  
JEAN-CYRANE.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

MR. WATSON'S new book of poems has received very various treatment, in which, however, a general agreement is discernable. The *Standard* and the *Saturday Review* critics have each been led to make an estimate of Mr. Watson's work as a whole, and their views differ only slightly. This is the *Standard* critic's elaborated judgment:

"Mr. Watson has never had very much to say, and he does not seem to find more as the years grow upon him. Beautiful as his verse often is, his poetic 'message' has always been slight and unimportant, his philosophy somewhat superficial, his outlook upon life narrow and limited. He is a poet of the study, or, perhaps, we should say of the library, and, for the most part, seems rather to catch the echoes from other lyrics than to strike out original harmonies of his own. But something more than scholarship and wide reading and a nice feeling for style are required for the making of a great poet.

Mr. Watson does not, as a rule, write out of the depths of a full and varied experience. But he has read his Wordsworth, his Tennyson, his Shelley, his Matthew Arnold; he has learned to manipulate a few English metres with remarkable skill; he has a gift, assiduously cultivated, of chaste, lucid, and dignified expression; and he has the true poetic command of imagery and epithet and suggestive allusion. The result is that we seldom turn his pages

without finding some passages of almost classical perfection, some exquisite touches, and a few lines that ring nobly upon the ear.

If a reader can be satisfied with good workmanship and literary accomplishment, with many a felicitous simile and metaphor, and with frequent notes that recall the greater masters, he may be well content with Mr. William Watson. For passion, for depth of emotion, for profundity of thought, for the magic of one of those inevitable phrases that live for ever, he must look elsewhere. Mr. Watson is no Theban eagle 'soaring with supreme dominion' through the azure spaces; he is only a very cultivated and conscientious poet of the later strain, whose carefully finished verses can usually be read with pleasure, but seldom with any dangerous exaltation of the critical pulses."

The *Saturday Review* sadly says:

"Serious and sober and edifying as his work is, it becomes evident that Mr. Watson has no surprises in store for us: his verse seems to be already essentially middle-aged. Almost while we were still prepared to be expectant—for from Mr. Watson's power of harmony much might have come had there been enough of imperative imagination behind it—we found ourselves beginning to look back to discover him at his strongest. And so the conviction has steadily increased that whatever rank he may take in the future must come from work already achieved."

But the *Standard* has kind words for Mr. Watson's lyrics and sonnets:

"The 'Ode in May' has a spontaneous music, not disguised by a most elaborate choice of words, which is quite captivating:

'What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year;  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?'"

And the *Saturday* admits: "We can cordially praise work which remains sincere, often large in utterance, and correct in model without being cold."

The political element in the volume has made the *St. James's Gazette* critic angry:

"It is really quite time that the author of 'The Purple East' retired, like Lord Rosebery, from politics and went back to poetry. This little volume, though its inspiration is decidedly meagre, shows once more that there is a field in which Mr. Watson might yet grow more of those beautiful flowers of poetry which gave such promise in his earlier books. There is sometimes a new Swinburnian ring in his lines:

'We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
An abject from the Spheres.'

The volume is mainly composed of trifles, some of them pleasing, all the work of a graceful and accomplished writer. But if Mr. Watson is content with such trifles he will shortly be relegated to the ranks of the minor poets."

The *Daily News* thinks that, regarded in one way, "the political poems—the 'Poems on Public Affairs' as the author calls most of them"—are but the expression of the same idea as the more personal and general poems:

"We have here much that we have had before: his deep sympathy with suffering

nations and with lost causes, and the fine insight which shows him the spiritual triumph where others see only the disasters of the field. But he has, in this instance, given a fuller expression of himself in powerful 'problem-poems, which, in their full significance, are but utterances of a sublime despair."

This critic thinks that Mr. Watson's verse "has not improved in quality." "He seems to lose something of the exquisite workmanship that distinguished him, as he grows more strenuous in purpose. . . . He has been caught up in the whirl of our political controversies, and his muse may suffer from it by losing its dignity and its sense of repose."

The *Times* passes from the political poem to praise

"such glowing verse as 'Jubilee Night: Westmoreland' and the little poem called 'The Lost Eden,' which expounds in noble language the eternal significance of that ancient story. At first man dwells in Eden, but he cannot stay there: he is pressed forward by Eve,

'Eve, the adventurous soul within his soul.  
The sleepless, the unslaked:'"

And he fares forth on the inevitable pilgrimage of sorrow and of joy:

"Never shall he return: for he hath sent  
His spirit abroad among the infinitudes,  
And may no more to the ancient pales recall  
The travelled feet. But oftentimes he feels  
The intolerable vastness bow him down,  
The awful homeless spaces scare his soul;  
And half-regretful he remembers then  
His Eden lost, as some grey mariner  
May think of the far fields where he was bred  
And woody ways unbreathed-on by the sea,  
Though more familiar now the ocean-paths  
Gleam, and the stars his fathers never knew

The *Manchester Guardian* refuses to believe that we have yet had Mr. Watson's best work. He still "awaits a supreme opportunity for rising to the full height of a genius that we believe to be great."

"Derelicts." This story has had, at least, a success *d'estime*. The *Daily News* critic describes it as "an impressive book." He says:

"An impressive book, an important book. It is not without artistic blemishes, but these are atoned for by its fine spirit, its high feeling. It deals with a very terrible and a very actual situation; it brings home to us vividly the terrible conditions in which hundreds of men are condemned to struggle, here, immediately about us, every day. And then—Yvonne. Yvonne is a creation that any artist might be proud of."

The *Daily News* says that "this moving and interesting book, dealing with the tragic fate of a released prisoner," is a book to be read. "The heroine, Yvonne, is quite charming. She is a sweet, sunny-souled creature, an artist to the tips of her fingers and a woman to the core of her heart."

"Few," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "could read without stirring of the heart this picture of the desperate struggles and decent life of a man who has once fallen, but whose instincts remain sensitive and generous."



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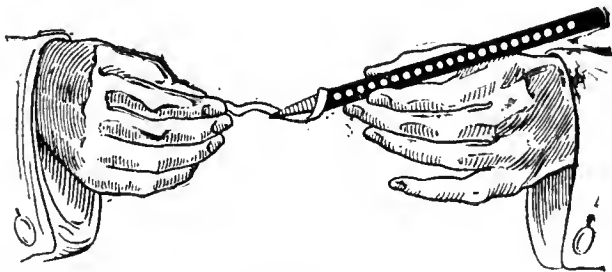
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OUR AWARDS FOR 1897.

THE "CROWNED" BOOKS.

IN accordance with our intention to crown two books of signal merit published in 1897, we have made the following awards:

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS to MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, for his volume of *Poems*.

FIFTY GUINEAS to MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, for his *Essay on the Life, Genius, and Achievement of Burns*, contained in the fourth volume of the Centenary Edition of *The Poetry of Robert Burns*.

THE bestowal of the awards has been beset with difficulties. As our readers have had an opportunity of seeing, the men of letters of whom we requested an opinion differed so completely as to be of little help as guides. The task of selecting recipients, therefore, devolved wholly upon ourselves. Before proceeding to choose, it was necessary first to reply to the question: Are these awards intended more for the encouragement or for the recognition of merit? In other words: Is it more desirable to find young writers of striking potentialities and to help them on their way, or to select two of the best books of the year irrespective of the age or standing of their authors? The answer was that, in the present instance, excellence of performance was to be preferred above richness of promise, "excellence" as here used implying good matter, good manner, and good personality. So much premised, we turned to our duty.

The result of a searching inquiry into the merits of some half-score of the foremost books of 1897 was that a cheque for one hundred guineas has been sent to Mr. Stephen Phillips for his volume of *Poems*, and a cheque for fifty guineas to Mr. W. E. Henley for his essay on *Burns*. In other columns the reader will find articles on these works, which should afford reasons enough for the faith that is in us. It is not likely that the choice will please everyone—indeed, the suggestions from outside which have already been printed in the ACADEMY are sufficient testimony to the contrary—but the most patient consideration of the whole matter convinces us that we have done well.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetical rivals were three in number—Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Newbolt. We think, however, of Mr. Thompson's 1897 volume more as a collection of magnificent experiments than matured poems; while, on the other hand, Mr. William Watson's *Hope of the World* causes us to glance back to what he has done rather than to look forward to what he may do. More persistent rivalry was that of Mr. Newbolt, whose *Admirals All* holds in its thirty pages a kind of straightforward, vigorous, musical national verse of which Englishmen cannot have too much. But good though we consider these ballads, they have not the shining merit of Mr. Phillips's work, nor can we hold them quite worthy of the honour of "coronation."

In criticism Mr. Henley's position was contested by Mr. W. P. Ker's *Epic and Romance*, Mr. Walter Raleigh's *Style*, and Mr. Arthur Symons's *Studies in Two Literatures*. Against each, however, some objection held. Mr. Ker's volume, erudite and fascinating though it be, is eminently academic—that is to say, the good personality that might be there, and in a work of literature should be there, has been too vigorously suppressed in the cause of learning. Mr. Raleigh's brilliant essay has literary skill and distinction in a degree not often to be met with; but it savours over much of a *tour de force*. Mr. Symons's *Studies in Two Literatures* is a thoughtful, graceful work, but it is detached, a series of flutters rather than a steady flight.

Other claimants were, especially in fiction, numerous, and possessed of considerable right to be heard. Mr. Joseph Conrad's *Nigger of the "Narcissus"* was judged to be too slight and episodic, although we consider it a remarkable imaginative feat, marked by striking literary power. Again, Mr. Benjamin Swift's *The Tormentor* stands out as a vivid and commendable performance, although its author's method is still too immature and spasmodic to be within the scope

of the ACADEMY's awards. Mr. Kipling has himself fixed his standard too high for *Captains Courageous* to be satisfying; and *The Skipper's Wooing* by Mr. Jacobs and *The King with Two Faces* by Miss Coleridge, in different ways, do not quite comply with the requirements set forth in the definition of "excellence" given above. The author of *St. Ives* is, alas, dead. Mrs. Craigie, we may add, expressed a wish that *The School for Saints* should not be entered for competition.

Two other claimants remain: Mme. Darmesteter for her *Life of Renan*, and Mrs. Constance Garnett for her admirable translation of Turgenev's novels into English. Mrs. Garnett has been at work for some years in the prosecution of her task; but it came practically to an end in 1897 with the publication of the eleventh volume—*Torrents of Spring*. Translation was held, however, to be outside our scope; and Mme. Darmesteter's biography, beautiful and tender though it be, had to give place to Mr. Henley's *Burns*.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POEMS.

IT is but a fortnight ago that we reviewed Mr. Stephen Phillips's work at some length; and we have not much to add now to what was said then. Mr. Phillips has qualities out of which the very staff of poetry is wrought. He is sensitive, with fibres that respond quickly to the pity and the passion of the world; he is thoughtful, curious after certain subtleties of thought, ready for philosophy; he has a feeling for style which impresses us as being of natural growth, rather than painfully acquired; and above all, he takes his art seriously. His heart is attuned to the beauty and the meaning of things, and to those who have ears to hear he will endeavour to interpret them. The author of the following lines, which we had not room to quote in our review, has surely seen deep into nature's heart:

"BY THE SEA.

"Remember, ah remember, how we walked  
Together on the sea-cliff! You were come  
From bathing in the ocean, and the sea  
Was not yet dry upon your hair; together  
We walked in the wet wind till we were far  
From voices, even from the thoughts of men.  
Remember how on the warm beach we sat  
By the old barque, and in the smell of tar;  
While the full ocean on the pebbles dropped,  
And in our ears the intimate low wind  
Of noon, that breathing from some ancient  
place,  
Blew on us merest sleep and pungent youth.  
So deeply glad he grew that in pure joy  
Closer we came; your wild and wet dark hair  
Slashed in my eyes your essence and your  
sting.  
We had no thought; we troubled not to speak;  
Slowly your head fell down upon my breast,  
In the soft breeze the acquiescing sun;  
And the sea-bloom, the colour of calm wind,  
Was on your cheek; like children then we  
kissed,

Innocent with the sea and pure with air;  
My spirit fled into thee. The moon climbed,  
The sea foamed nearer, and we two arose;  
But ah, how tranquil from that deep embrace!  
And with no sadness from that natural kiss:  
Beautiful indolence was on our brains,  
And on our limbs, as we together swayed,  
Between the luminous ocean and dark fields.  
We two in vivid slumber without haste,  
Returned; while veil on veil the heaven was  
bared;  
And a new glory was on land and sea.  
And the moist evening fallow, richly dark,  
Sent up to us the odour cold of sleep,  
The infinite sweet of death: so we returned,  
Delaying ever, calm companions,  
Peacefully slow beside the moody heave  
Of the moon-brilliant billow to the town."

Mr. Phillips has also a more realistic manner. Modern life wants its poet badly enough; and if Mr. Phillips can show us anything of heavenly beauty or of tragic terror under its tawdriness and its squalor, he will earn a reward that all Academies in the world cannot give him. But, for the moment, he seems to us confused with the spectacle he looks at—the glare of the gas-lamps blind him; we hear in his verses the roar of what he calls "the orchestral Strand," but not any central melody; he has not set the life of London to any music, but only reproduced some of its discords.

Yet that he will find a music of his own we are confident, for in both his long poems of modern life—*The Wife* and *The Woman with the Dead Soul*—there are passages which, taken alone, would almost justify our selection. Mr. Phillips is labouring to find out precisely what he means, and to put down none but true and genuine impressions. That singular instinct for the right word, so characteristic of him at his best, helps him to flash the picture time after time upon our consciousness; and we are convinced that popularity, if it comes his way, will not tempt him to remit his labour. He has solidly laid the foundation-stone of a fine reputation. May the edifice grow to ample and enduring proportions!

#### MR. HENLEY'S ESSAY ON BURNS.

THE first thing—and, for the matter of that, the last thing—that strikes one in Mr. Henley's essay is the victorious art of it. So far, it is its author's masterpiece, in the sense that, being more largely and deliberately planned than any of his former ventures in criticism, it yet loses nothing, for all its superadded qualities, of the old brilliancy, lightness, and deftness of touch. In *Views and Reviews*, Mr. Henley was the *beau sabreur* of the weekly press. It was open to him—you are sure he did not undervalue the privilege—to take up and lay down his subjects as he chose, to vent his likes and dislikes, to kick up his heels in audacity and paradox, to be personal, whimsical, irresponsible. The result was a suggestive, fascinating, disputable little book. It was fine criticism, but not altogether serious criticism. But in dealing with Burns Mr. Henley was bound to be serious. It fell to him to say the last words which should sum

up a long and elaborate investigation into masses of detailed and often inconsistent evidence. He had to pronounce a deliberate literary judgment, to take up a considered position which would be tenable in the face of almost inevitable outcry. He has not shirked the responsibilities laid upon him. Both in this essay and in the commentary, for which he shares the credit with Mr. T. F. Henderson, the signs of a minute and rigorous industry are apparent. And the verdict given is a solid one, standing complete, four square to all the winds that blow. Disagree with it who will, it is impossible to challenge the patience, the sincerity, the conscientiousness with which it is formulated. For all this, it is, as we have said, the art of the thing that strikes us first and last. Mr. Henley has followed the Dry-as-dust's method to spurn the Dry-as-dust's results. The pains which he has spent upon his work, the mass of closely studied facts and opinions which lie behind it, are suffered no whit to affect the vigour and freshness of the expression which it finds. The phrasing is as vivid and clear-cut, the metaphors are as ringing, as ever. Gregory, schooled in the University, has not forgotten his swashing blow.

One of Mr. Henley's reviewers—from "ahint the Border," of course—has expressed his disappointment that Mr. Henley "has not even attempted to give Burns his place in European literature." As though criticism were a class-list or a horse-race! Mr. Henley knew his business better. And this was, not to compare the incomparables or measure the incommensurables, but, for once, to paint from the life; to thrust aside the veils of ignorance or idealism, and to give the man and the poet in his habit as he stood. Burns has been pawed over often enough by patriots and sentimentalists; let us for once have the plain unvarnished truth, not explained away, not excused, not necessarily even condemned—simply stated. Such we conceive to have been the critical ideals which Mr. Henley set before him in undertaking his task, and with what vigilance, what zest he lives up to them! How salient his portrait! how it stands out from the canvas! with what economy and precision of line the artist insists on what he means to say. Let us recall some of the fine passages in which Mr. Henley's conception of Burns, a vital and creative conception, a conception with which it shall go hard if it be not permanent, is built up. And first of Burns the man:

"We have to recall the all-important fact that Burns was first and last a peasant, and first and last a peasant in revolt against the Kirk, a peasant resolute to be a buck. . . . He was absolutely of his station and his time, the poor-living, lewd, grimy, free-spoken, ribald old Scots peasant world came to a full, brilliant, even majestic, close in his work."

Of the Burns of the sentimentalist, and especially of the 'unco' guid' sentimentalist, Mr. Henley will have nothing:

"The tame, proper, figmentary Burns, the coinage of their own tame, proper brains, which they have done their best to substitute for the lewd, amazing peasant of genius, the inspired faun, whose voice has gone ringing through the courts of Time these hundred years and more,

and is far louder and far clearer now than when it first broke on the ear of man."

And if Mr. Henley will not palter with or slur over the facts about Burns, neither will he apologise for them. What need, indeed, of apology, now, in the retrospect? Is it not enough just to understand?

"There needs but little knowledge of character and life to see that to apologise for Burns is vain: that we must accept him frankly and without reserve for a peasant of genius perverted from his peasantry, thrust into a place for which his peasantry and his genius alike unfitted him, denied a perfect opportunity, constrained to live his qualities into defects, and in the long run beaten by a sterile and unnatural environment. We cannot make him other than he was, and, especially, we cannot make him a man of our own time: a man born tame and civil and unexcessive—he that died o' Wednesday," and had obituary notices in local prints. His elements are all-too gross, are all-too vigorous and turbulent for that. 'God have mercy on me,' he once wrote of himself, 'a poor damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool! the sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imaginations, agonising sensibility, and bedlam passions.' Plainly he knew himself as his apologists have never known him, nor will ever know."

Nor is Mr. Henley's vision less keen, his hand less sure, when he passes from the analysis of Burns's temperament to the consideration of his achievement. Certain critical points he certainly puts better, more judiciously than they have ever been put before. The debt of Burns to his forebears, to Ramsay and Fergusson, and the nameless many, is insisted on, justly and without exaggeration; it is for Burns as the inheritor of a folk-tradition, of a long line of peasant bards, that Mr. Henley claims our especial admiration. The triumphs that he allows him are all triumphs of the vernacular muse. When he "falls to his English" he is one stumbling in a foreign language, imitating his writing master's copy. Of the secrets of English speech he knows nothing. "He wrote the heroic couplet (on the Dryden-Pope convention) clumsily;" "he was a kind of hob-nailed Gray." For the great Englishmen his sympathy was imperfect.

"Thus, if he read Milton, it was largely, if not wholly, with a view to getting himself up as a kind of Tarbolton Satan. He was careless, so I must contend, of Shakespeare. With such knowledge as he could glean from song-books, he was altogether out of touch with the Elizabethans and the Carolines. Outside the vernacular, in fact, he was a rather unlettered Eighteenth Century Englishman, and the models which he must naturally prefer before all others were academic, stilted, artificial and unexemplary to the highest point."

But "he had the sole ear of the vernacular muse." As a lyricist, in the peasant manner, simple, vivid, direct, singing of the elemental qualities of life, he is unsurpassed; and of his descriptive poems, when it is the peasantry that he describes, the level is hardly lower. His highest, most enduring characteristics, Mr. Henley is inclined to formulate as humour, a "broad, rich, prevailing" humour. Beauty, in the sheer sense of the word, he would deny him.

"It is not, remember, for 'the love of lovely words,' not for such perfections of human utter-

ance as abound in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Keats, in Herrick, that we revert to Burns. Felicities he has—felicities innumerable; but his forebears set themselves to be humorous, racy, natural, and he could not choose but follow their lead. The Colloquial triumphs in his verse as nowhere outside the *Vision* and *Don Juan*; but for beauty we must go elsewhere. He has all manner of qualities: wit, fancy, vision of a kind, nature, gaiety, the richest humour, a sort of homespun verbal magic. But, if we be in quest of Beauty, we must e'en ignore him, and 'fall to our English': of whose secrets, as I've said, he never so much as suspected the existence, and whose supreme capacities were sealed from him until the end."

It need hardly be said that Mr. Henley's treatment, whether of the man or the poet, has not passed unchallenged. He is not careful to avoid controversy, rather trails his coat of purpose, for "the common Burnsite." The green olive-branch of a pacific life was never a button-hole for him. Urbanity has always been unrecognisable in his literary ideal. But we may leave "the common Burnsite" to fend for himself. We do not, indeed, suppose that Mr. Henley has given us the definitive portrait of Burns. In criticism, indeed, there is nothing definitive. Always and inevitably the temperament of the critic must colour the personality seen through its medium. This is Mr. Henley's Burns; it is not the whole Burns. Mr. Stevenson's Burns is another. The critics who are to come will have their own. But the balancing of critical temperaments may safely be left to the long process of time. In the meantime, let us be grateful to Mr. Henley's art for having given us the real presentment of a real man.

## REVIEWS.

### PINDAR'S RIVAL.

*The Poems of Bacchylides.* Edited by F. G. Kenyon, M.A., D. Litt. (British Museum.)

THE revival of classical discovery has come at a happy time for scholars. Since those heady days of the humanists, when any fugitive from Greece might disclose the priceless MS. of some new poet, some four centuries had passed. Grammarians and philologists had long ceased to look for new material, and were already within measurable distance of exhausting the possibilities of ingenious speculation afforded by the old. About Homer and Sophocles there was really not much more to be said. The reconstruction of Greek civilisation—so far, at least, as the evidence of written texts was concerned—seemed well-nigh complete. Then, slowly, the tombs in the Egyptian sands began to give up their dead, and the learned world was once more agog. Among the swathings of mummies, in the rubbish heaps of ancient cities, ardent explorers disinterred papyrus after papyrus. The museums of Europe are choked with them now, and as they are painfully flattened out, pieced together, and deciphered, every once and again, among the *débris* of ritual treatises and farm accounts,

some real treasure-trove rewards the labour. None of the *Dii Majores* have yet appeared. Some day we may be electrified by the announcement of a volume of Sappho's lyrics, or a play of Menander; but in the meantime a treatise of Aristotle on the *Polity of Athens* has set the constitutional historians correcting their facts and suppressing their hypotheses, Hyperides has been added to the already adequate supply of orators, the mimes of Herodas have revealed an entirely new *genre* of urban poetry, while the *Logia of Jesus* form an important contribution to our knowledge of the conflicting tendencies of primitive Christianity.

More important than any of these, from the point of view of pure literature, are the *Odes* of Bacchylides, now edited with great pains and skill from a British Museum papyrus of the middle of the first century B.C. by Mr. F. G. Kenyon. Of Bacchylides we had but a hundred lines of fragments and the laudatory notices of the Alexandrian and Byzantine critics. We knew that he wrote in the first half of the fifth century, that he was born in Ceos, that he came of poetic stock, being the nephew of Simonides, that he was exiled from the island and dwelt in the Peloponnese. Like Pindar, he found a patron in Hieron, the tyrant of Syracuse, and the two poets were in a way rivals. Pindar, indeed, is supposed to allude to Bacchylides in phrases of some asperity. He was, however, held to be one of the nine lyric poets of Greece, and the author of the treatise *De Sublimitate* affords him considerable praise. He does not put him on Pindar's level, but ascribes to him a "smooth, equable, and pleasing" genius, which neither rises so high nor sinks so low as that of his great contemporary. Thanks to Mr. Kenyon, we are now able, for the first time, to verify the substantial justice of this criticism. It is unlikely that the papyrus, even when perfect, contained the whole works of Bacchylides, but even as it is it preserves enough to make him once more an actual personality and not merely the shadow of a name. Certainly he will not oust Pindar from his pride of place: he has not the wide sweep—

"The ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bare,  
Sailing with supreme dominion,  
Through the azure deep of air."

"His merits," says Mr. Kenyon, truly enough, "are merits rather of art than invention. He has lucidity, grace, picturesqueness, and an easy command of rhythm." More than Pindar, he has certain characteristically classical qualities, the serenity and the sense of form of the typical Hellene. Bacchylides is to Pindar, says Mr. Kenyon again, as Sophocles is to Æschylus. He might have added as Tennyson is to Browning.

There is, of course, much work yet to be done on Bacchylides. It is understood that an edition by Prof. Jebb is in prospect, and no one is better fitted for the task. In the meantime, the admirable *editio princeps* which Mr. Kenyon has given us deserves especial praise. Mr. Kenyon has wisely been sparing of emendation, but he has been liberal of introductory matter and of

*apparatus criticus.* He prints on opposite pages the uncials of the papyrus and a version in ordinary Greek text; to these he proposes to add, in a separate volume, a photographic facsimile of the whole MS. The measure of Mr. Kenyon's labour may be taken when we learn that his material reached him in the form of about 200 torn fragments. These had to be pieced together, like a Chinese puzzle, and as a result we have, besides small unplaced fragments, twenty distinguishable poems, of which six are practically complete, while the others have suffered a greater or less amount of mutilation. The first fourteen odes, as arranged by Mr. Kenyon, were written, like all those of Pindar that we possess, in celebration of victories at the athletic games; the remaining six are of a novel and far more interesting character. Technically they are probably pæans or dithyrambs, intended to be sung by choirs at festivals of Apollo or Dionysus. But they belong to a stage in the development of these forms in which the literary interest has become predominant, while the religious element has been reduced to a perfunctory line or two. In effect they are lyrical idylls, brief studies of moments in legends which had been the subject of earlier epical treatment. They are full of appeal to the vision, and, but for the lyrical form, correspond very closely to such poems of Tennyson's as "Cenone." The most interesting of all is the eighteenth, for this is the only extant example of such an idyll presented dramatically and showing the type of the lyrical hymn as modified by imitation of the already nascent drama. We venture to offer a translation for the benefit of Greek-less readers. The dialogue is between Ægeus, king of Athens, and his wife, Medea, who speak alternate strophes. Theseus, the son of Ægeus, who has been brought up at Troezen, is coming to Athens, doing deeds of heroism on his way. A herald has announced the advent of a formidable stranger.

MEDEA.

"King of sacred Athens! Lord of the Ionians who live delicately! Why has the trumpet's brazen note even now blared forth its warlike message? Is it that some foeman with his host besets the frontiers of our land? Or do raiders of evil intent harry the herds by force, hungry for fat cattle? Or of what does thy heart misgive thee? Speak; for of all men thou, I ween, hast brave young hearts at need, thou, a king sprung from Pandion and Creusa."

ÆGEUS.

"But even now came a herald, footing it over the long Isthmian way; and unheard deeds of a mighty doer he tells. The insolent Sinis he has slain, strongest among men, the child of Kronos' son who split the ravine and shakes the earth. He has slain the man-eater in the glens of Krommyon, and slain Skiron who lorded it in night. He has stayed the wrestling-school of Kerkyon, and the dread club of Polypemon has Prokoptes dropped, for he met with the better man. My heart misgives me how these things shall end."

MEDEA.

"Whom reports he the man to be, and whence coming? What his garb? Brings he a great array in harness of war, or comes he alone and unarmed, like some wandering merchant to an

alien land, this man who is so strong and brave and bold, that he has quelled the strength of mighty champions? Surely some god impels him, that he may wreak justice on the unjust. How else should one be doing always and light on no mischance? But of all this will time see the issue.'

ÆGEUS.

'Two squires and no more he tells of, and a sword on the gleaming shoulders, and in the hands two polished darts. Upon his auburn hair is a cunning helm of Lacedaimon, and for raiment he has a purple shirt and a woolly mantle of Thessalian weft. The light in his eyes is as the fires of Lemnos. Only a lad is he, in the morning of life. His heart is set on the joys of Ares—war and the clash of bronze in battle. And his questing is for the splendours of Athens town.'

Surely a living picture of this knight-errant of the prime:

"A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,  
And lighter-footed than the fox,"

The curious in literary parallels may compare the relation of this dramatic idyll to the contemporary drama of Athens, with that of the East Midland poem, "The Harrowing of Hell," to its contemporary drama of the great mystery-play cycles.

#### POPULAR ANTHROPOLOGY.

*The History of Mankind.* By Prof. Fr. Ratzel. Translated from the Second German Edition by A. J. Butler, M.A. Vol. II. (Macmillan & Co.)

In the present volume Prof. Ratzel deals with the aborigines of the New World, the Arctic races of Europe and Asia, and the Negro and Negrito inhabitants of Africa. Here are at once seen some of the disadvantages inseparable from his geographical distribution of the subject-matter of this comprehensive treatise on the main divisions of the human family. The plan answers well enough for America, which has practically been an isolated and independent ethnical domain from the Stone Ages down to the Discovery. But it breaks down completely when we come to the great divisions of the Eastern Hemisphere. Thus we here see the Arctic peoples detached from the Mongolic stock, with which most of these "Hyperboreans" (Lapps, Samoyedes, Ostiaks, Yakuts, Tunguses, &c.) are undoubtedly connected. The case is even worse in Africa, where the Negro and Negrito aborigines are divorced from the kindred Papuans, Melanesians, and others of the Oceanic world described in the first volume.

It is, however, but fair to add that this inconvenient arrangement is somewhat obviated in the introductory section, where the essential unity of the several branches of each main division is emphasised, and where a somewhat higher level is maintained than in the discussion of details. But perhaps this could not well be otherwise. It is given to but few to master the rich materials that have accumulated in recent years on the countless tribes and peoples spread over the globe, whereas it

may lie within the power of many to draw tolerably correct general conclusions on fundamental ethnological questions even from desultory reading. Our author may also plead, in excuse for many shortcomings, that he writes for the general public, as is evident enough from his avoidance of all reference to authorities, except, indeed, of the vaguest kind. But we are here reminded that even "the man in the street" has now become critical, and is apt to resent being put off with the shadow for the substance when consulting works of this sort for accurate information. What, for instance, is he to make of the barren and misleading statement (p. 49) that the Yucas lived "near Truxillo on the coast"? Surely space might have been found to say a little more about the most civilised, and in every respect the most important, people of South America in pre-Inca times. Yunca was not, in fact, the name of any single tribe, but the collective name applied by the Peruvians to several highly cultured groups, who were not confined to Truxillo, but who extended along the seaboard for about ten degrees of latitude, and on the site of whose chief city, Grand Chimú, Truxillo now stands.

On the same page we are told that "it is principally to Karl von den Steinen and Ehrenreich that we owe a grouping by languages of the Brazilian tribes." What will Spix and Martius, d'Orbigny, or even Dr. Brinton, say to this? The above-mentioned travellers have, no doubt, recently done excellent work in Central Brazil, where they have discovered the probable cradle-land of the Carib race. But they would be the last to claim priority for a general linguistic classification of the Brazilian aborigines, a classification which, as far as this writer is aware, they have not yet undertaken.

Passing to North America, we come upon a strangely inadequate account of the great Dakotan (Siouan) nation, which is mainly confined to the Mississippi-Missouri basin, as if that were its original home, although recent research has placed beyond doubt the fact that their earliest seats lay in Virginia, the Carolinas, and other parts of the Atlantic slope. The point should not have been overlooked, because of its importance in the history of the Dakotan migrations, which are now shown to have trended westwards to their present domain, and not from the Pacific side, as formerly supposed.

Most perfunctory is the treatment of the American languages, which are said (p. 22) to be "based on an agglutinative system," whereas most of them are typical polysynthetic forms of speech. No examples are given, without which it is quite impossible to convey a clear idea of the strangely involved structure of this linguistic group. Here also reference is made to a "Maklak language," which is not otherwise located, and which appears now to be heard of for the first time.

But many of these shortcomings in the American section may well be forgiven for the author's opportune remarks on the evolution of American culture independently of Old World influences. Those anthropologists who still trace everything to the Eastern Hemisphere, whence little or nothing came after the Stone Ages, and who find

the prototypes of Cholula, Uxmal, and Tiahuanaco in the pyramids of Egypt, the Hindu temples of Java or Camboja, and the monolithic monuments of Brittany or Britain, should reflect that

"when people began to draw parallels between the cultured races of America and those of the Old World, they overlooked those numerous points of affinity existing in the matter of culture among individual races all over the world, from the highest religious conceptions down to peculiarities in the style of their weapons or their tattooing, and looked for a limited region—by preference in South or East Asia—as a centre of migration and radiation. But the origin of the old American civilisations will never be traceable to a particular corner of the earth, nor to any of the still surviving civilised races, and all attempts to do so have remained fruitless. The roots of those wonderful developments reach down rather to some primeval common property of all mankind, which found time in the thousands of years which precede history to spread itself over the earth. In other parts of the earth its development was more rapid than in America, which lacks in situation and natural endowment certain accelerating forces that have been bestowed on the Old World. . . . Nevertheless we may hold firmly to the relationship of the Americans with the East Oceanic branch of the Mongoloid race" (p. 170).

The apparent contradiction implied in the last clause of this quotation is explained by the author's view, enlarged upon elsewhere, that the American aborigines are autochthonous only in a relative sense, that they were an offshoot probably of the Malayo-Polynesian division of the Mongol stock, and that they spread to the New World in remote prehistoric times. Since then their relations with the Oceanic peoples came to an end, or at least no regular communications were maintained between the populations on both sides of the Pacific; consequently the culture of the mound-builders, Pueblo Indians, Mexicans, Maya-Quichés, Chibchas, Chimús, and Peruvians are to be regarded as independent local developments, practically unaffected by the civilisations of the Eastern Hemisphere. This doctrine is not new; indeed, it was advocated some years ago in the article on the "American Indians" contributed to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and has since been steadily gaining ground among ethnologists and archaeologists. But it is here presented in a somewhat modified form from several new points of view, and is supported by a considerable number of fresh facts and inferences.

In the Arctic section the student is arrested by the statement that the Yakuts are disappearing, and that their ten tribes "do not number on an average more than three hundred each," or, say, 3,000 altogether (p. 226). They are, on the contrary, the most energetic and progressive of all the Siberian peoples, and we are told by M. Sierochevsky (*Ethnographic Researches*, 1896) that they number at present about 200,000, spread over a territory some two million square miles in extent, though chiefly concentrated along the river banks between the Lena and the Aldana. The Turki origin of these hardy Hyperboreans is fully confirmed by this observer. . . .



Although the treatment of the African races is, on the whole, somewhat more satisfactory, here also occur many views and statements of facts which must be received with extreme caution. Both the negro cradle-land and negro culture, such as it is, are traced on the feeblest grounds to Western or Southern Asia. We cannot find that any exception is made even for iron, which was almost certainly of African origin, and which, as clearly shown by M. Gabriel de Mortillet (*Formation de la Nation Française*, 1897), was introduced into Europe not from Asia, but from the Dark Continent. In this connexion, Lepsius' exploded theory of the Hamitic origin of the Hottentot language is revived, and spoken of as "a stimulating idea," while the Hamites themselves are "immigrants probably from Asia" (p. 248). The home of the Hamites is to be sought rather in North Africa, and if the kinship of the Berber and Basque languages, suggested by the late G. von der Gabelenz, is ever established, then the same region will have to be regarded as the cradle of the Semites as well, the fundamental connexion of the Hamito-Semitic linguistic family having now been placed beyond reasonable doubt.

The translation shows no improvement on that of the first volume. There is the same painful struggle with involved German sentences, and too often even with quite simple expressions, while the defective knowledge of details is constantly betrayed by the writer's helplessness when grappling with obscure or erroneous statements in the original. Thus we have such expressions as "two monstrous islands," where *vast* or *huge* is meant; "Africa is better off for inhabitants than," &c., meaning *more thickly peopled*; "shabby" applied to wooden spoons of poor workmanship; "a pre-eminent delicacy of tools"; "foreign bodies of manners"; "reaches of the road"; "benumbed by Nature's lavishness"; "the terribly melted-down Aborigines"; "mustered up"; and at p. 250: "The seclusion towards the North due to the deserts must have lasted until seamen, better than Africans now are, from elsewhere, struck the coasts of Africa," and, a few lines below, "a wide belt of retrogression." Then the Quechuas of Peru are confused with the Quichés of Guatamala (164); "Prince of Wied" is, we suppose "short for" Prince Max von Neuwied (14); *east* for *west* (10 and 260) and *west* for *east* (246). Schweinfurt's *Mombuttu* everywhere appears instead of the proper form, *Mangbattu*, as established by Junker; the meaning of *Damara* is said to be "obscure" (463), although fully explained in accessible books (Stanford's *Africa*, ii., p. 176); and we are elsewhere informed that "Amakosa—also written Amaxosa—seems to mean 'The People of Kosa' (Kosa being a chief). This naming of a tribe after its chief, a feature of the patriarchal system, recurs among most Negro tribes" (446). But the patriarchal system is not prevalent among most Negro tribes, being confined to a few groups, prominent among which are the Zulu-Xosas here in question. Ama-Xosa (the only proper spelling) does really mean "The People of Xosa," who, however, was not

merely "a chief," but the eponymous hero and founder of the nation, who is traditionally said to have flourished in the sixteenth century, and from whom all the present chiefs of the Galekas, Gaikas, and other Xosa groups trace their descent.

Like the first, this volume is profusely illustrated, and many of the portraits, being reproductions of good photographs, are of considerable scientific value.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

*Impressions of South Africa.* By Prof. Bryce. (Macmillan & Co.)

In the latter part of 1895 Prof. Bryce travelled across South Africa from Cape Town to Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland, passing through Bechuanaland and Matabililand. From Fort Salisbury he returned through Manicaland and the Portuguese Territories to Beira, on the Indian Ocean, sailed thence to Delagoa Bay and Durban, traversed Natal, and visited the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Basutoland, and the eastern province of Cape Colony. It is a tolerably extensive journey, even in these days of globe-trotting, and the densest of mankind could not fail, if he undertook it, to gather some information which would interest and entertain. When this vast expanse of territory, containing so many conflicting races, such incomparable variety of natural objects, and presenting such innumerable problems to the statesman, the naturalist, and the ethnologist, is brought under the eye of a man of Mr. Bryce's grasp of mind, the reader is entitled to expect something more than an ordinary book of travel.

He will not be disappointed. Mr. Bryce's admirable book is as far removed from the publications of the ordinary globe-trotter as *Treasure Island* from a penny dreadful. It is scarcely too much to say that what Mr. Bryce has already done is here surpassed. To any student of South African affairs this book must of necessity be as indispensable for many years to come, as *The Holy Roman Empire* and *The American Commonwealth* already are to anyone who would understand the rise of European nationalities and the political system of the United States.

The work before us is arranged under the three main headings of Nature, History, and a Narrative of the Author's Journey. The physical features of South Africa are fairly well known by this time, but Mr. Bryce is certainly successful in presenting a general sketch of the country which is far more informing than any collection of isolated photographs can possibly be. With him we deplore the rapid destruction of the large wild animals which is going on, and most heartily endorse his plea that the various governments should combine to prevent their total disappearance. If the present rate of slaughter is persisted in, the African elephant will have ceased to exist within another half-century, and a similar fate awaits the rhinoceros. Nevertheless, we cannot help seeing that

there is another side to the picture, and one which appeals very nearly indeed to the inhabitants. It is distressingly unromantic to hear that the establishment of street lamps has made the lion as rare in Bulawayo as in Fulham; but the fact is not without its advantages to foot passengers. We are even prepared to pardon a total absence of enthusiasm for the preservation of the rare white rhinoceros on the part of that Dutch governor who, while traversing the streets of Cape Town, was butted out of his comfortable coach by one of these engaging creatures.

The human problem is, however, after all, much the most interesting which South Africa presents, and with this Mr. Bryce deals at length. Of the three native races, the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the great nationality which we, following the Arabs, call "Kafir," but which proudly calls itself "Abantu"—the People—the last alone is now of real importance. Out of it three men have arisen from whom it is difficult to withhold the epithet of "Great." The Zulu Tshaka was in his way as great a warrior as Napoleon. He devised a military system so admirably adapted to the capacities of his people that no other natives could face his impis, and so perfect that its defeat taxed all the resources of European skill. Tshaka had probably never heard of the Romans, but his introduction of the short, broad-bladed, stabbing spear in place of the lance shows a thorough appreciation of one of their greatest secrets of success. Moshesh, the Basuto, who successfully defied Boers and natives alike from his fastness of Thaba Bosiyu, and governed the nation he created in a manner which compelled the respect even of his enemies, was no ordinary man. Khama, the Bechuana, now rules a great territory with a tact, prudence, and tenacity of purpose which would do credit to any European statesman. Well may Mr. Bryce say that "three such men . . . are sufficient to show the capacity of the race for occasionally reaching a standard which white men must respect." And this race shows no tendency to die out. On the contrary, it is more prolific than its white conquerors, and therein lies one of the most difficult problems of the future.

"The native—that is to say, the native of the Kafir race—not merely holds his ground but increases far more rapidly than he did before Europeans came, because the Europeans have checked inter-tribal wars and the slaughter of the tribesmen by the chiefs and their wizards and also because the Europeans have opened up new kinds of employment."

In fact, the problem before the white inhabitants of South Africa is very much the same as that which is beginning to assume such a serious aspect in the Southern States of America.

"Two races, far removed from one another in civilisation and mental condition, dwell side by side. Neither race is likely to extrude or absorb the other. What then will be their relations, and how will the difficulties be met to which their juxtaposition must give rise?"

Upon the whole Mr. Bryce is hopeful. Some sort of *lingua franca* will, he thinks, spring up: heathenism will disappear—it is, by the

way, curious to note that the existing Kafir religion does not appear to include any idea of the Supreme Being—and the natives will become Christians, at least in name; but there will be no intermarriage between the white and black races. If only the native can be levelled up by education, and the European induced to treat him more like a man and less like an animal, it is possible to look forward to a day when the two races will be able to work harmoniously together in a partnership in which the white man will be the head and the black man the hands.

It is not the least of Mr. Bryce's many claims to the confidence of the reader that, in dealing with the Native Question, he never allows himself to become a partisan or to cater for cheap philanthropy. To him the invading European is neither angel nor demon, but a very human person indeed, acting as might reasonably be expected in the circumstances. On the other hand, he does not pretend that the native altogether likes the change which has driven him to work for his living and for the enrichment of his conqueror. We confess that, in considering this part of the subject, we draw much comfort from the pictures which Mr. Bryce repeatedly draws of the miserable state of the native under his own rulers. A Zulu king was, indeed, compelled to admit the right of his people to the soil just as a Saxon ruler was, but to their lives they, apparently, had no title at all, and every man dwelt in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Lo Bengula was probably rather above than below the ethical standard of the average African chief, but the following passage does not inspire one with much regret that he no longer reigns at Bulawayo:

"Only one old tree marks the spot where the king used to sit administering justice to his subjects. A large part of this justice consisted in decreeing death among his *indunas* or prominent men who had excited his suspicions, or whose cattle he desired to appropriate. Sometimes he had them denounced—'smelt out' they called it—by the witch-doctors as guilty of practising magic against him. Sometimes he disposed with a pretext, and sent a messenger to the hut of the doomed man to tell him the king wanted him. The victim, often ignorant of his fate, walked in front, while the executioner, following close behind, suddenly dealt him with the *knobkerry*, or heavy-ended stick, one tremendous blow, which crushed his skull and left him dead upon the ground. Women, on the other hand, were strangled."

The rule of the Chartered Company may be hard, and diamond-mining at Kimberley is not, perhaps, very agreeable to an ex-Zulu warrior, but they are, at least, better than the hideous possibilities involved in being a subject of Lo Bengula or Mosilikatze. It is a grim commentary on the happiness of savage life that the very name of the Matabili capital means "The Place of Slaughter." If the Bantu race has not much for which to be grateful to Mr. Rhodes, it at least owes him some thanks for deliverance from the terrors of the king, and the nameless horrors of the witch-doctor.

Far below the Native Question in point of ultimate importance, but still in itself of considerable moment, come the relations of

the British and the Dutch. And here, again, we have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Bryce has discharged his task. It is not the pen of the Liberal politician, but of the philosophical student of men which writes:

"The Boers . . . fancied themselves entitled to add some measure of contempt to the dislike they already cherished to the English, and they have ever since shown themselves unpleasant neighbours. The English in South Africa, on their part, have continued to resent the concession of independence to the Transvaal, and especially the method in which it was conceded."

Not even in dealing with the American Colonies has the British Government made such astounding mistakes as in South Africa. From the appointment of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, whose swart complexion made the Boers think that he had some tinge of the hated Kafir blood, to Majuba and Krugersdorp, the errors have been enough to wreck an empire. To these Mr. Bryce is studiously gentle—more gentle, we suspect, than he would have been if he were not so anxious to avoid the suspicion of mingling politics with history. Upon one point he attempts no sort of concealment. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, the English-speaking population of the Transvaal will become politically as well as economically supreme. He rightly refuses to commit himself to any statement as to whether this change will come peaceably or not, but that it will come somehow he has no hesitation in saying is inevitable.

We wish that space would permit us to follow him through the many fascinating sidepaths into which when dealing with this and other South African subjects he frequently diverges. The thorny question of the suzerainty and the true construction of the Convention of London; the light which the native custom of taking tokens as pledges of a promise throws upon primitive law; the plagues—which he describes as consisting of white ants, locusts, horse-sickness, fever, and speculators in mining shares; the strange pits of Inyanga, upon the purpose of which we would with great deference suggest that possibly Canon Atkinson's investigation of the "British Village" at Danby might give some hint—any one of these contains the material for a long article in itself. We venture only, however, to conclude this necessarily abbreviated review of a really powerful book with one more quotation, partly because it is couched in noble words, but more because of the grasp and foresight which it displays:

"While Britain continues to be a great naval power the maintenance of her connexion with South Africa will ensure the external peace of that country, which, fortunately for herself, lies far away in the Southern Seas, with no land frontiers which she is called on to defend. She may not grow to be herself as populous and as powerful a state as will be the Canadian or the Australian confederations of the future, for her climatic conditions do not promise so large an increase of the white race; but her people may, if she can deal wisely with the problems which the existence of her coloured population raises, become a happy and prosperous nation. They are exempt from some of the dangers

which threaten the industrial communities of Europe and North America. The land they dwell in is favoured by Nature, and inspires a deep love in its children. The stock they spring from is strong and sound; and they have carried with them to their new home the best traditions of Teutonic freedom and self-government."

#### CRITICISM FROM A DISTANCE.

*Literary Statesmen and Others: Essays on Men Seen from a Distance.* By Norman Hapgood. (Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD is a young American critic, already known in this country by some contributions to the *Contemporary Review*, equally remarkable for independence of thought and epigrammatic brilliancy of expression. These are reprinted in the present volume, together with various other papers, all marked by the same high standard of literary excellence. Mr. Hapgood has carefully trained himself for the work of appreciation; and his remarks on American criticism may, perhaps, be read as partly introspective. For instance, when he points to the special study of French literature as characteristic of contemporary American and English critics, enumerating various advantages derived therefrom, we can easily believe that such training was an important element in the process by which his own mind was formed. "Sentimental rhetoric and heavy truisms," he observes, "are killed by it." On the positive side it gives "lucidity and prudence"; while as a drawback it "instigates the attempt to assimilate qualities which seldom enter organically into superior English style, such as the studied emphasis of the epithet and the manner of intellectual sprightliness" (p. 166). The constraint and clumsiness of this last phrase indicate another danger against which the author and his school would do well to stand more on their guard, and which a more assiduous study of French models might help them to correct. Mr. Hapgood has at any rate an appreciation of style as such, of literary technique, which is rare enough in England, while, to judge by what he tells us, it is actively discouraged in America. In letters, as in politics, the democratic spirit resents an assumption of superiority. "Expert handling of what we all feel capable of handling bores us, and even insults us" (p. 136). One can imagine the American philistine finding himself, if not exactly bored or insulted, at least painfully bewildered by the three papers on literary statesmen that give a title to this collection. Even a French reader of more than average cultivation might feel disappointed at hearing so much more about the manner than about the matter of Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. Let us at once add that this exceptionally trained American critic, although an expert in style, is really most interested in the psychology of his subjects, and that he values the most serious literary qualities as an index of qualities which are more than merely

literary; while conversely he finds in the absence of such qualities a key to the limitations of purely literary excellence. Thus, according to him, what Lord Rosebery lacks is

"as necessary to a philosopher or a poet as it is to a man of action. . . . There is a want of unity, of strong single feeling, of purpose. There is honesty, frankness, generosity; there are convictions; but there is no single unifying conviction or conception, no faith or passion or need of accomplishment. So it is that the more serious the subject, the farther removed from the spectacular intellectual world, the nearer to a reality demanding action, the less adequate is Lord Rosebery in speaking or writing" (pp. 88-9).

Whether strictly applicable to the late Prime Minister or not, his critic has here got hold of a most valuable and far-reaching principle.

In the opinion of our observer from a distance, Mr. Arthur Balfour is, on the whole, a failure in literature and philosophy; but besides intellectual power he has sincerity and sympathy; he has succeeded in practical life by a thorough scepticism combined with thorough earnestness (p. 64). Is not this working what Mill called the inverse deductive method a little hard? One cannot help suspecting that had "the picturesque young leader" failed, or, what is unhappily still on the cards, should he fail after all, Mr. Hapgood would be equally ready with a psychological explanation after the fact. Mr. Hapgood is very severe on Mr. Balfour's style, finding it even ungrammatical. No examples are given; and it is a little odd that the same censor should apply such epithets as "faultless" and "impeccable" to Lord Rosebery's prose, which certainly has not the elementary merit of perfect syntax.

The paper on Mr. John Morley is a specimen of what our critic can do—and he can do a good deal—in the way of detraction. He has pointed out many blots in the pages of a perhaps overpraised writer; but the total impression left is one of unjustifiable violence. For apart from the high intellectual and moral qualities which receive a rather grudging recognition, Mr. Morley has literary merits not less deserving of praise than Lord Rosebery's, above all the power to coin such barbed phrases as "sombre acquiescence," "shrill levity," "end it or mend it," and of these no account has been taken. We note, also, in the analysis of Mr. Morley's intellectual character a complete lack of the historical method, without which it can never be understood, to such an extent have the studies and opinions of this literary statesman been determined by the lead of antecedent thinkers, more especially Comte, Mill, and Buekle.

Like other young critics, Mr. Hapgood finds it easier or more exciting to blame than to praise. But the "prudence" as well as the "respect for expert opinion" supposed to be acquired by the study of French models might have suggested that Stendhal was not a safe object for kittenish attacks. That great master, we are told, "is little read in France, and scarcely at all elsewhere." "The solution of his doubt

whether he would not by 1930 have sunk again into oblivion seems now at least as likely as it was then [in 1830] to be an affirmative" (pp. 69, 70)—a sentence the extreme clumsiness of which offers one more proof of the ill-luck that attends mere talent when it falls foul of immortal genius. He who, apart from all psychology, apart from all intellectual interests, has experienced in himself as a simple reader seeking only for amusement the overwhelming and inexhaustible charm of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, will not let his enjoyment be disturbed by the disclosure of any foibles in the life of its creator; he who has failed to experience that delight may seek elsewhere for aesthetic objects better suited to his somewhat limited sensibility; but let him not dream that he can analyse away the ultimate facts of taste. Mr. Hapgood himself, after quoting some unfavourable judgments passed by his countryman, Mr. Kenyon Cox, on the "Assumption" and the "Presentation," dryly observes: "That may be true, but it may well be said that Titian is not adequately accounted for" (pp. 156-7). Nor has he himself adequately accounted for Stendhal.

In Mr. Henry James, on the other hand, he has a subject exactly commensurate with his means—a phrase that must not be taken as intended to emphasise the limitations either of the novelist or of his critic. Both have the delicacy of touch, the subtlety of discrimination, the finely modulated expression which we have learned to regard as characteristic of the American intellect in its present phase of elaboration. Every reader of Mr. Henry James will recognise "the unusual shadings given to words, the complicated and facile syntax, the broken sentences in dialogue that suggest a shrug . . . the irrelevant parentheses, the completions that are so close to repetitions"; as well as "the habit of pricking a thought here with delicacy, then there, so near that sometimes here and there seem like one point" (p. 193), although few, or none, could have conveyed their impressions with equal felicity. But not every reader will have felt for himself before it was pointed out the false note struck when, in "The Tragic Muse," Julia takes Dick's head in her hands and kisses it. Still less could he picturesquely formulate his discomfort by observing that "the airy world so parallel to the real world, so representative of it, is shattered when such material is forced into it" (p. 202).

Such quotations might be multiplied *ad libitum*. But enough has been said to show that in Mr. Hapgood we have a critic who may be wilful, but who is never weak.

**GEOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS.** (Government Office, Washington.) We have received five huge volumes, from the United States Government Printing Office at Washington, dealing with the geology of the States. Two of the volumes are devoted to the Seventeenth Annual Report of the United States Geological Society to the Secretary of the Interior, 1895-96. The other four belong to a series of important "Monographs" which is in course of being presented by the same society.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*A Medieval Garland.* By Mme. James Darmesteter. Translated by May Tomlinson. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THIS is a dainty collection of old-world stories, gathered with Mme. Darmesteter's unerring art from that "garden of romance," the Middle Ages. Some of them are touched with jewelled colour, like miniatures on the borders of a book of hours; others, and these the majority, have the delicately faded hues of once brilliant garments. If one may vary the metaphor, they are plaintive melodies, recording the quaint thin tones of an old spinet; and this dreamy aloofness of manner suits well their themes of joyous knights, fair ladies, and massive stone castles, long since crumbled into dust.

"Flowers found between the leaves of old books," Mme. Darmesteter calls them. Placed there, rather than found there, one thinks, for Mme. Darmesteter has let her imagination play at will around her *trouvailles*, and the pages of monkish chroniclers of France or Italy blossom into fresh life at her bidding. Of her dozen tales, liking them all, we like best "Philip the Cat," with its memories of Joan of Arc, "The Countess of Dammartin," and "The Wife of Ludovic the Moor." This last is really a gem. Ludovic is Duke Ludovic of Milan, and his wife the Duchess Beatrice, she who had her husband's nephew assassinated for his popularity, and invoked the invasion of Italy by the French. The narrator had imagined her "some young and lovely Lady Maebeth of Lombardy," or "the exquisite and sinister type of Luini's daughter of Herodias." Then she visited the tomb of the Duchess in the Certosa of Pavia.

"She is a delicious child, who, even in sleep, is full of checked vivacity. Her long hair falls in disordered curls, spread over the pillow and on her lovely shoulders, and tiny little crisp curls hide her round, infantine forehead. She has an admirable expression of candour—the candour of a child. She is graceful, with that irresistible grace which defies laws. Her eyebrows are scarcely marked, but her closed eyelids, curved like the petals of a thick white flower, are richly fringed. She has the small nose of a child, and this gives her a pathetic *naïveté*. Her cheeks, also, are rounder than those of a grown-up woman. The Herodias' daughter of Luini would find them entirely wanting in distinction; I find them charming. . . . But the face is nothing. It is the attitude. It is that childish figure, so small and so full of life, so soft, so delicately supple and rounded beneath the sumptuous court-gown of silk and embroidery, with its long train artistically arranged not to hide or impede the feet—those little feet which only cease dancing four hours before death, and seem still so ready for the awakening."

Miss May Tomlinson has performed the translator's task admirably, catching the exact fragrance of the original, its rich subdued beauty and the sentiment of "old, unhappy far-off things" that clings around it. Reading, you hardly recognise that it is a translation you read. And this is the highest praise.

*Etching, Engraving, and the Other Methods of Printing Pictures.* By Hans W. Singer and William Strang. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THIS treatise is addressed less to artists, producers of fine prints, than to collectors of these, who are often sorely puzzled to distinguish between an etching and an engraving, and are occasionally even at the mercy of a debased photographic reproduction. Many such difficulties should vanish after a perusal of Messrs. Singer and Strang's luminous treatment of the subject. They divide it into the three heads of relief, intaglio, and plane prints, and under each they give a clear and business-like account of the various processes employed and of the characteristic effects which can be obtained. They have abundant resources alike of book-learning and of practical experience, and are not without a considerable gift of lucid and intelligible exposition. Mr. Strang is himself, of course, one of the most distinguished of our younger etchers, of the school of Prof. Legros, and he enriches the volume with a dozen experiments of his own in the principal methods described. These are particularly interesting, as showing the way in which a marked artistic individuality adapts itself to varying conditions; and several of them, notably the example of etching proper, are intrinsically beautiful plates. In a chapter on the appreciation and enjoyment of prints, the authors allow themselves a digression upon the vexed topic of aesthetic theory. Rejecting the formulæ alike of idealism and realism, of decoration and of physico-psychology, they broach an hypothesis that art is essentially "the manifestation of human will exercised over nature at large":

"When a picture presents us some features of nature, clearly recognisable as such, but upon which some one human intellect has impressed its stamp, then it is a work of art, and I believe that the simultaneous intertwined presentation of the two great factors of the world—mind and matter—is what creates in us the distinctive art enjoyment."

This doctrine has at least the advantage over many of its rivals, that it is a catholic one, and the essay in which it is elaborated is remarkably stimulating and suggestive. The concluding chapters of the book give a contemptuous attention to the various mechanical processes by which the methods of true engraving are respectively mimicked. These are accurately described and unhesitatingly condemned:

"Anybody who claims that a photograph or a photogravure gives him any artistic pleasure is his own dupe. It may help to recall the pleasure that he experienced once upon a time in face of the original painting, and thus cause him to rehearse it mentally, but that is all."

Surely this is too sweeping. A photograph loses much, yet it continues to afford an artistic pleasure, quite apart from association or merely literary interest. But with the general tendency of the authors' polemic against the devastation of black and white art by photography we need hardly say we heartily agree. A careful bibliography completes the book.

*Strong Men and True.* By Morley Roberts. (Downey & Co.)

SURELY a somewhat misleading title for Mr. Morley Roberts's vivid studies of the manners and customs of colonial man. "Strong" they are, these drovers and miners, but "true" only in a sense which perhaps Polonius might have understood, but which is certainly compatible with a very alert vigilance for any opportunity to "do" their neighbours. Mr. Roberts's background is generally some American mining-camp or bit of Australian bush, and against this the "strong" man is sketched with rough fidelity in a few bold strokes. Among the rest the Arrow-maker pleases us the most, because he was wholly uncivilised, and not partly civilised or "decivilised." He was a noted artist in warlike implements, but found his handiwork one day distanced by a rival manipulator of the flint; determined to learn the secret of the superior workmanship, he crept to the hostile camp and waited.

"On the third day of his long waiting he saw a tall young Ast come ambling towards the little flinty hill, and The Dog's heart beat fiercely as the slaver gathered on his thin lips. 'Was this the arrow-maker? It could not be so young a man,' he thought. But in a little while his little eyes glittered and his corded muscles ridged themselves heavily, for this Ast was chipping flint on the hillock, working dexterously. The Dog watched and learnt something.

As he stayed and waited, he doubted whether he should slay this Ast with his own arrow or not. At last he plucked out the sharpest and smoothest of the three, and in a moment it was buried in the Ast's heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

'It was good enough,' said The Dog.'

Mr. Morley Roberts is evidently familiar with his characters and their surroundings, and his command of their habitual modes of expression is masterly. They do not speak European English when slang is available, and the literary as well as the ethical code of the drinking saloon prevails.

*A Benedictine Martyr in England.* By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

JOHN ROBERTS is looked upon with reverence by the Benedictines as the first of their order who, after the suppression of the monasteries, "attacked the gate of hell, and provoked the prince of darkness in his usurped kingdom"—that is to say, in less flowery language, preached Catholicism in Protestant England. Of Welsh descent and Oxford training, he was converted when on a visit to Paris, and devoted his life to the propagation of his faith in his own country. After spending some years in preparation for his task at Valladolid and Compostella, he began a series of missionary visits to England in 1603. These were brief, because he was time after time taken and banished from the country. At last the patience of the Government was exhausted. Father Roberts was arrested in the very act of saying mass. He refused to take the Oath of Allegiance, and suffered death under the law of treason. Dom Camm has taken infinite pains to

disinter the minutest details of his hero's biography. His book should be of service to scholars, alike for its learning and for its clear expression of the Catholic view with regard to the Jacobean executions. Dom Camm does not fear polemic; he courts it by his display of all the somewhat ridiculous zeal of the convert. For poor Archbishop Abbot he has a particular distaste, painting him as a "sour fanatic" inspired by "fanatical fury" and a "bloodthirsty hatred" to Catholics. The following passages give evidence of a very extraordinary condition of intellect. It would seem that Dom Roberts and other Catholics executed under Elizabeth and James have become the objects of an unofficial *cultus*, and that Pope Leo XIII. was moved to take the first steps towards their formal beatification:

"More than ten years have elapsed since then, but no one who knows anything of the mature and deliberate care by which the Holy See, in its wisdom, conducts such examinations will wonder that the cause of our martyrs has not meanwhile made many steps further towards the longed-for goal."

This does not seem to be meant for irony; and Dom Camm adds:

"Meanwhile, we should add that those who privately invoke the martyrs to obtain any great grace or miracle should not turn to one or another of that glorious band, but should invoke them all; so that, if the miracle be granted, it may serve for the cause of the beatification of all. For, in such cases as this, it is impossible to prove miracles for each member of so great a band of martyrs."

But, let alone the ethics of this proceeding, does Dom Camm really suppose that the Pope will be unable to determine which of the candidates it was that actually answered to this general invocation?

"HANDBOOK TO CHRISTIAN AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME."—Part II.: *The Liturgy in Rome.* By H. M. and M. A. R. T. (A. & C. Black.)

THIS should be a most valuable book to tourists abroad, who generally flock to ecclesiastical functions, especially at Rome and in Holy Week, with the very vaguest idea as to what precisely it is that they are seeing. The author prints the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass, with notes and an English translation, and adds chapters on the nature of the liturgical vestments and ornaments, the chief services and ceremonies, the festivals, and in especial the Good Friday and Easter functions. Appendices contain the Roman Calendar and a bibliography. The information given is well arranged and clearly put, and good use has been made of various trustworthy authorities, such as the Abbé Duchesne's *Origines du Culte Chrétien*. Some of the historical statements, however, are open to criticism. Thus the account of tropes does not seem to owe much to Gautier's masterly researches into the subject. To say that the Easter sepulchre may have had its origin in one of the "Miracle Plays" is a curious inversion of the true order of things, and the "pascal," so common in English church accounts and inventories, is surely not "an elaborate detached stone sepulchre," but a candlestick for the *ceruus*, or Paschal candle.

# THE ACADEMY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

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## Educational Supplement.

SATURDAY: JANUARY 15, 1898.

### SCHOOL BOOKS IN THE SCHOOL.

#### INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW.

WHEN (writes a representative of the ACADEMY) I was asked to obtain the views of a head master upon current educational literature I applied to Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, the Head Master of Harrow School. Dr. Welldon kindly offered to submit to some questioning on the large and important subject of school books. It was not on the classic height of Harrow, and in the venerable school buildings, that I found the head master to whose care six hundred boys are committed. Instead, I journeyed to the quaint little town of Southwold, on the Suffolk coast. There I received a welcome from Dr. Welldon that made my task easy from the moment of my arrival. Dr. Welldon gave me *carte blanche* to ask him questions. Facing me, the waves, brown and fretful, moaned on the pebbles only fifty yards off; and while I framed a question, or listened to Dr. Welldon's animated replies, the horizon would be broken by a passing ketch under half-sail, or the vague and distant form of a coasting steamer. I ought, perhaps, to explain that I do not profess to reproduce Dr. Welldon's precise words throughout this article. I reproduce his sentiments exactly, and his words as nearly exactly as possible.

"What shall I tell you first?" said Dr. Welldon.

"Will you give me," I replied, "some idea of the manner in which school books find their way from the London publishers to the boys' desks at Harrow?"

"Certainly. You will understand that new school books are sent to me in great numbers. I am assisted, therefore, by a Book Committee, consisting of a few of the Harrow masters, who carefully examine the books and report upon them to me—or rather to the regularly-held masters' meetings over which I preside."

"I understand. Then you closely follow in this way the developments of educational publishing?"

"Yes. It is our endeavour to learn what improvements are introduced, and to discover the best book on any given subject."

"Do you believe in making frequent changes in school books?"

"Provided such changes are fully justified by an examination of the merits of new books—I do. Of course, change for change's sake is a mistake. But I am of opinion that fickleness in the choice of school books is not a common fault with schoolmasters. The tendency is the other way. I should rather complain that schoolmasters have a tendency to go on using books with which they are familiar after better ones have

become available. It is a very natural tendency, but it can be indulged too far."

"And, as a matter of fact, do you at Harrow make frequent changes of old school books for new?"

"Oh, yes. There are books, of course, which remain in use for very long periods. The Latin Public Schools Primer, for instance, which was compiled by Dr. Kennedy at the request of the head masters of English public schools, was in use for a great many years. It has been revised, but never superseded. There was a kind of agreement, explicit at first, but now I think only tacit, that this book should remain in use, thus preserving uniformity in the teaching of Latin in the schools. Other grammars and, of course, lexicons, &c., are given long leases. But setting aside these, we have no superstitions or prejudices. Our aim is to secure the best book of its kind."

"Do you, as one means of obtaining the best book, have primers specially compiled for use at Harrow?"

"No!" said Dr. Welldon, with emphasis. "I have never been able to see advantage in that system."

"You prefer to come into the open market, and look round, and select the book that is nearest to your ideal?"

"I do. It is best that books should stand upon their own merits. The book which survives in the keenest competition is generally the best book."

"But now, Dr. Welldon, may I put another aspect of the enormous production of new school books before you? You will admit, I think, that it is enormous—not to say bewildering?"

Dr. Welldon smiled his complete assent.

"Would you say that the actual progress made toward the production of the ideal set of school books for a Harrow or any other schoolboy is at all to be gauged by this extraordinary activity in multiplying primers and re-editing classics term after term, and year after year?"

"Oh, dear, no. The progress is very small. More than half the new school books are probably produced for the benefit of the authors or editors, not of the boys."

"I should not have dared to suggest that to you, but I have always imagined so."

"It is not difficult for a scholar to produce an edition of a classical author. Schools are many; school books sell readily; and if such an edition makes its way even into a limited number of schools, it soon brings a fair remuneration both to editor and to publisher. It does not follow that the edition is in any marked degree superior to others which preceded it or which will follow it. In fact, scholastic education would suffer no loss if the editing of classical books were now suspended for twenty years."

"You mean that textual criticism and commentary—so far as they can be useful in classical school books—have now reached their limits?"

"Yes, I mean that. As regards texts there is not likely to be any progress worth considering. Of course, commentary has greatly widened its scope since the days of the 'pure scholars'; geographical and archaeological contributions to the elucidation of classical authors have poured in. But I

think that we have got a surfeit of commentary; in short, boys have now got all they want, and perhaps *more* than is good for them. I mean the new school books give too much help. They do not leave enough for the boys' own research. The modern boy hardly knows what difficulty is—what with elaborate notes, vocabularies, and translations of difficult phrases. The system of making things easy is being pushed to the extreme. The compilers of school books are forgetting that knowledge is best retained when it is acquired by real effort."

I now took the liberty of turning the conversation upon the teaching of English literature. "Have you," I asked Dr. Welldon, "any general criticism to make on the English classics as they are presented to schoolboys?"

"They are apt to be regarded too much as a medium for teaching grammar and etymology; and there is not enough effort made to make boys feel the beauty of masterpieces of literature. At the same time, such efforts must rest with the schoolmaster using a classic, rather than with the editor who annotates it. In the teaching of English literature the personal element counts for almost everything."

"You believe, then, Dr. Welldon, that it is possible to teach English literature to boys—I mean in the sense of inspiring them with a love of it?"

"Most certainly I do; and I regard it as of the utmost importance to rouse in boys' minds the sense of literary beauty. Nothing is more refining, more educating."

"But is there not a danger of 'staleing' fine passages of literature by presenting them, more or less as task work, to immature minds?"

"Yes, there is some danger; but where discretion is used in choosing the right books for boys, according to their age, I think no such mischief need ensue. Teachers, I admit, do not always sufficiently consider boys' ages in selecting English subjects. Milton and Shakespeare, for example, are not suited to young minds; on the other hand, such a book as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, if it is not read in childhood, is never really understood and appreciated. Let me again insist on the importance of the personal element in the teaching of English literature. Men like Dean Farrar and Mr. Bosworth Smith—both Harrow masters—have shown a wonderful faculty for making boys appreciate good literature, and it is this faculty that counts—not books overloaded with introductions and notes."

"Do you approve of repetitions as a means of implanting literary feeling?"

"Oh, yes. When I went to Harrow I induced one of my colleagues to make a selection of simple and beautiful poems, such as appeal to boys; and these have been in use ever since for repetitions. Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting passages that shall charm boys, and leave an indelible impression of beauty. But the spirit of freedom must inform all efforts to teach English literature. It is important that every large school should have its library, and that this library should be a

comfortable room to which the boys may retire unobserved, and take down books at their own wills. I attach the greatest importance to school libraries. Boys' private reading should be encouraged as far as possible."

"Do you think that public school boys are interested in current literature?"

"Not in an effective way. You see, we have no writer who is taking the nation by storm. No writer is generating a powerful current of sympathy, as did Scott and Dickens. It requires such an influence in our midst to make current literature really a topic and a subject of thought among boys."

"You have insisted, Dr. Welldon, on the need to awake in boys the sense of literary beauty. I believe you have made special efforts at Harrow to awake their sense of artistic beauty, also, by reviving the teaching of drawing?"

"Yes; and I am glad to say that we now get remarkable results at Harrow. I must explain to you that every young boy at Harrow is compelled to study either drawing or singing. The compulsion, however, to study either ceases after a time; and thus the music and drawing masters' chance of retaining their pupils is, in general, to arouse in them, during the compulsory period, a genuine love for one or the other of these studies."

"And now, Dr. Welldon, an old question in conclusion. Does the constant widening of the curriculum alarm you? Do you find that thoroughness is giving place to variety?"

"The two are certainly, in some sense, antagonistic; there can be no denying that. Grammatical accuracy, for instance, tends to suffer when much time is given to the development of the literary sense. It is a balance of gain and loss, and all we can do is to be watchful and see that the gain is greater than the loss. I ask myself at Harrow: How can I make the best of the boys as future citizens of the greatest empire of the world? And I do not doubt that it is my duty to give the widest, the most various, the most liberal teaching possible. Moreover, there are other ends to be kept in view than mere learning. It is the function of the public schools to teach public duty. Wherever possible, book-learning should be made the medium of inspiring this sentiment in English school-boys. I may mention that before leaving Harrow I gave the Harrow boys Mr. Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire* as their holiday task."

"Indeed! That is interesting. And will they be examined in it on their return?"

"Oh, yes."

"You have a large Army class at Harrow?"

"Yes; and we have recently started a Navy class. What is more, we have just passed a boy first into the Navy direct from Harrow School. He is the firstfruits of a new system, in which Mr. Goschen takes the liveliest interest—a system of training young boys for the Navy at our public schools."

Time forbade further conversation; but as I rose to go, I launched yet another question in summary of all my others:

"What broad tendency, Dr. Welldon, do you discover in education to-day?"

"I think the tendency should be freedom, variety, elasticity. I think a schoolmaster should try, within certain broad limits, to ascertain what a boy can do best and let him do it. No doubt, there must be a backbone of compulsory subjects in all education; but the secret of educational success lies not so much in rigidity as in the sympathetic study of dispositions and abilities."

#### EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE.

As Charles Lamb used to say that his real works were to be found in the old India Office in Leadenhall-street, so might one say of Macaulay that his best and most enduring work (even beyond the History) is to be found in the present constitution of the British Government in India. It is to him that India owes her wonderful Penal Code, unmatched for clearness, and so well suited to its purpose that the amendments which the experience of nearly forty years has shown to be necessary may almost be counted on one's fingers. How great and exceptional is this praise will be best known to those who have seen how the two other great Indian Codes—those of procedure—have been added to, modified, and recast within the same period. It is a commonplace to say that most Englishmen know no more of their great dependency than Macaulay has told them in his essays on Clive and Warren Hastings—and it would be well if all knew even so much, for (*pace* Matthew Arnold) there is great political wisdom, not useless for the present time, to be found therein. Macaulay, too, had a great share in the reform, in 1833, of the East India Company, and it was mainly due to him that the close service was, in 1854, thrown open to competition, and the masterly report of him and his colleagues is the foundation of the system by which the administrators of India have been chosen from that day to this. And by general consent, of foreigners no less than of ourselves, no more able, loyal, and devoted service is to be found in the world now, or has been known in the past.

The principles laid down in the famous minute must be sought there, but are also to be found in outline in the speech of June 23, 1853, which (with his nephew and biographer) we regret was by its author excluded from his collected speeches. The changes that have been from time to time made in the conditions under which Indian civilians enter on their career fall mainly under three heads: first and most important, age of admission; second, period and place of probation; and third, subjects of examination, marks assigned, and matters subsidiary thereto. Most important is the question of age, which is now again very nearly the same as that which was at first fixed, and which many of the best

judges think is too high. In my opinion they are right. The age which the candidates selected at the final examination in 1897 had reached at the time of that examination ranged from 23½ to very nearly 25 years. This is too late for young men to enter the Indian Service, for reasons which I shall presently give, since there are other considerations which weigh against that physical maturity which prompted the change, made five years ago, from the low range of age which had been the rule for some ten years previous—and which was as much too low as the present is too high. As there is no danger of a return to that low standard, it will be enough to say here that the change was made at the urgent and repeated instances of the Indian Governments, local and Imperial, it having been found that the mortality among the junior civilians, as among soldiers who went to India under twenty, was alarmingly great. The change made, however, was too sweeping. When the age of candidates was originally fixed (in 1854) the system of examination for public service was new, special training for the contests was unknown, and the advantages of the Indian Service were very much greater than now. Promotion was rapid, the average duration of service considerably less, and the pay (nominally not very different) was really, grade for grade, about double. All these things make the service much less attractive to the older men now proceeding to India, and they will feel the pressure of the changed conditions more as the years pass on, and they find that they cannot claim their pensions till they are nearly fifty years of age (say sixty in our own land), that their service will be mostly spent in comparatively subordinate positions, and that the pecuniary reward of zealous and self-sacrificing work is not very great. All this would, for obvious reasons, be much mitigated if the superior limit of age for admission were again fixed at twenty-one instead of twenty-three; and supplementary to that, probably it would be an advantage to put the lower limit at "over eighteen" instead of "over nineteen." (Of course it would be unfair not to set in the balance for Indian service the increased advantages, in health, liberal leave rules and much more; but no one interested is likely to overlook or moderate these.) Another thing that must be mentioned is, the first competition-wallahs went out to India at once, and served their probation in Calcutta, &c., after their period of service had begun. The present one year's probation in this country is too short for its purpose, and it seems a mistake to have only one examination for selected candidates (in Riding there are no less than three in the same period). Progress in the compulsory subjects should be tested at least once before the Final Examination; this might prevent such a disaster as befell one candidate on the last occasion. This leads me to notice the case of the candidate, a native of Bengal, who heads the lists both at the entrance and for seniority—and who *has utterly failed in the essential qualification of riding*. Under the regulations, this gentleman will proceed to Calcutta, and, if he still fail to qualify, the responsibility and in-



justice of retaining him (being unfit), or the odium of ejecting him from the service, will be thrown on the Bengal Government—which is neither fair nor politic.

In regard to the subjects of examination, I should like to see several changes. The range embraced was originally, is now, and should always be, very wide—so as to reap from among the best intellects of the country of all bents. But the reasons which in 1892 led the Commissioners to strike Italian out of the list are not convincing. It should be restored, and both Spanish and Russian should be added. No one who really considers will maintain that any one of the three is easy, is useless, or can be *crammed*. The last objection *does* apply, in large measure, to the various divisions of history, and to mental and political science, all of which are highly marked, and are, of course, great favourites with the candidates. It is just the opposite with law, with natural science, with languages thoroughly studied, and, above all, with mathematics. Having regard to this, the table of marks might with advantage be reconsidered.

Again, under the system that has ruled since 1892, the education of the Indian civilians has been falling more and more into the hands of Oxford and Cambridge, from which have come 210 out of 283 successful candidates since 1892, excluding 1896, where the published tables do not allow exact figures *confined to the I.C.S.* (The numbers were: Oxford 141, Cambridge 69.) In this matter the great English universities have fully earned the reward of their enlightened policy towards education for India, and before the change they had already secured a practical monopoly of the training of selected candidates, for whom both colleges and universities did their utmost. On the contrary, the universities of Ireland and Scotland have practically thrown away their share in preparing candidates, and still more in training probationers. The arrangements made by the Scotch universities, as the official paper in the reports shows, are ludicrously inadequate; no teaching is offered in any of the vernaculars, or law, or history of India. Barren all! It is not for the best advantage of the Empire that this should continue. Each of our three nations excel the others in some valuable points, and each should give of its best (as in olden days they all did) to the rule of India. Why should the part played by Scotland and by Ireland in the Army, Public Works, and other Government departments be so great, and in the Civil Service so small? In both countries are plenty of fit candidates, plenty of able teachers; why do they not find one another out? But if they are falling behind, not so the natives of India. The latter, passing, of course, through Oxford or Cambridge, furnish a steady proportion of successful candidates; and as their years of service, being passed in their own land, will be larger, the initial proportion will always tend to increase. In this many will see political danger: it seems clear that we are not entitled, except by superior capacity, to rule India, and that when we have enabled

them to set up equally good—and safe—government for themselves, we should leave, as we are pledged to go from Egypt. This paper is long already, so I will notice only one more point. The names of examiners at the Open Competition are not given, but for the Final they are, though the same reasons would seem to operate in both cases, and in neither need the names be known *beforehand*. It does, however, seem strange that year after year the teachers of Persian and Hindustani in Oxford should be examining one another's pupils—also, no doubt, their own: there are many other competent and willing examiners, and the arrangement is, to say the least, not seemly, and, if noticed, would give German and French scholars many a good laugh at us!

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### VIII.—A SCHOOLBOY.

HE walked slowly round my room, whistling gently, and affecting to examine the contents of my bookshelves. But now and again he looked wistfully towards a pile of boys' books in the corner. The pile was diminishing daily; for rumours of it had got abroad among my more youthful friends. I told him he might choose three for himself; and he selected *The Camp of Refuge, Paris at Bay*, and *Afloat with Nelson*. Why had he not chosen *The Boys of Huntingley*, which was a public school story, since he was a public schoolboy himself? Well, he didn't much care about stories of schoolboys; the boys were generally such "rotters." Yes, they had *Eric*; or, *Little by Little*, in the library at school, and he called it rank piffle, what he had seen of it. But *Tom Brown's Schooldays* wasn't half bad; of course, everybody read that. Poetry? No, he hadn't read much poetry. Oh, yes! he had read *The Bab Ballads*, also *The Barrack-room Ballads*; Burnup had lent them to him—Burnup was his house tutor—and they, too, weren't half bad; but they weren't poetry. Poetry, I elicited finally, was the stuff you had to turn into Latin verses—Milton, for choice.

On the whole, the best book he had ever read was *Harry Lorrequer*, though he had been reading *Oliver Twist* these holidays, and found it not half bad. *Robinson Crusoe*? No, he hadn't read that, though he knew the work in pantomime form; nor yet the *Swiss Family Robinson*, which he had been told was rather footling. Should a book have a girl in it? or did girls spoil books? The question seemed to make him a little uneasy. But, when we had threshed the matter out, we agreed that a girl does not necessarily ruin a book, that she often improves it, and that, in fact, the best kind of book is the book which has a good deal of fighting, and just a little bit of girl. Like the *Prisoner of Zenda*? Yes; a chap had brought it back to school last term, and it wasn't half bad. He liked Princess Flavia.

Had I any of Stevenson's books? Yes, I had, but not to give away. And was he an admirer of Stevenson? Well, he had

read *Treasure Island*, and it wasn't half bad; but it wasn't that so much as Burnup—the house tutor, you know. Burnup, you see, was awfully keen on getting the chaps to read good books, and Burnup thought no end of Stevenson. Burnup always wanted to know what you had been reading during the holidays, and it wouldn't be half a bad idea to read one of Stevenson's books—for the benefit of Burnup. Burnup could do a lot for you if you *did* get into a hole. So *Kidnapped* was added to the other three—as a loan. Yes, taking them all round, books about the sea were the best—*Westward Ho!* for instance, and *Midshipman Easy*. Whence it would seem that no quite recent writer has quite got the grip of Marryat and Kingsley on the schoolboy. But he had never heard of *Sandford and Merton*.

Still, when you have to play football and go in for house runs and do prep., to say nothing of spending some hours a day in form, you don't get very much time for reading. Besides, it's rather smugish to read much out of school. The thing to do is to read in form, which is quite easy when your form master is short-sighted. Just stick your book in the lid of your desk, under your construe and you can read away as much as you like. Only it has to be a thin book. The best for this purpose is the *Red Rovers of Mexico*, because it is printed on very thin paper, and has a paper cover. Besides it only costs a penny, and even this expense may be diminished by tearing out the pages and passing them round as you read them. Every chap in the upper fourth has read the *Red Rovers of Mexico*. Its—well—rather steep, you know; you can't believe all of it; but it really isn't half bad. And then he departed to read *Kidnapped* for the benefit—primarily of Burnup, but to his own ultimate profit.

## THE TRADE IN SCHOOL BOOKS

### STRONG PROTESTS FROM BOOKSELLERS.

WE have thought it interesting to ascertain the position which school books occupy in the esteem of booksellers. The result of our inquiries has surprised us. We had supposed that the profit on school books was good, and that the sale of this class of literature was one of the bookseller's compensations. We now know better. From every part of the country we have reports written in a tone of almost bitter complaint. The trade in school books is appropriated by wholesale firms, who obtain school books on terms which make it impossible for the bookseller to compete. Incidentally, our bookseller correspondents make various shrewd suggestions, which we commend to all who are interested in educational matters.

A large London bookseller leads the way with the following statement:

"This is undoubtedly the worst feature of what has to be considered 'a bad business.' The bookseller comes into competition with almost the whole of the publishers of school

books, with disastrous results to himself; and trade is going from bad to worse. All the largest schools buy direct: orders are booked by publishers' travellers, and the terms are frequently (if not always) better than those given to booksellers. In addition, fashions in school books are constantly changing, and the stock room gets clogged with 'overs.' These remarks do not, however, apply to *technical* books or books for evening classes, &c., which are constantly increasing in number and excellence, thus compensating one for the loss (?) of the school trade."

#### A Brighton bookseller writes:

"We do not consider the sale of educational books by any means a profitable one, for the following reasons:

(1) Educational books are always wanted quickly, which necessitates the keeping of a large stock in order to do any trade in this department.

(2) The purchasers of school books always require the utmost discount obtainable.

(3) The publishers' terms are more strict over these books than on any other class of literature.

(4) Much dead stock is inevitably made by frequent issue of new editions, rendering old ones unsaleable, and by change of text-books in the schools.

We think that all school books should be exchangeable for new editions when issued, and better terms given on educational books all round."

Bristol is the educational metropolis of the West of England, but a Bristol bookseller writes in no jubilant strain about the profits of the school book trade in that city:

"The school book trade is so cut, the profits are so small, and the changes of books so frequent, that it is dangerous to stock school books. By the way, are not booksellers very foolish to always tell the public the cost price of these goods? Does any other trade act thus foolishly?"

A Birmingham correspondent sends us a message which confirms, from a bookseller's point of view, some of the opinions expressed by Dr. Welldon in the interview which appears in another column:

"The trade in school books and educational books generally is very risky: the frequent changes, the modern plan of using books for one term only, the modest price at which they are published, and the short life of so many school books, make the business a most hazardous one. Notwithstanding, it is fairly profitable. We supply all the colleges and high schools in Birmingham, but we avoid the elementary schools. There are too many school books. We wish it were possible to punish the next person who writes, prints, or publishes a new Greek, Latin, French, or German 'System,' 'Course' or 'Reader.'"

This report is not contradicted by another emanating from Birmingham:

"I have for years avoided the school trade as far as school books, &c., are concerned. The discounts to the customer are larger, and the terms from the publisher to the trade smaller, than in any other department of the book trade. £1,000 of the turnover in school books are sold at a loss to the retailer when working expenses are calculated. The net system is better applied to school books than many other classes of literature."

An Oxford bookseller's experience is this:

"I cannot speak as to ordinary school books, but those used in the 'Schools' are always in

brisk demand, and a book that has something in it of real value to Oxford men, even though the price be high, is bought ungrudgingly.

But is it not a waste of energy and scholarship, to say nothing of money and booksellers' brains, that so many chips from the Classics should be duplicated and quadruplicated as they are nowadays?"

From a Chester firm of booksellers we have this report:

"Fortunately, we have not a large business of the class indicated. We doubt very much if it can be profitably conducted, unless on a very large scale, and with travellers. The infinite detail, the cut prices, and deferred payments—not to mention bad debts—render the bulk of such customers unprofitable, though there are, in our connexion, one or two large accounts which we value highly."

#### A Cardiff bookseller writes:

"I have never attempted to do business in school books and educational works. I find that wholesale houses, who get special terms from publishers, take advantage of this privilege to obtain orders against the retail bookseller. I think it is too bad that traders, who obtain special discount for the purpose of supplying retailers, should go direct to the retailers' customers—the schools."

Our Cheltenham correspondent is not enthusiastic:

"I supply most of the high-class schools here with books. The class of books used constantly changes, so that it is unwise to stock school books, as the profit realised is small at the best. The reduction in price, and reissues of cheap editions, such as the 'Penny Poets,' &c., tells much against the returns."

A Harrogate bookseller brings an indictment against Leeds:

"My experience of school-book trade is that the less I stock of school books and sell the better under present conditions. This class of trade is most unprofitable. A certain Leeds firm has obtained the contract for our School Board at one-third off. I offered 25 per cent. Now 8½ difference means a lot to the Board and absolutely nothing to the contractor. Bear in mind that carriage on the books has to be paid to Leeds. Then the books must be overhauled and sent out again, carriage paid to Harrogate. Can you show me where the profit comes in? This applies not only to the School Board but to most, if not all the private schools as well. All the publishers are sending out travellers now in all directions, waiting upon the teachers, and supplying their wants. Our experience is unmistakably this—to keep off all school books and material for schools. Prize books only we cultivate, for Sunday and day schools."

#### From a Norwich bookseller:

"The only opinion I can offer is that it is little use trying to do a school and educational trade unless one is able to offer large discounts and employ canvassers to solicit orders. This district is well covered by large wholesale houses who can offer exceptional terms, against which a retail bookseller is unable to compete."

#### A bookseller of Darlington writes:

"Our experience of school books is the same as of books in general, only worse. A powerful monopoly, in the shape of a limited company consisting mainly of school teachers, have the matter in their own hands in a radius of over 100 miles. Booksellers are powerless. It is

quite hopeless to attempt to compete with such an organisation. They have, therefore, to look for other branches of trade to eke out a living. The second grade schools take a few books; but the frequent changes they make entail a loss on books left over and unsaleable. Yet we are obliged to keep up the fiction of selling school books for the sake of keeping the connexion together. An unprofitable class of trade!"

A leading firm of Edinburgh booksellers echoes the universal complaint, and adds a suggestion:

"The enormous increase in the number of educational books published, and the consequent rapid changes in those used in any given school or college, render this department the most difficult to deal with in the whole business of bookselling. The stock increases, and books which one year sell well may next year be worthless. Could booksellers not invent a system of exchange which might be for mutual advantage?"

A DUBLIN bookseller writes favourably of the trade in school books, but with strong reservations:

"After a long experience in every branch of education books—from the most abstruse subject in mathematics and science to the elementary school book—we still look upon it as an important department in bookselling, and a fairly remunerative one.

It is a department which requires constant attention; and great care must be exercised in ordering stock, as a book in demand to-day may be superseded by another next week, and become dead and useless stock.

We are strongly of opinion that where this class of business cannot be done without accepting contracts at 'cutting' prices, it had far better be left severely alone."

Lastly, a Belfast bookseller writes in vehement strain:

"Educational books are now made up for *cram*, *not education*, and they are a great nuisance to the bookseller, who must be wide awake if he wishes to keep soul and body together."

#### NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

In a recent issue Mr. Earl Hodgson found fault with certain turns of phrase that are met with in current English. His list was not a long one. He could, no doubt, have extended it considerably, and if he had done so I should probably, for my part, have been able thoroughly to disagree with him on many points. As it is, I could not, with a clear conscience, subscribe to his protest in all particulars. But that is neither here nor there. I merely cite our divergence of view as typical. Hardly any two writers of English are at one in their ideas as to idiom or construction, and if they were they would still be liable to be bowled out by the printer's reader, who has his views on the subject too. At present it is the printer's reader who rules the roost—or is it roast? If he were always of one mind that would not greatly matter, since what we want above all things is uniformity or rule. Unfortunately every

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great printing establishment has methods of its own, both of spelling and phraseology. The great London newspapers ought to be wells of English undefiled. As every critical reader knows, they are very far from earning that distinction. In one of our leading journals, for instance, you will never find the good old Saxon phrase "five and twenty." The writer may write it, but the printer's reader, acting upon some rule or tradition of the office, turns it into "25." Now "five and twenty," I submit, is not exactly 25. It is a more indefinite number. The writer who says five and twenty does not mean to be as precise as an accountant or a bank clerk. Consider what would be the effect of expressing Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," as "the charge of the 600." Some of the delicate suggestiveness of the line would at once fade out of it. For many years the *Times* tried to introduce "holyday" as the spelling of "holiday." It has given it up, and very properly, because holiday has long ceased to be holy-day. Another questionable idiosyncrasy of the daily press may be mentioned. *Finale*, in music, is given in italics—thus, *finales*. This is wrong, because "finale" is an entirely English word. The italicised form would be right if the word were French. But it is not French. We take it from the Italian, pronouncing it in three syllables—*fin-ale*—and give it an English plural. To be italicised it ought to be given the Italian plural, *finali*. As pronounced and written it is English and nothing else, and therefore ought to be printed in the ordinary Roman character. On the same principle "impresarios" ought not to be italicised, as it usually is.

The other day I read in an eloquent article: "Everybody is entitled to *their* opinion." This is very bad, of course, but "everybody" and "everyone" are bothering words. Ought we to say "everybody is entitled to his or her opinion," or is "his" opinion enough? Everybody on this question is not agreed. Then consider the various ways of saying the equivalent of *on peut*: "one "You can," "they can," "we can," "can," "people can." Is there any great language but English lacking in the impersonal pronoun represented by "on"? And couldn't it be supplied, or, rather, restored, for it existed in Anglo-Saxon? "Mon seal God lufian," said the Englishmen of the eleventh century, the "mon" being a near relative of the German "man," as in "man sagt." Perhaps the "mon" has become impossible; but of the various equivalents in use which is the best? "No one was there but I" is a very common phrase. I think it, nevertheless, wrong. The "but" seems to me to have the same force as "except," and to be entitled to carry an objective with it—*i.e.*, "me." This word "me" brings up a crucial point. In answer to the question, "Who is there?" nine English people out of ten say "Me." The Latin-minded grammarians contend for "I" on the strength of the rule of Latin that the verb "esse" takes the same case after it as before it. But there is something to be said for the popular usage. The modern English expression is borrowed from the French,

"C'est moi," and is at best a hybrid. In Old English they had a distinctively English form: "I am it," corresponding to the German, "Ich bin es"; and we still say in analogous circumstances, "Who is it?" Could we have "I am it" restored, or at least "It's me" sanctioned?

Many purists condemn such a phrase as "no sort or kind" on the ground of tautology. I should be sorry, however, to see it disappear, because it is a landmark in English philology; it is a relic of the fusion of Saxon and Norman-French. At that period many phrases of a bi-lingual character crept into use, and this is one of them. "Truth and honour" is another, truth being "troth," or honour, as in "by my troth." "Voice" as a verb is much objected to, coming to us moderns as it does from American sources—*e.g.*, to "voice" the public sentiment. I don't like it, and never use it, but it occurs in Shakespeare. Notoriously many so-called Americanisms are old English provincialisms. The purists threaten, indeed, to become insufferable pedants. It is now the custom of the printer's reader—our great authority—to treat "none" as invariably singular, a contraction for no one. But it is useful as a plural, and is so used in Shakespeare—*e.g.*, "Speak daggers, but use none." Why may we not continue to say, "I spoke to no women at the meeting because there were none present"?

More objectional still is the growing practice of treating a collective phrase as a plural. The printer's reader no longer allows us to say: "His life was marked with a goodness and truth that was undeniable." We are now expected to use "were." Presently we shall be saying "Thirteen and fourpence *are* the price." Already some people say "Five pounds *are* a large sum"; and we are losing, if we have not already lost, the right to speak of "five foot ten." The podant, too often ignorant of the Saxon idiom, will have it "feet." Our plurals certainly want regulating. Macaulay speaks of "a shambles," but it gives me a shudder to read of "a gasworks." Why not "a gaswork" or "a soapwork"? "Politics" and "news" are becoming established as singular nouns; but the newspaper scribe is still bothered with "lock-out," the plural of which is given both as locks-out and lock-outs. To my mind "locks-out" is not defensible because "lock" there is not a noun but a verb. Of "author" and "authoress" as applied to a woman, which is the better? There appears to be no rule. Miss Braddon on her title-pages always calls herself an "author." Again, is it Whitsun Day or Whit Sunday? We say "Whitsuntide," but then we also say Whit Monday. I should say Whitsun was correct. For years that exasperating phrase "Parcels Post" obtained official sanction. It is now happily changed to "Parcel Post," which is truer to English idiom, though "Telegraphs Department" remains to vex our souls; and, of course, there is still the "London Parcels Delivery Company" flying in the face of philology. Possibly "Parcels Post" was suggested by such phrases as "heart's desire" or "money's worth," but there is no real analogy between them.

One abomination is no sooner got rid of than another (to my thinking) grows up. We say "Macmillans *are* publishing a book," or "Longmans." Indeed, the latter firm adopt "Longmans" as their style and title, though everybody knows the members of the firm are the Messrs. Longman. This does not appear to me to be good English. The analogy is "the baker's" or "the greengrocer's," but it is once more a false analogy. "Later on" is objected to by Mr. Earl Hodgson, and it strikes me, too, as a vulgarism. But it has its analogy in "further on," which is perfectly good English. It is a coming-on phrase. "Later" is rather a bald expression; the "on" helps it somehow, and I imagine "later on" has come to stay. We badly need an authoritative declaration with respect to it. Also on the question of the "split infinitive." I don't like "to greatly increase," preferring "greatly to increase"; but I am not prepared to say that it is un-English. Pretty much the same remark applies to what is called the flat infinitive. "Come and help us kill the fatted calf" instead of "to kill" has something in its favour; but I draw the line at the Americanism, "to help persons appreciate the scenery."

I have by no means exhausted the debatable points of idiom or construction. Every writer of experience could add to the list. Only the more obvious have I touched upon. Many of a subtle character remain. What reporter, for instance, knows how to render correctly, in the third person, such a qualifying phrase as "I dare say"? I have seen "he dared say" and "he durst say," but both fail to render the sense—which is, "he rather thought." Again, in such a sentence as, "This has had the more effect that many of the speeches were," &c., which is the better word after "effect"—"that" or "because"? Both are used. Again, is "bluff" good English or slang? I say nothing of a general reform of English spelling. That is never likely to come now. It could not be attempted without the adoption of a greatly extended alphabet to render the many half-sounds that occur in English. We should never accustom ourselves to saying that an article was "mād in Jermani" or "mād in Frans." Nor is it necessary that we should. I have always thought the spelling reformers mistook the conditions of the problem. Our spelling may be erratic, but the printed word is a kind of visual counter. We learn to recognise it, and to spell it, by the eye. How often do we feel that a word *looks* wrongly spelt? Words have to be taken *en bloc*, and it would be exactly the same with the "fonetic" monstrosities proposed as their substitutes. In reading, we never get at the sense of a word by spelling it, and "cough" and "plough," although theoretically anomalous and incongruous, present no practical difficulty. Still, spelling might in certain cases be simplified with advantage. "Program" and "jewelry" are better than the accepted forms "programme," "jewellery."

At present English is like a luxuriant garden running wild. It needs trimming and weeding.

## REVIEWS.

## SCIENCE.

## MATHEMATICS AND MECHANICS.

*An Elementary Treatise on the Metric System of Weights and Measures.* By J. Hamblin Smith. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES.—*Euclid: Books I.-IV.* By Rupert Deakin. *The Tutorial Trigonometry.* By William Briggs and G. H. Bryan. (W. B. Clive.)

*Elementary Geometrical Statics.* By W. J. Dobbs. (Macmillan & Co.)

*Applied Mechanics.* By John Perry. (Cassell & Co.)

*Steam Boilers.* By George Halliday. (Edward Arnold.)

IF the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee appointed in 1895 to consider our system of weights and measures had been accepted, the use of the Metric System would now be compulsory. But though Parliament passed an Act to legalise this system for the purposes of trade, the Government very wisely decided not to ask for powers to enforce the use of metres, grams, and litres, upon a nation which had learned to think in yards, ounces, and quarts. Nothing but good can result, however, from a wider acquaintance with the metric system than is possessed at present by commercial men. But familiarity with the system must be obtained by actual measurements rather than by abstract arithmetical exercises on its various units. We are therefore of the opinion that Mr. Hamblin Smith's treatise will not be nearly so useful in extending the knowledge of metric units of measurement as the penny rules and tape measures which are now sold, marked in both centimetres and inches.

Several excellent editions of Euclid's Elements have been published in recent years; and Mr. Deakin's rendering of the first four books takes its place among them. The propositions are clearly set down, both in figure and text, and many most helpful notes are given upon the methods of proof. Moreover, special care has been taken with the exercises; and if the student pays attention to the hints given, he will soon find as much pleasure in working riders as he does in solving puzzles.

Another book in which the student is given every assistance which it is possible for a text-book to render is the *Tutorial Trigonometry*, by Prof. Bryan and Mr. Briggs. Believing—and rightly so—that "a thorough grasp of the nature and general properties of trigonometric functions is just as essential as facility in manipulating trigonometric expressions," general definitions referring to angles both greater and less than a right angle are introduced at an early stage. Rather more than a half of the book is devoted to functions, formulæ, and equations referring to one or more angles, while the remainder deals with logarithms and the solution of triangles. The introduction of a chapter describing the methods of representing trigonometric functions by diagrams is much to be commended. Graphical methods of representing facts and relationships not only aid the student, but are of the utmost value to the practical man.

Mr. Schooling has shown how statistics can be made intelligible by means of diagrams, and science teachers are rapidly learning that geometrical constructions appeal much more forcibly to the mind than mathematical formulæ. In Mr. Dobbs's *Elementary Geometrical Statics* the subject of graphic statics is dealt with in a systematic manner. It is

easy to understand that any force acting upon a body can be represented by a line, both as regards the point at which it is applied, the direction in which it acts, and the strength or magnitude. Taking this as a fundamental principle, Mr. Dobbs shows how the resultants and conditions of equilibrium of forces having various lines of action can be represented by geometrical figures. True it is that the rods and strings involved in the problems are assumed to have neither weight nor thickness, and that the frameworks to which attention is given are indeformable; nevertheless, the principles described may be applied to stresses generally, and should form an essential part of the education of every engineer.

In contrast with the purely geometrical aspect of forces presented in Mr. Dobbs's work, we have Prof. Perry's aggressively practical views expressed in his *Applied Mechanics*. Prof. Perry holds very strong opinions upon the manner in which mechanics should be taught, and he airs his views in his text-book in a way which a candid critic might describe as egotistic. But when he descends to gibes at academic teaching, he irritates the reader and spoils his students. Surely a student must have received a fair amount of academic training before he can use the differential and integral calculus, yet the calculus is introduced on p. 15 of Prof. Perry's book. However, the students who use the book may, and probably will, evade the paragraphs in which the calculus is used. There will still remain a practical course on general principles which should be known by every student of mechanical engineering.

For apprentices and workmen who have not had a preliminary training such as the book affords, but who wish to learn something of the scientific principles involved in the construction of boilers, Mr. Halliday's manual on *Steam Boilers* is admirably suited. The practical knowledge gained in the workshop or factory finds an adequate supplement in this manual, which is intermediate between the abstract text-book of heat or steam and the highly specialised treatise. The volume is a very valuable addition to technological handbooks, and may profitably be read by everyone who has to do with the construction, trial, or management of steam boilers of any type.

## ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

*Theory of Electricity and Magnetism.* By Charles E. Curry. (Macmillan & Co.)

*The Theory of Electricity and Magnetism: being Lectures on Mathematical Physics.* By Arthur G. Webster. (Macmillan & Co.)

*First Principles of Electricity and Magnetism.* By C. H. W. Biggs. (Biggs & Co.)

*The Principles of Alternate Current Working.* By Alfred Hay. (Biggs & Co.)

DR. CURRY'S treatment of the *Theory of Electricity and Magnetism* is based upon a work by Prof. Boltzmann, who contributes a preface to it. The treatise could have been appropriately entitled a *philosophy* of electricity and magnetism, and is a good example of the manner in which electric and magnetic theory is studied on the Continent. As a rule, British men of science (mathematicians excepted) like to deal with phenomena first and theory afterwards, but the philosophical German mind reverses this order and considers how the facts fit the theory rather than how the theory explains the facts. In Dr. Curry's book the deductive method of reasoning is strictly followed, the aim being "to show that Maxwell's theory, with its recent modifications and developments, suffices to explain all phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and on the other hand, that all electric and magnetic phenomena follow directly from it."

To students already familiar with modern views of electricity, the treatise will be of service in showing how electric and magnetic phenomena may be derived from Maxwell's fundamental equations.

Prof. Webster's work also deals with the mathematical theory of electricity, but from a different standpoint, being an introduction to Maxwell's classical treatise rather than a brief to show the soundness of the Maxwellian theory. The first half of the book is devoted to the treatment of departments of mathematics and theoretical mechanics bearing upon mathematical physics, and not until p. 243 is reached are electrostatics, electromagnetics, and magnetism brought into consideration. It may be doubted, however, whether such an inordinate amount of introductory matter is desirable in a work intended for University students; for even granting that a student should be well provided with tools for his mental work, the value of the tools can best be understood by using them at once upon concrete material. If the theorems which occupy the first half of the book are "simply matters of geometry and analysis," the title should have made this fact clear. Putting this aside, there is no doubt that Prof. Webster's treatise will assist students who intend to devote attention to the more difficult works of Maxwell, Helmholtz, Hertz, and Heaviside.

Very little mathematical knowledge is needed to understand Mr. Biggs's book on *Electricity and Magnetism*. The book contains a clear statement of the principles underlying the construction and use of apparatus employed in the laboratory and in simple electrical installations. The treatment is original in many respects, and the information given is often of a practical kind, not found in similar elementary works. The free use of the first person singular is not unpleasing, though here and there it jars upon the reader. For instance, the expression "This is the fifth time I have had a shot at this preface" is not altogether happy.

Mr. Hay's book on *Alternate Current Working* brings us right into the domain of electrotechnics. It is a very helpful little volume upon a difficult branch of electrical engineering, and as a stepping-stone to the more advanced treatises of Fleming and Jackson is much to be commended. We doubt if there is another book which will serve that purpose better than Mr. Hay's does.

## CHEMISTRY.

*A Course of Practical Chemistry.* By M. M. Pattison Muir. Part I.: Elementary. (Longmans.)

*Chemistry for Photographers.* By Chas. F. Townsend. (Dawbarn & Ward.)

*Agricultural Chemistry.* By R. H. Adie and T. B. Wood. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul.)

MR. PATTISON MUIR has so freely criticised the methods of teaching chemistry set forth in various text-books that we opened his own book with a certain amount of curiosity; and we confess to a feeling of disappointment at the result. The book is good in some respects, but it does not possess those original qualities which, wrongly perhaps, we have been led to expect. It is now generally conceded that a student should begin the study of chemistry by a course of practical work on the properties of substances and by investigations of simple physical and chemical changes. This is the method followed by Mr. Muir, nearly one-half the book being taken up with experiments on important inorganic substances. The student is thus trained to use his reasoning powers before he reaches qualitative analysis proper. The first part of the book has, therefore, a distinct educational

value, but in our opinion qualitative analysis has none, and only those students who intend to become analysts ought to give time to it. The analysis of simple salts is, however, usually an obligatory part of a course in chemistry, and this being so, Mr. Muir's book is as good as any other to work from. The book is built upon a definite plan, and the information given is sensible as well as sound.

It differs entirely from Mr. Townsend's *Chemistry for Photographers*, which aims at being serviceable rather than educational. Amateur photographers, and professionals as well, are as a rule content to be profoundly ignorant of the chemical processes involved in the production of negatives and prints. Let them read Mr. Townsend's book and they will find that they will be able to extend their work considerably, even though in a few cases the descriptions of chemical reactions are more forcible than accurate.

The *Agricultural Chemistry*, of Messrs. Adie and Wood, is by no means a success, either in plan or execution. The pages are uncut (a distinct drawback to an elementary work), the figures are bundled together at the commencement of the first volume, and numerous paragraphs and sentences are placed in square brackets without any reason being assigned. The only good points about the volumes are simplicity of treatment and a progressive series of experiments, but we are sure these are not sufficient to attract the teachers and students for whom the work is intended, or to divert attention from the many deficiencies.

#### BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES.

*A Text-book of Physiology.* By M. Foster. Assisted by C. S. Sherrington. Part III. "The Central Nervous System." (Macmillan.)

*Lectures on Physiology.* First Series: "Animal Electricity." By Augustus D. Waller. (Longmans.)

*Elements of the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates.* Adapted from the German of Dr. R. Wiedersheim, by W. N. Parker. (Macmillan.)

*The Vertebrate Skeleton.* By Sydney H. Reynolds. (Cambridge University Press.)

*Lessons in Elementary Biology.* By T. Jeffery Parker. (Macmillan.)

*A Text-book of General Botany.* By Carlton C. Curtis. (Longmans.)

PROF. MICHAEL FOSTER'S *Text-book of Physiology* is a classic. It is a book which must be read by the earnest student of physiology, and which every practitioner should keep by him for reference. More than twenty years have elapsed since the work first appeared, but throughout that period it has occupied the foremost place among books dealing with the science of vital machinery. The present edition—the seventh—of the part of the book devoted to the central nervous system has been largely revised to bring it into line with the remarkable advances which the study of the brain has made within the past few years.

After reading Prof. Waller's lectures on *Animal Electricity* we are more than ever sorry that he has resigned his chair at the Royal Institution, where they were delivered; for they constitute a most important contribution to the physics of living matter. Animal electricity is considered to have had its origin in the observation by Galvani of spasmodic movements in the legs of freshly-killed frogs suspended on copper hooks. The nerves in the legs were receiving a weak current of electricity and they expressed their feelings in spasms. Dr. Waller's experiments consist in removing the nerve from its natural organ and exciting it electrically to see how it responds. The isolated nerve thus treated produces an effect upon a gal-

vanometer connected with it, and the effect can be proved to be an exact measure of its physiological activity. Only living nerves produce these electrical effects when stimulated; dead nerves having no excitability whatever. The activity of a nerve under various influences, such as anæsthetics, heat, acids, alcohol, tobacco smoke, &c., can, therefore, be found by observing the change in the character of the normal electric response when the nerve is stimulated under the different conditions. That is what Dr. Waller has done, and the results of his interesting inquiries are described in lucid language in the present volume.

The third edition of Dr. Wiedersheim's standard work on *Comparative Anatomy* forms the basis of Prof. W. N. Parker's text-book, which differs, however, so much from the original that it is practically a new book. By treating the German edition freely, abridging it in some parts and adding new material to others, the work is made far more suitable to English readers than if the text had merely been translated. The plan of the book is to compare the organs of animals and to show how they individually have suffered evolution. A general knowledge of zoology is necessary before the book can be usefully studied, but the illustrations are so numerous and instructive that they alone provide the means for a liberal education in comparative anatomy. Medical students, and workers in vertebrate morphology, should certainly add the book to their libraries. The skeleton comes in for a large share of attention, and in Mr. Sydney Reynolds's *Vertebrate Skeleton* it is treated in detail. For each group of animals the general skeletal characters are first described; then the skeleton of the selected type is taken, and this is followed by the treatment of the skeleton as developed in the group organ by organ. The book covers a wide field, some animals which are not strictly vertebrate being included; but Mr. Reynolds has dealt with them all in a satisfactory manner.

The course of general biology contained in the late Prof. T. J. Parker's *Lessons in Elementary Biology* (third edition) serves to give students who have studied zoology and botany separately a connected view of organic life from the simple blobs of protoplasm known as amœbæ to the more complex organisms. The types described illustrate all the more important modifications of structure, and the chief physiological processes, in plants and animals. Prof. Parker was singularly successful as a teacher, and his lessons stand as a memorial of his exceptional powers.

The *Text-book of General Botany* of Dr. Curtis is a laboratory manual and class-book combined. The practical exercises contained in the book are many in number and in some cases difficult of execution, but the student who performs them will not only gain considerably in knowledge, but also in self-reliance and intelligence; and the development of these faculties is, after all, the most important aim of scientific work. The book is, however, too elaborate to be of service in the colleges below university rank.

#### GEOLOGY AND PHYSIOGRAPHY.

*A Text-book of Geology.* By W. Jerome Harrison. (Blackie.)

*Physiography for Advanced Students.* By A. T. Simmons. (Macmillan & Co.)

*Elementary Practical Physiography.* By John Thornton. (Longmans.)

GEOLOGY cannot be learnt from books, but books can be of immense service in directing observation, and showing how observed facts may be co-ordinated. This is done admirably by Mr. Harrison in his *Text-book of Geology*. The book is a connected statement, clearly

printed and well illustrated, of the lessons taught by the rocks. It is intended more especially for students in classes under the Science and Art Department, but it deserves, and will doubtless receive, recognition from the general reader.

Another Departmental text-book is Mr. A. T. Simmons's *Physiography for Advanced Students*, and it is even better than Mr. Harrison's. The book is really a concise encyclopædia, in which the earth, the sea, the air, and the sky are dealt with in all their varying aspects. The illustrations—there are more than two hundred—are the best that have ever appeared in a volume designed for use by physiography students of the Science and Art Department, and the information given puts the reader in touch with the researches and views of the foremost authorities in the various branches of science comprehended by physiography. It would be difficult to produce a volume which better facilitates the work of the teacher, or is better adapted to the wants of the student.

Mr. Thornton's *Practical Physiography* is also deserving of praise, but, being more elementary in character and less comprehensive in scope, it lacks the numerous descriptions of recent work which give life to Mr. Simmons's book. This notwithstanding, the book provides a good course of lessons and experiments in elementary mechanics, physics, and chemistry.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

*Light, Visible and Invisible.* By Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan & Co.)

*The Induction Coil in Practical Work.* By Lewis Wright. (Macmillan & Co.)

*The Story of Germ Life.* By H. W. Conn. (Newnes.)

PROF. SILVANUS THOMPSON'S book on *Light*, based upon a course of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, should be in the possession of everyone who takes an intelligent interest in science. The book is a model of what a scientific work intended for general readers should be. It is attractive in appearance, profusely illustrated, and an accurate statement of the present state of knowledge of the subject. There is no descent to buffoonery, such as one finds in some popular books of science, and no florid language. The reader is shown clear pictures of the science of optics from the best aspects, and he can obtain intellectual enjoyment by contemplating them. Röntgen rays, and their relationships to other rays, form the subject of a very interesting chapter of the book.

The apparatus for producing Röntgen rays, and for studying the phenomena of the electric discharge in partial and in high value, is ably described by Mr. Wright in his book on the *Induction Coil in Practical Work*. All the information required to understand and manipulate an induction coil, and to obtain the best results from it, is given in this unpretentious handbook. For persons who wish to take up Röntgen-ray work, either as a scientific recreation or with surgical applications in mind, the volume is particularly suitable.

Mr. Conn's *Story of Germ Life* will assist in correcting erroneous impressions concerning bacteria, and in extending the knowledge of the functions of bacterial life in nature. Whoever reads the book with attention will profit by it.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Humane Science Lectures.* By various Authors. (George Bell & Sons.)

*Psychology.* An Introductory Manual for the Use of Students. By F. Ryland. (George Bell & Sons.)

*The Mathematical Psychology of Gratry and Boole.* By Mary E. Boole. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

*Model Drawing.* By William Mann. (Nelson.)

UNDER the auspices of the Humanitarian League and the Leigh Browne Trust, a series of *Humane Science Lectures* were delivered last winter, and are here reprinted. The main object of the lectures seems to be to bring sentiment into the domain of science. Men of science have feelings as well as others mortals; but just as art students leave their passions in the ante-room with their hats and coats when they are studying the nude, scientific investigators are in the habit of locking up their emotions in a cupboard when they are studying the habits of Dame Nature. The Humanitarian League would alter this strictly intellectual mode of procedure, and make all vital phenomena anthropomorphic.

As a means to its end the League might usefully encourage the study of a course of psychology, such as is provided in Mr. Ryland's manual, now in its seventh edition. The phenomena of sensation, memory, conception, emotion, and will are there presented in a way which gives the reader clear and connected ideas on the relations between mind and matter. That is more than can be said of Mrs. Boole's *Mathematical Psychology*. A more incoherent production it has rarely been our lot to read. The mathematics are often shaky, and the psychological conclusions are not above reproach, while the whole is nebulous in structure.

What Mr. Mann considers to be the true principles of model drawing are set forth in his book. Under the system at present used, all objects are represented by the draughtsman as they would appear on a vertical plane. The picture plane is thus always kept at right angles to the ground, whereas Mr. Mann pleads that objects should, in most cases, be represented upon oblique planes. To the universal use of the vertical plane he ascribes most of the difficulties met by students of model drawing, and all the distrust of the fundamental maxims. The purpose of his book is to put the matter on a more scientific basis.

#### ENGLISH.

*First Book of Physical Geography.* By Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., F.G.S.A. (New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a valuable book, on a branch of science in which Prof. Tarr is a recognised master. He aimed, he tells us, at producing an elementary work, suited to introduce the subject into high schools; he has done that, and a great deal more. If any large proportion of school-books in the States be of this high quality, we at home may well envy them. But if the usual way of teaching science be "to assign certain pages to be memorised, and to stop there" (p. ix.), we think our methods are better. (Memorise means, we suppose, to learn by rote.) The book is adorned and illustrated by a profusion of excellent diagrams, maps of large land or water areas, photographs of celestial objects, meteoric appearances, and remarkable terrestrial objects and landscapes. Taking the high modern view of the subject of the science, "the earth as the abode of man, in all its aspects," the writer gives first a most interesting account of the generally accepted modern theory of the stages by which our planet reached its present condition, and the views most prevalent of the constitution of the universe. But he carefully refrains from dogmatising, and dwells strongly on the necessary limitations of human intellect in regard to these problems of infinity. He then

deals, in their order, with the conditions of the earth as a satellite of the sun, and its alternations of seasons, climates, day and night. Then are considered the great elemental forces, in their constant interaction—the atmosphere, with its heat, electricity, and magnetism, influence on temperature and climate, winds and storms, and plant and animal life. Next comes the ocean, with its calm depths and ever-moving surface, and its mighty influences for welfare and destruction. Last of all come the phenomena of the dry land, its stages of formation, rocks, and soil; the action of water and fire upon it; its prominent physical features, and the marks it bears of the march of ages past. This is but a brief summary of a few of the most striking points in the book. It is well written, and we can thoroughly recommend it.

*On the Choice of Geographical Books.* By H. R. Mill, D.Sc., F.R.S.E. (Longmans.)

ALL who have, like ourselves, suffered under the old system of teaching geography will welcome from the pen of the learned secretary to the Royal Geographical Society this clear and full guide to the best literature of his science. He conceives of it on the grandest scale—"the description of the Earth in relation to Man, in all the bearings of that relationship," and points out that only those can fully know its value who will, to some extent at least, study it in all its branches. The first chapter, on the "Principles of Geography," is masterly, as a statement both of the claims he makes for his subject, and the interest that attaches to it. Then come chapters on methods of teaching, text-books, atlases, works of reference; on geography in special relation to physical conditions, flora and fauna, and races of men; and lastly, what is to most of us the whole subject—natural and political divisions of the globe. Only a specialist could properly judge of Dr. Mill's work, but its value will be tested in actual use by teachers and students. An index should have been added, for at present it is not easy to say whether a particular book has been registered. We should have liked to see included Spencer St. John's delightful work on Borneo, Palgrave's *Central Arabia* should be named in the standard (2 vols.) edition, and we miss Elisée Reclus's great work. Dr. Mill's style sometimes halts: "advancement to high civilisation" (p. 12), "plenty books" (p. 112), "displacement of standpoint," and the like, needlessly offend the eye.

*Geography of Africa.* By Edward Heawood, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

FOR many reasons the Dark Continent claims our very earnest attention; yet we know almost nothing of it save a little that concerns the coast-lands and Egypt. Here it is treated under every aspect. Physical features, climate, ethnology, political relations are all in turn presented in clear, precise language. An excellent sketch-map introduces the book, and it is completed by an exhaustive summary and full index. We may note as worth particular attention the pages dealing with the Races of Men, French Activities, Tunis, Madagascar, and the Dutch Republics.

*XIX.-Century Prose.* By J. H. Fowler, M.A. (A. & C. Black.)

THIS new "Literary Epoch Series,"—to be complete in six volumes—deserves praise for its aim, but we fear the conditions laid down make success difficult. English prose during the century now closing is too vast, rich, and varied in its excellence to be critically presented even to a schoolboy in a large-type volume of 120 pages only. We think, too, that an author is better represented by several short pieces than

by one long one. The choice here made does not seem to us the best possible, either of authors or of typical extracts from their writings. For the present purpose we should have preferred "George Eliot" and "Elia" to Coleridge and Thackeray; and De Quincey's prose should be illustrated rather from the *Opium-Eater*—say, by the gorgeous dream. From Macanlay we should choose part of the Trial of Warren Hastings or of the Seven Bishops; from Carlyle, some pages of the *French Revolution*; and from Ruskin, flowers and gems out of *Sesame and Lilies*. It is due to Mr. Fowler to say that his criticism, though rather formal, is painstaking and generally correct; but with some of the views in his Introduction we cannot agree.

*XIX.-Century Verse.* By A. C. McDonnell, M.A. (A. & C. Black.)

OUR remarks on Mr. Fowler's "Prose" apply *mutatis mutandis* to this book also. And why was the long criticism of Tennyson included, since extracts could not be given from his works? Browning, more masculine and, to our thinking, more truly representative of the age, would have served the purpose equally well. Here, again, we are not satisfied with the work chosen as typical. Wordsworth's *Laodamia* is splendid, though some would prefer *Ruth* or the *Intimations of Immortality*; but surely some of the sonnets, the noblest since Milton's, should have been included—and *Goody Blake* should have been excluded by one who holds that "it shows Wordsworth at his worst" (p. 16). Scott wrote higher poetry, in *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, than the stirring tale of *Deloraine's Quest*; the latter part of the long extract from *Don Juan* is in Byron's worst vein; and Shelley would have been better shown in his *Cloud* and *Arethusa*. From the views in the Introduction we wholly dissent. England had not to learn from the French Revolution that men are free (p. 6); the years which preceded, which embraced the whole life of Burns and the poetic life of Cowper, should not be described as "remarkable for their barrenness" (p. 2); and we should be puzzled to find where Tennyson "goes deeply into the spirit of evolution" (p. 9).

*Selections from Wordsworth.* By W. T. Webb, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE have here an excellent addition to an excellent series, and another witness to that revival of Wordsworth's fame which was initiated by Palgrave and enhanced by Matthew Arnold. The poems chosen are all worthy of the poet, and show him at his best; but, of course, every lover of Wordsworth will wish that more had been included, especially of the "Sonnets." We are glad to find, most appropriately close to the "Ode to Duty," the "Happy Warrior," than which there are few nobler short poems in the language. Mr. Webb's introduction is a careful piece of work, and shows insight into his author's spirit. In particular, his comparison of Wordsworth's "Sonnet to the Skylark" with Shelley's Ode is admirable, and it is well in these days to be reminded, from the lives of Wordsworth and of his great forerunner Milton, of the duty of patriotism and the need of a lofty, unbending love of freedom, combined with obedience to moral law. We believe we could show good cause against Mr. Webb's judgment on "She was a phantom of delight," and we think he has not said enough of the *evenness* of Wordsworth's poetry, the absence of fire and passion, qualities so marked in Byron. The notes are full and instructive, almost too full, and at times just a little prosy. In another edition, which, we hope, may soon be called for, Mr. Webb will no doubt correct (p. xix.) "*Common Law*" to "*Civil Law*."



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*Greek Vases: Historical and Descriptive.* By Susan Horner. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

DEEMING that previous writers on the subject have been accustomed to dwell rather upon the artistic aspect and on the chronological styles of Greek vase-paintings to the neglect of their epical qualities, Miss Susan Horner has conceived the novel idea of compiling an elementary handbook for the benefit of such as may be "unacquainted with the Greek language, history, and legends." For them, indeed, her little treatise is not without its uses. It begins with a tabulated list showing in outline the typical forms of Greek vases, their several names and purposes being clearly and succinctly stated. There follows a descriptive catalogue of some selected specimens from the British Museum and the Louvre collections, in four chapters, devoted one each to the four periods of Greek vases, from the earliest to the best, and ending with the latest period, that of the decadence. The work concludes, in lady-like fashion, with "an expurgated Lemprière" account of the different divinities, heroes, and other mythical beings depicted on Greek vases. How rigidly this version is adapted *virginibus puerisque* may be understood when it is found that the distinctive feature of the Amazons is not so much as hinted at—they are defined merely as "a race of warlike females"; while of the Satyrs, whose questionable habits were quite proverbial, the authoress, with becoming reticence, says "they were addicted to wine and led a life of wild pleasure."

*Harbutt's Plastic Method, and the Use of Plasticine in the Arts of Writing, Drawing, and Modelling in Educational Work.* By Wm. Harbutt (Bath). With 56 Illustrations. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE existence of a general proclivity among young children to manipulate mud-pies and to rear tottering fortresses in wet sand is a fact beyond dispute; but such that the significance of it has not hitherto been properly appreciated. For unto whom has it ever been given, until now, to discern in these phenomena the forecast of the gifts of sculpture or architectural constructiveness? But that this is the case Mr. Wm. Harbutt (Bath) bears testimony. Henceforth, therefore, let arbitrary "Olympians" take warning that in repressing the natural talent of infant genius they incur the gravest responsibility. How many potential Pheidiases, Praxiteleses, Abbé Suger, and Williams of Wykeham the shortsighted tyranny of parents and pedagogues has rendered inoperative, to the consequent irrevocable loss of the human race, is awful to contemplate; the number must far exceed that of the silently inglorious Eltons, even reckoning all those of a minor degree! On the other hand, we may reflect on the numbers of P-arsons guiltless of tampering with so many Peterborough façades, and be thankful for that we have escaped. Mr. Wm. Harbutt (Bath) is no mere theorist; he evidently has the courage of his convictions. Determined that for the future means shall not lack of developing innate childish talents, he has provided a modelling material named "Plasticine," the virtues of which, by word and illustration, he celebrates throughout some three score and a hundred pages. This new composition is warranted not to lose its ductibility, at the same time that it requires no wet cloths as does ordinary clay. The practical advantages of using it are many and varied; they range from the acquisition of the accomplishment of reading and writing without tears, to the fashioning of shoe-lasts. So much does the author of Plasticine claim for his invention, that it sounds worthy of adoption, at least as an experiment, in technical and other schools. The result of training up

a generation of scholars in the use of Plasticine, if only half the tale be true, ought to be an immense gain; but, if all of it be true, then, indeed, Mr. Wm. Harbutt (Bath) will deserve to rank among the greatest benefactors of the age.

*The Training of a Craftsman.* Written by Fred. Miller. Illustrated by Many Workers in the Art Crafts. (J. S. Virtue & Co.)

ALTHOUGH we are quite willing to allow that Mr. Fred. Miller is a practitioner of no mean ability in several different departments of art industry, it is clear that the literary gift is not to be reckoned among them; unless, indeed, we may assume that his book on *The Training of a Craftsman* had to be put together in so great a hurry that the writer was prevented from doing proper justice to his powers. The impression, indeed, that one receives from it is that of an ill-digested work, diffuse, and full of repetitions, as though cuttings from various papers upon similar subjects had been hastily patched together, without method and without revision. The most valuable part of the book consists in the extracts, introduced now and again, from certain recognised authorities on the several crafts. The result, however, becomes not a little confusing when their testimony agrees not together, as in the case of Bookbinding. Thus, whereas Mr. Cobden-Sanderson (whose last name, by the way, is persistently mis-spelt) holds that with just a "few tools endless combinations are possible," and "that the fewer the tools used in book-cover decoration the better," Mr. MacColl is represented as ridiculing the practice as "acrobatic." "There is something amusing," he says, "in the attempt to obtain numerous combinations out of an arbitrarily limited set of forms." These two mutually destructive opinions are quoted by Mr. Miller with apparently equal approbation. There is, no doubt, much to be said for Mr. MacColl's contention, that the wheel tool need not be confined exclusively to the ruling of straight lines; yet the illustrations intended to establish the point are distinctly unconvincing. On the contrary, the vagaries of the wheel seem to be as wild and irrational as those of "Planchette," and go to prove, if anything, that the tool in question is apt to run away with the hand that employs it, unless it be kept under most rigorous control. For the rest, the book is plentifully illustrated, though a large number of the blocks are only resuscitations of those that have already appeared in the *Art Journal*.

*The Building of the Intellect.* By Douglas M. Gane. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS "contribution towards scientific method in education" is rather bewildering. The author has given us a wealth of quotations from men of all ages and degrees of authority, but his own doctrine is, so far as we can gather it, neither rigorously deduced nor plainly stated. It is impossible, we hold, to educate a child as if he were an Athenian of the Periclean age, and the product, morally, was not of the best. Nor does it help us much to have a little bit of embryology introduced. We regret that we cannot speak more favourably of what is evidently an honest attempt to grapple with a problem of the highest importance.

*Selections from Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur.* By W. E. Mead, Ph.D. (Leipzig). (Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.)

THIS volume is introduced most appropriately to the English market by Mr. Nutt, who has himself done so much for our early classics. It adds to the already large body of good work that has been done by our American brethren in many departments of

English literature, particularly in its origins, for the publications of which Messrs. Ginn are so well known. It is very pleasant to have a scholarly reproduction of about one-fourth of Malory's noble romance finely printed, carefully edited after Caxton's original, and equipped with a learned (and not too long) introduction, copious notes, a vocabulary of obsolete and unusual words, and full indexes. Mr. Mead treats his romance as a monument of literature, not as a philological exercise-ground; and he examines its origin, its worth as literature, and its influence on later authors—especially the poets of our own age—Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, and Spenser. The portions selected are those of most interest to modern readers, and in the notes the connecting links of the whole story are given.

*A History of Rome for Beginners.* By Evelyn S. Shuckburgh. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE author gives in a single small volume a good outline of the growth and development of Rome, from its small and obscure beginning to the culmination of its glory under the first Augustus. The story of nearly eight hundred years is told with admirable brevity and due sense of proportion. The steps by which the city first consolidated its own local power, then gradually extended its sway over Italy, grappled with, and at last crushed, the great maritime power of Carthage; and, finally, under Lucullus, Sulla, Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and Augustus, subdued all the countries east and west, north and south, around the great central sea, are clearly traced. Nor are the awful stories of the civil wars forgotten, those recurring storms of savage violence that raged with only short lulls from Marius to the victory of Actium, and swamped the Republic in waves of blood. But the best and most instructive part of the book is that in which Mr. Shuckburgh traces Rome's internal development, the march of freedom among the citizens, the progress of law and abolition of privileges, and the gradual perfecting of that tremendous engine of conquest—the Roman army. Several chronological and other tables, illustrations, and maps, enhance the value of the book.

*England Under the Later Hanoverians, 1760—1837.* By A. J. Evans, M.A., and C. S. Fearenside, M.A. (Clive.)

THIS text-book of English history is a good piece of work—brief without obscurity, clear and impartial, giving with fulness enough for all ordinary readers the story of a very involved and momentous period in the annals of our country. The style is pleasant and generally correct, and the constant references to and comparisons with the most recent events lend vividness and interest to the narrative. Designed first of all as a text-book for students for London University degrees, the necessities of the case have forced the authors to publish this, the second part of vol. iv. (1714—1837), before the first, which is a disadvantage; but the constant references to the unpublished chapters show that they must be nearly, if not quite, ready for the press, and we hope, therefore, soon to see the historical chain completed. The book is illustrated by some clear maps and plans—especially that showing the partitions of Poland (p. 236)—and by full chronological and other tables; and a feature most praiseworthy is the array of authorities quoted, thus referring the reader to the best sources for further study. One or two small defects we notice. Why say that Charles II. "lay low" instead of "dissembled" (p. 11)? What is "clerical Presbyterianism" (p. 16)? Is Ireland a "colony" of England (p. 17)? and "given out" is not good English for "exhausted" (p. 326).

*King Lear.* Edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. VERITY has here given us a model edition of the tragedy which Hallam ranked with "Othello" and "Macbeth" as Shakespeare's supreme work. Introduction, notes, glossary, and index—all are good. Nothing that bears on his subject-matter seems to have escaped the editor, and—which is even more rare—his wise self-restraint has imported nothing alien into his work. What we like best in the introduction is the analysis of the chief characters in the play, the careful way in which the meaning and development of the plot are traced, and the criticism on the play's tragic ending. The glossary is full and painstaking. Unfamiliar words and phrases in any way strange are carefully registered and explained, with etymology sufficient for schoolboys, and that etymology always accurate; and the frequent grammatical notes are excellent. In a word, this edition seems to us to contain in short compass all that it should—and nothing else. Cambridge has done noble work for Shakespeare's text and for the extension of his fame, and the book before us is a substantial gain. Mr. Verity's style is clear, simple, and elegant: few better books could be chosen for class use.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.* Book II. Edited by F. Gorse, M.A. (Blackie & Son.)

WE have here a careful and instructive edition. Intended for less advanced pupils than Mr. Verity's, it is less elaborate. The introduction is a good bit of work, containing an interesting sketch of Milton's life, illustrated from the "Sonnets," and by a suggestive table of great contemporary events. The theme of the poem is then analysed, and its cosmogony and metre explained. The text is well printed, divided into sections with explanatory headings.

*The Talisman* ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers). By W. Melven, M.A. (A. & C. Black.)

WHAT Constable did as pioneer of cheap good books in 1825, when *The Talisman* was first published, Messrs. Black are now doing over again in a form better suited to the needs of the present day. It was the first of Scott's novels which we ourselves read, and ranks with *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe*, we think, as the best of them all for boys who are not Scotch. Mr. Melven has done the work of abridgment well, preserving the main story in the author's words, and his introduction is scholarly and interesting.

*The Illustrated Teacher's Bible.* (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

THIS new and revised edition of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's *Teacher's Bible* will be found admirable for private and class study. Nearly half the volume is occupied by "Aids to the Student." These are arranged in twenty-four chapters, and consist of short, but fairly exhaustive, articles on Biblical subjects. The history of the Bible, as a whole, is written by the Rev. H. B. Swete, D.D. Such lesser subjects as the plants of the Bible, the animal creation in the Bible, weights and measures of the Bible, and Biblical chronology, are also the subjects of special treatment. Room is found for a concordance containing over 40,000 references. Not the least important part of the work is the long series of plates, placed together at the end of the volume. In these the attempt has been made "to outline the entire field of Biblical archaeology and to stimulate the growing taste for a knowledge of the results of modern discovery in Babylonia, Egypt, and Assyria." There are also numerous photographic reproductions of ancient writings and monuments.

#### THE PITT PRESS SERIES.

WE have received a batch of new publications belonging to this series which we can commend to the attention of schoolmasters. In Greek we have *The Mælea of Euripides*, edited by Mr. Clinton E. S. Headlam, who has based his interpretations on those of Wecklein, Lenting, Verrall, Paley, and others, and has followed Prinz in his method of designating the MSS. tradition. Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh edits those of the *Lives of Nepos* which were not included in the three volumes of Nepos's texts, published by him previously. Ample notes and vocabularies are added, as in the other volumes. *Cæsar's De Bello Gallico*, Book II., is also edited by Mr. Shuckburgh on the same lines as the *Nepos*, but with the additions of a map and a few useful illustrations.

In Modern Languages we have *The Fairy Tales of Master Perrault*. It has not been the object of the editor, Mr. Walter Rippmann, to furnish a critical text, but "one that will be suitable for children who would like to enter the garden of French literature, hand-in-hand with their old friend Cinderella and little Red Riding Hood." For older students the Pitt series now offers *La Fortune de d'Artagnan*, edited by Mr. Arthur R. Ropes, and *Remi et ses Amis*, edited by Margaret De G. Verrall. The first is an episode from Dumas' *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*. Mr. Ropes sums up Dumas, the man and the writer, in a pithy introduction, not sparing to point out his frequent historical inaccuracies as distinct from allowable anachronisms. He remarks that while "Dumas wept when he had to kill Porthos, it would seem as if he had to depute the death of d'Artagnan to one of his assistants." Miss Verrall's book is an abridgment of Hector Malot's *Sans Famille*, a work which was crowned by the Académie Française in 1878. Miss Verrall details the story sufficiently to make her abridgment of it clear, and to whet the appetite. Notes and a vocabulary are duly added. For German students two new reading books are Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, edited in a very thorough and scholarly manner by Mr. H. J. Wolstenholme. Mr. Walter Rippmann, whose *Perrault's Fairy Tales* is noticed above, has also prepared *Eight Stories from Andersen* for the youngest learners of the German language. Grammatical points are left for the teacher to clear up, but notes and a vocabulary are supplied.

Turning now to the Pitt Press English Readers we have *A Selection of Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. This volume is edited by Mr. J. H. Flather as a useful book for study or practice in reading, and as a pleasant introduction to Shakespeare himself. It was a happy idea to prepare an edition of that curious work *Earle's Micro-Cosmographie*; or, *a Plea of the World Characterised* for school use. Not only does it, as the editor, Mr. Alfred S. West, says, "abound in allusions to features of English social life at the beginning of the seventeenth century," but it is packed with pithy observations, such as one is glad to think may sink into young minds. Here are a few of Earle's quaint remarks picked at random from various character sketches:

"A CHILD.—The elder he growes, hee is a staire lower from God.

"A MEERE FORMALL MAN.—He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himselfe when it comes to his turne.

"A MEDLING MAN.—He will take you aside, and question you of your affaire, and listen with both eares, and looke earnestly: and then it is nothing so much yours as his."

Such observations are a profitable study in that school which we only quit when we quit life.

#### FRENCH.

*Quand j'étais Petit.* Par L. Biart. Edited by J. Boiëlle, B.A. Part II. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS delightful reading-book gives us the story, told by himself in later years, of that eventful twelvemonth in the life of a little Versaillais, when—in his eleventh year—his parents are compelled to migrate to Paris. The writer follows admirably, in clear, simple, idiomatic language, the workings of a child's mind, more mature, however, than would be that of an English boy of the same age. The scene is laid in 1838, "sixty years since," when Louis Philippe was king; and chap. ii. contains an interesting picture of a bygone Paris, with its mingling of magnificence and squalid filth, where the public vehicles, *Halles*, pillory, rag-pickers, &c., pass in strange panorama before the little rustic's eyes. School life, with its ambitious, literary and other; boyish friendships, and first introduction to polite society, as "Jack among the maids" at a girl's birthday-party (chap. iv.) are charmingly told. The chief gem of the book, however, is the father's lesson to his son on the dignity of work, a pendant to Mr. Caxton's famous lesson to Pisistratus on the broken flower-pot; while another is the death of Léontine, with which the boy's transition-year closes. The book is admirably got up, and the notes are usually clear and good, especially on points of grammar. But there are slips, both in Notes and Vocabulary. *Savoir-faire, sauvage in partibus, agir à l'ébourdie* (all on p. 3) should be explained; *avant-goût* (74), *point de repère* (benchmark), *érrailés*, and other words are not in the Vocabulary; and *grincheus* (73) is in *Littre* and in *Hatzfeldt, grincheur*. Surely witty Scapin is not a mere "buffoon"; a will-o'-the-wisp that "dogs one's footsteps" would be highly comical, and the note on the Buddha (p. 115) is nonsense that should not have come from a countryman of Burnouf.

*A Complete Course of French Composition and Idioms.* By Hector Rey. (Blackie & Son.)

MR. REY'S title challenges criticism, for he is a bold man who undertakes, in a single post octavo of 214 pages, to give a complete course of French composition and idioms. Apart, however, from a little exaggeration in the claim, the book is a thoroughly good one; the idioms are abundant, carefully chosen, and well rendered into good English, and the pieces set for composition are varied on an ascending scale of difficulty, and each made the subject of real, thorough study. The pupil who goes honestly through M. Rey's book with a good teacher, and (what the author rightly insists on) careful and exact reading of the best French, classical and modern, will not offer find himself at fault, either before an examiner or even in French society. The table of comparative idioms, with which the book opens, might well be learnt by heart, and at all events deserves very close study. (It is a slip of course, to render *se couper le doigt* by *cut one's finger*; it means *cut off one's finger*, the other being . . . *au doigt*, p. 15.) The arrangement by which the use of the preliminary exercises is to be postponed till after later one have been mastered does not seem very good. Would it not have been simpler to put them in the order in which they were to be taken? The phrase "translate in accordance with French grammar," sometimes used and more often omitted, suggests a paradox. "On the spot" (p. 134) is generally "sur-le-champ." We don't recognise "scribble-book" as correct English, and boys should not be encouraged to write of being "mixed-up" (p. 156). However, these are but small defects in a very useful book, which we heartily recommend.

*Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française des Origines à 1900.* Par L. Petit de Julleville. Tome IV. (1600-1660). (Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.)

WE cannot in our limits do justice to this valuable section of a valuable work. We can only mark one or two outstanding features, and strongly advise our readers to get the book. The first half of M. de Julleville's great task is now ended, and the final volume, dealing with contemporary writers, is, most fittingly, to appear during the course of the proposed great Exhibition of 1900. Like the earlier volumes, this also is made up of chapters on the literary history of the period, each by a specialist in his subject, with a concluding section on the state and progress of the language. The sixty years of which it treats, splendid with the names of Corneille, Descartes, and Pascal, and boasting many a great writer besides, were as an overture to the full orchestral music of France's Augustan Age. The language, regularised, pruned, and chastened from the somewhat rank luxuriance that followed on the Renaissance, became that polished instrument of precise thought which is the pride of every Frenchman. Malherbe as an individual, and as a body the *Académie*, child of Richelieu's genius, contributed mainly to this result—they by precept, and the three great men of genius already named by their practice.

The sections which will probably prove of most interest to English readers are that on the *Académie* and the three which treat of the rise and progress of the drama to its culmination in Corneille. The former is by the editor, who also deals with the poets of the age—Malherbe, Racan, Rénier, &c.; his chapter on whom is admirable and most informing criticism. As one reads how a little social club, formed in 1629, took root, and grew up into the literary Senate of France, one is driven to wonder whether Johnson's Club, founded a century later in circumstances not unlike, could have rendered analogous service to our language and literature, if (say) Chatham had thought as Richelieu did. The story of the *Académie*, its constitution and development, and the worthy spirit in which from the first it understood its duties, is deeply interesting; yet there is to us, as well as to Frenchmen, something very comical in its formal condemnatory pronouncement on the *Cid*, which Corneille contemptuously left to its mercy. The chapter is further adorned with the portrait of Chapelain, one of the founders, and the shield bearing the names of the first forty "Immortals." Mention of the *Cid* naturally introduces the drama. The story of its first stage is told with learning, critical skill, and minuteness by M. Rigal, who shows how it prang from the Mysteries and Moralities of the Middle Ages. The earliest playwright was Alexander Hardy, whose first plays, crude and artistic, but living productions, were put on the stage about 1610, just as Shakespeare was losing his wonderful literary career. It is curious to see how long and chequered was the fight to establish the "Unities," and how complete was the victory, till Victor Hugo arose (most in our own day). Everyone will remember with what skill Voltaire defended them—and also how he justified his choice in *Bejuzet* of a contemporary plot, whereas Hardy had dramatised both the execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the murder of Henri IV. The best of the book is quite as valuable as what we have noticed. Full and impartial justice is done to the great leaders of thought and masters of style who were the glory of France in the first half of the seventeenth century.

*Comprehensive French Manual.* By Otto C. Näf, M.A. (Blackie & Son.)

The author frankly states, this is a book assigned to help the examination candidate to

defeat the subtle attacks of the crafty examiner, and for its purpose it will be found very serviceable. That is to say, it should be used *after*, and supplementary to, a thorough grounding in grammar and a pretty extensive course of reading and easy composition. The plan adopted is that of a varied selection of fifty passages of standard French prose, each of which is made the subject of thorough study—through grammatical notes, vocabularies, imitation composition, and retranslation. Then follow some representative pieces of poetry, and then a few passages of English prose for translation into French, equipped with useful vocabularies. In the appendices will be found very brief outlines of French political and literary history, grammatical notes, commercial language, examination papers, and some notes on etymology, with a useful list of military terms. The two last are excellent, especially the former—a piece of thoroughly good work. We have examined the book with great care, as it deserves, and will add that its usefulness would be much increased by making the index fuller: the grammatical matter is so scattered as to require this. A few things we should like changed. If Sinbad the Sailor was to open the ball, he should have appeared as dear old Galland dressed him, and not masquerade as from De Fivast; and the prose extracts should have been arranged in chronological order. We do not think that "neuter" should be used in the grammar of modern French, with the one possible exception of *ce*; and Mr. Näf really should not talk of "female persons," grammar being concerned with gender not sex. It is improper to write Fénelon, and rash to speak of *Télémaque* as "his only great work." But the book as it stands is useful and practical, and could easily be made even more so.

*A New Grammatical French Course.* By Albert Barrère. Vol. I. (Parts 1 and 2); Vol. II. (Part 3). (Whittaker & Co.)

M. BARRÈRE is an experienced teacher, and his position and titles mark him out as a distinguished man. We have before us two small volumes, forming the elementary and intermediate parts of his French course, and we are compelled to say that we expected from him something better. There are already in the field so many good French grammars and exercise books that a new one must have very high qualities to justify its appearance. Those qualities we do not find here. The work is good, accurate as a whole, and eminently simple and easily progressive. But some of the rules are stated too absolutely—as, for instance, that on the position of adjectives; the difficult question of the plural of compound nouns is not treated at sufficient length, and the crucial case of compounds of *garde* is not mentioned. Similarly, the agreement of the past participle and the use of the subjunctive are too summarily dismissed. The foregoing remarks apply to the second volume (intermediate). In regard to the elementary section, it is divided into two parts, in the first of which the pupil is taught to use words and phrases without any rules at all, these coming only in the second part. We confess to doubting whether this is a plan likely to be successful. On the other hand, we like the arrangement by which the rules are placed (as here) on one page and the examples on the opposite. The pronouns and possessive adjectives, and the verbs especially, are fully and clearly treated, and this is a great advantage to pupils. One oversight we must correct. M. Barrère says *twice* (pp. 40 and 42, vol. i.) that "adjectives agree with the pronoun subject"—by inference, therefore *not* with the pronoun object. Would he not say—"Je la veux noire" ("I want it black), the pronoun standing for *encre* or the like?

## THE CLASSICS.

### GREEK.

*Sophocles.* The Text of the Seven Plays. Edited, with Introduction, by R. C. Jebb. (Cambridge: University Press.)

PROF. JEBB'S *Sophocles* will be welcomed by many as supplying a real want. Fifty years ago well-printed texts of the Greek dramatists appear to have been fairly common; but of late the would-be reader has had to take his choice between some mean little text, usually German, and a larger volume, usually English, consisting for the most part of notes. Even Prof. Jebb's own editions of the plays of Sophocles, though their excellence is proverbial, will seem to some lovers of the poet almost a less boon than this simple text. We only wish the fragments had been included. There is a short introduction dealing with the MSS., &c., and at the bottom of each page are printed the *varie lectiones*. Are we mistaken, or can it be really true that neither the Oxford nor the Cambridge press is quite as accurate in matters of printing as was once the case? At any rate, at the very outset we come across an irritating blunder for which the printers are alone responsible (*Œdipus Rex*, l. 46):

ἴσ' ὃ βροτῶν ἄριστ', ἀνθρώπων πόλιν.

*The Works of Xenophon.* Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A., late Assistant Master, Clifton College. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS so-called third volume, which is really two volumes, serves as a welcome reminder to the critic that the compilation of school books and popular manuals is not the be-all and end-all of scholarship. What Jowett did for Thucydides and Plato, Mr. Dakyns is doing for Xenophon. He follows the late Master of Balliol, as he says in his preface, *non passibus equis*: but he would be a bold man indeed who attempted to do more, and it is a pleasure to catch even an echo of the old familiar accents. But in this book we have no mere echo: every page that Mr. Dakyns writes testifies to his own sterling scholarship and to his intimate acquaintance with the subjects of which he treats. The first volume (published in 1890) contained the *Hellenica*, Books I. and II., together with the *Anabasis*; the second (1892) included the *Hellenica*, Books III. to VII., the *Agésilais*, the *Polity of the Athenians*, the *Polity of the Lacedæmonians*, and the *Ways and Means*. Part I. of the present "volume" embraces the *Memorabilia*, the *Apology*, the *Economist*, the *Symposium*, and the *Hiero*: Part II. is devoted to the treatises "On the Duties of the Cavalry General," "On Horsemanship," and "On Hunting." The *Cyropædia* is reserved for the fourth volume, "which will," Mr. Dakyns hopes (and all English scholars must share the hope), "see the light of day before the century has ended." Sauppe's text is followed, but with discrimination. The translations are furnished with ample introductions, in which the arguments are analysed in detail, and the various questions connected with the several treatises are carefully discussed.

The remarks on ancient and modern cavalry in the introduction to "The Duties of a Cavalry General" are especially interesting. The most reasonable treatise, however, is that entitled "On Hunting: a Sportsman's Manual," which has a direct bearing on current controversies. We almost wonder that Mr. Dakyns did not leave untranslated such sentences as these, sentences that will make some recent writers on Public School Athletics shudder: "Among the many pleasures to which youth is prone, this one alone (hunting) is productive of the greatest blessings. . . . Of such stuff are good soldiers and good generals made." "Some

people tell us it is not right to indulge a taste for hunting, lest it lead to neglect of home concerns, not knowing that those who are benefactors of their country and their friends are in proportion all the more devoted to domestic duties. If lovers of the chase pre-eminently fit themselves to be useful to the fatherland, that is as much as to say they will not squander their private means; since with the state itself the domestic fortunes of each are saved or lost. The real fact is, these men are saviours not of their own fortunes only, but of the private fortunes of the rest, of yours and mine. Yet there are not a few irrational people among these cavillers, who, out of jealousy, would rather perish, thanks to their own baseness, than owe their lives to the virtue of their neighbours." "These are the youths who will prove a blessing to their parents, and not to their parents only, but to the whole state; to every citizen alike and individual friend. Nay, what has sex to do with it? It is not only men enamoured of the chase that have become heroes, but among women there are also to whom our Lady Artemis has granted a like boon—Atalanta, and Procris, and many another huntress fair." Xenophon, thou should'st be living at this hour!

*The Troades of Euripides.* Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is avowedly an edition for the use of schoolboys. Schoolboys are extremely fortunate in commanding the services of such a commentator as Prof. Tyrrell, whom the sad removal of Prof. Palmer now leaves almost at the head of that brilliant galaxy of Dublin scholarship which happily, despite that loss, still shows no signs of fading lustre—"uno avulso, non deficit alter." The conjecture (l. 1188) ἀπροι τε κλίαι (MSS. ὄπροι τ' ἐκείνοι) is particularly ingenious. In line 700, however, why assume that the optative aorists κατοικίσειαν and γένοιτο are attracted (from the aorist subjunctive)? Even were the possibility of such a construction granted, would it not be far more natural to take the two words in question as "pure" optatives of wish? Translations, by the editor and others, into English poetry of many of the most striking passages are embodied in the notes.

*An Historical Greek Grammar, Chiefly of the Attic Dialect, as Written and Spoken from Classical Antiquity Down to the Present Time: Founded upon the Ancient Texts, Inscriptions, Papyri, and Present Popular Greek.* By A. N. Jannaris. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS work, a volume of 737 large pages, the labour of five years, is well indexed, and is evidently full of matter, but it is hardly, we fear, suited to the English reader. A quotation from p. xi. of the preface will illustrate our meaning: "To enumerate here all the new features of the work, or seek to justify them as well as some novel terms (e.g., phonopathy, metaphony, trisyllabotany, tonoclisism, synelisis, antectasis, revection, secondary subjunctive for optative, &c.) introduced for the sake of precision or convenience, would lead to an unduly long excursus and serve no practical purpose." The book is far too long and cumbersome. All the classical paradigms ought to be omitted, and an intelligible nomenclature should be adopted. Such remarks as (§996, with reference to the future of πίνω) "πίομαι (impert. πιδ.)" are an offence against the traditions of two thousand years of scholarship. It is impossible to treat both ancient and modern Greek with any fulness in one and the same book; they are as unlike as, say, Thermopylae and Domoko.

*Pylos and Sphacteria, from Thucydides, Book IV.* (Rivingtons), edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, contains a simplified Greek text, with notes, a geographical introduction, and eight

pieces of English prose for translation (or one might almost say "retranslation") into Greek. The book is intended for fifth-form use, but might perhaps be read with advantage a form lower. The note on § 1, 2 is a little misleading. The article is surely only omitted when the Persian king is spoken of in his representative and public capacity. Thus, in the sentence "Persia declared war against Greece," "Persia" would be Βασιλεύς; but "the Persian king is at dinner" would be ὁ Βασιλεύς δεῖπνεῖ. The English distinction between "the Queen" and "the Crown" is somewhat parallel.

*The Anabasis of Xenophon, Book III.* (Cambridge: University Press), edited, in the Pitt Press series, by Mr. G. M. Edwards, is furnished with an excellent introduction, useful notes, and a good vocabulary. The remarks on εἰ γενόμεθα (§ 1, 13) need revision. Surely the commonplace of the class-room is quite correct—viz., that the future indicative (or in *oratio obliqua*, after past tenses, the future optative) is used with εἰ, instead of the subjunctive with ἔάν, when the speaker regards the hypothesis as (1) highly improbable, or (2) highly distasteful.

Mr. C. C. Tancock's *Story of the Ionic Revolt and Persian War as told by Herodotus* (Murray) consists of "selections from the translation of Canon Rawlinson, revised and adapted to the purposes of the present work." It was a happy inspiration of Mr. Tancock's to undertake this task of selection and revision, and the thanks of many readers will be due to him.

Mr. W. B. Donne's *Euripides* (Blackwood & Sons), in the series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," under the general editorship of the Rev. W. L. Collins, consists of a brightly written survey of the life and times of Euripides, together with a very sensible account and appreciation of his plays. The author, however, for one presumably acquainted with the Greek language, seems strangely unfamiliar with the Greek text of his poet. On p. 5 he refers to Athens as "the new centre of Hellas," and then adds: "'Hellas,' although a word unknown in the time of Euripides, and, indeed, of a much later date, is used here and elsewhere in these pages as a convenient and comprehensive term for Greece. . . ." "A word unknown in the time of Euripides, and—indeed, of much later date"!!! What of Pindar's Ἑλλάδος ἔρεισμα, κλεινὰ Ἀθῆναι? What of Euripides' own frequent use of the word—e.g., *Hecuba*, 330; *Helen*, 882; and the first line of the famous fragment of the *Autolycus*?

Mr. W. C. F. Walter's *Hints and Helps in Continuous Greek Prose* (Blackie & Son) will, in the hands of a good master, be useful for fifth-form work. The idioms in the appendix are well chosen; but a considerable portion of the information given will be superfluous in the case of boys properly grounded in their Greek exercises in the lower forms.

#### GREEK AND LATIN.

Mr. G. B. Green's *Notes on Greek and Latin Syntax* (Methuen & Co.) is written in the hope that it "may prove useful in the higher forms of schools, and to candidates for university and public examinations." The examples of constructions, which fill twenty-three pages out of 197, are excellently chosen, and the student who is set to answer a "critical paper" will find them of value. In the syntax proper Mr. Green has essayed a difficult task. It is impossible to treat the subject of Latin and Greek conditional sentences satisfactorily in twelve pages, or to deal with the *Oratio Obliqua* (in both languages) in nine. But the attempt has not been altogether a failure. Perhaps it would be almost better in such a book to sacrifice theoretical completeness by taking for granted a knowledge of the elements of syntax.

#### LATIN.

Mr. F. W. Hall's *The Fourth Verrine of Cicero* (Macmillan & Co.) is the model of a good school edition. The introduction is careful, adequate, and interesting. The text, where doubtful, has been chosen with sound judgment. The notes are always useful and sometimes brilliant. At the end of the book are to be found an archaeological appendix, a short discussion of the chronology of the trial of Verres, and a very complete index. The edition is altogether one that may be confidently recommended for sixth-form use.

Mr. H. W. Auden's *Cicero Pro Plancio* (Macmillan & Co.) is also a good school book, but less careful than Mr. Hall's. For instance, in the note on § 59, 22, Mr. Auden writes: "Nusquam erant 'never really existed,' but were mythological" (of Agamemnon and Menelaus!). This note overlooks the word *jam* in the text ("Que scripsit gravis et ingeniosus poeta, non ut illos regios pueros, qui jam nusquam erant, sed ut nos et nostros liberos ad laborem et ad laudem excitaret.") The true translation is obviously: "who had already passed from the earth."

*Macmillan's Elementary Latin-English Dictionary* (Macmillan & Co.) is handy and serviceable. If, however, the schoolboy attempts to use it for the purpose of verse-making he will find that, as is the case with many other recently-printed books, its value is impaired by a serious typographical defect—viz., that at a little distance from the eye the mark over a short syllable is hardly to be distinguished from the mark over a long syllable. From practical experience, we would suggest that both marks ought to be made much larger and more distinct.

Mr. S. E. Winbolt's *Exercises in Latin Accidence* (Methuen & Co.) are "intended to lead up to *Latin Syntax* by Mr. Botting." The book is well adapted for use in Preparatory Schools. It follows the lines of the *Latin Primer*.

Mr. J. A. Stevens's *Junior Latin Syntax* (Blackie & Son), a little volume of 56 pages, is meritoriously compiled, but it is difficult to see of what use it will be to the boy who possesses an ordinary grammar and an ordinary exercise-book.

*First Latin Exercises* (Longmans), by the Rev. J. Went, who appears from the title-page to be headmaster of two schools at the same time (a little joke, we suppose, of the Charity Commissioners), are "avowedly designed to lead young boys, as rapidly as possible, by means of very simple exercises, to some easy reading book." "In ordinary Grammar Schools only a limited amount of time can be given to Latin. . . ." "It is hoped that the exercises may prove useful to a considerable number of boys who enter Grammar Schools at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and who wish to obtain some knowledge of Latin in a comparatively short time. These boys necessarily cause a certain amount of difficulty in a class. They are usually quite up to the average of their age in other subjects, but being beginners in languages they have a difficulty in maintaining in the class the position which properly belongs to them." These extracts *donnent à penser*. But, granted the object in view, the book is well conceived and well executed.

*Passages from Latin Authors for Translation into English* (Macmillan & Bowes), by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, have been "selected with a view to the needs of candidates for the Cambridge Previous, Local and Schools Examinations." Parts II. and III. have been familiar for years to schoolmaster and examinee: Part I. is new, and contains forty-two somewhat easier pieces.

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Ireland, an admirable collection of material, a monument of self-sacrificing and disinterested energy, and a permanently valuable contribution to knowledge. May I urge, however, that you should not limit your field of selection so rigidly. The fund which the ACADEMY proposes to establish is practically the only one in the country available for the encouragement of works which do not make a direct appeal to the average book-buying public. I would place the claims of the following works upon your consideration : Prof. Ker's *Epic and Romance*, an achievement of constructive critical scholarship; Dr. Jevon's *Introduction to the Science of Religion*; Mr. Crooke's *North-West Provinces of India*; Miss Garnett's *Greek Folk-Poesy*; and Dr. Sigerson's *Bards of the Gael and Gall*. These two last works have the merit of interpreting to the English reader two alien and highly interesting bodies of romantic literature."

SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, selects *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* by Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Miss Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa*.

MR. ANDREW LANG is a bold man. He has compiled ('tis true a little late) an English Academy, AND HE HAS INCLUDED THE NAME OF MR SWINBURNE. So much has been said about our humble attempt to "play the old Academy game" that we feel we are entitled to ask just one question of Mr. Lang—who might the Macchailean Mohr be? Here is Mr. Lang's forty, as printed in *Longman's Magazine*. They are not his personal choice, "but the forty who would, perhaps, have a good chance on the French principle":

- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Gladstone.         | The Macchailean Mohr.  |
| Dean Farrar.           | Mr. James Knowles.     |
| The Bishop of Ripon.   | Mr. Herbert Spencer.   |
| The Bishop of London.  | Sir Henry Irving.      |
| The Bishop of Chester. | Mr. George Meredith.   |
| Mr. Ruskin.            | Mr. Leslie Stephen.    |
| Lord Acton.            | Dr. J. A. H. Murray.   |
| Prof. Masson.          | Mr. Binning Monro.     |
| Prof. Butcher.         | Mr. Francis Galton.    |
| Prof. Bryce.           | Dr. Fairbairn.         |
| Prof. Jebb.            | Mr. Alfred Austin.     |
| Prof. Mahaffy.         | Mr. Swinburne.         |
| Prof. Courthope.       | Mr. Lecky.             |
| Lord Rayleigh.         | Mr. Thomas Hardy.      |
| Sir W. Crookes.        | Mr. Morley.            |
| Lord Kelvin.           | Mr. Max Müller.        |
| Sir Robert Ball.       | Sir George Trevelyan.  |
| Mr. Robert Bridges.    | Mr. A. J. Balfour.     |
| Mr. S. R. Gardiner.    | Prof. Sidgwick.        |
| Mr. E. B. Tylor.       | Mr. Frederic Harrison. |

"There is not a literary gent. among them, unless Mr. Stephen and Mr. Harrison may accept the title," is Mr. Lang's comment on his list. What sort of "gents.," we wonder, are Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy?

MR. LANG continues: "Imagine the pleasure of going canvassing! I think of presenting myself, for instance, before Lord Kelvin—or Mr. Max Müller—or a bishop, unless he were an old friend of unregenerate days. Long-haired poets would get little encouragement out of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the clergy would soon dispose of your

emancipated novelists. Mr. Henley soliciting the vote and interest of a bishop would be an example of unappreciated greatness, and it would be pleasing to see Mr.—'s call on Mr. Swinburne."

MR. LANG's doubts, implied above, concerning Mr. Max Müller's friendliness to himself will perhaps be set at rest by learning that that gentleman's forthcoming book of reminiscences is to be entitled *Auld Lang Syne*. The volume so named will, we fear, run risks of enjoying a Kailyard reputation.

P.S.—Following this section of Mr. Lang's *Longman's* gossip on Academy-making, is a paragraph concerning ghosts, which, of course, we did not read, and then a paragraph about ants, which we also were disregarding until the last sentence caught the eye. Alas! it compels us to withdraw the compliment to Mr. Lang on his boldness. For it says: "This reminds me that Sir John Lubbock was left out of my Academy. I therefore scratch Mr. Swinburne, who does not love such laurels."

MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON'S *Almanack of Twelve Sports* is being issued in a French edition, with a preface by M. Octave Uzanne, the most entertaining dilettante now writing. It is amusing to find the panegyrist of the fan and other boudoir trifles standing as the apologist of pictures celebrating *le cricket* and *le box*. Mr. Kipling's verses, we suppose, have not been translated.

AMERICAN critics are becoming unpleasantly accusative. Two charges of plagiarism against English authors have just crossed the Atlantic. One paper attacks Sir Edwin Arnold; another accuses Mr. Anstey for having in his *Baboo Jabberjee* "stolen or obviously paraphrased many expressions from the celebrated *Memoir of Onocool Chandee Mookerjee*, the classic in Baboo-English, and from a pamphlet by the Honourable T. Hart-Davies on the Ilbert Bill; both extremely humorous, but of a sort of humour of which a little goes a long way." This is a serious charge to base lightly upon a necessary similarity of diction. No living writer has less occasion than Mr. Anstey to borrow the work of others. Reviewers ought to be very careful how they employ so dangerous and damning a word as plagiarism.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. write that they are surprised to find in this month's *Contemporary Review* an article by Mr. W. T. Stead based upon the Countess of Warwick's forthcoming *Life of Joseph Arch, M.P.*, since the book is not really published until to-day, the 15th. "We think it," they add, "due to ourselves to explain to you that not a single copy of the book has yet been sent out by us, and that the advance review has not appeared under any arrangement made by us." Certainly an irregularity has been committed; but we cannot see that the publishers are much to be pitied. No paper is likely to refuse to notice the book because an advance copy

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN connexion with the awards which we have made, it might be useful to say for the benefit of readers who have not yet seen Mr. Henley's essay on Burns, that the publishers, Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, have just issued it in a shilling edition. In its original form it is to be found at the end of the four-volume edition of Burns—*The Centenary Burns*—edited by Mr. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson, a work which, we might remark, is not easily to be met with. The request for it one day this week at three of the leading London bookshops yielded no result whatever; and at Mudie's the edition, quite naturally, has not been put into circulation at all.

In addition to the replies to our request for the names of books suitable for "coronation," which were printed last week, we have received others. Among these is one from Prof. Dowden, running as follows:

"I have read too few books of 1897 to be able to express an opinion of their comparative merits. But I think some of the most beautiful blank verse written in recent years is to be found in Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*, published at the close of the year, though dated 1898."

Prof. Dowden should be gratified to learn our decision in this matter.

MR. ALFRED NUTT writes: "If choice is to be rigidly limited to two works, one of which is to receive 100 guineas and the other 50, I think the first prize should go to the edition of Burns by Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson, the first adequate edition of the poet from the standpoint of literature, and one which really does reflect honour upon our national scholarship. The second I would award to Mr. Borlase's *Dolmens of*

has fallen, probably by way of the author, into the hands of a Contemporary Reviewer.

FIRST, the Nelson celebration of 1896, and the consequent interest in the navy, and second, Mr. Kipling's *Seven Seas*, and Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All*, and Mr. Rennell Rodd's *Ballads of the Fleet*, together or separately, may be held responsible for the naval poetry that we now see in so many places. Even the American *Chap-Book* prints a "Song of the Spanish Main" of which these are stanzas:

"Out in the south, when a twilight shroud  
Hangs over the ocean's rim,  
Sail on sail, like a floating cloud,  
Galleon, brigantine, cannon-browed,  
Rich from the Indies, homeward crowd,  
Singing a Spanish hymn.

There comes a song through the salt and  
spray,  
Blood-kin to the ocean's roar:  
'All day long down Florez way  
Richard Grenville stands at bay.  
Come and take him if ye may!  
'Then hush, for evermore."

AND even a Member of Parliament attunes his mind to poesy, for in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* is a nautical song by Mr. William Allan, M.P., one stanza of which runs:

"The flag that cowed the roving Dane,  
And shattered Gallia's might,  
Tho' leagued with proud and haughty Spain,  
Waves still in glory's light.  
As in triumphant days of old,  
Its laurels bright appear,  
While from the hearts of seamen bold  
This song salutes the ear:  
The soldier may be lord on land,  
And brave in battle be,  
While Britain's sons man British guns  
Jack shall be King at Sea!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!"

THE *Chap-Book's* poetry is not, however, entirely naval. We find in it also the following elegiac gem, copied from a child's grave in an Australian bush town:

"Our Emily Frances was so fair  
That the Angels envied Her,  
And Whispered in her Ear  
We will take you Away on  
Tuesday night."

By the death of Mr. Stacy Marks we lose a clever painter and a genial Bohemian of the old school. Mr. Marks was the Royal Academy's jester; no other painter used pigments as humorously as he. If he has a successor it is Mr. Dendy Sadler. Mr. Marks was not a great artist, but he made the quainter side of bird-life his own, and worked there without a rival. His later colour studies of macaws and cockatoos, parrots and adjutants, are more highly prized by their owners than even his oil-paintings will be. Mr. Marks turned author a year or so ago, and produced the necessary volume of reminiscences. It is marked rather by good spirits than good literary style. Socially Mr. Stacy Marks will be greatly missed.

AMONG the latest results of Mr. Gladstone's leisure is the invention of a screen constructed to hold, like the cases in St. Deiniol's library, "the maximum of books in the minimum of space." The screen is easily movable. It is made of light wood, enamelled white. The front consists of shelves for four hundred books, the back is covered with tapestry. On the top may be placed ornaments. The Gladstone screen should be put on the market.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It is a curious fact, due, no doubt, to the limited knowledge of Dutch in this country, that a remarkable linguistic blunder in Mr. Bryce's valuable *Impressions of South Africa* [which we review this week elsewhere] has passed undetected, although the book is now in a second edition. On p. 509 the author says the Boers' 'usual term (when they talk among themselves) for an Englishman is "rotten egg." The other common Boer name for an Englishman is "red neck," drawn from the fact that the back of an Englishman's neck is often burnt red by the sun. This does not happen to the Boer, who always wears a broad-brimmed hat.' Mr. Bryce has unconsciously done the Boers an injustice. They never call an Englishman a 'rotten egg' at all. What they say is *roode nek*, popularly *rooie nek* or *rooinek*—i.e., 'red neck.' As the *oo* is the same as our long *o* (as in *old*, *door*, *yeoman*, &c.), the phrase, when pronounced quickly, sounds to English ears not unlike 'rotten egg.' This is, no doubt, what has given rise to the misunderstanding which has imposed on so careful a traveller as Mr. Bryce."

MR. W. L. ALDEN is writing the London literary letter for the *New York Times* Saturday literary supplement. Beginnings are notoriously difficult, and therefore we may justly expect better communications than his first, which chronicles only the proceedings of a school of inferior novelists who are already too much written about.

THE verses written by Mr. Bliss Carman for the unveiling of the Robert Louis Stevenson memorial at San Francisco ran as follows:

"THE WORD OF THE WATER.

I.

God made me simple from the first,  
And good to quench the body's thirst.  
Think you He has no ministers  
To glad that way-worn soul of yours?

II.

Here by the thronging Golden Gate,  
For thousands and for you I wait,  
Seeing adventurers' sails unfurled  
For the four corners of the world.

III.

Here passed one day, nor came again,  
A prince among the tribes of men.  
(For man like him is from his birth  
A vagabond upon this earth.)

IV.

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,  
And pray for Louis Stevenson,  
That by whatever trail he fare,  
He be refreshed in God's great care."

The Canadian poet has here caught some of Stevenson's own spirit.

It is announced that Lady Murray has purchased, near Antibes, in the Riviera, a large house, which she proposes to convert into a home of rest for authors and artists in poor health and circumstances. The home will be opened from February 1 next to May 31, and henceforward from November 1 to May 31. Particulars may be obtained of Lady Murray, Villa Victoria, Cannes. Meanwhile the following rules are made public by the *Daily Mail*:

"1. That the health of the applicant is such as to make a winter in a mild climate necessary, or at least advisable.

2. That he is unable to obtain this without such assistance as he will find here.

3. That his medical advisers are able to give a fair hope that with the benefit of a winter abroad he will be able to return to his work.

4. That those admitted pay their journey out and back, and £1 a week for board and lodging. Personal washing, extra fires and lights, and wine, will be charged extra. No dogs allowed."

MR. JOHN MORLEY will open the Passmore Edwards Settlement on Saturday evening, February 12. Lord Peel will take the chair. Among the arrangements for the spring term are a course of eight lectures, by Miss Jane Harrison, on Delphi. M. Homolle, Director of the French School at Athens, has kindly lent Miss Harrison photographs of some of the recent discoveries, which will accompany her lectures as lantern illustrations.

MR. LE GALLIENNE, who is about to visit America, will stay there at least a year, and he may reside permanently in New England.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce a work by Mr. Alfred T. Story, entitled *The Building of the Empire*, which purport to be the story of England's growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. The book will have more than a hundred illustrations from contemporary prints.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish immediately a work entitled *The Niger Sources* by Colonel J. K. Trotter. The work will contain a route map and illustrations.

WE understand that Mr. Elliot Stoddard will be the London publisher of the New Birmingham Ruskin Society's magazine *Saint George*.

THE author of *Liza of Lambeth*, Mr. W. S. Maugham, has written a second novel of a very different character, the principal even of which is a revolution in an Italian town in the fifteenth century. This looks like versatility with a vengeance.

THE date for the publication of the biography of the Prince of Wales, which Mr. Grant Richards has long had in preparation, is now definitely fixed for Monday next.

THE Queen has accepted a copy of Mr. Craigie's romance *The School for Saints*.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

### IV.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN a slight but interesting contribution to Lord Tennyson's biography Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton draws a sharp contrast between two kinds of poetry: one, which he calls popular, "appealing to the uncultivated masses"; the other, artistic and appealing only to those "who are sensitive to the expression of deep thought and the true beauties of poetic art." But in carrying out his argument he unwittingly shows that to be "artistic" in his sense is to be limited, for the greatest poets appeal both to the many and the few. He instances Shakespeare, who is "the most popular," and yet transcends all others in beauty of expression. Homer, Dante, Molière—all the supreme poets might have been added. Among those who do not win attention from all sorts and conditions of men, but whose poetry commands a select and intelligent audience, Mr. Watts-Dunton would probably number Keats, Shelley, Rossetti, Winburne, and Mr. Arnold. No one who loves what is beautiful and appreciates the expression can fail to be attracted to them, and yet they are not popular in the sense in which Tennyson or Burns or Mr. Rudyard Kipling is popular.

To find the reason it seems to me we must dive a little deeper than Mr. Watts-Dunton has done. Popularity or unpopularity has nothing to do with the question. The coarse, ill-equipped modern novelist, running his "big human passions" as if they were "the greatest show on earth," appeals to a huge multitude; but so did Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot. It tells nothing, therefore, to say that a writer is widely read. He may, as Tennyson did, attract all that is best in the several grades of society, or he may only collect a crowd of ignorant admirers from the under sections. But, on the other hand, that readers are few is no guarantee that they are fit. In these days of cliques and schools it is not very difficult for a versifier of very moderate attainments indeed to gain the ear of a small band of admirers, and be a little Pope to them. Such a one is almost certain to call himself "artistic," and feel, or affect, a disdain of popular approval. Like Montaigne, he abhors "to preach to the first passer-by, to become a tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet." Let this air of superiority be not of itself lent. Popularity or unpopularity tells nothing about a poet.

And still, although Mr. Watts-Dunton is not happy in the choice of terms, he has evidently been brooding over a very real distinction. There is a class of poets, at the head of which stands Burns, whose interest is wholly in the workaday world, whose strongest note is a love of life, and who appeal almost wholly to pity and fun, tenderness and passion. Another class, the greatest of whom is Milton, with less warmth and sympathy, have a deeper appreciation of the more august and remote beauty of life,

the sense of the sublime, the glory and music of words. They do not make a very strong appeal to those simple elementary instincts that Burns grouped compendiously into one expression, "the hairet," but speak to the æsthetic, the cultivated sense. It was to the order of Milton that Matthew Arnold belonged.

To make this apparent it is only necessary to take a fine verse from him and compare it with a typical one from Burns. The familiar "Dover Beach" gives us exactly what we want, a stanza representing Arnold's art at its highest, and also expressing his mental attitude:

"The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's  
shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle fur'd.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world."

It needs no saying that the part of man which responds to this is very different from that which gives back an echo to "Ae fond kiss," or "Had we never loved so kindly," or "My love is like a red, red rose." A thousand hearts will leap at a cry of personal regret or passion for one imagination that will be stirred by this large sadness and the sustained and dignified metaphor by which it is expressed.

I am not instituting a comparison between the two poets in point of greatness, but only trying to make clear the difference of temperament, a difference that sufficiently explains why Arnold failed to appreciate Burns truly. The next point is that a mind of the very highest rank embraces both. One finds it even in those passages which embody the impassioned dejection to which the greatest poets are subject—

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair."

In the *Odyssey* and the *Purgatorio*, in the *Book of Job*, and *Macbeth* a despondency more profound than Arnold's is over and over again expressed. But the difference between a Homer or a Shakespeare, even a Tennyson, and those minor "artistic" poets who have not succeeded in becoming popular, is that the former connects the facts of life directly with its mysteries, while the latter appeal to a secondary sentiment. The ordinary wayfaring man has no difficulty in grasping what Shakespeare meant when he makes Macbeth exclaim:

" . . . Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more."

But no one can fully appreciate the fine lines quoted from Arnold without understanding the religious doubts and controversies of the period in which they were written. And this brings us to the great weakness of him and his kind. Dealing as they do with themes and sentiments lying apart from daily experience, and appealing to those emotions which are not like love and grief, elemental, but are fostered into an artificial shape by reading and cultivation, they are ever tempted to refine and refine, to assume more and more

of special preparation in the audience, to widen the distance between art and ordinary life, till in the end they find themselves separated from all but a small selection of their fellows. That this was so with Mr. Arnold does not admit of doubt. He had not that tremendous will and self-confidence that kept Tennyson steadfast to his purpose in face of many early discouragements. For twenty years before his death he had practically ceased to write poetry. Either he was not sure of himself, or not sure that great art is bound to conquer in the end—bound to conquer even the Philistine.

Yet in one sense he has won the battle. The much maligned British public is really not so bad as it is called. Its worst fault is a kind of easily imposed upon good nature, which is apt to deify humbugs and charlatans on their first appearance, and to neglect all merit that is not pushing and clamant; but this worship is never of long duration; sooner or later the grain is winnowed from the chaff. Merit will always have a few honest admirers, and these steadily increase as time goes on, while mere empty pretentiousness, whatever its momentary vogue, is pricked and tossed aside; and Matthew Arnold's poetry has quietly and surely emerged from the neglect of those early years, and is probably esteemed more to-day than it was in the author's lifetime. It is seen now that he filled an important place in his generation, that he expressed as no other has done the wide imaginative aspect of the flux and change of the period in which he lived; and if he had dared to be a little bolder, and to think less of what Goethe or Milton would have said, and more of his own impressions, his place would have been higher still. However, the slim volume of selections from him published by Macmillan is a book the lover of nineteenth-century poetry would not composedly lose. If we except "Balder Dead," it omits very little of his essential work.

It is curious that while the neglected verse is emerging from obscurity, his prose which attracted so much attention when published appears to be losing ground. Yet it must always command at least an historical interest, as marking a stage in the evolution of style. There are four writers of the century who dealt with kindred topics and who represent as many sides of life. In the first place came Macaulay with a manner of his own, indeed, yet no new voice. Rather the last of the old voices—brilliant, well-informed and full, dwelling mainly on the superficial and external, not aware of those deeper currents of thought that were to characterise the time that was coming. He has wielded an influence out of all proportion to his strength, mainly because his prose was at once extremely striking and very easily imitated. But, as a recent critic has said, his thought all ran in "orderly Dutch dykes." Next we have Carlyle flooding these narrow channels with a sea of new ideas, but rugged of language and careless of form, making a complete alteration in the point of view, yet influencing mere style to a very small extent, because his language was so peculiarly his own, so mannered, and so flushed with personality, that it was

simply impossible for anyone else to adopt it without producing the most grotesque effect. At his heel followed Ruskin, loving grace and music and beauty, and rendering them with a kind of sweet formality and ceremoniousness: a taste for purity of words and classic models—a descendant, in short, of De Quincey. Finally, we arrive at Matthew Arnold, and his perception that something still was lacking. Of the three styles alluded to, it may be said that all of them lacked flexibility. The very architecture of Macaulay's work excluded it. His rounded sentence and antithetic construction are fatal to the play of light and shade; they are not meant for laughter and tears, and all that lies between. Carlyle's harsher periods, though not unfitted to the display of a grim humour, are as much lacking in suppleness as Macaulay's; and Mr. Ruskin, especially in his first period, was too earnest and stately to express a variety of moods. Matthew Arnold was able to do what the others had not done. His verse is almost painfully melancholy, but his natural buoyancy and playfulness, his archness and vivacity, were exquisitely displayed in his prose. He could, as none of his contemporaries did, pursue an argument steadfastly and yet with all the liveliness of spirit and laughing resources of a particularly keen and well-furnished mind. To find his equal in this respect we must either go to France or our own excellent prosemen of the eighteenth century, to Addison and Fielding. And he has wielded an influence scarcely second to Macaulay's. The best features in the prose of to-day, its aim at clearness, its intolerance of the formal and pompous and obscure, are very largely due to him.

But if this be so, it may well be asked, is it not inconsistent to say that he is going out of favour? Well, if an honest answer be returned to that it must be personal. No one can really reply for his fellow men. He can only say: "I read Matthew Arnold once with pleasure and delight, he taught me much for which I am grateful, but whether it is that he can be sucked dry, or that a change has come over the spirit of things, very languidly now do I return to him." The reply will no doubt appear unsatisfactory to those who still find an inspiration in his pages, and yet it is capable of defence. Mr. Arnold answered to a need of his generation, the century is vastly better for his having lived and spoken, but that may be so, and yet his influence may have ceased to be direct. And his was not one of those supremely rich and full natures at which one can, so to speak, cut and come again, as you return, for instance, to Charles Lamb or Sir Thomas Browne. That he was true to one of his doctrines, that he was lucid, is to say all; he offers no second banquet. In thinking of his prose I often contrast it with that of another poet, Heinrich Heine. Arnold apprehended the qualities, the finest qualities, of French prose, its clearness, logic, and vivacity, and reproduced them with success. So did the other, but to French lucidity Heine added German dreaminess and poetry. Language in his hands is as supple and changeable,

but it exhibited a larger variety of moods, passing with the easiest grace from fun and satire to a deep pathos or a glowing fancy. To be a master of prose one must have not only a right theory and a full command of material, but a richly endowed mind.

And, finally, the part Arnold played in his chosen rôle of critic was bound to be temporary. The method of his time, as is the case in all periods of original work, was to refer direct to nature. "Is this life as I know it?" was substantially the question by which the claims of art had to stand or fall. Carlyle knew no other test; Ruskin delighted in applying it. But Arnold's function was to insist on the value of tradition and the classical models. His own judgment was perpetually guided by the principle laid down in a famous passage beginning:

"There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry."

A most excellent device for expelling the banal and pretentious from current literature, but one that may lead the judgment far astray in regard to any new and original work, which is as likely as not to go, or appear to go, in the teeth of old models! No, the true touchstone is supplied by those exquisite moments in which poems have been "lived but left unsung," and if you substitute for them the memories of those of other people as expressed in verse, then you are deliberately breaking contact with nature.

It was worth while reviving this view of criticism, however, because it brings Arnold's prose into harmony with his verse, and shows the weakness of one to spring from the same cause as that of the other. Yet, although it would be against the spirit of his own teaching not to look frankly at his limitations, let us not forget his merits as a great educative influence, a teacher of clear thinking and precise statement, a singer whose imagination was entranced by the great spiritual change that in his day swept over "the naked shingles of the world."

P.

#### A FORGOTTEN NOVEL BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

WHEN "Zeta" first published his little volume of three hundred pages, called *Shadows of the Clouds*, the world of 1847 was duly impressed, both with the general ability which the book displayed and the force and vigour with which it preached some rather heterodox doctrines. When it leaked out, as it soon did, that Zeta was none other than James Anthony Froude, Fellow of Exeter College in Oxford, brother of Hurrell Froude of Oriel, the zealous High Churchman, public interest waxed greater. It waxed, perhaps, greatest of all when not long afterwards its author bought up all the copies he could lay his hands on and destroyed them. The suppression seems to have been singularly thorough and successful, for the book is now almost unknown.

It never figures in the catalogues of second-hand booksellers, and is very rarely to be seen even in private libraries. The British Museum, of course, has a copy, for there, if anywhere, is the proverb proved true, *Litera scripta manet*. An author may buy up or call in his book, but the Museum will never restore what has once fallen into its clutches.

The reason generally assigned for Froude's suppression of the book, is that it was too autobiographical, or at least appeared to the outer world to be so. The relations of the hero with his father were thought to reflect somewhat closely the quarrel between Froude's father and himself, and there are other possibly accidental resemblances between the careers of hero and author which might lend colour to the idea that the book was, in fact, though not in form, an autobiography. Another possible motive for withdrawing *Shadows of the Clouds* is supposed to be found in the hero's heretical views on certain points. The heresy, viewed by the standards of to-day, is of a mild character; but orthodox readily took offence in the Fifties. Indeed, the story runs that when Froude's next book, *The Nemesis of Faith*, appeared Sewell, Fellow of Exeter and ardent High Churchman, who afterwards founded Radley School, solemnly burnt it in the middle of the Quadrangle! Public feeling ran high in those days on matters of faith and religion in Oxford, and it is quite likely that the orthodox Churchman of that time would have found much to reprobate in *Shadows of the Clouds*. But if this had been the reason for its withdrawal, would Froude so very shortly afterwards have published (not anonymously, but under his own name) the far more heterodox *Nemesis of Faith*? A curious story about Froude's election to the Exeter Fellowship used to be told in Oxford in the Fifties. Hurrell Froude, the High Churchman, was, of course, Fellow of Oriel, and the Provost of Oriel, Hawkins, a man of small capacity and little wisdom, hated the High Church Party cordially. When J. A. Froude tried for the Oriel Fellowship he was not elected. When he subsequently tried at Exeter, or the other hand—a pronouncedly High Church college in those days—he was elected, as reported, under the misapprehension that he had been rejected by Oriel as a High Churchman and friend of Newman! If there is any truth in this old story it is not difficult to understand the rage of the Exeter Common Room and men like Sewell when Froude proceeded to publish heterodox, or Latitudinarian, works.

*Shadows of the Clouds*, or at least the longer of the two stories it contains, is an extremely interesting book to read, even at this time of day, and as an example of the "psychological novel" was considerable in advance of its day. It may be admitted that it is at times "heavy" reading. It has scarcely any plot, no "incident," very little "action," and next to no dialogue. This gives it a certain monotony inseparable from that kind of fiction. But that much of it is tremendously impressive cannot be denied. Briefly, it is a character-study of an unhappy boy, Edward Fowler, the

of a hard, gloomy Church dignitary, deprived of a mother's care, and surrounded by utterly uncongenial brothers and sisters, who, after a miserable existence at home and at school, pulls himself together with a great effort of will, and at length develops into something of a man, only to die of consumption before his efforts have had time to bear fruit in any noteworthy achievement. The interest of the story is wholly in the character of the boy, in the mental phases through which he passes, and in the picture which is incidentally drawn of the ideas and the manners of the 30-40. In technique, of course, and as a rare example of how to tell a story, the book fails. Froude was not a great novelist in the *romanesque*, but merely a man of deep insight into character and wide sympathy with human frailty, who has left behind him one of the most interesting studies of a human mind. Artistically, indeed, the book comes far from being an actual failure. The events do not follow one another in satisfactory order and sequence, there is a shade too much of the author in the book, and too little of the characters :

Never dares the man put off the Prophet."

Froude is perpetually at his reader's elbow, jogging him lest he should miss any point or fail to draw from it its legitimate conclusion. But with all these disadvantages *Shadows of the Clouds* remains to this day a book that well repays reading. It contains many vivid pictures of the life of the great majority of respectable God-fearing English people lived in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. There is, for example, a terrible picture of life at an English public school (Westminster) in those days; but of much more real and permanent interest than these are the often profound and original views on life which the author puts forward in the course of his narrative. Here, for example, is a singularly apt utterance on the subject of education :

I take it to be a matter of the most certain experience in dealing with boys of an amiable and good disposition, that exactly the treatment they receive from you they will deserve. In a general sense it is true of all persons of unformed character that when they come in contact with you as your inferiors; though with men it cannot be relied on with the same certainty, because their feelings are more powerful, and their habit of moving this way or that under particular circumstances more indeterminate. But with the very large class of boys of a yielding nature who have very little confidence, are very little governed by a determined will or judgment, but sway up and down under the impulses of the moment, if they are treated generously and trustingly, it may be taken as an axiom that their feelings will be always strong enough to make them ashamed of what they do not deserve it."

Here is the father's view of his unfortunate son :—

As to the character of the entire boy, his temper, disposition, health of tone in heart and mind, all that was presumed. It made no difference at school exhibitions, and, at least indirectly, assumed no form of positive importance as regarded after-life. So this was all for itself. Of course, if a boy knew half as much as he did at ten and had construed the world through at eleven, all other excellences

were a matter of course. . . . He was naturally timid, and shrunk from all the amusements and games of other boys. So much the better, he would keep to his books."

The boy goes to Westminster and is placed on the Foundation, "where for one year, at least, to all boys, and to some for every year, the life was as hard, and the treatment as barbarous as that of the negroes in Virginia."

The lad's character at school is thus summarised :

"The defect in Edward's nature, as I understand it, was that he was constitutionally a coward. Constitutionally, I say. It was not his own fault. Nature had ordered him so just as she orders others constitutionally brave. One may like these the best, but one must be cautious how one praises them for what they have earned by no merit of their own. Courage of this kind—animal courage—is a gift, not an accomplishment. . . . Neither animal courage nor animal cowardice result from any principle, they are merely passions . . . so different from moral courage and moral cowardice that they seem to me to have nothing in common except the name. . . . What Fowler had not was animal courage, he was subject to the passion of timidity, in the same way as other boys are subject to the passions of anger, jealousy, cruelty, or gross appetites; and it ought to have been understood that he was falling before a constitutional weakness instead of being supposed that he had a formed, settled character of meanness and cowardice."

After this powerfully subtle analysis of the boy's character the rest of the story follows on the whole with logical necessity. He is removed from Westminster, and after a miserable year or two at home, sent to a private tutor, where he is happy enough, and afterwards to Oxford, where he is generally popular. It seems questionable whether a youth who had passed through such a boyhood would have thus blossomed out into the possession of attractive social qualities; but probably had the story been worked out with greater care, this would have been accounted for. As it is, both in style and in construction the book is often slipshod. While at Oxford he falls in love and into debt. He is engaged for a brief space, and the engagement is broken off on the debts being made known. He takes to dissipation to drown care, and is rusticated from Oxford. From this stage begins the work of his redemption, and by sheer force of will and hard work he ultimately blossoms out into a decent member of society. The girl to whom he had been engaged marries someone else in a rather fantastic manner, though her love for Fowler remains unchanged. Fowler pulls her son out of the water at Torquay, which gives an opportunity for reconciliation and mutual explanations, and finally he dies in a highly unorthodox frame of mind. This in itself must have fluttered the doves of 1847 somewhat, though the author exerts considerable ingenuity to make it appear that he is himself quite as much shocked as his readers at the heretical views of his hero. Indeed, this attitude is kept up, throughout the book. Altogether, *Shadows of the Clouds* is a noteworthy book, and is worth reissuing, if only as a literary curiosity.

A GERMAN MARE'S NEST.

THE problem of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* is yet unsolved. The literary arena is dusty with the onsets of rival jousts, champions of Pembroke, champions of Southampton. The publication of Mr. Sidney Lee's *Dictionary of National Biography* article, and of Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's *Gossip from a Manuscript Room*, have aroused the controversy in an acute form. Mr. William Archer has flung himself into the fray with a magazine article. Nor are the lists yet closed. Herr Georg Brandes has yet to run his course; Mr. George Wyndham has to run his. To the impartial observer it would seem as if this were the one question on which no scholar could be trusted to keep his head or to refrain from the delightful but illegitimate sport of mare's-nesting. The spoils of a chase recently undertaken have come into our hands. Herr Gregor Sarrazin is a student of no mean repute, though with an unhappy *penchant* for seeing the verbal parallel standing where it ought not. On Hamlet, on Thomas Kyd, he has done good and suggestive work. His contributions to the speculative biography of Shakespeare are not to be despised. He has made the long-rejected hypothesis of an early Italian journey by the poet seem plausible. Nevertheless, in his recent *William Shakespeare's Lehrjahre*, he most undeniably puts his foot in it over the *Sonnets*. With his general standpoint on the matter we have no quarrel. Following Hermann Isaac he reiterates the point, which Mr. Tyler and his fellow upholders of the Pembroke theory have yet to meet, that the style and thought of the *Sonnets*, or at least of the Dark Woman and Jealousy *Sonnets*, are the style and thought of the plays and poems written before 1595, and not those of the plays written between 1598 and 1601. Herr Isaac holds the Friend of the *Sonnets* to be the Earl of Essex. In this, however, Herr Sarrazin does not follow him, but is content with Drake and Gerald Massey to believe that Southampton was the person addressed. Incidentally, he makes a very sensible observation for the benefit of those who think that the whole question does not signify a brass button. "It is not," he says,

"a matter of indifference to our judgment of Shakespeare's character whether these poems were addressed . . . to a weak-headed sensualist like William Herbert, or to one who, like Southampton, was, for all his faults and acts of rashness, a chivalrous, brave, and high-minded gentleman."

But we are not concerned with the general question as between Southampton and Pembroke. Herr Sarrazin, in support of his thesis, ventures upon the dangerous ground of textual emendation. He is troubled by the 143rd *Sonnet*, which runs as follows :

"So, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sits down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :

So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still."

It has been held that there is a pun in the last line but one, and, on the face of it, as Pembroke's name was William Herbert, while Southampton's was Henry Wriothesley, this tells for Pembroke. But what if this pun should somehow have displaced another, an earlier pun? and if this earlier pun could be shown to be somehow significant of Southampton? So should the righteous come to his own again, and Pembroke, "the man of sin," be ousted. Can we reconstruct, divine the original state of the text? What is the root-metaphor of the sonnet? What is all this about the poultry-yard? Aha! Eureka! Hoch! Let Herr Sarrazin announce his incomparable discovery in his own words:

"As in a palimpsest I read the original text of the closing lines, thus:

'So will I pray that thou mayst have thy "Hen,"

If thou turn back, and my loud crying pen.'

For 'pen,' cf. *Lucrece*, 681: 'He pens her piteous clamours in her head'; and 'Hen' is an abbreviation of *Henry*, not, indeed, so common as *Harry* or *Hal*, but still not altogether unusual. Henry Wriothesley was the name of Shakespeare's friend, who would seem, also, to have been his rival."

The reader will think, as we thought, that the learned German, with that impassive Teutonic humour of his, is joking with us. But no! you may search in vain for a sign that he regards his suggestion in any other light than that of the most serious complacency. Well, well! as the tragic poet says,

πολλὰ τὰ θεῖα καὶδὲν ἀνθρώπου δευρότερον πέλει.

But surely this is the biggest mare's-nest upon which unhappy quester after the problem of the "Sonnet" has ever lighted, and contains the most stupendous wind-egg of them all.

## THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

### A DESPERATE REMEDY.

WE have received a rather remarkable communication from a London bookseller of good position, who assures us that he seriously contemplates taking the measures proposed in the draft circular of which we give a copy below. We offer no comment on this communication, which, however, cannot, at all events, be described as dull reading. Messrs. ———'s circular is addressed

TO BOOKSELLERS,

and the following is its text:

"During 1897 the condition of the book trade has been a subject of anxious discussion among publishers, booksellers, and authors. It

is recognised by all that, except for those booksellers who, in consequence of vast sales, are able to buy in large quantities on special terms, bookselling, as now conducted, affords a ridiculously insufficient net return for the capital and energy which the calling demands. The legitimate profits are, in fact, deliberately handed over to the public, while the 'intelligent' bookseller toils all the year round for the benefit of his landlord, and for the getting of a bare living profit for himself by the sale of fancy articles, stationery, and other auxiliaries. Briefly, and in other words, the bookseller demonstrates himself to be what the immortal Mr. Bumble once denominated the law. The futility of appealing to anything in the shape of *esprit de corps* has been proved *ad nauseam*, and, instead of combining for the common welfare, each bookseller fights only for his own individual hand, and all agree to pursue the suicidal policy of the 'happy dispatch' by cutting each other's commercial throats. Every suggested remedy has, so far, failed, and we believe that only one other now remains—viz., the *reductio ad absurdum* of making it unprofitable to sell books at all. With this object in view we have decided to sell, in future, all new books published at any price whatever, from one shilling upwards, at the actual prices at which they are supplied by the publisher to the bookseller, and we shall use every means in our power to make the public acquainted with this fact. When the time arrives, if it ever should arrive, that booksellers revert to a policy of common sense by agreeing to sell their goods at the full published price, and *only* at that, we pledge ourselves to fall in line, and do as they do; but not until then. This course has been decided upon in no spirit of antagonism to booksellers, but, on the contrary, for their own benefit, in the hope that it may succeed, where other experiments have failed, in restoring bookselling to the status of a profitable and self-respecting calling, instead of one that leads (*facilis descensus Averno*) to the wide-open doors of the Court of Bankruptcy. ■

It is to be assumed that this combative bookseller expects that a short, sharp fight on these lines will result in victory—or that the moral effect of his attempt to solve the discount question will be worth a large sacrifice.

## THE WEEK.

THERE has been a curious little rush of books of travel during the last week.

Mrs. Bishop's (Isabella L. Bird's) *Korea and her Neighbours*, in two volumes, makes a particularly timely appearance. The book is based upon observations made in four visits to Korea, between January, 1894, and March, 1897, and Mrs. Bishop's interest in the country was aroused only gradually. She writes:

"My first journey produced the impression that Korea is the most uninteresting country I ever travelled in, but during and since the war, its political perturbations, rapid changes, and possible destinies, have given me an intense interest in it; while Korean character and industry, as I saw both under Russian rule in Siberia, have enlightened me as to the better possibilities which may await the nation in the future. Korea takes a similarly strong grip on all who reside in it sufficiently long to overcome the feeling of distaste which at first it undoubtedly inspires."

Mrs. Bishop adds that the two best books on Korea have become obsolete, and that the traveller must now find his own facts. Accuracy has been her greatest aim, and her success in this particular is vouched for by Sir Walter C. Hillier, who was until recently the British Consul-General for Korea. The book is illustrated with views of national types; and a map of Korea and the neighbouring countries is supplied.

A book for big-game sportsmen is Mr. Arthur H. Neumann's *Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa*. Mr. Neumann claims that he has penetrated into regions not hitherto trodden by the British sportsman. The book is admirably produced and the illustrations are exciting. In one Mr. Neumann is discovered on the ground being attacked by a furious cow elephant. "Kneeling over me," he writes, "she made three distinct lunges, sending her left tus through the biceps of my right arm, and stabbing me between the right ribs; at the same time pounding my chest with her head and crushing in my ribs."

A THIRD volume of travels is Mrs. Mary Walker's *Old Tracts and New Landmarks*. Here we have wayside sketches in Crete, Macedonia, Mitylene, &c. Mrs. Walker has written of Eastern Europe in several previous works. Here she opens an old portfolio and chats pleasantly on the experience which her sketches recall.

THE edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* in the "Temple Classics" is completed the issue of the fifth and sixth volumes.

A WORK of importance is Mr. Edwin Jenks's *Law and Politics in the Middle Ages*. The writer's first aim is to show that Law in the Middle Ages was not "the arbitrary command of authority, but something entirely different."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

STUDIES OF THE MIND IN CHRIST. By the Rev. Theobald Adamson. T & T. Clark. 4s. 6d.  
 THE CLERICAL LIFE: A SERIES OF LETTERS TO MINISTERS. By Dr. John Watson, and Other Writers. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON THE THIRD. By Archibald Forbes. Chatto & Windus. 12s.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE PORTUGAL WORKS OF AUBREY DE VEEB. Vol. I. Macmillan & Co. 5s.  
 TWENTY-FIVE CANTOS FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE. Translated into English Verse. Digby Long & Co.  
 THE OPIUM-EATER AND ESSAYS. By Thomas De Quincey. Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. Ward, Lock & Co.

### FICTION.

THE GOWNS AND THE MAN. By Prester St. George. Digby Long & Co.  
 QUEENS AND KNAVES. By Celia Nash. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

BUDS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By Dr. W. T. Greene, F.R.S. The Imperial Press, Ltd. 5s.  
 THE FERN WORLD. By Francis George Heath. Eighth edition, revised. The Imperial Press, Ltd. 5s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

AND FORMOSA: THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION. By the Rev. Jrs. Johnston. Third edition. Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.

MEMORIES OF AN INDIAN WINTER. By Sara H. Dunn. Walter Scott, Ltd. 6s.

AFRICA OF TO-DAY. By Captain Francis Younghusband, C.I.E. Messillan & Co.

AND HER NEIGHBOURS: A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL. By Mrs. Bishop. 2 vols. John Murray.

TRACES AND NEW LANDMARKS: WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN CRETE, MACEDONIA, MITYLENE, &c. Richard Bentley & Son.

PREY-HUNTING IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By Arthur H. Neumann. Rowland Ward.

CATHEDRAL SERIES: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF EXETER. By Percy Addleshaw, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: THE TUTORIAL CHEMISTRY. PART II.: METALS. By G. H. Briley, D.Sc. Edited by William Briggs, M.A. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.

KEY FOR BEGINNERS. By George M. Minchin, M.A. The Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d.

FIRST YEAR'S COURSE OF EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN CHEMISTRY. Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d.

PERCEPTORS' SERIES: THE PERCEPTORS' FRENCH COURSE. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.

VICTORIAN ERA SERIES. John Bright. 2s. 6d.

PRESS SERIES (Cambridge University Press): LA FORTUNE DE D'ARTAGNAN. By Alexandre Dumas. Edited by Arthur R. ropes, M.A. A SELECTION FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by J. H. Plather, M.A. MINNA VON BARNHELM. By G. E. Lessing. Edited by H. J. Wolstenholme, M.A. EIGHT STORIES FROM ANDERSEN. Edited by Walter Rippmann, M.A. THE MEDUSA OF EURIPIDES. Edited by Clinton E. S. Headlam, M.A. REMI ET SES AMIS. By Hector Malot. Edited by Margaret De G. Verrall. EARLE'S MICROCOSMOGRAPHY. Edited by Alfred S. West, M.A. THE FAIRY TALES OF MASTER PERRAULT. Edited by Walter Rippmann, M.A. CAI JULI CESARIS DE BELLO GALLICO. Liber II. Edited by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. CORNELIUS NEPOS. Edited by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YEAR'S ART, 1898. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. J. S. Virtue & Co. 3s. 6d. REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER. By Arthur Crawford, C.M.G. Second Edition. The Roxburgh Press. A VINIFICATION OF THE BULL "APOSTOLICŒ CURŒ." By the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster. Longmans, Green & Co. SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR: 1895-96. By Charles D. Walcott. Parts I. and II. Government Printing Office (Washington). LETTERS FROM JULIA; OR, LIGHT FROM THE BORDERLAND. By W. T. Steward Richards. 2s. BELL'S READER'S SHAKESPEARE, CONDENSED FOR SCHOOL, PARLOUR, AND PLATFORM. By David Charles Bell. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. Shield Nicholson, D.Sc. Vol. II.: Book III. A. & C. Black. BOOK PRICES CURRENT. Vol. XI. Elliot Stock. £1 1s. THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION. By Valentine Chirol. Messillan & Co. THE WEALTH OF ACHILLES; OR, THE STORY OF THE ILIAD. Retold by Lillian Goadby. Swan, Vaughan & Co. HORA NOVISSIMA. By Charles Lawrence Ford, B.A. Houlston & Sons. 1s. 6d. LAW AND POLITICS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Edward Jenks, M.A. John Murray. 12s. UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: THE GLACIAL LAKE AGASSIZ. By Warren Upham. THE FLORA OF THE AMBOY CLAYS. John Strong Newberry. GEOLOGY OF THE DENVER BASIN IN COLORADO. By Samuel Franklin Emmons. GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY. Government Printing Office.

DRAMA.

THE literary man fares none too well at the hands of the dramatist. He is, indeed, rarely to be seen on the stage at all, which, by him, may be accounted a blessing, since it is chiefly as a caricature that he is of any dramatic utility. Mr. L. N. Parker has introduced a popular novelist into "The Happy Life," and what is the type? A yellow-haired, curled (and probably scented) dandy, who works two hours a day—a fit companion for the amiable lady novelist, "too popular to need reviews" and an ever welcome guest at the houses of the great, who flitted through the curious melodrama, manufactured not long ago out of Miss Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*. But surely the most unrecognisable *gendeleitre* (as the French humorist has it, basing himself upon the etymology of *gendarme*) is the "David Holmes" of Miss Martha Morton's play, "A Bachelor's Romance," in which Mr. John Hare makes his welcome reappearance on the London boards. Mr. David, as he is affectionately called by his familiars, is an "eminent literary critic." The chief contributor to a weekly paper of repute, vaguely named *The Review*. He has a den of books with an outlet upon the roof, to which he occasionally betakes himself to escape bores. In what city or even what country? impossible to say; but presumably London. Here, as old bachelor, in the autumn of life, our literary recluse has spent many years—so absorbed in his books that he has had no time to see his ward—a young lady of seventeen, to whom he continues to send dolls and rocking-horses. Mark you! he is not the editor of *The Review*, but a contributor to that organ. Nevertheless, he keeps on the premises a couple of hungry young literary lions, to whom he tosses an occasional bundle of books for review with the intimation that they may or may not sign the "notices" of the same— notices which they scribble off there and then on their knee, without, so far, as one can see, even glancing at the contents of the volumes. Also, there is an aged retainer, or literary hack, who "potters about" (in the classical idiom of "Peter the Great") at a side table. The status of Mr. David's young assistants may be inferred from the fact that they share a dress suit with each other. Yet the eminent critic is not ungenerous. He is ever ready to buy an old Plato for a guinea, or put his hand in his trousers pocket (where he carries his gold loose), to help a deserving case. The aged retainer, who, by the way, in his doddering senility writes a realistic novel, must be an almost unique example of the literary critic's bounty, since he is an acknowledged failure in life, and of no possible use to his patron. In what city, in what country, one wonders, have such literary types been observed?

The truth is, that they have never been observed at all. They are not even "made in Germany," as the structure of Miss Martha Morton's play itself may have been—for "A Bachelor's Romance," which

is not described on the playbill as original, is curiously suggestive of the old-world romance of Adolph L'Arronge or his period before the realism of Sudermann invaded the German stage. Miss Martha Morton, of whom one does not remember to have heard as a dramatist, may have done this play off her own bat, as the saying is; but I should not be surprised to learn that it had a German original, and that the literary critic who practises his craft in such strange surroundings was in his previous state of existence a professor of some kind with disciples or assistants in his laboratory. Such a literary workshop as Mr. David's is certainly inconceivable at the present day, and it is a curious commentary upon the pretensions of the stage to be "exact" and educative that a picture of this kind should not only pass muster, but receive a certain measure of popular applause.

HERE criticism may end and admiration of Mr. Hare's work begin. The production of "A Bachelor's Romance" at the Globe adds appreciably to the pleasures of the theatre-going public. Providing one accepts the eminent literary critic as an indispensable postulate—and the public have no difficulty about that—the story of the withered old bachelor's new-found love for his youthful ward, who brings a ray of sunshine and an atmosphere of buttercups and daisies into the musty old den of books, is fraught with a rare charm. Mr. David is one of Mr. Hare's most delightful impersonations. What a finished "character" actor he is to be sure, albeit a trifle sharp and decisive in manner for so unworldly a recluse as this aging bookworm. When the young lady of seventeen looks up her guardian in his study he does not know who she is, nor does she immediately tell him. She is merely, he thinks, one of the competitors for the thousand-pound prize offered by *The Review*, and of which he is appointed adjudicator, for a story. Indeed, everyone around him is a competitor; so that between his honesty and his good nature there is a sore struggle for predominance. But the ordeal of the prize adjudication is, after all, a lighter one than that he is unwittingly called up to face when he falls head over ears in love with the artless and winsome Sylvia, young enough to be his granddaughter.

Not only would it be improper to avail himself of his official position to captivate the young lady's affections; but he hardly knows whether he is in love. Like Mr. Barrie's Professor Goodwillie, he is merely conscious of some new influence having come into his life like a strain of melody into a great silence. But Sylvia is thrown upon his hands and something must be done with her. He thinks to marry her to a youthful admirer—the successful competitor for the other prize; but Sylvia herself is unwilling. He is blind to what everybody else sees clearly, that the young lady's affections are fixed upon himself. How it came to be so is the author's secret. I confess, I do not understand Sylvia's primary infatuation.

Mr. David is the last man in the world that one would pitch upon as the *beau idéal* of an emancipated schoolgirl already attending concerts and dances. But the dramatist is an autocrat within his own domain. He says a thing is, and provided he and the actor succeed between them in rendering it acceptable, it forthwith assumes the complexion of truth. This marvel is accomplished in Mr. David's case. The schoolgirl's caprice becomes a delightful motive for the play, whose development the house follows with undisguised satisfaction. It is a pure fairy-tale, but Mr. David is so simple, so unselfish, so kind, so deserving, that no one has it in his heart to grudge him his good fortune.

Is it in very truth good fortune for a man of middle age to win the love of a schoolgirl? For the purposes of this play, no doubt. These may in a special sense be described as *amours sans lendemain*. We do not trouble to follow them beyond the fall of the curtain. The sound of wedding bells has always been accepted as a satisfactory climax on the stage, and Miss Martha Morton gives us not one wedding, but two, if not three. One of the young lions captures a fascinating widow, David's sister, charmingly impersonated by Miss May Harvey. The other, it is true, having set his affections upon Sylvia, is left lamenting. He has been spoilt, we are told, by his success in the literary competition, having by this time procured no fewer than twelve suits of clothes. But this drawback, to the satisfaction of the audience, is speedily redressed by a brother of Mr. David's—a sad dog to begin with—who wears a sporting overcoat and helps himself too freely to the brandy-bottle, but ultimately a reformed character, thanks to a little rustication in a rose-decked cottage and a course of milk and turnips, which he adopts in preference to alcohol and tobacco. He, too, causes the wedding bells to ring by making up some long-standing difference with his *innamorata*.

AFTER being harassed by the problem drama of Mr. Pinero and the fashionable cynicism of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, it is curious with what relish the public turn to this simple diet. To be sure, the acting of Miss Martha Morton's rather conventional romance is all that could be desired. Mr. Hare's part as Mr. David I have mentioned as one of his best. He has had the luck to discover a most winning little actress in Miss Nellie Thorne, who looks the heroine to the life. Miss Nellie Thorne has the charm of youth and simplicity unspoilt as yet by the artifices of the stage which make French and American *ingénues* so mannered and insufferable. Miss May Harvey as the widow brightens the scenes in which she appears, and Mr. Frederick Kerr shows a commendable adaptability first as the dissipated young man about town, and afterwards as the reformed candidate for matrimony. Quite a remarkable study of "pottering" old age is given by Mr. Gilbert Hare. There is senility not only in his voice and manner, but in his very clothes.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE AUTHOR'S FIGURES — A CHALLENGE.

SIR,—Sir Walter Besant is unfortunate. Why does he not give in and admit himself mistaken? One can't shine at all points of the compass, and it is no disgrace to him that he writes better than he reckons. If you are a master at one thing, why show yourself a ridiculous blunderer at another? And it is no excuse for him that in most other things the Amateur is "on the town." He cannot distinguish between three-and-a-half and six—this dilettante of arithmetic; calls his bungling a "small error of detail" (as if a "small error of detail" could not upset a nation's budget), and would, nevertheless, establish himself our "Comptroller of Figures."

Sir Walter is equally unfortunate in his playful allusion to myself. His psychological nose should have made him scent the difference between my feelings towards the Literary Agent and my feelings towards his Magazine. For the one, as I know him, I have the same natural shrinking that one has from contact with a *maquerreau*; for the other, in moments of malice, a smile—in moments of good-nature, surprise at its blundering ignorance—yet never a suspicion of intentional deceit.

I thank Sir Walter all the same; and I wonder if in his genial humour he will withdraw his Catonian jest: "Heinemannus delendus est!"—I am, dear Sir, very truly your (and Sir Walter's) obedient servant,

WM. HEINEMANN.

P.S.—We publishers are anxious—no class more so—to purge our ranks of black sheep, if they exist. I hereby challenge Sir Walter to prove his assertions, and to name the person who pretends to have spent "£14 on advertising, when £5 is nearer the mark." I further undertake, in case of a libel action, to pay all his out-of-pocket expenses (and let him engage the best counsel), if he can prove his assertion to the satisfaction of a jury. If he cannot, let him admit it, and at all costs let us get rid of these unseemly innuendoes.

W. H.

SIR,—It would, I think, be discourteous to Sir Walter Besant to take no notice of his last letter, and yet I do not see that I can say anything fresh. So far from fixing upon this or that detail, I stated, in the broadest way, a charge, which Sir Walter Besant makes absolutely no attempt to meet. Let me restate it—finally, I hope. A publishing proposal is submitted to the *Author*; whether that proposal be fair or not obviously depends upon the special circumstances of the case—extent of the work, presence or not of illustrations, quality of paper and binding, amount expended in advertising, &c. Instead of ascertaining definitely what these circumstances were, the *Author*, so far, at least, as the outsider can judge, imagined what they were likely to be, and, upon the strength of its imaginings, proceeded to criticise the proposal. I

showed that these imaginings were contrary to probability, and involved grave error. In defending them Sir Walter Besant made further and even graver errors (*e.g.*, his statement that a nominal edition of 1,000 would yield enough "overs" to supply press and presentation copies). I had, of course, to point out these errors, but I do not wish to insist upon them. Even if the *Author's* imaginings were probable, instead of being, as I contend, improbable; even if they were free from error, as I contend they are demonstrably not, I should still maintain that it is wrong to criticise another man's conduct upon the basis not of what he knows to be the facts, but of what he thinks are likely to be the facts. That is the question, and until Sir Walter Besant addresses himself to it I think I may fairly neglect all side issues.—I am, yours, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT

### THE BITTER CRY OF A SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER.

SIR,—How the publication of the price of books at sales works may be illustrated thus: Three years ago a book was marked in a bookseller's catalogue at £4. For various reasons I was probably the only man alive who would have given £4 for that copy: I had another of the same edition. I paid £4; and then, in *Bookseller's Prices Current*, or some such manual, found that the bookseller had bought the copy for £1, probably at the Auchinleck sale, as I remember. I don't grudge the bookseller his success, nor do I want to sell my book for £4: the price was a matter of sentiment. But I cannot join in the lamentations of your aggrieved second-hand bookseller. Whether £4 for a £1 book is a "fair price" is a question of metaphysics, but, as the Yankee said of eternal punishment, "our people would never stand it." I am, yours, &c.,

ANDREW LANG

Jan. 8: St. Andrews, N.B.

### A "LANG CATALOGUE."

SIR,—Your notice of my "Lang Catalogue" surprised me, as I sent out copies to the press.

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REVIEWS.

ILL-FATED FERGISSON.

*Robert Fergusson.* By A. B. Grosart. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE merits of Dr. Grosart as a biographer are such as spring from a lifelong admiration of his hero. Nearly fifty years ago he wrote a life of Fergusson, and ever since he appears to have kept up the study, adding fact to fact till, what with searching libraries, examining records and importuning correspondents, it may be assumed that he has collected all that is likely to be known of a singularly interesting and attractive figure. Dr. Grosart's demerits are, firstly, that he is too controversial; what was needed was a bold, ample portrait, not a series of attacks on David Irving and the obscure critics who see in Fergusson only an example justly punished vice and profligacy. The second drawback is the more serious one, that despite his zeal Dr. Grosart lacks judgment and imagination. For example, his hunt for such petty facts as make up his "ell of pedigree" is a mere waste of energy; of what earthly use is it to show that if you go back to his great grandfather, the impecunious bard had respectable connexions, "wadsetters," kirk ministers, and such like? And, on the other hand, not enough pains has been taken to reproduce the environment of the poet, to reconstruct the St. Andrews and Edinburgh of a hundred and fifty years ago.

It is not till he gets to the University that we can form any picture or idea of Fergusson as an individual. His father and mother were honest, worthy people, who evidently made great sacrifices to educate their children. Among the documents filed up by Dr. Grosart is a little budget showing how William Fergusson made a miserable income of twenty pounds a year cover the family expenses. It was characteristic that less was paid for the house in Canby and Feather Close than for the school-fee of the bairns. Robert acquitted himself

well at his books, eventually winning a bursary or scholarship that carried him first to Dundee Grammar School, and then to St. Andrews. It is here that Dr. Grosart should have gone outside the lines on which he had been previously working to obtain material for helping us to realise what Scotch University life was in the sixties of last century. We do begin to catch sight of the boy—a slim, delicate youth, with a sweet voice, and wide, black, laughing eyes, full of spirit and devilment, already beginning to rhyme and hand round bits of his witty, satirical verse. What were his companions like? Dr. Grosart has got together a list of the more distinguished names; but it is the impecunious and reckless unknown we are curious about. The professors, too, must have been very different from what their successors are. There was Wilkie, who appears to have taken a warm liking to Fergusson, made him a sort of amanuensis, and carried him off to his farm at week-ends. He is little more than a name in Dr. Grosart's book; yet in good sooth he was one of the most extraordinary of professors, and it would help us much to know what was the bond between him and "Rab."

Let us try to realise him. Externally he certainly was not attractive. A lumbering, Parson Trulliber sort of man, with bushy eyebrows, a clay tobacco-pipe in his mouth, ill-dressed, unwashed—it is related, among other items of true or untrue contemporary gossip, that he could not sleep except in foul sheets. He was miserly to a degree; and when not lecturing at the University, toiled like a day labourer on his farm, and was most unsocial and unpopular. Nevertheless, this pig-dealing professor was every inch of him a man. And his mind must have been nigh as versatile as Mr. Gladstone's. He was a subtle theologian, a natural philosopher, one of the most advanced agriculturists of his time, and a voluminous author and poet; his "Epigoniad" is a long (and frightfully dull) poem in nine books. At bottom, nevertheless, he was simple and strong and kindly. "I have skaken hands with poverty up to the elbow," was his eloquent apology for being miserly, but he set aside twenty pounds a year for charity; and (let this, too, be set to his credit) he was regularly cheated at market, and his high farming did not pay. Now, is it not extraordinary that this singular professor should have singled out young Fergusson as a favourite? The eclogue in which the poet lamented the death of Wilkie shows that the esteem was warmly returned.

To make a life of Fergusson convincing it would be necessary to recall not only professors and students, but old collegiate usages and customs, and all that which made up the university life of his time. The mere anecdotes retailed in succession by Irving, Sommers, Chambers, and the rest, and now repeated by the present author, lose their air of reality unless we can imagine their "setting." We fully agree with Dr. Grosart that the freaks and follies at St. Andrews, though they ended once in a short rustication, were not really vicious, but only the outcome of a very merry, high-

spirited temperament, combined with unusual audacity. In fact, this St. Andrews period is the one bit of unclouded sunshine in a very touching history.

The clouds soon gathered round him. His father died the year before he left the University and he was obliged to look about not only for his own livelihood but means to support his widowed mother. An ill-starred visit to an uncle in the North was disappointing in itself and brought on a serious illness. On recovery the lad drifted into a position similar to that held by his father, that of a copying clerk, the worst paid and most irksome task to which he could be put. The natural result followed. All day Fergusson was "a base mechanic drudge"; he only began to wake up when the office closed. It was the hey-day of tavern life. Dr. Grosart might have found excellent illustrative material for this period in Ramsay of Ochtertyre's *Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, as well as in *Guy Mannering* and *Redgawtlet*. Fergusson was probably no worse than his time, but he was no better, and the best of his hours were spent at Luckie Middlemist's or Johnny How's. He was very welcome, for people soon began to look upon him as a celebrity, his poems in *Ruddivven's Magazine* achieving an immediate success. In addition he had a fund of "auld Scots crack" and was a fine singer. One of his biographers describes him as "the best singer ever heard of 'The Birks of Indermay.'" Indeed, his name is very closely associated with Mallet's small lyric. He chose it for unique praise in his "Elegy on the Death of Scots Music":

"Can lav'rocks at the dawning day,  
Can linnies chirring frae the spray,  
Or toddling burns that smoothly play  
O'er gowden beds,  
Compare wi' Birks of Indermay?"

It was pre-eminently his favourite song. When out of his wits the poor mad poet sang it in Bedlam "with such exquisite melody that those who heard the notes can never forget the sound." Our tastes have changed since then, and no anthology of to-day includes "The Birks of Indermay"; yet words that have so charmed a true poet should not be forgotten, though the first four lines do contain the jewels "smiling morn," "breathing spring," "tuneful birds" which "warble from each spray," and "universal lay." Still, there is a lingering charm like some half-exhausted fragrance about

"Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day  
Among the Birks of Indermay."

Fergusson was doing better work than that if he had known it. He was, as Stevenson called him, "the poet of Edinburgh," and not even Sir Walter has given us livelier pictures of its streets and causeways, its law-courts and races and amusements. Not by any means that we claim him to have been a Scott or Burns, he lacked the pith and grip. Yet a clever, sly humour, a keen observation, and a something of freshness, reminding one of the gleam of grass when the sun comes out after rain, entitle him to

a high place among the minors. His "Farmer's Ingle" will compare even with "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and when Burns imitated the following verses he did not altogether surpass his original :

"In July month, ae benny morn,  
When nature's rokelay green  
Was spread owre ilka rig o' corn  
To charm our rovin' een,  
Glowrin' about, I saw a quean,  
The fairest neath the lift;  
Her een were o' the siller sheen,  
Her skin like snawy drift,  
Sae white that day.

I dwell amang the cauler streams  
That weat the land o' cakes,  
And aften tune my canty strings  
At bridals and late-wakes.  
They ca' me Mirth. I no'er was kenned  
To grumble or look sour,  
But blythe would be a lift to lend  
Gif ye would sey my power  
And pith this day."

One cannot help doubting Dr. Grosart's wisdom in trying to whitewash the reputation of Fergusson. R. L. Stevenson had abundant grounds for using the terms "drunken" and "vicious" towards him. Biography is worthless if it be not true, and surely there are few so weak that they cannot look the good and the ill frankly in the face. Not the least pathetic of the many stories about Fergusson is that which tells how he tried to get the Knights of the Cape—the jovial society that once every seven years celebrated the "jubilee" of Jemmy Thomson—to limit their expenditure to sixpence a night. He was sorry for and ashamed of his indulgence. He drank, he said, "to forget my mother and my poor aching fingers." It is pity and not blame that this calls forth. One other point deserves to be alluded to :

"In a time of license," says Dr. Grosart, "and fast living no so-called love-liaisons ever came up against him, no 'woman's skaith' was ever laid at his door, no such salutations with defiance of illegitimate offspring as we mourn over in the greater Robert."

This is whitewash pure and simple. Stevenson, in his *Edinburgh*, has frankly stated the truth: "Love was absent from his life, or only present, if you prefer, in such a form that even the least serious of Burns's amourettes was ennobling by comparison."

We have no desire to enlarge upon the point. It was a cold caught while (after he had dosed himself with "a searching medicine") he was electioneering that brought on Fergusson's madness and death at the age of twenty-four, a death not altogether unlike that of Burns himself. The fact that a hundred pounds came from his friend Burnett while he lay a corpse in an institution for paupers was but one of many circumstances enhancing the pathos of the end. Dr. Grosart may well claim for his hero "the meed of a melodious tear"; but it will come the more honestly from those who refuse to gloss anything over or adopt the recent Scotch fashion of crediting a favourite with virtues to which he himself makes no claim. It was foolish in the case of Burns; it is more foolish in that of Fergusson.

Fergusson's reputation does not need to be bolstered up. He will continue to have readers were it only because critics so difficult to please as Burns, Wordsworth, and Carlyle unite in his praise. Lovers of R. L. Stevenson have a still deeper reason for studying Fergusson. What it is will best be explained by a remarkable letter printed by Dr. Grosart in his introduction. It was addressed to Mr. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow. Stevenson writes :

"When your hand is in, will you remember our poor Edinburgh Robin? Burns alone has been just to his promise; follow Burns. He knew best; he knew when to draw fish—from the poor, white-faced, drunken, vicious boy who raved himself to death in the Edinburgh madhouse. Surely there is more to be gleaned about Fergusson, and surely it is high time the task was set about.

I may tell you (because your poet is not dead) something of how I feel. We are three Robins who have touched the Scots lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's. He did it, he came off; he is for ever; but I and the other, ah, what bonds we have. Born in the same city, both sickly, both vicious, both pestered—one nearly to madness and one to the madhouse—with a damnatory creed; both seeing the stars and the moon, and wearing shoe-leather on the same ancient stones. Under the same pends, down the same closes, where our common ancestors clashed in their armour, rusty or bright. . . . He died in his acute, painful youth, and left the models of the great things that were to come; and the man who came after outlived his green-sickness, and has faintly tried to parody his finished work.

If you will collect strays of Robert Fergusson, fish for material—collect any last re-echoing of gossip; command me to do what you prefer: to write the preface—to write the whole, if you prefer; anything so that another monument (after Burns') be set up to my unhappy predecessor, on the Cansey of Auld Reekie. You will never know, nor will any man, how deep this feeling is. I believe Fergusson lives in me. I do. But 'tell it not in Gath.' Every man has these fanciful superstitions coming, going, but yet enduring; only most men are so wise (or the poet in them so dead) that they keep their follies for themselves."

Among the unwritten books it is probable that one of the greatest was Stevenson's life of Fergusson. No man is living (or likely to live) who is equally qualified by knowledge and sympathy. Of the self-revelation it would almost be desecration to speak. Dr. Grosart attempts to weaken the comparison; but he did not know Stevenson, and he has penetrated but a short way into the inner recesses of Robert Fergusson, whereas the author of the letter understood both. A biographer with young and modern sympathies might yet achieve a great success by taking the letter as the basis of a new study.

#### CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

*Christina Rossetti: a Biographical and Critical Study.* By Mackenzie Bell. (Hurst & Blackett.)

HERE is a volume inspired by sympathy and personal friendship, and executed with unsparing conscientiousness; yet sympathy and

friendship would desire it undone, or done otherwise, and it would have been better had it been less conscientious. Some biography of Christina Rossetti was needed and advisable, but this biography was inadvisable, and would not have been missed. We are sorry to say so, for the author's sincerity, and unassuming desire to do his best, are conspicuous on every page. There is no aggressive fault of taste; it does not rank with those biographies which are sins against the dead by their sins against the living; there are no "painful exposures," and so forth. Christina Rossetti, indeed, offers no chance for such offences. The difficulties of her life are quite in a contrary direction. Externally, she lived the life which our forefathers laid down as proper and typical for women—quiet, uneventful, unmarked, drab, conventional. She departed from the law of our forefathers in only two respects: she published books, and she did not marry. (It was, of course, *de rigueur* with our forefathers that a woman should be neither an old maid nor a blue-stocking.) We are not blaspheming against our forefathers. With the modifications mentioned, the life worked well enough for Christina, who never in the least degree put on the new woman, however much she strove to put off the old man. But it is clear that such a life offers little foothold for the biographer. His one chance is to get a grip on that internal life which must be the total life of such a woman.

But, unfortunately, Christina Rossetti's present biographer is in thorough harmony with her external life; he is drab to the soul, drab in all his methods. (Of course, we speak of his book.) And yet he means so well! His faults result from a too indiscriminate insistence upon detail. Convinced, quite rightly, that the lightest detail about a genius may be full of importance, he records everything, without observing perspective. But because a light detail may have importance, it does not follow that every light detail has importance. It is true we have had impressionists who acted upon the principle that an assemblage of seemingly trifling details constituted a character, though they might not be able to discover the law by which this was so; trusting to the veracity of Nature for the result. But these impressionists were geniuses, who were guided by inward instinct to the right selective traits. It is a mistake to suppose that the mere painstaking setting down of every trivial trait that one can observe will constitute a picture and evolve a meaning. This is Mr. Bell's mistake; and it is with most honest intention we counsel him that a judicious selection is necessary, in order to make trifling details significant and characteristic.

This mistake of principle—or, rather, want of principle—flows through the whole book, and is responsible for its defects. It shows itself in the minute inventory of Christina Rossetti's house at Torrington-square. It shows itself in the selections from her letters—if we can call them selections for they are reported with pertinacious fidelity, irrespective of their importance. Absolutely, in connexion with one letter, we

are given an inventory of lodging-houses, with such soul-stirring details as—

“Bed and sitting room in one, 25s. per week.  
Gas, 1s. 6d. . . . . do.  
Boots, 1d.”

The reminiscences of her youth and of her conversation are related with the same painful want of scale: how she sat a long time in a garden by a piece of ornamental water, until she saw a water-rat or a water-haunting bird, and how she was much gratified by it, with a neat little moral reflection to follow. It is true that she herself published this anecdote, but it might well have been omitted from her biography.

Yet, of course, amid so much conscientious reporting, there are interesting details, from which it is possible to get an idea of her personality. Born in 1830, at Charlotte-street, Portland-place, she was the youngest of a family of four. Except the eldest, Maria Francesca, all have become publicly known. She was not very precocious, and is said to have read less than the other members of the family. There is really very little of interest chronicled in this book about her early years. She was always delicate, and in youth serious, reticent, and given to melancholy—as her poems show. Moreover, she was essentially a city girl, and essentially a religious girl. Therefore her outward life was quiet and humdrum; and, for a girl brought in contact with so many eminent people, singularly unromantic. It is a great contrast to the life of her brother Dante. She had no desire to run glittering in the open sun, or if she had, she suppressed it. She had no fanciful love-affairs, it would seem. Twice she was asked in marriage, and refused both offers from religious scruples. But what romance there may have been in these affairs must be sought in her poetry, it does not appear on the surface. Mr. Bell merely says that she had a “regard” for both her suitors, and that she was much addened by the necessity of rejection, especially in the case of the second. It may be doubted whether passionate love was in her nature, although one is liable to be mistaken in regard to these reserved characters.

Her religion, which helped to crush external romance, supplied little romance in its place. She was a poet, and in a certain way and measure a mystic; yet there is nothing of the St. Teresa about her devotion. She was of the “pensive nun” kind, “sober, steadfast, and demure.” But the “pensive nun” in a dark London house, amid the mosaic details of Anglican parish organisation, is apt to be a discouraging subject for biography. Moreover, she set herself to overcome her outward reserve and pensiveness; and settled down into a cheery, chatty old lady. It was bravely done; but the romance of it lies behind the veil which she never lifted, from within which came at rarest intervals suggestions of pain and silent strife. The glimpses of her personal appearance in girlhood which Mr. Bell gives are taken from readily published memorials. Bell Scott’s is one:

By the window was a high narrow reading-desk, at which stood writing a slight girl, with a serious regular profile, dark against the pallid

wintry light without. This most interesting to me of the two inmates turned on my entrance, made the most formal and graceful curtsey, and resumed her writing.”

That is a suggestive outline: fill it in from Mr. Watts-Dunton’s account:

“She had Gabriel’s eyes, in which hazel and blue-grey were marvellously blent, one hue shifting into the other, answering to the movements of the thoughts. And her brown hair, though less warm in colour than his during his boyhood, was still like it. When a young girl, she was, as both her mother and Gabriel have told me, really lovely, with an extraordinary expression of pensive sweetness.”

Mrs. Freund, again, speaks of her as “a dark-eyed slender lady . . . in appearance Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes.” She mentions, also, “the beautiful Italian voice all the Rossettis were gifted with.” Many friends noticed this peculiar charm in Christina, and the melodious, un-English distinctness with which she articulated her words, “making ordinary English words and phrases fall upon the ear with a soft, foreign, musical intonation, though she pronounced the words themselves with the purest of English accents.” She read poetry exquisitely, as both Mr. William Sharp and Mr. Bell declare, and as, with such a voice and the poet’s mind, she ought to have done.

Let us add a few correcting touches to this clear and charming picture. It is open to doubt the assertion of her mother and brother that she was ever strictly “lovely.” Her brother’s portraits bear out the description; but he was too idealising to be quite trustworthy. Other portraits suggest a different version; and even in Dante Rossetti’s pictures there is a marked difference between the face in the “Assumption” and that in the “Ecce Ancilla Domini” (both painted from Christina). In the latter the face is hardly beautiful from a strict physical standpoint; and it happens to be borne out by James Collinson’s portrait of Christina given in Mr. Bell’s book. In the same way we gather hints that, to some people, the young Christina may have been a little repellent. “A certain degree of restraint and pride” was observed in her. A lady told her (as she herself confessed) that she “seemed to do all from self-respect, not from fellow-feeling with others, or from kindly consideration for them.” We get a pretty clear idea of a girl hardly pretty or attractive, not very sympathetic, reserved, quiet, melancholy, shy, and appearing proud from her shyness and defect of ready sympathy. When she had to struggle with natural sadness, reticence, and self-consciousness, no common strength and sense of duty was it which converted her into a sweet, cheerful, self-forgotten woman.

Her life was inward. Outwardly, there seems really nothing to record but that she nursed ailing relations, was foremost in religious and charitable duties, was ever ready to sacrifice her time to visitors, went little (in her latter years) out of doors, put forth some prose-works, mainly religious, not of the very highest literary quality, and published from time to time poetry of high

rank. She had, naturally, little sympathy with the movement for female rights, being herself so undesirous of external activities. Of her talk it is impossible to judge from the not well-chosen specimens given by Mr. Bell. She could utter—and indeed write—platitudes like other women; that is made evident. But her best poetry is work of genius, and upon that rests her name. She wrote, her brother says, with great spontaneity, and seldom revised what she wrote. Yet she was artist to her fingertips, and not the less so because her art was an inward shaping spirit, not outward pruning and paring. But this is not the occasion for an essay on Christina Rossetti as poet. We have dealt with an attempt at a difficult, perhaps a hardly possible, biography of a woman who lived the inner life. And with regret we must pronounce it a chronicle of small beer.

#### PETER THE GREAT.

*Peter the Great.* By Oscar Browning, M.A. (Hutchinson.)

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has no particular fitness to write a history of Peter “the Great,” or, if he has, we were not aware of the fact. Indeed, in the brief preface attached to his life of that worthy, he confesses that, in gathering material for his book, he has confined himself for the most part to one or two well-known and generally accessible authorities. He has made no exhaustive researches among historical archives and unpublished documents, as M. Waliszewski did when preparing his magnificent study; and Waliszewski’s work itself, he tells us, “did not come into his hands until half the present book was in type.” This is at once our loss and Mr. Browning’s, for his biography would certainly have gained in vividness and interest if Mr. Browning had been able to lighten its very sombre pages with some of the curious details which were unearthed by M. Waliszewski. Lovers of Russian history, by the way, will learn with pleasure that a cheap edition of that gentleman’s work in one volume has just been issued by Mr. Heine-mann.

Mr. Browning comes, then, to his task as a compiler only. His object is merely to sum up in brief for the general public the principal facts of Peter’s life as they have been brought to light by the researches of earlier students. Judged by this standard, is the book valuable? That is the question we have to ask ourselves. On the whole, we think it is. It is written in a clear, readable style. It is not overloaded with details—indeed, some interesting matters are omitted—and the principal characters and events are described with straightforwardness and a certain ability. It is in no sense a brilliant book, but it is workmanlike and, on the whole, sound. Of course Mr. Browning has been unable wholly to avoid the modern quasi-reverential attitude towards Peter as the “maker of modern Russia,” and the rest, and he respectfully eulogises his “genius” and

"force of character," but he admits at times that his wisdom may be questioned. With regard to Peter's services to Russia and his determination to Europeanise his country, he points out frankly what may be said against his Baltic policy:

"The foundation of St. Petersburg was paid for by the disasters upon the Pruth and the loss of Azof. Some compensation was found in the attacks upon Central Asia and Persia, which have ever since remained a principal object of Russian ambition. Undoubtedly Peter owed his first prominence in Europe to the fact that he was regarded as the principal European bulwark against the Turks, and as the leader of the Vanguard of the Cross against the dangerous barbarism of the Crescent. It may be questioned whether it would not have been better to have sustained this part with more tenacity and to have sought an outlook into Europe rather through the Black Sea and the Mediterranean than through the Baltic and the North Sea."

Mr. Browning attributes the course which Peter actually took to "fate and perhaps accident"; but that verdict has an unscientific ring about it, and it may more reasonably be affirmed that it was Peter's defective judgment, and not fate or accident, which caused him to devote his country's energies to expansion towards the north rather than towards Constantinople.

No historian has ever managed to paint Peter as an amiable character, though many (Waliszewski among them) have warned to enthusiasm over his "greatness." Mr. Browning takes the common-sense view—admits Peter's many-sided activity, accepts him as a man of large ideas and great will-power, but makes no attempt to disguise the fact that he was a coarse and brutal ruffian. He is inclined to deny the charges of cowardice that have been brought against him (Waliszewski considers them proved), but his other vices are too patent and glaring to be worth disputing:

"The story of his life and works is his best monument. Most remarkable is the energy of his vitality, the passion which he put into everything he did—work and play, humanity and cruelty. . . . One might say that he was European in his intellect, Asiatic in his sport, Savage in his wrath."

This is perhaps a somewhat unflattering estimate of the intellect of Europe. Peter was a monster, but a monster gifted with a considerable intelligence and a gigantic activity. He was not quite sane, but no one could call him imbecile. His madness is the madness which is found in the gigantic schemes of Caligula, and traces of which are found, by some, in the restless activity of William II. of Germany. There seems little doubt that he was epileptic. In his physical peculiarities he resembled another Emperor of Rome, Claudius, for we read of his swaying head and clumsy, shuffling walk, his constant nervous twitchings and endless grimaces. In his personal cowardice, too, he resembles Claudius, but there all resemblance with that amiable weakling ends. He was not a man of commanding intellect, but made up for this by a certain intellectual nimbleness which enabled him to throw himself heart and soul into half-a-dozen things at once. In this his resemblance to the present

German Emperor is certainly striking. His schemes for his country were grandiose in the extreme, and he was, perhaps, wise in his determination to sever Russia from her Past and "turn her face Westward"; but his methods of doing it were never judicious, and occasionally were disastrous, and he had a madman's inability to count the cost or adapt the means to the end. Moreover, looking at the Russia of to-day, in so far as it is his creation no one can pretend that the result is altogether satisfactory. The virtues of the nation are still Oriental, while its vices are largely the vices of Europe. It is impossible to forgive Peter's treatment of the mutinous Streltsi.

A word may be said of his relations with his son Alexis, especially as these form the subject of Mr. Laurence Irving's play at the Lyceum. As to the death of Alexis, Mr. Browning is indisputably right, Mr. Irving entirely wrong. It may be said that a dramatist need not be true to history, but no one denies that he must be true to character, and the Lyceum reconciliation between Peter and his son requires a different Peter and a different Alexis. The true facts of the story of the son's death appear to be that after his conviction he was repeatedly tortured with the knout by Peter's orders and in his presence. Whether the Tsar actually struck the fatal blow himself is of no importance and cannot be ascertained now. But his treatment of his son stamps him with indelible infamy, and was unworthy even of the worst of those ancient kings of Persia who also claim for themselves the title of "Great," perhaps with equal justice. Peter, in fact, was an Oriental despot, not of the first ability. He had the true despot's indifference to the lives, the comfort, the dignity of his subjects. He grafted upon his country a civilisation which she was not fitted to receive, and attempted to force upon her from without a development which, to be valuable, could only have come by slow process of years from within. But his reign was long, and he was utterly devoid of scruples. Naturally, therefore, he "left his mark" on his country, but his influence has been greatly exaggerated, and any attempt to whitewash him as a moral character is quite preposterous.

#### A BOOK ABOUT DUNGEONS.

*The Dungeons of Paris.* By Tighe Hopkins.  
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In this book Mr. Tighe Hopkins tells the stories of the old prisons of Paris in a series of episodes. In succession he takes us to the Conciergerie, the Bicêtre, Chaletet, Sainte-Pélagie, the Bastille, and others. The survey is mainly confined to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Indeed, the marrow of the book is Mr. Hopkins's accounts of the operation of *lettres de cachet* in the years that preceded the French Revolution. We look on Paris from the gates of the Paris prisons. At Vincennes, in the dead of night, a coach draws up. Who now? For whom do the turnkeys assemble and the lanterns gleam on gallery and stair?

It is the good Abbé Prieur, state prisoner of Louis XV.

"The Abbé had invented a kind of shorthand, which he thought would be of some use to the ministry. But the ministry would none of it, and the Abbé made known his little invention to the King of Prussia, a patron of such profitable things. But one of his letters was opened at the post-office by the *Cabinet Noir*, and the next morning Monsieur Abbé Prieur awoke in the dungeon of Vincennes. He inquired the reason, and in the course of months his letter to the King of Prussia was shown to him.

'But I can explain that in a moment,' said the Abbé. 'Look, here is the translation.'

The hieroglyphs, in short, were as innocent as a verse of the Psalms; but the Abbé Prieur never quitted his dungeon."

Here is another story—racy of the time:

"A venerable and worthy nobleman, M. Pompidan de Mirabelle, was imprudent enough to repeat at a supper party some satirical verses he had heard touching Mme. de Pompadour and De Sartines, the chief of police. Warned that De Sartines had filled in his name on a *lettre de cachet*, M. de Mirabelle called at the police office, and asked to what prison he should betake himself. 'To Vincennes,' said De Sartines.

'To Vincennes,' repeated M. de Mirabelle to his coachman, and he arrived at the dungeon before the order for his detention.

Once a year De Sartines made a formal visit to Vincennes, and once a year punctually he demanded of M. de Mirabelle the name of the author of the verses. 'If I knew I should not tell you,' was the invariable reply; 'but as a matter of fact I never heard it in my life.' M. de Mirabelle died in Vincennes a very old man."

It is impossible to read of such arrests and incarcerations without a sort of admiration for the tremendous power of the king to imprison, and the security with which a prisoner, lodged on a word, might be retained all his life. In the matters of security and hopelessness of escape Mr. Hopkins awards the palm to Vincennes, whose architect, he says, "was up some half-hour earlier than the architect of the Bastille." Impenetrable walls, door after door sheathed in iron, galleries from which sentries overlooked every avenue of escape, towers that commanded miles of country—such were the equipments of this last home of "audacity in high places," this foul witness to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The solitude within Vincennes extended outside its walls.

"The sentries had orders to turn the eyes of every passer-by from the dungeon towers. No one might stand or draw breath in the shadow of Vincennes. It might be a relative or a friend seeking to learn in what exact cell the captive was lodged. From light to dusk the sentry reiterated his changeless formula: '*Passer votre chemin!*'"

And yet within the walls there was an odd freedom. Prisoners could give trouble could get their own way. Mirabeau was a match—considering the odds—for the most brutal of the governors of Vincennes De Rougemont. "Night or day he gave his gaoler no peace." He wanted a table-knife. You would think it was a question of Yes or No. But Mirabeau spent "four months in altercation with De Rougemont" about that table-knife, and got it at last



He clamoured for his trunk, his clothes, his linen. Refused paper, he tore fly-leaves from prison books, and wrote his quivering sentences on *Lettres de Cachet*, and hid them in his coat, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men kept them from being printed. He wrote a letter of many pages to De Rougemont demanding a looking-glass for his toilet, and got it. He roared for freedom itself, and won it.

If Vincennes excels all the other old French prisons in strength, Bicêtre for horror! It was half a lunatic asylum, half a gaol for beggars and "young men worn out by debauchery." A third element was not long wanting. Granted a roomy prison, political prisoners were sure to be provided—the *lettres de cachet* were innumerable as flies in August. Horrible shades! where "now and again the warders and attendants amused themselves by organising a pitched battle between the 'mad side' and the 'prison side'"; the wounded were easily transferred to the infirmary, the dead were as easily packed into the trench beneath the walls." So awful were the tales that leaked through the chinks and doors of the Bicêtre that this Paris prison, round which free men and women circulated, under whose walls little children danced in the street, became peopled, in the popular imagination, with "imps, evil genii, sorcerers, and shapeless monsters compounded of men and beasts." The Bicêtre's blackest day dawned on Sunday, September 2, 1792, when, says Carlyle, "all France leaps distracted like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand colonnades." Each prison of Paris had its massacre, but the accounts of the massacre at the Bicêtre are contradictory. The fog of slaughter was too thick and foul for anything clear to emerge. One turns with relief to the far different scene at the Sainte-Pélagie on this same Sunday of blood and bell-ringing. "Citizens," cried the heroic governor Bnchotte to the pike-bearing mob, "you arrive too late. My prisoners are gone. They got warning of your coming, and after binding my wife and myself as you see us, they made their escape." It was one of the noble lies of history. The prisoners were all in their cells. The binding was a ruse. But the mob had not time to doubt, and it swept on its way.

Sainte-Pélagie swarmed with debtors. Among these was a kindly hearted Croesus, who had refused to pay a certain debt for conscience' sake. This was the American, Colonel Swan, the good genius of the place. His little remembered acts of kindness and of love make Sainte-Pélagie fragrant. Many a small debtor left the prison, free, after five minutes' talk with Colonel Swan. To one such man, who asked to be his servant for six francs a month, the Colonel replied: "That will suit me very well, here is five years' pay in advance." It was the amount of the man's debt, and he went weeping back to freedom.

But such relieving touches are as little squares of sunlight on the paved floor of a cell where hope dies daily. One horror links all these prisons together, till they form a bad dream of humanity. In some cells of the Conciergerie the prisoners

had to shield their faces, leaving their bodies to the rats. Fevers stalked the wards, aided by drunken turnkeys and careless doctors. Vincennes had abysses for those whose *lettres de cachet* were inscribed "*Pour être oublié.*" The cells of the Châtelet were infested with reptiles, and received air only from above; "there was no current, but only, as it were, a stationary column of air, which barely allowed the prisoners to breathe." But enough. It is well to read of such things once in a way. But if you lay down Mr. Hopkins's book late in the evening—take a walk before you sleep, prove your liberty; else your dream-land may be the Question Chamber of the Conciergerie.

#### A TRADES UNIONIST CYCLOPÆDIA.

*Industrial Democracy.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

AN immense amount of wild and random speaking and writing on the Engineers' Strike would have been saved if this book had been published six months ago. Such an inside view of the aims and methods of modern Trades Unionism has never before been furnished to the public. The authors have spared no pains in the collection of their facts. By the study of documents, by interviewing employers, Trades Union officials, and workmen, and by personal observation—in Mrs. Webb's case as a "rent-collector, a tailoress, and a working-class lodger in working-class families"—they have accumulated a mass of authentic information which renders the book indispensable to the legislator, the journalist, and the social student.

Save for the too frequent sneers at the "middle-class man," whom Mr. and Mrs. Webb appear to regard as a soulless creature, incapable even of understanding their arguments, much less of appreciating them, the tone and temper of the book are excellent. Naturally it is written with a strong Trades Unionist bias; but there is no endeavour to suppress inconvenient facts. Indeed, a clever advocate, using no other data than are to be found in it, might construct a very powerful indictment against the principles and practices of modern Trades Unionism.

The very interesting chapter on "The Higgling of the Market" would provide such an advocate with one of his points. The authors point out that the tendency towards a reduction of wages in certain trades is due to the pressure exercised upon the retail trader—and through him upon the wholesale trader, the manufacturer, and, finally, upon the workman—by the consumer who desires to buy in the cheapest market. But they do not point out, even if they perceive it, that consumer and workman are in reality one, and that it is his desire *qua* consumer to buy cheaply which causes his wages *qua* workman to fall. The decline and ultimate disappearance of the hand-loom weavers is contrasted

with the survival and aggrandisement of the hand-made-paper maker and the hand-made-boot maker. Mr. and Mrs. Webb attribute it to the fact that the hand-loomers cut down their prices to compete with the new machines, while the boot-makers and papermakers insisted on maintaining theirs. That, no doubt, is partly the reason, but may it not also have been due to the fact that the papermakers and shoemakers produced something which the machine could not imitate, while the hand-loomers did not? The authors, indeed, appear to hold that the higher the wages asked for by the workman the more workmen will be employed; which is quite contrary to the view of the despised middle-class man, who is under the impression that it is not so much what a man earns as what he produces that encourages the employment of others.

Every man, however, who reads the book can form his own conclusions on this and other vexed questions. The important thing is that the authors have provided such an ample array of facts, so carefully collated and arranged, that even the general reader can find interest in a subject which has hitherto been attractive in inverse proportion to its importance. In so doing Mr. and Mrs. Webb have deserved well of their generation.

#### IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

*Wild Life in Southern Seas.* By Louis Becke. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is a book of sketches, written with that intimate knowledge and humorous expression of life in the South Sea Islands which have made the reputation of the author, and you will not read them without a longing to "exceed, evade, erump" at once to one of those enchanted islets where it is always afternoon; where a man need not toil or spin, and may look back on a fair day's work when he has sat on the beach with hibiscus flowers in his hair, smoking cigarettes and playing the concertina. For exercise you may *fahahelle*, which is Samoan for surf-swimming, the game which "takes possession of your innermost soul like unto cycling and golf"; and when you read Mr. Becke's sketch of "A Noble Sea Game" you will want to *fahahelle* very much indeed. They are absurd, irresponsible people, these South Sea Islanders; good-natured too, for even a cannibal may be a pleasant companion between meals; and their language is delightful. A little girl is a *tama-fafine-toatsi*.

As a specimen sketch, take the paper on "My Native Servants." Mr. Becke, landing on Niué—which has rightly lost its former name of Savage Island—stepped into his new house, and

"there, sitting on the floor in solemn silence, with their backs to the wall, were about fifty women. They had come to seek the post of nurse to the white man's *tama-fafine-toatsi*. On being requested to clear out, they said

'they would come again in the morning with some friends, and talk the matter over.'

Moemoe, the cook, was a promising young man. When shown the kitchen "he said 'All right,' sat down on a stool, and, asking me for my tobacco pouch, began to fill his pipe." Left to himself, Moemoe appears to have forgotten that he was a cook, but remembered that he was a man :

"At noon I went out to the cook-house to see how my *chef* was getting on. He had taken off his coat and shirt, but was still sitting down, playing an accordion to an audience of a dozen young women, all more or less in a state of *deshabille*—even for Niué women."

Niué women! The phrase sounds familiar even on this side of the world.

Hakala was engaged as head nurse, because she was a widow. But it was soon found that Hakala had two children, to say nothing of a husband, all of whom she wished to share her mat in her master's house. But Hakala was nothing to Hakupu, the nursemaid, who tied the white man's *tama fafine-toatsi* on her back, and balanced herself on the edge of the coral reef. Hakupu was soundly whipped, but she had her consolations :

"We heard the murmur of voices from the cook-house. Walking softly over, I peeped in through the window. The place was in semi-darkness, but there was still enough light to fill me with wrath at what I saw. There, stretched upon the floor, face down, was the under-nurse, supporting her chin upon her hands, a cigarette in her mouth, and that villain of a Moemoe lubricating her glossy brown back with a freshly opened tin of my Danish butter, into which he now and again thrust his fingers."

But this island of innocent, deceitful, genial, and altogether delightfully improper people, has its drawbacks. Literally, as well as metaphorically, there are flies on the Niué natives.

"You meet a native. He looks like a perambulating figure composed of flies. As he passes he gives himself a vigorous brush with a branch he carries. You do the same. Two black clouds arise and assimilate, and then divide forces. If the native is a bigger man than you, he gets most."

Missionaries, too, have not been an un-mixed blessing to the South Sea Islanders. Mr. Becke has many good words to say for individual missionaries; but he is very severe on them in one matter. They insist that their converts shall wear clothes. Compulsory clothing has begotten consumption and other pulmonary disorders which have almost depopulated some of the islands. *Wild Life in Southern Seas* is not exclusively humorous. "Hino the Apostate" is as pathetic as anyone could wish. And here and there the author has inserted slabs of information—geographical, geological, and otherwise. These may be skipped by the judicious reader in search of amusement. But of amusement he will find plenty. For no one has written with such knowledge and humour of the Southern Seas since "The Earl and the Doctor" wrote *South Sea Bubbles*, and that must be a quarter of a century ago.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Prince of Wales: An Account of his Career, including his Birth, Education, Travels, Marriage, and Home Life; and Philanthropic, Social and Political Work.* (Grant Richards.)

AS this elegant tome has been reviewed at length in the daily papers, we presume it has a popular interest: literary merit it has none. It is a conscientious but tiresome narrative reconstructed from old newspaper articles, paragraphs and memoirs, interspersed with venerable pictures and portraits. Here is a specimen sentence, a portentous announcement, taken at random. "When dinner is over His Royal Highness gives a signal for smoking to begin, then an adjournment is made to the large drawing-room." The cover of the book is rather pretty. It would make a nice present for—say, a lady who keeps a Berlin-wool shop.

*A Dictionary of English Authors.* By R. Farquharson Sharp. (Redway.)

THE design of this book of reference is a happy one. Mr. Sharp treats of 700 living and dead British authors, and to each devotes from one to three columns of space, in which he gives as tersely as possible the leading facts of their biographies, and a chronological list of their works and of the most important works about them. But the value of such a compilation must, of course, depend upon its absolute accuracy, even in minor details, and we regret to find that, judged by such tests as we have applied, Mr. Sharp is not, so far at least as literary history is concerned, absolutely accurate. Let us look, for example, at two sixteenth century writers. The first is Henry Vaughan. Mr. Sharp, in a half-column notice, spells the poet's birthplace as Skethiog instead of Skethrog, and states that he matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1628. Probably he did not matriculate at Jesus at all; but if he did, it was certainly not in 1628, as he was then only six years old. Slips, perhaps, but then a slippery biographical dictionary is not of much use. We turn to John Donne, and the errors become more magnificent. Mr. Sharp attributes to Donne two works which were not his. *The Donne's Satyr* of 1662 was by his son, who was inconvenient enough to have the same Christian name; and *The Collection of Letters* of 1660 was edited by the same son and made by Sir Toby Matthews. A few only of the letters in it are of Donne's writing. Then Isaak Walton cannot have edited an edition of Donne's *Poetical Works* in 1779, for he had been dead the greater part of a century; and we have some doubt whether Dr. Hannah did so in 1843 or Sir John Simeon in 1858. At any rate, those editions are not in the British Museum, nor have we come across them elsewhere. So far as living writers are concerned, Mr. Sharp appears to have obtained most of his information from themselves: his list is fairly complete, but considering who are included, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Francis Thompson, Dr. Grosart, and a good many others ought

not to have been left out. We suppose that Mr. George Meredith did not authorise Mr. Sharp to include among his novels one called *Mary Bertrand* which a Mr. Francis Meredith published in 1860.

*Chambers's Biographical Dictionary.* Edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and Francis Hindes Groome. (W. & R. Chambers.)

THE sub-title of this book—"The Great of All Times and Ages"—had been better omitted. Too many small men of the present time are included—men who have no pretensions to greatness. The volume contains eccentricities and flippancies which are frankly claimed as virtues by the editors :

"The world's Upper Ten Thousand, these mainly; still, the lower, even the lowest, have not been wholly neglected. For we include assassins like Abd-ul-Hamid and Ravachol, knaves like Arthur Orton and Jabez Balfour, madmen like Herostratus and Nietzsche, impostors like Joseph Smith and Mme. Blavatsky, traitors like Pickle the Spy and Benedict Arnold, tagrag and bobtail—every other page offers examples."

But with all its faults, if these be faults, this Biographical Dictionary strikes us as being very well done. It is wonderfully comprehensive; and after testing a great many of the articles we can pronounce them both useful and accurate. Shakespeare receives 4½ columns—the longest notice. Napoleon I. gets a quarter of a column less. Wordsworth has 3½ columns. Nelson has 2½ columns, Wellington the same. Voltaire 2 columns, Milton the same, Cowper the same, Mohammed the same. Cardinal Newman 1½ columns, Ruskin the same. The entries are well up to date, though in their desire to make them so the editors describe Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Plays* as having been published in 1897, whereas we still await them. On the other hand, it is gratifying to find under the name of George Thomson, the friend of Burns, the reference, "See his correspondence, edited by Cuthbert Hadden, 1898." Mr. Hadden's book has just been published. Great families, as well as individuals, are treated; thus three useful and informing columns are given to the house of Stuart. Difficult notices which we have examined strike us as very justly written. Such a man as George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, affords a good test, and we find his career summarised sanely and fairly. We note that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is described, without further explanation, as "the founder of the 'New Humour.'" This is a meaningless statement even to his intelligent contemporaries; what will it be to posterity? If Mr. Jerome had really founded a new humour in the serious sense of the words, we should not have expected his notice to be shorter than that of the saint of the same name.

Of course there are omissions. Mr. B. W. Leader was as eligible for mention as scores of other living men who are given a place. We note also that John Thomas Smith, whose biography of Nollekens and topographical works on London entitled him to mention, is ignored.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

BY H. G. WELLS.

HERE in volume form is Mr. Wells's narrative of the terrific attempt made by certain of the inhabitants of Mars to conquer this little world of ours. The story, as everybody knows, ran through *Pearson's Magazine* last year, where, indeed, many read it who usually find serial fiction tiresome. Since then Mr. Wells has altered and re-written much of the story. The dedication runs thus: "To my brother Frank Wells, this rendering of his idea." (W. Heinemann. 303 pp. 6s.)

#### THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

A TRANSLATION by Georgina Harding—the first English translation of this remarkable example of d'Annunzio's genius. Certain passages have been toned down where the author's point of view was a little too fresh for English readers. *The Triumph of Death* has had a great vogue in Italy and France. (W. Heinemann. 315 pp. 6s.)

#### DR. DUMÁNY'S WIFE.

BY MAURUS JÓKAI.

A TRANSLATION, by F. Steinitz, from the Hungarian. This is that bugbear of some readers—a story within a story. It begins with a railway accident, luridly described, in which the narrator saves the life of a millionaire's son. The boy is carried to his father's arms in Paris, and the same evening the millionaire tells the rescuer the history of his life. It begins on page 68 and continues until page 308, and is sufficiently surprising. But we do not care for this indirect method of making romances. (Jarrold & Sons. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN GILBERT, YEOMAN.

BY R. G. SOANS.

A ROMANCE of the Commonwealth. It is also a romance of Sussex; as much, we fancy, because its exemplar, *Lorna Doone*, was a romance of Exmoor, as for any other reason. John Gilbert, Yeoman, writes the story in the first person, and is pleasantly archaic the while. "Hath" for "has" and "wi" for "with" and "o" for "of" and "'tis" for "it is"—these are among his verbal tricks. His bailiff was one Alfred Mynns, which good Kentish cricketers may resent. There are plenty of hard knocks, both in battle and out of it, in the book; aye, marry, and there are comely wenches too. A pretty enough piece of Wardour-street romance for those that have leisure. (Warne & Co. 488 pp. 6s.)

#### THE CONFESSION OF STEPHEN WHAPSHARE.

BY EMMA BROOKE.

A NEW novel by the author of *A Superfluous Woman* is not lightly to be set aside. Here we have a woman who was more than superfluous—a positive hindrance—"a woman with a dead soul." Her husband (who tells the story) endured her for seven years, and men could endure her no longer; for another woman—a woman with a Hill-top soul—had come into his life. So he administered a double dose of chloral and spent the rest of his life in good works. (Hutchinson & Co. 297 pp. 6s.)

#### MISS BALMAINE'S PAST.

BY B. M. CROKER.

A STORY of love, misunderstanding, sorrow, re-understanding, and love again. The hero is at first an engineer and ultimately a lord. The heroine is Rosamund of Romney Marsh. They are brought together not by a mad bull, but by a tramp, who does just as well. A facile, glib holiday book. According to one of the fly-leaves of the volume Mrs. Croker's novels now total sixteen. (Chatto & Windus. 325 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FOURTH NAPOLEON.

BY CHARLES BENJAM.

A long-winded but very dexterous romance of modern political life in France. The hero is Walter Sadler, a young barrister, with a phenomenal resemblance to the first Napoleon. In the year 189—, weary and dispirited, he seeks Paris, and is there taken for a veritable Buonaparte and elevated to the dignity of king. The story gives his adventures among a company of unscrupulous intriguers. One needs a week's holiday to read the book, but there will be entertainment on the way. (Heinemann. 600 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GOWN AND THE MAN.

BY PRESTON ST. GEORGE.

AN historical novel. The period, it is scarcely necessary to say, is Stuart. John Hampden's denunciation of ship-money begins it, and the execution of Charles comes at the end. There is also one Colonel Cromwell. In the interim Puritanism is discussed as fully as any reader can want. A quiet, serious story. (Digby, Long & Co. 345 pp. 6s.)

#### THE CEDAR STAR.

BY MARY E. MANN.

A STUDY of a wilful temperament. The heroine is Betty, who begins by having her own way as a child, and continues to have it until sorrow and suffering are hers. A charming book, beginning with good chapters of child life, and containing memorable figures, notably Billy the curate and Betty herself. Betty is, indeed, quite a discovery. (Hutchinson & Co. 347 pp. 6s.)

#### QUEENS AND KNAVES.

BY CELIA NASH.

HERE we have modern life with a vengeance. The transpontine stage offers nothing more chromatic. It is the story of a wicked Jew, drawn strictly on accepted melodramatic lines, and his victims. Could his name be anything but Steinsen? There is the usual run of triumphant villainy, and then the downfall. What need to say more? (Digby & Long. 212 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE MAN IN THE CHECK SUIT.

BY T. W. H. DELF.

A WORK which, according to the publisher, "will be found to appeal to the masculine rather than the feminine reader"; because, "for once in a way, 'LOVE' plays but a small and subordinate part." In place of "LOVE" we have provincial humours, the punishment of fraud, and the restitution of rights. The man in the check suit is an unknown benefactor, of a kind familiar to the readers of Dickens. If there is no distinction of style or thought in the book, there is plenty of compensating high spirits. (Jarrold & Sons. 317 pp. 6s.)

#### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

A SMART, worldly story of a widow's infatuation for a young man whose debts and discretion bid fair for a long time to forbid him marrying either well or badly. In the end, or rather in the middle of the story, the worldly widow realises the hopelessness of her suit. "I've made a mistake; but I'll never make any more. I'll leave you alone to your heart's content in future, and we'll put up the shutters in the sentiment shop." And they do, but meanwhile the author has started another love affair of a more idyllic kind, and in this case the shutters remain down. (Macmillan & Co. 251 pp. 6s.)

#### THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL

WHO WAS HATED BY HER OWN

FATHER. AND OTHER TALES.

BY A BARRISTER.

SIX stories of wrongful conviction, quashed wills, attempted murder, conspiracy, &c. We do not know why "a Barrister" gives the stories such needlessly long titles. They are all named on the pattern of the first. (Horace Cox. 109 pp. 1s.)

## DEVIL'S APPLES.

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

THIS is a simple, moving story by the author of *In a Grass Country* and *A Soul Astry*. The headings of the four parts of the story—Renunciation, Temptation, Degradation, Expiation—tell much. And it is all foreordained that Jenny Maxwell's hair shall be sprinkled with grey, and that "no hospital in London," "no poverty-stricken slum," shall be without her "gentle presence" when the "lover of her youth" returns "very quietly one wet afternoon in November." (F. V. White & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Derelicts.* By William J. Locke.  
(John Lane.)

THIS is a really fine novel. Its theme is mainly the sad one of two lives—one wrecked by crime, the other by illness and misfortune—finding, rescuing, and protecting each other. Stephen Joyce is a man of education who has given way to the temptations of debt. He has committed fraud, and has suffered two years' imprisonment. The story takes him upon his emergence from prison—hopeless, full of the profoundest self-contempt. It follows him in his painful quest for employment, and shows him in the direst straits of poverty befriended, to his amazement, by a little warm-hearted concert-singer. She coaxes up the dormant fires of ambition and self-confidence by the mere breath of her child-like and happy sympathy. Yvonne's relations to Stephen throughout the book are touched with the most delicate and gentle feeling. She is all pity, all trust, to this outcast, the struggles of whose weak will are so arduous. She becomes little by little the light of his eyes, yet in the most natural way in the world never looks on him as a lover. Thus she slips into marriage with his cousin, a dignified and worthy ecclesiastic, consenting she scarce knows why:

"Yvonne would give any man her head, if he whimpered or clamoured for it," continued Geraldine, rising to her feet, "and then tell you in her pathetic way, 'But he wanted it so, dear.' And there isn't a man living who would be good enough to Yvonne."

What strikes one as of peculiar excellence is the skill with which Mr. Locke, in portraying the soft and sympathetic nature of Yvonne, has avoided the facile error of conveying that she is all an amiable passivity. When the final crisis arrives (the supreme crisis that calls for determinate action in all of us sooner or later in our lives), Yvonne, tender, yielding-natured as a child, takes her courage in both hands, and with not a quail goes forth to inflict deadly pain on behalf of the man she loves. When she did not love, but merely liked and respected, she was passive, and allowed herself to be married to a man in whose society, after six months, she felt herself small, wicked, and bored. O to exchange the dull routine of a cathedral town and rectory for a month of the old, easy, irregular Bohemianism of a concert-singer's flat in town! "And, oh, Dina," she confides to her intimate friend, "I should so much like to hear a man say 'damn' again!"

A quotation from an interview with this friend will best illustrate Mr. Locke's manner, and the situation at the rectory after Yvonne's marriage with the Canon.

"I don't think you would do very well married, Dina," says Yvonne. "You are too independent. A woman has to give in so much, you know, and do so much pretending, which you could never do."

"And why pretend?"

"Oh, I don't know. You have to—in lots of things. I suppose we women were born for it. Men have all kinds of strange feelings, and they expect us to have the same, and we haven't, Dina; and yet they would be hurt and miserable if we told them so—so we have to pretend."

Geraldine looked at her with an expression of pain on her strong face, and then she bent down—Yvonne was on a low stool at her side—and flung her arms about her. "Oh, my dear little philosopher, I wish to God you could have loved a man—and married him! That is happiness—no need of pretending. I knew it once—years ago. It only lasted a few months, for he died before we announced our marriage—no one has ever known. Only you, dear, now. Try and love your husband, dear; give him your soul and passion. It is the only thing I can tell you to help you, dear. Then all the troubles will go. Oh, darling, to love a man vehemently—they say it is a woman's greatest curse. It isn't; it is the greatest blessing of God on her."

"You are speaking as men have spoken," replied Yvonne, in a whisper, holding her friend's hand tightly. "I never knew before—but God will never bless me—like that."

Nevertheless, Yvonne is blessed in the end.

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*Weeping Ferry, and Other Stories.* By Margaret L. Woods.  
(Longmans.)

IN *Weeping Ferry* Mrs. Woods returns to the pastoral motive of her first powerful book, *A Village Tragedy*. That she quite succeeds in recapturing the note of that poignant and uncompromising bit of realism we should hesitate to say; yet the present story is certainly, neither in structure nor setting, unworthy of its writer. Like its predecessor, the tale passes in the quiet Midland country near Oxford, with its sluggish river, and its elms, and its water-meadows. Long Marston, with its famous ferry, is the precise locality chosen. The landscape and the life it shrouds are treated in the delicately observant way so characteristic of Mrs. Woods. There is little or none of that atmosphere of mingled antiquity and pagan sensuousness which Mr. Hardy loves to throw about his peasants, the characters are plain country men and women, natural and life-like, full of the practical common sense so inevitable in a life where bread is won quite literally by the sweat of one's brow. Both points of view are true; it is merely that one is Mr. Hardy's, the other Mrs. Woods'. A touch of the uncanny is introduced in the old deaf Catherine, said to be a witch by the villagers, and resorted to for charms and spells. She it is who supplies Bessie with a so-called "love-charm" whereby to win back her lost gentleman lover. We confess that we should have liked the book better without the bit of superstition, a thing so difficult to render plausible in a novel, and surely at best disputable art. The love-story itself is well enough, although the hero, Geoffrey Meade, the young man lodging at the farm, and ostensibly "reading," is somewhat colourless. But to our mind the charm in the book is Bessie's mother, the shrewd, tender-hearted, bustling, market-woman, with her capable hand and secret heart. Her colloquy with Tryphena, a child of whom we would gladly know more, is irresistible:

"Mrs. Vyne," said Tryphena imperiously.

Elizabeth measured the dough on the board with her eye and pulled a bit off before she replied:

"Yes, Miss Tryphena."

"Why is blue cheese blue?"

Mrs. Vyne deposited the superfluous dough in the big red pan at her side, and powdered the remainder with flour. Then she answered mildly:

"Some folks do say it's the stuff that's put in it."

"But you don't put stuff in yours, do you?"

"Oh, dear, no, Miss," and Mrs. Vyne smiled.

"Then why is it blue?"

Mrs. Vyne passed the rolling-pin over the dough several times.

"Other folks say it's the land," she replied at length, with the same mild impartiality.

"But you made it the same when you were at the Meades, didn't you? So what makes it blue?"

"There's folks do say 'tis the season of the year," returned Mrs. Vyne, carefully shaping the two balls of her loaf; then clapping the smaller one firmly on to the larger, she added with sudden frank contempt: "But they none of 'em knows what they're talkin' about."

Bessie Vyne's story is a sad one. Her love-charm proved to be a poison, and she is found dead one wild night at the door of the witch's cottage. She is well and patiently drawn throughout, yet we feel that the charm of the book is less in the narrative or the characters than in the background—the sentiment of the external things that gird in life. The scene where Bessie's body is carried back to the farm is a fine bit of writing:

"At break of day they brought her home across the fields. The floods were no longer vapourously still under a grey sky. A fresh breeze bent the willows and hurried the surface of the water along in tiny crests that caught the light. An orange sunset shot up its ragged edges half-way to the zenith, and reflected itself on the distant water in obscure yellow. The body was laid on a low truck, which was just long enough for it, and covered with a sheet. Elizabeth dragged it and Catharine assisted with her hand on the shaft of the handle. Sometimes she looked back, sometimes peered in Elizabeth's face, with a look half sympathetic, half terrified."

The three shorter stories which make up the book call for little comment. "An Episode" has most stuff in it. "Miss Brighteyes and Mr. Queer" is on the verge of silliness.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

No. 1342, New Series.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

A METHODICAL correspondent who has a passion for preserving literary odds and ends, and a capacity for finding them when needed, sends us the following advertisement. It was forwarded wholesale through the post by Lewis Carroll at the end of the year 1893:

"For over twenty-five years I have made it my chief object, with regard to my books, that they should be of the best workmanship attainable for the price. And I am deeply annoyed to find that the last issue of *Through the Looking-Glass*, consisting of the Sixtieth Thousand, has been put on sale without its being noticed that most of the pictures have failed so much in the printing as to make the book not worth buying. I request all holders of copies to send them to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., 29, Bedford-street, Covent Garden, with their names and addresses; and copies of the next issue shall be sent them in exchange.

Instead, however, of destroying the unsold copies, I propose to utilise them by giving them away to mechanics' institutes, village reading-rooms, and similar institutions where the means for purchasing such books are scanty. Accordingly, I invite applications for such gifts, addressed to me, 'care of Messrs. Macmillan.' Every such application should be signed by some responsible person, and should state how far they are able to buy books for themselves, and what is the average number of readers.

I take this opportunity of announcing that, at any future time I should wish to communicate anything to my readers, I will do so by advertising in the 'agony' column of some of the daily papers on the first Tuesday in the month.  
LEWIS CARROLL.

Christmas, 1893."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I read with interest your 'Book Reviews Reviewed' columns every week; and it may interest some of your readers to know how *Alice in Wonderland* was received on its first appear-

ance. I cannot discover that its merits were fully perceived, or its success predicted, by any critic. The *Times*, reviewing the book among a dozen other Christmas books, gave high praise to Mr. Tenniel's drawings, but concerning Lewis Carroll's text only remarked that it was 'an excellent piece of nonsense.' The *Spectator* did not, I think, review the book at all on its first appearance. The *Athenæum* indulged, of course, in a little dragon-slaying:

"This is a dream-story; but who can, in cold blood, manufacture a dream with all its loops and ties, and loose threads, and entanglements, and inconsistencies, and passages which lead to nothing, at the end of which Sleep's most diligent pilgrim never arrives. Mr. Carroll has laboured hard to heap together strange adventures and heterogeneous combinations, and we acknowledge the hard labour. Mr. Tenniel, again, is square and grim and uncouth in his illustrations, howbeit clever, even sometimes to the verge of graudeur, as is the artist's habit. We fancy that any real child might be more puzzled than enchanted by this stiff, overwrought story."

In his sermon at Christ Church, Oxford, on Sunday morning, Canon Sanday, Margaret Professor of Divinity, referred to the death of Lewis Carroll. We quote a few words:

"Might they not say that from their courts at Christ Church there had flowed into the literature of their own time a rill bright and sparkling, healthgiving, and purifying wherever its waters extended? . . . They in that place knew how fully the man bore out the promise of his books. . . . They knew his fondness for children and what trouble he took to make them happier and better. But, most of all, they knew what was the fount and spring from which all these varied activities took their direction. They knew how behind them all there lay a deep background of religion—a religion severely quiet and retiring, like his character—a religion almost of the closet after the pattern of the Gospel."

Mr. Dodgson's own manner as a preacher was earnest and slow. For several years he delivered the New Year sermon at St. Mary's, Guildford.

LEWIS CARROLL was as fortunate in his illustrations as any writer could be. Under any circumstances the Alice books would have won tremendous favour, but not a little of their popularity must, none the less, be due to Sir John Tenniel's drawings. Artist and author have rarely been in such perfect accord. Again, in *The Hunting of the Snark*, Mr. Henry Holiday is the poet's very faithful and admirable ally, catching the spirit of the nonsense to perfection. His beaver, looking "unaccountably shy," is the prince of beavers. And in *Sylvie and Bruno*, Mr. Furniss did some of his best work. One reason of this high level of excellence is undoubtedly Lewis Carroll's interest and desire to have everything quite "right," and according to his own ideas. Of no man may it more truly be said that until he was satisfied he was dissatisfied.

By one of those curious and not uncommon coincidences, Lewis Carroll's friend, the father of the original Alice—Dean

Liddell—died within four days of the author of the *Wonderland* books. Dean Liddell's name will ever be associated with that of Dr. Scott, Jowett's predecessor as Master of Balliol, for their invaluable lexicon. The fame of Liddell and Scott is inextinguishable. It may not here be out of place to tell again an old story of Dean Liddell and an undergraduate. "What Sophocles do you know?" the Dean asked. "Oh, I know all Sophocles," was the answer. "Really! I wish I could say the same." The victim began to translate "Where did you get that from?" asked the Dean with reference to a "howler." "Oh, Liddell and Scott." "Then," said Liddell with much gravity, "it was Dr. Scott's doing and not mine."

FRANCE is just now offering the spectacle of M. Zola standing almost alone as the champion of justice. It is a fine thing when a man of age and reputation can place public spirit before private welfare. When the champion is a writer literary men all over the world may justly feel proud.

On this subject Mr. F. Norreys Connell writes: "May I suggest that it would be a graceful act on the part of the literary men of Britain publicly to thank M. Zola for the splendid civic action he has lately taken? Though it be of little moment to us in these islands whether a Semite or Aryan should have sought to enrich himself at the expense of French militarism, surely it comes very near to our professional pride that the one great citizen who dares in the teeth of popular prejudice, at the imminent risk of his commercial ruin, to demand 'more light' should also be one of the greatest living brothers of the pen. Traditionally, I am of the other party, but at this juncture I esteem it an honour to sign myself M. Zola's most Humble Admirer."

MEANWHILE Björnsterne Björnson has written to M. Zola in terms of most enthusiastic approbation:

"Very honoured Master,—How I envy you! How I wish that I were in your place, in order to be able to render to country and to humanity a service like that rendered by you! . . . Be assured that Europe admires what you have done, even if everybody does not assent to everything that you have said. I have always held it as an opinion, for my part, that the work of a romance writer or a poet bears the same relation to himself personally as notes do to the bank whence they are issued, and which should have in hand securities corresponding to its deliveries. We now see that if your works are circulated all over the world to increase courage and enrich the heart of humanity, it is because you are yourself a man of courage and of heart."

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY writes, from Glan y Dow, Ponsarn, near Abergelle: "By the courtesy of Mr. J. N. Maskelynes who has generously placed the Egyptian Hall and his lantern apparatus at my disposal, I shall deliver a lecture on Sunday evening, the 30th January, on the Dreyfus case. By the aid of highly magnified photo-

graphic reproductions of the letter attributed to Captain Dreyfus and of the man's real handwriting, I hope to prove to demonstration that they could not by any possibility have been written by the same hand. This view is endorsed by twelve of the ablest experts now living. May I beg you to publish this letter, and to allow me to say that any person desiring to attend may receive a ticket of admission by sending to me a stamped directed envelope?"

The approaching arrival of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the Cape—the poet must now be passing the Line—is exciting great interest in South Africa. It is pointed out that there are already many allusions in his works to this part of the world. At St. Simon's Town the "flat iron" described in "Judson and the Empire" in *Many Inventions*, founded on a famous incident on the Zambesi, is proudly shown. Mr. Kipling's most striking South African verse is perhaps:

"To the home of the floods and thunder,  
To her pale dry heaty blue—  
To lift of the great Cape combers,  
And the smell of the baked Karoo.  
To the growl of the sluicy stamp-head—  
To the reef and the water-gold,  
To the last and the largest Empire,  
To the map that is half unrolled!"

In another place he speaks of the Cape's vineyards, of its heath and lilies, and of Table Mountain; and in "The Native Born" there is the mention of the "Empire to the northward" and the allusion to the fashion in which the Cape Colony has changed owners—"Snatched and bartered of the free hand to hand." We understand that the present is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's second visit to South Africa.

*Apropos* of the curious little slip in Dutch in Mr. Bryce's *South Africa*, mentioned last week, it may be of interest to state that Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa adheres to his determination to master the *taal*. Sir Alfred Milner is now taking lessons in Dutch with his private secretary twice a week from the Rev. Adrian Hofmeyr, of Cape Town.

THE quaintest comment upon the ACADEMY'S awards comes from Birmingham. A writer in the *Birmingham Post* refuses to believe in the existence of Mr. Phillips. "Is there," he asks, "a real Mr. Phillips, or is it only the mystic name conferred by the ACADEMY on some ethereal and hopeless ideal? Does it cover a whole theory of 'excellence,' concealed like the darker implications of 'chops and tomato sauce'? Is it a pregnant mode of telling all the others that their work is but as nothingness? It behoves the ACADEMY next to produce Mr. Phillips as a guarantee of good faith." Considering that Mr. Phillips is descended from the Birmingham Quaker family of Lloyd, Birmingham should know more of him. The local booksellers must look to it.

THE following extract from a letter, which we cut from Wednesday's *Chronicle*, affords

an instance of the woes of poets. In this case Mr. Stephen Phillips is the victim:

"SIR,—In a most able and kindly review of my poems, which appears in to-day's *Chronicle*, there are several misquotations, which I cannot allow to pass. One couplet is quoted thus:

'Fell; and existence lean, in *shy* dead-gray,  
Without steadily, starved it away;'

Thus the second line is not only made into nonsense, but does not even scan. The lines should, of course, read:

'Fell; and existence lean in sky dead-grey,  
Witholding steadily starved it away.'

To the foregoing complaint the Editor of the *Chronicle* appends the following apology: "We greatly regret these misprints, but the fault is wholly our reviewer's. As he is a distinguished critic, his 'copy' was followed by the printer without question, and in every instance it read as the words appeared in our columns." But distinguished critics are precisely the gentlemen who most require to see a proof. They write badly, they do not spell very well, and at making extracts they are——.

MR. WILLIAM GREEN is a bold man. He sends to the *Morning Post* the following letter:

"How to see all the new books is a question of widespread interest. Readers peruse the criticisms in the papers, and then desire to see the books criticised in order to judge whether to purchase or to order from the library for a leisurely perusal. To see an attractive book is to desire either to read it carefully or to possess it. If readers wish to see all the new books they must unite in a society for this purpose. I should be glad to hear from those interested in the subject."

It is not clear to us why people should be enabled to see all the new books. They had better read the old ones. But if they must see them, why not enter a bookshop for the purpose? Although Mr. Green says that seeing a book is more an incentive to purchasing it than reading a review thereof, we imagine that his Society might not unfitly be named "The Society for Completing the Ruin of Booksellers."

WE cut from the current *Dome* the following striking little poem by Mr. Laurence Binyon, a young and observant poet of London life:

#### "THE PARALYTIC.

"He stands where the young faces pass and throng;  
His blank eyes tremble in the noonday sun;  
He sees all life, the lovely and the strong,  
Before him run.  
"Eager and swift, or group'd and loitering, they  
Follow their dreams, on busy errands sped,  
Planning delight and triumph; but all day  
He shakes his head."

WHEN Sir Walter Besant praises London on a platform—and he does this very often—he generally has the good fortune to provoke distinguished opposition. Not long ago he said that London is beautiful with such emphasis that his own chairman, Lord Rosebery, demurred. Last week, at the College of Preceptors, he claimed so much for London's brain that the Bishop of

London rose and declared that London had produced comparatively few distinguished men of her own. The bishop quoted the opinion of Dr. Stubbs that London had always been the purse, seldom the head, and never the heart of England. And now the names of lots of distinguished Londoners are being sent to newspaper offices. London produced:

|           |          |               |
|-----------|----------|---------------|
| Chaucer.  | Canning. | Fox.          |
| Spenser.  | Lamb.    | Beaconsfield. |
| Pope.     | Milton.  | Ruskin.       |
| Keats.    | Gray.    | Byron.        |
| Browning. | Turner.  |               |

It is true that many writers of great ability still elect to be born in the country; but they nearly all come to London to write the moment it is worth their while.

A QUIANT and unexpected glimpse of Mark Twain is afforded in Mr. Alfred P. Hillier's newly published *Raid and Reform*, in a chapter consisting of extracts from a diary kept by Mr. Hillier when he was a political prisoner in Pretoria. The prison life is minutely described by Mr. Hillier, and it is after describing some of his discomforts that he introduces the following passage:

"Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) visited us yesterday, and gave us a bright hour of his conversation. . . . He spoke of prison life as in many respects an ideal existence, the one he had ever sought, and never found—healthy, undisturbed, plenty of repose, no fatigue, no distraction—such a life as enabled Bunyan to write the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Cervantes *Don Quixote*. . . . For himself, Mark Twain continued, he could conceive of nothing better than such a life; he would willingly change places with any one of us, and, with such an opportunity as had never yet been offered him before, would write a book—the book of his life. Of course, some of us failed to look at it in this philosophic light, and he admitted that it was not always easy to discover the concealed compensation which invariably existed under apparently adverse circumstances. Still, this was such a clear case that he would assuredly, in the interview which he was to have with the President on the following day, endeavour to get our sentences extended. For Clement—one of the prisoners who improperly spelt his name with a 't'—descended, like himself, on the left-hand side from a long papal ancestry, he would endeavour to get thirty years."

IN the new volume of the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson (to which we shall return later) occurs this memorable sentence, in a letter from the novelist to a friend, concerning his method of work: "I am still 'a slow study,' and sit for a long while silent on my eggs: unconscious thought, there is the only method: macerate your subject, let it boil slow, then take the lid off and look in—and there your stuff is—good or bad." The next volume of the Edinburgh Edition, which will also be the last, will contain *St. Ives*.

IBSEN'S seventieth birthday will be celebrated on March 20. On that day a complete nine-volume edition of his works in German will be published in Berlin. Christiania, we presume, will adopt methods of its own.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN issues from his own depôt in Gerrard-street, Soho, a cheap edition of *Saint Abe and His Seven Wives*. This poetical tale of Mormonism was written in 1870, "when" (writes Mr. Buchanan in a bibliographical note) "all the Cockney bastions of criticism were swarming with . . . sharpshooters on the look-out for the 'd—d Scotchman' who had dared to denounce Logrolling." Mr. Buchanan recalls the kindly reception given to the book, alike for its poetry and humour, when it appeared anonymously. He writes:

"The present is the first cheap edition of the book, and the first which bears the author's name on the title-page . . . I shall be quite prepared to hear now, on the authority of the newspapers, that the eulogy given to *St. Abe* on its first appearance was all a mistake, and that the writer possesses no humour whatsoever."

We hope that Mr. Buchanan will have no such experience, but he still protests too much; he is too like the "fretful porpentine." "Printed cackle about books," he writes, "will always be about as valuable as spoken cackle about them." But the best spoken cackle about books is very good, and critics can but cackle their best.

MR. EDWARD HERON-ALLEN's literal prose translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and facsimile of the MS. in the Bodleian (H. S. Nichols & Co.) is before us. After FitzGerald's version this certainly is the most interesting contribution to Omar literature. Mr. Heron-Allen has worked long at his task, and it is presented with perfect order. The poem consists of 158 quatrains, and some idea of how FitzGerald (whom Mr. Heron-Allen always alludes to wrongly as Fitzgerald) worked may be gathered from the two following stanzas—the 149th and 155th:

I desire a little ruby wine and a book of verses,  
just enough to keep me alive, and half a loaf is needful,  
and then, that I and thou should sit in a desolate place,  
is better than the kingdom of a sultan.

If a loaf of wheaten-bread be forthcoming,  
a gourd of wine and a thigh-bone of mutton,  
and then if thou and I be sitting in the wilderness—  
that would be a joy to which no sultan can set bounds."

From these twain FitzGerald produced his *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou Beside me singing in the Wilderness— Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."*

MR. W. P. JAMES, in his interesting literary notes in the *St. James's Gazette*, reminds us that the two most eminent men of letters whose centenaries fall this year are both Italian—Metastasio and Leopardi. The two-hundredth anniversary of Metastasio's birthday is already over, for he was born on the January 6, 1698. An Englishman could hardly be expected to feel much excitement about it; yet Metastasio is well worthy to be had in remembrance, even among ourselves, for the important part he played in the development of opera. Leopardi is a hundred

years nearer to us in time, and nearer than that in sentiment. The pessimism, however, which nowadays is a fashionable affectation of young novelists, was a bitter reality to the young Italian of genius, who suffered pain and ill-health all his life and died before he was forty years of age. Yet, sincere as was his pessimism, his poetical appeals to death did not prevent him exhibiting considerable alarm at the approach of cholera. His centenary falls on June 29 next.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, writing in the *Nation*, offers reminiscences of Father Meehan, the author of *The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell* and *The Rise and Fall of Irish Franciscan Monasteries*, and the friend of James Clarence Mangan. From a humorous poem, contributed by Father Meehan to the *Nation* many years ago, entitled "The Last Words of Zozimus," we take some lines. Zozimus was an old blind ballad singer, whose stand was on Carlisle Bridge. This is how Zozimus asked to be buried:

"One coffin and one horse iz quite enough,  
One mourning jingle will be 'quantum suff.'

I'll have no coronet to go before me  
Nor Bucepha-li-us that ever bore me,  
But put my hat, my stick, and gloves together  
That bore for years the very worst of weather,  
And, rest assured, in spirit will be there  
'Mary of Egypt' and 'Susannah' fair,  
And 'Pharaoh's daughter,' with the heavenly blush  
That tuk the drowning goslin from the rushes.

I'll not permit a tombstone stuck above me,  
Nor effigy; but, boys, if still yees love me,  
Build a nate house for all whose fate is hard,  
And give a bed to every wanderin' bard.  
If gaynious yees admire, I have yees show it  
By giving pipe and porter to the Poet."

*The Home University* is a new monthly magazine embodying an educational experiment, which has evidently been conceived by a thoughtful mind. The editor declares that *The Home University* is not a school book nor an encyclopædia, nor a journal of science and literature, but that it partakes of the characters of all three. The general aim is to convey knowledge in such a way that it can be easily assimilated by home students, to whom the magazine is offered as "the best substitute for university residence" which the editor can devise. No particular system in the arrangement of the contents of the magazine is adopted, or the only system is variety—the attempt "to supply intellectual food in somewhat the same fashion as a man takes his daily meals." Hence, in this first number, we have a "Chronology of the First Christian Century," "Memoranda as to Greece," "Schedule of the Life and Times of John Milton," "Ana and the Table-Talk of Distinguished Men," "Our Ambulance Class," and much besides. Illustrations are provided; and, indeed, expense does not seem to have been spared on this interesting publication.

This year we may expect an unusual supply of books dealing with cricket. A little volume of verses and drawings, with a

frontispiece of the late Sir Frank Lockwood, has, indeed, already appeared, although it is still winter. The success of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's work and the growing interest in the game are certain to induce other writers to turn to this subject. Mr. W. G. Grace is even now proceeding with his *Reminiscences*, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson is said to be engaged in compiling the history of the game. So long as young men do not prefer the literature of the game to the game itself, we do not see why books should not be written about it.

A SECOND edition of Mr. Stephen Phillip's *Poems* will be issued next week. In this edition several misprints which marred the first issue will be corrected, and we understand that Mr. Phillips has revised, and, indeed, largely re-written his poem, "The Wife."

MR. FISHER UNWIN announces for the 29th inst. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *My Life in Two Hemispheres*. Sir Charles, we are informed, tells his story fully from the stormy days of his connexion with the *Nation* to the time when he became the Governor of a Crown Colony. The letters and conversations are a notable feature of the book. Among the writers of the former will be found Cardinal Newman, Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, Father Matthew, Leigh Hunt, and Sir Henry Parkes. Interesting matter concerning Browning, John Stuart Mill, and the author of *Dark Rosaleen* is also given. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy lives now in retirement at Nice, but he still engages in literary pursuits, and is the general editor of the *New Irish Library*.

MR. UNWIN also announces for the 29th Mr. J. F. Hogan's *The Gladstone Colony: an Unwritten Chapter of Australian History*.

MESSRS. W. THACKER & Co. inform us that they have purchased from Messrs. Neville Beeman, Ltd. (who are giving up business as publishers), the following publications: *The Naval Pocket-Book*, by W. Laird Clowes, the next edition of which will be ready on February 7 next; *The Captain of the "Mary Rose"*, by the same author; *The Rose of Dutchers Coolly* and *Wayside Courtships*, by Hamlin Garland, and three new books by the same author to be published shortly; and others.

MR. S. A. STRONG, librarian to the House of Lords, will contribute to *Longman's Magazine* for February an article based on the Duke of Devonshire's papers at Chatsworth, showing the connexion between the sixth Duke and some of the leading writers of his day. In the article will appear for the first time a letter from Thackeray to the Duke, in which he sketches out the further fortunes of the leading characters of *Fanny Hill* after the close of the story.

A NEW work, called *A Departure from Tradition, and Other Stories*, from the pen of Miss Rosaline Masson, daughter of Prof. Masson, will be published immediately by Bliss, Sands & Co.

## “LEWIS CARROLL.”

BORN, 1833; DIED, 1898.

“IF I have written anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled!) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows.”

These words were written in 1876 by Lewis Carroll in “An Easter Greeting to Every Child that loves Alice.” And now his turn has come. Truly, he had no cause to feel anything but satisfaction. The world can show few writers who from first to last have used their talents so joyously, diligently, and to such kindly purpose as Lewis Carroll.

Lewis Carroll's best period lasted, roughly, from his thirtieth to his forty-fifth year. He began *Alice's Adventures Underground* in July, 1862; he finished converting it into *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (abbreviated in the nursery to *Alice in Wonderland*) in 1865; he published *Phantasmagoria*, which contained “Hiawatha's Photographing,” in 1869; he finished *Through the Looking-Glass* in 1871, and *The Hunting of the Snark* in 1876. After that came a decline. His wit was as keen, his brain as masterfully intricate, as ever; but simplicity left him. Indeed, he never again quite caught the simplicity of his first book. *Alice in Wonderland* is an outpouring of inspired nonsense which flowed forth without hindrance and without perceptible impulse. But in *Through the Looking-Glass* we now and then hear the pump at work. The quality of the nonsense is no whit the worse; but simplicity is endangered. In *Through the Looking-Glass*, for example, there is the White Queen's exposition of living backwards, and the theory advanced by Tweedledum and Tweedledee that Alice and themselves had no existence apart from the Red King's dream—a perilous approach to metaphysics. Moreover, *Through the Looking-Glass* is a game of chess, which is the sheer superfluity of cleverness. But *Through the Looking-Glass* is only a shade less admirable than its companion. Has it not the White Knight and the two Queens, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Humpty Dumpty, and the Walrus and the Carpenter? Has it not also the following passage, which has always seemed to us the perfect example of the higher foolishness?—

“‘Crawling at your feet,’ said the Gnat . . . ‘you may observe a bread-and-butter fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread and butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.’

‘And what does it live on?’

‘Weak tea with cream in it.’

A new difficulty came into Alice's head. ‘Supposing it couldn't find any?’ she suggested.

‘Then it would die, of course.’

‘But that must happen very often,’ Alice remarked thoughtfully.

‘It always happens.’”

We may, indeed, feel quite certain of the longevity of the Alice books. They belong to no one period, but to all. They touch nothing actual but human nature, and human nature is continuous and unchanging. Alice is a matter-of-fact, simple-minded

child, and the world is full of Alices, and always will be. Hence the assured popularity of her history. Again, in the manner there is no sense of antiquity, although some thirty years have rolled by, each bringing its modification to literary style. Lewis Carroll wrote as plainly and luminously as he could; and we read and read and can think of no emendation whatever. The words are the best words in the best order. Of hardly any other humorist can it be said that in no instance do we ever wish his manner of narration altered. But Lewis Carroll was a merciless critic of himself and a tireless elaborator of his work, and he sent nothing forth until it was perfect.

By his art *Wonderland* is made not less conceivable than *Fairy Land*. It is almost impossible to believe that there is not somewhere such a region, where dwell forever the Cheshire Cat and the Mock Turtle, the Gryphon and Humpty Dumpty, the Red Knight and the Duchess. They have each and all an individuality; and they are at once so mad and so reasonable: as real and recognisable as the people in Dickens. Partly it is Lewis Carroll's favourite trick of finding fun in pedantic literalness that persuades us. Again, the illusion is assisted by the abruptness with which the stories open.

*Alice in Wonderland* has no preamble, there is no laboured description, we are in *Wonderland* in a moment, before there is time to think about the pinch of salt with which to season the exaggeration. These are the first words: “Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do,” and then, on the third page, Alice has followed the white rabbit down the burrow. Again, in *Through the Looking Glass*, the beginning is immediate: “One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it—it was the black kitten's fault entirely,” and so on.

*Alice in Wonderland* has been translated into at least three European languages—French, German and Italian—but without much success. Each country has its own humour and cares little for borrowing. In the title, at any rate, the German version bears the palm for conciseness: *Alice's Abenteuer in Wonderland*. The French and Italian are almost forbidding: *Aventures d'Alice au Pays des Merveilles* and *L'Avventura d'Alice nel Paese delle Meraviglie*. The two Alice books together were converted to stage purposes some few years ago by Mr. Savile-Clarke, and the little play had an auspicious career both in London and the provinces. Lewis Carroll took the keenest interest in this dramatic version—the stage, indeed, was among his hobbies—and when the company was at Brighton he journeyed thither and played fairy god-father (his favourite rôle in life) to some of the little performers. At that time a discussion was going forward in the papers concerning the proposed movement to make it illegal for children of less than ten years of age to appear on the stage, and Lewis Carroll, in a letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, referring especially to a meeting of ladies in favour of the movement, contributed to it. The views of a man so fond of children and so passionately

zealous for their happiness are peculiarly interesting. Here are extracts from his letter, which was entirely opposed to the projected measure:

“I spent yesterday afternoon at Brighton, where for five hours I enjoyed the society of three exceedingly happy and healthy little girls, aged twelve, ten, and seven. We paid three visits to the houses of friends; we spent a long time on the pier, where we . . . invested pennies in every mechanical device which invited such contributions and promised anything worth having, for body or mind, in return; we even made an excited raid on headquarters, like Shylock with three attendant Portias, to demand the ‘pound of flesh’—in the form of a box of chocolate-drops—which a dyspeptic machine had refused to render. I think that anyone who could have seen the vigour of life in those three children—the intensity with which they enjoyed everything, great or small, that came in their way—who could have watched the younger two running races on the Pier, or have heard the fervent exclamation of the eldest at the end of the afternoon, ‘We have enjoyed ourselves!’—would have agreed with me that here, at least, there was no excessive ‘physical strain,’ nor any imminent danger of ‘fatal results’! . . . A drama, written by Mr. Savile-Clarke is now being played at Brighton; and in this (it is called ‘Alice in Wonderland’) all three children have been engaged. . . . They had been acting every night this week, and twice on the day before I met them, the second performance lasting till half-past ten at night, after which they got up at seven next morning to bathe! That such (apparently) severe work should co-exist with blooming health and buoyant spirits seems at first sight a paradox; but I appeal to anyone who has ever worked *con amore* at any subject whatever to support me in the assertion that, when you really love the subject you are working at, the ‘physical strain’ is absolutely nil; it is only when working ‘against the grain’ that any strain is felt; and I believe the apparent paradox is to be explained by the fact that a taste for acting is one of the strongest passions of human nature, that stage-children show it nearly from infancy, and that, instead of being, as these good ladies imagine, miserable drudges who ought to be celebrated in a new ‘Cry of the Children,’ they simply rejoice in their work, ‘even as a giant rejoiceth to run his course.’”

From one who could write and believe:

“Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,  
The heart love of a child!”—

these are striking words.

With *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876), which, although to most persons it seems more fitted to adult intellects, was dedicated by the author to a child, and frequently presented by him to children, Lewis Carroll's best period came to an end. Of this classic of comic verse it is hard to speak. No one has ever had a dream less coherent, less satisfying. Indeed, it may be said of Lewis Carroll that, above all men, he had the art of dreaming with a pen. His great colleague as a nonsense maker—Edward Lear—could be foolish enough, but always with direction and with responsibility. Lewis Carroll, as does the mind when asleep, took the line of least resistance. From *The Hunting of the Snark* illustrations have been excavated, by leader writers and politicians, for every kind of purpose; but the meaning of the complete work eludes us, and will elude. Because there is none. It is simply feeling, the best fooling on record. Why, indeed,



ok a meaning in a poem, when the preface it can contain such a passage as this, in explanation of the line :

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes?"

"The Bellman, who was almost morbidly sensitive about appearances, used to have the bowsprit unshipped once or twice a week to be varnished, and it more than once happened, when the time came for replacing it, that no one on board could remember which end of the ship it belonged to. They knew it was not of the lightest use to appeal to the Bellman about—he would only refer to his Naval Code, and read out in pathetic tones Admiralty Instructions which none of them had ever been able to understand—so it generally ended in its being steamed on, anyhow, across the rudder. The Helmsman used to stand by with tears in his eyes; he knew it was all wrong, but, alas! article 42 of the Code, 'No one shall speak to the Helmsman at the Helm,' had been completed by the Bellman himself with the words, 'and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one.' So remonstrance was impossible, and no steering could be done till the next varnishing day. During these bewildering intervals the ship usually sailed backwards."

The resemblance in one of the illustrations to Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant's advocate, and some people at first to seek for a parable of the Tichborne Case. Others have said that the Snark is popularity—"a boojum you see." But the story that the poem grew out of that line—

"For the Snark was a boojum you see"—

which one "day flashed into the author's brain, is the best explanation of all. In workmanship, *The Hunting of the Snark* is a miracle of dexterity.

After *The Hunting of the Snark* came a dull. Then there appeared, in 1883, *Lyme? and Reason?* practically a reprint of *Phantasmagoria* and the *Snark*; *A Tangled Tale* (1885), a mixture of mathematical problems humorously enunciated, which we printed first in the *Monthly Packet*; *The Game of Logic* (1886), *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889), and, later, its second part, a whimsical and droll comedy comprising a story of modern life, a little exquisite nonsense—for example :

"He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk  
Descending from the 'bus :  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Hippopotamus.  
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,  
'There won't be much for us'—"

and much theology. *Sylvie and Bruno*, which grew from a little story contributed to *Aunt Judy* by Lewis Carroll in 1868, was received with some disappointment, owing to the habit that readers have of demanding a favourite author to cut all his wares from the same piece. The theology was resented, not because it was not good—many of the passages are indeed beautiful and dictated by rare wisdom—but because it was considered to be out of place. Lewis Carroll, however, had grown to be of another opinion, and the two *Sylvie and Bruno* volumes were his favourites among his work. In the same Easter greeting from which we have quoted at the head of this article he wrote (in 1876) :

I do not believe God means us to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on

Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week-day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer, and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the 'dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral?"

Lastly came, in 1896, the first part of *Symbolic Logic*, in which the young student is offered quite the most fascinating series of sorites ever propounded, where it is proved beyond all question, among other things, that "No Hedgehog takes in the *Times*."

Lewis Carroll has had many imitators—some quite shameless, and none worthy to stand beside him. They were, of course, doomed to failure, since they had neither his temperament nor his motive. Lewis Carroll, whose attitude to children was more devotion than mere affection, approaching even to adoration, was not a professional author : he was a kindly playmate of little people, and he wrote *Alice in Wonderland* to give pleasure to two friends, the little daughters of Dean Liddell, one of whom—the original Alice—is now Mrs. Hargreaves. It was published that others might share that pleasure. Of not many of the diligent writers who have attempted to reap in the same field can it be said that their stories proceeded from a similar impulse. Indeed, the failure of the many imitations of *Alice* is another proof that good work must come from within, must be born of the author's own individuality. There has been, and can be, but one Lewis Carroll. To borrow his formulae is not to reconstruct himself.

Lewis Carroll in private life was the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, of whom we have hitherto said nothing, in accordance with his wish that his two characters should be kept apart. One proof of this desire is to be found in the letter which he wrote when, in 1888, Mr. R. H. Caine, the editor of a collection of humorous verse, asked him for permission to include certain of Lewis Carroll's pieces in that volume. Mr. Caine received this reply :

"Mr. C. L. Dodgson begs to say, in reply to Mr. Caine's letter received this morning, that he had never put his name to any such pieces as are named by Mr. Caine. His published writings are exclusively mathematical, and would not be suitable for such a volume as Mr. Caine proposes to edit."

Against this rebuff might be placed the following letter to a child (written in 1875) wherein the gulf existing between the two personalities is at once emphasised and removed ; but it must be remembered that Mr. Dodgson would do for a child what he would not do for anyone else :

"My dear Magdalen,—I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first. Then I looked through a telescope and found it was a coun-

tenance; then I looked through a microscope and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was Me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk when Myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said, 'Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?' And Myself said, 'It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen,' and Me said, 'I used to like her a little. Not much, you know—only a little.' Then it was time for us to go to the train—and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happened to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends, LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON."

Mr. Dodgson was born in 1833, the son of a well-known Churchman, Archdeacon Dodgson. He proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1854 graduated with a first class in mathematics. In 1861 he was elected Senior student of his college, and in the same year became Mathematical Lecturer, a post he held until 1881. In 1861 he also took orders. His mathematical works were numerous and valuable, although his championship of Euclid against more modern systems of geometry is held by many to be fantastic. Mr. Dodgson had many of the eccentricities which so often accompany proficiency in his particular science, and many good stories are told of him at Oxford. He was a very watchful guardian of Oxford's honour, and used occasionally to put forth a whimsical pamphlet, in which some phase of the university's well-being was examined. These productions were always witty and marvellously ingenious. Mr. Dodgson was shy and reserved, a resolute celibate, a man of few friends but fit, and the patron saint of children. Incidentally we might mention that he liked them all to be familiar with Lewis Carroll's writings. His hobbies, after mathematics, which he looked upon both as work and play, were photography and the stage. His photographs of children must be well-nigh countless. Mr. Dodgson—as sage, as wit, and as saint—will be mourned by those that knew him, as Lewis Carroll will be mourned by readers all the world over.

#### "LEWIS CARROLL" AT OXFORD.

My earliest sight of "Lewis Carroll" was when, as a freshman, raw and abashed, I had once the honour of sitting opposite him at dinner. With all a boy's nervousness at dining for the first time at a college "high table," in utter ignorance of the allusions which filled the talk, and tortured by a desire to escape to more congenial society, I found huge consolation in the fact that now I was regarding with my own eyes a god of my childhood. To one fresh from a very different place, and not yet habituated to the real Oxford, he seemed the living embodiment of the old Oxford of a boy's fancy. I desired to attend his lectures till I found that he was a mathematician. Dreary people in his own college, when questioned concerning their great man, confessed to having lived in

ignorance that a prophet was among them. To certain he was simply an old mathematical tutor; to others a great name in letters which they had never connected with a local habitation; but to none was his figure noticeable. Few of Oxford's famous men have been so unobtrusive in her midst. Froude was constantly to be observed; even Walter Pater was known by sight to a large part of the undergraduate world; but I scarcely remember to have seen "Lewis Carroll" half a dozen times in the street.

In a sense he was the most old-world of all the elements in the place. The Oxford of ecclesiastical bustle and honest doubt, of Newman and Mark Pattison, of Arnold and Clough, though actually earlier in time, was years later in sentiment. And what shall I say of all that fills the gap between—the days of the new Liberalism, the æsthetic craze, the University Extensionist, the times which have "learnt a stormy note of men contented-tost, of men who groan," and are given over to many new things? The world of "Lewis Carroll" was ages removed from this. Though full of the wide human nature which delights in all things contemporary, his mind, alike in its piety, its ingenuities and its humours, belonged to an earlier and quieter world. His flute never lost "its happy country tone." His Oxford was sleepy and early Victorian, a haunt of people who played croquet and little girls with short frocks and smoothly brushed hair and quaint formal politeness. It seems to me that the exact subtlety of the humour of the "Alice" books could never be caught again, for the sleepy afternoon air, the quaint grace and the mock dignity are all the property of an elder and vanishing world.

In Oxford his works enjoyed a surprising popularity, and formed the storehouse for undergraduate nicknames. In my own day it even became the fashion for a man to set them in foolish paradox by the side of Shakespeare when incautiously questioned on his preferences in letters. *The Hunting of the Snark* was popularly supposed to contain all the metaphysics in the world. I once heard a distinguished college authority explain his course of lighter reading during one vacation. "The first week," he said, "I read *Sylvie and Bruno*." "And then?" some one asked. "And then," he said, "I read the *Second Part*." "And then?" "And then," he murmured in doubt—"then," brightening up, "ah, then, I went back to *Through the Looking-Glass*."

J. B.

#### THE EDINBURGH ON MR. KIPLING.

THE most serious and comprehensive criticism of Mr. Kipling that has yet appeared is to be found in the new *Edinburgh*. The writer has looked with a friendly but discriminating eye upon the twelve books that now stand to Mr. Kipling's name, and has come to certain interesting conclusions. He does not attempt to place their author—that would be too bold—but he says words which he hopes may help Mr. Kipling's fluid state towards crystallisation. Let us look at the article.

The critic begins with a definition of literature, which for ordinary working purposes will suffice. The sum of it is this:

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression.  | } Not literature.             |
| 2. Books containing records of facts of general human interest, history, observation of life, &c. either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression.   |                               |
| 3. (a) Books dealing with facts or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (b) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest, but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression. | } Inner circle of literature. |

The bulk of Mr. Kipling's work, it is then decided, comes within the outer circle, the clause "observation of life" having been inserted for his benefit.

"For of the many remarkable qualities in Mr. Kipling's publications, the most remarkable of all is the extraordinary faculty of observation which they display. . . . Nothing he comes in contact with seems to escape his notice; and, while still a young man, he gives one the impression in his books of having lived two or three lives, and lived them pretty thoroughly. 'Choses Vues' might be the general title for a great deal of his work; with the important addition that he not only sees things himself, but he makes the reader see them."

The critic turns then to the examination of some of the stories which best illustrate this gift of observation; finding much praise to give them, although never allowing them to win to a higher place than the outer circle.

*The Light that Failed* and *Captains Courageous* are next disposed of, and the *Jungle Books* reached. We agree with the critic in considering these Mr. Kipling's most wonderful accomplishment, and his two works most likely to retain a permanent place in literature. Says the reviewer:

"He has attempted nothing less than to project himself, in imagination, into the beast mind, to put things as beasts might put them had they the faculty of intelligible expression. The imaginative power which he has brought to this task is really extraordinary; how extraordinary we do not become fully aware till we come to those passages, here and there, in which human speakers intervene in the story, as the father and mother and child do in the narrative of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose. . . . The individuality of the animals is admirably kept up; the author has stamped their characters and names on them; we shall always think of the tiger as 'Shere Khan,' and of the black panther as 'Bagheera.' The rules and laws among the animals as to hunting and killing impress one as what might really exist in some crude but understood form among them; and, indeed, the 'water truce,' when the drought became such as to nearly dry the river and make water scarce, may almost be said to be founded on fact. The animal idea of fire as 'the red flower,' of the rifle-bullet as 'the stinging-fly that comes out of the white smoke,' of spring as 'the time of new talk,' are all remarkable instances of the author's power of putting himself, in imagination, in the place of the brute mind."

Against much of the poetry is brought the charge of hasty, slap-dash writing—though we cannot agree that "McAndrew's Hymn" and "Tomlinson" suffer in this way—and its slang is also deprecated. This is the sum of the matter:

"That Mr. Kipling can rise to the higher level of poetry he has shown us every now and then in such poems as 'L'Envoi,' and 'Kabul Town,' and 'The Legend of Evil' (first section), and 'Mandalay,' and that grand little poem, 'Lest we forget,' which a short time since sent a thrill through the length and breadth of England. And perhaps the glorious racket of 'The Bolivar' and chivalrous climax of 'East and West' may avail to keep alive such comparatively short poems, in spite of roughness of style and execution. But, taking his verse compositions altogether, one may say that the author has just let us see that he might be a poet if he would, but has done but little yet towards a serious achievement of the position."

And so we reach the conclusion of this inquiry. The critic is of opinion that almost anything is within Mr. Kipling's power if he will cease to "play to the gallery." In short:

"If he wishes for future fame, for a permanent place in the world's library, we believe he has it within his choice, if he would go to work seriously and aim at giving us his best, instead of being content to please and interest us for the moment. If he prefers the latter way of expending his genius, his own generation may have no reason to complain—it is a most brilliant Variety entertainment, and never seems to flag for a moment; but in that case future generations will not hear much of him, unless it may be in this way—that with his varied interest in life and his ubiquitous habits he has, perhaps, the best chance of all men living of ultimately becoming a Solar Myth."

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE "Mercure de France" is the ostentatious protector of minor poets. But in Paris the minor poets have no chance. Nobody reads them, nobody reviews them; they alone take themselves seriously.

M. Pierre Louys adequately displayed the bent of his narrow and distinguished talent in his classical study *Aphrodite*. One may question the value of such a *tour de force*, but the achievement is a considerable one. M. Louys is a nineteenth century pagan—oh, but a real pagan such as not even the pagans themselves dreamed of. When a gentleman of modern times turns his back upon eighteen centuries of Christian civilisation, and plunges devoutly into the worship of the gods, he usually makes his confession of faith with an ardour that leaves nothing to be desired. As far as I can see, modern paganism is mere deification of the courtesan. Not that one need journey so far backwards as Greece and the pagan deities for that. The article in latter-day Paris enjoys unlimited consideration. A host of geniuses from the days of Baudelaire to our own are occupied in hymning her praises. Such edifying half-penny papers as *Le Journal* are maintained exclusively in her interests; to which even middle-aged Academicians like Coppée, to

ay nothing of MM. Catulle Mendès, Richepin, Léon Daudet, Marcel Prévost, &c., are proud to contribute, all wielding a pen herein steeped in the same ink for her entertainment.

Four-and-twenty centuries to come another erudite and investigating mind like that of M. Pierre Louys may be tempted to reconstruct for another, and, let us hope, austerer civilisation, a picture of this gallant high life. We may venture to predict that he will hardly, if he sticks to facts and the newspapers and the fiction of the hour, succeed in producing anything so poetical as M. Louys's *Chansons de Bilitis*. To the mere Philistine, who cares not a jot for the poetry of paganism, and who thinks the world all the better for the introduction of Christian chastity, such literature, however fine and delicate, is both nauseous and monotonous. An entire volume on a single theme indicates a morbidness of concentration of interest few of us, happily, are capable of. If you have read the book through at a single sitting, as I did, you feel you would like to go abroad into the clean woods and play for several days with little children or nice innocent animals, who know neither Latin nor Greek, and have many things else to think of besides an unhealthy revival of pagan sensuality. As if our own were not more than enough!

M. Louys's prose is highly polished, of a simplicity too self-conscious, with a rhythmic wave which is charming, and a delicacy of colour to suit the high perfection of form. In a word, he is an incomparable artist. Lacking in sense of humour and irony, he has not the art of an Anatole France of giving vitality and a personal spell to his erudition. He never rises above the coldly sensuous. The bent of his talent leaves us in some doubt of the utility of a classical education. Indeed, there are times when the troubled andasperated reader is inclined to ask himself if humanity would not be improved by the suppression of all education, or rather the art of reading and writing, for a while.

Of these songs of Bilitis there are but few which are not devoted to the usual details of a courtesan's existence. Perhaps the prettiest is the cradle song:

"The woods are palaces built for thee alone, which I have given thee. The pine trunks are the columns; the high branches are the vaults. Sleep. That he may not awaken thee, I would sell the sun to the sea. The breeze of the dove's wing is not so light as thy breath. Fugitive of mine, flesh of my flesh, thou wilt start when thou dost open thy eyes if thou wouldst the plain or the town, or the mountain or the moon, or the white procession of the girls."

The poet Henri de Régnier also chaunts under the winged protection of the French Mercury. His last volume is in prose, a collection of extravagant tales—*La Canne de Jaspe*. They are cleverly written, with distinction and some grace. But—and here we may call on the pagan gods for enlightenment, since M. de Régnier is another neo-pagan—what does it all mean? Not that we are before a mystification like Poe's. A writer who can write so boldly and so well of the sea should give

us stories of a solid value than these, and even the fantastic can leave a definite impression. But here no impression whatever. Now and then a neat and witty definition. Then the reader hopes. Again, a really fine description in the most elegant prose. The reader expands, and cheerfully turns the page. Lo! neither sense, nor propriety, nor the vaguest semblance of meaning or idea, and the offended reader yawns, and laments with Solomon the excessive production of literature. This is what M. de Régnier can do when he has a mind to make himself understood:

"I have seen all the sea's faces: her morning visage of childhood, her mid-day face streaming with gold, her Medusan mask of the evening, and her formless aspect of night. After the slyness of the temporary lull comes the vehemence of the tempest. A god inhabits the changing waters. Sometimes he rises, clutching the mane of the waves and the long locks of sea-weed, with the rattle of the wind and the roar of the surge. He is fashioned of foam and spray. His mysterious hands contract in claws, and standing with his water-spout torso, his cloak of mist, his visage of cloud, and his eyes of lightning, he raises his prestige from innumerable waves and storms, shattered in the monstrous howling of surge, shouted down by wide jaws, and torn by nails, he succumbs in the crush of his fall, and relives in the spume of his own fury."

*Golo*, by M. Pol. Neveux, reprinted from the *Revue de Paris*, is a dull and melancholy country novel, the study of a carpenter's apprentice who is seized for the standing army of France, and goes away to China and elsewhere, in love with an uninteresting peasant girl, who declines to wait five years for his return. He comes back to find her married, breaks his heart, takes to drink, and commits suicide. The book is well-written, but nobody awakens the faintest interest or sympathy.

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### REMAINDERS.

WE published last autumn an article on "Remainders," which excited some interest, and we appended to it a list of books with their original and reduced prices. We now give a fresh list of such prices, taken from the catalogue of a well-known "remainder" bookseller:

### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

|   | Original Price. | Present "Remainder" Price. |
|---|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Bastien - Lepage and his Art ... ..                       | 10s. 6d.        | 4s. 0d.                    |
| Admiral Coligny, by Sir Walter Besant...                  | 2s. 6d.         | 1s. 3d.                    |
| Alphonse Daudet, by R. H. Sherard ...                     | 15s. 0d.        | 3s. 0d.                    |
| Oliver Goldsmith: Forster's Life ...                      | 7s. 6d.         | 3s. 0d.                    |
| John Mitford: Letters and Reminiscences.                  | 3s. 6d.         | 1s. 0d.                    |
| Lord Nelson: Public and Private Life, by G. Lathom Browne | 18s. 0d.        | 5s. 6d.                    |

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| George W. Smalley: London Letters and Some Others, 2 vols.   | 32s. 0d.        | 4s. 6d.                    |
| Fridtjof Nansen, 1861-1893, translated by William Archer ...   | 12s. 6d.        | 7s. 6d.                    |
| Garibaldi: Autobiography, translated by A. Werner, 3 vols.   | 31s. 6d.        | 6s. 0d.                    |
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| Early Popular Poetry of Scotland and the Northern Border, edited by David Laing, and re-edited by W. C. Hazlitt, 2 vols. ... | 10s. 0d.        | 4s. 0d.                    |
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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| Idols of the French Stage, by N. Sutherland Edwards, 2 vols.  | 24s. 0d. | 2s. 0d. |
| History of Newmarket and Annals of the Turf, by J. P. Hore  | 37s. 6d. | 9s. 0d. |
| Lesser Questions, by Lady Jeune   | 10s. 6d. | 9d.     |
| Legal Lore: Curiosities of Law and Lawyers, edited by W. Andrews                                      | 7s. 6d.  | 2s. 0d. |
| Acrobats and Mountebanks, by Hugues le Roux. Translated by A. P. Morton. Illustrated by Jules Garnier | 16s. 0d. | 4s. 6d. |
| The Thousand and One Days, edited by Justin H. McCarthy   | 12s. 0d. | 5s. 0d. |
| Where Art Begins, by Hume Nisbet  | 7s. 6d.  | 2s. 6d. |
| Original Poems, by Anne and Jane Taylor   | 3s. 6d.  | 1s. 0d. |
| Quaker Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, by E. N. Armitage  | 7s. 6d.  | 2s. 0d. |

## THE TITLES OF NEWSPAPERS.

WITH the exception of trade journals and some denominational organs—*e.g.*, the *Draper's Record* and the *Presbyterian*—the most successful periodicals have titles which fail to express their distinctive character. That this is overlooked is due simply to custom, for we get into the way of using the name of a well-known paper very much as we use an algebraic symbol. For instance, who, by a *a priori* reasoning from the titles, could get at the difference between the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Morning Leader*, and the *Morning Post*? We all know the leading features of the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily News*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, but, again, these are not differentiated by their titles. The *Times* and the *Standard* are as vague. Nor can the evening papers be quoted as illustrating the principle laid down by the hasty critics who sometimes complain of the title of a new publication that it is not sufficiently "expressive."

Differences of policy and tendency are even more notable in the weekly religious

papers, but the title seldom gives any clue. The *Christian*, the *Christian Age*, the *Christian Commonwealth*, the *Christian Globe*, the *Christian Herald*, the *Christian Leader*, the *Christian Million*, the *Christian World*—what philosopher could extract their true inwardness with no guide but the name? Within one ecclesiastical organisation alone, we have such variations as the *Church Times*, the *Guardian*, the *Record*, and the *Rock*.

Not a few magazines bear the name of the publisher. This is a neat way out of the difficulty, but it is quite unenlightening. An acquaintance with the personal idiosyncrasies of Messrs. Cassell, Chambers, Longman, Macmillan, and Pearson would be of little service to an investigator of the periodicals of which these publishers are the patron saints. Of late years the fashion has grown of laying claim to some street or district of London. So we have publications, daily, weekly, or monthly, named after Belgravia, Cornhill, Ludgate Hill, Pall Mall, St. James's, the Strand, the Temple, Temple Bar, Westminster, and Whitehall. The only predictions that one would have ventured to make would have been that the *Cornhill* would deal with finance, and that there would be a legal flavour about the *Temple*. These forecasts, however, would have been as unfortunate as the expectation that there would be an especially courtly tone about the *Windsor*.

In some cases it might be contended that the title not only fails to express the character of the periodical, but, if it were not so well known, would be actually misleading. An intelligent foreigner might easily trip up over the *Fortnightly Review*. He might naturally suppose that the *Tablet* was the organ of the craft of monumental masons. The *Critical Review* might seem to have something to do with first nights at theatres, or possibly with the private view at the Academy, but it is occupied solely with theology. And the *Cable* is an agricultural journal, and has no connexion whatever with submarine telegraphy.

The study of synonyms yields curious results. The *Globe* is an evening newspaper, the *World* is a society weekly, while the *Universe* is Roman Catholic. *Answers*, the *Inquirer*, and *Notes and Queries* would seem to have a good deal in common; but the first is a collection of anecdotes, the second is serious and Unitarian, and the third is a medium of communication for antiquarians and students of literary oddities. The *Guardian* belongs to the high section of Anglicanism, the *Sentinel* is an anti-opium journal, and the now defunct *Watchman* represented the conservative side of Methodism. Neither *Justice*, with its advocacy of social democracy, nor the American *Judge*, with its quips and cranks, is in danger, except from its title, of being mistaken for the *Law Times*. The *Broad Arrow* is devoted to the interests of the military and naval services, the *Dart* is a provincial comic paper, and the *Quiver* is a decorous religious monthly; and not one paper of the three has anything to do with archery. *Brotherhood* speaks for Christian Socialism, *Chums* is a lively paper for boys, and *Fellowship* (now dead) was started by a Wesleyan minister for the promotion of

"the higher life." A club lounge who took up the *Leisure Hour* by mistake for the *Idler* could hardly help moralising on the difference of similarities. The *Sun* and the *Star* contradict all the usual astronomical phenomena by their habit of appearing simultaneously about ten in the morning; the *Morning Star* is a millenarian monthly; *Sunshine* is published "for schools and families"; *Moonshine* is humorous; and the *Meteor* is the journal of Rugby School. The *Lamp* is a Catholic magazine; *Light* concerns itself with spooks; *Light and Leading* ministers to Sunday-school teachers; and *Lux* deals with Christian evidences. There is a considerable actual diversity between the *Echo* and *Public Opinion*, and between the *Era*, the *New Age*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. Nor is there any reason in the fitness of things why the difference between the Baptist denomination and the Home Rule movement should not find more striking expression than in the slight variation between the *Freeman* and the *Freeman's Journal*.

In choosing a title, then, there is little need to trouble about securing a concentration of the contents bill. It is enough if the name is brief, easily remembered, and likely to "catch on."

## THE FUTURE OF THE IDLER.

"Is it true, Mr. Dent, that you have taken over *The Idler*?" An ACADEMY representative asked the question of Mr. J. M. Dent, whom he found installed in Messrs. Macmillan's old premises in Bedford-street. "Quite true."

"You will, no doubt, transform the appearance of the magazine—give it your own impress?"

"Well, no—not yet, at all events! We have to consider the present readers of the magazine, who perhaps do not want a change."

"And will you maintain the character of the contents?"

"Yes. We shall try to improve them, but on the same lines. *The Idler* will be light and literary, pleasant and optimistic."

"And humorous?"

"Mr. Anstey and Mr. Barrie Pain will write for it."

"And artistic?"

Mr. Dent waved his arm round the room indicating that many beautiful drawings in black-and-white which I saw about were intended for reproduction in *The Idler*.

"Have you any other notable contributors in prospect?"

"Oh, yes! Mr. Austin Dobson, for one. But you must not judge us too much by our first number, which we shall issue in a fortnight. It will be a good number, on the old lines."

"Will you keep up 'The Idlers' Club' as a feature?"

"Yes, certainly. And I may add that we shall make country life, scenery, and sports—among the latter fishing in particular—the subjects of many articles and pictures."

THE WEEK.

STUDENTS of Burns cannot complain of any lack of material. Besides Mr. Henley's *Burns*, a host in itself, there appeared last year *Burns and his Times*; *The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns*; *Burns, Excise Officer and Poet*; *Burns's Clarinda*; and *Burns from Heaven*. Now appears *George Thomson, the Friend of Burns: His Life and Correspondence*, by Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden. Thomson's well-known correspondence with Burns is not included in the volume, which is made up of the correspondence of Thomson with Hogg, Byron, Moore, Lockhart, Campbell, and others, including Beethoven, whom he employed to write airs for his *Collection of Scottish Songs and Airs*. A convincing portrait of Thomson is given by way of rontispiece.

In *Tourguéneff and his French Circle* we have a record, mainly in the form of letters, of the great Russian novelist's relations with that brilliant band of French writers with which he became connected. We extract the following passage from Miss Ethel M. Arnold's translation of the French edition of the *Letters* by M. Halpérini-Kaninsky. It tells what Tourguéneff's "French Circle" really was, and how he was introduced to it:

"It was the Viardot family who introduced Tourguéneff to the French world of art and letters. In their house, soon after he arrived in Paris in 1847, he met for the first time Georges Sand, an old friend of Louis Viardot's, with whom she had founded, in 1841, the *Revue Indépendante*. But it was not till later on that, owing to Flaubert, their intercourse became regular.

About the same time he made the acquaintance of Mérimée, who was already known as the translator of several of the masterpieces of Russian literature; about the same time, also, his friendship with Charles Edmond developed to intimacy. He had first met M. Edmond at Berlin, and came across him again at the house of Mme. Jazykov, one of his compatriots, which was the famous revolutionary Bakonnine, and the exiled Russian author Herzen also frequent.

It was Charles Edmond who, on one single occasion, introduced Tourguéneff to all the men forming the *élite* of the literary world at this period—Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, Taine, Berthelot, Renan, Gavarni, Paul de Saint-Victor, Scherer, Charles Blanc, Adrien Hébard, Fromentin, Bocca, Ribot, Nefftzer, &c.—in a word, to all the guests of the famous dinners at the Magny restaurant. He met them then for the first time, except Flaubert, whom he had known since 1858. In this connexion we read in the *Journal des Goncourts*, under the date of the 23rd January, 1863:

"Dinner at Magny's: Charles Edmond brought Tourguéneff, that foreign writer with such a graceful talent, author of *The Mémoires of a Seigneur Russe*, and of *The Hamlet Russe*. He is a great, big, charming fellow, a gentleman with bleached hair, and looks like the bad genius of a mountain or a forest. He is handsome—magnificently, immensely handsome—with the blue of heaven in his eyes, and with charming Russian sing-song voice, in which there is just something both of the wild and of the negro. Being put at his ease by the ovation that was given to him, he

talked in a curious and interesting way about Russian literature, which he declares to be well launched upon the tide of realism, from the novel to the play."

Guizot had already expressed the wish to know the author of *Le Journal d'un Homme de trop*, which had greatly struck him; and Lamartine describes enthusiastically his first meeting with Tourguéneff. The Russian novelist was also on terms of regular intercourse with Jules Simon, Edmond About, Gounod, Augier, Maxime Ducamp, Victor Hugo, Jules Janin, Francisque Sarcey, and Jules Claretie; and later on he was introduced by Flaubert to the young naturalistic school represented by Zola and Daudet, who, together with Ed. de Goncourt, Flaubert, and Tourguéneff, made up that little 'Company of Five' which met at a monthly dinner, sometimes at Flaubert's, sometimes at the house of the Goncourt brothers. Finally, through Zola, Tourguéneff made the acquaintance of the young writers who collaborated in the *Soirées de Madan*, and especially of Guy de Maupassant.

*The Book of the Year* is a new work of reference, and is issued by Messrs. Routledge & Sons. The volume before us is a carefully compiled chronological table of 1897. The events of last year are arranged under their dates day by day, and a copious index enables the reader to discover at once the page on which the race for the Waterloo Plate, or the Opening of the New Gallery, or the Arrival of M. Faure at Cronstadt, or any other event, is recorded. It is extraordinary that such an annual has not been issued before; but surely a better title would be *The Book of Last Year*.

An event of the week has been the publication of D'Annunzio's *The Triumph of Death* in an English translation by Mrs. Georgianna Harding. This is the first of D'Annunzio's novels to be rendered into English and to be published in England. There have been American translations of some of his works.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE GOSPEL OF COMMON SENSE. By Stephen Clays. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
- THE BIBLE TRUE FROM THE BEGINNING. By Edward Gough, B.A. Kegan Paul. Vol. VI. 16s.
- ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. By Charles Gore, D.D. John Murray.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- JOSEPH ARCH: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. Told by Himself. Hutchinson & Co. 12s.
- RAID AND REFORM. By a Pretoria Prisoner: Alfred P. Hillier. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
- UNDER THE DRAGON FLAG: MY EXPERIENCES IN THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR. By James Allan. Wm. Heinemann.
- PETER THE GREAT. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. Wm. Heinemann. Cheap edition in 1 volume. 6s.
- TOURGUÉNEFF AND HIS FRENCH CIRCLE. Edited by E. Halperin-Karlinsky. Translated by Ethel M. Arnold. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.
- SOCIAL ENGLAND SERIES: ALIEN IMMIGRANTS TO ENGLAND. By W. Cunningham, D.D. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.
- HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Annie Hamilton. Vol. V.: Parts I. and II. George Bell & Sons. 9s.
- INDEX TO THE PREENOGATIVE WILLS OF IRELAND, 1536-1810. Edited by Arthur Vicars, F.S.A. Edward Ponsonby.

- THE INVASION OF EGYPT IN A.D. 1219 BY LOUIS IX. OF FRANCE (ST. LOUIS). By Rev. E. J. Davis. Sampson Low.
- THE BUILDING OF THE EMPIRE. By Alfred Thomas Story. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall 14s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- THE SPECTATOR. Vol. III. Edited by G. Gregory Smith. J. M. Dent & Co.
- POEMS FROM HORACE, CATULLUS, AND SAPPHO. By Edward George Harman. J. M. Dent & Co.
- THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d.
- THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM: A FACSIMILE OF THE MS. IN THE BOULIARIAN LIBRARY. Translated and edited by Edward Heton Allen. H. S. Nichols, Ltd. 1896.
- DOMESTIC VERSERS. By D. M. Moir (Delta). Centenary Edition. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- EPHEMERA: A COLLECTION OF OCCASIONAL VERSER. By J. M. Cobbett. Alden & Co. (Oxford). 2s. 6d.
- THE SPECTATOR. Vol. IV. John C. Nimmo.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

- A MONK OF FIRE. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

- MODERN PERSIAN COLLOQUIAL GRAMMAR. By Dr. Fritz Rosen. Luzac & Co. PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION (LATIN AND GREEK). Edited by A. M. Cook, M.A., and E. C. Marchant, M.A. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE STYLOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Dr. Brojendh Shaha. Patrick Press Co. (Calcutta). A PUBLIC SCHOOL RECITER. By Bertha M. Skeat, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d. THE STORY OF THE GREEKS. By H. A. Gushier. Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- REGISTER OF THE SCHOLARS ADMITTED TO COLCHESTER SCHOOL, 1637-1740. Edited by J. H. Round, M.A. Wiles & Son (Colchester). WORKHOUSES AND PAUPERISM. By Louisa Twining. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.
- SOME ACCOUNT OF CHURCHGOING. Watts & Co. GOLF. By Garden G. Smith. Lawrence & Bullen. 1s. and 6d.
- NIGHT ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY. By Narcisse de Polen. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d. WHITAKER'S DIRECTORY OF TITLED PERSONS FOR THE YEAR 1898. VIEWS ON SOME OF THE PHENOMENA OF NATURE. By James Walker. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. THE ANTIQUARY: 1897. ELLIOT STOCK. HANDBOOK OF HOUSEKEEPING FOR SMALL INCOMER. By Florence Stacpools. Walter Scott, Ltd. 2s. 6d. ALLEGORIES. By Frederic W. Farrar. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. COMPLETE PERSPECTIVE COURSE. By J. Humphrey Spanton. Macmillan & Co. 8s. THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK, 1893. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AUTHOR'S FIGURES.

SIR,—Mr. Nutt, by way of wriggling out, shifts his ground. I cannot allow him to do so.

(1) His "main issue" was a statement which had no foundation. This I bowled over with the greatest ease. In consequence, down dropped all his figures.

(2) He now says that his "main issue" was that an inquiry should have been made. Very well. An answer to that is quite as easy. The essential conditions of the case were before us. We had nothing to learn, because we knew exactly what was proposed to do.

(3) Mr. Heinemann wants me to withdraw my "Catonian jest": "Heinemannus delendus est." Dear me! I have never made any such "Catonian jest." I am sorry to say anything that may wound Mr. Heinemann's feelings, but I really have never expressed any such sentiment. I can assure him that I should contemplate his

destruction with no emotion at all, either of joy or sorrow.

(4) He wants me to "prove my assertions, and to name the person who pretends to have spent £14 on advertising, when £5 is nearer the mark." I really wish your readers would turn to your columns of January 8, or let me repeat my assertion. This I cannot but call an unfortunate misrepresentation. Nothing at all had been spent; we were talking only of an agreement. There had been no account. There was not the slightest allegation of any pretence whatever. These are my actual words:

Mr. Nutt "tries to get out by asking if £14 is all that is spent on advertising a Barrie. A Barrie, indeed! The book before me was one which no one would produce, except at the author's cost. I can assure your readers that not £14, but £5 is nearer the mark in such a book as this."

Where is the pretence?—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

WALTER BESANT.

Jan. 18, 1898.

[This correspondence must now cease.—  
ED. ACADEMY.]

#### EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

SIR,—May I crave permission to add a few remarks to the article in your valuable paper of Saturday last on education for the Indian Civil Service, by way of supplementing it by a series of facts bearing on that subject?

In speaking of the institutes where Indian Civil Service candidates are prepared for the Open Competition, the writer of the article does not say a word about an educational institute where more than one-third of the successful candidates have received an education enabling them to pass that examination. I mean Mr. Walter Wren's Institute. Surely, when candidates, after having gone through two or three years of Oxford or Cambridge, fail at their first attempt at the Open Competition, and then, after a year's instruction at "Wren's," pass at their next trial, it cannot in common fairness be said that they were prepared at Oxford or Cambridge. Yet this is what is officially and semi-officially said. The candidates themselves, of course, know better. A "man" who at his first trial made 1,000 marks and failed, and at his second trial, after a year's study at Wren's, makes 2,100 marks and passes, such a man—and their number is very considerable—will hardly think that he owed the great success of his life to an institute other than that of Mr. Wren.

Sir, I have the honour to be one of Mr. Wren's lecturers; yet in calling attention to the above facts I am not speaking *pro domo*. Mr. Wren can well dispense with my pleading. I am prompted by a sense of justice to the great pedagogical achievements of a teacher who has, both in person and through his lecturers guided by him, taught I.C.S. candidates how to be accurate, lucid, and terse, and thereby secured the success of hundreds of men who have ably done the work of English rule in India.—I am, yours, &c.,

EMIL REICH.

#### "WHAT A SCHOOLBOY READS."

SIR,—I hope you will allow one who read with much pleasure, and not a little amusement, your recent article on "What a Schoolboy Reads" to add a few words on this subject, which is, perhaps, of more real importance than one is inclined at first sight to think.

Eighteen months ago, as a young schoolmaster, responsible among other things for the essay-writing of the upper classes in a small grammar school (about fifty boarders) in the South of England, it was one of my chief cares to get the boys, by all possible means, to read good English with a view to improving their own. I was, in fact, like "Burnup," in your article, "awfully keen on getting the chaps to read good books."

Almost immediately after my arrival, with a view to finding out what the boys had read, I set as my essay subject to the first two classes (boys ranging from 17 to 13 years of age), "Your favourite author." The best essay shown up was on Thackeray by a boy of fifteen, who had read *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, and the *Ballads*. One boy (aged 16) chose Dickens, one Conan Doyle, and four or five Sir Walter Besant, who was, I found, a general favourite with the bigger boys. Among the youngsters Henty was almost universally chosen; but the fact that almost all his books have a thread of history running through them was generally considered a blemish. Not one boy, so far as I could discover, cared much for Kingston.

As the school library was unfortunately not very large, I decided, not without some trepidation, to give the elder boys the run of my own library, such as it was. The results were interesting.

The boy who had written on Thackeray took at once to Miss Austen and Charlotte Brontë and, I think, read all the works of these two authoresses in the course of the year I remained at the school. Three or four other boys read and enjoyed *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, but could not read Miss Austen at all. To five or six boys, all aged about fifteen, I read Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, and they all took the keenest interest in it. There was a curious divergence of opinion concerning Mr. Stanley Weyman's books. Some boys thought him splendid, others "couldn't stand *Under the Red Robe* or *The Red Cockade* at any price." I could never persuade the boys to venture on any poetry except *The Bab Ballads*, *Verses* and *Translations* (omitting the translations), *Fly-Leaves* and *Humorous Poems of the Century*. Essays were in no demand; in fact, my only success in this line consisted in once getting a boy to read *The Pleasures of Life*, which he described as "not half bad."

*Lorna Doone* was an immense favourite, *Rodney Stone* was popular with the boys of fourteen to sixteen. My copy of *Baron Munchausen* was so much read by the smaller boys that it soon became worthless.

I had no copy of *Erie*; or, *Little by Little*, in my library, but I never yet came across a manly boy who could stand it. One very favourite book I find I have omitted—*The Three Musketeers*. One or two of the bigger

boys enjoyed, somewhat to my surprise, Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*.

I hope that these jottings may be of some interest to those interested in boys' literature.—I am, yours, &c.,

CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS.

Leeds, Jan. 18, 1898.

#### THE BOOKSELLING QUESTION AGAIN.

SIR,—May I without giving mortal offence to a deserving body of men offer my own observations on the bookselling question?

In most businesses the trader possesses some special technical knowledge of the goods in which he deals. The draper or silk mercer can form his own judgment of the quality of his cloths or his silks. The jeweller must possess very special knowledge. The dealer in musical instruments knows something of music; and so with other trades. What special knowledge of books does the ordinary bookseller possess? Less, I should say, than the average well-informed customer. There is, indeed, one branch of the bookselling business which demands (and I suppose repays) special knowledge—namely, that which is concerned with second-hand books; and in London and some other cities there are men of great skill and intelligence who devote themselves to this. In the city from which I write (one of the most important in the kingdom, but which I refrain from naming), although there are many second-hand bookshops, there is not one that seems to be managed with the skill which such a business, to be thoroughly successful, requires. Is there any reason why a bookseller in a provincial town should not combine the old and the new book trade? It would be good for him, good for the customer, and, I should think, good for literature. Then, again, as to foreign books. The foreign booksellers in London form a separate class, well-informed and capable of advising their customers. In this city, as in most provincial towns, the same bookseller deals in English and foreign books, but of the latter he is scarcely able even to read the titles, even if he can do that. He is, in fact, dependent on his London agent. I myself buy a good many foreign books, and one or two London firms which they think likely to attract me. The local bookseller has not knowledge enough to do this: he knows of nothing but the parcel sent him from London. It appears to me that this is not the way in which other businesses are conducted. Bookselling of this character could be carried on quite as well by a stationer or a draper.—I am yours, &c.,

Z.

#### NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

SIR,—While I am substantially in agreement with Mr. Nisbet, I should like to enlarge on one particular in which he has neglected to fall back upon the Anglo-Saxon evidence, which he has in other cases shown himself able to use trenchantly and well. I refer to what he says on "none" as a plural, and to his condemnation of "a

ables," "a gasworks," which though created by him as a separate item, really falls under the same head, because the crucial point in both instances turns upon a "one" or "one," of which "none" is merely a derivative. What I wish to observe is that in Anglo-Saxon (as in Icelandic) plural words with a singular meaning can be preceded by "one" with plural inflections; although "to a gasworks" naturally does not occur, such a dative as *to anum adheafidum* is exactly parallel. A further most interesting example of such plural construction is afforded by the phrase "a few words." To the modern man "few" is here a singular noun; even the *New English Dictionary* treats it as such; but historically it is a plural adjective, and "a" before it is so plural, as is proved by the Anglo-Saxon *and feawa worda*.—I am yours, &c.,

JAMES PLATT, JUNIOR.

77, St. Martin's-lane: Jan. 19, 1898.

SIR,—The remarks of Mr. Earl Hodgson and those of Mr. J. F. Nisbet in the ACADEMY concerning newspaper English might, no doubt (as the latter justly says), be considerably extended. It is likewise true that in his meticulous exactitude the reader in newspaper offices often trenches on the absurd, and that the intelligent compositor is at times a fearsome wild beast. Let—and Mr. Nisbet, one is sure, would be eager to admit it—all of us who have to enter these offices owe a debt for many an inadvertence remedied, many an error of indolence or momentary forgetfulness avoided, to the patient man with the strong spectacles who "reads us" for press.

And (equally, of course) all of us have a series to tell of weird adventures in this connexion. I remember once being sent by a religious newspaper to "do" a descriptive account of a memorial sermon, by (I think) the late Master of Balliol. Prof. Jewett opened with an impressive citation of 1. lxxviii. 17 (the printer's reader will correct me if the reference is wrong), and I transcribed the exordium *verbatim*—perhaps a couple of stickfuls. When the paper came out this opening passage was thus printed: "The chariots of God are 20,000, ten thousands of angels." The figures had an effect indescribably funny on everybody but me!

One wonders whether the printer has been malignly illustrating Mr. Nisbet's pictures with the word "objectionable" which your contributor is made to use, or whether Mr. Nisbet rebelled against a word which is certainly an "objection-to-able" as ordinarily used. It is difficult to show "objectionable" is better than "objectionable." Someone once questioned Mr. V. S. Gilbert's use of "coyful," as an adjective (it rhymes so usefully to an otherwise rather unrhymeable word, that "Bab" is rather fond of it). The critic said that you "cannot very well be full of coy." Mr. Gilbert, whom none criticise with safety, reported that bashful is a good word enough "let I cannot, or at least I don't think I can, be full of bash," and the criticised critic had not wherewith to reply!—I am, yours, &c.

T. B. R.

Dulwich: Jan. 18, 1898.

DR. BRANDES AND SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

SIR,—The author of the article, "A German Mare's Nest," in your last number, is apparently unacquainted with the opinions which Dr. Brandes has expressed concerning the date of the Sonnets and the persons with whom they are mainly concerned. This I infer from his saying that "Herr Georg Brandes has yet to run his course." As I have just been reading with much interest Brandes's German work on Shakespeare (1895-6), I am able to give some information on the matter. As to the date, Brandes accepts as entirely convincing the evidence which I adduced (first in the *Athenaeum* for September 11, 1880), that the fifty-fifth sonnet distinctly shows an acquaintance with Mere's well-known book, which was entered on the Stationers' Register September, 1598. For Sonnet 104, with its intimation that three years had elapsed since Shakespeare became acquainted with his young male friend, Brandes accepts the date 1601. With respect to the coincidence between some expressions in the Sonnets and others in the *Venus and Adonis* and the earlier comedies, these, he maintains, in no way suffice, notwithstanding what was put forth by Hermann Isaac, to demonstrate the date of the Sonnets.

Shakespeare's friend "Mr. W. H." Brandes finds in young William Herbert. In his case alone "agree name, age, worldly circumstances, outward appearance, virtues, and vices." Coming to London in the autumn of 1597 or the spring of 1598, Herbert then, in all probability, formed an acquaintance with Shakespeare which lasted, apparently, till the poet's death.

The claims of Herbert having been thus admitted, there was little difficulty with respect to Mary Fitton, having regard to facts in that lady's history which are certainly known. Quoting *Love's Labour's Lost* (1598), and referring to the title, which states that the play had been "newly corrected and augmented," and that it was given as it was presented at Court "this last Christmas," Brandes easily attains the conclusion that Biron's eulogy of his brunette love had been expressly added, or modified, to accord with the characteristics of Mrs. Fitton, who would be, in the ordinary course, one of the spectators. The agreement between the play (iv. 3) and Sonnet 127 is thus easily accounted for. Brandes, also, rightly attaches importance to the allusion to the lady's name ("thy name") in Sonnet 151. This allusion entirely agrees with the name "Fitton," though it involves a word-play which would scarcely be regarded as decorous in these Victorian days.

I have been referring to Brandes's German work. Mr. Heinemann has in the press a translation of the same author's Danish work, which has been partly executed by Mr. William Archer. The two works were published about the same time, and though, so far as I am aware, the one is not stated to be a translation of the other, the views set forth are no doubt in essential agreement.—I am, yours, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER.

London: Jan. 17, 1898.

THE BITTER CRY OF A SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER.

SIR,—It is difficult to understand in what way Mr. Andrew Lang's experience in the matter of the cost of a book which he purchased for £4 bears upon the question of the fairness of a public statement of the same. Is it not well known that second-hand booksellers are never rich in the sense applied to business men generally? Who ever heard of a millionaire second-hand bookseller? Yet he is often a man of considerable intelligence; becomes a bookseller not for the sake of making money one half so much as because he loves that literature which Mr. Lang adorns; and he labours at his calling all the year round, with, perhaps, but a brief fortnight's rustication within hearing of the sad sea waves, unsolaced even by the amenities of golf. He spends, perhaps, a fourth of his waking hours in the auction rooms, wasting many a weary hour, at the gain only of a splitting headache; and when, by rare chance, he does manage to pick up a bargain, Mr. Lang—a brother, however far removed on a higher plane, but still a brother in literature—appears to begrudge him the market value, and presumably would prefer that he himself profited by the bookseller's patient search.

If bookselling were a commercial instead of a dilettante business the matter would have been different. Steel pens, for instance, can be ground out by the million, can be bought and sold any day, and should bear an easily ascertainable rate of profit. Or, leading articles in newspapers can be written to order and produced any day, and the rate of remuneration be easily fixed. But a second-hand book is often a scarce commodity, and when found is worth its market value, whatever may have been given for it. As a matter of fact, it does not pay for a bookseller to be notoriously dear, and self-preservation makes him regulate his prices according to the true value of his wares. With regard to an article which cannot be produced to order, I altogether fail to see why the dealer, when he does meet with a piece of luck—all too rare, alas!—should share his good fortune with, say, Mr. Lang. In the opinion of many persons the publication of trade information for the sake of making personal profit is unjustifiable to a degree, and should be protested against by all concerned. Personally, I care very little about the matter. It is on principle only that I object.—I am, yours, &c.,

THE SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER  
IN QUESTION.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Poems."  
By Stephen  
Phillips.

THE *Times* praises Mr. Phillips's *Poems* with a certain caution. "Marpessa," says this critic, is "a very lovely treatment" of the story on which it is based. Some objection is taken to the subject-matter of one or two of the poems, and the critic concludes by saying:

"On the whole, the volume reasserts the

claim to attention which was made so strikingly in Mr. Phillips's first poem, but the world must wait a little longer before it admits him without cavil or question into the narrow circle of those poets who have at once a message for the many and for the few."

The *Daily Chronicle* is less hesitating in its approval. It points out that "in the science of verse Mr. Phillips is a disciple of Milton." Of Mr. Phillips's subjects and outlook we read:

"Almost the whole of this book is concerned with life and death, largely and liberally contemplated: it is precisely that kind of contemplation which our recent poetry lacks. Poetry, says Coleridge once more, 'is the blossom and the fragrant of all human knowledge, human passions, human thoughts, emotion, knowledge.' It should not be didactic, it cannot help being moral: it must not be instructive, but it must needs be educative. It is, as it were, the mind of man 'in excelsis,' caught into a world of light. We praise Mr. Phillips for many excellences, but chiefly for the great air and ardour of his poetry, its persistent loftiness."

The *Saturday Review* regrets the Miltonic character of Mr. Phillips's verse:

"His blank verse is as beautiful as any that has recently been written. But he is at present very much under the influence of the dangerous Miltonic tradition; a tradition dangerous because it tends towards a beautiful lifelessness, a mechanical replacement of the living voice by an instrument on which careful fingers touch elaborate stops. Good Miltonic verse is, after all, other things being equal, one of the easiest kinds of verse to write, if one will permit oneself to write after any model. Whenever it is done well, it has an undoubted charm; and its actual, as apart from its relative value, is apt to be over-rated by critics and readers who do not realise that it is not enough to do over again, however well, only what has been done before. . . . Mr. Phillips has so much genuine poetic quality, he thinks so poetically, that we are the more regretful that he has not found his own voice."

The *Spectator* declares Mr. Phillips shows the promise of a true poet:

"The true poet must . . . be classical, that is universal. He must lift his subject and its expression into the sublimer air, and make us feel that though he writes of England and to-day, his arrows of song would have gone home in Athens or Rome, or in the London of Elizabeth or Anne. He must find his subjects here and among us, but once found he must bear them aloft and place them, as stars, in the heaven of invention, there to rain light and harmony on us mere 'mortals militant' below. To these requirements Mr. Phillips responds. He is modern and he is classical. He has passion and he has imagination."

*Literature* hails Mr. Phillips as a poet of much achievement and more promise:

"No such remarkable book of verse as this has appeared for several years. Mr. Phillips boldly challenges comparison, both in style and subject, with the work of great masters; the writers whom he makes you think of range up to Milton and do not fall below Landor. He attempts nothing small, and his poetry brings with it that sensation of novelty and that suffusion of a strongly marked personality which stamps a genuine poet. The volume of his work is not great, but it is considerable, about equal in length to the 'Georgics'; it contains abundant performance; and even when promise exceeds performance it is promise of the most interesting kind."

This critic quotes the following passage "as showing Mr. Phillips not perhaps in his most original or characteristic aspect, but at the height of his technical achievement":

"How wonderful in a bereaved ear  
The Northern Wind: how strange the summer  
night,

The exhaling earth to those who vainly love.  
Out of our sadness have we made the world  
So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,  
And in our hearts the yearning of the moon.  
To all this sorrow was I born, and since  
Out of a human womb I came, I am  
Not eager to forego it; I would scorn  
To elude the heaviness and take the joy,  
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the  
bloom:

This is the sting, the wonder."

No man in our generation and few in any generation have written better than this."

The *Standard* reviews Mr. Phillips's book among a crowd of volumes of minor verse, and does not so much as mention "Marpessa."

"Dariel." THE critics do not think  
By R. D. Black- Dariel quite worthy of Mr.  
more. Blackmore. "The novel, as a  
whole," says the *Standard* critic,

"is very far from being a fair type of what Mr. Blackmore can do. His humour is degenerating. It is not funny when George has asked Bob Slemnick, 'Did you spend the whole of your time in that enchanted valley?' to have Bob answering, 'Ah, a chant it were, by gum! A chant I could listen to,' nor humorous to talk of a window being 'lighted by leaded diamonds which were certainly not brilliants.' Nor to tell us that Farmer Ticknor was 'rather crusty now, as a man is apt to be who lives on a crust for the benefit of foreigners.' Nor is any of the talk between George and his sister Grace the least conceivable; given that, though they are poor, and George is practically a farmer and Grace a dairymaid, they belong to the squirearchy, are the children of Sir Harold Cranleigh, and of a family that had been on its land before the Conquest. It seems, by the way, that the families of Saxon descent, in our England of to-day, treat their women-folk in quite a different fashion from that favoured by those who have Norman blood in their veins. The portions of the story which entitle it to be called a romance are interesting, and as fantastic as any of Mr. Blackmore's admirers could wish. But they might have been unfolded more gradually. Much hangs on Sur Imar's story, which is narrated in three chapters."

The *Daily News'* critic calls the story "a good book marred." He takes objection to the author's Protectionist views, and likens Mr. Blackmore to Jeremiah. "This blemish, alienating sympathy, and appealing to the grossest class selfishness, mars an otherwise picturesque and exhilarating romance."

The *Daily Telegraph* is kinder: "The story is admirably told"; but there is a hint of agreement with more severe critics: "Towards the end, where the interest becomes more concentrated, it grips the reader's attention like a vice. In the earlier parts, pleasant and charming as Mr. Blackmore always is, his discursive tendencies impair in some degree the attractiveness of the tale."

"Lord Ormont and His Aminta." By George Meredith. THE new revised edition of this novel, issued by Messrs. Constable, has elicited the following from a *Daily News* critic. We shall quote the latter half of it. The writer says:

"It is interesting that in *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* Mr. Meredith should again have chosen a couple who 'offend good citizenship,' the woman being still one to 'walk on the straight line.' We have more than one allusion to the 'Nature versus Society' problem which occupied him in *One of Our Conquerors*. Here, indeed, he does not so often mount the lecture-rostrum, and the result of his self-denial is a novel more perfect in form—an altogether better story. But he evidently desires to show how a man and a woman may succeed where Victor Radnor and Nataly came to grief, and there can be no doubt that in both novels he is preaching rather than narrating. In *Lord Ormont*, at least, he seems to be not altogether honest, for the happiness of Weyburn and Aminta is made to depend on an 'economy of truth,' a basis that seems to us essentially un-Meredithian. It is evident from their conversation in the last chapter that they were living under false pretences, even concealing their true position from the parents of their pupils. That they were not found out by society, that their plans and hopes were not shattered and themselves driven, like Victor and Nataly, from place to place, was a pure fluke, and it is impossible not to see it. They shirked the consequences of their action just as Victor did, and if Mr. Meredith sought to show that Victor's overthrow was inevitable we cannot see any logical ground for their success. One does not necessarily mean that this couple were under any obligation to advertise the world of what they had done, but they should not have practised deception upon those whom it concerned to know the truth. Nor is it necessary to discuss the question whether their elopement was justifiable or not; it is their subsequent behaviour that is the essential matter of interest, and we contend that in breaking a convention, and then pretending that they have not broken it, Weyburn and Aminta do not follow the course which the author in *One of Our Conquerors* seemed to approve. It is, of course, unpleasant to be forced on to these lines of criticism; but Mr. Meredith practically lays them down for one by his 'asides.' It is impossible to accept the story simply as a narrative of events that happened so, when one is constantly told how and why such and such things 'ought' to happen. *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* is weak in those stern qualities which make the strength of *One of Our Conquerors*, but it excels in nearly every respect in which its predecessor is deficient. There are passages in this book unsurpassed in beauty and grace by anything Mr. Meredith ever wrote. There are, of course, the usual puzzles—e.g., why does Mr. Meredith call the mark over the *z* in Pagnell a cedilla? What does he mean by a man who is a distinguished 'member' and ornament of chosen seats above? And what language does he draw upon for the epithet 'thrasylloon,' which he applies to a coxcomb? Presumably it means presumptuous, but is it either Greek or English?

And why, finally, is Mrs. Lawrence Finchley (like Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson and others) constantly denied her surname and called Mrs. Lawrence, or Isabella Lawrence? But such chapters as the first two, 'Lovers Mated,' 'A Marine Duet,' and the pages immediately before it are enough to prove that Mr. Meredith's fancy has preserved its freshness, and his style all its old vigour and colour and charm."



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**EPPS'S COCOA.**

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON 'FOODS AND THEIR VALUES,' BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.—"If any motives—first, of due regard for health, and second, of getting full food-value for money expended—can be said to weigh with us in choosing our foods, then I say that Cocoa (Epps's being the most nutritious) should be made to replace tea and coffee without hesitation. Cocoa is a food; tea and coffee are not foods. This is the whole science of the matter in a nutshell, and he who runs may read the obvious moral of the story."

with his apple wasn't in it; it was a case of once bitten soon gone. Then I would hurry on to make up for my dawdling with only the hunch of barl-y bread in my wallet, the joys of the dumpling behind me, and before me the day's drudgery with perhaps a thrashing thrown in."

No *couleur de rose* peasanthood here, but a struggle on the utmost confines of existence! To complete the picture, take the following paragraph and consider the pathos of that pride which the author expresses by italics:

"Numbers of people used to go to the rectory for soup, but not a drop of it did we touch. I have stood at our door with my mother, and I have seen her face look sad as she watched the little children toddle past carrying the tin cans, and their toes coming out of their boots. 'Ah, my boy,' she once said, 'you shall never, never, do that. I will work these fingers to the bone before you have to do it!' She was as good as her word. I never went to the rectory for soup."

We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the extracts will serve to show what a stern view is presented in this book of the life of country swains. Here Corydon blows not "on chaunter or on oaten straw," but is visible only as a grim figure shouldering the pickaxe or the spade. And if at times he refreshes himself with music, it is indignation that makes the verses. A number of the ditties sung by shepherds are given here. In most cases their character will be indicated by the first line, such as "There's a man who represents our shire," "O, workman, awake, for the strife is at hand," or

"Arch is goin' to Parliament  
With a grand majority."

Phyllis is not seen dancing on the village green, but is doing laundry and charing work at next to nothing a week. Both express what dim poetry is in them by being pious and Methodist, and singing hymns that are mere doggerel, if those quoted by Mr. Arch are good samples. A very dismal account of country life, says the reader; and he is right, but in dismalness lies its distinction.

And now the literary conscience bids us add a few words of criticism. The Countess of Warwick has done her work well, but she would have done it better had she persuaded Mr. Arch to tone down his rhetoric and compress his language. The book would have been of priceless value if more of these reminiscences of village life had been given and the astonishingly tedious discourses shorn away. Mr. Joseph Arch on the Game Laws to the tune of thirty pages, emigration twenty-two pages, Franchise twenty-two pages, the Agricultural Labourers' Union *x* pages (we cannot sum them all up, they are the most tedious of all), and that bugbear the Agricultural Depression twenty-three pages, is not stimulating. He is not a thinker, therefore makes no great addition to our knowledge; not a great writer, and so fails to keep our attention. Also he interlards his narrative with yards of old speeches—a most reprehensible practice. Nothing grows old sooner than a political oration—why, even those of Bright and Gladstone and Disraeli can only be read now with an effort. But on the other hand, all his anecdotes and sayings

and doings are worthy of careful preservation, because they help to build up a character that any novelist would have been proud of creating. For conceive what a fertile imagination could have made of him! A Radical of the Radicals, repeating the notorious phrase that angered Bishop Fraser, to the effect that he would view with equanimity streets flowing with the blood of landlords, yet proud to represent the Prince of Wales, and be patronised by the Countess of Warwick; an agitator and organiser obliged to defend himself from the gravest accusations brought forward by his own colleagues, yet declaring himself the chosen of God; a political propagandist, a Methodist preacher, the "champion hedger," and a Member of Parliament, at one moment scuffling for his share of charity, at another dining with peers and celebrities—was there ever such a grotesque mingling of attributes? The book is one for future novelists to plunder.

#### THE LATE PROF. DRUMMOND'S POPULARITY.

*The Ideal Life, and Other Unpublished Addresses.* By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS volume contains some dozen addresses or short sermons delivered by the late Prof. Drummond between his twenty-sixth and thirtieth years, and before he had gained the ear of the public. They are all devoted to points of what is called practical religion, and any discussion of them here would therefore be out of place. The two biographical sketches by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren with which the book opens, will, however, give much food for reflection to all who are interested in literature.

This is the greater paradox, as Prof. Drummond's place in literature is a very small one. During his University career at Edinburgh he distinguished himself in science, and his subsequent appointment to the lectureship in Natural Science (afterwards raised to a professorial chair) at the Free Church College in Glasgow, seemed to mark out his future course in life. He appears to have been an excellent teacher, especially in geology and botany, and to have kept himself thoroughly familiar with the biological theories of the day. His devotion to his work was shown by the visit that he paid to Lake Tanganyika, and the privations which he there suffered in the collection of specimens. Although in orders, he never allowed himself to be addressed as "Reverend," abjured clerical clothes, and seldom went to church. But for his early death, he might have been expected, by those who knew only this side of him, to sink into the ordinary type of college professor, and to write, in his old age, a gigantic work on the Lepidoptera which would be praised by many and read by few.

But Henry Drummond was, both by birth and training, a Celt, and possessed the double personality so often to be found in

the Celtic race. Within the quiet and undistinguished man of science, there lurked another Henry Drummond animated with the evangelical fervour of a St. Francis d'Assisi or a Savonarola. Born of the strictest sect of Calvinists, there is no reason to suppose that he ever wavered in his faith; but it is evident, to anyone who will read between the lines of the present sketches, that what Calvinists would call his "conversion" dated from the visit of "the American evangelist, Mr. Moody," to Edinburgh in 1873. Thereafter he joined himself with Moody; conducted for two years an evangelical campaign in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, according to Dr. Nicoll, saved the Free Church from the doom which its too conservative view of "traditional Christianity" was bringing upon it, by showing the world that the most characteristic doctrines of Calvinism were perfectly consistent with the acceptance of the latest conclusions of natural science. Spurred on by his success as an evangelist, he resolved to appeal to a wider audience than he had hitherto addressed, and published, in 1883, a selection from his spoken lectures under the title of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. The result must have exceeded his wildest hopes. Dr. Nicoll tells us that 120,000 copies have been sold in England alone, while the American and foreign editions are "beyond count." A smaller book on something of the same lines ran into the third of a million, and his charmingly written but extremely brief account of his adventures in East Central Africa reached a sale of 34,000. Dr. Nicoll is certainly within the mark when he suggests that no living novelist ever had so many readers.

Some small part of this success may, perhaps, be accounted for by the extent of his personal influence. Henry Drummond appears to have been one of those rare persons who win everybody with whom they come in contact as if by magic. To a handsome presence, and manners so gentle that he is said never to have uttered an unkind word, he joined a real refinement of mind and qualifications not to be found in the ordinary evangelist. His information, if not profound, was extensive and accurate, and both his biographers dwell significantly on the fact that he was always perfectly dressed. When we add to this a real gift of humour and the utter absence of vanity, it is no wonder that he made his way equally with high and low.

"He received," says Dr. Nicoll, "more of the confidences of people untouched by the ordinary work of the Church than any other man of his time. Men and women came to him in their deepest and bitterest perplexities. . . . He was an ideal confessor."

To Ian Maclaren, indeed, his personal magnetism is so extraordinary that he thinks it necessary to record that "he had given much attention to the occult arts, and was at one time a very successful mesmerist." If this were the cause of it, the sooner occult arts are added to the present curriculum of every theological college the better.

But whatever effect his personal influence may have had on his hearers, it is plain that thousands of his readers can never have seen

his face or heard his voice, and we must therefore look deeper for the cause of his popularity as a writer. It was certainly not due to the literary merit of his books. In his earlier works, consisting as they did of lectures largely addressed to working men, his style, perhaps rightly, did not rise above that of the ordinary sermon. *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* in particular is full of piled-up illustration and rhetorical repetitions designed to produce in slow minds the assent which apparently follows the advertiser's constant assertion that somebody's tea is the best. His later books, such as *Tropical Africa* and the *Ascent of Man*, show a great advance upon this, and display in parts literary gifts of a high order. Yet the change can hardly have been to the taste of his readers, for the sale of these last is reckoned by tens instead of hundreds of thousands. Nor can it be said that his theories gained universal acceptance. People do not so readily change their preconceived opinions, and while from the Agnostic camp, Mr. Samuel Laing courteously complained that Prof. Drummond should have proved instead of assuming the existence of a spiritual world before attempting to describe its legislation, many orthodox writers detected in his utterances such theological unsoundness that they talked much of a prosecution for heresy. These attacks were, perhaps, to be expected, but it is certainly astonishing to hear from Ian Maclaren that Drummond saw before his death the weakness of the position which *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was written to defend, and that he no longer believed the laws of nature to extend beyond the physical universe. "My own idea," says Ian Maclaren of the book in question, "is that he had abandoned its main contention and much of its teaching, and would have been quite willing to see it withdrawn from the public." A theory so soon given up by its author could hardly be expected to make many converts.

On the whole, therefore, we are led to think the popularity of Drummond's writings due to their purpose rather than to their contents. He was the first to notice that the reluctant acquiescence by the leaders of religious thought in scientific doctrines which they had at first rejected, had done more than anything else to create distrust of their judgment. Those who saw, for instance, the open teaching in religious seminaries of the evolutionary theories once scouted by the orthodox as contrary to revelation, could hardly help looking in future to reason rather than to authority for the support of their faith.

"The authority of authority," said Drummond, "is waning. . . . And it was inevitable. Authority—man's authority, that is—is for children. And there, necessarily, comes a time when they add to the question—What shall I do? or, What shall I believe? the adult's interrogation—Why?"

Nor did he blink the fact that the study of natural science and its methods in itself raised obstacles to the unquestioning acceptance of religious dogmas:

"No man can study modern science," he said, "without a change coming over his view of truth. . . . And the integrity of the scientific

method so seizes him that all other forms of truth begin to appear comparatively unstable."

Later, he tells us what are the "other forms of truth" he means:

"Science cannot overthrow Faith; but it shakes it. Its own doctrines, grounded in Nature, are so certain that the truths of Religion, resting to most men on authority, are felt to be strangely insecure."

It was, then, to those who had found their religious faith shaken by their acquaintance with science that his principal works were confessedly addressed, and the result proved that this class of doubters is an astonishingly large one. Yet to doubt is not to deny, and the majority of those who rushed to read Drummond's books unquestionably hoped to find in them the main truths of religion established by proof as cogent as that of any scientific proposition. That they did not do so is, of course, notorious; and, as we have seen, Drummond's arguments eventually failed to satisfy even himself. Hence the constantly increasing army of unwilling doubters has had to betake itself to newer, but no surer guides, and a large audience is therefore waiting for any writer who will attempt to bridge over the gulf which still yawns between science and religion. Let us hope that everyone who does so will bring to the task the high ideal, the deep earnestness, and the candid mind of Henry Drummond.

### THE PROPHET AS POET.

*Ezekiel*. Edited by R. G. Moulton, M.A. "The Modern Reader's Bible." (Macmillan & Co.)

Most people read the Bible from a religious standpoint, an historical standpoint, a textual standpoint, everything except a literary standpoint. Wherefore, Messrs. Macmillan have put forward the *Modern Reader's Bible*—a series of small volumes by an American, Dr. Moulton, in which the Biblical books are arranged to bring out their literary character. The idea is to print them as nearly as possible as they would be arranged by a modern author. Our aim is not to criticise this edition, or we might say something about certain fanciful excesses in the editor's arrangement. But it is a move in a needed direction, and the prefaces do excellent work in awakening readers to the fact that the Bible is literature. We propose, somewhat on the line of these prefaces, to deal with the most literary of all the Biblical writers—the prophets. The prophecies are not, we believe, in Hebrew poetic form. But their character is, from a modern standpoint, poetic in a high degree. As poets we design to consider the prophets; and we begin with the least read among the major prophets (yet not the least in a literary view), Ezekiel.

To give, in a column or so, the pith and quality of Ezekiel! It is a hazardous attempt, and more hazardous because he is so little studied that we can presume no great acquaintance with him to lighten the task. Ezekiel (if we may so speak) is not a popular

prophet. He is too remote from Europeans in general, and Englishmen in particular. Of all the prophets he is the most Eastern. All the prophets speak in figures; Ezekiel in hardly anything else but figures. All the prophets are abrupt, sudden, dramatic in transition; Ezekiel hardly has transitions. He does not proceed by pedestrian steps; he flies, he baffles, he eludes—you see him only, as it were, when he alights from his brusque flights. He leaps from jag to jag of precipitous utterance, and leaves the reader to bridge the connexions. He speaks forked lightnings. All the prophets are often obscure by consequence of this Hebraic abruptness; Ezekiel is yet more obscure. All the prophets are at times obscure with intention; Ezekiel is habitually obscure with intention. Parable is the common counter of his speech. He knew it, and knew that it was dark to the Jew. What, then, to the Englishman? In a curious and valuable passage, he remonstrates with Jehovah for this constant feature of style:

"Son of man" (says Jehovah), "set thy face toward the South . . . and prophesy against the forest of the field in the South; and say to the forest of the South . . . Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree."

Ezekiel objects: "Ah, Lord God! they say of me, Is he not a speaker of parables?" Whereupon the prophet, in the person of Jehovah, absolutely *translates himself*—the allegoric passage gone before—into plain Hebrew:

"Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem . . . and prophesy against the land of Israel; and say to the land of Israel, Thus saith the Lord: Behold, I am against thee, and will draw forth my sword out of its sheath, and will cut off from thee the righteous and the wicked."

It is a literal translation, from which the student may get an interesting insight into the allegoric language of the prophets.

"Is he not a speaker of parables?" That is the instinctive complaint of the Englishman against Ezekiel. The Englishman loves not looking through brick walls. Yet more, Ezekiel acts parables. It is hopelessly Eastern, dreadfully un-English; and what worse can one say of a thing than that it is "un-English"? Conceive that John Henry Newman (who was both preacher and poet) believed himself to have a mission of warning against the national sins of England. He enters Trafalgar-square, bearing a cavalry sabre. Amid the gathering crowd he draws it from its sheath, declaring it to be the sword of the Lord drawn forth against England; turns from side to side, lunging it hither and thither, with passionate denunciation. Then throwing it to the ground, he smites his hands together, and with raised eyes wails over the coming woes of the land; and still he stamps his foot, and claps his palms. Another time, he appears daily in the environs of London; lies on his side, looking toward the city, and regales himself at intervals on a provision of cats'-meat. Thus, he explains, shall the German army lie round London, till the inhabitants are reduced to live on cats'-meat and refuse. What articles, even





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REVIEWS.

THE REAL PEASANT.

*Joseph Arch: the Story of His Life Told by Himself.* Edited, with a Preface, by the Countess of Warwick. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE ACADEMY is not a political journal, and in considering this book we propose to ignore its highly controversial aspect, and concentrate attention upon its value as a literary document of the very first importance. At no previous time have so many imaginations been directed to the rural swain. Not only by the flourishing Scotch school, but by novelists of France, Germany, Russia, Hungary, and America the peasant has been accepted as a central figure of modern romance. Even criticism has been forced into the same groove. Mr. Henley has quite recently shown that an understanding of the peasant is a key to the poetry of Burns. It is equally important to a full comprehension of Carlyle's life and of the best of Tennyson's verse. English literature, indeed—from Chaucer and Shakespeare to George Eliot and Thomas Hardy—is peculiarly rich in scenes drawn from rustic annals. But we know of no book exactly similar to this life of Mr. Arch. Here is a full-drawn picture of the peasant given by his own hand. William Cobbett alone could have furnished its companion, but, unfortunately, he left others to write his biography. To contrast the real, then, with the ideal, the peasant of fiction with the peasant of fact, cannot fail to be of service both to those who read and those who write works of the imagination. And one of the first reflections is, what a heaven on earth must Drumtochty, say, be in comparison with Barford in Warwickshire. For Ian Maclaren has bathed his Scotch amlet in mercy, charity, loving-kindness; his folk have rough exteriors but warm hearts; they sacrifice themselves for one another and positively overflow with sentiment at the slightest provocation. The face teems with pathos and all "the finer elings of our nature." Yet the Scottish peasant is generally supposed to be as hard of mind as he is harsh in feature, possessing about a pennyweight of sentiment to a ton of

sterner qualities. In Barford it is the other way about. The "jolly English plough-boy," by repute a merry, beer-swilling, good-natured oaf, turns out quite different when seen through the eyes of Mr. Joseph Arch.

In the article of religion he is a greater fanatic than the Scot. There are no "meta-feeisics" about Mr. Arch; no twisting and dividing of doctrine, none of that criticising of sermons which seems to be the joy of Ian Maclaren's *dramatis persone*, but in place a fanaticism that blazes out as it has not done since the day of Praise-God-Barebones and those who signed the solemn League and Covenant.

"The Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth," he says, "raised me up to do this particular thing; in the counsel of His wisdom He singled me out and set me on my feet in His sight and breathed of the breath of His Spirit into me, and sent me forth as a messenger of the Lord God of Battles."

It is a curious illustration of the isolation of one section of society from another that in years when, as some thought, the sea of faith was at its lowest ebb, men should have gone on mixing prayer-meetings with politics, not in opposition to doubt, but wholly unconscious that doubt existed. Some of the incidents which account for the fiery Methodism of Mr. Arch are very characteristic of village life and manners. When he was born, in 1826, Dissent was not strong in Barford, and, as retainers of the house of Warwick, his people attended the parish church. His grandfather was a hedger and ditcher, his grandmother an old servant of the great Midland family, for whom they kept a lodge; his father was a steady shepherd who married a coachman's widow. He himself took to wife a domestic servant, whose character is summed up in these words:

"She thought 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.'"

These facts prove that Mr. Arch is a peasant to the bone. No yeoman or middle-class blood of any kind mixed with his. Further, he has been all his life in touch not only with poverty, but with hunger and want. He suns up his life with all its bitter and all its tender memories in a passage that deserves quotation as a deeply felt and well-expressed piece of English:

"As I sit here in my little cottage at Barford and review the past, it seems at one moment a long look back; at another it seems but yesterday that my grandmother sat in the chair I am sitting in now—a chair which is over a hundred years old—and I stood by her a little chap of six. And there is the old eight-day clock which my father bought in Leamington fifty years ago. He, I have heard him tell, carried home the case over his shoulder, and my mother trudged at his side with the works in her market basket. I can see my good mother cutting the barley bread for us, with tears in her eyes because there is so little of it for the children who are so hungry. I can see my father step in at the door, come in for a bite or sup of whatever is going. I can see myself tramping off in my little smock-frock, clapper in hand, to scare away the birds; then jumping the clods at sixpence a day, and so on to the great year of 1872, when I held that first meeting under the Wellesbourne chestnut-tree on

the February evening which saw the birth of the Agricultural Labourers' Union."

That is peasant life, lying tranquil and softened in "the moonlight of memory." It grows harsh and bitter as the facts come into clear and definite shape. The urchin in his smock-frock writhing under the farmer's switch, and, later, trembling at the whip of a bullying carter; the wife going out to do charring; that father who came home so triumphantly, carrying the clock, old and past his work; the son Joseph forced to gulp down his pride and ask relief for him from the parish; the offer of the farmhouse—these are the shadows of that Arcadian picture. It is not Ian Maclaren's golden age and reign of all the virtues, but neither is it the gross and worse than beast-like world of *La Terre*.

Having thus obtained a slight notion of the man, we may now return to those quaint scenes of village life that might have been lifted clean out of, or into, a modern novel; premising, however, that they would gain immensely if divested of the bitterness with which Mr. Arch, rightly or wrongly, presents them, and looked at with a little humour and imagination. We shall begin with two pictures of the village church. The first is this:

"I can remember the time when the parson's wife used to sit in state in her pew in the church, and the poor women used to walk up the church and make a curtsy to her before taking the seats set apart for them."

But how one would like to have Jane Austen's description or Hugh Thomson's drawing of this parson's wife! The second has a more personal interest, as it shows how Mr. Arch became a Dissenter. One Communion Sunday, when he was seven, he peeped through the keyhole to find out what happened after the children were turned out. This is what he saw:

"First up walked the squire to the communion rails; the farmers went up next; then up went the tradesmen, the shopkeepers, the wheelwright, and the blacksmith; and then, the very last of all, went the poor agricultural labourers in their smock-frocks. They walked up by themselves; nobody else knelt with them; it was as if they were unclean, and at that sight it was if the iron entered straight into my poor little heart, and remained fast imbedded there. I said to my myself, 'If that's what goes on, never for me.'"

Our next extract is selected as one of the very few recollections that are simple and human and boylike, and are not tinged or distorted by bitter party feeling. Little Joe, after his bird-scaring experience, was promoted to be a plough-boy, and this is a description of "apple-dumpling day." He carried his dinner afield in a wallet. He says:

"Apple-dumpling day was a red one in my boy's calendar. When I had such a dainty bit in my bag it seldom stayed there many minutes. Although I had despatched a hearty breakfast before starting, out would come the dumpling. 'Just to have a look at it, and to see if it is as big as mother generally makes them,' I would say to myself. Then I would turn it about and admire its size. From handling the dainty to tasting it was a sure process. 'I'll have one little bite, only a nibble,' I would say. When I had got my tooth into that dumpling Adam

in the religious papers, rebuking him for degrading religion by freaks worse than those of a captain in the Salvation Army! What suggestions of inquiry into his sanity! Yet these things, or like to these, Ezekiel did among the Jews of the Captivity; and it was thought an impressive and solemn performance. So far is East from West.

"Is he not a speaker of parables?" But try a little to see like an Eastern; overcome your most Saxon hatred of parable, and you shall find compensation; majesty in the parables, boldness in the imagery. You shall find that impressive review of the iniquities of Israel and Judah, under the figure of the two harlots, with its grand brutalities. For a hirsute power of denunciation, a terrible minatory plainness from which our modernity recoils, are among this prophet's marked characteristics. He has not the lofty and most moving pathos of Jeremiah, nor the lyric sublimity of Isaiah; in spite of his lavish use of figure, he is less lyric than either of these, has more of the character of harangue. But he has full grandeur. Yea, one passage is also powerfully lyric. It is that most imaginative, solemn, and majestic denunciation of Egypt, who is bidden to join the mighty nations perished in their glory, that shall welcome him to their abode in the earth.

"The strong among the mighty shall speak to him out of hell. . . . Asshur is there and all her company; his graves are round about him. . . . There is Elam with all her multitude. . . . they have set her a bed in the midst of the slain with all her multitude; her graves are round about her; all of them uncircumcised, slain by the sword."

So, with formal pomp of lyric repetition, the spacious and sombre catalogue proceeds. The famous and indecipherable vision of the cherubim, for those who are not repelled by the peculiar forms of Hebrew symbolism, has a strange sublimity of conception. To us, at least, it is tremendous: but it must be read in a receptive mood. A certain mystic and inscrutable beauty is a frequent character of Ezekiel, with his tendency towards symbolic vision. Such is the lament over Tyre, which foreshadows the character of the Apocalypse. "Thou wast in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering—the sardius, the topaz, and the diamond," &c. To him, indeed, everything comes by way of vision and concrete sign. Such is that bold (and for once readily comprehensible) image of the dry bones.

In fine, this is a poet without the softer graces; rugged, eloquent, Hebraic to a degree, with his sharp transitions, his crowding imagery; yet affording, also, passages of direct and pregnant common sense, akin to his uncompromising plainness of invective; pre-eminently a visionary, who sees all things through the eye, and with the frequent grandeur of the born visionary; yet, in his style, lacking somewhat the lyric form and the lyric wing.

## THE NEW EDUCATION.

*The Sub-conscious Self, and its Relation to Education and Health.* By Louis Waldstein, M.D. (Grant Richards.)

THE author of this book, which appears to be of American origin, aims high. He proposes to improve both our health and our morals, to heighten our artistic and æsthetic tastes, nay, to manufacture genius itself and at the same time to diminish crime, insanity, and other evil tendencies of human nature by—what? The proper cultivation of the sub-conscious self. It must not be assumed that this sub-conscious self is the possession of the privileged few. We all have it, though in varying degrees. Dr. Waldstein divides mental action into two classes—the conscious and the sub-conscious. The latter, he contends, plays a large, though commonly unsuspected, part in our lives.

"What is often called heredity is simply the expression of a sub-conscious self, the beginnings of which can be traced to early childhood when the actions of the parents are sub-consciously perceived and by their constant repetition form fundamental impressions which make up a great part of the memory. . . . From conscious impressions and the accumulation of them the intellectual, the calculating, the deliberate man is formed. From the rich material of the unconscious impressions is evolved the emotional, the spontaneous, the passionate man."

Although Dr. Waldstein minimises the part played by heredity in the mental and physical equipment of the individual, he cannot, of course, get rid of it altogether. That a child may inherit the particular kind of liver or stomach of a parent as well as the nose or eye he admits, and in the face of the family likenesses that are met with every day it would be hopeless to deny the fact. But these are all-important sub-conscious impressions. They, too, are obviously dependent upon an inherited system of nerves and nerve-cells, as Dr. Waldstein is fain to own:

"The colour of an object, for instance, affects the eye of one who is colour-blind differently from that of another whose colour-sense is normal. Again, certain sounds and chords produce different effects upon the ear according to the constitution of that organ in different persons. . . . The same original variations exist in the nerves which conduct and in the brain which receives the impressions."

Thus, on the very threshold of his inquiry, Dr. Waldstein is confronted with a physical condition of things which gravely discounts his theory as to the effects of education both conscious and unconscious. It is clear that the nature of the tune to be played must largely depend upon the quality of the instrument, and that important condition is hereditary, or rather, as the Weismannites would say, is due to the particular blend of germ-plasm that takes place at conception. We have no quarrel with Dr. Waldstein's theory; it is not, indeed, new, but may be traced as far back as Schelling's speculations as to the "Ego" a hundred years ago; for the "Ego" of the old metaphysicians and the Consciousness of the modern psychologist are practically one and the same. In

elaborating a theory of the Sub-conscious, or any other theory, care must be taken not to ride it to death. The following proposition may be accepted without question:

"The accumulated contents of our memory govern our emotions, our thoughts and actions, and therefore that portion of our memory made up of sub-conscious impressions, and their aggregate, must necessarily play a great part in our individual life."

But the danger of overworking the theory becomes apparent when, after condemning the notion that a vicious mental organisation is necessarily transmissible from father to son, Dr. Waldstein points to the cultivation of sub-conscious impressions as "a certain means of prevention and of cure" (p. 19).

"Is it too bold," asks the author, "to assert that the crying baby who makes a slave of its mother develops into the habitual malcontent of society? That the child surrounded by every outward sign of shiftlessness, cheerlessness—that lives in an atmosphere of egotism, discord, and white lies, may grow to the man who may some day surprise his friends by acts that seem out of harmony with the life he had been leading among them?"

Yes; for our part we think the assumption is too sweeping, if Dr. Waldstein means to put down the degeneracy of the child solely to its sub-conscious impressions of its parents' worthlessness. For what justification is there for excluding hereditary influence here? Parents who would live the life supposed could not themselves be normally constituted citizens; and it is plausible, at least, to argue that the instability of their cerebral and nervous system should be transmitted, along with various physical attributes, features, complexion, stature, &c., to their offspring.

If Dr. Waldstein is right, then children brought up and educated under similar conditions ought to be as like each other as two peas. Indeed, he asserts as much:

"The refined tastes and joyous dispositions of the elder children in a family with whom I often came into contact was a matter of some surprise to me, as I could not account for the common trait among them by the position or special characteristics of the parents; they were in the humblest position socially, and all but poor. My first visit to their modest home furnished me with the natural solution and gave me much food for reflection. The children—there were six—occupied two rooms into which the sunlight was pouring as I entered. . . . the colour and design of the cheap wall paper were cheerful and unobtrusive, bits of carpet, the table cover and the coverlets on the beds were all in harmony, and of quiet design in nearly the elementary colours; everything in these poor rooms of poor people had been chosen with the truest judgment for æsthetic effect."

Again:

"A young boy of my acquaintance had an invincible dislike to music, and could not be prevailed upon to continue his piano lessons. I was impressed by the violence of his aversion, and upon inquiry was told that he was born and passed his infancy in a house next to a conservatory of music; no doubt he had been constantly disturbed in his sleep by the discordance of sounds from a number of instruments played at the same time."

These seem certainly far-fetched assumptions. One wonders, for instance, from what kind of conservatory of music would flow a "discordance of sounds" sufficiently loud to be heard next door. Dr. Waldstein evidently spares no pains to make his facts fit his theory. To some of the commonest experiences of life he pays no heed. Notoriously, children brought up under the same conditions differ morally and mentally as much as they do in feature. Has Dr. Waldstein never heard of the "black sheep" of the family, or, on the other hand, of the genius? And would he propose to reduce them all to the same dead level of aptitude by a systematic and uniform cultivation of the sub-conscious? Just a closing word on the question of genius. Dr. Waldstein is unquestionably right in assigning the workings of genius to the sub-conscious strata of the brain. The poet's and artist's best ideas suddenly come from—they know not where, and during sleep pre-existent thoughts are often fashioned and developed in an amazing degree. That the sub-conscious plays indeed a large part in our lives is self-evident; but from a recognition of that fact to proposing to educate it, and by its means fashion the moral and intellectual man to pattern, is a far cry. Still, this ingenious book will not have been written in vain if it directs attention to a branch of education that is perhaps too much neglected. The sub-conscious may not be as impressionable or as tractable as Dr. Waldstein supposes; but as regards the possibility of storing up agreeable impressions in the child's mind it may be as well to err on the safe side.

#### SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

*Genesis Critically and Exegetically Expounded.*  
By Dr. A. Dillmann. Translated by  
W. B. Stevenson, B.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

A much needed translation of a well-known work by the late Professor of Theology in Berlin. Dillmann was one of the best examples of the conservative school of Biblical criticism, and to the last maintained his hostile attitude towards the more daring theories of Wellhausen and Kuenen. In the present commentary he disputes their conclusions as to the post-Exilic character of the Priestly Code, which he considers to be the oldest component of the Pentateuch, the work of the Elohist coming next, and that of the Jehovist last. On less technical points he asserts, with robust common sense, that the "days" in Gen. i. mean days and not geological periods, that it is the serpent in his animal capacity, and not the devil in his likeness, who tempts Eve, and that the "sons of God" who are represented in Gen. vi. as intriguing with the daughters of men are angels, and nothing else. The author is in only a few respects behind the time, as when he says that the *Bahû* or *Bahû* (i.e., Chaos) of Gen. i. has no equivalent in "the Assyro-Babylonian mythological circle," Dr. Lommel having pointed out some years ago that the Chaos-goddess *Bahû* was one of the earliest divinities of the Sumerian pantheon.

Mr. Stevenson's translation is careful, but occasionally harsh, and in many cases the clumsy locutions of the German original are reproduced with hardly any alteration. On the other hand, he has added three excellent indexes which the German work does not possess. No one interested in the orthodox view of Scripture can afford to neglect this book.

*The Dawn of Civilisation.* By Prof. Maspero.  
Translated by M. L. McClure. (S.P.C.K.)

A THIRD edition of this deservedly popular work. To the Egyptological portion Prof. Maspero has added four new pages dealing with the discovery made by Prof. Flinders Petrie of the existence of an early cannibal race in Egypt. Among the additions to the Assyriological part we may notice the texts announced last year by M. Heuzey, which go to show that the *patesis*, or "priest-kings" of Lagash, were really the vicegerents of a dynasty of emperors comprising the conqueror Sargon of Accad and his successors. So much has been said about the defective translation of Prof. Maspero's second volume, that we feel bound to notice that on p. 550 of the present book: "Les premiers peuples [of Mesopotamia] paraissent avoir appartenu à des types très différents," is translated by: "The first races . . . seem to have belonged to three (!) different types," thereby making nonsense of the paragraph.

*The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian.* By S. Cheetham, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS book, containing the Hulsean Lectures for 1896-97, was apparently written in refutation of the theory advanced by the late Dr Hatch, that the Christian Eucharist is in part a survival of the Eleusinia and other Pagan mysteries. Canon Cheetham makes the best of his case, and effectually disposes, at any rate, of Dr. Hatch's statement that a lamb was actually offered on the altar in early Christian times. But there is a good deal to be said on the other side; and we confess that the allusion in certain early papyri to bread and wine as the body and blood of one of the heathen gods seems to us very difficult to get over. However that may be, we can all enjoy the lucidity of statement and ripe scholarship which Canon Cheetham brings to bear upon his subject, while we fully appreciate his good temper and fairness to opponents.

*The Supernatural in Nature.* By Joseph William Reynolds, M.A. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS is, as we learn from the preface, a new and cheap edition, published at the expense of General Elliot. The book is said to be written for doctors and "other truth-loving men in danger of being beguiled by the sophisms of imperfect science"; but we doubt if anyone having the slightest acquaintance with science, however imperfect, will pay any attention to it. Prebendary Reynolds appears to have the conviction, not uncommon among popular preachers, that in scientific matters appeals to the emotions and tricks of rhetoric can usefully replace sober thought and exact reasoning. At all events, a fairly careful perusal of his

book has failed to disclose to us a single important point of difference between science and religion where the issue is fairly faced, or where his arguments rise above the level of those which Macaulay describes as just good enough to be used once. The following is an example of his style:

"As far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. [This is quoted from an *Apology for the Belfast Address* without the author's name or other means of verification.] What a fib! Science knows not a millionth part of nature, and of what she does know it is certain that every moment nature is afresh maintained in every part by forces from the eternal Power. The assertion stands self-convicted of inadequacy."

We are afraid that Sir Alexander Elliot has wasted his money.

*The Story of Jesus Christ.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

YET another attempt, this time by the author of *The Gates Ajar*, to make the history of Jesus more impressive by telling it in the language of to-day. Miss Phelps—to call her by her best-known name—approaches her task with much reverence and gentle piety, her phrases in some passages rising to the height of a true pathos. Under these circumstances one has no more right to be annoyed with her frequent Americanisms than to complain of the early Italian painters of the Crucifixion for dressing the Roman soldiers in the trunk-hose of the period; yet it must be said that such words as "disgruntled" somewhat jar upon one. And then—*cui bono*? All these modern versions of the Gospel story seem to be consciously or (as is probably the present case) unconsciously inspired by Renan's *Vie de Jésus*; but the pure and perfect grace of Renan's style has descended to none of his successors. For the rest, Renan was a scholar of world-wide reputation, who devoted twenty years to the writing of his book. Miss Phelps, in her preface, modestly disclaims all pretensions to scholarship, and has probably done her work within twelve months.

#### THE COMPLETE MRS. BROWNING.

*The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* (Smith, Elder & Co.)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was a poet of abundance—of abundant thoughts, feelings and aspirations, abundant labours, abundant failures, and a vocabulary superabundant and redundant. She sowed with a lavish hand, retaining nothing, storing nothing; and her harvest is profuse—the wheat and the tares. Into 600 closely printed pages, with double columns on each page, are here gathered all the poems she ever printed, and you wonder afresh to find how many they were and how various were the interests in love, in religion, in politics of this abounding woman. The standard copy-right edition of 1866, in six volumes, con-

tained all she had cared to preserve from the former issues of 1838 and 1844, together with new additions. But the early verses omitted by her own hand are now restored, Mr. F. G. Kenyon, the judicious editor, saying that the republication can do no harm to the fame of one "whose place among English poets has long been assured," while they have a literary and biographical value that amply justifies their reappearance. An exception is made as to the first translation of "Prometheus Bound," published by Miss Barrett in 1833, inasmuch as she prepared a second translation, here printed, in expiation, as she somewhere says, of that "sin of her youth."

In addition to her poems—we know only one poem which has escaped the editor's vigilance, and by no fault of his, for it is in MS. in a private collection—the volume has her prose essays, "The Greek Christian Poets" and "The Book of the Poets," the last-named an exuberant survey of English poetry, containing appreciations, especially of later poets, that might cry to her now for revision and be accounted as more sins of her youth. Her judgment of past poets, however, was more judicious than that of poets still new. Like Dr. Johnson and Hazlitt, she refused to pay the honours of a first class poet to Gray, yet conceded them to Byron.

Besides these essays, the new volume contains, as it ought, the preface she put to former editions, and also Mr. Browning's "Prefatory Note" of 1887, mostly, though still very scantily, biographical. We miss, however, the brief preface he put to the "Selections" he made with "all care and the profoundest veneration" from his wife's works in 1865. Any of the few words uttered of the other by either of these two have a more than common sacredness, conferred by the conditions of that "marriage of true minds." Yet Mr. Browning, it must be confessed, was the lover rather than the critic. His eulogy, as is the phrase, "her glories shall never fade," is magnificent; but is it true?

The Dedication of "The Battle of Marathon," published in 1820, is reprinted among the rest. It is "to him to whom I owe the most—to the father whose unwearied affection I never can repay." But above all does the dedication of the edition of 1844 strike us with an ever fresh pathos—"To My Father" is the headline:

"My desire is," she says, "that you, who are a witness how, if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day—that you who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them every day—that you who hold with me, over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name, may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if, indeed, I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile, and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection."

That was in 1844. Two years later came the marriage with Mr. Browning, which the Barretts did not approve. Henceforth between the happy wife and the father she adored "the rest is silence." Yet not quite. Now and again, from Italy and elsewhere, that wounded thing—"half angel and half bird," said Browning; "scarcely embodied at all," said Hawthorne—sent forth cry after cry to her old home. But never again did any exchange of greeting pass between father and daughter. Her crime in marrying an ineligible man was never blotted out. What love owes to poets we may all know; but how has the debt been repaid, how have poets been treated as lovers? In our time Tennyson, too, was an "ineligible" who had to wait twenty years for the woman of his choice. And Browning could secure his bride only at the cost of her severance from earlier ties—Miss Barrett could only win a husband at the sacrifice of a father. At the head of all lists of paternal tyranny must stand to all time this instance of it, the full folly and misery of which have been realised only now that Mrs. Browning's letters have been published. Browning's capacities were equal to the occasion—he could be lover, husband, and father in one; and his wife's last words when she died in his arms, a worn-out body tenanted by a soul too stirring for it, compose the fitting epitaph for her life and his together—"It is beautiful."

#### "THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE."

*A History of Dancing, from the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times.* From the French of Gaston Vuillier. With a Sketch of Dancing in England by Joseph Grego. (William Heinemann.)

"You and I may be past our dancing days, good Cousin Capulet," but that is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy studying the pictures and glancing at the text of Mr. William Heinemann's remarkably handsome edition of M. Gaston Vuillier's astonishingly ill-written *History of Dancing*. The text, indeed, is as ill-written as it very well could be, as thin, superficial, and uninteresting. It breathes a general air of having been hastily and perfunctorily "got up" at a public library, and sometimes it rises to quite supreme heights of ineptitude, as where, for example (p. 176), M. Vuillier observes of the gavotte, "This dance was of very ancient origin; it dated from the sixteenth century." One had never till now thought of the sixteenth century as appertaining to "very ancient" times. Again (p. 39), M. Vuillier informs us, "It was by her dancing that Salome obtained the head of John the Baptist." This, to be sure, would be an interesting item of news—if it were only new. But one has heard it before. However, the text is worth glancing at, for the sake of the lovely words that keep recurring in it. Branle and Sarabande, Pavane and Tarantella, Carole, Farandole, Seguidilla—they are as sweet as the names of old-fashioned flowers. And some of the famous dancers whom M. Vuillier is con-

strained to mention had pretty names too, or pretty pseudonyms: Rose Pompon (which sounds like something good to eat), Camargo, Rigoletto, Pomaré (which sounds like a sparkling wine). After these, what shall we say of our contemporary "Grille d'Egout," "Môme Fromage, or "Nini Patte-en-l'Air"?

But the pictures—the pictures are the thing. One has seldom opened so sumptuously be-pictured a book. There are more than 400 of them; and if they are not all of transcendent excellence as works of art, they are all, at any rate, diverting. They show us Jack piping and Jill dancing in many lands and in many ages: in ancient Egypt and in modern Paris, in Greece and Rome, in Spain, India, England, and Algiers, even in Patagonia and Berlin—for savage dances are dances still. They show us peace dances and war dances, sacred dances and profane, the "Dance of Death" and the "Danse du Ventre." They show us odalisques dancing in the pasha's seraglio, and houris dancing in Mahomet's paradise. They show us balls under Louis XIV., balls under the Directory, under the Empire, and those amazing "Victim Balls" that followed the Terror. They show us valse in the Chaussée d'Autin of 1830, and cotillions in the Champs-Elysées of last year. They show us Ranelagh and Mabilles and Vauxhall; and incidentally they set us wondering why we have nothing like Vauxhall in the London of our degenerate days. The entertainment begins on the very cover, where a group of plump, cherubic four-year-olds are represented dancing in a ring. If it were still permitted to quote Hans Breitmann, we should intimate in passing that the four-year-olds have "nodings on." Then the frontispiece is a photogravure of Carpeaux's spirited dance of nymphs, from the *façade* of the Paris Opera House. So that we are put in a proper humour at the outset. One suffers a pang, it is true, a few pages later, on discovering that there is no index to the pictures. There is a list of the "twenty full-page plates," but none of the "409 illustrations." However, one mustn't expect everything here below; and the philosopher will be content to take his 409 as he finds them—though he may continue to speculate why "409" is printed in figures, while "twenty" receives the honour of being spelled out.

The full-page plates include Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist, Mr. Sargent's "Carmencita," and Watteau's "The Pleasures of the Ball." They include, also, a very jolly print of Lancret's "Mademoiselle Camargo," more Watteau-like than Watteau himself. But that was Lancret's glory—the uninitiate could detect his canvases from his master's only by the circumstance that they were "a trifle too like." There are other Watteaus and other Lancrets among the unindexed pictures; there is a Fra Angelico; there is a delightful Domenichino, a dance of cupids (after a drawing in the possession of Mr. William Heinemann—lucky Mr. William Heinemann!); there are two or three Teniers; one or two Gavarnis; and (a superlative distinction) there is a Degas. Fancy having a Degas and not boasting of it in an index. It is one of the master's ballet-girls, of course; a thing brimful of

light and movement; a thing of inexpressible charm, even in this process reproduction, without the master's colour. She is poising on one leg, in a white diaphanous skirt that is like a puff of fragrant air made visible; there's a ribbon of black velvet round her throat, there are flowers in her corsage; and then—her face, her eyes, her arms! We kiss our hand to her; and since there is no index, we will mention, for the hesitating purchaser's encouragement, that she adorns page 368. The more interesting of the two Gavarnis will be found on page 289—a Parisian ball under the Restoration. Oh! the pretty frocks of the ladies, their sloping shoulders, their ringlets, and their ankles, and the graceful costumes of the men, with their *pantalons collés à la peau*! One thinks of Rastignac and Delphine, of Lucien, of the Marquise d'Espard. It is a page of Balzac translated into black and white. Two of the pleasantest pictures in the book, by the by, are not attributed. One is a pen-drawing of Mdlle. Guimard, the other a pen-drawing of Marie Antoinette in the "Ballet de la Reine"; and they both occur on page 174. They are so delicate, so sprightly, so exquisitely *naïf* and winning, it would really have been worth while to recall the draughtsman's name.

By reason of its pictures, in short, this is a very precious volume. It is a thousand pities the letterpress should be so dreary. Why doesn't Mr. Heinemann bring out a new edition, with a new letterpress written by someone who understands? Think of the subject! Dancing—the most beautiful of all human pastimes. What an opportunity for good literature! M. Vuillier's letterpress, stiff in its joints, creaking as it moves, smelling of the musty purlieus of the Bibliothèque Nationale, is as reluctant as an ill-coached schoolboy before an examiner.

And, of course, in the new edition the 409 illustrations will be indexed.

#### A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

*Varia.* By Agnes Repplier. (Gay & Bird.)

MISS REPPLIER has in this volume reprinted nine essays contributed to the magazines. The subjects are nearly all literary in character. Four are concerned with various aspects of fiction, one with diaries, one with drinking songs, one with Froissart, and one with "the eternal feminine." All reflect the views of a clever, cultivated woman, who is frankly enamoured of life's pleasures, has a clear flexible style, and has taken Mr. Andrew Lang for a model. She reproduces all of her master except that background of melancholy which gives even to Mr. Lang's drolleries a peculiar and touching charm. Naturally, then, Miss Repplier is a romantic, filled with a huge admiration of Scott and Dumas, a dislike of those who would vex a reader's soul with problem plays, or realistic studies, and a frank taste for out of the way literature, even of "ribald (drinking) songs with which refined

femininity is not presumed to sympathise." She has gathered quite a garland of those flowers in her discourse on "Cakes and Ale"—perhaps the best in the volume. The place of honour is given to Burns:

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee."

She does not quote the famous song in "Gammer Gurton's Will"—

"Let back and belly go bare, go bare"

—but the seventeenth century is ransacked for examples. Coming nearer to our own, she draws a capital picture of that Pagan full o' pride, Thomas Love Peacock, and quotes his inimitable "In life three ghostly friars were we," and "Seamen three: what men be ye?"—drinking songs as admirable as the seventeenth century produced. Quite in Mr. Lang's best manner is the funny way in which she rounds off this praise of drunken hilarity with Longfellow's glorification of cold water glistening "in the head of old Silenus." She might have contrasted his simple innocent directness with the pawky fun Robert Fergusson applied to the same theme:

"Ere faither Adie first put spade in  
The bonnie yaird o' auncient Eden,  
His awmrie had nae liquor laid in  
To fire his mou'  
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidiu'  
For gettin' fou!

And she ends all with an ironical lament:

"Once Charles I. sent Ben Jonson, as poet laureate, one hundred pounds a year and a tierce of Spanish Canary. No such generous drink comes now from Queen Victoria to lend sparkle and vivacity to Mr. Austin's verses. Once Dr. Johnson, 'the real primate and soul's teacher of England,' says Carlyle, declared roundly and without shocking anybody, 'Brandy, sir, is the drink for heroes.' It is not thus that primates and teachers of any land now hearten their wavering disciples. Once the generous publishers of *Marmion* sent Scott a hogshead of fine claret to mark their appreciation of his verse. It is not in this graceful fashion that authors now receive their tokens of goodwill."

From this outline of one of Miss Repplier's essays it will be easy to gather what the rest are like. Always urbane and smiling, she avoids such themes as cannot be dismissed with a light and well-bred laugh. And even when a difference of opinion arises she mocks opposition with the remark that the book that keeps her fast in an armchair is the book for her, whatever critics may say. And, indeed, if the intelligences of all were as keen and cultivated as those of Miss Repplier, the critic well might say, "My vocation's gone." For if a laugh that is too genial to be called a sneer means anything, it is that Miss Repplier has very decided likings and dislikings, and that she is ever ready to push aside Mr. Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren, and another of her bugbears, Mr. Hamlin Garland, for the gallant page of Froissart. But even those who differ from her point of view will find a great deal that is agreeable in these cultured and well-written essays.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Clerical Life: a Series of Letters to Ministers.* (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS is a theological variant upon Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*—a sort of gnomie handbook to the pulpit. We confess to having read these letters with genuine interest and amusement, though we are far enough from hoping to make any practical use of them. The conception of the clergyman, to be sure, is a limited one; in the eyes of the writers he is what they succinctly describe as a "Christian specialist." This being so, it is reasonable that he should have good advice given him whereby to direct his specialisation and guide his difficult steps. The tone of the book is kindly and sensible, and, in general, there is a total absence of the inspired fatuity usually found in a work of this nature. The writers write like honest men who have been at the trade before, and one or two are abundantly humorous. Faults of taste are rare, and wit is grateful in such a connexion. The letter "To a Minister Who is given to Anecdote in the Pulpit" is quite a polished little piece of irony; so, too, is that "To a Ministerial Sir Willoughby Patterne," and, funniest of all, the letter "To a Minister who has Studied in Germany." In the more serious epistles there is a tendency to fall into a sermonising vein and vulgarise the fine words of Scripture by a half-sentimental application. But this is a common weakness nowadays, and the book as a whole is fresh and attractive.

*Letters from Julia; or, Lights from the Borderland.* (Grant Richards.)

ONCE upon a time there were two friends in America, named Julia and Ellen, both of whom were known to Mr. Stead. They were devout Christians, and they made a compact that whichever of them died first would, if it were permitted, return to the other and manifest herself to her, and thus prove existence beyond the grave. Then Julia died and appeared to Ellen. The apparition did not speak, but softly and silently vanished away. Shortly afterwards Ellen came to England and told Mr. Stead about it, and Mr. Stead suggested that as he had recently acquired the gift of automatic writing he should constitute himself the medium between Ellen and Julia. Now, an automatic writer is one who holds a pen in his hand, but refuses consciously to control it. The hand writes of itself. The matter proceeds either from the sub-conscious self or from invisible intelligences, such as Julia. Time after time Mr. Stead wrote to Julia's dictation, and a selection of the correspondence forms this little volume. Julia writes very much as living persons do, and her pictures of spiritual life will interest those who are interested in pictures of spiritual life from the automatic hand of Mr. Stead. Here is a passage:

"The Angel Guardian who came to me had wings, as I said. It is not usual, but if we please we can assume them. They are no more necessary than any of the contrivances by which you attempt to attain the mastery of the spirit over the burden of matter. We think, and we

are there. Why, then, wings? They are scenic illusions useful to convey the idea of superiority to earth-bound conditions, but we do not use them any more than we use steam-engines. But I was glad my Guide had wings. It seemed more like what I thought it would be and ought to be, and I was at once more at ease than I would otherwise have been."

To say anything more about the book is unnecessary.

*Picturesque Dublin Old and New.* By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE weight of this book, whether it lie in paper or binding, is so extraordinary, that it takes an athletic man to read it. The writer had an excellent subject to her hand, and it is a pity that she was not capable of turning it to better use. It is a farrago of antiquated gossip and uninteresting detail—exactly in the style of a foolish local guide-book. The arrangement of the subject is thoroughly chaotic, and the present writer in despair gave up the attempt to follow the involution of the author's mind. The manner of writing is slipshod, and the grammar frequently to seek. For example, on p. 226 she uses "potential" when she obviously means "potent." The work evinces a perfect genius for the making of foolish and inappropriate remarks in every conceivable context. This is especially evident in the literary criticism. For example, take this acute note on Charles Lever:

"One of the best of Irish novelists, the edge of his wit being so keen, and his knowledge of human nature (especially of his own countrymen) so true, that his books will live when those of, in a sense, better writers are forgotten."

As an example of exquisite humour in the choice of a nickname, we are told that an old gentleman who suffered from tender feet was called "Bunions." "These," says the author (she quotes some other instances), "will give an idea of the talent for sarcasm which is inherent in Irish men and women." The one good story we can find has been told before in a different connexion:

"A certain lady sat next to Archbishop Trench at a dinner party, and to her surprise found him constantly pinching her leg. She was about to remonstrate, when he suddenly said: 'I fear I am developing paralysis; my leg has no feeling, though I have pinched it many times.'"

We are sorry to speak hardly of what is, after all, a very amiable performance. Doubtless the book will please in its own class. A word of praise should be given to the illustrations, which are often good.

*Heine's Lieder und Gedichte.* Selected by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. "Golden Treasury" Series. (Macmillan & Co.)

A SELECTION from Heine's songs is a seasonable publication after the revived interest in the poet on the Continent and in this country at the end of the past year. Heine, who is well-nigh the worst subject for translation conceivable, repays judicious selection, for he fell often below his best. "Poems which have the swiftness and certainty of exquisite physical sensations": so Mr. Henley with truth, for in his best lyrics the age-sickness

is less felt, and we have the very song of the mystery and joy of life. For his lyrical work at its best is modelled on the old Minne-songs; and whether one speak of the Volkslied or the Volksballade, it has all the note of the great poetry of the people. Sometimes he went straight to the old story, sometimes to a modern adaptation, as in the immortal *Lorelei*; and, says Dr. Buchheim, "we need not wonder that his poems have become themselves Volkslieder." The editor has done his work carefully, and contributes an awkward, hesitating, but sympathetic little introduction.

*Modern France, 1789-1895* ("The Story of the Nations"). By André Lebon. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

It is but natural that France should not have been particularly happy during the past century, for she has been making history at a furious rate. The hundred and six years dealt with in M. Lebon's book are well worthy of a place in "The Story of the Nations" series, for they comprise the history of Modern France, which is in every respect an utterly different country from the France of Louis XIV. and XV. M. Lebon begins with the meeting of the States-General on May 5, 1789, having rapidly sketched the position of France under the Ancien Régime, and then plunges at once into the welter of revolutions, wars, dynasties, and ministries with which we are all more or less familiar, coming out successfully at the beginning of M. Félix Faure's presidency in 1895. The book is a very excellent summary of a period of volcanic upheaval, and is extremely useful as a groundwork of further study, or as a means of refreshing the memory. But in many places it is choked by detail, and too frequently the broad issues are obscured for awhile by a summary of events which might have been put with less minuteness. Nor is the English irreproachable—occasionally it reads unnecessarily like a translation—and the dates given during the first revolution are at times confusing. Still, M. Lebon has, of course, a thorough grip of his subject, and he makes it clear that of the three—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—only civil equality has really been the outcome of these vast disturbances. There have been too many revolutions for liberty ever to flourish, and the nearest approach to it is that which now obtains under the Third Republic. After the wild orgies of the Revolution quieted down, the power of the State was placed in the hands of a dictator, and on his fall the middle-classes, by means of a narrow and restricted franchise, were the depositaries of power. They got up the revolution of 1830 to break the power of the Crown, and had their brief spell of glory from 1830 to 1848. Then the democracy rebelled against the middle-classes, and once more resorted to the expedient of a dictator. Since 1870, the democracy has done its best with parliamentary institutions, which are by no means a success, but which have weathered the quarter of a century owing chiefly to the fact that they are the form of Government which divides Frenchmen the most. The moral of the whole period is that freedom is

best where it gradually broadens down from precedent to precedent, and that a great people cannot hope to achieve freedom and occupy a becoming place in the world by flying from one excess to another.

*Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art.* By S. H. Butcher. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a second and carefully revised edition of Prof. Butcher's treatise. The importance of Aristotle's *Poetics*, to students of poetry in general and to critics in particular, can hardly be over-estimated, nor is there any better edition than this, with its elaborately established text, its excellent translation printed page for page with the Greek, and the eleven essays which make up in bulk three-fourths of the volume, and are themselves a most valuable contribution to critical literature. In the present edition the translation has been reconsidered and the textual notes enlarged. The essays are only touched in minor points, and the book, which first appeared in 1895, remains substantially the same.

*Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama.* ("Athenæum Series.") By John Matthews Manly. Vol. II. (Ginn & Co.)

A FEW weeks ago we reviewed the first volume of Prof. Manly's helpful and scholarly work. The second volume is now before us, and consists of texts taken from the drama of the early Elizabethan period. The first four of these are the four plays generally regarded as the beginnings of the "regular" drama—Udall's *Roister-Doister*, Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Preston's *Cambists*, Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc*; and to have these together in a handy form is a very convenient thing. The remainder of the volume consists of individual plays by Lyly, Greene, Peele, and Kyd. These are perhaps less valuable, as Lyly and Peele are already well edited, and complete editions of Greene and Kyd are promised by the Clarendon Press. As specimens they may be useful, although Prof. Manly's canons of editing are somewhat rigorous for the type of student to whom specimens are likely to be of service. But we wish that all critical editors would adopt Prof. Manly's plan of editing the stage directions as well as the text, and bracketing all additions to the original of these. To Prof. Manly's third volume, with its promised historical sketch of the English drama from the tenth to the sixteenth century, we shall look forward with zest.

*Bad Lady Betty: a Drama in Three Acts.* By W. D. Scull. (Elkin Matthews.)

MR. SCULL's comedy, or, if you prefer it, comic melodrama, is founded on the career of Elizabeth Luttrell, the heroine of Mr. W. K. R. Bedford's *The Luttrells of Four Oaks*. She was the sister of the Duchess of Cumberland, "coarse, vulgar, and a gamester"; she kept a faro-table, and ended her days cleaning the streets of Augsburg, and chained to a barrow. Mr. Scull adds to her crimes by making her come between two lovers and their happiness. He writes fair dramatic prose, but surely people do not read melodramas.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

GOD'S FOUNDLING.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

This story, by the author of *Middle Greyness*, tells how Mr. Morley Fenton—married and come to fullest wisdom (he is the only man at Sunbury to whom the station-master invariably opens the carriage door on his arrival)—solved problems connected with his unacknowledged son, Harold Foster. Harold is a young medical "whose red lips, sensitive as an Æolian harp's strings, reflected every fleeting thought which crossed his mind, and seemed to tinge with hesitancy's greyness the vivid pertinence of much that he said." Much that he says sounds like that. The end is happier and more conventional than the reader might expect from this note. (Heinemann. 310 pp. 6s.)

ENTOMBED IN FLESH.

BY M. H. DZIEWICKI.

A supernatural romance of the battle between Lucifer and Phantasto, a starry and beneficent Presence. Lucifer desires the ruin of a maiden. Phantasto would preserve her pure. The two immortals make a compact: Phantasto is to enter the body of a human being and do what good he can on earth, for mankind in general and the maiden in particular, while Lucifer opposes him. Thus far the Prologue. The story, which is of modern English life, follows. (Blackwood & Sons. 282 pp. 6s.)

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

"The belief they express is this," says the author in the dedicatory epistle to this collection of stories and ballads, "that there is no degradation into which man can fall, out of which it is impossible for man to emerge." The stories are nine in number and the poems ten. The last of all is a little comedy in dialogue entitled "A Question of Fetters." (Chatto & Windus. 271 pp. 3s. 6d.)

TRAITS AND CONFIDENCES.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

The author of *Hurrish* and *Grania* always deserves attention, even when she offers mere scraps. This new book is like Mr. Christie Murray's, a bundle of stories, sketches, and poems, a mixture of sad and merry, in the Irish way. Here are two titles chosen at random: "Of the Influence of Assassination upon a Landscape," and "On the Pursuit of Marine Zoology as an Inventive to Gossip." (Methuen & Co. 272 pp. 6s.)

PHILIP GREYSTOKE.

BY EVAN MAY.

This capacious fiction begins thus: "Midnight! Midnight, amid densest, awful mountain silence. Such silence as habitual dwellers in valleys among their fellows neither know nor can conceive. Midnight! where the passage of time, as it flies, is only noted by cart-throbs. . . ." and so on. In the midst of this midnight a young man stands on the top of an alp and holds a conversation with himself. It is (of course) Philip Greystoke. How could it be anyone else? Afterwards come love, tons of it, and all the warp and woof of a Digby & Long novel. (Digby & Long. 341 pp. 6s.)

LIZA.

BY MARCUS REAY.

Liza was a bad woman. Obviously; for she backed herself to smoke more cigarettes than any man in town; she drank like a fish; and she drew patrons to the stalls of the Frivolity by the titude of her kicks. Dick Mortimer was the son of a retired butcher. With him *affaires de cœur* were short-lived, and *une grande passion* was yet to come. So he made love to Liza in her *maisonette*, and consequences followed. A very silly story. (Digby & Long. 6 pp. 3s. 6d.)

TWEEN THE NEW AND THE OLD.

BY GEORGE WEMYSS.

This is a tale of three lovers, two of whom are born in the same village on the same day. One mother exclaims: "Who knows but what they mightn't some day be husband and wife"; and the other answers, "Stranger things nor that hev happened." Stranger things did happen. The third lover's name is D'Arcy de Blois; and what might have been a rustic wedding between a shepherd and a kitchen-maid becomes something else. When its improbabilities are condoned, the story is fresh and pleasing enough. (John Macqueen. 327 pp. 6s.)

A MAN WITH A MAID.

BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Brighton between Saturday and Monday is drawn in these pages to the life, and it is all pretty real and pretty sad. Tom's way with Tabbie turns out sad, mad, and bad; and Tabbie's way out of her trouble is mad and sad, too—and if the story were not well told, which it is, one would resent it, which one doesn't. (Heinemann. 183 pp. 2s. 6d.)

DUNTY THE DROLL.

BY JOHN TWEEDDALE.

This book of Scotch episodes is written in a dialect which even the author recognises he must translate as he goes along. But we are not taking lessons in broad Scotch just now; and such a sentence as this merely annoys: "The clatter's gaun that Lucky Muckle's (Meikle's) waul's (well's) turned itill no mask (infuse) tea, 'at wull't. Think ye the deil and Michael Scott can hae ony han' in't?" We don't know about Michael; but, decidedly, we think the deil has a hand in dialect stories. (Alexander Gardner. 101 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*The War of the Worlds.* By H. G. Wells.  
(Heinemann.)

### I.—THE STORY.

MR. WELLS has done good work before, but nothing quite so fine as this. He has two distinct gifts—of scientific imagination and of mundane observation—and he has succeeded in bringing them together and harmoniously into play. Upon the scientific imagination depends the structure, the plot, of the whole thing. The worlds are Mars and the Earth. The Martians, whose planet, older and further from the sun than ours, was becoming uncomfortably cool, planned a descent upon a new abiding-place. Their extraordinary mechanical development enabled them to accomplish this. Projected with stupendous velocity in cylinders they alighted upon Woking Common. Here is Mr. Wells's description of one of them:

"A big greyish, rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsed convulsively. A lank, tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air. . . . There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably terrible. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread. Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture."

The narrator is a student of moral philosophy living at Maybury Hill, and he becomes an eye-witness of many of the strange events that follow: of the construction by the Martians of their fighting-machines, of their advance upon London, of the rout of the military

and flight of the populace, and of the ultimate and remarkable collapse by which the world is freed from the invaders. The course of evolution on Mars has been very different to ours: the Martians have all gone to brain. Here they move heavily because the gravitational force of the earth is greater than they are accustomed to. But their mechanical appliances are irresistible. They mount themselves upon vast walking tripods.

"Seen nearer the thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing metallic pace, and long flexible glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it. Behind the main body was a huge thing of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. And in an instant it was gone."

With the accuracy of Mr. Wells's speculative science we deal elsewhere. It is extraordinarily detailed, and the probable departures from possibility are, at least, so contrived as not to offend the reader who has but a small smattering of exact knowledge. The consistency and definiteness of the descriptions create an adroit illusion. And, in any case, given the scientific hypotheses, the story as a whole is remarkably plausible. You feel it, not as romance, but as realism. Mr. Wells's art lies, we fancy, in the fact that, while his monsters are sufficiently like mankind to be terrible, his human beings are throughout so completely human. The inhabitants of Chertsey and Woking behave, in presence of the Martians, precisely as a Surrey suburban population would. Mr. Wells never relaxes his hold on the commonplace, everyday life, against which his marvels stand out so luridly. A thousand deft and detailed touches create an atmosphere of actuality, bring the marvels into the realistic plane. The moral philosopher himself is thoroughly natural from beginning to end. So is the drunken artilleryman, who devises a brilliant scheme for living the life of a rat in a London subject to the invaders. He is not sure that it will not be better than civilisation. On the other hand, the imbecile and greedy curate with whom the narrator foregathers, and whom he is reluctantly compelled to slay, seems to us to introduce a needlessly farcical element. Mr. Wells must have suffered from curates lately, we should think.

As a crowning merit of the book, beyond its imaginative vigour and its fidelity to life, it suggests rather than obtrudes moral ideas. The artilleryman with his scorn of the "damn little clerks" who would willingly be fattened for Martian dietary, and might even be trained to hunt their wilder fellows, has some truth on his side. In the light of the imagined cataclysm certain follies and meannesses of our civilisation stand out. Our smallness, after all, in the universe receives its illustration. It is a thoughtful as well as an unusually vivid and effective bit of workmanship.

## II.—MR. WELLS'S SCIENCE.

Mr. H. G. Wells has probably a greater proportion of admirers among people actively engaged in scientific work than among any other section of the reading public. It is not difficult to understand the reason of this. Nothing irritates a man of science more than incorrect assertions with reference to natural facts and phenomena; and the writer who essays to use such material must obtain information from Nature herself, or he will provoke the derision of better informed readers. Mr. Wells has a practical familiarity with the facts of science, and this knowledge, combined with his imaginative mind, enables him to command the attention of readers who are not usually interested in romance.

The fact that Mr. Wells has been able to present the planet Mars in a new light is in itself a testimony to originality. The planet has been brought within the world of fiction by several writers, but in the *War of the Worlds* an aspect of it is dealt with altogether different from what has gone before. We have had a number of stories of journeys to Mars, but hitherto, so far as we remember, the idea of an invasion by inhabitants of Mars has not been exploited. Astronomers can make out just enough of the planet's surface to justify the conclusion that water and ice or snow exist there, and that the land areas are at times traversed by a network of canals or channels more or less enigmatical in origin. According to Mr. Percival Lowell, who made an exhaustive study of Mars in 1894, these canals are really belts of fertilised

land, and are the only habitable tracts on Mars, the remainder of the land surface being desert. The view that the Martians—it is less unreasonable to think that Mars is inhabited than that it is not—would look towards our earth with longing eyes is thus quite within the bounds of legitimate speculation; and the fact that Mr. Wells put it forward before Mr. Lowell had brought before the attention of British astronomers the reasons for thinking that Mars at the present time is mostly a dreary waste from which all organic life has been driven, is a high testimony to his perceptive faculties. In other words, the reasons given for the invasion of the Earth by Mars are perfectly valid from a scientific point of view, and are supported by the latest observations of the nature of the planet's surface.

Then, as to the intellectual status of whatever inhabitants there may be on Mars, there is every reason for thinking that it would be higher than that of man. On this matter the following words, written by a distinguished observer of Mars—M. E. M. Antoniadi—in July last, give evidence to the view of the Martians presented by Mr. Wells. Referring to the origin of the canal systems, M. Antoniadi wrote:

"Perhaps the least improbable—not to say the most plausible—clue to the mystery still attaches to the overbold and almost absurd assumption that what we are witnessing on Mars is the work of rational beings immeasurably superior to man, and capable of dealing with thousands and thousands of square miles of grey and yellow material with more ease than we can cultivate or destroy vegetation in a garden one acre in extent."

Naturally, the view that beings immeasurably superior to man exist upon Mars is repugnant, but we see by the words quoted that astronomers are being forced to accept it as the easiest method of explaining the phenomena observed. Mr. Wells's idea of the invasion of the earth by emigrants of a race possessing more effective fighting machinery than we have is thus not at all impossible; and the verisimilitude of the narrative appeals more strongly, perhaps, to scientific readers than to others not so familiar with accepted opinion upon the points deftly introduced.

The most striking characteristic of the work is not, however, the description of the Martians, but the way they are disposed of after they had invaded the Earth. We venture to assert that scientific material has never been more cleverly woven into the web of fiction than it is in the epilogue of this story. The observations of Pasteur, Chaveau, Buchner, Metschnikoff, and many others, have made the germ theory of disease an established truth. In the struggle for existence man has acquired, to a certain extent, immunity against the attacks of harmful micro-organisms, and there is little doubt that any visitors from another planet would not be able to resist these insidious germs of disease. The Earth itself furnishes analogous instances: Englishmen who migrate to the West Coast of Africa, or the strip of forest land in India known as the Terai, succumb to malarial disease, and the Pacific Islander who comes to reside in London or another large British city, almost certainly perishes from tuberculosis. Mr. Wells expresses the doctrine of acquired immunity so neatly that not to quote his words would be to do him an injustice. He says:

"These germs of disease have taken toll of humanity since the beginning of things—taken toll of our pre-human ancestors since life began here. But by virtue of this natural selection of our kind we have developed resisting power; to no germs do we succumb without a struggle, and to many—those that cause putrefaction in dead matter, for instance—our living frames are altogether immune. But there are no bacteria in Mars, and directly these invaders arrived, directly they drank and fed, our microscopic allies began to work their overthrow. Already when I watched them they were irrevocably doomed, dying and rotting even as they went to and fro. It was inevitable. By the toll of a billion deaths, man has bought his birthright of the earth, and it is his against all comers; it would still be his were the Martians ten times as mighty as they are. For neither do men live nor die in vain."

The book contains many other paragraphs which happily express scientific views, but we must refrain from quoting them. Not for an instant, however, do we think that Mr. Wells owes his success to mere correctness of statement. Science possesses a plethora of facts and ideas, yet not once in a generation does a writer arise competent to make use of them for purposes of romance. Already Mr. Wells has his imitators, but their laboured productions, distinguished either by prolixity or inaccuracy, neither excite the admiration of scientific readers nor attract the attention of the world in general.



*Middle Greyness.* By A. J. Dawson.  
(John Lane.)

In a dream it sometimes happens that the vagrant imagination strikes out a phrase of surprising dignity. Slowly and tentatively, the sleeper, if he be a person interested in words for their own sake, gropes his way back to consciousness, grasping with both hands his fluttering inspiration. For all that he can do the captive is rarely brought home; and if once in a while, being a person of discrimination, he have his will of it, the glow has quickly faded out. Mr. Dawson can dream with the best of us, but he does not discriminate so well. One night he had a dream (let us conjecture our way to the springs of *Middle Greyness*): he was rapt by a torrent of oratory. Of the stream of eloquence which inebriated his soul but one precious drop won through to daylight. "England and we who be English"—these were the words. They rang in his head; they became an obsession; and about them grew up the conception of Robert Darley.

About this time a distinguished career had been blasted by a scandal. That shall be embodied in our novel; and because we are all Ibsenites now, the impulse to evil shall be (as Dr. Middleton might phrase it) hereditarily inherited. Which gives rise, on the one hand, to Rollo Croft with his Odalisque and an indeterminate lure named Bêté, of which we are told nothing except that it has a "piquant profile"; and, on the other, to a father who in early life had broken down under the same moral infirmity as shall ruin the son. Him Mr. Dawson exiles to a New South Wales gunyah, with a dog for his helpmeet. "Satan" and "fool dog" are the terms by which in inflicting his confidences upon this quadruped (for soliloquies are disallowed) the beachcomber habitually apostrophises it. The person named Rollo revels in redundancy. This is the way (he has a languid voice, beautifully modulated, and wonderfully musical):

"I thought you were supposed to be studying Hampshire rustics, or Parliamentary debates, or something . . . This afternoon I've been working with a man who has a studio at Twickenham, and I came on here because I like the crowd and the river, served [ ] with a band and a sunset. You may have noticed that the combination is distinctly picturesque, though either taken separately are [*sic*] insipid, with the exception, perhaps, of the sunset, and even that wants something to focus it, don't you think?"

And in an epicurean tasting of life's flavours, thus:

"But tell me, what effect on you does the slow movement of that waltz have, taken with the sunset light on the water? How does it affect your immediate inclinations in the matter of what one ought to do and where one ought to do it? I ask, because it would be sinfully Gothic under the circumstances to do anything which would not harmonise with this atmosphere."

If this kind of thing amuses, Mr. Dawson's book will amuse.

In a collection of short stories published some months ago under the title *Mere Sentiment*, Mr. Dawson promised better things; better things he may give us in the future; but this present volume is beyond the limits of patience pretentious and vulgar.

\* \* \* \*

*Wayside Courtships.* By Hamlin Garland.  
(Neville Beeman.)

These are stories of the beginnings of love, love at first sight; stories in which the chance encounter of two pair of eyes becomes fraught with fate, happy or unhappy, for two lives. For the most part Mr. Garland takes his theme seriously—sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, he burlesques it. Burlesque, at least, is to us the effect of the impulsiveness in "Upon Impulse." The hero who "looked into the upturned faces of the girls as if they were pansies" is suddenly smitten by one. Thus her friend comments:

"As they streamed away in files she said, 'Isn't he good-looking? We've known him for years. He's all right,' she said significantly, and squeezed Miss Powell's arm.

'Well, Lou' Blakesley, you're the same old irrepressible! Blushing already, you dear! I tell you he's splendid. I wish he'd take to you,' and she gave Miss Powell another squeeze. 'It would be such a match! Braius and beauty too!'"

Surely this sort of thing rather rubs the bloom off young romance. Mr. Garland will appeal to those who like American

slang, American local colour, and American provincial character, for he is redolent of up-country life. We confess to a feeling of irritation at the ugliness of the setting, and the hideous iteration of clipped words and elided vowels. Here is a specimen of Mr. Garland's vernacular:

"Y'see, my division ends at Warsaw, and I run back and forth here every other day, but I don't get much chance to see them, and I ain't worth a cuss f'r letter-writin'. Y'see, she's only aunt by marriage, but I like her; an' I guess she's got about all she can stand up under, an' so I like t'help her a little when I can. The old man died owning nothing but the house, an' that left the old lady t'ruffle f'r her livin'. Dunned if she ain't sandy as old Saul. They're gitt'n' along purty."

We find some relief in the "Alien among the Pines," where the dialogue passes between English-speaking people, with only a faint salt of Americanisms. This is a picturesque story of pine-wood clearing, with, for central figure, a musician who has seen better days, but chooses to efface himself as a woodcutter while he conquers his passion for drink. Mr. Garland's landscape is vividly touched:

"The trail (it was not a road) ran like a graceful furrow over the hills, around little lakes covered deep with snow, through tamarisk swamps, where the tracks of wild things thickened, over ridges of tall pine clear of brush, and curving everywhere amid stumps, where dismantled old shanties marked the site of the older logging camps. Sometimes they met teams going to the store. Sometimes they crossed logging-roads—wide, smooth tracks artificially iced, down which mountainous loads of logs were slipping, creaking, and groaning. Sometimes they heard the dry click-clock of the woodsmen's axes, or the crash of falling trees deep in the wood."

Mr. Garland has imagination and artistic intention, but his methods are crude, and he seems to find it difficult to wind up his stories without leaving ragged ends.

SOME APHORISMS.

I.—MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

IN that pleasant American budget of quoted matter, *Current Literature*, we find a page of aphorisms snatched with varying judgment from the pages of Mr. Meredith's novels.

The hero of two women must die and be wept over in common before they can appreciate one another.

What a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature.

Convictions are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices.

One may be as a weed of the sea while one's fate is being decided. To love is to be on the sea, out of sight of land.

Intellectual differences do not cause wounds, except when very unintellectual sentiments are behind them.

It has been established that we do not wax diviner by dragging down the gods to our level.

Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions is a modern discovery.

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life.

We women miss life only when we have never met the man to reverence.

The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown.

True poets and true women have the native sense of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance.

The slave of a passion thinks in a ring, as hares run; he will cease where he began.

Success is costly. We find we have pledged the better part of ourselves to clutch it; not to be redeemed with the whole handful of our prize.

Masculine ideas are one thing; but let feminine ever be feminine, or our civilisation perishes.

Whether a woman loves a man or not, he is her lover if he dares tell her he loves her, and is heard with attention.

II.—BY R. L. STEVENSON.

It is curious that a little publication, entitled *The Stevenson Birthday Book* (Marcus Ward & Co.), has not received more notice. True, birthday books fall into the category of books which are not books. But Stevenson's name is magical, and the booklet in question is at least interesting as a collection of his aphorisms. Below we give a selection of those used by the editor of this publication:

If a man love the labour of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

Habit and practice sharpen gifts; the necessity of toil grows less disgusting, grows even welcome, in the course of years; a small taste (if it be only genuine) waxes with indulgence into an exclusive passion.

Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit.

The time comes when a man should cease prelusory gymnastic, stand up, put a violence upon his will, and for better or worse, begin the business of creation.

Idealism in honesty can only be supported by perpetual effort.

To be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born and then devote himself for life.

If you are to continue to be a law to yourself, you must beware of the first signs of laziness.

We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series.

Style is the invariable mark of any master; and for the student who does not aspire so high as to be numbered with the giants, it is still the one quality in which he may improve himself at will.

He is a wise youth who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one manfully accept the other.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.

Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But when the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive.

There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary.

The mere privilege of beholding a comely woman is worth paying for.

The essence of love is kindness; and indeed it may be best defined as passionate kindness; kindness, so to speak, run mad, and become importunate and violent.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

Love rests upon a physical basis; it is a familiarity of nature's making, and apart from voluntary choice.

The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words.

It is by careful method, and minute, unwearied attention, that men rise even to material exactness, or to sure knowledge even of external and constant things.

A generous prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation.

An intelligent person looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils.

Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity.

Dissatisfaction with our life's endeavour springs in some degree from dulness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognise the height of those we have.

There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves.

Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable world.

O to be up and doing, O,  
Unfearing and unashamed to go,  
In all the uproar and the press,  
About my human business!  
My undissuaded heart I hear  
Whisper courage in my ear;  
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth  
Summons me to a daily birth.

Though I have all my life been eager for legitimate distinctions, I can lay my hand upon my heart, at the end of my career, and declare there is not one—no, nor yet life itself—which is worth acquiring or preserving at the slightest cost of dignity.

#### BECKY SHARP.—AFTER.

In the February *Longman's Magazine* Mr. S. Arthur Strong brings to light some letters written by Dickens and Thackeray to William George Spencer, the sixth Duke of Devonshire. The gem of the collection is a letter written by Thackeray to the Duke in which he satisfies that nobleman's curiosity as to the career of the *Vanity Fair* puppets after they had disappeared from the view of Thackeray's readers. We quote a portion of this letter:

"Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your Grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her 'in happier days,' she said with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no *sort of truth* in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas! the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform Bill) does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. 'If it were not for *higher things*,' she says, how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child? But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*. The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

The late Jos. Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman—is the best-crinolined lady in Knightsbridge district.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The Colonel's *History of the Punaub* is looked for with much anxiety in some circles."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME time ago, it will be remembered, the German Emperor said that no man who was not a Christian could be a good soldier. A week or so afterwards the *Kladderadatsch* published a drawing representing Leonidas, Frederick the Great, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and others, laughing over the remark. Herr Trojan, the editor, an old man, who has filled his place with honour for thirty-six years, has in consequence been tried for *lèse-majesté*, convicted, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. We have nothing to say, except that we are surprised at Herr Trojan's removal, because Germany is just now much more in need of a humorist than an Emperor.

*Apropos* of the theories as to the *Snark's* significance, which we print elsewhere, it may be added that some excellent persons still believe that the Bellman (who in Mr. Holiday's illustrations is like a blend of Longfellow and Tennyson) is no other than Mr. Gladstone himself. In support of this belief as many reasons can be brought forward as against it.

MEANWHILE, according to the *Speaker*, the story is told of a certain bishop who complained to Mr. Gladstone that the nature of the *Snark* was not clearly defined. "But the *Snark*, you know, was a *Boojum*," said Mr. Gladstone. "Yes," replied the bishop, "but what is a *Boojum*?" Mr. Gladstone is said to have hinted, with his customary delicacy, that a prelate who confessed to doubts about the identity of the *Boojum* was unworthy of ecclesiastical preferment.

So far the *Speaker* is a valuable commentator on Lewis Carroll. But in continuing its remarks it errs rather sadly. Referring to "*Jabberwocky*" it says: "To a dis-

cerning Radical, the Jubjub bird is obviously Lord Salisbury, and the grumious Bandersnatch haunts the Colonial Office, while a Unionist will argue with some show of reason that the most grumious thing in creation is Mr. Labouchere." But who said anything about "grumious"? Frumious, Sir Wemyss Reid, frumious!

WHAT was probably the last contribution of Lewis Carroll to mathematical science appears in *Nature* of January 20. It is a long letter on a new method of abridged long division, and is dated from Christ Church, Oxford, on December 21, 1897. As an example of the working of the method, the number 86781592485703152764092 is divided by 9993. To do this sum by ordinary division involves the writing of 202 digits, and 204 additions or subtractions, whereas by Lewis Carroll's method the example can be worked by writing 44 digits, performing 25 additions or subtractions, and 22 multiplications. The letter is distinguished by the severity of exactness which marks all Lewis Carroll's mathematical expositions.

It is always interesting to observe what English books attract attention on the Continent. Miss Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa* is, we notice, the subject of two long and exhaustive articles in *De Nederlandsche of Amsterdam*, the leading literary journal in Holland. The reviewer, Mr. A. G. le Van Duyl, the *doyen* of the Dutch journalists, speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the book, which he declares he has read no fewer than three times.

A WRITER in the *Publishers' Circular* has made an interesting list of the alterations—very slight they are, but, from the point of view of the careful literary artist, important—made by Mr. Henley in the reprint of his *Burns* Essay. We quote a few. In one instance, the "Be this as it may" of the original editions is changed in the reprint to "For all this, though"; in another, "not" is substituted for "none." Again, "knower" gives place to "student"; an "and" is deleted at the beginning of a sentence, "unknown" is interpolated in a quotation from Burns; "which means that" is turned to "despite which." "I think" in one case is altered to "I believe"; and "a discrediting variety of causes" becomes "a variety of discrediting causes."

THE humorous and fanciful dramatic adaptations of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, which are now being played at Terry's Theatre, should be held in mind by those of our readers who wish to give their little people amusement. Captain Basil Hood, the author, has been compelled to arrange each story—"The Tinder Box," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and "Big Claus and Little Claus"—in a single scene, and any departure from the original sequence of events (and such departures meet with severe criticism from child critics) must be pardoned for this reason. Considering his difficulties, he has

preserved an astonishing amount of the Danish writer's spirit. The acting is excellent. Mr. Clarey, as the Emperor in one play and the Mayor in another, is so engaging as to make us wish a theatre might permanently be set aside for such innocent entertainments, with himself always in the cast.

A NOTICE has been posted up in the Nottingham Free Public Libraries to the following effect: "The Librarian suggests that Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* Novels be read in chronological order, as below." Then follows the list of novels in column, while to each title is appended the dates of the period of which the story treats, and the locality in which it is laid. The Librarian's request that this routine should be followed assumes a good deal. Very few people would care to go through the *Waverley* Novels in any order, and those who did it in chronological order would be students, not novel-readers. Even the student might be better employed. The table is interesting, and useful for reference; but we shall be surprised if Nottingham readers consent to read Scott by rule. There might be some point in a publisher issuing the novels in the order suggested. But what publisher would allow *Count Robert of Paris* to be the first volume of his series? Our advice to persons about to read *Count Robert of Paris* is—Don't.

Is it a fair presumption that a literary man should write brilliant letters to his friends? Perhaps, but there is no law. Some writers—Turgenev, it seems, was one of them—not only fail as letter-writers, but their letters do not even suggest genius. To the Russian novelist we read, in Miss Ethel Arnold's biography:

"Letters were precisely what they have been to many hard-working literary men and women, such as Balzac and George Eliot, for instance—viz., merely a means to an end, that end being the communication of necessary information to his correspondents. They made no demand upon his literary sense, and, consequently, obtained no response from it."

Matthew Arnold's letters were a similar disappointment.

In considering Mr. Benjamin Swift along with other "Younger Reputations" in our issue of December 4, we quoted a scrap of his verse. Mr. Swift has contributed the following little jingle to the *Magazine* of Glasgow University:

"PHASES.

"The clematis climbs  
Like a purple adder,  
And the sun's on the limes!

The moon has her paces,  
The winds have the sea for a harp,  
The stars their sure places.

Ah me, and the heart its own rue  
Like a hush midnight burglar  
Climbing up and through."

A correspondent suggests that Mr. Swift owes his University readers an explanation—of the last three lines at least.

At one time or other most bookhunters are confronted with a nice problem in ethics: they are asked to pay for a book a sum which to their certain knowledge represents only a fraction of its value. Some settle such difficulties for themselves, others ask advice. In the latter class is Mr. J. A. Edmonds, who writes to us: "I am not so unfortunate as to be a seller of books, either new or secondhand, but, as a 'question of metaphysics,' it would be interesting to know Mr. Lang's opinion of the morality of the gentleman (*vide* the *Westminster Gazette*) who was recently lucky enough to buy a copy of the first edition of Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* (three volumes) for one shilling from a secondhand bookseller in the Eastern Counties."

OUR impression is, that Mr. Lang has already given his verdict in the moral aspect of such "bargains." (By the way, the very word "bargain" implies that the dealer has been paid less than absolute equity would dictate.) The sophism (or sound argument) with which most bookhunters satisfy their conscience is, that they cannot be both buyer and seller too, and a dealer should know his business. There are also those who permit their lucky purchases to stand against their unlucky ones, and cry quits.

MR. DAVIDSON is a poet of whom we have tidings too seldom; but a little reminder of his *Fleet Street Eclogues* comes to us in the form of *A Foursome at Rye*, a poem designed on somewhat similar lines by Mr. John Somerville. The game of golf has never had more zealous eulogy than is offered it in this bright little poem. Here is a sonnet on the Golfer's Joys:

"Seven are the golfer's joys. And first, the  
drive,  
Which flies o'er bunkers straight towards the  
green:  
Second, the *cleek-shot*, taken strong and clean,  
Which makes him feel 'tis good to be alive;  
Third, is the perfect *loft* which does not dive  
Into the ditch, but drops and rolls serene  
Straight towards the hole: and fourth, the  
keen  
Joy with a worthy foeman well to strive.  
Fifth is the noble *putt*, so fair and true,  
Which like an arrow speeds towards the hole,  
And makes the sky look bright, tho' it be  
stormy:  
Sixth, is a hole in hand, when all looked  
blue:  
And seventh the crowning joy which calms  
the soul—  
The almost perfect bliss of being *dormy*!"

How many more books still lie buried in the old *National Observer*? We ask, because almost from the inception of that paper the writers in its pages have been gathering their contributions into volumes; yet still more volumes come, whose germ, at any rate, found place there. Already there are published, for instance, *Diogenes in London*, *The Autobiography of a Boy and Monologues of the Dead*, *Old John and The Stone Dragon*, *The Celtic Twilight* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *The Law's Lumber-Room* and *The Rhythm of Life*, *The Golden Age* and *Women's Tragedies*.

AND now comes *Through a Glass Lightly*, a most attractively printed little book, a mere featherweight of literature, by Mr. T. T. Gregg, who writes thus in his prefatory note of the editor who printed the majority of its contents:—"It would not be easy for me to repay Mr. W. E. Henley the deep debt of gratitude I owe him for the literary encouragement which, in common with many others, I have always received at his hands."

WE like Mr. Gregg's dedication: "To my father, from whose generous cellars has floated up much of the inspiration of the following essays." It is a wise author that has such a father. Here is a taste of that inspiration:

"Nectar is but a vague and shilly-shallying poetasterism, which can by no stretch of language be applied to the nobler stuff. For the gods, and primitive man in their image, drank only when they were athirst. They never sipped their liquor. Not theirs (poor devils!) to roll it round the tongue, to toss it playfully against the palate, to let it trickle exquisitely down a gullet of educated sensibility." And here we leave a book clearly not intended for us.

IN the dedicatory letter to a friend which Mr. David Christie Murray prefixes to his new volume of *Tales in Prose and Verse*, he says that his versified *Tales* have been all improvisations. One was dictated to a friend after dinner. We may yet be called upon to consider Mr. Murray as a serious poet, for he writes: "I have long been labouring on an ambitious something which may yet turn out to be a poem, and in the profound quiet and loneliness of the winter retreat into which I have stolen I may yet have the good fortune to finish it."

AT a time when competition among the popular magazines is so keen as at present, a bold advertisement is, we suppose, necessary. But the following almost sins against the rules of the game:

#### "RANJY'S BAT

may be depended upon to make a game of cricket interesting and exciting. That is the secret of Ranjy's popularity. The 'Magazine' may be depended upon to provide each month the most interesting budget of articles and stories published. That is the secret of its success."

And so on.

AN Irish correspondent writes:

"Early among the celebrations of '98 comes the *Fainne an Lae* ('The Dawning of Day') a new weekly paper published at Dublin in the Irish language. The number which lies before me consists of an eight-page sheet, printed partly in English, and partly in the graceful Irish type, which has come down almost unchanged from the beautiful uncial characters of the Book of Kells and other admired Irish MSS. The Saxon will probably sniff at certain eccentricities of Irish orthography. Not that I am among those who condemn it as a clumsy medium even for spelling Irish. It seems to me well enough adapted to express the

native sounds, but hopeless for foreign names or words. Thus New York appears as Nuadh Fabhrac; William Cooinnigh, Ard Dlíghtheadoir, somehow seems less convincing than William Kenny, Solicitor-General; but the most ingenious perversion of all is Cíao Tseamh for Kiao Chow. This is so grotesque that a stranger to the language will scarcely believe me when I state that it fairly reproduces the correct Chinese pronunciation. But laugh as you may, the appearance of a journal for the purpose of intensifying Irish nationality by rehabilitating its almost forgotten language is a serious matter. Had such a weapon been possible in the past we might still have the Pictish language and nationality among us. Some will retort, perhaps, that it is as well we have not, and, undeniably, although we may admit the fervid poetry of the cry of Thomas Davis 'to have lost entirely the national language is death,' in our saner moments, in plain prose, we may doubt if Cornwall would be better off to-day if her ancient language had not died with Dolly Pentreath."

ON the authority of C. K. S. in the *Illustrated London News*, we may state that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new novel, entitled *The Burning of the "Sarah Sands"*, which is described as "a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure." The title itself is stirring enough, as Mr. Kipling's titles are apt to be.

THE authoritative memoir of the late Sir Frank Lockwood is to be written by a fellow Q.C. M.P., Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is to be hoped that the book will be kept short.

MR. MURRAY announces a memoir of *Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck*. This biography, based on Princess Mary's private diaries and letters, will be prepared by the editor of *The Sporting and Dramatic News*.

MR. ALFRED NUTT has expressed a wish to reply to the letter of Sir Walter Besant in our last week's issue, but we regret our inability to depart from the announcement we then made that the correspondence upon "The Author's Figures" must cease. We think that our readers, having heard both sides over a period of some weeks, will have no difficulty in making up their minds on the questions raised.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE left for New York, in the *Teutonic*, with his wife last Wednesday. Mr. Lane has in hand, for production next month, Mr. Le Gallienne's new novel *The Romance of Zion Chapel*.

A POSTHUMOUS volume by the late Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Service & Paton. It will be entitled *The Best Methods of Promoting Spiritual Life*, and will contain a portrait of the author.

THE author of *The Gadfly*—Mrs. E. L. Voynich, whom most reviewers have taken for a male novelist—is now engaged on a novel of Austrian life. Mrs. Voynich is an American lady who has lived much on the Continent.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

HENRY FIELDING.

On the first day of January, 1898, I departed this life at my lodging in London. The reader who has perused an Account of a Journey from this World to the Next, discovered by Mr. Fielding a hundred and fifty years ago in Catherine-street, Strand, will need no further description of the stages and incidents of my soul's passage from the Palace of Death to Elysium. The fashions of the dead do not change. I did not, as might be expected, travel in an immaterial Pullman car, and cross Cocytus in the ghost of an excursion steamer, these modern inventions not having as yet been imitated by mechanics of the invisible world. It was the ancient coach drawn by ghosts of dead posting horses, though I will not swear they never drew a tramway car or an omnibus, that carried me off from the house in Warwick-lane. The old ferry-boat bore me across the dark river. Without further particulars, then, I beg you to conceive me as having passed through the usual adventures, and been admitted to Elysium by Minos. There is nothing very new to tell until my arrival at the delicious grove of orange-trees, which is the favourite haunt of such spirits as in life pursued art. You remember, do you not, that here my fore-runner heard Orpheus play and Sappho sing, and meanwhile talked with Homer, who sat listening with Madam Dacier in his lap? Virgil came up to him with Mr. Addison under his arm, and Dick Steele following, and the author talked with Shakespeare and Milton.

I began eagerly to inquire for the great men who had died in my time; but a tall ghost, curiously like a picture of Thackeray, replied, "My dear Sir, it is useless to seek for them. It is the same here as yonder. The new-comers are like little children. They roam the Elysian fields and rest in the meads of asphodel, and have no desire to be spoken to. But after a time—well, after you have been as many years here as I have been—you'll say the novelty begins to fade; *vanitas vanitatum*—is that not so?" and he turned familiarly to the ghost of Charles Dickens.

"No place can be dull," was the answer, "that has Father Henry in it. What a smile he has, to be sure; it is not a plain, common, ordinary smile, formed by parting the lips and showing a set of teeth. It begins with a little twitching of the muscles, and then it runs up the side of his cheek and plays over his features, and mocks and lances and gleams amid the ghostly smoke sucked by ghostly lips out of the ghost of his old tobacco pipe."

"His pipe and his smile," interrupted Thackeray: "that's you all over, Charles. Get the oddities of a man and it's as much as you know of him." Upon which it seemed to me that Dickens was a little out of countenance; but I did not observe him closely, for at this moment Fielding came up, leaning on the arm of Sir Walter Scott. Beholding them

thus I could not but think that their expressions had a similarity never to be noticed in their pictures; but spirits are less distracted by such mere differences in shape and contour as that the countenance of one inclines to length and the other to heaviness. These are but superficial characteristics due to the accidents of birth and race. From the scraps of conversation I heard, it appeared they had been discussing matters not often spoken of in Elysium, and the result was an animation in the bearing of each that made me see at once how they possessed an equal love of life and still were alike capable of regarding it genially from the outside. Scott, now that the baths of Elysium had washed off the imprint of care and tribulation, was the more gleeful and pawky, and his laugh was very frank and loving; yet it appeared to me that Fielding's was the keener wit, and he surveyed even the orange groves and the spirits who haunted them with a glance of unsurpassable irony that was more amiable even than Swift's, because it had no bitterness. And, indeed, I noticed that the famous English novelists (as could be seen by their use of the term Father) bowed to him as their chief. Scott did so and Thackeray and Dickens, and I noticed that when George Eliot came past, were she ever so much engaged discussing the establishment of a sociological school in heaven with George Henry Lewes, she dropped a curtsy when she came near Fielding. But though many poets paid him an equal respect, he returned all their greetings carelessly though not unkindly, and seemed listening to Sir Walter, who was mirthfully upholding the pre-eminence of eighteenth-century Scotland as the hardest drinking country in the world.

"Many a time down below there, Harry," he was saying, "I wished you could have foregathered in Auld Reekie with some of our five and six-bottle men. Put 'a tappit hen' between Squire Western and Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Session, and the President wouldn't be first under the table. As to your clergy they were a feeble folk, if one were to judge from your Supple, not to be compared with such a man as Dr. Alexander Webster, nicknamed 'Magnum Bonum.' Ministers, lawyers, and lairds in my young days were all jovial alike."

"Pon my soul, Walter," said Fielding, "thou makest me almost wish Minos had turned me back to be reincarnated as a jolly Scot, though my experience of them was none of the pleasantest; but here is a new-comer. Let us ask him what has been going on down there since thou left it, and whether our ancient craft is flourishing or not."

"E'en as you like, Harry," said Scott; "but the last I heard was that a regiment of dull fellows were still beating the old drum I handed to Dumas, and that the big bow-wow style is succeeding better than ever."

"Prithee, friend," said Fielding, turning to me, "if thou hast imagination enough to conjure back the memory of an earthly appetite thou mayest also fancy I have asked thee to supper and a bottle of wine. Thou wilt then converse of what interests thee, which I have no doubt is the kingdom

of letters, for the inkstains are not yet entirely washed from thy face. What sort of histories do writers compose now?"

"I have no doubt you are aware, Mr. Fielding," was my answer, "that the reading world is vastly enlarged since your day. Population has increased, education has been extended to all classes, bringing in millions of new readers; and beyond sea, in the United States and Canada, in Australia and India and South Africa, there is a public many times larger than you knew."

Scott appeared to kindle at these words. "A man must have a real grip of human nature to appeal to them all," he said.

"It does not work out that way," I answered. "The novelists are divided into groups. Some call themselves romantic and write historical novels somewhat like yours, except that they depend on situation and leave out character and humour." Scott's face expressed the utmost amazement at this exception; but I proceeded—"A very good line is to work theology or politics." ("This is the way we used to talk of tradesmen," interjected Scott.) "Then there are large numbers who work the sea business, and others who tilt at the marriage law, or the Married Woman's Property Act, or the war between male and female."

"God bless my soul," said Fielding, "has it come to that? Then I wrote all those initial chapters to *Tom Jones* in vain. It was the bookseller fellow who began it. His Pamelas and Clarissas crowded attention on one little sickly spot in life instead of human nature with all its different sides. But to think of him being imitated! Well, to be sure, 'tis easier to imitate Richardson than to follow Cervantes; and I'll warrant these newly educated crowds have little knowledge of the ancients to qualify the crudity of their taste. Let's go on comparing our merry days on earth," he said to Scott, and half turned away. "I printed my pamphlets as pamphlets," he added.

Scott, however, turned on me with a little touch of severity in his voice. "I hope," he said, "that writers still recognise Fielding as the father of the English novel. I'd expect them to turn against Shakespeare as soon as against him."

"The best admire him as much as ever," I replied; "but the women don't like him." Fielding smiled, and said that for all his praise of women he never expected them to read him, but still he would like to hear their objections; so in that region where nothing but truth can find utterance I was literally compelled to act the part of devil's advocate.

"They say that the Tom Jones theory of life is degrading to the sex," I replied. "That to let him escape punishment for his licentiousness and give Sophia to his embraces was criminal. One eminent novelist complains that Tom had no conscience; another says he would turn out a drunken, profligate husband, and that your happy ending was only a beginning of misery." Scott was about to reply to this with heat, when his companion motioned him to be silent.

"If this be criticism," quoth he, "criticism is as bad as it was in my own day; but don't they like my women?"

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," I said, "the names of your shady females are scarcely fit for mention. Mrs. Slipslop and Lady Booby, Miss Matthews and Mrs. Waters, Molly Seagrims, Laetitia Snap, and Lady Bellaston, what a disreputable crew, to be sure; then all your landladies, barmaids, kitchen-wenchens—frailty, thy name is woman!"

Fielding's good-humour was imperturbable. "Pray tell me," he said—"and pardon me for using the direct terms of the time I lived in—would it be considered a very unusual occurrence in the world thou hast left if a young squire seduced a gamekeeper's daughter? Is there no Miss Matthews, no Lady Bellaston, no Lady Booby in the elegant society thou hast come from? Are the inns kept by virtuous landladies and pure barmaids? No, thou answerest; why, then, had I to go back to the world I would prefer my own truth-telling time."

"But they say," I argued, "that you must have actually preferred the shady side of life—in short, that these characters are brought in for the sake of playing with vice; that you positively enjoy a risky situation."

"Well, well," said Fielding, "I remember, before thou camest, Walter, there was a fat man, who had been a critic and a poet, sought me all over Elysium. I was sitting with William Hogarth at the time, and both wishing there was some vice and ugliness here, were it only to heighten the good and beautiful by contrast, when he posted up to say that Richardson's work was diseased and mine healthy. 'Pon my word, he never gave me a chance to thank him, but talked of Kant and Hegel and object and subject till I was glad to escape from him. He knew that I had drawn the human animal, not, indeed, with all those deep passions and aspirations which are discovered by Homer and Shakespeare, but as he was in our unheroic age. I was entirely honest in the matter, I assure thee, and painted society just as I saw it."

"They hold that you never saw the spiritual side," said I. "There is no *Sturm und Drang* experience in your heroes, no struggles of the soul, no deep insight through the garmentage of life into what is essential and eternal."

"What the devil does this all mean?" cried Fielding in surprise. "I know that Minos has turned my old friend Square, the philosopher, back into the world, but he has picked up a new lingo if this be he under another shape. Canst thou explain it, Scott?"

"Not a doit!" answered Sir Walter. "Yet I seem to remember to have heard mutterings of the kind while still in the flesh. They were encouraged by Goethe and a Scotch disciple of his, to whom I paid scarcely as much attention as he deserved."

"I suppose, then," said Fielding, "the principal use now of *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* and the rest is only to serve as butter paper—that is to say, if any copies of these works still survive."

"Not at all," was my reply. "The number of readers is now greater than ever. More new editions and more copies are issued to-day than in your lifetime. Why, not long ago one of your descendants made an

expurgated edition for women and children." Fielding stared at this piece of intelligence, and asked me to explain who read him. "Always at a time of great literary activity and healthy movement," I said, "you are admired and placed at the top. The strong men recognise your strength. It is the weak second-rater who runs you down, and when I left the game was all in the hands of the second-raters. They make a great noise, and perhaps fancy or deceive themselves into fancying that they express the opinion of the day. But they have no influence at all on the best intellects, further than to make them ignore contemporary literature altogether, and go back to you and the rest."

As was to be expected from his frequent invocation of "the bright love of fame," the great novelist appeared highly gratified at this intelligence, and asked what it was they most admired in him. Did they like those exercises in the mock heroic, the composition of which had made him so proud? Or the copious and learned extracts that illiterate Grub-street could not imitate? Or the sparkling essays in criticism disposed like a kind of framework round the story?

"Only a little for these things," was my reply; "but most of all for that they hold you to be the greatest master of narrative style who ever wrote in the English tongue. The supple, sinewy strength of the sentences; their apparent ease and simplicity; their real force and expression and mastery are unapproached. Other writers may beat you in detail. Sterne's dialogue is occasionally more vividly characteristic. Swift's irony, though never quite so fine and finished, is at times more bitterly effective. Sir Thomas Browne is richer in imagery and suggestion. Johnson has more force and dignity, but the prose of *Tom Jones*, taking it all round, is easily first, before even that of Addison or Steele, and far before that of Thackeray, who alone among recent writers has approached it. And in *Tom Jones* your style is at its best. In *Joseph Andrews* it had not fully matured; while in *Amelia* it is past its meridian. This is an age of scholarship, and there are scores of youths who could make a show of as much learning as you possessed. What you prided yourself most-on was capable of being acquired; the style which was only half-conscious is inimitable."

Sir Walter Scott heard this with very slight admiration. "When I was launching my three-deckers," he said, "we paid much less attention to mere form. I myself liked *Tom Jones* best, because I felt the grip of a man in it. There never was any weakness, whatever the other faults might be, in anything done by Fielding. And there is not one of the women you mention brought in merely for the sake of a 'warm' scene. Molly and Mrs. Waters have their place in as grand a plot as was ever laid. As to Lady Bellaston, faith, Harry, you went just a trifle over the score for once; but the rest are drawn frank and free from Mother Nature, though you were luckier with the women characters than the men. Squire Western and Parson Adams are two that never were beaten, and are never likely to be. The rest are not very extraordinary. There is Partridge—he has too much of

our old friend Sancho Panza in him; and Allworthy makes me think of Taylor the water-poet's prayer when he, being drunk, asked the Virgin for strength to leap on his horse, and she gave him so much he fell on t'other side—'Oh, Lady Mary! Dear Lady Mary! when you are good you are too good'—and Thwack'em and Square—"

"Hold, hold, Scott," cried Fielding, "or thou wilt leave me as poor in reputation as my Lady Floribel was after two dowagers had caught her leaning on the shoulders of Joseph Andrews. Come, we have had enough of this, and I cannot help myself by printing it in a new initial chapter. Orpheus and Sappho are going to give a concert; let us go and hear them again, for, 'pon my word, I protest 'tis the nearest approach to a play-house that Elysium affords."

Here the MS. suddenly breaks off, just as its predecessor had done; and if there were any more, it has, as Fielding said of the other, probably been destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c., and those who know the passage know also the warning it contains. P.

## THE SNARK'S SIGNIFICANCE.

### I.

MUCH fruitless speculation has been spent over supposed hidden meanings in Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*. The inclination to search for these was strictly natural, though the search was destined to fail.

It is possible that the author was half-consciously laying a trap, so readily did he take to the inventing of puzzles and things enigmatic; but to those who knew the man, or who have divined him correctly through his writings, the explanation is fairly simple.

Mr. Dodgson had a mathematical, a logical, and a philosophical mind; and when these qualities are united to a love of the grotesque, the resultant fancies are sure to have a quite peculiar charm, a charm so much the greater because its source is subtle and eludes all attempts to grasp it. Sometimes he seems to revel in ideas which are not merely illogical but anti-logical, as where the Bellman supplies his crew with charts of the ocean in which the land is omitted for the sake of simplicity, and "north poles and equators, tropics, zones and meridian lines" are rejected because "they are merely conventional signs." Or, as in the Barrister's dream, where the Pig, being charged with deserting his sty, the Snark pleads an *alibi* in mitigation. At other times, when the nonsense seems most exuberant, we find an underlying order, a method in the madness, which makes us feel that even when he gives Fancy the rein the jade knows that the firm hand is there and there is no risk of a spill, such as seems to be the fate of so many nonsense-writers, if we may judge by the average burlesques of the day. Take "Jabberwocky," for instance. The very words are unknown to any language, ancient or modern; but they are so valuable that we have adopted them and translated them into most lan-

guages, ancient and modern. What should we do without "chortle," "uffish," "beamish," "galumphing," and the rest? The page looks, when we open it, like the wanderings of one insane; but as we read we find we have a work of creative genius, and that our language is enriched as to its vocabulary.

Whether the humour consists chiefly in the conscious defiance of logic by a logical mind, or in the half-unconscious control by that logical mind of its lively and grotesque fancies, in either case the charm arises from the author's well-ordered mind; and we need not be surprised if the feeling that this is so leads many to look for some hidden purpose in his writings.

The real origin of *The Hunting of the Snark* is very singular. Mr. Dodgson was walking alone one evening, when the words, "For the Snark was a Boojum, you see," came spontaneously into his head, and the poem was written up to them. I have heard it said that Wagner began "The Ring of the Nibelungs" by writing Siegfried's "Funeral March," which certainly contains the most important motives in the work, and that the rest of the trilogy, or tetralogy, was developed out of it; but as this great work, though finished after the publication of *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876), was certainly begun before it, it is scarcely open to me to maintain that the great German master of musical drama plagiarised in his methods from our distinguished humorist.

Starting in this way, our author wrote three stanzas of his poem (or "fits" of his "agony," as he called them), and asked if I would design three illustrations to them, explaining that the composition would some day be introduced in a book he was contemplating; but as this latter would certainly not be ready for a considerable time, he thought of printing the poem for private circulation in the first instance. While I was making sketches for these illustrations, he sent me a fourth "fit," asking for another drawing; shortly after came a fifth "fit," with a similar request, and this was followed by a sixth, seventh, and eighth. His mind at the time, this theme seemed continually suggesting new developments; and having extended the "agony" thus far beyond his original intentions, Mr. Dodgson decided to publish it at once as an independent work, without waiting for *Sylvie and Bruno*, of which it was to have formed a feature.

I rather regretted the extension, as it seemed to me to involve a disproportion between the scale of the work and its substance; and I doubted if the expansion were not greater than so slight a structure could bear. The "Walrus and Carpenter" appeared to be happier in its proportion, and mattered little whether or not it could establish a claim to be classified among tertiary vertebrata. However, on re-reading *The Snark* now I feel it to be unquestionably funny throughout, and I cannot wish any part cut out; so I suppose my fears were unfounded.

I remember a clever undergraduate at Oxford, who knew the *Snark* by heart, telling me that on all sorts of occasions, in the daily incidents of life, some line from the poem was sure to occur to him that

exactly fitted. Most people will have noticed this peculiarity of Lewis Carroll's writings. In the thick of the great miners' strike of 1893 I sent to the *Westminster Gazette* a quotation from *Alice in Wonderland* about a mine; not a coal-mine, it is true, but a mustard-mine. Alice having hazarded the suggestion that mustard is a mineral, the Duchess tells her that she has a large mustard-mine on her estate, and adds, "The moral of that is—the more there is of mine the less there is of yours"; which goes to the root of the whole system of commercial competition, and was marvellously apt when landowners were struggling for their royalties, mine-owners for their profits, railway companies for cheap fuel, and miners for wages; each for "meum" against "tuum."

In our correspondence about the illustrations, the coherence and consistency of the nonsense on its own nonsensical understanding often became prominent. One of the first three I had to do was the disappearance of the Baker, and I not unnaturally invented a Boojum. Mr. Dodgson wrote that it was a delightful monster, but that it was inadmissible. All his descriptions of the Boojum were quite unimaginable, and he wanted the creature to remain so. I assented, of course, though reluctant to dismiss what I am still confident is an accurate representation. I hope that some future Darwin, in a new *Beagle*, will find the beast, or its remains; if he does, I know he will confirm my drawing.

When I sent Mr. Dodgson the sketch of the hunting, in which I had personified Hope and Care—

"They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,  
They pursued it with forks and hope"—

he wrote that he admired the figures, but that they interfered with the point, which consisted in the mixing up of two meanings of the word "with." I replied, "Precisely, and I intended to add a third—in company with"—and so develop the point." This view he cordially accepted, and the ladies were admitted.

In the copy bound in vellum which he gave me the dedication runs: "Presented to Henry Holiday, most patient of artists, by Charles L. Dodgson, most exacting, but not most ungrateful of authors, March 29, 1876."

The above instance will show that though he justly desired to see his meanings preserved, he was not exacting in any unreasonable spirit. The accompanying letter, written after the work was complete, will sufficiently show the friendly tone which had characterised our correspondence.

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Jan. 26, 1898.

[COPY.]

"MY DEAR HOLIDAY,—I finished off my letter at Brighton yesterday in a hurry, and omitted to say how pleased I am with the proofs you sent me. They seem to me most successfully cut, and I agree with you in thinking the head of 'Hope' a great success; it is quite lovely.

On my return here last night, I found the charming chess-boards, for which accept my best thanks. My sister and I have played

several games of 'Go-bang' on them already. (I need hardly remark that they serve just as well for that, or for draughts, as they do for chess.)

Now for another bit of designing, if you don't mind undertaking it. Macmillan writes me word that the gorgeous cover will cost 1s 4d. a copy! Whereas we can't really afford more than 5d. or 6d., as we must not charge more than 3s. for the book. My idea is this, to have a simpler cover for the 3s. copies, which will, no doubt, be the ones usually sold, but to offer the gorgeous covers also at 4s., which will be bought by the rich and those who wish to give them as presents. What I want you to do is to take 'Alice' as a guide, and design covers requiring about the same amount of gold, or, better, a little less. As 'Alice' and the 'Looking-Glass' have both got grotesque faces outside, I should like these to be pretty, as a contrast, and I don't think we can do better than to take the head of 'Hope' for the first side, and 'Care' for the second; and, as these are associated with 'forks' and 'thimbles' in the poem, what do you think of surrounding them, one with a border of interlaced forks, the other with a shower of thimbles? And what do you think of putting a bell at each corner of the cover, instead of a single line? The only thing to secure is that the total amount of gold required shall be rather less than on the cover of 'Alice.'

All these are merely suggestions: you will be a far better judge of the matter than I can be, and perhaps may think of some quite different, and better, design.—Yours ever truly,

L. DODGSON.

The Chestnuts, Guildford, Jan. 15, 1876."

## II.

HUMAN perversity has identified the Snark with everything possible and impossible. There exist people who, led away by the exquisite demonstration given to the Butcher by the Beaver, have seen in it a treatise on pure mathematics. Others will have it that the Bellman is only an Arctic explorer and the Snark the North Pole; while a few, basing their conjecture on the fact that the Barrister bears, in his portrait, an extraordinary resemblance to the late Dr. Kenealy, maintain that the Snark is the Tichborne Claimant. In fact, each reader finds the Snark that he deserves. My own is Fortune, and I am always lost in astonishment at the people who think it can be anything else. Observe the things with which its capture was attempted. Why, the mere mention of railway shares and soap is sufficient of itself to establish my thesis. And then look at the *dramatis personæ* and their actions. The Butcher, perceiving that novelty is the secret of success, announces himself as the only beaver-butcher in this or any other country, and the Baker aims at interest by specialising in bride-cakes. Even the Banker, whose celebrated interview with the Bandersnatch gave him so great a fright "that his waistcoat turned white," abandons his legitimate business in favour of the issue of insurance policies against fire and damage from hail. The Barrister dreams of points of the utmost nicety and rarity, and the influence of luck in the court is prettily emphasised by the Snark's assumption of the prerogatives of the Judge. The Bellman is a truly pathetic figure. He is the type of the man

who pursues fortune without any sufficient consideration of the facts of practical life, and I fancy that he must, at one time or another, have lost a good deal of money on the Stock Exchange. His sorrowful remark that "he had hoped, when the wind was due East, that the ship would *not* travel due West," is just what one could expect from a disappointed speculator. Of the Billiard-marker nothing is recorded, save that "his skill was immense"; but that of itself was more than sufficient justification for his joining in the search for Fortune, and he may well have been the most successful in the end of all the crew. The dichotomy of Snarks into those which have "feathers and bite" and those which have "whiskers and scratch" does not, I think, indicate anything more than a belief that there is more than one sort of good fortune, and that all are somewhat to be feared. The habit—common, apparently, to all Snarks—of breakfasting at five o'clock tea and dining the day afterwards, so obviously typifies the tendency of Fortune not to come to a man until it is too late to give him any pleasure that it is unnecessary to labour the point. The taste—"meagre and hollow, but crisp"—I regard as finally settling the question. All varieties of Snark have them, and the most fortunate of mankind freely admit that this is the real flavour of success. On my hypothesis the Bandersnatch would be Scandal. In *Through the Looking-Glass* this creature is more than once referred to as extraordinarily difficult to stop or to catch, and the judicious reader will remember how the Banker entirely failed to divert its attacks by the offer of large discount or even bearer cheques. But what, then, is the Boojum? It is a kind of Snark—that is clear from twenty passages. But if a sort of good fortune, how could it have so distressing an effect upon the man they called Ho? Well, I think a Boojum is that sort of sudden, unexpected luck which puts a man "above his boots," carries him into a sphere in which he is miserable, and makes his wife cut the greengrocer's lady. It is a very dangerous creature, and the warning of the Baker's Uncle is more than justified.

M. H. T.

### III.

AN ingenious friend of mine once maintained, with considerable speciousness, that *The Hunting of the Snark* was written as a satire on the craving for what is called "social advancement." According to his view, the people who hunt the Snark are the people who try to "get into Society," the bankers, bakers, butchers, billiard-markers, and barristers of our day. They are headed by an individual who rings a bell because their endeavour is to attract attention. They never do get into Society, these good people. The Snark is never caught. They only find a Boojum, which my friend interpreted as a kind of suburban set, where they "never are heard of again"—in the *Morning Post*. The theory, on the face of it, has much to be said in its favour, and I trust to get further details from my informant. Why, for instance, did the

Bellman always repeat everything three times:

"What I say three times is true,"

he says, with marked emphasis?

"Ah," said my friend, "the Bellman was one of those tedious people who always repeat themselves, and who believe that a thing is proved if it is only asserted sufficiently often. I have met loads of them. Can you wonder that they never get into Society? The suburban Boojum (which I take to be a kind of Browning Society) is the only place for them."

This seemed convincing, and I next inquired why it was the Baker who found the Boojum, and not one of the others. My friend's reply was oracular. "Bakers," he said, "*never* get into Society. Barristers and bankers sometimes; bakers never. The Baker, therefore, was very rightly put out in the first round." No further information could I extract from my friend, and when my questions grew pertinacious, he yawned and went away. For myself, I am tempted to accept his view, and to believe that the whole poem is a prophetic satire on the career of the late Barney Barnato. Students of the poem will remember that all the Snark-hunters' names begin with a "B," which is, I think, strong evidence of my theory.

ST. J. E. C. H.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

### V.—THE POETS OF THE THAMES.

THE Thames has been sung in all ages of song. The Elizabethans, naturally, saw it most as a pure and limpid stream, haunted of nymphs and whispering of love. Spenser made it murmur through a bridal lay. The urban Thames, the Thames which reflected the spires and gardens of London, does not live much in Elizabethan verse. The thoughts of the Elizabethans were not domestic, but were in the ends of the earth. Yet Herrick could not have failed to sing of the London Thames. He loved London. He greeted it with lyric rapture on his return to its streets, and when he bade them farewell it was to the river that he committed his tears. No lovelier lyric of the pride and sweetness of Elizabethan London remains to us than this song, in which the "silver-wristed Naidess" and "golden Cheapside" are quaintly packed:

"I send, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis  
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,  
Whereon so many stately structures stand:  
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go  
To bath in thee, as thousand others doe;  
No more shall I along thy christall glide,  
In barge with boughs and rushes beautif'd  
With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste  
disport,  
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton  
Court:  
Never againe shall I with finnie ore  
Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,  
And landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster,  
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth  
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.

May all clean nimphs and curious water-dames

With swan-like state flote up and down thy streams:

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
To make them leane and languishing at all:  
No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naidess!  
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye  
spring

Never make sick your banks by surfeiting!  
Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye  
never  
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever!"

Michael Drayton did us a like service. He traced the river from Windsor downwards, and it was on the river flowing through London that he spent himself:

"Then to Westminster the next great Thames  
doth entertain;  
That vaunts her palace large, and her most  
sumptuous fane  
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for  
hers  
The crowning of our kings, their famous  
sepulchres.  
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous  
strand,  
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of  
the land.  
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little  
space,  
The all-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his  
race)  
And on by London leads, which like a  
crescent lies,  
Whose windows seem to mock the star-  
befreckled skies;  
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves  
that show,  
As do the bristling reeds within his banks  
that grow.  
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-  
pest' red shores,  
His bosom overspread with shoals of labour-  
ing oars;  
With that most costly bridge that doth him  
most renown  
By which he clearly puts all other rivers  
down."

But we owe the earliest deliberate poetical eulogy of London's river to William Dunbar, Scotland's great disciple of Chaucer. The pomp of his lines has seldom been excelled. He saw London in the first years of the sixteenth century, when he came over from France in the train of ambassadors sent to negotiate the King's marriage. And thus he saluted the "Flour of Cities of All":

"Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,  
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and  
valour,  
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuitie;  
Of royall cities rose and geraflour;  
Empress of townes, exalt in honour,  
In beauty beryng the crone imperial;  
Swete paradise, precelling in pleasure:  
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all.  
  
Above all rivers thy River hath renowne,  
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and pre-  
clare,  
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,  
Where many a swanne doth swynme with  
wingis fare;  
Where many a barge doth saile, and row  
with are,  
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-  
royall.  
O townes of townes, patron and but compare  
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all."



"Where many a swanne doth swymme with wingisfare": surely all the beauty of the Thames that we have not seen is suggested in that line. A living poet has sung of the Thames swans with a note of sadness. The scene is Westminster and the song Mr. Watson's. We quote two stanzas:

"Two stately swans! What did they there?  
Whence came they? Whither would they go?"

Think of them—things so faultless fair—  
'Mid the black shipping down below!  
On through the rose and gold they passed,  
And melted in the morn at last.

We ne'er shall know: our wnderment  
No barren certitude shall mar.  
They left behind them, as they went,  
A dream than knowledge ampler far;  
And from our world they sailed away  
Into some visionary day."

Thus the centuries have distanced the  
"glory and the dream"!

Some fine lines in praise of the urban Thames occur in Cowley's poem on the completion of Queen Henrietta Maria's repairs of old Somerset House. The poet endows the renovated pile with personality, and makes it sing its Queen's and its own praise. Note the picture of the "glorious bow" (Michael Drayton's "crescent") formed by the river between Westminster and Blackfriars:

"Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,  
Which still with waves of crowding people flows,  
And ev'ry day there passes by my side,  
Up to its western reach, the London tide,  
The springtides of the term: my front looks down

On all the pride and bus'ness of the Town:

My other fair and more majestic face  
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)  
For ever gazes on itself below,  
In the best mirror that the world can show.

And there behold, in a long, bending row,  
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;  
The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,  
Best to be seen by all, and all o'er see.  
Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,  
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;

On either side dwells Safety and Delight,  
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right,  
T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,  
Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand  
Two of the best and stately piles which e'er  
Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,  
Where the two princes of th' apostle's band,  
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command."

The interest of the poem, as a tribute of the Thames, is not exhausted in the above passages. We have not space to quote the lines in which the poet pleads against the "virtuoso's" condemnation of the shabby Surrey side. But the following lines ring true to-day, and instruct the Londoner how, as a patriot, he should eye the waters that chafe the Embankment:

"And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me  
Just homage in thy passage to the sea.  
Take here this one instruction as thou go'st:  
When thy mix'd waves shall visit every coast,  
When round the world their voyage they shall take  
And back to thee some secret channels take,

Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,  
Except thy mighty Master's sov'reign fleet,  
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride.

The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride."

Savage—of all men—struck the same note in his poem, "London and Bristol Compared." It is a pity that his outburst of love to London was inspired by hate of Bristol:

"Now silver Isis brightening flows along,  
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;  
Then weds with Tame; and these, O London,  
see

Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!  
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering glides

And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.  
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,  
In glittering pomp strike wondering China's eye;

And thence returning bear, in splendid state,  
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight."

The poets of the Pool and of the lower Thames are few. As it is, we have the jingles of Taylor, the Water-Poet, remarkable as records of seventeenth century water-life. We have the breezy and melodious songs of Charles Dibdin, in which the sailors and watermen of Georgian days, their debauches, their loves, and their ships, are celebrated. But of imaginative poetry we have little below bridges.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE SALE OF MINOR POETRY.

WE believe that a revival of interest in the works of living "minor" poets has resulted from the crowning of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* by the ACADEMY. Inquiry shows, however, that this is not universally the case. We give below a selection of replies we have received from booksellers on the subject. It appears that Mr. Phillips's *Poems* are in brisk demand, and that the sale of other contemporary poetry has in places been stimulated:

A London bookseller sends the following report:

"A new interest in poetry generally has been created by the ACADEMY in "crowning" Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*, and in bringing so prominently before its readers the merits of some other of our *modern*, not *minor*, poets; for if the opinion of a bookseller be worth anything (which is doubtful, according to your egotistical anonymous correspondent), the poetry of some of our so-called minor poets will bear comparison with, if it does not excel, much that has been written by the great poets of the past.

When the award of the ACADEMY became known there was a brisk demand for Mr. Phillips's *Poems* and Mr. Henley's *Essay on Burns*—the former going out of print in three or four days. Two other books to which attention was drawn—Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* and Mr. Watson's *Hope of the World*—have been selling well; while there has been a fair demand for Colonel John Hay's *Poems*, Mr. Watts-Dunton's

*Coming of Love*, &c., Mr. Owen Seaman's *Battle of the Bays*, Mr. Francis Thompson's *Poems*, and the two volumes by Carmen Sylva. There has been a large demand for Mr. Austin Dobson's *Collected Poems*, and Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *Seven Seas*, and *Departmental Ditties* always sell well.

Another London bookseller's experience is less rosy. He writes:

"I do not hesitate to say that, so far as our experience goes, the sale of the poems of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Henry Newbolt has had no effect whatever on the sale of minor poetry generally—it is, and always will be, a 'drug in the market,' and with the exception of the spurt three or four years ago, when we were introduced to Mr. Watson, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. John Davidson, and one or two others, who are still popular, there is absolutely no change to note. The general public will not have it at any price, and the number of bookbuyers is too small to make many volumes really successful."

A Bristol correspondent writes:

"Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* is worth more to the trade than the whole of the output of other versifiers. Of the latter, Mr. William Watson always sells. Mr. Stephen Phillips's work is of interest now, but we have not yet met with an enthusiast among the purchasers of his *Poems*. Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* sells freely."

From Birmingham we learn:

"Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* had been recognised in Birmingham by a small circle before he was crowned by the ACADEMY, but since then a greater interest has been awakened in him. Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* is still in demand."

A Bournemouth bookseller writes:

"I have always found a steady sale for some of the minor poets. Mr. Watson's new poems, as issued, have always sold very fairly. Mr. Davidson's ballads used to sell well, and sell still. Mr. John B. Tabb's *Poems* have sold fairly this season. Mr. Francis Thompson's first volume of verse sold well, and his later volume has gone fairly. I think Mr. William Watson is generally accepted here as the favourite of modern minor poets, and Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry sells."

A Cheltenham bookseller makes a suggestion:

"We have done fairly well with Mr. Phillips's *Poems*, but minor poets are very unsaleable. I would suggest that minor poets would issue their early works in dainty little volumes, elegantly bound and printed, with one or two very pretty illustrations, thus making attractive and inexpensive gift-books."

An Eastbourne bookseller, who has little demand for the works of living poets, endeavours to account for the fact:

"I have received orders for Mr. Phillips's *Poems*, but cannot say that it has caused any increased demand for minor poetry. Personally, I think the cause of the decline in the readers of poetry is the dropping out of Poetry from most of the leading schools, more particularly boys'. At one time it always formed a part of education; now it is quite an exception, excepting in high-class ladies' schools."

## THE WEEK.

THE principal books of the week are biographical; and there is a continuation of the output of books of travel. But publishing, as a whole, remains inactive.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is the guardian of Hogarth's fame in our generation; and he has just issued a new and revised edition of his biography of the artist. It contains much more matter than its predecessor, which was published in 1891. The "Memoir" has been revised, the "Bibliography" extended, and the catalogues of Hogarth's Prints and Paintings have been verified and supplemented. In a special preface to this edition Mr. Dobson makes the following interesting plea for Hogarth as a colourist:

"The unprecedented modern development of the graphic arts, and the prevalence of a milder method in satire, have, perhaps, somewhat attenuated the interest hitherto felt in Hogarth as an engraver and a pictorial moralist. But the tenacious admirer cannot fail to have observed with complacency that Hogarth's reputation as a painter has grown, and continues to grow. It is not of great importance now that during his lifetime Churchill called him 'Dauber,' and Wilkes spoke of his portraits as 'almost beneath criticism,' since they were simply flowers of faction. Yet it must be remembered that others of his contemporaries said much the same thing. Horace Walpole, for example, held the colouring of the Sigismunda to be 'wretched,' and he asserted in sober earnest that 'as a painter Hogarth had but slender merit.' The verdict of the Strawberry Hill virtuoso was echoed by many, long after the deaths of both artist and critic; and Hogarth's pictures, dispersed for the most part in private hands, were not forthcoming to plead their own cause. When at last a selection of them was brought together in 1814 and 1817, it began to dawn upon the spectator that secondhand report had been more at fault than usual, and this view gained ground steadily until the exhibition of 1862, when the matter ceased to be even doubtful. Since then, as specimen after specimen has been submitted to an unbiassed public at Burlington House and elsewhere, the reaction has gone on, and though here and there a jarring voice is still heard, the practical consensus of critical opinion in England, in America, and on the Continent, is to the effect that, so far from being an indifferent colourist, William Hogarth, at his best, was really a splendid painter, worthy to rank in all respects with the greatest of his contemporaries of the brush."

The book is beautifully produced, and runs to nearly 350 large octavo pages.

A LETTER from Mr. Gladstone does duty as a prefatory note to Mr. James Francis Hogan's (M.P.) *The Gladstone Colony*. This proposed colony is now all but forgotten. But Mr. Hogan makes the object of his book clear in the following passage in his introduction:

"In this book, then, I have endeavoured to present a complete and comprehensive survey of Mr. Gladstone's political connexion with the Colonies. For the first time a full and detailed account is given of Mr. Gladstone's most interesting experiment as Colonial Secretary, namely, his attempted establishment, just fifty years ago, of a new colony to be called North Australia. That colony did not succeed in

securing a permanent place on the map, but its intended metropolis—the site on which Mr. Gladstone's frontier settlers encamped—was successfully established, and continues to have Mr. Gladstone's name to this day. . . . In addition. . . . I have devoted some space to Mr. Gladstone's ideas on the problem of the treatment and reformation of the prisoners transported from the British Isles to the penal Colonies—a subject in which, as Colonial Secretary, he took the deepest interest, and which was the main impulse and inspiring motive of the new colony that he endeavoured to establish."

It will be of interest to quote Mr. Gladstone's prefatory letter. It is dated "Hawarden, April 20, 1897," and is as follows:

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—My recollections of Gladstone were most copious, and are now half a century old.

The period—December, 1845, when I became Colonial Secretary—was one when the British Government had begun to feel nonplussed by the question of transportation. Under the pressure of this difficulty Lord Stanley, or the Colonial Office of this day, framed a plan for the establishment, as an experiment, of a pure penal colony without free settlers (at least at the outset).

When I came in, the plan might have been arrested in the event of disapproval; but the Government were, I think, committed, and I had only to put the last hand to the scheme.

So it went on towards execution.

In July, 1846, the Government was changed, and Lord Grey succeeded me. He said he would make none but necessary changes in pending measures. He, however, annihilated this scheme. For that I do not know that he is to be severely blamed. But he went on, and dealt with the question in such a way as to produce a mess—I think more than one—far worse than any that he found. The result was the total and rather violent and summary extinction of the entire system.

Here I lost sight of the fate of 'Gladstone.' It has my good wishes, but I have nothing else to give.—Yours very faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

We may add that Mr. Hogan's book will not be all pleasant reading to Mr. Gladstone. A chapter headed, "A Grievous Error of Mr. Gladstone's," revives the circumstances of the recall of Sir Eardley Wilmot from his post as Governor of Van Diemen's Land in 1846. The case excited intense interest at the time, and was used by Mr. Gladstone's opponents.

An interesting arrival is the *Autobiography of Arthur Young*, the writer on agriculture, whose work, *Travels in France During 1787-1790* is still consulted as a remarkably graphic description of the state of France just before the French Revolution. The autobiography has been edited by Miss M. Betham Edwards, who writes:

"From seven packets of MS. and twelve folio volumes of correspondence I have put together all that a busy public will probably care to know of Arthur Young—his strength and weakness, his one success and innumerable failures, his fireside and his friends."

Arthur Young was a magnificent blunderer. The editors of a recently published biographical dictionary tell us that on a small farm in Essex, which he rented from his mother, he made *three thousand unsuccessful experiments*. On a larger farm he

ruined himself. Yet he was "one of the first to elevate agriculture to a science."

In the later years of a chequered and many-sided life, Arthur Young fell into religious melancholia.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE BOOK OF THE TWELVE PROPHETS. By George Adams Smith, D.D. Vol. II. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.  
THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL: A STUDY FOR THE TIMES. By J. Guinness Rogers, D.D. James Bowden.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS PLANCH, 1771—1854. By Graham Wallas, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.  
THE TWO DUCHESSSES: GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE; ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Vere Foster. Blackie & Son. 16s.  
THOMAS BRET JERVIS. By W. P. Jervis. Elliot Stock.  
THE GLADSTONE COLONY: AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY. By James Francis Hogan, M.P. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.  
ERNEST R. BALFOUR. By R. J. Mackenzie, M.A., and the Rev. C. G. Leung, M.A.  
MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols.

RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Methuen & Co.  
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARTHUR YOUNG. Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. Smith, Elder & Co. 12s. 6d.  
HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA. By G. W. Rusden. 3 vols. Second edition. Melville, Mullen & Slade.  
THE CITIZEN OF INDIA. By W. Lee-Warner, C.S.I. Macmillan & Co.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

AT THE GATES OF SONG: SONNETS BY LLOYD MIFFLIN. Illustrated by Thos. Moran. Second edition. Estes & Laurist.  
THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST, IN ENGLISH. By Thos. E. Wobb, LL.D. NEW EDITION, WITH THE DEATH OF FAUST FROM THE SECOND PART. Longmans, Green & Co.  
BY SEVERN SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Herbert Warren, M.A. John Murray. 7s. 6d.  
THE TOWNLEY PLAYS. Re-edited from the unique MS. by George England. With Side-notes and Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, M.A. Kegan Paul.

## NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE CANTONS. By Lord Lytton. Service & Paton.

## SCIENCE.

A TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By T. Jeffery Parker, D.Sc., and William A. Haswell, M.A. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA, 1895-96. By A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S. Methuen & Co.  
THE NIGER SOURCES, AND THE BORDERS OF THE NEW SIERRA LEONE PROTECTORATE. By Lieut.-Col. J. K. Trotter, R.A. Methuen & Co. 5s.  
THE COCKNEY COLEMBUS. By David Christie Murray. Downey & Co. 6s.  
TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN NEW FRANCE. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. 5 vols. Elliot Stock.

## FOREIGN.

LA FIN DU CLASSICISME, ET LE RETOUR A L'ANTIQUÉ. Par Louis Bertrand. Librairie, Hachette et Cie. (Paris).

## EDUCATIONAL.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: OVID. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A. LIVY. By Rev. Lucas W. Collins, M.A. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR THE USE OF MIDDLE FORMS OF SCHOOLS. By F. York Powell, M.A., and T. F. Toot, M.A. Part II. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

WEIST OF THE FUTURE, BEING A FORECAST. By Lieut.-Col. B. Lowley. Swan Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d. THE YEAR-BOOK OF TREATY FOR 1898. Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d. THE STORY OF THE BRITISH COINAGE. By Gertrude Burford Rawlings. George Newnes, Ltd. 1s. APPLICATION OF PSYCHOLOGY TO EDUCATION. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated by Beatrice C. Mulliner. With a Preface by Dorothy Beale. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.

## DRAMA.

NO Shakespearean play is more read or oftener quoted than "Julius Cæsar"; but this popularity it does not owe to the modern stage, which has shown a strange disposition to relegate it to the upper shelf. The last great English actor who revived "Julius Cæsar" in London was Phelps, and with the exception of a few stray performances of the tragedy at Drury-lane, his triumph (in the part of Brutus) dates back to the golden period of Sadler's Wells. From this limbo of neglect the noblest of the historical plays has at length been rescued by Mr. Tree, and no one witnessing the ornate and impressive production at Her Majesty's can help a feeling of surprise that this play, with its wonderful adaptability to the art of *mise-en-scène*, should not earlier have attracted the attention of the modern manager. From the acting point of view, no doubt, "Julius Cæsar" presents drawbacks. It contains little or no "female interest," and the three chief characters—Brutus, Cassius, and Antony—stand so nearly on an equality that the actor-manager must be as much puzzled to choose among them as the ass in the fable between his bottles of hay. Cæsar himself is a striking character, though his greatness is manifested chiefly in the deference paid him. Brutus attracts by his faultless rhetoric and pose, Antony and Cassius by their intellectual subtlety. Mr. Tree elects to play Antony, assigning Brutus to Mr. Waller, and Cassius to Mr. Franklyn McLeay. This distribution of parts, on the whole, is happily made; it would be difficult, with the present resources of the London stage, to suggest a better.

But it is mainly by reason of its pictorial qualities that the present production, in which Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., has taken an important hand, excels. The Lyceum itself has shown us nothing finer in mounting. The busy streets of Rome, with their mingled crowds of senators, patricians, and plebeians, live before us, the whole showing against a background of marble edifices and stately architecture indicative of a lawning imperialism. When the Saxo-Leiningen Company visited this country fifteen years ago to play "Julius Cæsar" they surprised London managers by their exterous manipulation of the crowd. Mr. Tree has profited by the example. By dint of the expression given to the popular passion, the forum scene, where Brutus and Antony successively harangue the crowd, is one of the most moving episodes known to the stage. Swayed now this way, now that, the crowd becomes a veritable factor in the drama, as well as a curious object lesson in democracy. The shouters are with Brutus while he is addressing them; but Antony, availing his opportunity, deftly turns their passions in his favour, and the exhibition of the "bleeding lump of clay" that once was Cæsar, and of the dagger-rent and blood-stained cloak of the dictator, rouse the fury of the mob to its height. It is, in truth, a memorable scene. But everywhere the plastic hand of the artist is in evidence. Every scene has the careful composition of

a picture. Notably is this so with Cæsar's assassination in the Senate House. In order to throw Antony into prominence, Mr. Tree has edited the text so as to extend the first act to Antony's entry to the dead body of Cæsar. This gives an act of two hours' duration, probably the longest on record. On the whole, a representation worthy of its subject!

If the Stage suffers a little in general from the lack of candid friends it cannot be said at the present time to lie under that disadvantage. To Mr. Clement Scott, who has been assailing it on the score of its morality, succeeds Mr. Pinero, who exposes its ill-manners, its pose, its pretentiousness, its insincerities. There could be no severer indictment of the theatrical profession than Mr. Pinero has drawn up in the guise of his genial comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells." To be sure, the period of the story is not of the present day, nor is the scene laid in a West End theatre. Mr. Pinero treats of the "early sixties" and of life behind the scenes at Sadler's Wells, familiarly known as "the Wells"; but if the externals of the profession have been modified since that time, its spirit assuredly has not. The Ethiopian does not change his skin nor the leopard his spots within a generation. And what a sordid picture it is thus limned by a master hand! One is almost surprised to find actors lending themselves with so much zeal and cordiality to an exposure of the seamy side of their calling, which, even to the public in front, is in some degree painful. Many dramatists—English and French—have brought the actor before us with a halo of romance on his brow—David Garrick, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, being examples. It has been reserved for Mr. Pinero to turn his lantern upon the green-room, and even to follow the popular idol home to his shabby theatrical lodging. Nothing more painfully realistic than "Trelawny of the Wells"—a section of the public, perhaps, will call it comic—has proceeded from this painstaking dramatist's pen since he wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

"STORY" one speaks of in connexion with this play, but story is hardly the word; for the plot is meagreness itself. "Trelawny of the Wells" is a sketch-book rather than a play. Such dramatic effect as it embodies is obtained by contrast, the inner life of the stage, with its tawdry squalor being thrown into sharp relief against a background of West End society. The "Trelawny" of the title is, in fact, Miss Trelawny, leading lady of "the Wells," who in the first act is being fêted by her colleagues at a dinner on her departure for the West End, as a preliminary to her marriage with the grandson of Sir William Gower. The Bohemianism of a Clerkenwell lodging in contrast with the formality and straitlacedness of Cavendish-square! Such is Mr. Pinero's theme, which he proceeds to illustrate act by act. For the better working of the scheme a curious condition is imposed upon Miss Trelawny's emancipation. She leaves the stage, but not immediately to wed her aristocratic *fiancé*. She has to pass a few

weeks in the house of her prospective father-in-law, in order, we are told, to become acquainted with the usages of good society. Strange society it is, even for the abode of a senile Vice-Chancellor in the early sixties! In the sombre drawing-room, after dinner, everybody dozes; music is tabooed; the most violent distraction indulged in is family whist. Here, perhaps, there is a touch of caricature introduced, for the sake of heightening the effect. Sir William is pompous, tetchy, old-fashioned, with his eternal silver snuff-box, and his "much obliged"; and he has a maiden sister more fossilised, if possible, than himself. That such a family should be receiving a theatrical lady into its bosom is passing strange.

WHAT Miss Trelawny's social training has been we learn from the dinner at which "pro's" of every line of business—the heavy father, the tragedy queen, the singing chambermaid, the low comedian, and the rest—assemble to pay her their respects. Mr. Pinero has noted the actor in his habit as he lives, and fills the scene with realistic portraits. In his delineation of the actor's vanity, of his bombast, of his jealousy, of the sham glitter and tinsel of the theatrical profession, he is unsparing. It is, in truth, a squalid picture. Stimulated with draughts of beer from the public-house round the corner, the company grow hilarious and loud. The tragedian picks his bones with his fingers while declaiming against the prejudice of those who declare that the actor is not a gentleman; the low comedian thinks it a capital joke to sit down to table with a lady's bonnet on his head. The note of the gathering is vulgar, rowdy. But every reveller, even in his cups, is an actor still, strutting with a stage stride, re-echoing in his trivial talk the rhetoric of the Sheridan Knowles drama, and passing the salt with a theatrical air. How Miss Trelawny relishes her transplantation from amid such surroundings to the boredom of Cavendish-square may be guessed. She pines for her liberty like a caged bird. After the manner of the heroine of "Le Mariage d'Olympe," she is seized with *la nostalgie de la boue*. Here is contrast, indeed, and the effect is heightened when one night she gratifies her Bohemian yearnings by introducing into the seigneurial drawing-room, after Sir William and his sister have gone to bed, a party of her old colleagues from "the Wells." The men suck their dirty pipes, help themselves to the Vice-Chancellor's liquor, quarrel and fight; the women scream. The scene is pandemonium, in the midst of which Sir William and his sister appear in their dressing-gowns. Naturally the experiment of civilising Miss Trelawny ends. She goes back with her colleagues to "the Wells," and the aristocratic engagement is broken off.

So far, contrast has been obtained by bringing the players under Sir William's roof. It is now Sir William's turn to look up the players in their proper habitat. This he does with a view to "doing something" for Miss Trelawny. He finds her in the Clerkenwell lodging-house where the members of "the Wells" company "dear" and "darling" each other in the free-and-easiest

of *camaraderie*, and have the run of each other's rooms. Contrast again! Among the "pro's" is a young dramatist engaged in "general utility," in whom can be detected some affinity with the late T. W. Robertson, for Mr. Pinero remembers that the early sixties saw the germs of the "teacup-and-saucer drama." By way of a reaction against the rhodomontade of the Sheridan Knowles school, the young dramatist dreams of a drama in which men will appear in tweed suits and girls in muslin frocks. It is Sir William who gives him his chance by financing the production of one of his plays, "Life"—a Robertsonian title—at the Parthenon Theatre for the benefit of Miss Trelawny. After that, in the fourth act, comes a realistic rehearsal of the new play with Sir William as an interested onlooker; which yields contrast again, thanks mainly to the presence of a noisy stage-manager who "darlings" all the ladies of the company; and here, somewhat perfunctorily, the long estranged lovers are reunited with Sir William's blessing. From this circumstance it will be guessed how little plot, properly so-called, there is in the piece. This absence of story tends to make the play drag and may jeopardise its chance of a prolonged popularity, but the contrasted types of character are vivid and interesting to the last. In this effect, the costumes play their part—the hideous crinoline, the pork-pie hat, the greasy bag-net, the white cotton stockings, the elastic-sided boots, the peg-top trousers, of the period, all showy and vulgar. The company of the Court Theatre, where "Trelawny of the Wells" is produced, appear to find it a congenial task to enact the "pro's" of a previous question. One and all, they do it as though to the manner born—Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Pattie Browne, Mr. Athol Forde, Mr. George du Maurier, Mr. E. M. Robson, and others. A graphic embodiment of old-world senility is given by Mr. Dion Bouicault as Sir William, and the prototype of Robertson is sympathetically rendered by Mr. Paul Arthur. A young peer sustains the part of the *fiancé*, disguising his identity under the name of "James Erskine."

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

SIR,—In his recent interesting article on "Newspaper English" Mr. Nisbet raised a point that deserves further consideration before his conclusion can be accepted. In his judgment, the phrase "No one was there but I" is wrong, because the word "but" has the same force as "except," and should, therefore, be followed by the objective "me." The common usage is, however, not only defensible, but also probably correct. Take another instance:

"The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but he had fled."

When this was proposed to me not long ago as an example of questionable grammar, my first opinion was in agreement with

Mr. Nisbet's, although it seemed that the rule which would substitute "him" for "he" in these lines was one more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Then other phrases were examined: "All but he were saved." It sounded right. "They saved no one but he." It seemed utterly wrong. After turning many other sentences about in the same way, I came to the conclusion that the pronoun followed the case of the collective word with which it was placed in contrast, and that this was, therefore, an instance of attraction overriding any dubious prepositional force in the word "but."

Perhaps it were best to make no hard and fast rules. I cordially agree when Mr. Nisbet affirms that the purists threaten to become insufferable pedants. If the "garden" of our English speech is "running wild," still there are seasons when the tares must be left to grow for awhile, because weeding is more dangerous to the crop. The language is not a dead thing, to be cut to measure. Is not Mr. Nisbet a little inconsistent in his desire for "an authoritative declaration with respect to" one of his puzzles? There is, so far as I am aware, no authority great enough to settle these matters, except the English people. It may be objected that they are not capable. They were capable, though, of creating the language; and, as a matter of fact, they are at this present time settling one of the minutest details of it—a small affair of spelling.

It is well known that every trade has a number of technical words, which are good English, but are by no means familiar to the general public. So long as these words are not used outside the factories, it is common to find that they may be spelt in a variety of ways, all correct. You take your choice. A wheelwright tells me, for instance, that it is quite optional whether you write "lynch pin," or "linch-pin," or "lince-pin"; that "felle" is as common as "felloe"; and so on. But, he says, the spelling of "tyre" is becoming fixed. Ten years ago, "tire," "tier," or "tyer" were permissible alternatives, the word probably standing for the thing that *tied* a wheel together. But now that it has escaped from the wheelwright's shop and every bicyclist uses it, we are coming to an arbitrary decision in favour of "tyre." It probably has not occurred to either wheelwright or bicyclist that the question should have been submitted to an authority.—I am, yours, &c.,  
G. S.

SIR,—If the endless controversy between the rights of "Whitsun Day" and "Whitsunday," to which Mr. J. F. Nisbet alludes, could be put to a "Folks-Referendum," or in appeal to the language traditions of the common people, judgment must certainly be given on behalf of the earlier of the two forms. I have been in the habit for some years past of taking evidence upon the point whenever I have come across any contemporary mention of the season in seventeenth century documents. To empty the contents of my notes into the columns of the ACADEMY would require more of them than you could possibly spare. But I will select four, which prove that the "Whitsun" use pre-

vailed among all classes of the English people throughout the seventeenth century: 1615: Parish Register of Youghrove, co. Derby, "Witson Week." 1634: Sir William Brereton (*Travels in Holland*, p. 12)—"Upo Whitsun-Tuesday, about 11 of the clock we took waggon for Dort." 1660: William Caton the Quaker (*Autobiography*, p. 99)—"The time called Whitsuntide." 1672: Oliver Heywood (one of Calamy's Two Thousand Nonconformist Confessors, *Hunter's Life of O. H.*, 239, 240)—"God hath cut out work for me in a new place, for upon Whitsun Tuesday, May 28, I was called to preach at John Butterworth's house in Warley."

The oral tradition still survives. On Bank-holiday, June 6, 1892, I had chat upon the road with an octogenarian townswoman, who said to me, "A great many more people came to Harrow last Whitsun-Monday."

I doubt whether the contraction of "Whitsun" into "Whit" is especially characteristic of the modern English love for shortness as some imagine. The contraction "Pfungsten" into "Pfungst," in the compounding of a pentecostal phrase, has become no less frequent among the Germans and the German Switzers. The word "Pfungsten" is generally restricted in the popular Calendars to the Sunday, while the next day is called "Pfungstmontag," and not "Pfungsten-montag." Similarly Whitsun plays or games are now generally called "Pfungstspiele."—I am, yours

T. HANCOCK.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

### NEWSPAPER LATIN.

SIR, You will be doing a service if you will call attention to two familiar blunders which one meets with too often in newspapers, and even in more permanent literature.

Why should *a priori*, *a posteriori*, *a fortiori*, &c., be so often written *à priori*, *à posteriori*, *à fortiori*, as if they were French, not Latin?

The use of *cui bono* in the sense of *what good purpose?* is one for which, Macaulay would have said, any fifth form boy would be flogged. No other meaning of the words is possible than that in which Cicero used them in his celebrated oration *for whose benefit?*

Is it not possible to check the use, not adopted even by writers who ought to be us a better example, of the word *phenomenon* in the excruciating sense of "remarkable" ALFRED W. BENNETT.

### EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Emil Reich's letter complaining that my article contained no reference to Mr. Wren's success training-college (not to use an invidious word)—he himself gives a sufficient explanation, if any is needed, in the fact that the Reports of the Commissioners do not furnish statistics of such establishments. However, no injustice was intended, and Mr. Wren's success is matter of common

knowledge. I think, however, that probably Mr. Reich claims too much for him; if not, he could easily establish his case by a few figures. Taking the official returns for 1892-3 and 1895—the only ones I have at hand—I find that in those years there passed into the Indian Service from Oxford and Cambridge seventy-three and thirty-eight respectively, and that of these there were “subsequently specially prepared” twenty-two and eighteen respectively. Whether the final year, which Mr. Reich seems to indicate, is really the *causa causans* of success or not, each will judge for himself. It would have been unfair in me to mark out Mr. Wren’s establishment when others—perhaps quite as worthy, though less large—were not named. And would not Mr. Wren have been more gracefully championed by one of those who owed success to him than by one of his able assistants?—Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

Jan. 22, 1898.

SIR,—In your last week’s number you published a letter containing the astounding statement that while a certain proportion of those who pass for the Indian Civil are “educated” at Oxford, a certain other proportion—I forget the figures—are “educated” by Mr. Wren. Mr. Wren is, I believe, an extremely able man, and I am inclined to think that he would never advance so preposterous a claim. Mr. Wren makes no pretence of “educating” anybody. It is not his *métier*. He teaches people to pass examinations. The two functions are quite distinct, and “educated” people do not confound them.—Yours faithfully,

ST. JOHN E. C. HANKIN.

Jan. 21, 1898.

“MACCHAILEAN MOHR.”

SIR,—I am not a reader of *Longman’s*, and do not know the precise connexion in which the expression occurs; but “Macchailean Mohr” is a correction of “The Maccallum More,” which you probably met with in Scottish history. “Macchailean Mohr” means the Great Son of Colin—apparently a family name of the house of Argyll. Mr. Lang, of course, was referring to the Duke of Argyll, for whom a place was claimed in the list of Academicians.—Yours very truly,

HECTOR MACAULAY.

Beowsa Church, Stornoway, N.B. :

Jan. 20, 1898.

BACCHYLIDES.

SIR,—Your reviewer (January 15) on Mr. Kenyon’s Bacchylides, says airily, “None of the *Dii Majores* have yet appeared. Some day we may be electrified by the announcement of a volume of Sappho’s lyrics, or a play of Menander.” Short of being “electrified,” since he is a lover of Menander, he may be glad to know six fragments of the Georgics, one of the most

celebrated of the plays of Menander, have been discovered, and may be read in the edition just published of M. Jules Nicole.—I am yours, &c.,  
LANE E. HARRISON.  
Sesame Club, 28, Dover-street:  
Jan. 20, 1898.

[Owing to pressure upon our space, we have been obliged to hold over correspondence on “A Benedictine Martyr in England” and Prof. Ratzel’s *History of Mankind* till next week.]

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE collected edition of *The Bab Ballads*, to which is added a selection of the songs and ballads in Mr. Gilbert’s operas, has been widely noticed. The *Times*’ critic somewhat discounts the “raptures” of a recent *Quarterly Reviewer* who hailed Mr. Gilbert as a considerable poet. But he admits that readers of this volume

“will find wit and fun in plenty; endless amusement if they are gifted with the sense of humour themselves; many charming songs, so liltily written that they seem to set themselves to music as one reads them—in short, they will find all the qualities that have won Mr. Gilbert’s popularity, and made many of his phrases and topsy-turvyisms household words.”

The *Daily News*’ critic considers Mr. Gilbert simply as a fanciful and brilliant humorist. He writes :

“Mr. Gilbert has been said to base his humour upon a sort of ‘topsy-turveydom’ in morals and social practices. Topsy-turveydom is, indeed, the direct subject of ‘My Dream’; it flourishes again in that delicious piece of nonsense, ‘The Periwinkle Girl’ and her aristocratic lovers; and is traceable in ‘Blue Blood,’ from *Iolanthe*, which imagines a state of existence wherein a title and a vast rent-roll are positive bars to success in love. It would, on the other hand, be a great mistake to say that the fun of the ‘Bab Ballads’ depends wholly, or even for the most part, on the trick of reversing social conditions. It lies more often in satire of the sort which is found lurking in the Judge’s song, and the Usher’s charge in *Trial by Jury* in ‘They’ll none of them be missed,’ from *The Mikado* and in the ‘Darned Mounseer’—the latter an obvious satire upon popular British Chauvinism, though from some unaccountable perversity of interpretation it greatly wounded the susceptibilities of the *Paris Figaro*.”

The *Westminster Gazette*, referring to our recent suggested list of forty names for an “Academy of Letters,” writes :

“In a recent symposium concerning the writers who would form a British Academy of Letters, if such an institution existed, someone had the good sense to suggest that Mr. W. S. Gilbert should be among the number. ‘What! include a comic writer?’ cried certain serious persons, who straightway proposed instead the names of certain inconspicuous solemnities. We are not ourselves enamoured of academies in any form; but if forty representative English writers have to be selected for any purpose whatever, dare anyone say that Mr. Gilbert ought not to be among them?”

“Studies in Frankness,”  
By Charles Whibley.

MR. WHIBLEY’S onslaught on Puritanism in literature has pleased some critics immensely. The *Pall Mall Gazette* heads its review “Free, Frank, and Fearless,” and the reviewer writes in a vein of sympathetic irony :

“So great is his zeal, indeed, that he inclines us to the uncomfortable suspicion that no man can project a masterpiece till he stands, Marius-like, amid the ruins of the Decalogue, and that to rob a till is but the first step to literary greatness. Mr. Whibley’s open and wanton delight in the artistry of crime was manifest to all whose fortune it was to read his *Book of Scoundrels*, and so here his sympathy with needy rascallions in whom is developed the artistic sense, and with nondescript villains who point their peccadillos and adorn their crimes with tags of Horace and quotations from the classics, flashes along every line of his brilliant and masterly essay on Petronius. In fact, so insistent and so dominant are these sympathies, and—a plague on him!—so well does he write, that we would hesitate ere we entrusted him with our purse or even our life, though we will do him the justice of admitting that the conveying would be effected with distinction and the killing consummated with style.”

The *Chronicle* also packs its review into the title thereof: “Unfrank Studies in Frankness.”

“Though,” it says, “we find ourselves now and again revolting from Mr. Whibley’s judgments, yet there can be no dispute that the body of the book is a serious and learned contribution to letters. All the more do we regret that he should have sought to commend his solid wares by a claptrap title and a perversely paradoxical preface. . . . The preface deals mainly with those trite subjects which are dear to the heart of the Oxford examiner—art for art’s sake, genius is a law to itself, the good writer must be a good man. Over this familiar ground we are not minded to follow Mr. Whibley; but, not content with re-asserting the liberty of prophesying, he tries to carry the war into the enemy’s country. Not content with the claim that for the artist no fig-leaves exist, he would make it a note of genius to have stripped off the fig-leaves of conventionality, and laid bare the nakedness of nature. . . . Mr. Whibley insists on our admiring the great satirists, playwrights, and romancers, because of their least comely parts, though, when he comes to details, he is, as we have said, very careful to keep these parts out of sight. This is, as his favourite Aristotle would put it, to defend a hypothesis with a vengeance.”

The *Speaker* is genial and mildly critical. Of the essays it says :

“All are good, but we like the last best. Nothing, indeed, could well be happier than its tone and temper throughout, yet the subject, being a whimsical one, is hard to treat. Mr. Whibley dubs Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, the translator of the earlier parts of Rabelais, and the author of at least two of the most astounding books in the world, the ‘most fantastic of Scotsmen.’ Now, how fantastical Scotsmen can be, have been, and are, it is given to few authoritatively to pronounce; but that Sir Thomas was the most fantastical Scot who ever put his fantasy into print is a proposition easy to defend.”

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J. M. HOASSUSON, M.A., Secretary.

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M. C. TAYLOR, Secretary University Court.

University of Edinburgh,  
24th January, 1898.

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OWEN OWEN, Chief Inspector.

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REVIEWS.

D'ANNUNZIO IN ENGLISH.

*The Triumph of Death.* Translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio by Georgina Harding. (London: Heinemann.)

IT is three years since D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* was translated in what most orthodox of French organs, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and now a London publisher of courage, Mr. Heinemann, has given us an English version. Three years since the most spiritual of French critics, M. de Vogüé, master of a great prose style, hailed D'Annunzio as the leader of a coming Latin Renaissance: three years, and how lid the modest welcome of the Anglo-Saxon world take shape? It has been symbolised by the prosecution of D'Annunzio's American publisher on the ground of circulating immoral literature—an unsuccessful prosecution, instigated by Mr. Anthony Comstock, of New York, whose trade is virtue and whose eye is hungry for wickedness in books. And now *The Triumph of Death* lies before us Englished—very much so.

Amusing it is to note the condition in which poor D'Annunzio reaches English lands. The Italian master comes to us with a European reputation for poetry, for style, for voluptuousness, for occasional brutal indelicacy. Well, he reaches the eager public's timorous hands *sans* style, *sans* naughtiness, *sans* poetry. It is all there—the rest—all, except the essence, the spirit. I. Herelle, in his graceful French translation, failed often at D'Annunzio's poetry of nature, but he always kept a breath of poetry in the voluptuous passages he essayed. Miss Harding has sacrificed both poetry and voluptuousness. It is a *safe* translation: D'Annunzio is thoroughly Britannicised, and the English Mr. Comstocks and the English poets will alike be disappointed. And the result is most intensely interesting to the critic.

We say the result is interesting because it brings out most strongly the opposition between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin worlds. The whole question is one of beauty.

D'Annunzio's great power lies in an intense appreciation of the beautiful in nature, art, and life, and in his ability to analyse his very subtle sensations and re-create a beautiful world by the most delicate verbal images, by language rich in cadence, warm-coloured and glowing with life. He is, above all things, the poet of the senses, and he will probably live in Italian literature for the qualities by virtue of which Keats and Mr. Swinburne have taken their place in English literature. Obviously, then, if D'Annunzio is to be translated, an indispensable qualification of his translator should be a fine sense of style. We cannot blame the English translator, her task was one beyond her powers. There can be no doubt that she has failed, for her version never brings with it a sense of poetry. The innumerable descriptions of nature which abound in *The Triumph of Death*, as Englished, show that insistent touch of commonplaceness which annihilates beauty altogether. A fine sense of style is lacking in every page, every paragraph, every line; and so D'Annunzio's essence is destroyed. Let us take the following passage, which Ouida has translated (*Fortnightly Review*, March, 1897), and compare it with Miss Harding's version:

Ouida: "A rock of tufa hanging above a melancholy valley; a city so silent that it seems empty: the windows are closed, in the grey lanes grass grows; a Capuchin crosses a square; a bishop descends from a closed carriage before the gate of a hospital; a tower rises in a white and rainy sky; a clock strikes the hour slowly; all at once at the end of the street a miracle in stone—the Cathedral."

Miss Harding: "A rock in the middle of a melancholy valley, and on the top of the rock a city, so deathly silent as to give the impression of being uninhabited—every window closed—grass growing in the dusty grey streets—a Capuchin friar crosses the piazza—a priest descends from a closed carriage in front of an hospital, all in black, and with a decrepit old servant to open the door; here a tower against the white rain-sodden clouds—there a clock, slowly striking the hour, and suddenly at the end of a street a miracle—the Duomo!"

It is a translator's minute touches that show whether he has or has not style. In the first version the picture is *seen*, in the second it is not. Miss Harding's translation may be more close to the original, but it is false to the spirit of poetry. A trifling difference which, repeated everywhere, darkens D'Annunzio's world thereby, as with a pane of opaque glass! But, further, this muddying the colour and blurring the form of D'Annunzio's creation is, we think, curiously symbolical of the average Anglo-Saxon's attitude towards art. In certain passages of the novel where an Anglo-Saxon would see "immorality," "sensuality," a Latin would see beauty—of a kind. And why? Because the artist's intensity of sensation carries along with it an æsthetic current of joy, which physiologically is a vindication of the feeling, and therefore his delight in the senses is a law of his being, a morality to himself. But the Puritan, who is not so affected by pleasure, has not this inner law of joy in his sensations, even when they are more delicate, and therefore his moral judgments on art

often prove that he is affected by a non-beautiful sequence of sensations. And so the opaque translation before us is, in reality, typical of that Anglo-Saxon judgment which, having annihilated beauty by not *seeing* joyously the form of its ideas or emotions, pronounces a solemn judgment—in fact, on itself!

We do not, of course, deny that D'Annunzio oversteps here and there the line of good taste in art, or that at times, in a brutal mood, he passes into indecency. And we do not deny that certain passages cannot be put in English, and that other of his scenes would try the skill of a master of English, and thereby be to him a triumph. But, seriously, we do affirm that the Italian's world is primarily one of beauty, though at times he comes near ugliness; and that on the translator's fine perception of style depends whether D'Annunzio's world shall be *seen* or not. We say, at times D'Annunzio's work passes into ugliness, and it is precisely on the point—how far has he shown great æsthetic power in constructing his peculiar world of beauty, decadent passion and dilettanteism?—that his rank in literature depends. What is his world? It is the word-tapestry of a poet's weaving—a poet whose musical cadences and delicate analysis of subtle emotions seem to float over and around a world of nature's beauty, a world brutal with appetite, with ugly fact and morbid impulse. D'Annunzio's world is a bizarre fusing of many conflicting influences—Pagan, Christian, scientific—interacting on his delicate temperament, weary of so much richness. And thus the critical question to ask is, has not he assimilated too much? It is his *quality* to assimilate everything, and thus in a single novel, side by side with a pagan joy in voluptuousness, comes a scientific analysis of the melancholy strife between flesh and spirit; and the triumph of the animal in man over his higher nature is mourned by the Christian in him, studied *à la Russe*, and conveyed in musical prose of poetic beauty! For ourselves we think that his æsthetic sense has been rather squandered over boudoir scenes and "high life," and that unless he purifies it of dilettanteism and bends it to a higher creative ideal—as perhaps he has done in his latest romance, *Le Vergini delle Rocce*—his great gift as a poet will scarcely redeem his strangeness to future ages. Which triumphs, the decadent or the poet?

The question of D'Annunzio's attitude towards what is ugly in life, as we have said, determines his rank. Dostoevski is greatest as an artist when his world, the world of *Crime and Punishment*, is wholly morbid. But D'Annunzio has a certain air of æsthetic affectation at times, which contrasts badly with the Russian's intensity of purpose. Both *L'Innocente* (*L'Intrus*) and *Il Piaceve* (*L'Enfant de Volupté*) set forth the struggle of a man's higher and lower nature, a man who cannot shake off corrupting influences, and thereby loses his world of pure delight. Many scenes in *L'Enfant de Volupté* are painted with a warmth of colour that would disquiet St. Anthony, but the contrast between the heroines—the spiritual Marie and the sensual Hélène—is rendered with some

delicacy of moral feeling. D'Annunzio's hero, it may be remarked, is the Modern Youth, standing not between virtue and pleasure, but between pleasure and pleasure *plus* virtue, who in trying to grasp everything loses his mistress, his soul, his life. As the hero, André, loses both mistresses in *L'Enfant de Volupté*, the novel, indeed, may be said to have a moral tendency! *L'Intrus* is a graver and more sombre work. It shows Russian influence, and is an able study of a man's senseless, inevitable infidelity. The exquisite portrait of the wife, Juliane, is certainly from the hand of a true artist. *Les Vierges aux Rochers* is a most dreamy piece of symbolistic poetry. We think D'Annunzio here touches his highest point. Here is no bizarre mixture of many influences which cannot go deep enough to create a sense of an organic, artistic whole, but, on the contrary, the artist's pure impulse towards beauty gives the romance a sense of strength and unity.

We have, we think, said enough to show that to call D'Annunzio "immoral" is worthy only of Mr. Comstock. If the English reader finds D'Annunzio's men too effeminate, affected, or corrupt for his taste, let him be thankful for the Italian's pictures—most exquisitely wrought—which go so far to establish the Anglo-Saxon in his own estimation, and enlarge his conception of life. Nothing, indeed, is more striking than the ingratitude with which our nationality resents the introduction to it of foreign worlds which do not echo our own limited tastes, business standards, moral ideas. If we are insensible to the beauty of D'Annunzio's world, it can only be because we hold art too low. And that is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Heinemann and Miss Harding between them have presented *The Triumph of Death* to English eyes through a sheet of smoked glass.

#### CLARENCE MANGAN.

*The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan.* By D. J. O'Donoghue. (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.)

THE greatest Irish poet who has ever sung in English died half a century ago, and has at last found his first and final chronicler. Famous men, such as Mitchel and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, have given us glimpses of him, and others less distinguished have done their parts, but Mr. O'Donoghue's work is the first to aim at completeness; and it is final because there is little or no hope of recovering from the obscure past anything of value concerning Mangan that has escaped the researches of Mr. O'Donoghue. For, as Irish men of letters know well, Mr. O'Donoghue's gift of investigation, his instinct in inquiry, his talent for amassing and remembering facts, amount to something very like genius; and when, as emphatically here, his labours are of love, when patriotism and compassion add their ardour to his spirit of research, we may be very sure that his work is as complete as sad circumstances allow Mangan's biography to be. Mr. O'Donoghue tells his story with excellent

sympathy, and at the same time with sobriety; and thus, though it is his industry that we most admire, we are by no means without admiration for his art. Mangan would be the last person to appreciate the accuracy and the industry, but he would—perhaps does—feel grateful for the sympathy and the skill.

No one can thoroughly realise Mangan's life without some knowledge of Dublin; not knowledge of Ireland at large, for Mangan had practically none, save by reading; but knowledge of that Dublin "dear and dirty," splendid and squalid, fascinating and repulsive, which was Mangan's from the cradle to the grave. There is there an unique piteousness of poverty and decay, a stricken and helpless look, which seem appropriate to the scene of the doomed poet's life. It was a life of dreams and misery and madness, yet of a self-pity which does not disgust us, and of a weakness which is innocent; it seems the haunted, enchanted life of one drifting through his days in a dream of other days and other worlds, golden and immortal. He wanders about the rotting alleys and foul streets, a wasted ghost, with the "Dark Rosaleen" on his lips, and a strange light in those mystical blue eyes, which burn for us yet in the reminiscences of all who ever saw him and wrote of the unforgettable sight. And, with all his remoteness, all his wretchedness, there was a certain grimly pathetic and humorous common-sense about him, which saved him from being too angelic a drunkard, too ethereal a vagabond, too saintly a wastrel. Hard as it is to believe at all times, he was an intelligible, an explicable human being, and not some "twy-natured" thing, some city faun. All the accounts and descriptions of him, collected so indefatigably and quoted so aptly by Mr. O'Donoghue, show us a man whom external circumstances, however prosperous and bright, would not have prevailed upon to be as other men are. As has been said of other poets, "he hungered for better bread than can be made of wheat," and would have contrived to lose his way, to be "homesick for eternity," despite all earthly surroundings of happiness and ease. Sensitive in the extreme, he shrank back into the shadows at a breath, not merely of unkindness, but of unpleasantness; he shuddered and winced, blanched and withered away, at a touch of the east wind. His miseries, which dictated to him that agonised poem, "The Nameless One," were primarily of his own creation, realities of his own imagination, and, therefore, the more terrible; they were the agonies of a child in the dark, quivering for fear of that nothing which is to him so infinitely real and dread a "something." For Mangan's childhood, boyhood, first youth, though hard and harsh, were not unbearably so; many a poet has borne far worse, and survived it unscathed. A rough and stern, rather than cruel, father; office drudgery with coarse companions; stunted, but not insufficient means; a general absence of congenial sympathy and friendship—these are rude facts to face; but even a poet, all nerves and feeling, need not find life a hell because of them, the world a prison, all things an utter darkness of despair. And

even Mangan's failure in love, whatever be the truth of that obscure event, would hardly account, by its own intrinsic sadness, for his abysmal melancholy and sense of doom. Further, when we find him in true depths of actual woefulness, the bondsman of opium and alcohol, living in the degradations of poverty, enchained, as St. Augustine has it, *sua ferrea voluntate*, by the iron chain of his unwilling will, yet it is not his fall that haunts him, but that sense of undeserved early torments and tortures, enfolding him as with a black impenetrable cloud. It was not only the lying imaginativeness of the opium eater or of the drunkard that made him tell stories of fearful things which never happened; nor was it merely his artistic instinct toward presenting his life, not quite as it was, but as it might have been, nor yet his elvish turn for a little innocent deception. Beyond a doubt, his temperament, immeasurably delicate and sensitive, received from its early experiences a shock, a shaking, which left him tremulous, impotent, a leaf in the wind, upon the water. His first sufferings in life were but the child's imagined ghosts; but the "shock to the system," to his imaginative, sensitive temperament, was lasting, and he lived in a *penumbra* of haunting memories and apprehensions. In Browning's words, it was:

"The glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad confident morning again!"

Life had struck him in his affections and emotions: he could never recover from the blow, could but magnify it in memory and imagination, conceive himself marked by it, go apart from the world to hide it, go astray in the world to forget it. That was Mangan's tragedy.

But he did not suffer it to cloud his poetry with darkness of expression at any time, nor, at its finest times, with darkness of theme or thought. It forced him into writing a deal of unworthy clever stuff, and a deal of excellent work far below his highest ability and achievement. But not a faint shadow of unhappiness dims the radiance of his "Dark Rosaleen," its adoring, flashing, flying, laughing rapture of patriotic passion. It is among the great lyrics of the world, one of the fairest and fiercest in its perfection of imagery and rhythm; it is the chivalry of a nation's faith struck on a sudden into the immortality of music. And Mangan's next glory, his version of "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," is no less perfect upon its lower, yet lofty, plane. A certain Elizabethan poet has this pleasing stanza upon the Irish of his day, as he viewed them:

"The Irish are as civil, as  
The Russies in their kind;  
Hard choice, which is the best of both,  
Each bloodie, rude, and blind."

The "Ode to the Maguire" gives the noble side to the question, a ferocity that is heroic, in lines of the largest Homeric simplicity and greatness; and as the "Dark Rosaleen" sings the devotion of a nation to their country in oppression, so this chants that of a follower to his chief in defeat; but in neither is there the note of despair, in both the note of glory. Other of Mangan's

poems upon Ireland, original or based upon Gaelic originals, have a like lustrous quality: he loved to lose himself in Ireland's past and future, and thereby made poems which will have helped to make the future Ireland. Upon such work as this he left no mark of his mental miseries and physical dishonours; indeed, his poems, though often tragic with sorrow, or trivial with levity, or both at once, are always pure and clear in every sense; in poetry, at least, he lived an innocent life. Beside his own Ireland there were two chief worlds in which he loved to wander: the moonlit forests of German poetry, often painfully full of "moonshine," and the glowing gardens or glittering deserts of the Eastern, the "Saracenic" world. He wished, half-whimsically and half-seriously, to make his readers believe that he knew some dozen languages; certain it is that he had a strong philological instinct, and much of that aptitude for acquiring a vast half-knowledge of many things not commonly known, which he shares with the very similar, and dissimilar, Poe. But his "translations" from many tongues, even when, as in the case of German, he knew his originals well, were wont to be either frank paraphrases or imitations, often to his originals' advantage. Some of his work in this kind is admirable and of a cunning art—the work of a poet to whom rhythm and metre, with all technical difficulties and allurements, are passionately interesting; yet we regret the time spent upon most of them, and lost to his own virgin Muse. He seems to have felt that he was content to earn the wages, upon which he lived from hand to mouth, by such secondary work, as though he despaired of attempting, or preferred to keep in sacred silence, his higher song. He has given us little of that. A selection from his poems can be bought for sixpence, and one could spare, may be, a hundred out of its 144 pages. But what remains is, in its marvellous moments of entire success, greater than anything that Ireland has yet produced in English verse, from Goldsmith to Mr. Yeats.

We do not endeavour to summarise Mr. O'Donoghue's volume; from Mangan's birth in 1803 to his painful and merciful death in 1849, if there be anything joyous or pleasant to record the reader forgets it in the woes and glooms that precede and follow. He had true friends, he could talk with them brilliantly, books were ever a solace and delight to him; little as he cared for fame, he knew that he deserved it, and he loved his art. His curious humour, chiefly at his own expense, was sometimes more than a Heinesque jesting, and shows him with sudden phases or fits of good spirits. But, for the rest, his life is a record of phantasmal lejections and cloudings of soul, as though he were rejected of God and abandoned of man. At almost every page, a reader fresh to his name and fame might expect the next to chronicle a suicide's end, like those of Chatterton and Gerard de Nerval; and we are grateful to Mr. O'Donoghue, that with all his passion for facts and for information, he has not striven to give us a "psychological study" in dipsomania or melancholia or neurasthenia, in the "modern manner." What he has done is to preservé, and to

discover, all the essential facts that can be ascertained about a great Irishman and a great poet, of whom no adequate account existed; and he has done it with entire success. Poor Mangan is here with all his weakness and woes, but gently, reverently touched. The book is infinitely sad, but never abjectly or repulsively so. Here is the foredoomed dreamer, of fragile body and delicate soul, the innocent victim of himself, about whom we know much that is frail and pitiable, nothing that is base and mean: the voice, often tremulous in lamentation and broken by weeping, from which rose and rang the very glory and rapture of Irish song.

"Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble  
Here, and in Hell."

### THE BLACK MONKS.

*The English Black Monks of St. Benedict.* By the Rev. Ethelred Taunton. (Nimmo.)

In *The English Black Monks of St. Benedict* the Reverend Ethelred Taunton, a secular priest, offers us an enthusiastic—if somewhat desultory—survey of the order's fortunes during the thirteen centuries of its English history. Mr. Taunton's literary style is *circumdatus varietate*—full of surprises; he is not a good writer, but he is saturated with his subject, and these peculiarities serve at least to obviate any inconvenience that might have arisen from his erratic use and neglect of quotation marks.

To the modern world, habituated to the aggressive centralisation of the contemporary Roman Church, and particularly to the methods of the Society of Jesus, the Benedictine constitution seems astonishingly loose and vague. The Jesuit order came into existence primarily as a fighting force at a moment when the fabric painfully upheaved upon the rock of Peter seemed to be tottering to its fall, when whole nations were falling away from their allegiance. The Society had a soldier for its founder; its disciplinary bonds were devised to constitute it a great corporate machine which, by a touch upon the lever at Rome, could be directed and regulated with the nicety of a Nasmyth hammer. In the churches, in the schools, at the universities, at the Court, the sons of St. Ignatius were every moment under a straiter than military discipline; a discipline at the same time elastic and adaptable, which left them lightly equipped of ceremonial obligations and free to exercise for the good of the world the accomplishments which so many of them had learned from its intercourse. They were tried and trained men all of them, to whom hope meant the restoration of religious order, religious order the subjugation of the world afresh to the Holy See; and this work, none ever doubted, Providence had raised up their order pre-eminently to accomplish. But if the Society was an ecclesiastical army; the black monks were a religious horde.

The primitive Benedictine made a three-fold vow: of stability (that is, to remain attached to his monastery), of conversion of

life, and of obedience to the abbot. Except for a similarity in the general course of life in the various monasteries, springing in part from the identity of the vow prescribed, and a certain association in offices of hospitality and mutual charity (as in praying for each other's dead), the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, for instance, had no closer connexion with St. Alban's or Glastonbury than has the Birmingham Oratory to-day with the Oratory at Brompton. The process of centralisation was begun by the Fourth Council of the Lateran, which decreed:

"In each province or kingdom let all the abbots and priors of houses which are not abbeys meet together (saving episcopal rights) every three years in some convenient monastery, and there hold a chapter. . . . Whatever is decided and is approved of by the four presidents is to be held as binding upon all."

The English monks, in enforcing the decree, followed the line which divided the provinces of York and Canterbury. Later, by the bull *Benedictina* (1334), the two chapters were united. The internal discipline of the houses was further regulated by the same document. For example, it was ordained:

"One monk in twenty must be sent to the Universities for higher studies, and he is to have a fixed allowance. Superiors, under penalties, have to seek advice as to whom they send to the University. . . . In monasteries all priests are to celebrate [mass] at least twice or thrice a week. Those who are not priests confess at least once a week and communicate once a month."

All legislation had for its end the spiritual welfare of the various communities and of the individual souls which constituted them. The business of the monks was the direct service of God by the divine office and by the sacrifice of the mass. The day began at Westminster Abbey, to take an example, at 2 a.m., with the matin office or night hours. Three or four cowled brethren to every gorgeous folio, whose pages twinkled with its gilt under the shining of the rare candles that dotted the range of stalls—picture it!—and fancy the rhythmic roll of the sombre melodies that flooded the choir and overflowed into the darkness of nave and aisles. Lauds—five psalms of praise, with hymn and *Benedictus*—concluded the night office, and the brethren trooped back in silence to their pallets. At five the bell sounded for the first of the day-hours, prime; after which the community assembled in the chapter-house for confession of offences against the rule of the house. The penance was of a corporal kind. At six was celebrated the short chapter-mass of our Lady. Till nine the monks studied in the cloister under close supervision; then came the second day-hour, terce, followed by the High Mass, the central act of the day. Sext was sung at its close. Eleven was the hour of the first meal, except upon fast days, when it was postponed. The quality of the food varied at different houses and at different times. The quantity seems to have been ample. The drink was cider or ale, and wine was served upon feast-days, at least in those houses which had vineyards of their own either in this country or, as was often the case, in France.

The cloister was the workshop. Here some would be poring over folios, others would be transcribing or illuminating or embroidering. Each had his allotted place and work. No voice disturbed the silence; necessary communications must be made by signs. On Saturday the cloister was the scene of the weekly washing of feet, and it was here that, at intervals of ten days or so, the brethren painfully shaved each other's faces and heads.

To continue the horarium, none, the last of the "little hours," was sung at three. Work was resumed, and continued till six, when vespers were solemnly sung. A collation, consisting of a manchet of bread with a drink of beer; compline; and by eight to bed in the common dortor, which was sometimes open, sometimes divided into cells or cubicles. For recreation there was the "frayter," or common-room; and Mr. Taunton gives a description of the relaxation there enjoyed in the following depressing terms:

"It was generally in the afternoons they met here; and merry and bright would it be; for in that monastery [no monastery in particular] was one Dom Edward, a merry wight, full of jokes and stories mirthful [all this is Mr. Taunton's mirthful imagination]. At times of recreation he would amuse the brethren by some droll conceit or merry quip; a certain little gesture of his lent a point to his story, and a twinkle of his eye betrayed the coming jest. But withal, be it remembered, he was a grave doctor, learned in divinity and much looked up to; for had he not been to Rome itself, on business connected with the abbey, and seen its wonders; and had [he not] many tales to tell of the monasteries he had visited and edified?"

And so on.

Order, thrift, concentration of purpose, have the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come, and at their zenith the great abbeyes were among the most important institutions in the country.

"Their influence was felt not only in the neighbourhood of each monastery—for great landlords, such as the monks were, will always have power—but also in Parliament. There the abbots of the black monks alone outnumbered even the bishops; for no less than twenty-eight of them sat as barons of the realm, to some eighteen bishops. And there are respects in which they were more in touch with the common feeling of the country than even the bishops; for . . . the abbot was, with the exception of his attendance at Parliament, almost always living in the midst of the people."

Their growth had been gradual, their fall was abrupt. Two years sufficed to sweep away all those great institutes, and to alienate the wealth which represented the careful husbanding of centuries. But in effect their work was done. The ancient Benedictine spirit must be left behind upon the threshold of the modern world. In the modern representatives of the order a certain pride of spiritual ancestry survives, it is true; Westminster and Rivaulx have their legitimist pretenders; but whatever influence the nineteenth century Benedictine exercises upon the contemporary world must be attributed to qualities that are not the peculiar fruit of the Benedictine training, or to methods and an organisation learnt from their great rivals who sprang up to meet the needs of the sixteenth century.

### CHANGE IN COREA.

*Korea.* By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). 2 vols. (John Murray.)

WITH the newspapers crammed with the movements of European fleets in Chinese waters, this comes as a very timely book. Part of it is occupied with Mrs. Bishop's visits to Corea—or as she prefers to write it, Korea—before the war. This is the Korea already made known to us by the Hon. George Curzon's *Problems of the East*, and Mr. Savage-Landor's *Cho-sen*. We here read again of the glories of the *Kur-dong*, or royal procession, of the fighting Korean ponies, of the curious custom in Korean cities of closing the streets at night to all but women, and of the love of Korean men for the top-knots and crinoline hats with which they consider their national existence to be in some way bound up. But these matters, though accurately observed and cleverly described by Mrs. Bishop, are not new to us. The contrary is the case with the kaleidoscopic changes in Korean manners and customs which have followed each other in quick succession since the outbreak of the war between China and Japan. A new Korea has, in fact, arisen, of which we have hitherto heard only by meagre telegrams unintelligible to most English newspaper readers, and it is this which occupies most of Mrs. Bishop's two volumes.

Before the war Korea seems to have been a China in little. Governed by a king who, though absolute over his subjects, yet owned the Emperor of China as his suzerain, and a mandarin class who looked on the tiller of the soil as a lemon to be squeezed, her people displayed all the vices of the Chinese without their industry and enterprise. But in June, 1894, Japan, in pursuance of a plan which, according to Mrs. Bishop, she had been maturing for years, suddenly landed troops at Chemulpo, assaulted the capital, captured the king, and soon after declared war against China. Then followed the driving out of the Chinese from the country and its subjugation by the Japanese army, whose discipline and behaviour towards the civilian population are described by Mrs. Bishop as being beyond praise. Inspired, as she thinks, by our example in Egypt, the Japanese set about governing Korea according to Western ideas through the captured king, who became a mere puppet in their hands. On Mrs. Bishop's second visit, in 1895, she found that the main roads had already become safe for Europeans, all allegiance to China had been solemnly renounced, a paper constitution had been promulgated, and the King and Queen had made such progress in European manners that they told Mrs. Bishop that "England is our best friend." Then came the signature of peace between China and Japan, and it seemed as if Korea, with its twelve millions of inhabitants, were going to be opened to the civilising influence of English and American missionaries, of Manchester cotton goods, and of Birmingham hardware. But those who thought so reckoned without their Oriental. Six months later the *Kun-ren-tai*, or Japanese-drilled native levies, rushed the Palace, murdered the Queen, and took prisoner the

King and the Crown Prince. All this took place at the instigation of a newly appointed Japanese Envoy, who was promptly recalled and tried by his own government. The *Kun-ren-tai*, however, remained in possession of the Palace, and contrived to reign for months in the King's name, pressing forward reforms of different kinds with apparently even greater vigour than the Japanese. Increasing in audacity, they at length went a step too far, and dared to lay hands on the national top-knot. The usurpers not only cropped the heads of themselves and their royal prisoners, but issued a decree ordering the Koreans to lay aside their absurd hats and to cut their hair. This proved to be more than even Korean apathy could stand, and revolts broke out all over the country, while the King managed to escape to the Russian Legation, where eighty marines and one field-gun proved a sufficient defence. The *Kun-ren-tai* were put down, and some of the Queen's murderers brought to justice. But the change in the game had thrown the ball into Russian hands. To the Russians Mrs. Bishop does ample justice, and gives them much credit for the improvement they have effected in the lot of the Korean emigrants who have settled in Russian Manchuria, and for their disinterested acquiescence in the appointment of Dr. McLeavy Brown—whom they are now said to be trying to remove—to the control of Korean finance. But it is plain from what she says that Russian influence throughout the kingdom has everywhere supplanted Japanese, and she thinks that the Korean troops, whose Japanese drill-instructors have been changed for Russian ones, may prove of service in the struggle which most Eastern travellers see impending between Russia and Japan. Meanwhile, these changes seem to have worked nothing but good to Korea. In the capital, stone houses and brick-paved streets, along which bicyclists scorch, have replaced the mud huts, filthy lanes, and pack bulls described by the English travellers of 1894. Although many of these reforms are the work of Dr. McLeavy Brown, England does not seem in any hurry to profit by them. Not a single British trading ship was last year to be seen in Korean waters, there were hardly any British subjects in the three treaty ports, and very few articles of British origin imported into the country. The main cause of this, according to Mrs. Bishop, is the obstinacy of our manufacturers, who will make no attempt to meet the conditions of the native consumer. We fancy we have heard similar complaints before.

Mrs. Bishop's book is fully equipped with illustrations, maps, and appendices, giving all useful particulars of the statistics and trade of Korea. We wish we had space to do justice to the determination and courage with which her journeys were conducted under circumstances calculated to appal the strongest nerves. Besides suffering from a broken arm caused by the upsetting of a native cart, and from fever caught during the floods in Manchuria, she had to sleep night after night in the over-heated rooms, only a few feet square, of filthy Korean inns, swarming with vermin and rats, and foul

with all manner of rottenness. That a delicately brought up Englishwoman should brave such hardships in the cause of science is a fact of which we should be proud, and she has certainly not been over-rewarded by the Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society.

### THE PHILISTINE ABROAD.

*Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women.*  
(Putnam's Sons.)

No author's name is printed on the title-page of this book, but an advertisement at the end states it to be the work of Mr. Elbert Hubbard. We propose to notice it not for its merits, but as the specimen of how books should not be made. Mr. Hubbard is an American, volatile and youthful. He has neither reverence nor dignity. He is a stranger alike to the motions of surprise and of enthusiasm, maintaining wherever he may be a dead level of acquisitiveness and receptivity, and describing his adventures, such as they are, in an impertinent variety of journalese that maintains an equally dead level of commonplace. And this observer presumes to instruct his fellow Americans concerning the homes and customs, temperament and work, of illustrious women: Christina Rossetti and Mary Lamb, Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen and the Empress Josephine! That he should do so in the columns of a newspaper in America would be reasonable enough; but that his glib "copy" should afterwards attain the distinction of publication in book form in this country, that is a mistake.

Just now Mr. Mackenzie Bell's memoir of Christina Rossetti is being read. Mr. Hubbard's *Little Journey to Miss Rossetti's home* will therefore be as good a one as we can pick from the dozen to illustrate his method.

He begins with some reflections upon that "sporadic stuff" genius. Then, after recording the births of the four children of the elder Rossetti, within a space of three years and ten months, Mr. Hubbard says:

"The mother of this quartette was a sturdy little woman, with sparkling wit and rare good sense. She used to remark that her children were all of a size, and that it was no more trouble to bring up four than one, a suggestion brown in here gratis for the benefit of young married folks in the hope that they will mark and inwardly digest. In point of well-ballasted, all-round character, fit for earth or heaven, one of the four Rossetti children was equal to their parents. They all seem to have had nerves outside of their clothes. Perhaps this was because they were brought up in London. London is no place for children—nor grown people either; I often think birds and children belong in the country. Paved streets, stone dewalks, smoke-begrimed houses, signs reading 'Keep off the grass,' prying policemen, and zealous ash-box inspectors are insulting things to greet the gaze of the little immigrants fresh from God. Small wonder is it, as they grow up, that they take to drink and drugs, seeking in these a respite from the rattle of heels and the never-ending cramp of unkind

condition. But nature understands herself: the second generation, city-bred, is impotent."

Follows a short dissertation on Bædeker, jaunty and brisk, and then a long one on Bloomsbury lodging-houses, as evidence of the parts played by environment in the Evolution of a Soul, and by way of introduction to Charlotte-street, the home of the Rossettis for several years—a "location" not far from Gower-street, says Mr. Hubbard. Then some talk with the present landlady of Number 38, ending in the engagement of a back room for seven-and-sixpence a week. On learning that her guest was an American, the landlady asked if he knew the McIntyres that lived in Michigan, which Mr. Hubbard parried by asking if she knew the Rossettis. "Oh, yes; I know Mr. William and Miss Christina. They came here together a year ago, and told me they were born here." The chronicle passes next to Number 50, Charlotte-street, the second home of the family.

"This is the place where Dante Gabriel and a young man named Holman Hunt had a studio, and where another young artist by the name of William Morris came to visit them; and here was born *The Germ*, that queer little chipmunk magazine in which first appeared 'Hand and Soul' and 'The Blessed Damozel,' written by Dante Gabriel when eighteen, the same age at which Bryant wrote *Thanatopsis*. William Bell Scott used to come here too. Scott was a great man in his day. He had no hair on his head or face, not even eyebrows. Every follicle had grown away and quit. But Mr. Scott was quite vain of the shape of his head, for well he might be, since several choice sonnets had been combed out of it."

Next, an amusing personal experience of the last surviving member of the family, Mr. William Michael Rossetti. Mr. Hubbard called upon him.

"He was most courteous and polite. He worships at the shrine of Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau, and regards America as the spot from whence must come the world's intellectual hope. 'Great thoughts, like beautiful flowers, are produced by transplanting and the commingling of many elements.' These are his words, and the fact that the Rossetti genius is the result of transplanting need not weigh in the scale as 'gainst the truth of the remark. Shortly after this call, at an Art Exhibition, I again met William Michael Rossetti. I talked with him some moments—long enough to discover that he was not aware we had ever met. This caused me to be rather less in love with the Rossetti genius than I was before."

The five pages that follow belong partly to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and partly to an irrelevant photographer, a friend of the author; and at last Christina is reached.

"Christina had the faculty of seizing beautiful moments, exalted feelings, sublime emotions, and working them up into limpid song that comes echoing to us as from across soft seas. In all of her lines there is a half-sobbing undertone—the sweet minor chord that is ever present in the songs of the Choir Invisible, whose music is the gladness as well as the sadness of the world."

A brief return to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, sick at Birchington-on-Sea, the date of his death given wrongly by ten years, and the *Little Journey* ends. Very properly does Mr. Hubbard preface his book with the

caution: "No attempt has been made to tell all about the subject—there is more can be said!" Yes, and less.

To the American who cares nothing for Christina Rossetti's work and character Mr. Hubbard's essay may be a readable and congenial introduction; but any one already familiar with her poetry, and conscious of her sensitive nature and love of secluded and austere life, will resent Mr. Hubbard's loud tourist-suit and bowler-hat methods. Christina Rossetti is, of course, the extreme case. One does not so much mind Mr. Hubbard's jocularity when it is applied to certain others, although it is only with an effort that any intelligent person on this side of the Atlantic can read him patiently.

### LAY SERMONS.

*Practical Ethics.* By Henry Sidgwick.  
(Swan Sonnenschein.)

THIS is a book of a type which will probably become increasingly frequent. It consists principally of essays and addresses read before one or other of the societies which have sprung up of late years for "the promotion of ethical culture" and the study of ethical problems on a non-theological basis. Many serious people have long ago given up attending sermons, but they are none the less desirous to act rightly, and anxious to know what right conduct is. To this knowledge such books as Prof. Sidgwick's are important contributions. They are indeed of the nature of lay sermons, disquisitions on moot points of the practical life by competent laymen, who have given to ethical subjects deliberate and trained consideration. Their aim is, of course, primarily practical rather than speculative. Prof. Sidgwick is the best known living representative of the school of ethical doctrine known as Utilitarianism; but here he lays aside doctrine, and is unconcerned with speculative controversy. As to the fundamental basis of ethics, philosophers will probably differ until Doomsday; but their differences do not prevent them, or prevent mankind in general, from arriving at a pretty harmonious conception as to what kind of conduct is properly to be called moral. It is with the nature of that conception and the rules in which it can be formulated, the principles of right conduct, the *media axiomata* of ethics, that Prof. Sidgwick has here to do.

The nature of Prof. Sidgwick's audience gives him a certain advantage over the ordinary writer of sermons. Conduct may fall short of the moral standard either because the agent does not know what is right, or, knowing, does not will what is right. The latter, one fears, is most usually the case, and to removing this impediment of will the energies of the pulpit are naturally in the main directed. Professor Sidgwick, however, was entitled, at least in courtesy, to assume that the will to act rightly was already present in his hearers. Why, else, should they take the trouble to attend the meetings of an ethical society? He was able, therefore, to dispense with

rhetoric directed to the will, and to devote himself to the more congenial task of exploring and discussing certain imperfections of moral knowledge, obscurities and perplexities of the ethical consciousness. For the harmonious conception of the nature of moral action of which we spoke is not, of course, a complete one. There are questions, upon the fringes of ethics, as to which the most diverse views prevail, questions even of every-day conduct, as to which even the most right-minded agent may well flounder for want of proper guidance. It is to such questions that Professor Sidgwick addresses himself. Some of them are questions of divided and conflicting duties, problems of casuistry proper, others are rather questions which the always progressive moral consciousness of humanity has not as yet quite brought within its scope—as to which it has not as yet declared and formulated itself.

For ourselves we may say that we have found Professor Sidgwick's discourses extremely helpful and extremely illuminating. He has many of the qualities which go to make a good moral teacher—a moral teacher, we mean, as distinct from a moral force. He is clear-headed, obviously very much in earnest, yet not without humour, and above all markedly judicious, almost painfully careful to see all round his subject and to give every point of view its due weight. We do not always agree with his conclusions, but at least they are always tenable; and, whether we agree or not, his lucid, temperate discussions are always an admirable stimulus to thought. So much for Prof. Sidgwick's general handling of his book; we have only space for a few remarks as to the individual subjects dealt with. The first two essays are introductory, setting forth the objects of ethical societies, their scope and possible value. The next two deal with the ethics of war and arbitration, and with the principle, more often acted upon than avowed, that states, in their dealings with each other, are exempt from the ordinary laws of justice, veracity, and good faith which are universally held to govern the relations of individual man with individual man. Machiavelli is discussed, but not Nietzsche, though one fancies that Nietzsche's doctrine of "master-morality" must have been in the writer's mind throughout. With the sophism that a human being is ethically responsible to the State of which he forms a part, but not ethically responsible to mankind in general, Prof. Sidgwick makes short work:

"If everything is permitted in national struggles for the sake of the nation, it will be easy to think that everything is permitted in party-struggles or class-struggles for the sake of the party or class. The tendencies of modern democracy are running strongly towards the increase of corporate sentiments and the habits of corporate action in industrial groups and classes, and so towards dividing civilised humanity by lines that cut across the lines separating nations; and history certainly does not justify us in confidently expecting that when the rules of private morality are no longer held to apply to public action, patriotism will still keep class feeling and party feeling within the bounds required by national peace and well-being. . . . In mediæval Italy,

whereas in the twelfth century the chronicle ran simply 'Parma fights Piacenza,' before the end of the thirteenth it ran, 'Parma, with the exiles from Piacenza, fights Piacenza.'"

Then come a pair of essays dealing with the right and wrong of religious conformity and clerical veracity, and Prof. Sidgwick rolls over and confounds an incautious clerical controversialist who seems to have committed himself to the position that a clergyman is justified in publicly and solemnly asserting his belief in creeds which contain statements that he holds to be false. To many readers this will be the most interesting part of the book, and it certainly affords the most entertaining reading. We should not care to have to measure swords with Prof. Sidgwick. The last essay in the book, on *Unreasonable Action*, is perhaps psychological rather than practical in its character; but in the two which precede it, on *Luxury* and *The Pursuit of Culture*, Prof. Sidgwick approaches a subject which has wide and far-reaching implications. We are bound to say that some of his conclusions here seem to us highly disputable. For instance:

"I think it may be said that the promotion of culture, in one form or another, is more and more coming to be recognised as the main moral justification for the luxurious expenditure of the rich."

Well, it all depends on what you mean by "culture," and of course there are exceptions. But we should be inclined to say that nine-tenths of the luxurious expenditure of the rich has no relation to culture whatever, and that the other tenth is chiefly devoted to thwarting it. We do not see what other result the purchasing of bad pictures, which you do not know to be bad, or the binding of gorgeous books, which you do not intend to read, can well have. Surely culture has always flourished, and will always flourish, in spite of, and not by means of, the rich.

#### AMERICAN TRAITS.

*Transatlantic Traits.* By the Hon. Martin Morris. (Elliot Steck.)

THIS little volume, which consists of three admirably written and thoughtful essays, of which "At Sea" and "American Traits" originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *New Review* respectively, shows a shrewdness of observation and a depth of feeling which are rare in books of travel, even when they are written by "eminent hands." Mr. Morris throughout writes with force and sincerity, and frequently with singular power and charm. He has brought to his task many excellent literary qualities, besides unflinching sincerity and a sympathy for humanity untarnished by prejudice. The essay on the people and institutions of the United States compares to its advantage with any recent work that has appeared, and certainly deserves the attention of Americans as much as M. Paul Bourget's book, or the amusing volume which Messrs. Scribner lately published, entitled *America and the Americans: From a French Point of View*.

It may be questioned whether an imaginary figure is conceivable incorporating the peculiarities of a people so varied as the inhabitants of the United States. The North contradicts the South, while the West gives the lie to both.

"Though American life presents a clear and effective image to the mind, this is not so much because of its strikingness in any respect as on account of its widespread monotony. The picturesque does not catch the eye, but constant repetition fixes the view."

This impression is one which the most observant travellers in America have experienced. But in spite of the near kinship and fundamental similarity existing between the English people and the Americans, yet, as Mr. Morris observes, the "two countries are as different from each other as 'a woman with a past' is from a young lady of fifteen." In America

"your grandfather's bust looks nearly as old as the Elgin marbles do here. . . . In this broad, flat, open country there are no interesting holes or corners, or nooks or crannies; there is little that is picturesque or artistic. . . . No, this is the land of the people, and of some inglorious millionaires; of cities and citizens, of stores and offices, factories and institutions, trains and trams, bells and wires . . . in short, of countless faces, facts and figures."

In other words, "the typical sights and objects in America are eminently social and economic."

"If," says Mr. Morris, "you have not a deep and sincere faith in mankind as a race, and a broad, democratic sympathy with all human efforts and struggles, keep away from this vast mob of undistinguished and indistinguishable people. It is but a colourless crowd of barren existence to the dilettante, a poisonous field of clover to the cynic."

These reflections enable us to realise how differently America impresses different observers. The satirist and the philosopher arrive at contradictory conclusions. No one without a genuine love of humanity will derive profit from these crude but vigorous social and political conditions, some of which are still in the experimental stage. "No wonder the people 'guess' most things," writes Mr. Morris; "the whole country is one immense framework of guesses."

Mr. Morris is inclined to disparage the boasted "culture" of American women. It is conspicuous, he thinks, chiefly owing to the absence of intellectual attainments in the men.

"A lady who has read enough of Ruskin or of Herbert Spencer to prate about them ignorantly seems a prodigy of learning to a man who has never heard of them. . . . Conversation at a party is often nothing but a lecture from an American girl."

The author of *America and the Americans* is still more severe on her. He grew very weary of the word "culture."

"I know," writes this pungent observer, "men and women in France, in Russia, in Italy, who speak and read half a dozen languages, who know and have learnt much from distinguished people all over the world, who have gone through the hard continental and university training, and who do not dream that anyone thinks them of pre-eminent culture. But here, God bless you! these women who



only just know how to write their notes of invitation and their letters properly talk of culture."

Well, we abuse the word a good deal in England too.

On the subject of American journalism these two writers are also in accord. Mr. Morris describes even their best journals as a daily libel on every body and thing. Actions are never taken, simply because it is impossible to indict a whole profession. The Frenchman came to the conclusion that the stranger arriving in New York, who plunges suddenly into the newspapers, must imagine that "the population consisted of Thugs, fire-bugs, and bankrupts, who, for some unaccountable reason, spent large sums on advertising." But perhaps the finest picture of the "American spirit" in words is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's:

"Lo, imperturbable he rules,  
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—  
And, in the teeth of all the schools,  
I—I shall save him at the last!"

This is the impression the American appears to have left on Mr. Morris, and in his *Transatlantic Traits* he has conveyed it with much force and admirable literary skill.

#### NEAT PARAPHRASES.

*Poems from Horace, Catullus, and Sappho, and Other Pieces.* By Edward George Harman. (Dent.)

MR. HARMAN wields a graceful and facile pen. His versions of Greek and Latin odes are pleasing exercises in a moribund art; they are full of neatly turned phrases, and witness to a considerable command of varied metre. Of course, Mr. Harman simplified his problem considerably by confining himself to paraphrase and not aiming at translation. He takes privilege to expand where he will, and reject what he will. His rendering of Horace's "Festo quid potius die" may serve for an example:

##### "NEPTUNE'S FEAST.

"What shall we do, my Lydè, say,  
To celebrate this festal day?  
See, the sun wheels to his decline,  
Haste, then, 'tis time to broach the wine,  
Our oldest wine shall quit its rest,  
For Neptune's feast demands the best.  
Neptune, the green-haired nymphs among,  
We'll praise in antiphonal song;  
Your lyre shall themes divide between  
Latona and the humes Queen.  
Then, in a song, we'll celebrate  
The praise of her who keeps her state  
At Cnidos and the Cyclades,  
Which gleam afar across the seas;  
And oft-times chooseth to repair  
To Paphos' sweet pellucid air,  
When through the blue is borne afar  
By snow-white swans her glittering car.  
And last, to Night we will rehearse  
A holy, high and solemn verse."

This is legitimate paraphrase, but we think that occasionally Mr. Harman carries his license too far. Thus he writes:

"Here dwells the Sibyl, here  
Broad shades and pleasant greens abound,  
Here, led by patient husbandry,

A thousand rills refresh the ground,  
Where on the orchard's sunlit floor  
Pomona sheds her bounteous store."

All this, if you please, stands for the solitary phrase, "unda mobilibus pomaria rivis." Surely the paraphrast of Horace is not called upon to paraphrase all Orelli's notes into the bargain. As with expansions, so with rejections. Mr. Harman often leaves out so much as to lose not merely the outlines, but the character of his original. To turn the "aures Capripedum Satyrorum acutas" into "listening Satyrs tame" is surely to blur the clearly visualised and thoroughly Horatian image. With the deeper poetry of Catullus and of Sappho Mr. Harman is, we think, less successful than with Horace's modish strain. But his "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus," although he has somewhat wilfully altered the sense of the opening lines, is, on the whole, good:

"Kiss me, my love, and yet again  
Kiss me, that so the eager pain  
Of severance we may forget;  
For when our little sun is set,  
Though suns may set and rise again,  
For us shall endless night remain.  
Then kiss me, love, while yet we may;  
Let wisdom frown so we are gay;  
Kiss me, and from that honeyed store  
Of kisses bring a hundred more—  
A thousand kisses add to these,  
And then a thousand more, nor cease  
Till all the reckoning of our bliss  
Is blotted out in kiss on kiss,  
And envious wight may never see  
The kisses thou didst give to me."

Beside this let us put, for the sake of comparison, the seventeenth century rendering, also a paraphrase, of the opening of the same ode by Thomas Campion:

"My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;  
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,  
Let us not way them: heaven's great lampes  
doe dive  
Into their west, and strait again revive:  
But soone as once set is our little light  
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night."

We venture to give two other brief specimens, by way of illustrating the variety of Mr. Harman's muse. His "Persicos Odi" is a rather happy parody:

##### SIR JOHN TO HIS VALET.

"I do not like your Jewish tastes,  
I hate your furs and astrachan,  
Melton and velvet's good enough,  
Or was, to coat a gentleman.  
You need not trouble to inquire  
What is the latest sort of hat,  
Chapman and Moore have got my size,  
And yours, and can attend to that."

And we have been struck by the following, which, though modelled upon the manner of certain epigrams in the "Anthology," is not precisely a version of any one:

##### THE OLD GUIDE.

(As a Greek might have written it.)

"Old Hans, who fiuds his day is done,  
And that no more the heights he'll scale,  
That walking now where others run,  
His feet must linger in the vale,  
His lantern, sachel, pic, and ropes  
Has hung upon a votive wall,  
And down the last descent he hopes  
To find his way without a fall."

#### A VIEW OF DE QUINCEY.

*The Opium-Eater and Essays* by Thomas de Quincey. With an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. (*Nineteenth Century Classics*: Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE introduction to this pretty and convenient reprint shows Mr. Le Gallienne at his best. It is modest and sympathetic, and has some felicities of expression. This, for instance, is a good little bit of appreciation, quite at the beginning.

"De Quincey is the 'scholar-gipsy' of popular mythology as Shelley and Byron make between them the ideal poet. In that mythology the poet goes for ever with wild hair and exposed throat, and the scholar is conceived in appearance as a sort of dreamy rag-and-bone man. And truly the star that is the soul of man has seldom chosen to shine in such a crazy little dusty lantern of a body as that intrusted with the genius of Thomas de Quincey. The soul seems to have thrown on its mortal vesture as carelessly as the quaint little body used hastily to clothe itself with any odd garments that chanced to be at hand."

Of course, Mr. Le Gallienne would not be Mr. Le Gallienne if he did not irritate us occasionally, and we are grateful that it is not this time by any sentimentality or vulgarity of temper, but only by the *obiter dicta* of his ignorance. There is certainly something of irritation in the smile with which we greet his statement that De Quincey was "one of our greatest political economists" and his careless grouping of Sir Thomas Browne along with Milton and Jeremy Taylor as one of those whose "sudden sentences and pages of impassioned prose" were rather "the sparks from their daily knife-grinding, than the work of the poet consciously aiming at beauty for beauty's sake." Surely Browne's style was as conscious and as deliberate as man's need be. Mr. Le Gallienne's version of De Quincey's retreat from Oxford is that his brilliant first day's examination "was 'merely in Latin,' and De Quincey was already weary of such easy laurels. So instead of presenting himself for the Greek examination, he quietly packed up his things the day before, and left Oxford in disgust." The usual account of the matter, and we should think the correct one, is, that De Quincey did his paper work brilliantly, and then, whether through pique or through nervousness, failed to present himself for the *viva voce* examination which took place some days later.

We hope that Mr. Le Gallienne is not responsible for the choice of essays to accompany the *Opium-Eater* in this volume. The *Letters to a Young Man* are well enough, and contain, in a bit of controversy with Coleridge, one of the best specimens of that humorous manner to which Mr. Le Gallienne thinks that De Quincey was too much given. But the eighty pages of *Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Late Opium-Eater* are really not particularly interesting bits of early nineteenth century journalism. De Quincey's best work is not of very great bulk, and if the *Suspiria*, the *Essay on Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts*, and the three *Essays on Rhetoric, Style and Language* had taken the place of these *Notes*, we should have had it nearly all between a single pair of covers.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*John Bright.* By C. A. Vince. "Victorian Era Series." (Blackie & Son.)

THIS little book seems to us, in its way, a remarkable success. It is a model of what such a sketch should be—sober, well-written, with the matter well-ordered, and throughout a tone of judicial care not unmixed with enthusiasm. To most men Bright must appear as a great statesman "for the moment," a man who was right on nearly every practical question, but who was as certainly untrustworthy and even wrong whenever he passed to generalisation. He came near rivaling Burke in his oratory; but it is hard to imagine two more radically different types of mind. As a political theorist Bright's place is very low. He felt the immediate needs of the people, and expressed them with extraordinary power; but let him once exalt a particular expedient into a law of political philosophy and he became narrow and unimportant. He did a great work in his Free Trade campaign, but we cannot accept his economic dogmatism as final. His policy on education was highly valuable, but what of his view of the problem in the abstract? So, too, on the matter of foreign policy. Most of the particular acts which he condemned were no doubt worthy of condemnation, but the principles which he laid down to guide the country in her external relations would land any community in chaos. The truth is, that he was a great man of affairs, a great orator, but, as Mr. Vince well puts it, "he served his own generation rather than posterity."

To a review such as this the most important aspect of Bright is as a great master of the English tongue. The power of his speeches has been universally acknowledged, but one is apt to forget that as an epigrammatist and phrase-maker he all but rivalled Disraeli. Many have become so familiar that men have forgotten their source. "Foreign policy is simply a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain"; "Dissenters are expected to manifest all the qualities spoken of in the Epistle to the Corinthians—to hope all things, to believe all things, to endure all things"; "Disraeli's notes on the Bank of Elegance"; and the description of Disraeli as the "mystery-man of politics" and "a Voltaire who wrote history far better without facts than with them," are a few examples. He invented the phrases: "Cave of Adullam," "Tory democrat," "fancy franchises," though Disraeli's comment on the last is equally effective. "Alliteration," he said, "is a popular form of language among savages. It is, I believe, the characteristic of rude and barbarous poetry; but it is not an argument in legislation."

*Northanger Abbey and Persuasion.* By Jane Austen. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE set of Jane Austen's novels which this volume completes does not absolutely exhaust her writings, for the two fragments, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*, are still copy-

right, having been first published as late as 1869 by Messrs. Bentley & Son. Mr. Austin Dobson has supplied scholarly introductions to Messrs. Macmillan's all but complete edition. In closing his labours Mr. Dobson gracefully corrects an error in his editing; and since the facts are interesting we quote his statement:

"In a note to the 'Introduction' to *Mansfield Park* the present writer announced that the first review of Miss Austen in the *Quarterly* was written by Sir Walter Scott, and in making this announcement he was under the impression that he was making it for the first time. Certainly, the fact was not known to Mr. Austen-Leigh, who, speaking gratefully elsewhere of Sir Walter's later praises of his aunt's work, finds fault with this particular article as inferior to Whately's. Nor does it seem to have been known to Miss Austen's most accomplished biographer, Prof. Goldwin Smith, who, after quoting Scott's commendations from the *Diary*, goes on to say that the *Quarterly* reviewed her in 1815, 'very poorly and in a doubtful strain.' Yet the information so obligingly afforded by Mr. John Murray was all the while lying *perdu* in a note to chap. lv. of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. After explaining that he had been misled into ascribing Dr. Whately's article to his father-in-law, Lockhart adds: 'The article which Scott did contribute to the *Quarterly* on the novels of Miss Austen was that which the reader will find in No. XXVII. [for October, 1815]. *Emma* and *Northanger Abbey*, in particular, were great favourites of his, and he often read chapters of them to his evening circle.' If this note escaped Mr. Austen-Leigh, he unwittingly confirms its last words, for he expressly refers to his personal knowledge of the well-worn condition of Sir Walter's own copy of Miss Austen's novels at Abbotsford."

With the exception of *Pride and Prejudice*, which Mr. C. E. Brock illustrated, all the novels in this edition have been embellished with pen pictures by Mr. Hugh Thomson. We adhere to an opinion we have expressed that Jane Austen's stories are too true and vivid on the literary plane to need, or to be in a position to gain by, illustrations. We turn with a languid curiosity to Mr. Thomson's presentments of Anne Elliot—to our mind the most perfect of Jane Austen's creations—and we find a pretty drawing of a pretty woman which does not satisfy us. Of course it does not. For us Anne Elliot is a real person, and we should be dissatisfied with her likeness in a photograph.

*A Bibliography of British Municipal History.*

By Charles Gross, Ph.D. (Longmans.)

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, if we mistake not, initiated, some two or three years ago, a great scheme for a general bibliography of English history. The project is one for all good wishes, but the book now before us may serve as a warning of its magnitude and difficulty. Prof. Gross occupies 461 pages and indexes 3,092 books, yet he only covers an infinitesimal portion of the total field. Thus he defines his own scope:

"This Bibliography comprises books, pamphlets, magazine articles, and papers of learned societies, relating wholly or in part to British municipal history; in other words, to the governmental or constitutional history of the boroughs of Great Britain, including guilds and parliamentary representation. Town histories which do not deal with any of these

topics, purely topographical work, and parish histories are omitted."

Prof. Gross is already favourably known to students of municipal history by his important monograph on *The Guild-Merchant*, and his present work does not belie his reputation; so far as we have been able to test it, it is carried out with the utmost industry, learning, and judgment. The first third of it is devoted to general books bearing upon municipal history, and these are classified under sub-headings; the second two-thirds contains the literature of individual boroughs arranged in alphabetical order. Here, again, sub-classification is resorted to when convenient. Thus, for London, Prof. Gross selects 309 books as worthy of mention, and puts them under the following eleven heads—Bibliographies, Town Records, Chronicles, General Histories, Mediæval London, Charters, Laws and Privileges, Courts and Offices, Guilds and Companies, Municipal Reform, London County Council, and Miscellaneous. Nor has Prof. Gross contented himself with drawing up a mere catalogue: he has turned it into a *catalogue raisonné* by appending to at least half his entries brief notes setting forth the nature of the book dealt with, estimating its value, and referring to important documents printed in it. Thus he earns our gratitude, and, we trust, establishes a precedent for Mr. Frederic Harrison's bibliographers of the future. The work is issued as a volume of the Harvard Historical Studies, and it reflects credit on Harvard.

*Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."* Edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. (Pitt Press.)

MR. VERITY'S work in this edition is as careful and judicious as ever. The amount of space devoted to notes and introductory matter appears to be greater than in some earlier volumes of the series, and, on the whole, considering that it is only advanced students who could be trusted with such an edition at all, the change is an improvement. Two or three suggestions on individual points of treatment may perhaps be of service to Mr. Verity. More stress should, perhaps, have been laid on the alteration in ethical sentiment, which makes the root idea of so delightful a play inevitably appear artificial to modern readers. Shakespeare, of course, meant his Jew to be an obvious villain, and Shakespeare's audience took him so; our sympathies, on the other hand, are almost necessarily drawn to Shylock's side. In discussing Shakespeare's "local colour," Mr. Verity, following Elze, rather pooh-poohs the notion that the poet can have been in Italy; but he does not refer to the more recent treatment of the question by Herr Sarrazia, which seems to us to throw the balance of probabilities the other way. Finally, Silvayn's *Orator* was, as Mr. Verity says, translated in 1596; but some, at least, of its contents seem to have had their English dress at an earlier date in Edward Aggas's *Certain Tragical Cases* (1590) and Munday's *The Defence of Contraries* (1593). These are, we repeat, suggestions rather than criticisms, and not intended to detract from our praise of Mr. Verity's admirable edition.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF THE "KOROSKO."

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

The *Korosko* is a Nile steamer; and we are straightway introduced to its passengers. The capture of the whole party by the dervishes, while ashore, is the beginning of adventures. These are entertaining and unpleasant by turns, and finally rescue comes from the Camel Corps. In the desert love and heroism get their chances; and when the principal characters sum up their experience, they all find that they have learned something. "It is my firm belief," says Mr. Belmont, "that there was not one of us who did not rise to a greater height during those days in the desert than ever before or since. When our sins come to be weighed, much may be forgiven us for the sake of those unselfish days." A thoroughly breezy, amusing, and wholesome story. (Smith, Elder & Co. 333 pp. 6s.)

#### ROUGH JUSTICE.

By M. E. BRADDON.

Miss Braddon has the secret of perpetual vigour, perpetual enthusiasm. Here is a new novel from her pen—her fifty-somethingth, we believe—and it is as well conceived and well handled as ever. The hero is a Cambridge man—a fine fellow, but down on his luck—who is tried on a murder charge and acquitted, although not without a stain. He subsequently tracks down the real criminal and wrings a confession from him. (Simpkin & Co. 392 pp. 6s.)

#### THE VINTAGE.

By E. F. BENSON.

The author of *Dodo* has travelled some distance from his first novel. Here we have the history of a people fighting to be free, the emotions of patriots, the stress of war. The scene is the Greece which Byron sought to assist to liberty, and the dedication is to Her Majesty, Olga, Queen of the Hellenes. It is not good reading for Turks. Mr. Jacomb Hood supplies eleven clever, but unnecessary, pictures; and there is a crude, but necessary, map. (Methuen & Co. 397 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN.

By W. E. NORRIS.

A political novel. Home Rule is the question at issue, and Mr. Norris's puppets discuss it from beginning to end. It is, indeed, a romance of talk. (Seeley & Co. 385 pp. 6s.)

#### JOSIAH'S WIFE.

By NORMA LORIMER.

"Love is so cussed; it has no respect of goodness": with this sentiment the book opens. "He kept her feet warm, and he had no fear of being disturbed:" that is the end. And between these two sentences the neurotic heroine, Camela Skidmore, enjoys a year's holiday from her Baptist husband; and travels to Sicily and meets a platonic affinity; and subsequently returns to the Baptist, who suggests divorce, but is frustrated by the platonic affinity, who insists that the Baptist also must first have a year's holiday. So the Baptist does so, and on his return finds Camela chastened and penitent. (Methuen & Co. 316 pp. 6s.)

#### SPANISH JOHN.

By WILLIAM McLENNAN.

There is also a mere trifle of a sub-title: "Being a Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonnell, known as 'Spanish John,' when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James of the Regiment Irlandia, in the Service of the King of Spain operating in Italy." It is hardly necessary to say more, except that there are pictures, and the story is a brisk one. (Harper & Brothers. 271 pp. 6s.)

#### A LOW-BORN LASS.

By MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

This novel begins: "Like Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' Sukey Rogers was one whom, from her earliest childhood, there was 'none to praise, and very few to love'; but here, I am afraid, the likeness must be said to cease." It is not the best way to begin a novel.

Sukey, as a child, had a friend named Bill Harris, who talked like this: "There be a cirkis comin', and wild beastses." Indeed, almost every one in the book talks like this. Sukey loved one man and married another—a barn stormer—and lives unhappy until we lose sight of her. (Hurst & Blackett. 305 pp. 6s.)

#### JACK RIVERS.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

There are chapter-headings in this book that will make the sentimental novel-reader's mouth water. The ingredients are mixed according to an old and favourite recipe. The hero is disinherited by his father, and a vulgarian substituted for him. The hero's *fiancée* therefore releases him, and marries the substitute. The hero, thus stranded, falls in love with the beautiful daughter of an artist, and wins her, and the artist's wedding present is the hero's ancestral home. (F. V. White. 240 pp. 6s.)

#### VINDICTA.

By FENN MARCH.

How Jermyrn Strange's life was darkened, and his Parliamentary prospects blighted, by the care of a dipsomaniac mother; how he loved in vain, and was vainly loved, and won not satisfaction but wisdom, is the theme of this story; which is a sincere, if not a remarkable, piece of work. (Horace Marshall & Son. 220 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A BRANCH OF LAUREL.

By A. B. LOUIS.

A story of religious persecution in France in the time of Louis XIII. The central figures in the drama are Père Grandier, and a jealous Abbess who brings about his execution at the stake on a false charge. A pathetic little book. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 147 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE LADY CHARLOTTE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Lady Charlotte Byng is a handsome and accomplished woman, proud of her family records. Anxious to publish these, she employs Arthur Ellison to edit the "Belfield Memoirs." Ellison, being a cad, seeks his own ends, makes love to Lady Charlotte's niece, and secretly compiles a slanderous book on the family from the materials placed before him. Then, by the eternal law of improbability, his MS. is sent to Lady Charlotte for her opinion, by a publisher to whom she acts as "reader." "I wonder if I shall kill this young man?" she says as she examines the MS. The upshot may be left unindicated. A sprightly story. (Hutchinson & Co. 335 pp. 6s.)

#### TWO BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIES.

By E. G. HERON WATSON.

An amateurish love-story. Miss Watson describes the beauty of her heroines in the halfpenny novelette manner, and uses French and italics too freely. When one of the heroines is trying to escape from a gipsy caravan, we read: "A ditch—a *deep* ditch—and, thank God! it was *dry*, there being almost no water in it." (Turnbull & Spears. 255 pp.)

#### THE WHITE CAT.

By HENRY FRANCIS.

This is a pleasant love-story laid in the Chiltern Hills. We are introduced to prosperous farmers, fox-hunting squires, dairy-maids, and the whole round of village life, with a diversion to London when the plot thickens. The white cat plays a subordinate, but a continuous part in the story. (William Reeves. 290 pp. 4s. 6d.)

#### THE BLUE DIAMONDS.

By LEILA BOUSTEAD.

Those readers who can believe that a woman may marry her lover's twin brother by mistake, and only find it out when her husband dies, and his brother turns up, may enjoy this Anglo-Indian P. & O. story. Others will not. (F. V. White & Co. 119 pp. 1s.)

#### THE RAJAH OF PATMANDRI.

By HENRY FRANCIS.

This is a Hindu romance, compact of temple mysteries, and nautch girls, and tigers, and snake-charming, and captivities, and escapes—with a love-story emerging. (William Reeves. 277 pp. 4s.)

## "THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS."

BY H. W. MASSINGHAM.

THE chief literary quality of this book seems to me its reserve—its distinction. It is restless to have this quiet, sober work after a confused noise of many Crocketts. And it argues singular courage for a writer to set aside her earlier and lighter successes and begin steadily to walk the path of great literature. But I hope she will not expect any encouragement. Most English readers prefer *The Mighty Atom* to a dozen *School for Saints*. In the first place, they are not interested in saints, unless they happen to be like Father Storm; and, in the second place, the presence of scholarship and artistry in a novel will seem to them a weariness and an intrusion. The public which, through the golden mouth of Mr. Clement Scott, proclaimed Ibsen "a muck-ferreting dog," thought *Jude the Obscure* obscene, and neglected Meredith during the greater part of his career, will certainly vote *The School for Saints* a bore. Many will think it profane. Others, I have no doubt, will regard it as a Popish plot. For myself, I confess that, while I have no sympathy with its religion, I think it a most interesting and original study in religious emotion; that I find it none too long; and that I am glad that the purpose of writing it is to be developed in a sequel. That it rejects most of the conventions of the modern novel, and restores the writer to his place of analyst, appraiser, and chorus to his characters, is not a point of recommendation to me. I like to see the novelist lay aside this prerogative. But "John Oliver Hobbes" uses it with so much grace, and at times with such notable power, that I reconcile myself at last to these communings, these gentle and mystical responses to the devotions of Robert and Brigit. And finally, I express my gratitude for another charming archaism, the revival, for the purposes of the novel, of the art and practice of letter-writing. Many of Orange's letters are quite Richardsonian in length; but they are all delightful.

The book has grown out of an idea. "The school for saints" is the world; the rather unsaintly world, one would say, of Mr. Disraeli and Austrian Archdukes with morganatic wives from the Opera. Indeed, the majority of "John Oliver Hobbes's" characters appear rather to regard it as a battlefield, a playroom, a counting-house—or if as a school, a school for scandal. But, none the less, the author does contrive to suggest with great skill the presence in such a society of influences which bring about that taming, or even surrender, of the will which we call saintliness. This is how she describes the working of this influence on the fastidious temper of her hero, Robert Orange:

"He learnt that there was still an influence on this earth which neither doctrines of vanity nor the pride of life could mar. And whereas other influences made for restlessness, dissatisfaction, a sort of shame, and certainly much folly, this, on the contrary, brought strength and a sense of heirship to the peace of God. He obtained, too, his first clear and untroubled vision of time. He saw that, of a truth, a thousand years were as one day, and one day was as a thousand years—not in God's sight only, but in that school for saints which has been often called the way of the world."

The master in this school is, of course, the Roman Catholic Church. There Orange finds a rich soil for cultivating the life of the soul amid the desert of society—a society, be it remembered, of antimacassars and mid-Victorian emotions; but he does not leave it. He remains

"Half in the busy world, and half beyond it."

He is patronised by his chief, Disraeli, stands for Parliament at a by-election, wins his seat (is it not a little curious that he, a Catholic, is made to do so at a moment when his party is opposing Irish Disestablishment?), and takes part, half for love, half for principle, in the Carlist rising of that period. He suffers or is happy, falls in love, adventures his fortunes, or even flirts with an Anglican countess; but throughout he retains his devotional air. Not dissimilar from him is Brigit Duroc, daughter of a quaint parentage. She, too, is one part *dévoté*, one part woman of the world. She inclines to the religious life; but she can write of her friends with quite mundane sprightliness:

"Madrid, August, 1869.

"Again my plans are changed. Early this morning I was formally presented to Lady Fitz Rewes. She and I were together for a short time last night, while we were waiting for Mr. Orange's return, and she did

not then appear well disposed towards me. She seemed lackadaisical and frigid—she might have been a toy nightingale with a musical box in her breast, and, whenever she opened her lips to say 'Yes' or 'No,' I expected to hear the plaintive tinkle of "*Au clair de la lune*." But to-day she was another creature—all smiles and curls and kindness. She may be ten years older than myself; she is very blue round the eyes, a little hollow in the cheeks. Her figure is graceful; she has quantities of flaxen hair, a pink and white complexion, a foolish rather pretty mouth, and a chin like Martin Luther's. She dresses beautifully, and her waist cannot measure eighteen inches. I had no opportunity to observe her closely, so I give you this impression—taken at a glance—for what it is worth."

Even when she runs away with Robert it is to a convent, and with a breviary in her hand:

"He made his way down to the Lady Chapel. The door stood open. He entered, fearing horribly that he would find it empty. But she was there.

'Brigit!'

'Robert!'

'Have I frightened you?'

'No. I knew you were coming.'

'Why?'

'Because you always come when I ask our Blessed Lady to send you.'

'Then this is a miracle.'

'What else? Where shall we go?'

'Will you come with me?'

'Of course.'

'But away from this place—to London?'

'I trust you in all things.'

'Can you run?'

'Like the wind.'

'Then give me your hand.'

'Put my breviary in your pocket. Yes, you may kiss it first. It's a blessed book. It belonged to a Saint. She wasn't canonised. Now wait till I take a long breath. Oh, Robert! I love to see you. But—are we to run to London?'

'No, angel, we must take a train.'

'I am ready. Where shall we go when we get to London?'

'I will take you to your convent.'

'She clapped her hands.'

'But dear Pensée? What will she think?'

'All is fair in war and —.'

'Yes,' she said, hastily, with a blush. 'Mudara means war. I will write Pensée a letter. That will do. Which hand will you have?'

'The left. Follow me.'

Perhaps the quaintness of these and some earlier scenes arises from the fact that the atmosphere of the book—an atmosphere most delicately and successfully preserved—is French rather than English. This may explain what is a puzzle to the Saxon mind—how Orange became a Catholic. The change seems to come rather as a matter of training and temperament, or even of æsthetic choice, than of conviction. Indeed, "Dizzy's" comment on the conversion does not seem entirely astray:

"'Yesterday,' he says, 'I was received into the Roman communion. I went to a little chapel I know of and made my profession to a simple parish priest—a secular. He knows my name, but nothing more of me. We have had a short correspondence, however, and the step is not sudden. I have been meditating it for several years, and my mind on that point is at last clear. I know the case against Rome by heart, and from its accusers I have learnt its defence. Disraeli, who is not unsympathetic, admits, that until a man is settled in his religious belief one may never know what to expect from him! But he condemns my proceeding on the eve of a political contest as suicidal. I replied that I could not flatter myself that I should be permitted the distinction of suffering for my creed.'"

This is an admirable sketch of the Disraelian mind; much more truthful, as it appears to me, than the scene in which "Dizzy" is made to take part in a Catholic service, and to be profoundly impressed by it. But in Orange you are only permitted to see the effect and the crown of the religious life which has run into the Catholic mould of obedience and submission. Its processes—the struggles, the journey through the valley of the shadow, the "strong convulsions to and fro"—are hidden, and are, indeed, foreign to the sedateness of the book, and of the temperaments with which it is concerned. For my part, I would rather have had more of the *vie intime* of Robert and Brigit, and less of Conservative politics in 1869, and the "Legitimate Causes" of Europe.

The book contains two historical portraits of great interest—Prim and Disraeli. The first is a most brilliant vignette. Of Disraeli, "John Oliver Hobbes" has made a study so careful and

ingenious that she has absorbed something of the literary manner of her subject, and there are one or two pages of *The School for Saints* which read like a subdued edition of *Lothair*. I hesitate to say that the portrait, with all its cleverness, is quite successful. Disraeli was surely a more theatrical, more insincere, character than "John Oliver Hobbes" has drawn. His entry into, and final command of, English society and politics was necessarily a piece of intellectual brigandage, a kind of Fra Diavolism of modern life; and its author never quite lost the contraband air which was his true pose. But if "John Oliver Hobbes" does now and again challenge criticism from those who do not accept the religion which she commends with so much tenderness, so deep—I had almost said so pathetic—an insistence, no one who cares for English literature will do other than rejoice to see it reverting to the service of ideas, to the illumination and illustration of life as the artist, the scholar, the devotional thinker, see it. From that point of view, *The School for Saints* sets us again in the track where only serious students and honest and capable exponents of the literary art are to be found, and where only readers who are worth cultivating will follow her.

### SOME LIVING POETS.

#### MR. WILLIAM ARCHER'S PREFERENCES.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER made avowal of his poetical preferences last Friday evening when addressing the Society of Women Journalists on "Some Living Poets." A feature of his address was his plea for a more generous appreciation of young song-smiths:

"I would ask you," he said to a packed and sympathetic audience, "to turn a deaf ear to timorous and carping criticism, and have courage to enjoy, love, praise—and, let me add, to buy—the work of living men and women born within, and well within, the Victorian era—men and women whom your love can hearten, your praise rejoice, and whom your solid tribute, perhaps, may place in a position to develop their genius more fully than is possible while poetry, as the saying goes, is 'a drug in the market.'"

Coming next to the questions, "What have we?" and "What do we lack?" Mr. Archer declared that we lack two things: great narrative poems and great poetic dramas, and with the reason for this he briefly entered. What *have* we?

"Everything," was the reply, "except the drama and the long narrative. We are rich in the short narrative, or ballad, in contemplative, speculative, philosophic poetry, and in every form of lyric, from the ode to the versicle, from the avalanche to the single snowflake. Along two lines especially are we continuing, as well as heart can desire, the noblest traditions of English poetry. We are still great in the vision and interpretation of nature, and in the utterance of our national self-consciousness. Nor are we by any means to seek, I should say, in the exercise of that function which a poet-critic has somewhat paradoxically proclaimed the supreme function of poetry—to wit, 'criticism of life.'"

And now for Mr. Archer's own preferences. Taking first poems of nature ("it has always," he said, "been the delight of our English poets to talk about the weather"), Mr. Archer read one of Mr. Henley's *Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms*—the twenty-second, entitled "Pastoral," and beginning:

"'Tis the Spring  
Earth has conceived, and her bosom,  
Teeming with Summer, is glad."

Mr. Archer continued as follows (we quote the *Daily Chronicle's* report):

"I venture to say that if Chaucer could read these lines he would hail this poet one of his rightful kindred. But the spring, in spite of the cooling of the planet and the heating of the furnaces, is still very much what it was in Chaucer's time. What is new and peculiar to our age is the teeming, throbbing, clangorous life of our great cities; and this, too, the modern poet ought to interpret. Well, again I turn to Mr. Henley—this time to his *London Voluntaries*, and I find four pictures of London scenery which are pure masterpieces of vision and technical accomplishment.

[Here the lecturer read a passage from the dawn-poem, ending with the lines:

'The ancient River, singing as he goes  
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.']

Let us now take other aspects of nature, seen by other poets. Here, for instance, is a romantic landscape:

'High on a hill the convent hung,  
Across a duchy looking down,  
Where everlasting mountains flung  
Their shadows over tower and town.

The jewels of their lofty snows  
In constellations flashed at night;  
Above their crests the moon arose;  
The deep earth shuddered with delight.

The adventurous Sun took heaven by storm;  
Clouds scattered largesses of rain;  
The sounding cities, rich and warm,  
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.'

Is not the last stanza a Turner in a quatrain? The writer, as many of you probably know, is Mr. John Davidson. And Mr. Davidson does not excel in romantic landscape alone. I doubt whether any poet has ever had a keener or more loving eye for English and Scottish nature.

Somewhat similar, perhaps even finer, is the phrase about the sea in Maire Bruin's appeal to the fairies in "The Land of Heart's Desire," a little play by Mr. W. B. Yeats:

'Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,  
For I would ride with you upon the wind,  
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,  
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.'

If Mr. Yeats had given us nothing but this magic suggestion of the 'dishevelled tide' scudding before the wind, Ireland might still have claimed him among her poets; for what is the essence of poetry if it be not that magic which makes a phrase seem predestinate from before the beginning of years, a thing the world has been waiting for?"

Mr. Archer now approached "philosophical poetry," with which he linked the names of Mr. William Watson, Mr. Francis Thompson, and Mr. John Davidson. Even Mr. Watson's feeling for nature, he thought, is mainly philosophical; his touch is too firm and definite to allow of his being a great landscapist. Mr. Archer illustrated this point by reading several stanzas from Mr. Watson's "Ode in May," which showed, he said, that poetry only needs time to assimilate the material brought to her by science. Mr. Francis Thompson had already done this in his "Anthem of Earth." Mr. Davidson, again, was nothing if not a strong thinker. Mr. Archer spoke of the difficulty of quoting speculative and philosophical poetry, but, he added:

"there is one philosophic poem—the utterance, at any rate, of a personal philosophy—which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of citing. There are poems which we recognise as predestined to immortality from the moment we set eyes on them, and this is certainly one of them. It was published ten years ago in Mr. Henley's first book of verse, and already it is a classic. Stoicism has waited all these centuries for its superbest utterance, but here it has found it at last:

'Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.  
It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.'

We have among us, barely without the four-mile radius from Charing-cross, the man who wrote these four quatrains, or, rather, east them in elauing bronze; yet simply because he is alive, because the voice of our homage could reach him, and to some extent mitigate for him the 'fell clutch of circumstance,' we hesitate to hail him a great poet!"

From this branch of his subject Mr. Archer passed to "The Miscellaneous Lyric," which he boldly compared, in its modern form, to its Elizabethan models: "What raptures should we not go into, for instance, if we came across in an Elizabethan song-book Mr. Francis Thompson's little address 'To a Snowflake.' It is in this lyrical department," said Mr. Archer, that

"our women singers put forth their best strength. One, Mrs. Clement Shorter, excels rather in the ballad; but it is in the pure lyric that Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Marriott Watson, Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Radford, Miss Alma Tadema are at their best. There is often a beautiful intimacy of emotion in the best work of these ladies, while its technical accomplishment is in some cases very high."

Leaving the lyrics to the ladies somewhat abruptly, the lecturer

entered on patriotic poetry—selecting as its representative poets Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Henry Newbolt. Of Mr. Kipling he said:

“He brings home to us as no one ever did before a sense of the cost of Empire in blood and tears. When he sings of the sea is to tell how

‘We have strawed our best to the weed’s unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha’ paid in full.’

When he sings of Tommy Atkins, he tells us much more of the labours and horrors than of the glories and delights of that irrepressible gentleman’s career. And he has introduced a new note into patriotic poetry in praising the enemy and celebrating his valour. This, too, no doubt, is indirect self-glorification; but if you will listen to his ‘Fuzzy-Wuzzy’ I think you will admit that there is something more than that in it.”

Mr. Archer read “Fuzzy-Wuzzy,” and passed to Mr. Watson, whose “Purple East” sonnets he thought would, with all their defects, take a splendid place in literature. For Mr. Newbolt, too, Mr. Archer had high praise.

In the concluding passage of his lecture, he returned to his plea for our living poets. “Slight not the song-smith,” he virtually said. Here are Mr. Archer’s words:

“I have nothing to say against searching, discriminating, even exacting criticism; and I plead guilty to an extreme intolerance for poets who are no poets at all. But when a poet *is* a poet—this is the thought I would urge upon you—he ought to be praised and loved for his strongest work, not condemned and scorned for his weakest. If he has written one true and vital poem, he is a benefactor to his country. Take, for instance, the song I have just read you, ‘Admirals All,’ I believe that if we were offered the price of a first class line-of-battle ship to destroy, annihilate, wipe these verses out of existence, it would be very false economy to accept the offer. I believe Mr. Newbolt’s little book will be worth many battle-ships to ‘the Rodneys yet to be.’ But one of the poet’s has put the case for poetry better than I can. The poem is called ‘England my Mother,’ and the writer is William Watson.”

#### MR. EDMUND GOSSE’S PROTEST.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that some protest would be raised against Mr. Archer’s omissions of other people’s favourite poems. Up rose Mr. Edmund Gosse, who wrote the next day to the *Daily Chronicle* in an aggrieved mood.

“I would ask Mr. Archer” [wrote Mr. Gosse] “how he could enumerate the poetic forces of our time, and say nothing of Mr. Arthur Symonds, nothing of Mr. Lionel Johnson. But I appeal indignantly against the assumption that their predecessors were persons so insignificant that even with his microscope Mr. Archer cannot discover their names. What are we to think of a critic of Mr. Archer’s authority who speaks minutely of our living poets, and has nothing to tell us of Mr. Austin Dobson, or of Mr. Robert Bridges, to name but the greatest of the generation which he so audaciously ignores? There is not now living an artist in verse so exquisite, so sure of his effect, so completely master of his material, as Mr. Austin Dobson; nor, gay and epicurean as his mood is, is he incapable of sounding in a style wholly his own the deeper notes of human feeling. Since Mr. Swinburne there has been born no poet whose sudden flashing felicities, whose daring flights of lyric intuition, exceed in pure beauty those of Mr. Bridges at his best. I cannot find words of eulogy for Mr. Watson and Mr. Yeates if I am told that Mr. Dobson and Mr. Bridges are contemptible. And the mellifluous reverie of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and the grace of Mr. Lang, and the austere, dry dignity of Canon Dixon—who is Mr. Archer that he should treat all these as unworthy of mention? I know of but one reply, namely, that they belong to the age which Mr. Archer, in the interests of a younger school, desires to blot out of the very annals of English poetry.”

#### MR. ARCHER EXPLAINS.

There was only one answer to Mr. Gosse’s strictures, and here it is in Mr. Archer’s words:

“What can I say to appease Mr. Gosse, except that there are only sixty minutes in an hour, and that I never dreamed of attempting to trace in sixty minutes ‘the magnificent and unbroken evolution of our poetry’? Had my lecture been the first of a University Extension course, I should have set about it very differently. . . . It is true that of the intermediate generation between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watson I selected one, Mr. William Ernest Henley, for special mention, because I hold that Mr. Henley ought to be not merely a critic’s poet, but a people’s poet, and that the comparatively small bulk of his writings has done him some injustice in the eyes of his countrymen. . . . For the rest, I spoke only of poets of a distinctly younger generation—poets

born since 1850—and a lecturer may surely choose to speak of one generation of men without being held to ‘revile’ or disparage another. For Mr. Austin Dobson, for example, I have the warmest admiration, which I have again and again expressed. In this very lecture I quoted a famous line of Mr. Dobson’s, as one would quote a classic.”

## SOME APHORISMS.

### III.—SCHOPENHAUER.

THE popularity of Schopenhauer seems to be mildly increasing in this country. Mr. Bailey Saunders found it possible to issue selections of his more popular writings in volume after volume. Mr. Walter Scott has recently issued a selection from Schopenhauer’s writings, edited by Mr. W. B. Röafeldt. It is from the volume of *Counsels and Maxims*, translated by Mr. Saunders, that we take the following characteristic utterances. Having found life “something not to be enjoyed, but to be overcome,” he endeavours to give to others the result of his experience. “First of all,” he says, “divest yourself of all delusion.”

. The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.

Next to this, look for no happiness beyond what you can find in yourselves: learn to say truly—*Omnia mia—mecum porto*.

The world has many bad things in it, but the worst is what is called society.

Rascals are always sociable, and the chief sign that a man has any nobility in his nature is the little pleasure he takes in others company.

To be alone is the fate of all great minds.

Certain porcupines huddled together for warmth on a cold day but as they began to prick one another with their quills they were obliged to disperse. However, the cold drove them together again when the same thing happened. At last they discovered that they would be best off by remaining at a little distance. In the same way the need of society drives the human porcupines together, only to be eventually repelled by the many prickly and disagreeable qualities of their nature. The moderate distance, which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the formal code of politeness and manners.

By all means be polite, for politeness is like a counter; an avowedly false coin with which it is foolish to be stingy. We must not cut ourselves off entirely from our fellow-creatures, notwithstanding their depravity, for only thus do we gain experience of the world.

Experience of the world is a kind of text, to which reflection and knowledge form the commentary. Where there is a great deal of reflection and intellectual knowledge, and very little experience, the result is like those books which have two lines of text to forty lines of comment. A great deal of experience with little reflection gives us books in which there are no notes, and much that is unintelligible.

See something of human nature, but do not try to mend it.

Resolve to make use of those you cannot alter.

Above all, do not suffer yourself to be disturbed by those around you.

If you feel irritated by the absurd remarks of two people whose conversation you happen to overhear, imagine that you are listening to the dialogue of two fools in a comedy. *Probatum est*.

True friendship belongs to that class of things—the sea-serpent for instance—with regard to which no one knows whether they are fabulous, or exist somewhere or other.

Everything happens of necessity. Let a man do what he can and then endure what he must.

To forgive and forget means to throw away dearly bought experience.

Your friends will tell you they are sincere, your enemies are really so.

Do not tell a friend anything you would conceal from an enemy.

Give way neither to love nor to hate is one half of worldly wisdom, say nothing and believe nothing is the other half.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE "unpublished Stevenson," which *The Outlook* has announced for publication, is the Valedictory Address written by Robert Louis Stevenson, as one of the Presidents of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, in 1872. The author was too ill at that time to read the paper himself, and the duty was undertaken by his friend Mr. Charles Baxter.

*Apropos* of the Speculative Society, it may be interesting to put on record the fact that Mr. Charles Baxter, who practically initiated the Edinburgh edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, shares with Sir Walter Scott the distinction of having held office as secretary of the Society for three consecutive years. Mr. Baxter tells the interesting circumstance that in the minute books (of which the Society possess an absolutely complete set) Sir Walter invariably spelled Tuesday "Tensday." His inversion of the "ue" was persistent.

It is more than probable that the purchasers of the Edinburgh Stevenson may be offered yet another exclusive volume when that publication comes to an end. A book of fine reproductions of illustrations in black and white of scenes and characters in Stevenson's life and writings, drawn by different artists, selected by a well-known critic, and accompanied by notes and extracts from the works, would be a fitting crown to the twenty-seven Edinburgh volumes. It is possible that such a book may be forthcoming. Of course, the price will be high—two and a-half or three guineas; and unless subscribers are found to guarantee the edition, no further steps will be taken. But the scheme seems to us an excellent one.

It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Archer did not more definitely state that his remarks last week on "Some Living Poets" were to be taken more as expressing personal preferences than absolute critical judgment. What he did, in other words, was to translate into action the present fashion for anthologising: a simpler course, by the way, than to print, because one evades all copyright difficulties. Mr. Archer did not claim that the poems which he read were the best, but that they were his own selection from his not too well-stocked shelves. All this proves that Mr. Archer took his lecture much less seriously than other persons have done. Personally, we do not agree with many of Mr. Archer's remarks, but we find his point of view interesting. It is, however, a thankless task to speak either ill or well of a living poet.

FOLLOWING Mr. Archer's lecture on Friday came, on Sunday, at South Place, Finsbury, a discourse by Sir Alfred Lyall on "Heroic Poetry." According to Sir Alfred Lyall heroism on the sea has done more for the poet than heroism on land; but he cannot think that poets have sufficiently risen to the occasion. There certainly are fine sea ballads. Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," Browning's "Hervé Riel," Tennyson's "Rovenge," come to mind at once. There is also a good sea fight in the late William Cory's *Ionica*. Sir Alfred Lyall alluded enthusiastically to Mr. Kipling, although he deplores a little his "lack of nobility" and the absence of "the grand style" in his work; but to his frontier ballads—such as "East and West"—the lecturer gave the highest praise. To Mr. Kipling, he suggested, we should look for the authoritative ballad of the winning of Dargai.

SIR ALFRED LYALL naturally made no quotations from his own poetry; but no other critic engaged in such an examination would be right in omitting reference to *Verses Written in India*. Sir Alfred Lyall therein shows himself to understand the meaning of heroism as well as any man: from no anthology of heroic verse could his "Theology in Extremis" be excluded. But Sir Alfred Lyall has done more than the battle poet usually does; he has shown himself to have sympathetic understanding of the feelings also of the other side. Only a generous, comprehensive mind, gifted with true imaginative sympathy, could have produced "The Old Pindaree," "Rajpoot Rebels," and "A Sermon in Lower Bengal."

WE quote, for the benefit of readers who may be unacquainted with Sir Alfred Lyall's work, the poignant stanzas entitled "Badminton":

"Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,  
Under the Morce battlement's shade;  
Close to the glaciis our game was formed,  
There had the fight been, and there we played.

Lightly the demoiselles tittered and leapt,  
Merrily capered the players all;  
North, was the garden where Nicholson slept;  
South, was the sweep of a battered wall.

Near me a Mussulman, civil and mild,  
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell;  
And he said, as he counted his beads and smiled,  
'God smite their souls to the depths of hell!'"

*Verses Written in India*, which appeared first in 1889, is now in its fourth edition.

THE writer of the *Speaker's* article on Lewis Carroll explains that "grumious" was the invention of the devil—the printer's devil. He himself wrote "frumious" and very properly has been fuming-furious ever since. He then asks, "What is Jabberwocky doing in your pages?" adding slyly, "Jabberwock, my dear ACADEMY, Jabberwock." But as it happens, we both are right. Jabberwock was the name of the beast, Jabberwocky the name of the poem.

THE late Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., was almost unknown to the present generation of picture-lovers. But twenty or thirty years ago his pictures of rustic child-life had always their little crowd at Burlington House. He handled colours, especially water-colours, with much skill and refinement, but was never a great artist. Mr. Dobson's name being among the Honorary Retired Academicians, his death leaves no gap to be filled.

AT the General Assembly which met on Wednesday night at the Royal Academy to elect two new members to fill the places of the late Mr. J. B. Burgess and the late Sir John Gilbert, and to appoint an Associate to the existing vacancy, Mr. Benjamin Williams Leader and Mr. John Seymour Lucas were selected as Academicians, and Mr. Charles Napier Hemy as Associate. The *Daily News* gives the following details of the elections:

FIRST ELECTION.—First "Scratching": Mr. Lucas, 15; Mr. Leader, 14; with Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Waterlow, and Mr. Swan, qualified for the blackboard; with support to Mr. Abbey, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Storey, and Mr. Bodley. Second Scratching: Mr. Leader, 20; Mr. Lucas, 15; followed by Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Waterlow. Ballot: Mr. Leader, 28; Mr. Lucas, 21. Mr. Leader elected.

SECOND ELECTION.—First Scratching: Mr. Lucas, 23; Mr. Macbeth, 8; followed by Mr. Swan, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Murray, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Storey, and Mr. Brett. Second Scratching: Mr. Lucas, 24; Mr. Macbeth, 11; followed by Mr. Swan, Mr. Waterlow, and Mr. Hunter. Ballot: Mr. Lucas, 35; Mr. Macbeth, 14. Mr. Lucas elected.

ASSOCIATES' ELECTION.—First Scratching: Mr. East, 10; Mr. Farquharson, 7; Mr. Napier Hemy, 6; followed by Sir George Reid, Mr. Cope, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Belcher, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. A. Goodwin, Mr. T. Graham, Mr. G. Joy, Mr. Lorimer, and Mr. A. Stokes. Second Scratching: Mr. East, 11; Mr. Hemy, 9; followed by Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Cope, Sir George Reid, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Belcher, and Mr. Webb. Ballot: Mr. Hemy, 26; Mr. East, 25. Mr. Napier Hemy elected.

WE gathered, the other day, on reading the *Daily Chronicle*, that literature was about to lose M. J. K. Huysmans in the cloister's shade. Now we read that the priest to whom M. Huysmans applies for counsel advises him to remain at his post at the Ministry of the Interior until he has earned his retiring pension; which is excellent advice. He also believes that M. Huysmans will do more proportionate good

by his new forthcoming novels, *Sainte Lydwine* and *L'Oblat*, than by taking the cowl at an age when his character is formed"; which is arguable.

THE French translation of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* will have a preface by Mr. Arthur Symons.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In your issue of January 22 you announced that a second edition of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*, in which several misprints will be corrected, was about to be issued. It would also contain a revision of the poem of "The Wife," amounting to a considerable re-writing. This is hardly welcome news to the purchasers of the first edition. Would it not be possible in such a case, as well as an act of justice, for the publisher also to issue a few pages containing the emendations for the behoof of the earlier buyers? They should be of uniform size with the original volume, so that they could be inserted within the cover; and a small charge would doubtless willingly be paid."

MR. E. H. COOPER, who wrote *The Marchioness Against the County*, is the right kind of author. He sends the following missive to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"Having been for some days past under the charge of Parisian surgeons, I have only just seen your review of my novel, *The Marchioness Against the County*. When your reviewer calls my dear 'Helen' a 'typical stage-child, high-flown, fantastic, and a prodigy of accomplishments,' I, of course, suffer a relapse, which bewilders Dr. Faure-Miller. But when he speaks of her later on as an 'infant prodigue,' evidently under the impression that 'enfant prodigue' means 'infant phenomenon,' I laugh and recover. In gratitude for my recovery I will give him a French dictionary if you will send me his address."

We have reasons for believing that the "stage-child's" diary, quoted by Mr. Cooper, is a genuine document.

A CURIOUS literary product reaches us from Messrs. Longmans, in the shape of *Thoughts and Words*, three volumes of extracts from classical and modern authors of every degree of talent. The volumes are bound in vellum stamped with the author's arms and signature—Stephen Dowell. Mr. Dowell tells us that this portentous Commonplace-Book is the fruit of an attack of influenza which left him dependent on literary recreation. The work has little or no plan, the second volume being frankly devoid of any, while the third centres round tobacco, and some "pretty pieces of poetry put together in the Engadine to please a lady." The three volumes contain nearly 1,400 pages, and they may grace a drawing-room table, or refine conversation in the smoke-room. On the other hand, they seem to add a new terror to the influenza.

*Literature* tells a pleasant story of a lady who was ransacking one of the "Periodical" volumes of the Catalogue in the British Museum Reading-room, and who, on being offered assistance by an official, exclaimed: "Oh, thank you, I have to go to Exeter this afternoon, and I'm just looking for Brad-

shaw." Someone should make a collection of British Museum stories and traditions. The compiler might include the remark which fell from a working man the other day, when he and his wife were inspecting the Elgin marbles. After a long silence he was heard to say to his partner, "Well, these ancient Greeks licks me, sometimes I thinks they *was* civilised, and sometimes I thinks they *wasn't*."

UNDER the title of *The Cockney Columbus*, Mr. David Christie Murray renders an account of the visits he paid to America and Australia in the spring of last year. Mr. Murray has a good deal to say in his Preface on the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and incidentally he reproduces words which he addressed to the fiftieth gathering of the Association of State Teachers, held in New York during his visit. Mr. Murray touched upon the vexed subject of American school-books, and the kind of teaching regarding England which is conveyed in them to American boys and girls. He said:

"When I visited your country I made acquaintance with certain books employed in schools which seemed to me to deal with long-buried controversy with an acrimony, which, however just and natural at one time, had grown out of date and needless. You can afford to teach your children now that the England of to-day regrets and condemns nothing in its history as it regrets and condemns that time. There are, thank God, many forces which tend to unite us to each other, but there are some influences of disruption too, and I take these school-books to be one of the latter. Truth has a right to be told, and Englishmen have no right to shrink from it. But in this case, more than in most, the whole truth is desirable. Side by side with the history of arrogance and folly, set down the history of regret. Teach the story of the valour of your forefathers—your children have a claim to hear it—but let it be known to your charges in their tender years, that not even in their own land is that valour more esteemed than it is among your old-time enemies. Tell them there is no name in English annals more revered by Englishmen than that of Washington."

WE quote the following from the *Daily News*:

"Among big sales of recent novels, the following may be mentioned. A quarter of a million copies of Mr. Farjeon's Australian story, *Grief*, have been sold in England, Australia, America, and South Africa. Ten thousand copies of Mrs. Craigie's *The School for Saints* have been sold, and a second edition will be issued at the end of this week or beginning of next. Forty thousand copies of Dr. Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* have been sold in America alone, while in this country the sale has been large.

THE story-teller does not often hit upon so taking a motto as this prefixed to *Traits and Confidences*, a collection of stories by the Hon. Emily Lawless. The lines are from *The Cunninge Craftsmanne*:

"The littel teller tells hys littel minde  
In littel tales to readers colde or kinde,  
Some in plain wordes, and some in wordes  
more blinde,  
So much is tolde, yet muche remaynes  
behinde."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Literary World* refers in strong terms to Stevenson's *Father Damien*:

"As a masterpiece of vindictive writing that letter bids fair for a long life, but should be classed as much among pure fiction as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Dr. Hyde did not publish any attack on Father Damien. He simply, in a private letter, stated facts that were well known in Honolulu. His correspondent saw fit to print what had not been intended for the public, and thereby brought down this torrent of abuse, which must be received as any other unjust calumny. Dr. Hyde as a man is as superior to R. L. Stevenson as Stevenson himself as a writer is to the generality of scribblers. But 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.'"

Our only comment on such a letter is that it should have appeared several years earlier.

THE New York correspondent of a Boston paper suggests that Mr. Wells has an ingenious American rival. He writes: An extraordinary romance, by Garrett P. Serviss, entitled *Edison's Conquest of Mars*, is appearing serially in the *Evening Journal* here. It introduces Mr. Thomas A. Edison as one of the chief figures, and certain imaginary inventions of his are made striking features of the plot. Mr. Edison has publicly expressed his annoyance at being used in this way, but he says that he knows of no means of obtaining redress. The case is a very curious violation of literary ethics, and it is surprising that a man with the excellent reputation of the author should be the offender. Mr. Edison could probably find redress if he cared to take the matter into the courts and to endure further annoyance.

THE old poet's plea:

"O for a book in a shadie nook!"

is amplified and particularised by Mr. Clinton Scollard in the current *Scribner's*. This is his wish:

"If I stray wood-ward, not for me  
The loudest warbler in the tree,  
But rather one that sings apart  
The simple songs that touch the heart  
And lo, although I may aspire,  
Be mine the temperate desire—  
Not for the missal-marvel old  
Illumed with meissial gold,  
Not for the rare black-letter text  
O'er which his foul a Caxton vent,  
Nor what some seek through fine and fnow  
A priceless Shakepeare folio!

BUT only this—one little book  
Wherethrough do bird and bee and brook,  
In their melodious employ,  
Sing on and on and on of Joy;  
And where, amid the Maytime flowers,  
Love without rival, rules the hours.  
One little book—whose title date  
Reads quaintly, 1648;  
In *Saint Paul's churchyard*, we are told,  
Sold at the *Crown and Marygold*.  
One little book—if fortune please—  
Herrick, a 'firft' HESPERIDES!"

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS will have ready on March 15 their new English Dictionary, pronouncing, explanatory, and etymological, which has been in progress for some years under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Davidson, one of the assistan



editors of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. The book is in one volume, and is copiously illustrated.

FOR discovering what a forthcoming novel is about there is nothing like the advance notice. Take Mr. Robert Buchanan's new story, for example. We might have supposed it to be in his customary melodramatic manner, but for the following description: "Mr. Robert Buchanan's *The Rev. Annabel Lee* is likely to cause considerable discussion in religious circles. The author states that his object in writing this novel is to show that if all religions were destroyed and perfect material prosperity arrived at, humanity would reach not perfection but stagnation. Mr. Buchanan starts with the twenty-first century from the birth of Christ, when among the new race of men and women, sickness, poverty, disease and crime were practically unknown; when everywhere the sun shone down on happy human organisation familiar with the laws of life and eager in the pursuit of social happiness. Into this scheme of life enters a beautiful and charming maiden, the Rev. Annabel Lee, who is not satisfied with the existing condition of things, and is eager to lead her race back to the precepts of a forgotten Christianity. So lofty, pure and beautiful is she that her personality holds the reader spellbound to the last page." Knowing this, we shall be able to come to the book itself with an unprejudiced mind—or to avoid it.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will issue in the course of the present month, under the title of *Songs of England*, a collection of the more distinctly national lyrics of the Poet Laureate, which at present are scattered throughout his various works. The volume will be published at a shilling.

UNDER the title of *The Saving of Ireland*, Messrs. Blackwood are to publish, in time for the re-assembling of Parliament, a new book by Sir George Baden-Powell, dealing generally with the economic, financial, and political aspects of the Irish problem, and especially with the Financial Relations Commission and the extension of local government in Ireland.

MR. WILLIAM REEVES will publish in a few days a new threepenny journal, entitled *The Eagle and the Serpent*, dedicated to the Philosophy of Life enunciated by Nietzsche, Emerson, Thoreau, Goethe, and Spencer.

"IOTA" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn), author of *A Yellow Aster*, has finished a new novel, entitled *Poor Max*, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are bringing out on the 15th inst.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. write: "We are preparing to publish, early in the spring, Vol. V. of *The English Catalogue of Books*, 1890-1897. As we wish to make it as complete as possible, may we ask those of your readers who have published books between January 1st, 1890, and December

31st, 1897, for the full titles, sizes, prices, month and year of publication, and authors' and publishers' names, to be sent as soon as possible, addressed to Editor, *English Catalogue of Books*, care of Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Fetter-lane, London."

MR. ANDREW TIER, of the Leadenhall Press, E.C., who wishes to be referred to for rare examples or collections, has, we understand, a profusely illustrated work nearly finished dealing with old books for children.

A NEW *Dictionary of the Bible* has been projected, and is about to be published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh. It is described as a Dictionary of the Old and New Testaments, together with the Old Testament Apocrypha, according to the Authorised and Revised English Versions, and with constant reference to the original tongues. Every effort has been used to make the information it contains reasonably full, trustworthy, and accessible. Articles have been written on Persons and Places, the Antiquities and Archaeology of the Bible, on its Ethnology, Geology, and Natural History, and an explanation is given of every archaic word. To all but minor articles the names of the authors are appended.

MISS DIXON, formerly of Girton College, Cambridge, has been engaged for more than a year past, so far as indifferent health would allow, upon a translation of selected letters from the voluminous correspondence of Petrarch, never before translated into English. The selection was made in the first instance from Fracassetti's sympathetic but very prolix Italian translation by Miss Helen Zimmern, who proposed also to contribute a brief historical introductory paragraph to each letter. For various reasons, the work has now passed entirely into the hands of Miss Dixon, as sole editor as well as translator. Miss Dixon will probably re-model the work upon an entirely different and more adequate basis, publishing it eventually in the form of a *Life and Letters*.

TO MESSRS. George Bell & Son's "Cathedral Series" are added volumes on Winchester and Lichfield cathedrals, written respectively by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant and Mr. A. B. Clifton. Each book is profusely illustrated with photographs.

*The Story of the Malakand Field Force* is the title of a book by Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill, of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co. early in February. The text will be illustrated by maps and plans.

MR. GEORGE MOORE's new novel, *Evelyn Innes*, on which he has been engaged for a very long time, may be expected in the spring.

MESSRS. DENT & Co. will publish this month a *Book of Cats* drawn and written by Mrs. W. Chance, containing between thirty and forty reproductions of that lady's pencil drawings.

## THE POETRY OF MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

AMONG the poets of our own day who have never quite come to their inheritance we should be inclined to give Mr. Robert Bridges the first place. That he should not be more popular is, of course, nothing; but that he should not be more heartily and unhesitatingly proclaimed by the critics does, we must own, fill us with amazement. For, surely, that little volume of lyrical poems, so carefully winnowed from divers earlier and more ephemeral pamphlets, so patiently purified from all but the pure gold of song, should be, if it is not, one of the booklover's most cherished possessions. There is scarcely a thing in it we would have away, scarcely one that is not far on the road towards perfection. Popularity, we fancy, Mr. Bridges has never sought, and would hardly know what to do with. His is essentially the poetry of a scholar and a recluse; if you will not listen to his Muse in her own shy recesses, she certainly will not come out to bawl for your hearing in the streets. Somewhat deliberately, Mr. Bridges stands aside from the more clamant interests of his age; its religious, political, humanitarian upheavals make no appeal to him; the still, sad music of the toiling world finds but little echo in his solitude of song. He has stood aside from it all; he rarely takes you into his confidence, but he tells you so much:

"And country life I praise,  
And lead, because I find  
The philosophic mind  
Can take no middle ways;  
She will not leave her love  
To mix with men, her art  
Is all to strive above  
The crowd, or stand apart."

But though the world, and the troubles and problems of the world, be excluded, there is still, even in these latter days, enough to sing about. There is the sheer physical beauty of external things, to which Mr. Bridges is abundantly sensitive. He does not reproduce the somewhat outworn pastoral convention: no shepherds flaunt their be-ribboned crooks in his pages, but he does, for all that, feel the country a good deal as the pastoralist feels it. It is to him a refuge, a place of cool retreat from the mid-day sun of life. And, of course, he observes more precisely, more subtly than the pastoralist—to whom, good, honest fellow, one flower was much the same as another—ever dreamt of observing. Here is a delicate description of a secret nook beside the silver Thames:

"A rushy island guards the sacred bower,  
And hides it from the meadow, where in  
peace  
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,  
Robbing the golden market of the bees:  
And laden barges float  
By banks of myosote;  
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys  
Delay the loitering boat."  
And on this side the island, where the pool  
Eddies away, are tangled, mass on mass,  
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,  
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;  
Where spreading crowfoot mars  
The drowning nenuphars,  
Waving the tassels of her silken grass  
Below her silver stars."

And here a vignette of autumn, wonderfully imaginative and curiously felicitous in the easy movement of its liberal metre.

"But, ah! the leaves of summer that lie on the ground!

What havoc! The laughing timbrels of June,  
That curtained the birds' cradles, and screened  
their song,

That sheltered the cooing doves at noon,  
Of airy fans the delicate throng,—  
Torn and scattered around:

Far out afield they lie,  
In the watery furrows die,  
In grassy pools of the flood they sink and  
drown,

Green-golden, orange, vermilion, golden and  
brown,

The high year's flaunting crown  
Shattered and trampled down."

Of metre Mr. Bridges is a master, as befits one who has written learnedly and with insight on the rhythms both of Milton and of Keats. He delights in metrical experiment, and, by skilful resolution of syllables and shifting of accent, manages to secure an almost inexhaustible variety of effect. He has left the English lyric a far more flexible thing than he found it, and one seems already to trace his influence in the versification of such younger writers as Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Laurence Binyon. Another point to which Mr. Bridges has paid considerable attention is the relation of verse to musical setting. We do not know whether many of his lyrics have actually been set, but there are not a few which sing themselves as you read them. Such are the fine lines beginning, "Awake, my soul, to be loved, awake, awake!" and the still finer ones, of which these are the first three stanzas:

"I made another song,  
In likeness of my love:  
And sang it all day long,  
Around, beneath, above;  
I told my secret out,  
That none might be in doubt.

I sang it to the sky,  
That veiled his face to hear  
How far her azure eye  
Outdoes his splendid sphere;  
But at her eyelids' name  
His white clouds fled for shame.

I told it to the trees,  
And to the flowers confest,  
And said not one of these  
Is like my lily drest;  
Nor spathe nor petal dared  
Vie with her body bared."

After, perhaps before, his nature-poetry, it is as a love-poet that Mr. Bridges excels. The lines just quoted have the simplicity, the exaltation of the best Caroline work. And there are many other poems in which the passion of love finds high and romantic expression. This is, perhaps, one of the finest:

"I will not let thee go,  
Ends all our month-long love in this?  
Can it be summed up so,  
Quit in a single kiss?  
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
If thy word's breath could scare thy deeds,  
As the soft south can blow  
And toss the feathered seeds,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Had not the great sun seen, I might;  
Or were he reckoned slow  
To bring the false to light,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
The stars that crowd the summer skies  
Have watched us so below  
With all their million eyes,  
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Have we not chid the changeful moon,  
Now rising late, and now  
Because she set too soon,  
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.  
Have not the young flowers been content,  
Plucked ere their buds could blow,  
To seal our sacrament?  
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go,  
I hold thee by too many bands:  
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!  
I have thee by the hands,  
And will not let thee go."

It will give a good idea of Mr. Bridges's width and range of feeling if we contrast with the vigour and intensity of this some stanzas from the "Elegy on a Lady, whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed." This elegy, we dare maintain, with its solemn movement and hymeneal imagery, to be one of the half-dozen noblest threnodies in the language:

"Reach down the wedding vesture that has lain  
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown:  
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain  
Her dearer friends provided: sere and brown  
Bring out the festal crown,  
And set it on her forehead lightly:  
Though it be withered, twine no wreath  
again;

This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold,  
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long,  
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,  
While her attendants, chosen from among  
Her faithful virgin throng,  
May lay her in her cedar litter,  
Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,  
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be  
Not without music, nor with these alone;  
But let the viol lead the melody,  
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan  
Of sinking semitone;  
And, all in choir, the virgin voices  
Rest not from singing in skilled harmony  
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear  
rejoices.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white,  
And let the dark stoled minstrels follow slow;  
Next they that bear her, honoured on this  
night;

And then the maidens, in a double row,  
Each singing soft and low,  
And each on high a torch up-staying:  
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,  
With music, and with singing, and with  
praying."

If we were asked to define Mr. Bridges's crowning literary characteristic, we should say that it was style, in the ultimate sense of style—that is, distinction. He has such a perfect mastery of his medium; he moves so easily, and with such liberal tread, that he accomplishes the last feat of the con-

summate artist, and cheats you into believing that art is nature. Take such lines as the following:

"Many an afternoon  
Of the summer day  
Dreaming here I lay;  
And I know how soon,  
Idly at its hour,  
First the deep bell hums  
From the minster tower,  
And then evening comes,  
Creeping up the glade,  
With her lengthening shade,  
And the tardy boon,  
Of her brightening moon."

What could be more absolute in its simplicity than this? the words follow their precise prose order; and yet, if you try to imitate the effect, what more difficult, what more tantalising?

We have spoken of Mr. Bridges chiefly as the lyricist of his *Shorter Poems*. And it is in these that he is most undeniable and convincing. But they are only a part of his complete achievement. His plays reveal an astonishing command of blank verse, and an unexampled power of catching the precise manner—Euripidean, Terentian, Shakespearean, Miltonic—he may choose. His "Eros and Psyche," a metrical version based upon Apuleius, is a delightful essay in narrative verse, and his sonnets—at present only attainable in an expensive privately printed form—are so interesting that it is to be hoped they will soon be more completely given to the world. But it is upon the lyrics that we take our stand.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### IX.—AN ARTIST.

I FOUND him walking restlessly up and down in his studio with two long slips of printed paper in his hand—proofs.

"New story of Kipling's," he said excitedly. "About a ship that caught fire. I've got to illustrate it for a Christmas number. Splendid! There's a picture in every paragraph. Listen!"

And he read me out a sentence.

"Can't you see it?" he said. And he stepped up to his easel and began sketching in rough outlines with a bit of charcoal. "Like this, you know—no—so!"

The lines began to take the semblance of human figures.

"But, of course, you don't see it as I do," he continued.

The outlines suggested but little to me. Perhaps because I was thinking of something else.

"Do you find Kipling easy to illustrate?" I asked.

"Well, he's easy enough—in a sense," he replied—"when you have the knowledge of his costumes, technicalities, and so on. And you have to know an uncommon lot to throw any light on Kipling. Look at the *Jungle Stories*, for instance. But the difficulty is in the selection. Because, to my mind, Kipling writes in pictures—if you understand me."

"And you consider that a merit?"

"Certainly I do."

"Tell me, do you regard that as a criterion of excellence? The writing in pictures, I mean. Because, you know, I'm trying to find out what sort of books various people like. And I should think you are a fairly typical black-and-white artist. You read a good deal, I suppose?"

"I'm always reading stories that I have to illustrate."

"Yes; but what do you read when you read for your own pleasure? What qualities do you look for in a book?"

"That's rather hard to say," he replied. "You see, I'm not literary. I know when I like a book, but I don't know that I can say why I like it. In fact, I don't believe I've ever asked myself the question."

He sat down on the pedestal upon which he posed his models, and wrinkled his brows in thought.

"Well, do you like this?" I asked, picking up a book from the table. It was *The Autobiography of a Boy*.

"It didn't interest me very much," he said slowly; "in fact, I've not been able to get through it."

"Why not?"

He was obviously delving down into his mind after the reasons of things visible; and I let him alone for a few moments. "I don't know," he said, "whether I can make it clear to you. I don't even know if I can see it clearly myself. But I think the books I like are those that call up a series of pictures before my mind's eye. Now, I've just been reading *The Story of Ab*, and that's a case in point. Yes, I'm sure that's it."

He rose, and walked up and down the studio, talking quickly, jerkily, but with every indication that a chance thrust of the spade had struck at the root of things.

"I never thought of it before," he continued; "but every day when I am reading stories for illustration I feel it. You can read, and read, and never see anything. I don't profess to be a great reader. But I've read a bit of most things. Meredith—James—they describe what people are thinking. Now I want to see the—the outcome of thought; what it leads to." And he made that circular motion of the thumb which is the masonic sign of the artist. "You can't see people thinking, can you?"

I was not so sure of that.

"Now I come to think of it," he proceeded, "I am always looking for the picture when I read. Daudet gives you pictures one after the other. Do you remember Sapho? When the man carried Sapho upstairs, and got so tired at the end? There's a picture!"

"But it is more. It is emblematic of the end."

"That comes into the picture—into my picture."

"What about English writers—Stevenson, for instance?"

"I haven't read much Stevenson. But Rider Haggard, now—there you have pictures before you all the time. Anthony Hope too. By Jove! how I'd like to illustrate *The Prisoner of Zenda*."

He walked quicker and quicker up and down the studio.

"Well, well," he said, stopping short and

picking up the proof again; "I must get to work. There's the *Century*, and *Harper's*, and *Scribner's* over there, and some illustrated French papers too. After all, those are the things I read first. The best things, you know, are published outside England."

I sat down, and began burrowing in the heap.

"The worst of it is," he said, after another ten minutes over the proof, "that Kipling doesn't leave anything for the illustrator to do. The story is all pictures."

C. R.

## PARIS LETTER.

### A VIEW OF GOETHE.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EDOUARD ROD has republished from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his sober and excellent study of Goethe. Around no literary figure of modern times, except Napoleon, has such a vast literature gathered. Goethe may be said to stand upon an imposing statue made up of other people's books about him. Nobody has inspired so much pretentious and inflated cant as that of the Goethian worship, and to my thinking if there is a bigger bore than this it is the Olympian of Weimar himself. Goethe with his lamentable *Werther*, the eternal enigma of his *Faust*, his train of Lotties, and Minnies, and Fredericas, and Lillies, is a figure to provoke exasperated lassitude. Carlyle, with his false air of prophet shouting to the multitude, has ordered us to admire him under penalty of being called a fool or a knave, and writes wildly of the beauty of his life. Certainly in his relations with women Goethe was Olympian enough, reading the word as a superlative indifference to the common laws of conscience and honour and heart that rule the lives of merely honest and sincere beings.

For this reason it is a pleasure to open a book like M. Rod's on this fatiguing theme, and discover Goethe judged as a man, and found wanting; judged as a genius, and admitted to be somewhere below his Creator. For so long we had almost been asked to believe that from the middle of the last century or so the universe was solely a matter of Goethe's genius. Upon mention of his name our ears were continually assaulted with the inevitable words "culture" and "universality." It was an intellectual pose to have sounded the depths of the second part of *Faust*, a feat, I am confident, Goethe himself never accomplished. The greatness of this German bourgeois was such an obsession that I have always felt I would cheerfully make the tour of half the world to avoid touching at Weimar. Judge, then, how refreshing to turn from Carlyle's high-coloured enthusiasm for the *Autobiography* to M. Rod's sensible recognition of its affinity to that other equally insincere and affected autobiography of Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*:

"Chateaubriand does not hide his intention to compose his attitude, and lacking in vanity from excess of pride, he composes it admirably. Seemingly more modest, Goethe is perhaps less

sincere: without having the air, he corrects even more his life, he rounds his gestures even more carefully. The connexion lies in the fact that both great works are the portraits which the two great men, having attained an equal height, who were equally the spoiled children of life, wished to leave of themselves."

M. Rod's sane and lucid study is the result of disenchantment. He, too, worshipped once at the shrine of Weimar, but returning, years after, to a fresh acquaintance, he found his god singularly diminished in effulgence and supremacy. The value of this new appreciation lies in its honesty and its sincerity. He resolutely pricks a hole in the vast Goethian legend to let in a little modern air and light, and instead of the awe-inspiring Olympian of eighty years ago—"the teacher and exemplar of his age," as Carlyle called him, the semi-divinity, who loves every woman he meets, by right of his inspired personality, his universality and his culture, and the moment he wins her tearfully rides away, also by the same indisputable right, and consoling her with the printed tale of their relations—we see the mere creature of literature Goethe always was, whose friendship was literature, whose love was literature; literature his hate, his pain, and all his life's experience. He well defines this celebrated olympism, so belauded by an admiring Europe, as the everyday egoism of the unlettered multitude lifted to the state of superior power by refinement and intelligence.

"A crowd of persons practise this olympism without suspecting it, with the serenity of unconsciousness, in the peace of irreflection. You do not admire them for that; but you are not angry with them either; you consider them as average samples of our ordinary humanity, who exercise without nobility, though with all correctness, their calling as man."

And speaking of his meaner faults—his vanity, ambition, literary jealousy—M. Rod exclaims:

"Alas! we see that he is a man, subject to all the weaknesses of men; his 'olympism' does not enoble his nature, and can only breed illusion in himself as to the portion of the divine it contains."

The measure of Goethe's gentlemanhood is given in the note he sent a friend with a copy of *Goetz de Berlichingen* for Frederica after his base desertion of her: "Poor Frederica will be to some extent consoled since the faithless one (of the drama) is poisoned." G. H. Lewes, in his delightful and radiant story of Goethe, says, I remember, that it was, after all, an honour for Frederica to have been deserted by Goethe. Certainly, her sorrow brought her fame, if that could be any consolation for a broken heart; but it would be better to love a shoeblack of decent feeling than the Olympian monster who could write those words to a third party fresh from the tragedy of breaking a girl's heart.

On the subject of his artificiality, M. Rod writes of the *Tasso*:

"The real Tasso, born at an unpropitious epoch, ill at ease in his surroundings, the victim of dangerous suspicion, was nevertheless a great poet, but already an artificial poet; Goethe's Tasso, product of an imagination fixed in certain prejudices by a despotic intel-

ligence, remains a great poet, but still more artificial."

Each work here is dissected in an agreeable form. M. Rod's style lacks charm and distinction, but the nature revealed in his work is always sympathetic by reason of simplicity, directness, absolute sincerity. He has no humour, no irony, no delicacy of touch. But he has originality; he thinks for himself, thinks deeply and thinks well. In this study of a great European legend, of a great literary monument, he makes no effort to fascinate us by false brilliancy, or to captivate us by a personal charm. He simply and truthfully concerns himself with the subject of his study, and produces a book that is well worth reading, and is as useful as it is interesting. His feeling for common humanity opposed to the privileged few is fine and generous. Writing of the contradictory elements of *Faust*, he says:

"A work which contains the thought of an entire life could not enclose itself in a system, nor represent a single face of truth; necessarily it is multiple and contradictory as are ever great minds that reflect the spectacle of things, the microcosms that reproduce the changing images of the world in movement."

M. Augustin Filon has written a French version of the English novel, which is not without interest as a curious adaptation of our second-rate style and manner. M. Filon knows his London, and has rendered well the squalid and dreary atmosphere of Bloomsbury. Not possessing any special talent, utterly without distinction or originality, he has been able to achieve what a better French writer would never have attempted—a dull, middle-class English novel, without structure, without a notion of composition, with all the flaring faults of the flippant English novel. M. Filon's own taste in fiction may be measured by his assertion in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—where many a strange thing is asserted on the question of foreign literature—that the noblest work of fiction of modern times is *The Woman Who Did*. A critic of the English drama and the English novel in this state of mind is a creature to be wondered at and sorrowed over. But we see at once how admirably adapted he is, by taste and temperament, to write a second-rate, diffuse, and preposterous English novel, airing threadbare views, revealing a kindly insignificant individuality, with just enough interest of a kind to "go down." "Down," indeed, *Babel* is sure to go with the people who like that sort of thing: the disinterested and noble German Freethinker and Socialist who eradicates two horrid little gutter-sparrows of Bloomsbury in accordance with his peculiar views—a French boy and a Jewess—to find in the end that both are monsters of selfishness. Fides, the inhuman Jewess, probably gives voice to M. Filon's own views upon Girton:

"Poor girls! If you knew the trouble they have to put into their brains a little of what is in the brains of their brothers. They speak of determinants, potentials, and read the *Queen* and the *Lady's Pictorial* in private, and look in their glass."

They might do worse. They might read *Babel*.  
H. L.

## THE WEEK.

### HISTORY AND CITIZENSHIP.

AN eminent statesman said the other day that the "spirit of unrest" was abroad in the world. History is being made at a great rate in many lands. France, Germany, Russia, Greece, England, Canada—in all these countries notable events are happening, have just happened, or seem about to happen. And suddenly the flashing and moving lights are reflected in the stream of literature. This week works on history and sociology leaven the publisher's lump.

A more timely and important book than Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's *France* could not have arrived. Mr. Bodley has resided seven years in France, and during that time he has applied himself closely to the study of the political condition of that country. The results of his inquiries are embodied in these volumes. Mr. Bodley thus explains their scope:

"The capital subject of these volumes is Political France after a century of Revolution. The plan of the work needs little explanation. The Introductory Chapter is not an essential part of it, but it may be of utility, as it contains a description of the influences encountered by a student of public questions in France. The relations of the great Revolution with modern France are then examined, and this gives an opportunity of a view of certain phases of French life which would otherwise be neglected in a political treatise. The Executive and Legislative Powers are the special matters which form the basis of the remainder of the work. Their operation under the *régime* which has subsisted in France during the last quarter of the nineteenth century leads to the study of various conceptions which the French have had, during a hundred years of political experiment, of the functions of a Chief of the State and of Parliamentary Institutions."

Mr. Bodley touches on the difficulty of vouching for complete accuracy in a work of this kind. In illustration of his point he tells the following anecdote:

"There was a point of electoral jurisprudence on which the text-books were obscure, and though not of international importance, it is interesting to students of comparative procedure; so I wrote to a Deputy who is a Parliamentary authority, to clear it up, and incorporated his answer in my text. Later, being invited by the experienced and intelligent Mayor of a village to be present at a poll over which he presided, I repeated the question to him, and he gave a completely different reply. Finally, I referred it to a Senator, and he demonstrated so clearly that both the Deputy and the Mayor were wrong, that I adopted his version."

After France, Russia. Prince Serge Wolkonsky, who last year lectured on Russian history and literature before various clubs and universities in the United States, has gathered his addresses into a volume, *Russian History and Literature*. The lecturer knew the difficulty of expounding Russian history to audiences whose knowledge of the subject was in the last degree slight and fragmentary. His book, however, will make a wider appeal, and supply a more

real need, because of the limitations imposed on it by the public ignorance.

Two colonial books call for notice: *A History of Canada*, by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, is a bulky octavo filled with arranged and compressed information. Mr. Roberts, who is also known as a novelist, was formerly Professor of Literature at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. He divides the history of Canada into the three periods of: "The French Dominion," "The Struggle for Responsible Government," and "Canadian Dominion." Mr. Roberts opens his book in an eloquent strain:

"The stage on which the drama of Canadian History unfolds may seem to the world an obscure one. A closer view, however, will reveal that on this stage some of the gravest problems of history have been pressed to a solution; and we may reasonably expect to find in this drama an answer to some of the weightiest questions of modern politics. Battles were fought on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Danube; German, Austrian, Spanish thrones were shaken to their full; navies grappled in the Caribbean, and Mahratra hordes were slaughtered on the rice fields of India, to decide the struggle which ended only upon the Plains of Abraham."

This is rather "purple," but it is the right note for the historians of Canada to strike.

In his book, *Life and Progress in Australasia*, Mr. Michael Davitt sets down his observations of the seven Australasian colonies made during a seven months' journey through them. His purpose is not to write a history, but to interest his readers in Australasia and its peoples. The book runs to nearly five hundred closely printed pages, and touches on an immense number of subjects.

THE fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Frederick Clarke's translation of Adolf Holm's *History of Greece* has just been published.

A NEW edition of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution*, making the nineteenth thousand of this important work, is issued by Messrs. Macmillan.

E. V. ZENKER's work on *Anarchism* has been translated into English, and is issued by Messrs. Methuen & Co. The author says that the work grew out of the astonishment he felt when he found how dim was the understanding of Anarchism possessed by a middle-class audience to whom he addressed himself on the day of the bomb outrage in the French Parliament. Zenker's attitude is one of scientific hostility to Anarchism in its violent forms. He admits he does not love Anarchism, and he has the candour to quote a remark which Elisée Reclus wrote to him by way of warning when he undertook the work: "We cannot understand what we do not love." Herr Zenker admits that "Anarchists will simply deny my capacity to write about their cause, and call my book terribly reactionary." He claims to be a coldly scientific and impartial observer, and his hope is to advance the dis-

ussion of the subject to a point at which the Anarchist will see fit to abandon his worst argument, the bomb.

AMONG other works of historical or political interest may be mentioned *The Diplomats' Handbook for Africa*, by Count Charles Kinsky; *The Niger Sources*, by Lieut.-Col. J. K. Trotter, R.A.; and *The Social Mind and Education*, by George Edgar Vincent, Professor of Sociology at Chicago University.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS. By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D. T. & T. Clark. 12s.  
 THE BIBLE REFERENCES OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Mary and Ellen Gibbs. George Allen.  
 THE HOLY BIBLE. (Eversley Edition.) Vol. V.: ISAAH TO LAMENTATIONS. Macmillan & Co. 5s.  
 A HISTORY OF NORTHUMBRLAND. Vol. IV.: HEXAMSHIRE: Part II. By John Crewford Hodgson. Simpkin Marshall.  
 THE GENTLENESS OF JESUS, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Mark Guy Pearse. Horace Marshall & Son.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- PICTURES OF RUSSIAN HISTORY AND RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Prince Serge Wolokonsky. Kegan Paul.  
 FRANCE. By John Edward Courtney Bodley. 2 vols.  
 A HISTORY OF CANADA. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Kegan Paul.  
 STEWART CLARK: ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN. By S. E. S. C. Ballière, Tindall & Cox.  
 THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. John C. Nimmo. 5s.  
 SOCIAL HOUSES WITH CELEBRITIES: BEING THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF "GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY." By the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrnes. Edited by her Sister, Miss R. H. Busk. Ward & Downey. 2 vols.  
 A YEAR FROM A CORRESPONDENT'S NOTE-BOOK. By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. Harper & Brothers. 6s.  
 THE HISTORY OF GREECE. By Adolf Holm. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.  
 ANARCHISM: A CRITICISM AND HISTORY OF THE ANARCHIST THEORY. By E. V. Zenker. Methuen & Co.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS. Metrically translated from the Old German Text by Alice Horton, and edited by Edward Bell, M.A. George Bell & Sons. 5s.  
 TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: ROB ROY. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. J. M. Dent & Co.  
 THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE: SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST MODERN FRENCH LITERARY WORKS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS. By Paul Charvel. Digby, Long & Co.  
 RAYS FROM THE STARRY HOST. By "Lucas & Non Lucendo." The Roxburgh Press.  
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## THE BOOK MARKET.

### QUO VADIS? IN AMERICA.

WE quote below returns of the best-selling books in six large cities of the States, gathered by the *American Bookman*. It will be seen that the extraordinary popularity of *Quo Vadis?* continues. This novel is named in nearly all the *Bookman's* lists, and it still heads many. The vogue of the book is such that it is probably more talked about than read—which is the surest sign that it is read a great deal. We are drawn to this conclusion by reading a "Literary Conversation" which appears in the current *Century Magazine*. Miss Arabella Morris and Miss Catherine Harlem are two-days' old acquaintances at a hotel; and their conversation soon takes this turn:

"Do you like historical novels?"

"I like Miss Yonge ever so much."

"I don't mean that kind. I mean those new foreign books—like *Quo Vadis?* for instance?"

"Oh, yes. You mean by Henryk Sienkiewicz—if that's his name. I never feel quite sure of those foreign names. It was the longest time before I could get Paderewski's name right."

"Dear Paddy!—wasn't he just divine!"

"Wasn't he! Why, I know girls who kept his photograph just wreathed in fresh flowers every day."

"So do I. But one never cares so much about authors as about musicians. I wonder why?"

"Well, it's different. Now, this Sienkiewicz—what does he look like?"

"Why, he's the image of my Uncle Charlie. But—there!—you don't know Uncle Charlie, do you? No matter; he is very dashing, you know—sort of military."

"It is wonderful how men can think of such things. Just imagine all that about Nero, and the lions, and the martyrs, and the early Christians, and catacombs, and things—why, it makes my head ache to think of a man's knowing so much. How do you suppose they do it?"

"I suppose it is their business—the same as anything else. Then there are great libraries; there are tons of books about things in them—miles of shelves full."

"Yes; but how can Sienkiewicz know just when to make them say the things they do say?"

"I'm sure I don't know. And yet he seems to bring it all before you so, just as if you saw it. Those scenes in the arena must have been blood-curdling."

"Exciting, too. That chariot-race in *Ben Hur*, they say, was as real as if you were there."

"I don't think there has been anything better than that."

"Not even in *Quo Vadis?*"

"I don't know, really. Of course, that is a translation, you know, and a translation can't be the same as the original."

"No; I notice that in all the French books; and it must be harder to translate from such a tongue as the German."

"Why from the German?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, such a book as *Quo Vadis?*"  
 "But *Quo Vadis?* isn't a translation from the German."

"What is it then?—Norwegian?"

"No, my dear; it is from the Polish."

"Are you sure?"

"Or Hungarian. Anyway, it is in some of the languages nobody knows. I don't remember for certain. Maybe it is Austrian. But I *know* it wasn't German."

"Well, I don't exactly remember—for I haven't read it."

"Haven't you? Why, I thought from the way you spoke that you knew all about it. You quite scared me with your knowledge."

"Scared you? Why—haven't you read it either?"

"Not yet."

IN the following lists, the books are placed in order of their popularity:

### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
3. *Captains Courageous*. By Kipling.
4. *Story of an Untold Love*. By Ford.
5. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
6. *Free to Serve*. By Rayner.

### BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
3. *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*. By His Son.
4. *Farthest North*. By Nansen.
5. *Harvard Episodes*. By Flandrau.
6. *Free to Serve*. By Rayner.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

1. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
3. *The Christian*. By Caine.
4. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
5. *A World Pilgrimage*. By Barrows.
6. *Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers*. By Riley.

### CINCINNATI, O.

1. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
3. *The Kentuckians*. By Fox.
4. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
5. *In Kedar's Tents*. By Merriman.
6. *The Story of Jesus Christ*. By Phelps.

### CLEVELAND, O.

1. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
2. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
3. *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. By Ford.
4. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
5. *The Christian*. By Caine.
6. *Lochinvar*. By Crockett.

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
2. *Quo Vadis?* By Sienkiewicz.
3. *Lochinvar*. By Crockett.
4. *Old Virginia*. By Fiske.
5. *Corleone*. By Crawford.
6. *Equality*. By Bellamy.

## THE STATE OF THE BOOK TRADE.

### A COUNTRY BOOKSELLER'S VIEWS.

WE have received the following interesting communication from a bookseller in a quiet sea-side town. It reflects his opinions, and

echoes the discontent which has lately found expression in our columns. We give the letter as the unsolicited, personal view of a correspondent.

"To love books is one thing, but to sell them is another. The truly great books seem to offer mild reproaches for their imprisonment on my shelves. Often I wonder whether residents in seaside resorts ever realise that they require the wisdom and joy only to be found in the classics. Judging by my experience as a bookseller, I am forced into the contrary opinion. The stress and tumult of modern civilisation seemingly has not here awakened any cravings for the companionship of the immortals. They are unacknowledged and slighted—those mighty intellects, who, amid the noisy seuffle of the present day, can impart to the loving reader the hush of the remote region in which they worked.

Circulating libraries abound, and militate against the sale even of the 'boomed' novelists. A year ago I bought the standard edition of a novelist resident in the neighbourhood, but up to the present only two copies have been sold. Booksellers are accustoming themselves to the cheap and nastily got-up books now sold by drapers. A greater surprise than this has been provided for the trade in this town during the past few months. Not long ago a large draper here sold quantities of paper-covered novels, bearing the imprint of a well-known firm of publishers. These books were sold at about one-sixth of their published price. It has lately been brought to my notice that another publishing house, dealing principally in semi-religious fiction, has appointed a large firm of general dealers as their agent. Drapers, therefore, can now buy these books almost on the same terms as the trade. The selling price of these books has been left to the discretion of the trade, who have endeavoured to recuperate themselves from this source as a partial set-off against the small discounts allowed by other firms. Drapers will, of course, sell this line at a much lower price.

May I mildly suggest that booksellers do not care to be coffined before they are dead, thus diverting custom to those gentlemen who drive in the nails?

Seemingly, bookselling pure and simple is doomed in the provinces. Trumpery ornaments and fancy goods are now taking the room once sacred as the home of books, for they yield a better profit. Truly, men cannot live on their personal love of books. The publishers seem indisposed or unable to render effectual assistance. Cannot the booksellers help themselves? What obstacles prevent the trade from combining into a company with their own printing offices, thus enabling them to deal direct with the authors? Good and popular books could thus be produced and sold at a living profit to the members of the company. Buying their own materials and ignoring the publishers altogether, they could, I believe, put books on the market which, for cheapness and excellence, would excel all others, and, at the same time, revive the languishing condition of the trade.

Combination and amalgamation during

the past few years have been the ruling features of commerce. Nearly every other trade but bookselling has recognised the weakness of units and the might of numbers in combination. Why should the trade lag behind?"

Z.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SOME REMARKS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SIR,—Mr. Tree's "Julius Cæsar" is a triumph of actor-management. It is also, in my humble opinion, a grievous insult to Shakespeare. Shakespeare wrote a play of which the central character was an idealised Brutus. It was the story of how a noble-minded Roman, partly from a traditional worship of "Liberty," partly through being worked upon by astute plotters like Cassius, took the life of Julius Cæsar. How for a few hours it looked as if all were going well with him and his fellow-conspirators, until the fiery Antony, by a successful appeal to the greed of the mob, turned the tables on them so that they fled from Rome, only to fall at Philippi under the avenging swords of Antony and Cæsar's nephew Octavius. That is the play as Shakespeare—a considerable dramatist after all—conceived it. Here it is as Mr. Tree conceives it:

There was a Roman named Antony, who was an intimate friend of Cæsar, wore a distinctive costume, and always stood in the middle of the stage. When Cæsar was killed he came into the Senate-house and made a speech over the body. He was left making facial contortions over it when the curtain fell. After Cæsar's death this Antony made a great speech in the Forum, and was loyally cheered by a splendidly drilled crowd of supers, as an actor-manager should be. He subsequently hurled defiance at the conspirators on the plains—or hills—of Philippi, and delivered a famous speech over the body of Brutus. And that's all.

It is hardly wonderful after this that the dramatic critic of the *Standard* should have complained pathetically that "the play really, to all intents and purposes, ended with the winning over of the mob by the pleading of Antony"; and that the quarrel scene in Brutus's tent—one of the most famous scenes in Shakespeare—which is at present retained in the Her Majesty's acting version, is not "of the very faintest concern" to the audience! Was I not right, then, in saying that the new "Julius Cæsar" is a triumph of actor-management? Mr. Tree has seized his opportunity of focussing the attention of the house upon himself, and the play is left in ruins.

Now the question is, is this what the play-going public want? Do they go to Her Majesty's to see Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" or to see Mr. Tree? If the former, then the present performance is an unqualified failure, for the whole proportions of the play are spoiled by the present arrangement, a relatively minor character is thrust violently into the front place, and the action of the drama becomes incoherent. Any performance of "Julius Cæsar" which impressed a leading dramatic critic with the opinion that the tent scene between Brutus and Cassius was superfluous, and was not of the faintest concern to the audience, stands condemned on the face of it. If Mr. Tree was bent on playing the principal part at his own theatre, he should have played Brutus. But I imagine that he could not make up his mind to let anyone

else deliver Antony's oration. If this is so, the only course for him was to become a sort of Shakespearean Prisoner of Zenda, double the rôles of Brutus and Antony, deliver both orations in the Forum, and after killing himself (as Brutus in act v., get up and make the last speech (as Antony) over his own body. Perhaps Mr. Tree will try this arrangement at a special *matinée*?

But it is not the purpose of this letter to scoff at Mr. Tree, and I can even admire the ingenuity with which he has arranged the acts in his production, so that at the fall of the curtain he may always be, so to speak, in possession of the house. It is the privilege of the actor-manager, apparently, always to have the last word. My purpose is rather to point out the sorrowful fact that "Julius Cæsar" is unsuited for modern professional representation. It should only be played by amateurs. Almost every line in the play is pure poetry. This is true even of the speeches of the minor characters. The full value of this poetry can only be brought out by actors who think of their lines more than of themselves. How many such are there on the London stage to-day? Your professional actor will not "leave his damnable faces and begin" to speak his lines in a straightforward manner. He must gulp and snivel and "put tears into his voice," and employ all the other tricks which spoil the rhythm of blank verse. He overloads his production with set scenes, and lengthens it out with tiresome artifices such as the red roses at which poor Mr. Fulton has to grimace at Her Majesty's nightly. And then half a dozen scenes are cut out in order to prevent the play from being unduly long! Every possible effort is made to distract the attention of the audience from the verse to the actor. And the verse of "Julius Cæsar" is too good for this fooling. The result of all this is that Mr. Tree's production, in my opinion, in spite of the money and ingenuity and taste that he has lavished upon it, is nothing like so effective as the performance given by amateurs at Oxford in 1889, with Mr. Bourchier as Brutus and Mr. Holman Clarke as Cassius. The mounting on that occasion was comparatively simple, though then also Mr. Alma Tadema designed the scenery and costumes, if I remember right. The play was played through as it is printed, with practically no editing and no "cuts," and it lasted only some three hours. At Her Majesty's, when I saw it, in spite of numerous "cuts," it lasted three hours and a half, while the noise of "setting" the heavy scenery behind (with a view to reducing the "waits") spoiled some of the finest scenes, notably that in Brutus' orchard, which was given to the accompaniment of the muffled thunders of scene-shifting.

How, then, should "Julius Cæsar," be played? The first point is, that *nothing* should be permitted to interfere with the value of the *verse*. The educated amateur who appreciates blank verse and loves the play will speak it better than any professional actor we have. Again, an agreeable voice, a cultivated intonation is absolutely essential for *every* actor in the cast who has to speak blank verse. The high-pitched cockney twang is impossible in "Julius Cæsar." The play must be given entire, as it is written. Only so will it be intelligible and convincing to the audience. It is not a miracle of construction, but it tells its story clearly enough when actor-managers allow it to do so and do not cut out the other fellow's lines. The time that would be occupied by these discarded scenes and lines would be more than made up if all the unnecessary posturing and grimacing over blood-red roses and Cæsar's body were left out. What business has Calpurnia in the Senate-house at the end of Her Majesty's first act? The only actor in the present production who shows any percep-

tion whatever of how to play seems to me to be Mr. Waller. His Brutus is at times quite admirable. This emboldens me to urge him to reconsider his rendering of a famous passage. Brutus is a Stoic. It is his creed to repress all outward emotion. In the tent scene his stoicism breaks down, and he calls Cassius names, and Mr. Waller did this excellently. With such a Cassius, indeed, it must have been easy. I did it myself, and I hope sincerely that "it is impossible that ever Rome shall breed his fellow." But, after the reconciliation, Brutus must regain his Stoic self-command. Shakespeare realised this, and his Brutus says in a low, repressed tone—

"No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead."

Mr. Waller says—"Portia (sob) is (sob) d-d-d-e-a-d," and, in very deed, "makes no use of his philosophy." In the same way it is ridiculous for Brutus to snort and gulp over the details of Portia's end. He tells them (in Shakespeare) in the baldest, briefest form, and his tone is an even, monotonous level.

"Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong; for with her death  
That tidings came; with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire."

Mr. Waller's elaborate shudder over the announcement spoils an impressive situation. Cassius—and the audience—may be trusted to do the shuddering if the lines are properly delivered.  
ST. JOHN HANKIN.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

SIR,—With reference to the notice, in the ACADEMY of 22nd ult., of my new Life of Robert Fergusson, I have no thought or wish to traverse either your reviewer's singular allegation of lack of judgment on my part because I have traced (for the first time) his paternal and maternal descent, or his purely imaginary "demerits" that I have not taken pains to reproduce the environment of the poet, and reconstruct the Edinburgh and St. Andrew's of 150 years ago. I am perfectly willing to leave the book to speak for itself on these matters, confident that the man who cannot actualise to himself the conditions of Robert Fergusson's brief life from my abundant data will be pronounced by every capable and impartial reader to be a dunderpate, or so hurried and perfunctory in his reading of the relative chapters as to bewray mere dipping here and there.

But whilst overpassing these things, I respectfully claim leave, at once and absolutely, to challenge a very much more serious thing. Your reviewer says, as within his personal knowledge: "R. L. Stevenson had abundant reasons for the terms 'drunken' and 'vicious.'" It surely is not asking too much that these "abundant reasons" be produced. For, *certes*, not only did Stevenson himself never give one scintilla of proof or authority for his monstrous accusations, but, when questioned, could give nothing more than Dr. David Irving's mendacities, of "dissoluteness" and "dissolute associates" and "habitual dissipation"—mendacities that were at once squelched by the venerable Edinburgh citizen, Thomas Sommers (1804), and his testimony from

intimate knowledge, since confirmed by witness upon witness, as my book shows.

More than that—as Stevenson applies identically the same terms of "drunken" and "vicious" to himself—I ask your reviewer, are we expected to credit such morbid self-condemnation? I, for one, must decline. Alike in relation to Fergusson and himself, Stevenson was blazingly rash of speech. Nor does this stand alone. His sorely-repent-of Essay on Burns abides as a sad monumental evidence of how apt he was to leap at conclusions, and to put things exaggeratedly and, so, falsely. It is heart-breaking to me to feel compelled thus to write of one I loved, and whose memory I cherish. I hold among my literary treasures a long, closely written, and extremely remarkable letter to myself, that was meant to herald others on our Scottish poets. But, alas! when it reached me its writer was gone. I am very far, therefore, from wishing to say one harsh word of this fine spirit, this Scot of Scots. But speaking from fullest personal knowledge, after investigations carried on for long years, I declare solemnly that neither had Stevenson nor any other one atom of ground for charging Fergusson with being "vicious." As for the "drunken," I have, indeed, written ill if I have not satisfied the readers of my book that, in his giving "a slice of his constitution" (Burns's phrase), he was victim of the ways of the time, and deserves supremest pity, not detestable moralising; while to allege that "love" was absent from the life of one who was so lovable and full of love, tenderness and sweetness, by universal testimony, is no less stupid than false.

It is all very well to tell me I am "controversial"; but finding the *virus* of Irving's poisonous chatter working everywhere—alike in British, German, French, Italian biographical dictionaries and elsewhere—how could I be other than fired to expose and, having exposed, to denounce? Easy, too, to bring together the several places wherein I so expose and denounce, and thus convey the idea that the book consists of gratuitous controversy; but let each be taken in its place, and I particularly affirm each will be found warranted by the facts.

For "puir Robbie's sake," I am glad of the warm welcome being given to my book, and, as an old contributor to the ACADEMY, I feel sure I shall not appeal in vain for righteous and clement judgment of him.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Dublin: Jan. 25, 1898.

BECKY SHARP—AFTER.

SIR,—I do not think you can have referred to the last chapter of *Vanity Fair* before quoting the portion of Thackeray's letter in your current issue or you would have called attention to the fact that it does not really carry matters any further, and contradicts some of the statements in the book.

For instance, the book says: "She (Becky) never was Lady Crawley, though she continued so to call herself." The letter:

"Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed."

Again, the book: "Colonel Rawdon Crawley died . . . six weeks before the demise of his brother." The letter: "Colonel Crawley . . . had died of fever three months before his brother."

And in particular, the book: "All his (Jos.'s) available assets were the two thousand pounds for which his life was insured," of which Becky only got half. And the letter: "The late Jos. Sedley, Esq. . . . left her two lakhs of rupees."

I saw in one of the papers that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. intended publishing the letter at the end of the book. I hope they will reconsider this decision.—Yours truly,  
Jan. 30, 1898. THOS. H. TERRY.

"A BENEDICTINE MARTYR IN ENGLAND."

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you would allow me space to give an explanation of a passage in my book, *A Benedictine Martyr in England*, to which your reviewer has taken exception. I do this in no captious spirit, but I think that the point is one which merits elucidation. I had said, speaking of the process of beatification of the English martyrs now going on at Rome, that as it was impossible to prove the requisite number of miracles for each member of a band of over three hundred martyrs, it was desirable to invoke them in a body, so that the miracle, if granted, might serve for the cause of the beatification of all.

Now I can well understand that this whole matter may seem very ridiculous to a non-Catholic who does not believe in miracles at all; but granted the two facts that miracles are required at Rome for canonisations, and that those brought forward as evidence of sanctity are submitted to the most rigorous and searching examination before they are accepted (and these are facts that no competent person will deny), I cannot see what there was either immoral or ridiculous in my remark. Your critic says, however:

"But, let alone the ethics of this proceeding, does Dom Camm really suppose that the Pope will be unable to determine which of the candidates it was that actually answered to this general invocation?"

I allow, Sir, that I cannot understand the drift of this remark, though that may be owing to my "very extraordinary condition of intellect." But I suppose your reviewer thinks it unfair to ask the prayers of more than one martyr at a time, for he assumes that all will get the credit for the grace which has been really granted through one or few. But if all were not worthy of canonisation, I assume that God would not grant the grace in such a manner as to conduce to that end. For if it were not His will that all should be thus honoured, no doubt He would either not grant it at all, or, at any rate, would not allow it to be used as a proof of the heroic sanctity of those invoked.

As to the Pope's supposed superhuman powers, your reviewer really staggers me! Does he really suppose that I, or any

other Catholic, believe that the Pope is inspired? For if a miracle was granted in answer to a general invocation, the Pope could certainly not decide if one or other of the candidates alone obtained the grace, even by a special revelation of a most extraordinary kind. No Catholic believes that the Pope has this kind of power; all we believe is, that when deciding questions of faith and morals, as doctor or teacher of the Universal Church, he is preserved by the Divine assistance from falling into error. This is a very different matter.

Please excuse my prolixity, and receive my best thanks.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

St. Thomas's Abbey, Erdington.

[Dom Camm proposed that the martyrs in question should be invoked collectively, in order to get over the impossibility of proving the requisite number of miracles for each member of the band individually. Now this impossibility could only exist, should the prayers of some of them be inefficacious: were they all efficacious, it would be as easy to prove over three hundred miracles, or whatever the number required may be, as one. Therefore I thought, and think, that the proposal to obscure the individual issues by a collective invocation was a bit of shady ethics. I also suggested that it would probably be futile. And now I observe that Dom Camm, changing his ground, practically admits this. For he says that a miracle so obtained would not be allowed to serve as a proof of the heroic sanctity of anyone not really worthy of the honour of beatification. That is precisely what I hinted; and if so, what end does the general invocation serve, which could not be served without it? I did not say that the Pope was inspired, or that I thought that Dom Camm thought he was inspired: let it be that "he is preserved by the Divine assistance from falling into error"; that is enough for my argument. To beatify a martyr on the ground of a miracle which his prayers had had no share in securing would surely be an error; and whether it be so technically or not, the question whether a particular dead person is to be regarded as in a state of beatification is essentially a question of faith. But if Dom Camm means that God would intervene to prevent heroic sanctity being ascribed to the unworthy in some other way than through the decision of the Pope in a cause of beatification, then in what way?—THE REVIEWER.]

#### TRANSLATOR AND CRITIC.

SIR,—Even experts, and I make no doubt that the reviewer of Vol. II. of the translation of Ratzel's *History of Mankind* in your issue of January 15 is an expert, should make quite sure before criticising details that they have mastered a writer's view of his subject. Your reviewer is not unnaturally surprised to find America spoken of as "the East," on p. 10. If he had read the opening chapter of the work he would have seen that Prof. Ratzel regards the Atlantic Ocean as being, for ethnographical purposes, the great dividing

barrier, and consequently makes the American continent the most *easterly* seat of mankind. Strange as it may seem to us in England, America really is east of somewhere. *East* is, therefore, not a mistake for *west* here; nor is it on p. 260. On p. 246, on the other hand, *west* is a sufficiently obvious misprint for *east*.

I can assure your reviewer that "Wied" and not "Neuwied" is, and always has been, the title of the princely family to which the eminent explorer belongs. In a well-known German work published at Coblenz, I find "Die Fürstin von Wied," "ein fürstl. Wiedsches Lustschloss," and so on. Neuwied, known to English travellers on the Rhine, is the capital of the principality.

As to Monbattu or Mangbattu, I can only say that though I am not an ethnologist myself, I have some such among my friends, and it was by one of the most distinguished among these that I was told to write Monbattu. In the case of an unwritten language it seems somewhat absurd to speak of the "proper" form of a word. Schweinfurth, I presume, heard Monbattu, Junker something that he renders by Mangbattu—a combination of letters, by the way, indicating in German a sound for which we in England should have to write "Mankpattu," or thereabouts.

As to your criticism of my English, I must admit that while some of the phrases you demur to are perfectly correct, and seem to me adapted to convey the desired meaning to the most obtuse of readers, others (including a good many that you do not quote) are terribly clumsy. To this, as well as to your remark about "erroneous statements," I can only say that I did not undertake to re-write Prof. Ratzel's work. In a science, too, of which many of the technical terms employed by English writers, as it is, are merely bald translations from the German, I did not feel any particular call to improve the vocabulary.—Yours faithfully,

A. J. BUTLER.

Wood End, Weybridge.

[No doubt America "really is east of somewhere," but for the ordinary reader it lies *west* of England. After Junker's explicit statement *Monbattu* should not be revived, at least without a warning note (*Travels*, Keane's English ed., ii., p. 254). Nor need *Mangbattu* be transliterated *Mankpattu* any more than *Monbattu*, *Monputtu*. The German traveller's full name is *Maximilian von Wied-Neuwied*, as on the title-page of his *Reise nach Brasilien*, 3 vols., Frankfurt-a-M., 1820). "Of Wied" never could be right, *von* being here a part of the title, and this title is territorial, derived both from *Wied* and *Neuwied*, which is a *district* as well as a "capital." It has always formed part of the title when given in full. The "remarks" about "erroneous statements" were fully borne out by references to Chimus, Dakotas, Yakuts, &c., &c., which should have been corrected by the translator, because here and there he does essay to control the original. Of course "a good many" of the un-English phrases were necessarily excluded from the list given.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

#### EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE IN INDIA.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of January 29, 1898, pp. 134-5, there were two letters in answer to my communication of January 22.

To the first of these letters, written, as it is, with courtesy and fairness, I have no urgent reasons to reply.

To the second I take exceptions which might be even serious did I take the letter *au sérieux*. That second correspondent claims to know exactly and positively that "Mr. Wren makes no pretence of 'educating' anybody." I want the correspondent to understand that I do make a pretence, and a very serious one, of "educating" the minds of such pupils as Mr. Wren desires me to teach constitutional and political history. If such a claim be "preposterous," then I am glad to inform the correspondent that I do really entertain such a preposterous claim. People do vary in their ways of being preposterous, do they not?—Yours faithfully,

EMIL REICH.

#### BACCHYLIDES.

SIR,—I am indebted to Miss Jane Harrison, whose identity it was not easy to discover under the form which the printer unfortunately gave to her signature, for calling my attention to M. Jules Nicole's pamphlet. I had, however, already seen it, and as it only contains an additional eighty-nine lines of the *Georgos* to add to the twenty-seven which we already possessed, I must admit that it leaves me still desirous for a complete play of Menander. I do not even know that I can exactly call myself "a lover of Menander," for it is difficult to be very ardent about anyone who leads such a fragmentary existence; but I should certainly like a chance of adding him to the number of my friends. I hope that these remarks will not be thought "airy" in the serious boudoirs of the Sesame Club, and am,—Yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE reviews of Mrs. Steel's book clash and dovetail in a curiously interesting manner. We start with the *Daily Chronicle*, which quotes a statement by Mr. W. D. Howells, that English writers "are beginning to do some short stories; our people, on the other hand," &c. "A good beginning," at all events, is the *Chronicle's* answer, and for proof—this book.

"There are eighteen examples of the short story, all marked by that happy, vivid art of story-telling which Mrs. Steel has at command, and all distinguished by the facile and skilled manipulation of the raw staple and material which places the writer among the exemplars of the craft."

In classifying the stories, this critic says:

"Lastly, we have certain others, like the admirable example that supplies the title, which are short stories of unimpeachable



orthodoxy—stories that satisfy the whole law and canon of the art, stories that even 'our people'—the countrymen of Mr. Howells—might not disdain to have produced, and will, we undertake, read with enjoyment, and possibly—for we are of a sanguine habit—with profit."

THE *Saturday Review* takes quite another line. This critic sees Mrs. Steel through Kipling spectacles, and sees her stature diminished thereby:

"With a surprising pertinacity, Mrs. Steele still endeavours to compete with Mr. Kipling on his own peculiar ground. . . . With no uncertain gesture, Mrs. Steel herself indicates the standard by which she must be tried. For it is one thing to follow a pioneer upon the road he opens—none may be blamed for doing so; but it is another business when one artist deliberately selects another's motive for his own treatment. Everyone has a perfect right to do so, of course; only, if the performance falls short, the conveyance comes to be judged as theft. Mrs. Steel, having duly absorbed 'The Mark of the Beast' and the 'Mowgli' stories, elects to write 'The Blue-throated God,' and the result is a series of variations, producing an effect of confusion, woven about another's theme. Mr. Kipling invented a good thing, and called it 'Without Benefit of Clergy.' Mrs. Steel reads it, and presently she writes 'On the Second Story,' which is a good enough story, but not a masterpiece. Mr. Kipling presents hard-handed England in India as none other has done, and Mrs. Steel, perceiving a curious mirage of the same objective, gives us such conventional anomalies as the soldier in 'At the Great Durbar,' and Craddock the engineer in 'In the Permanent Way' and 'The King's Well.'"

The *Times* associates Mrs. Steel with Mr. Kipling in a kindlier manner:

"Comparison, though so favourite a form of criticism, is always odious, but in one particular at least we venture to think the gentleman has the advantage of the lady. In his pictures in black and white he does not give us too much of the tar-brush; whereas Mrs. Steel is not so careful in this matter. This is most noticeable in her last book, *In the Permanent Way*, where the stories are so taken up with the native that the settler is almost neglected. This seems hard since he alone will read them. The fact is, that the stories of the East without something Western in them are, like water without the whisky, a little insipid."

The *Spectator* makes much the same distinction, but in a still more complimentary way:

"While her only rival in this field of fiction is Mr. Kipling, her work, if it lacks his vivid virility of style, is marked by an even subtler appreciation of the Oriental standpoint—both ethical and religious—a more exhaustive acquaintance with native life in its domestic and indoor aspects, and a deeper sense of the moral responsibilities attaching to our rule in the East. Indeed, if Mrs. Steel shows any partiality, it is not towards Western modes of thought."

The *Daily Telegraph's* critic notes the prevailing mood of Mrs. Steel's stories:

"Of all the stories in Mrs. F. A. Steel's new book there is hardly one that does not end in tragic fashion. The book is not a sad one, for it is pervaded by the authoress's own keen humour; nevertheless, it is full to overflowing with the pain and mystery of life, with perplexed and tangled questions, which press in

vain for an answer. India, Mrs. Steel seems to say, can certainly not expect a solution of the problems which oppress her from the narrow creed of her alien masters, official even in their religion; the thronging crowd of her own deities is dumb, and even the great faith of Mahomet has nothing better to offer than a certain fierce resignation. It is curious to observe how, in spite of this deep-rooted scepticism, the predominant interest of these stories is in the main religious."

"The Nigger of the *Narcissus*,"  
By Joseph Conrad.  
In reviewing Mr. Conrad's book, the *Speaker* says that Mr. Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* has much to answer for.

"That remarkable feat of the imagination has inspired a whole school of descriptive writers of a new class, who aspire to make visible to us the inside of great scenes—battlefields, shipwrecks, moving incidents of every kind. Mr. Conrad, who has given us more than one remarkable study of Eastern life, has now followed in the footsteps of Mr. Stephen Crane, and in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* has painted for us a picture of sea-life as it is lived in storm and sunshine on a merchant-ship, which in its vividness, its emphasis, and its extraordinary fulness of detail, is a worthy pendant to the battle-picture presented to us in *The Red Badge of Courage*."

The critic points out that there is no plot in the story, that the nigger is of little importance in the tale, and that what gives its character to the book is the account of the great storm in which the *Narcissus* is all but lost.

"Whether it be a true one or not, none can say who have not passed through such a scene. But it looks like the truth; and to have painted it in such a fashion that its vivid colouring bites into the mind of the spectator is a very notable achievement."

The *Daily Telegraph's* critic also associates Mr. Conrad's tale with *The Red Badge of Courage*:

"The style, though a good deal better than Mr. Crane's has the same jerky and spasmodic quality; while a spirit of faithful and minute description—even to the verge of the wearisome—is common to both."

But he allows that Mr. Conrad is an artist; nor does he stint his admiration to his descriptions of weather:

"There are few characters among the crew of the *Narcissus* which do not stand out with vivid and life-like presentment; we know them all as though we, too, had partaken in the lengthy cruise, and had laughed and grumbled at all their idiosyncracies and failings. Old Singleton, the Nestor of this company, with his immense knowledge and his impressive taciturnity; blue-eyed Archie, with his red whiskers; Belfast, with his touching fidelity to the nigger; Mr. Baker, the chief mate, with his grunts and his sovereign common sense; little Captain Allistoun, as hard as nails, and with a will tempered like the finest steel; Donkin, the wastrel and outcast of metropolitan life, shifty, indolent, and sly; and the nigger, James Wait himself, with his mysterious authority and his racking cough—one and all are our familiar friends before the voyage is over."

"Oppressively monotonous, and yet, at the same time, enthralling," is the verdict of the *Manchester Courier* on Mr. Conrad's story.

"The Great Stone of Sardis." Mr. FRANK STOCKTON's latest story reminds two reviewers of Jules Verne's stories, and to a third it suggests a comparison with Mr. H. G. Wells's extravaganzas.

"*The Great Stone of Sardis*," says *Literature*, "is a compound book. The Dipsey and the hydraulic thermometer divide the interest with the scientific experiments and inventions of Mr. Rowland Clewe at the Sardis works, New Jersey. In a way this latter part of the tale is well managed; we are led very skilfully through the Artesian Ray and the Great Shell up, or, rather, down to the Great Stone, and the secret of the book is ingenious enough in its manner. But what a poor manner it is! How that initial date, 1947, chills the imagination, and in what a torpid humour we listen to the catalogue of 'scientific' marvels! And then there is the garnishing which is deemed necessary for such stories as these; Mrs. Block gives comic relief, and Mrs. Raleigh looks after the love interest, and through it all one remembers the curse which Stevenson pronounced on the Jules Verne school of fiction. But *The Great Stone of Sardis* has its uses. It serves to remind us how utterly remote the wonder of romance is from the wonder of external things, and how admirably Rossetti spoke from the romantic standpoint when he said that he neither knew nor cared whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth."

The *Standard* critic is doubtful about Mr. Stockton's science.

"Mr. Stockton has not the scientific knowledge which serves Mr. Wells, and gives to his stories such a high degree of plausibility. Our author seems to postulate, for instance, that his Artesian Ray has a certain physical effect upon the matter through which it penetrates: for how, otherwise, when it is again turned on, could it, so to say, start at the point where its effect had previously left off? And such a notion as this seems to show a complete misconception of the nature of light, and of the vibrations of the luminiferous ether."

The Artesian Ray does not trouble the *Westminster Gazette*:

"The best stroke in the book is Mr. Stockton's idea of the effect of his Artesian Ray on the human body."

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REVIEWS.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

*The Autobiography of Arthur Young: with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS is a book by no means to be lost sight of in the cloud of unimportant biographies of unimportant people which are issued from week to week. It is the autobiography of a man with a very brilliant pen, who was, moreover, gifted with a very singular capacity, on the one hand, for self-revelation, on the other for unsparing and pungent criticism of his contemporaries. And even if written by another, the life of Arthur Young would still have its absorbing interest for students of human nature in general and of the late eighteenth century in particular. Although a crank, he was a crank of genius. His *Travels in France* is, of course, a classic, and his *Tour in Ireland* closely approaches it. He failed in the management of three or four farms, and on one is said to have made more than 2,000 profitless experiments; but he was among the earliest of scientific agriculturists, and his researches were of incalculable benefit to others, even if they went near to ruining himself. Of his private life and distinctly remarkable character but little has hitherto been known. He left, however, an elaborate memoir in MS., somewhat voluminous, and touched by the religious melancholia of his later years, but written with an alert intelligence, and full of valuable social and personal matter. From this and from twelve folio volumes of correspondence the contents of the present volume have been drawn, with some abridgment, but with few additions. So far as we can judge, the editorial work has been excellently accomplished, and we are indebted to Miss Betham-Edwards for her timely rescue of a real bit of literature, overflowing with instruction and entertainment.

Arthur Young was heir to a small ancestral property in Suffolk. Speaking of his grandfather, he records that "with only a part of the present Bradfield estate he lived genteelly and drove a coach and four on a property

which in these present days just maintains the establishment of a wheelbarrow." His father was a man of strong personality and obstinate whims. You trace him in the features of his son. Both father and mother were devout; the mother, indeed, after a daughter's death, "never looked into any book but on the subject of religion," and Young regrets that her expostulations affected so little the course of his early life. After a scrambling education Arthur Young found himself thrown on the world without a profession at twenty. His first venture was a periodical called *The Universal Museum*, for which he tried in vain to enlist an important contributor.

"I waited on Dr. Johnson, who was sitting by the fire so half-dressed and slovenly a figure as to make me stare at him. I stated my plan and begged that he would favour me with a paper once a month, offering at the same time any remuneration that he might name. 'No, sir,' he replied, 'such a work would be sure to fail if the booksellers have not the property, and you will lose a great deal of money by it.' 'Certainly, sir,' I said, 'if I am not fortunate enough to induce writers of real talent to contribute.' 'No, sir, you are mistaken, such authors will not support such a work, nor will you persuade them to write in it; you will purchase disappointment by the loss of your money, and I advise you by all means to give up the plan.' Somebody was introduced, and I took my leave."

The *Universal Museum* did fail, and Young began a career of mingled journalism and farming, in which he was far more successful with the pen than the plough. Besides various essays and journals of tours, he issued a publication called *The Annals of Agriculture*, which won him a high reputation, and secured him no less an admirer, and even contributor, than George III. His Majesty gave Young a Spanish Merino ram, and some delightful comments in a diary of the period are the result. The diarist opines that the future "shall pay more homage to the memory of a Prince that gave a ram to a farmer than for wielding the sceptre obeyed alike on the Ganges and the Thames." At a later period, unfortunately, a coolness arose, and a friend explained it by asking Young,

"in a very significant manner, whether I had not said something against the King's bull, as it was commonly reported that I had fallen foul of his Majesty's dairy; so I suppose the man who showed me the cattle reported to the King every word I had said of them, and possibly with additions. Who is it that says one should be careful in a court not to offend even a dog?"

Young's interest in things pertaining to agriculture appears to have been a remarkably catholic and intelligent one. It covered both the scientific and the economic sides of the question. He was in constant correspondence with such inquirers as Priestley and such reformers as Bentham. But it was in practical experiments, new crops and new methods, that his interest was deepest. We find him comparing the value of different kinds of grasses for pasture, and promoting the neglected cultivation of potatoes, cabbages, and turnips. At one time he is rating the farming world for their stupidity in failing to see the merit of

chicory or succory as a food for sheep; at another time he is testing on the same long-suffering animals the virtues of a clothing of oilskin or canvas daubed with tar. Unfortunately, "the clothed sheep jumping hedges and ditches soon derobed themselves." But he is not so exercised with beeves and meadows as to have no eye for humanity; his description of an Irish landlord of the "Castle Rackrent" type deserves quoting:

"His hospitality was unbounded, and it never for a moment came into his head to make any provision for feeding the people he brought into his house. While credit was to be had, his butler or housekeeper did this for him: his own attention was given solely to the cellar that wine might not be wanted. If claret was secured, with a dead ox or sheep hanging in the slaughterhouse ready for steaks or cutlets, he thought all was well. He was never easy without company in the house, and with a large party in it would invite another of twice the number. One day the cook came into the breakfast-parlour before all the company. 'Sir, there's no coals.' 'Then burn turf.' 'Sir, there's no turf.' 'Then cut down a tree.' This was a forlorn hope, for, in all probability, he must have gone three miles to find one, all round the house being long ago safely swept away. They dispatched a number of cars to borrow turf. Candles were equally deficient, for, unfortunately, he was fond of dogs, all half-starved, so that a gentleman walking to what was called his bedchamber, after making two or three turnings, met a hungry greyhound, who, jumping up, took the candle out of the candlestick, and devoured it in a trice, and left him in the dark. To advance or return was equally a matter of chance, therefore, groping his way, he soon found himself in the midst of a parcel of giggling maid-servants."

In 1793 Young was appointed Secretary to the newly established Board of Agriculture, and thenceforward divided his time between London and his small estate at Braxfield. He was always in pecuniary difficulties, and in a few years a blow fell upon him which profoundly affected his character. This was the death of his dearly loved daughter, known as "Bobbin." Young had married early and not very wisely. He was fond of his wife, but she was foolish and illiterate, and they quarrelled incessantly. But it is clear from the letters and diary that "Bobbin" was the apple of her father's eye. She died through the ignorance of her doctors, and Young was inconsolable, until he came across the writings of Wilberforce, which converted him into what is called "a professing Christian" of a singularly gloomy and morbid type. From this time onward his diary is filled with expressions of religious devotion and of repentance for the "follies" of his early life. Mingled with these are mordant criticisms on those still in the world. The Christian graces certainly did not soften the asperity of his pen. Here is a sample entry:

"9th.—Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Balgrave. Balgrave is a good-tempered Suffolk parson, neglects the duty of his church, idle, indolent, drinks his bottle of port, and reads his newspaper, but what is called a respectable character, no views, nor any imprudent follies."

And, again:

"Lord Preston swears; it hurts me to hear him. I certainly ought to convert such people and reproach myself, and confess the sin every day

in my catalogue to God; but I go on and do it not. If I had wit I could laugh at it, but I have no more wit than a pig."

With this last bit of self-criticism the reader will hardly be inclined to agree. On the contrary, Young's wit and distinctly mundane shrewdness pierce often enough through religious sentiments which have hardly grown habitual to him. Immediately after his bereavement he observes, with some want of grammar:

"After a day passed in deep sorrow, Mr. Partridge read one of his sermons on the intermediate state of departed souls, and which I afterwards found was one of Jortin's."

And from time to time the old Adam breaks out. He regards himself as dead to the world:

"I have no pleasures, and wish for none, saving that comfort which religion gives me; and the sooner I make it my only pleasure the wiser I shall be. I go to no amusements, and read some Scriptures every day; never lay aside my good books but for business. I have dined out but little, and wish for no more than I have."

Two lines later he remarks, "New servants, all; and the cook, a two-handed Yahoo, and cannot boil a potato."

Young must have been a thorn in the side of his chiefs at the Board of Agriculture. His private criticisms do not mince matters. Both Sir J. Sinclair and Lord Carrington, he thought, mismanaged the business of the office shamefully. Lord Carrington was a man of no religion, and moreover, of no birth:

"He has made immensely by the loan; and the richer he grows, so much the worse. The eldest girl said to Mr. H. when he called: 'My papa used to have prayers in his family; but none since he has been a peer.' What a motive for neglecting God! Also he is a Dissenter and a democrat. A Unitarian he may be, but certainly no democrat. The Lord shew mercy to him, and, by interrupting his prosperity or lowering his health, bring him to repentance."

Presently Lord Carrington does a kindness to Young; gives him, in fact, an interest in the loan here referred to. The secretary's comment savours, perhaps, more of religion than of merely human gratitude:

"I thanked him much. Such a thing never entered my thoughts, and consequently surprised me much. He was very kind and considerate, and I am certainly much obliged to him for it. . . . I was thankful to God for this, and meditated much on it. If God had not been willing it would not have entered his head, and I find it comfortable to attribute everything to God, as, indeed, everything ought certainly to be attributed, and the more we trust entirely to Him the better I am persuaded it is for us."

It is a curious contrast, this querulous, bitter, self-absorbed old man, with the brilliant Arthur Young of whom Fanny Burney writes: "Last night, whilst Hetty, Susy, and myself were at tea, that lively, charming, spirited Mr. Young entered the room. Oh, how glad we were to see him!"

We have by no means exhausted the interest of the biography. There are many letters from, or reminiscences of, Young's wide circle of acquaintance: Chesterfield, Dr. Burney, and Burke play

their parts; most remarkable of all, perhaps, that Earl of Bristol who was also Bishop of Derry: "He was a perfect original—dressed in classical adorning." He was "so long absent from Ireland that the Primate wrote him three letters of remonstrance, and the answer he sent him was to do up and send in three blue peas in a blue bladder." He was an enthusiast in agriculture, and thought little of theology, and his letters are vastly entertaining. But it is Arthur Young himself, whose melancholy career and salient personality form the chief attraction of this fascinating book.

#### FRAGMENTS OF ROMANCE.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.  
—Vol. VII.: *Romances*. (Edinburgh Edition.)

THE issue of the Edinburgh edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson draws to a close. One volume only, containing *St. Ives*, remains to be published. It will follow hard upon the heels of this, which is made up of various fragments that seemed to the editor, Mr. Sidney Colvin, of too good a quality, or too interesting, to be lost.

The pecuniary advantage to an author or his heirs of a limited edition of his works is often considerable—in this instance magnificent. The price of the Edinburgh edition has risen over 100 per cent. The original cost was £12 10s. A set changed hands the other day for £28. Speculation in limited editions is good sport for virtuosos, but the poor man comes badly out of such undertakings. There are people, and their number is not few, who must read and possess every published line of a favourite author. To slender-pursed Stevensonians such a laudable ambition is hopeless, as the Edinburgh edition contains writings by R. L. S. which are not to be found elsewhere. That was one of the baits held out to purchasers, to say nothing of the pleasure, to an orderly mind, of having an author in uniform size and binding. The Stevenson shelf of those who bought the volumes as they were issued by half-a-dozen publishers with half-a-dozen ideas as to size and shape, is as jumpy as a line of legal volunteers drawn up on parade. It is to be hoped Mr. Charles Baxter and Mr. Colvin will arrange with the various owners of Stevenson copyrights to bring out a cheap unlimited Edinburgh edition. We can hardly suppose any of the original subscribers will be so selfish as to wish to deprive others of a complete set of this author's works.

The present volume contains four fragments. The longest is that sombre and distinguished beginning of a masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*, which has already been published. Of the other three fragments, one, *The Great North Road*, was posthumously published in the *Illustrated London News* for the Christmas of 1895; the others, *Heathercat* and *The Young Chevalier*, are here printed for the first time.

There are but eight chapters to *The Great North Road*, which was written as long ago as

1884, when Stevenson was living at Bourne-mouth. His reasons for not finishing this romance of the highway we shall never know, nor what adventures that ingenious and fertile brain devised for these buccaneers of the road. He turned from this fragment to finish *The Dynamiter*, and he never sought *The Great North Road* again. Yet he was hopeful about the piece, although conscious of difficulty ahead.

"I thought to rattle it off like *Treasure Island*, for coin," he wrote to Mr. Henley, "but it has turned into my most ambitious design, and will take piles of writing and thinking; so that is what my highwayman has turned to. . . . I quail before the gale, but so help me it shall be done."

It was not Stevenson's usual way to quail before the gale. Moreover, the notion of writing a romance of the highway had long been in his mind, and we have Mr. Colvin's assurance that this fragment was not laid aside from any dissatisfaction with what he had done. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that he was not altogether satisfied, and that the letter to Mr. Henley was written in a buoyant mood which did not recur. He was very ill in those days, and undertrained for so serious an effort. In truth, the fragment is a little laboured: it suggests the study rather than the open road. He turned aside to other work. He could afford to be prodigal.

The fragment of *The Young Chevalier* is much shorter than *The Great North Road*. It contains but a prologue and some four pages of the first chapter, but the mind of the master is upon those pages. The scene in the wine-shop at Avignon, where the "prologial episode" passes, is true to his gay and fearless outlook upon life: his love for the bright eyes of danger, his contempt for drones. Here is the opening of the first and only chapter. Is it not inviting? Do not the phrases live? Is not the picture clear and romantically touched?

"That same night there was in the city of Avignon a young man in distress of mind. Now he sat, now walked in a high apartment, full of draughts and shadows. A single candle made the darkness visible; and the light scarce sufficed to show upon the wall, where they had been recently and rudely nailed, a few miniatures and a copper medal of the young man's head. The same was being sold that year in London to admiring thousands. The original was fair; he had beautiful brown eyes, a beautiful bright open face; a little feminine, a little hard, a little weak; still full of the light of youth, but already beginning to be vulgarised; a sordid bloom came upon it, the lines coarsened with a touch of puffiness. He was dressed, as for a gala, in peach-colour and silver; his breast sparkled with stars and was bright with ribbons; for he had held a levée in the afternoon and received a distinguished personage incognito. Now he sat with a bowed head, now walked precipitately to and fro, now went and gazed from the uncurtained window, where the wind was still blowing, and the lights winked in the darkness."

The first suggestion for this story came from Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in reading the curious *Tales of the Century*, had been struck by a long essay on Prince Charles's mysterious incognito. He sent the notion and documents to Stevenson in Samoa, who

received the idea gladly. The subject is referred to again and again in *Vailima Letters*.

"There are only four characters," Stevenson observes; "Francis Blair of Balmile (Jacobite Lord Gladsnuir), my hero; the Master of Ballantrae; Paradau, a wine-seller of Avignon; Mary-Madeleine, his wife. These last two I am now done with, and I think they are successful, and I hope I have Balmile on his feet; and the style seems to be found. It is a little charged and violent; sins on the side of violence; but I think will carry the tale."

There are no data to show how the story would have finally shaped itself in his fancy. "Often," adds Mr. Lang, "since Mr. Stevenson's death, in reading Jacobite MSS. unknown to me or to anyone when the story was planned, I have thought, 'He could have done something with this,' or 'This would have interested him.' *Eheu!*"

*Heathercat*, like *The Young Chevalier*, belongs to the last three years of Stevenson's exile in the Pacific, and is also here published for the first time. It is a story of Covenanting life in Scotland, and runs to three chapters. The author's scheme was to shift the narrative across the Atlantic, first to the Carolina plantations and next to the ill-fated Scotch settlement in Darien. About this time Mr. Crockett was at work upon his Covenanting romance—*The Men of the Moss Hags*. To Mr. Crockett Stevenson addressed some playful letters; it seemed to amuse him that they should be worrying at the same subject. One day he forwarded to the author of *The Men of the Moss Hags* a sketch of a trespass board and gallows, with R. L. Stevenson in the act of hanging S. R. Crockett, and on the board the words: "Notice.—The Cameronians are the property of me, R. L. Stevenson.—Trespassers and Raiders will be hung." In an accompanying letter he said, "I have made many notes for *Heathercat*, but do not get much forrader. For one thing, I am not inside these people yet. Wait three years and *I'll race you*." That particular race was never run. Shortly before his death he wrote to a friend that he had laid the story on the shelf, and so the awful Haddo never met retribution, and the battle between the boy *Heathercat* and the boy Croyer remains among the unfought fights of history. It is not a very spirited piece so far as it goes; the narrative is somewhat loose, and far behind the chapters of *Weir of Hermiston*, which conclude the volume.

As that little masterpiece has been published, widely read, and criticised, no more need be said about it here. But we may give ourselves the pleasure of quoting the dedication, although the lines are not new. Addressed to his wife, they express the thought that was ever in his mind—the thought of home.

I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn  
On Lammermuir. Harkening I heard again  
In my precipitous city beaten bells  
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,  
Intent on my own place and race, I wrote.  
Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who  
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy  
coal,  
Held still the target higher, chary of praise  
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?

So now in the end, if this, the least, be good,  
If any deed be done, if any fire  
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be  
thine."

He was at work upon the book, of which these lines form the dedication, on the morning of his death—"Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time."

### HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

*Life and Letters*. Edited by Annie Fields.  
(Sampson Low & Co.)

"Is this the little woman who made the great war?" Abraham Lincoln did, as a fact of history, put the question in this form, and the fact stands, inasmuch as he did so publicly, by way of welcome to Harriet Beecher Stowe when the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first saw the President of the dis-United States. Nothing more was known of the interview, for they spoke apart, and Mrs. Stowe—in spite of a certain notorious incident—was a woman who knew how to add to fame the grace of privacy, and she never related her talk with Lincoln. "Is this the little woman who made the great war?" is, perhaps, a phrase to be suspected of the easy falsity of epigram; nevertheless, even with a little discount, it confesses the original motive of the Civil War, clear among the complications of State rights and State politics. That motive was obscure in its day. Abolition was, as it were, the secret of the North—a secret which the right hand kept from the left, and the heart from the lips. There would have been a disunited North, as well as a disunited North and South, had the truth been known too soon—nay, had it not been a thousand times denied. Under protection and licence of the playfulness or gallantry of a speech to a woman more than one truth has been published in the easiest and least challengeable form; and Lincoln blurted out the initial and fundamental truth with the tact of the freedom of the moment.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe was a woman of small mind, of moderate talent, of no more than sufficient education, of popular ability, of unbounded zeal, and, therefore, armed at all points to take the mind of a nation. The facts of slavery were ready for use by such a woman turned novelist—the fewer facts the better and the more manageable. Seldom has reformer had more fiery matter than these: mothers whose skins were dark had no right to so much as a day of their children's infancy; the marriage of slaves was of no validity, and the form a mere burlesque; white citizens sold their own children in open market; to educate these outcasts to the point of reading and writing was illegal. Doubtless our own social conditions clamour for reform, and the freedom of contract between man and man may be a nominal rather than an essential liberty. But at least we have the name, which means that we have also an ideal of aim; and depressing as

the actual condition of the negro population in the States may be to-day in some of its aspects, it creates a disquietude for a nation rather than for all mankind. England had hopes, perhaps, from the American Civil War, and from Emancipation, which have not been wholly realised; but whenever that reform had been carried out, the transition stage must have been one of defect and peril, and in postponement was no remedy.

Happy was it for Mrs. Beecher Stowe that she lacked the profundity and the prevision to realise to the full the difficulties of the position. Optimism is the reformer's secret; it tallies with his intuitions, and leaves behind the man of cold experience whom tradition tethers. Readers, in the main, are, or were, optimistic; and the popular enthusiasm evoked by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if it did not mould the opinion, at least forced the hands, of even eminent English statesmen. The book probably beat all the records. It sold more than any book has ever sold in the United States, and in England it made the writer a celebrity akin to that of a female Garibaldi. The book appeared serially at first, the opening chapter in *The National Era* of Washington for April, 1850. Some passages pieced together from letters written and generally addressed to her absent husband—a Professor in somewhat weak health and spirits—by Mrs. Stowe just before this date, add to the interest of the book's romantic commercial history:

"You are not able to bear anything, my dear husband, therefore trust all to me. I am already making arrangements with editors to raise money. . . . Then comes a letter from my husband" [this she says to her sister-in-law] "saying he is sick abed, and all but dead; don't ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage in case I am left a widow; warns me to be prudent, as there won't be much to live on." . . . "Christmas is coming and our little household is all alive with preparations, everyone collecting little gifts with wonderful mystery and secrecy. To tell the truth, dear, I am getting tired—my neck and back ache." . . . "As long as the baby sleeps with me nights I can't do much at anything, but I will write that thing if I live." . . . "When I have a headache and feel sick, as I do to-day, there is actually not a place in the house where I can lie down and take a nap without being disturbed. If I lock my door and lie down, someone is sure to be rattling the latch before fifteen minutes have passed." . . . "There is no doubt in my mind that our expenses this year will come two hundred dollars, if not three, beyond our salary."

The story was at last ended in the *National Era* for April, 1852. Then the first thing she did, when the thing got into volume form, was to send copies, accompanied by letters, to Dickens, Macaulay, Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Shaftesbury. Mr. Jewett, the Boston publisher, young and fortunate, had sold three thousand copies before the letters of acknowledgment and congratulation began to pour in—nearly the first to come was Jenny Lind's. "God wrote the book," was the cry of the author in the first flush of the great notoriety which we may call even great fame; and there was no pose or elation in the attribution, but only a refuge she humbly created for her own modesty. "It is not

fame or praise that contents me," she writes to her husband amid the prosperity that enriched all her nature: "I seem never to have needed love so much as now. I long to hear you say how much you love me."

Popularity came by leaps and bounds. Over three hundred thousand copies of the book were sold within a year, and eight presses, running night and day, were hardly able to keep pace with the growing demand for it. The praises of George Sand, who introduced the book to France, were on the scale of the sales—or a little beyond. "The life and death of a little child and of a negro slave—that is the whole book!" she wrote.

"The affection that unites them, the respect of these two perfect ones for each other, is the only love-story, the only passion, of the drama. I know not what other genius but that of sanctity itself could shed over this situation a charm so powerful and so sustained. All is so new, so beautiful, that one asks one's self, in thinking of it, whether the success of the work is, after all, equal to the height of its conception."

The events of Mrs. Stowe's visits to England are sufficiently familiar. She found ducal houses like fairy palaces, thanks, it would seem, to the noiseless-stepping servants who anticipated her wants. A final zest must have been added to the kindly lionising of Mrs. Stowe indulged in by the Duchess of Sutherland and others when they were able to whisper that the Queen herself was perusing over the pages of the story that had been taken in England, no less than in America, to the great popular heart. The sympathy between Mrs. Stowe and the great people she met—George Eliot among the number—was personal rather than intellectual. As a result, we do not find much insight in her records of meetings that might otherwise have been memorable. The best account by far is that of her visit to Charles Kingsley, the enthusiasm of whose Churchmanship has been put into shade elsewhere by comments, kind or angry, on its breadth; and who is better known as a talker by his stammering than by his at the same time valiantly voluble tongue. It was no new thing to Mrs. Stowe to go to the house of complete strangers, yet her "heart fluttered" as she drove up in the dark to the house of the author of *Westward Ho!* She writes to her husband:

"We were met in the hall by a man who stammers a little in his speech, and whose inquiry, 'Is this Mrs. Stowe?' was our first positive introduction. He is tall, slender, with blue eyes, brown hair, and a hale well-browned face, and somewhat loosely jointed withal. His wife is a real Spanish beauty. How we did talk and go on for three days! I guess he is tired. I'm sure we were. He is a nervous, excitable being, and talks with head, shoulders, arms, and hands, while his hesitance makes it the harder. Of his theology I will say more at another time; but he is, what I did not expect, a zealous Churchman."

She met another great talker in Macaulay, whose attitude towards her was less indulgent than that of others; and each formed of the other an unfavourable opinion which neither took the trouble to conceal.

Mrs. Stowe did not hit on any other novel with a supreme purpose; and her subsequent works were read mainly because

they were by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At the end she faded serenely out of life. "My mind wanders like a running brook, and I do not think of my friends as I used to, unless they recall themselves to me by some kind action." Sadly she says she is "like the still silkworm who has spun out all his silk and can spin no more." Then she became what is sometimes called "absent," and again "like a little child." The power of her mind was gone, but she wandered about, pleased with flowers, and arrested by singing, especially the singing of hymns. She was eighty-five years of age, although "a little child," when she died in the July of 1896.

### THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

*The Quest of Happiness.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley & Co.)

To write of happiness it is perhaps well that one should know something of the opposite condition of life. Few men on this hypothesis were better qualified to expound the science of happiness than the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who, in this unfinished book, for it is published as a fragment of the author's original scheme, has left behind him an admirably practical philosophy of life. "It was written," we are told, "when the author was held in the clutches of a mortal disease, and knew that he was nearing the end of life." Almost at the gate of the other world, for which, be it observed, he carried none of the passports furnished by religion, he paused to reflect upon the abundant provision made in this world for the happiness of those who are qualified to avail themselves of it, his aim being to show that in most cases the prize is more nearly within our reach than the habitual pessimist is apt to suppose. His science of happiness Hamerton learnt in the school of adversity. "His childhood," it appears, "was exceptionally lonely and miserable, for his mother died when he was an infant, and he was brutally treated by a dissolute and drunken father." At school his "lack of physical strength and his morbid sensitiveness prevented him from taking part in the usual boyish games." After a brief career in the army, for which he was constitutionally unfitted—another unpleasant experience—he devoted himself to poetry and art, and here he suffered the disappointment of failure. As a *pis-aller*, and under stress of circumstances which compelled him to earn a livelihood, he turned to literature—a hard task-mistress, too—and wrote the *Painters' Camp*, which from the first caught the fancy of the reading public. Thus success, when it did come, came to him from a quarter in which he had not looked for it. He was practical-minded enough to accept with a cheerful heart such gifts as the gods chose to send him, but "the particular success for which he had always longed was never his."

Upon these experiences Hamerton founds his philosophy.

"Happiness," he writes, "enough, and much more than I ever expected, has been mine, but

it has been very various in character and always very difficult to keep. The effect upon me has been as if an interesting volume were snatched out of my hands when I was in the middle of it, and another substituted, quite as interesting but not what I wanted at the time."

In eighteen chapters, dealing with such subjects as occupation, natural gifts, the exercise of the senses and other faculties, reality and the pursuit of the ideal, the author sets forth the principles which he deduces from his own life and his observation of the world around. They may be very briefly expressed: "Indulge your dreams of the ideal if you will, but make the most of the disappointing reality, because it will be found that that too has its good side," or, in other words, "Adjust your life to the universe as it exists." Such is the message that Hamerton gives to those who consult his pages. He repeats it in many forms.

"The power of seeing things as they really are without being biased by the desire to have them as we think they ought to be, is of all gifts the most desirable, with a view to a rational though not an intoxicating kind of happiness."

This is one of his sayings, and another, more subtle and true, is that "the interest of human life which never ends is due chiefly to the imperfect and precarious character of our happiness," such as it is. In fact, he lands himself in something like a paradox. Speaking of the pursuit of happiness, which he thinks as desirable as the pursuit of wealth, learning, or reputation, he observes

"that the happiness we attain, though it is not the ideal, is still worth and more than worth the trouble and pains we take for its acquisition; that if we do not get all the happiness we had counted upon, we get very much that we have never deserved and that has never entered into our calculations, and, finally, that owing to certain peculiarities in our nature, there are good reasons for believing that complete felicity, supposing it to be possible, would be unsuitable for us, and is therefore undesirable."

A "practical philosophy" we have called this, and no doubt the attempt to practice it by those who cared to make the quest of happiness a definite pursuit, like that of education, would, so far as it was operative, prove beneficial. It is difficult to imagine the spirit of resignation which it inculcates proving detrimental. Whether the fundamentals of the problem of happiness are here, however, may be doubted. At Mrs. Hamerton's instance a chapter is added to the book, entitled "Some Real Experiences." This the author had rejected as fitting in badly with his plan; but it seems to us that some of these experiences point to a truer theory of happiness than that upon which Mr. Hamerton insists. Here is one:

"A well-preserved old Frenchman told me that the mere boon of life itself appeared to him infinitely precious. His own happiness was in seeing and thinking, perhaps more especially in seeing. He enjoyed these pleasures intensely, even in age, notwithstanding the anxieties and humiliations which in his own case had accompanied a transition from easy circumstances to poverty. On the whole he had enjoyed his existence on earth and should leave this world with regret, though fully



assured of another and still more interesting existence in a future state."

Does not this experience—and there are others equally significant in a negative sense—indicate that the faculty of happiness is at bottom a natural endowment, that some organisations are productive of happiness as others are of the reverse, circumstances in all cases counting for little? Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain—what are they? Merely an efficient or an inefficient expenditure of nerve-energy! If an organ contains an abundance of stored-up nerve-force, it responds pleurably to a stimulus; in the contrary case it responds painfully or not at all. The feeling of being well or ill, happy or unhappy, joyful or oppressed—a mere question of nerve-force! When our organs—stomach, limbs—are over-charged with this vital principle we feel a craving to employ them, and the consequent discharge of the stored-up energy gives us relief or pleasure. Life is then worth living. When, on the other hand, our systems are feeble, and the stimulus of air in our lungs or food in our stomachs is in excess of the nerve-energy which is there to meet it, the result is weariness or pain. Life is then a burden. Work out this principle in detail and it will be found to hold good. If you exercise an appetite too freely you use up the nerve-energy that keeps it active; it ceases to respond, and you are satiated with what was at first a pleasure.

In fine, the measure of happiness belonging to all of us is great or small according to our constitutions; it can be filled up to the brim by the simplest means—by the so-called necessities of life, in fact—and you can no more add to it by an habitual indulgence in luxuries than you can pour a quart of beer into a pint pot. Where the bare necessities of life are wanting, there is, of course, pain. But a beef-and-beer-fed Socialist has no reason to envy the millionaire his ingots. After exerting himself for half a lifetime to accumulate money, the rich man who is gifted with common sense is but too apt to sit down and marvel at the vanity of it all. He longs to his ingots, of course, because he knows of nothing better to do; but the Socialist, if he got them, would probably feel that he had been grasping at a shadow. Every human organisation possesses a working basis of its own. Circumstances such as the accession of wealth or the loss of position may exalt or depress the nervous system; but the effect is temporary. The nerves will not permanently remain in an abnormal state of tension or laxity. Inevitably they return to the mean. Mark Tapley and Scrooge are equally themselves again.

Mr. Hamerton has left us an interesting look on a subject which lies close to all hearts, but its value consists in its being the record of an individual view of life. It is on an unsafe basis for a generalisation.

#### HOGARTH AS TOPOGRAPHER.

*William Hogarth.* By Austin Dobson. (Kegan Paul.)

MR. DOBSON has amplified still further his biography of Hogarth. The volume before us is enlarged and revised from the first

edition of 1891, which was itself an expansion of a smaller volume in the "Great Artists" series. Although the present edition may be considered to be Mr. Dobson's finished monument to Hogarth, it is not necessary that we should examine in detail a work which, in its main features, is known to the reading public. Rather we choose to touch on a side issue. Hogarth's amazing industry as a topographer of London is brought home afresh by the beautiful illustrations in this book, and to this side of his genius it may not be improper to draw attention once more.

Hogarth's own life looms through his London pictures. He lived in London all his days, and in one district after another. Thus, he drew his first breath in Bartholomew Close. He was apprenticed in Cranbourne-alley, Leicester Fields. He lived in Long-lane, Smithfield, with his widowed mother and sisters. In his most impressionable years he studied drawing in Covent Garden. He brought his young wife to "summer lodgings" in Lambeth. As a young man he took long walks; we hear of him at Highgate, and at the "Bull and Bush" inn at Hampstead. At last he settled in Leicester Fields, close to every scene of gaiety and fashion. Had he been an ordinary observer his knowledge of London must have been extensive and peculiar. But an eye that missed nothing, a memory that never failed—is it wonderful that eighteenth century London lives in the backgrounds of his prints so vividly as to produce a positive illusion, a queer obsession? One might pore over the engravings of the *Four Times of Day* until the air of Dr. Johnson's London fills one's lungs. For these prints appeared in 1738, the year in which Johnson's satire, *London*, took the town by storm. One may say of them, as Lamb said of the "Gin-lane" print, they are "perfectly amazing and astounding to look at."

Three of these scenes are laid in London, the fourth takes us to Islington. In the "Morning" picture we are outside the low dark door of Tom King's Coffee House in Covent Garden. It is five minutes to eight. Two boys are going to school. A starched old maid is crossing the square to enter St. Paul's Church, a little dismayed at having to pass some boisterous market women and porters who are grouped round a fire. Behind these some of Tom King's customers are quarrelling as they leave the coffee house. A fruit porter, in the distance, is leaning on a rail, tired by his early spell of work. The houses rise in quiet dignity, in early morning cleanness. It is all convincing. Truly, if it makes the student believe that King's Coffee House stood in front of St. Paul's portico, Hogarth misleads him; for King's stood opposite Tavistock-row. Except for this licence, Hogarth gives us the very Covent Garden of 1738.

In his "Noon" plate—beautifully reproduced in Mr. Dobson's volume—we are as near to reality. The scene is Hog-lane, a street now lost in the Charing Cross-road. But there, above the houses, rises the tower of St. Giles's Church as we see it to-day. In the "Evening" there is less to recognise; but how faithful to history is

the glimpse of the New River, the rural freshness, and the milking of a cow by a dairymaid. The maid belongs, perhaps, to Mr. Pocock's farm; and one is pleased to think that, having milked her cow in "Noon," we see her again crying "*Milk Below*" in the "Enraged Musician." A well set-up lass she is, and she has made nothing of the walk from Islington to St. Martin's-lane, where now we meet her.

The fourth plate, "Night," is an exaggeration. The Salisbury coach upset at Charing Cross and lying in a bonfire was not a typical incident. The humours of the piece, too, are low, and one's eye, seeking something familiar, rests gratefully on the equestrian statue of Charles I. in the background. But the Barber's sign is interesting: "Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch—*ecce signum.*" Hogarth threw immortality like a spray over such trifles.

A faithful record of eighteenth century London is the twelfth plate of "Industry and Idleness." The Industrious Apprentice, become Lord Mayor, is turning into Cheapside on his triumphant way back to the Mansion House. His state carriage is seen passing the spot in which the Peel statue now stands, and the spectator, looking south from St. Martin's-le-Grand, sees St. Paul's Churchyard in the background, the east end of the Cathedral projecting into his view. The Cheapside houses, the distant Cannon-street, the roofs and windows alive with sightseers, are all the very mintage of the time. This series, indeed, is a panorama of London. In Plate V. the Idle Apprentice is being rowed past Cuckold's Point to his ship; we see the bleak Thames of that day with four weird, lonely windmills beckoning on its north shore, while lower down, dreadfully distinct in the distance, a river pirate's body swings above the waves from a gibbet. In Plate VI. we have a faithful picture of a City street, with the base of the Monument closing the background. In Plate VIII. we are in the Guildhall; in Plate XI. at Tyburn, on the edge of London, and above the many-headed scene of execution the hills of Hampstead smile far away. One might multiply Hogarth's triumphs of topographical exactness to a fabulous extent. As Mr. Dobson says: "He gives us, unromanced and unidealised, the actual *mise-en-scène*, 'the form and pressure,' the authentic details and accessories, of the age in which he lived."

#### DEAN FARRAR'S LATEST.

*Allegories.* By Frederic W. Farrar. (Longmans.)

"THERE he goes, quoting two more poets in one line!" said Festus." Nor could Festus have more happily hit off a leading feature in his creator's own literary method. Dean Farrar must have an extraordinary memory to garner up all these stray fragments of verse that flow so readily from his magnificent pen. The quality of them is, of course, to say the least of it, fluctuating; but you cannot have everything, and, after all, a bad quotation is better than no quota-

tion at all. As with quotations, so with epithets and imagery. The gorgeous pages glitter like the windows of a Burlington Arcade shop.

"The softly verdant meadows sprinkled with their golden flowers, the great trees with their waving boughs, the sun in the blue heavens with its glories of crimson sunset and rosy dawn, the strong mountains, the sweet and balmy air, the yellow wealth of harvests, the crystal of the running streams, the stars shedding their spiritual lustre through the purple twilight, the innocent mirth and laughter of young voices—the glory, and the wonder, and the power, and dread magnificence of nature delighted him."

How rich in colour; how sumptuous it is! And if the adjectives, for all their profuseness, seem a little conventional and obvious, what of that? Meadows are "verdant," the heavens are "blue," the dawn is "rosy," why not say so?

For our part, were we to set out after a popular literary success, we should pray the gods to give us precisely the literary equipment and the literary temper of Dean Farrar. Not to be afraid of the obvious; to sit straight down and paint away with the crude palette of the house painter, to treat literature as a *tabula rasa*, to symbolise as if nobody else had ever symbolised from John the Divine to Maurice Maeterlinck: that surely is the secret of fame. But, if you begin to look back, to criticise yourself, to ask whether this or that thought is quite your own, or, still worse, whether this or that sentence is written quite as well as you could write it, then it is all up with you; you become a mere man of letters. But from this fate Dean Farrar's robustness of purpose, no less than his pulpit training, has happily saved him.

These *Allegories* are allegories of the moral development of youth—something like Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, only not so coarse. One of them, *The Life Story of Aner*, ends thus:

"The bark touched the shore. No trumpets sounded for him on the other side, but two bright forms, clad with wings, met him and took him by the hand. They clothed him in white raiment. They entered a gate of pearl, and through a sea of heavenly light he saw a rainbow round a throne, in sight like unto an emerald. Aner flung himself upon his face. The wounded hand of Inrah raised him, and when he dared to look up he saw the glory of his father's countenance, and his father smiled on him, and welcomed his weary wanderer home."

Now, we maintain that to write like this, in all good faith, as if you were at the beginning of things, is a sign of genuine self-confidence; and the value of self-confidence as a literary quality, has, perhaps, hardly been sufficiently recognised. The last, and most ingenious, story in the book is a sort of allegorisation of *Eric*. As it does not profess to be anything but an allegory, the sickly sentimentality, which makes the real schoolboy kick *Eric* across the classroom and speak rudely of it as "rot," does not so much matter. Nevertheless, we expect, and hope, that the schoolboy will do some kicking, if it is only for the sake of the pretty, long-haired children and the large-winged angels of the illustrations.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Portrait Miniatures.* By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.

MINIATURE painters flatter themselves that 1895 saw a renaissance of their art. Those, however, who visit a modern exhibition will feel that this boast is only partly justified. The trail of the coloured photograph is still over it all, and the few works inspired by real artistic temperament stand out from a background of wearied conventions and commercial sentiment. If the revival is to come, it must be largely through studying the spirit and not the letter of the past. To this desirable result Dr. Williamson's capital handbook may contribute no little. Less sumptuous in design than Dr. Lumsden Propert's monumental treatise, to which, of course, it owes much, it will be an excellent introduction to the subject for many would-be artists and would-be collectors for whom that magnificent quarto is an unattainable delight. The letterpress is lucid and full of information; the illustrations, though as examples of process-work they contrast ill with Dr. Propert's, will yet give more than an idea, at least, of the style of composition affected by the great masters. The greatest of these, in their respective days, were doubtless Holbein, Hilliard, and Cosway, and of each of these Dr. Williamson has his adequate account to give. Of the missal miniature he says nothing, but adds a chapter on enamel miniatures, and another on foreign work. While upon this subject we may correct an error which most recent writers upon Holbein have fallen into. Holbein was in England on a first visit for three years from 1526. But Dr. Williamson, following Dr. Propert, will not attribute to him any court miniatures of this period, on the ground that he was merely the private guest of Sir Thomas More, and cannot be shown to have had anything to do with the court. Yet from the State papers so laboriously calendared by Dr. Brewer we learn that in 1527 "Master Hans and his company" were engaged in decorating a new revels house in the tiltyard at Greenwich. And who should "Master Hans" be if not Holbein? No other painter so named can be traced in England at the time.

*Index to the Prerogative Wills of Ireland, 1536-1810.* By Sir Arthur Vicars, F.S.A., Ulster King of Arms. (Ponsonby.)

OF recent years a vast amount of silent, patient, often wearisome, and almost always unremunerative labour has been devoted to the task of organising and rendering accessible the immense and ill-ordered mass of materials that exist for genealogical research. The extent to which this disinterested and ill-requited toil is going on around us throughout the land is probably unknown outside the limited class of professional experts, except to the comparatively few who dabble as amateurs in heraldry and genealogy, or who have occasion to resort to official assistance in such matters. When we say that this is obviously one of those taxonomic duties which ought to be under-

taken by the State, it is hardly necessary to add that with us it is mainly neglected by the State. Not wholly so, it is true, for here and there, in the usual spasmodic and incomplete manner in which similar public responsibilities are dealt with in this country, Record Commissions, Record Reports, Rolls publications, and so forth, have immediately or incidentally effected something in this direction. Still, the bulk of the work remains yet undone, and the bulk of what has been done has been carried out by the various antiquarian societies in the capital and the provinces, or by casual and sporadic individual zeal. The growing sense, however, of the waste of power and of the discouragement that is apt to attend independent and unco-ordinated activity of this kind may be seen, for instance, in the formation of such bodies as the "Committee for the Transcription and Publication of Parish Registers": a field of industry in which drudgery must verily, like virtue, be its own reward. Sir Arthur Vicars's *Index to the Prerogative Wills of Ireland* is a valuable contribution to the sum of excellent work already turned out in this department of investigation. He has arranged and, for the first time, given to the public the indexes compiled for the Irish Record Commission by his predecessor in office, Sir William Betham. For the purposes of the genealogist wills are all-important, giving, as they frequently do, particulars concerning several generations of a family, such as names, kinship and alliances, property and social position, besides autographs, and, when of earlier date, seals of arms. To criticise such a book as this is impossible. Its merit must lie in its completeness and in its scrupulous accuracy, points which a reviewer has no opportunity of testing; but that the handsome volume before us possesses these essential qualities the name of the present Ulster King of Arms will be sufficient guarantee.

*Memorials, Journal, and Correspondence of Charles Cardale Babington.* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.)

PROF. BABINGTON was a field botanist of high repute. He worked hard at classification, wrote the best of handbooks, and became the leading authority on the innumerable forms assumed by the common bramble. He was also a learned antiquarian, a non-smoker, and a friend to missions. If Prof. Mayor had expanded his obituary notice in the *Eagle* into a memoir of a hundred pages, we should have been grateful. We are not grateful for an ill-arranged tome of five times that length which contains among other things a diary extending over sixty-six years, with entries of about one line for each day, and forming apparently a complete record of such exterior facts of the Professor's life as the flowers he picked and the men he met at dinner. The voluminous correspondence, also, almost entirely technical in character, is of no general interest, and can be of very little scientific value. It is a pity for the posthumous reputation of many men that the preparation of their biographies falls into the hands of relatives with no literary understanding and no sense of proportion.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

SHREWSBURY.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Romantic history after Mr. Weyman's customary bravo recipe. The narrator was born near Bishop's Stortford in 1666 ("my father, a small yeoman"), and subsequently he became the *protégé* of Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, and the participator in the great events of 1695 and 1696. The pages are busy with intrigue, plot and counter-plot, blows and counter-blows. Readers who take up the book and glancing at it find a too liberal allowance of "D—s" are warned that it is not an oath, but someone's name thus presented in deference to the narrator's sense of delicacy. The story has two dozen pictures. (Longmans & Co. 410 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE RELIGION.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

"Being the records," adds the author, "of Blaise De Bernauld." The period is that just anterior to Dumas' *Chicot* cycle. Mr. Drummond, who is known to novel-readers for his *Gobelin Grange*, has a vigorous pen and a nice feeling for romance. Here are a few chapter-headings: "Why Marcel Rode Post from Paris"; "Why the King Sent to Carmeaux"; "The Finding of the Witch-wife." (Smith, Elder & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

CLEO THE MAGNIFICENT.

By "Z. Z."

Morgan Druce is a poet; Cleo is an adventuress of considerable personal attraction. Morgan is dreaming away his life and avoiding facts when he meets her. He is in love with another woman, but he marries Cleo, and his eyes are opened. Thus does Cleo become his "Muse of the Real," which is the author's sub-title. Morgan wins his way back to serenity through hard work and privation. A sound piece of work. (W. Heinemann. 313 pp. 6s.)

AGAINST THE TIDE.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

A study in homicidal mania and twins. The twins are a girl and a boy, Hilary and Darrent; and the homicidal maniac marries their elder sister. Those who know Miss Dickens's earlier novels will feel sure that this is carefully written and carefully thought. It is, indeed, an engrossing story, with a plot possessing merits of novelty. (Hutchinson & Co. 357 pp. 6s.)

ACROSS COUNTRY.

By JOHN GILBERT.

Here we have a sporting romance of the uncompromising kind. If you do not care for the pigskin, you will not care for the hero, Jack Merton, who is more centaur than man. The book is written with a sprightly, though undistinguished, pen. (Digby, Long & Co. 255 pp. 3s. 6d.)

GILBERT MALLOY.

By CAMPBELL H. SADLER.

Mr. Sadler is a Salopian, and proud of it. In the wish to make us all Salopians, at least in spirit, he wrote this romance of old Shrewsbury. The reason that it ends mournfully is that Mascagni's opera, "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," does—which is a naïve confession. By way of frontispiece you see the author's physiognomy, and various photographs delay the tale. (Mowbray & Co. 280 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A FORGOTTEN SIN.

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

This is the story of a mercenary marriage. The financial crash which threatens Robert Morell is averted, and the marriage of his young daughter Esmè involves, after all, no sacrifice of her happiness. The character of her wayward and wealthy lover, Charles Dennison, is subtly drawn; and the scene in the stock-broker's office, when Mr. Morell learns that Brazilian Stars are "dished," is well told. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 319 pp. 6s.)

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT,  
AND OTHER STORIES.

By ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

These stories, which appeared in various American magazines, are good specimens of the American short story of domestic humours. The first tells how the Gilttons and Bilttons lived unhappily as next-door neighbours by reason of Mr. Gilton's and Mr. Bilton's quarrelsomeness. The Gilttons had money, but no children or happiness; the Bilttons were numerous and cheerful, but poor. After many disagreements caused on one occasion by the butcher's boy leaving the Gilttons' joints at the Bilttons' door (once the Bilttons consumed an entire Gilton dinner under pure misapprehension), a reconciliation is brought about by a happy device. (Hodder & Stoughton. 233 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A DAUGHTER OF ASTREA.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

An extravaganza that opens on a Pacific island, where stands "the sacred temple of the people of Astrea," and ends in Piccadilly. It is perhaps needless to say that a beautiful maiden is about to be sacrificed and that the hero saves her. The rest is high priests and rubies and temple shades. But a white-robed high priest who leaves the "Hills of Rubies," pursues his victim with a steamer-load of bloodthirsty natives, and who turns up later at the Empire Music-hall in "faultless evening dress," is a somewhat strained link between barbarism and civilisation. (J. W. Arrow-smith. 191 pp. 1s.)

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM.

By WILLIAM WESTALL.

A woman tempted him with £10,000 to compass the death of his friend, the heir to millions. A clergyman's wife too! He was proof against the bribe; and the heir, of his own accord, skated on unsafe ice and was drowned. Suspicion and exoneration followed. A rather clever, but in the main a sordid, story. (Chatto & Windus. 301 pp. 6s.)

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

By MAJOR GREENWOOD.

This story is laid at Norwich, and is almost entirely medical in its interest, the chief incident being a libel action brought by Dr. John Armstrong, against a surgeon who charged him with having performed a reckless operation at St. Barnabas's Hospital, resulting in the death of the patient. We cannot think that this long novel is calculated to interest the ordinary reader. (Digby, Long, & Co. 322 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Tragedy of the "Korosko."* By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr. Doyle went to Egypt in the capacity of war correspondent to the *Westminster Gazette*. The impressions gained during this expedition he has worked up into a romance. That about sums up all that need be said of *The Tragedy of the "Korosko,"* which is a rather lightly constructed work, unworthy, *quâd* literature, of the author of *The White Company* and *Micah Clarke*. Nevertheless, Mr. Doyle's light work has qualities which make it worth reading, if not exactly worth keeping: it is fluent, and the plot seldom falters. In the present instance, a party of tourists visiting the rock of Abousir, beyond the Second Cataract, are pounced upon and carried off by Dervishes. Their donkey boys, escort, and two of themselves fall victims to the necessity for introducing scenes of Baggara bloodshed and brutality. The rest are bound, gagged, and hustled off across the desert, until they fall into the hands of the Emir Abderrahman, who insists that they shall become converted or die. A moolah is deputed to attend to their spiritual needs,

and, with the aid of a typical Frenchman, who is one of the victims, they endeavour to protract his ministrations and soothe suspicion until a rescue party should have time to get on their track. Mr. Doyle, however, makes a couple of his Irish Catholics give the game away, and the scene which follows is one of the finest in the book:

"'Sure we're in God's hands, anyway,' said Mrs. Belmont, in her soothing Irish voice. 'Kneel down with me, John, dear, if it's the last time, and pray that, earth or heaven, we may not be divided.'

'Don't do that, don't!' cried the Colonel anxiously, for he saw that the eye of the moolah was upon them. But it was too late, for the two Roman Catholics had dropped upon their knees, and crossed themselves. A spasm of fury passed over the face of the Mussulman priest at this public testimony to the failure of his missionary efforts. He turned and said something to the Emir.

'Stand up!' cried Mausoor. 'For your life's sake, stand up! He is asking for leave to put you to death.'

'Let him do what he likes!' said the obstinate Irishman. 'We will rise when our prayers are finished, and not before.'

'Don't be a fool, Belmont!' cried the Colonel. 'Everything depends on our humouring them. Do get up, Mrs. Belmont! You are only putting their backs up!'

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as he looked at them.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, 'were there ever such impracticable people? *Voilà!*' he added with a shriek, as the two American ladies fell upon their knees beside Mrs. Belmont. 'It is like the camels; one down, all down! Was ever anything so absurd?'

But Mr. Stephens had knelt down beside Sadie and buried his haggard face in his long thin hands. Only the Colonel and M. Fardet remained standing. Cochrane looked at the Frenchman with an interrogative eye.

'After all,' he said, 'it is stupid to pray all your life, and not to pray now when we have nothing to hope for except through the goodness of Providence. He dropped upon his knees with a rigid military back, but his grizzled, unshaven chin upon his breast. The Frenchman looked at his kneeling companions, and then his eyes travelled to the angry faces of the Emir and moolah.

'Sapristi!' he growled. 'Do they suppose that a Frenchman is afraid of them?' and so with an ostentatious sign of the cross he took his place beside the others. Foul, bedraggled and wretched, the seven figures knelt and waited humbly for their fate under the shadow of the palm-trees."

Of course, in the end the party are rescued from their dreadful predicament by a flying squadron of "Gippies" from Wady Halfa; and the incident gives Mr. Doyle his chance to throw in a pretty description of desert warfare. There are many touches of an observant eye also scattered throughout the book, and little revelations of "purpose" crop out here and there, not always so intimately blended with the regular strata as artistic considerations would demand. As the purpose is, however, mainly the defence of our position and work in Egypt there is little cause for complaint on this score, though some who do not know the reptile French press of Egypt, and the jealousy of which Frenchmen in Egypt are capable, may think that an unfair use has been made of M. Fardet and his political ravings. To such there always remains an interesting subject for study in the history of the *barrage* at the Delta, as told in the French Cairene newspapers. And when they have perused the intricacies of that entertaining narrative, which is itself as good as a novel, they will perhaps be less inclined to resent the use which Mr. Doyle has made of his, in many ways charming and gallant, Frenchman.

\* \* \* \*

*The Confession of Stephen Whapshare.* By Emma Brooke.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

The chief fault of this story is a certain crudeness; and we say this in full view of the fact that the writer has published several novels, one of which was conspicuously successful. Stephen Whapshare is a strong, self-educated man of the people who, in his youth, marries a saintly and invalid wife. Her whims and piety keep him always in a morbid atmosphere, and his manhood is sapped for the lack of the living, breathing world. Then the other woman, Ellinor, comes on the scene and tempts him to break his chain. He gives his wife an overdose of chloral, and she dies; but he finds himself no nearer liberty, for his crime stands before him, and he dare not accept the other woman's love. In the end they separate to work out their own salvations, and he wins peace only by finding a man more wretched than himself and setting him on the road to happiness. The book closes with a sort of religious ecstasy.

The work has power, which lies chiefly in the epic sequence of the narrative, the imaginative use of landscape, the frequent subtlety in the characterisation, and the real vigour and charm of much of the phrasing. Occasionally this same fashion of writing is overdone, and the note is too high-pitched and hysterical. But the main fault is this—that the book which begins in drama shades off into rhetoric and ends incoherently. In the early chapters, the strong man and his helpless, self-indulgent, pietistic wife are very real people, and their quick estrangement has the irony of fine work. But with the murder reality leaves the tale. We find ourselves in the wastes of turgid self-analysis, where every mood and every speech is strained and histrionic. The writer no longer thinks of the human drama: it is now a story of mental states where action is less important than the moral lesson it symbolises. Finally, it all ends with logical correctness, but without proper emotional effect, since a statement of religious beliefs is no fitting consummation to a tale of the "hunger for life." The incident of Pete Labrum all but revives interest, save that it is too obviously introduced for its ethical significance and not for its pure narrative quality. The book is clever in its way, but in our judgment the writer has been tempted to forget that emotion is not touched by a mere narrative of emotion and to fall from fiction to rhapsody.

\* \* \* \*

*This Little World.* By D. Christie Murray.  
(Chatto & Windus.)

The plot of *This Little World* is simple enough. A village youth and a village maiden leave their native hamlet—one to become a great artist, the other to become a famous singer; and in the end they marry one another. Mr. Murray, however, is independent of his plot, and succeeds in interesting us by the delicacy of his characterisation. The ex-pugilist and his fellow-villagers at Wood Side are excellently drawn; so, too, are half a score of minor characters, such as Sloman, the picture dealer, and Cassidy, the Irish friend of Jack Cutler, the artist. Any artist who is disturbed by the criticism of the provincial press may listen to Mr. Cassidy, who thought there was a coalition against Jack:

"'Coalition be hauged!' said Jack. 'These notices come from every corner of Great Britain.'

'Don't ye believe it, me boy,' said Cassidy. 'They go to every corner of Great Britain, but they're written, every loine of 'em, in Fleet-street. Did ye ever see a first noight at the theatre? There's sixty critics there, we'll say, and ye'll fancy that ye'd get sixty opinions, wouldn't ye? Ye'll not get two. They'll get together in the bar, and the little fry will listen to what the big fish have to say, and the biggest fish among the big fish will bark the other Johnnies down.'

'That's a pretty simile, Bill,' said Jack."

It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. Murray on having written a—is it a thirty-third?—novel as good as this.

\* \* \* \*

*A Man of the Moors.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe.  
(Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

THIS book affords one more proof that there is abundance of novel-writing capacity wasted for lack of patience and care and labour. We propose to show what Mr. Sutcliffe ought to have done if he had been in less hurry and more anxious to give us of his best.

First, then, Leo Ruddick, and the besotted "thing" who is legally his wife, and the young woman he is in love with, should have been ruthlessly eliminated; they have appeared before in the fiction of the moors, they formed the chief *dramatis personae* of *Jane Eyre*. Here they are not only a plagiarism, they are superfluous. Secondly, the leading women need bracing and tightening up. The heroine is the ill-used wife of a drunken stonemason. She is divorced before being married to the hero. Mr. Sutcliffe has not half thought her out. On the one hand, she is ill-used to such an extent that it leads to her early death; she is nightly assailed with foul language, and goes through unutterable horrors. Nevertheless, she has refinement and charm enough to captivate an artist, a gentleman, and a squire of dames united, in the person of Griff Lomax. The novelist entirely fails to make this affair credible. And the other married woman of the tragedy is a still more flagrant contradiction in terms. Her action is constant, passionate, unconventional; but he describes her—is forced to describe her by the exigencies of the story—as a shallow society fool. One way or the other, Mrs. Ogilvie cries aloud for revision.

Second, when he does get a woman fairly right he is apt to spoil a good idea with rhetoric: for example, old Mother Strangers, drunkard, witch, and murderess, is extremely well conceived, and wanted only working out to become remarkable. The author, too, saw what was needed. He invented a superstition for her—that when an old clock tumbled she would die. In his own words:

“Sitha, lad! It wobbles summat fearful, does th’ owd clock. First to right, then to left, it wobbles reg’lar. *Tick-tack, tick-tack* goes the inside—an’ *tick-tack, tick-tack* goes th’ outside, keeping time. It’s a sign, Joe: I’m noan long for this world, now that th’ owd clock has ta’en to wobbling. Five-and-eighty year we’ve bided together—*tick-tack, tick-tack*, me an’ th’ clock—and now it’s started to dither. Tha’ll noan hev a grandam sooin, Joe.”

What a grim, horrible humour might have been brought to play here! But the author was in too much of a hurry; perhaps he thought it more effective to make the old hag’s deathbed the scene of a final and melodramatic attempt at murder. And so, for want of patience and consideration, the opportunities of good work are passed by, and the space filled with commonplace sensationalism.

We write thus seriously because Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe shows trace of a very high ability indeed. Almost without exception his men are well conceived and skilfully presented. The best of them is a squire of the old school, who apparently has lived up to the advice he bestows on another: “Ride straight, drive level, never repent of your sins, and die as I find you, a jolly good fellow.” Indeed, the hero, the preacher, the inn-keeper, all the rogues and wastrels of the Yorkshire moor, are full of life—as wild, pagan, drinking, swearing, fighting crew as one could wish to see. If Mr. Sutcliffe would only forget all he has read in other novels and paint this life, as seen by his own eyes, he would make a book worth keeping.

### THE NEW CHILD’S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

THE monthly magazine edited by Mr. Arthur Pendenys, and called *The Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow*, contains many good things. Here is a sample:

Q. What are Bacchy-lides?

A. Well, when you pronounce it like that, I should say a society of women who smoke. But you may as well ask me, What are Keats?

Q. Then what is *Bacchylides*?

A. Bacchylides was a Greek poet.

Q. When did he flourish?

A. In the fifth century B.C.

Q. Then why is there all this talk about him now?

A. Because his works have recently been discovered and published.

Q. Are the poems good reading?

A. Not unless you know Greek.

Q. And then?

A. Then they are not exciting.

Q. What are they about?

A. Among other things, the Isthmian Games.

Q. Will you repeat one? [*He repeats one.*]

A. Thank you, I prefer Barnum’s Olympia.

Q. Who is Stephen Phillips?

A. Another poet.

Q. Is he Greek too?

A. No, he’s English, but he has the Greek spirit.

Q. What rot! How old is he?

A. He is not yet thirty.

Q. Where does he live?

A. He lives at Ashford.

Q. But I thought the Poet Laureate lived there?

A. There are two Ashfords.

Q. I am glad that: I was afraid he might be a Conservative journalist. Has he always been in the poetry business?

A. No, he was once an actor. He was considered to be one of the best Ghosts in the provinces.

Q. What are the titles of his poems?

A. One is “Christ in Hades,” another “The Woman with the Dead Soul.”

Q. How ripping! Is he a good poet?

A. It is not known; but he writes good poetry.

Q. Is it as good as *The Bab Ballads*?

A. Hush!

### PATHOS AND THE PUBLIC.

A REFERENCE we saw the other day to the collection of “Most Pathetic Lines in Literature,” made some years ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, led us to look up our back files of that paper; and we take leave to glean in that forsaken field. It was on January 15, 1894, that the following “Occasional Note” appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

“We were talking at dinner, and some foolish fellow asked what was the most pathetic line or two lines in the poetry of all languages? Readers and correspondents, answer. We, as the bookmakers, will offer four against the field and stand our chance:

Insatiabiliter deflebitur, æternumque  
Nulla dies nobis mœrorem e pectore demet.

LUCRETIVS.

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

VIROILL.

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ich werde Zeit genug an Euch zu denken haben.

GOETHE.

Beat these, any of you, if you can.”

The readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* took up the challenge. Scores of “most pathetic lines in literature” poured into the editor’s box, and were duly printed. As time went on, and as the great heart of the public became wrung, the space allotted to these chips of pathos grew, until it seemed as if the *Pall Mall Gazette* were about to dissolve in tears. But the editor at last cried “Enough!” and the rage for pathetic lines subsided. The lines remain, and we print below a selection:

Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils! This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

TENNYSON.

Never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.

TENNYSON.

Lear. . . . Do not laugh at me;  
For as I am a man I think this lady  
To be my child, Cordelia.

*Cordelia.* And so I am, I am.

SHAKESPEARE.

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

KEATS.

If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow.

BYRON.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day.

MILTON.

Had we never lov’d sae kindly,  
Had we never lov’d sae bliudly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne’er been broken hearted.

BURNS.

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles the rain.

LONGFELLOW.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, only  
I here importune death awhile until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.

SHAKESPEARE.

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

For some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—  
Oh, Death in Life! the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

(?)

But O the heavy changes, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone and never must return!

MILTON.

No more, no more, oh, never more on me  
The freshness of the heart like dew shall fall!

BYRON.

O the insufferable eyes of these poor might-have-beens,  
These fatuous, ineffectual yesterdays!

W. E. HENLEY.

The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, O!  
Farewell, false friends; false lover, farewell!  
I'll never mair trouble them nor thee, O!

BURNS.

The only loveless look, the look wherewith you passed:  
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Gilt with sweet day's decline,  
And sad with promise of a different sun.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

Fear no more the heat of the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages,  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

SHAKESPEARE.

I was so young, I loved him so, I had  
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell.

EDWARD BERDOE.

To sit in your straight-laced heaven  
Where saints and angels sing,  
And never hear a pheasant caw,  
Nor the whirr of a partridge wing.

A LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER.

I do love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

And to be wroth with what we love  
Doth work like madness on the brain.

COLERIDGE.

It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy.

TOM HOOD.

We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

HOOD.

The heartless and intolerable  
Indignity of "earth to earth."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

My long-lost beauty, hast thou folded quite  
Thy wings of morning light?

O. W. HOLMES.

The moving finger writes: and having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S *Omar Khayyám*.

It is not in the shipwreck, or the strife,  
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,  
But in the after-silence on the shore,  
Where all is lost except a little life.

BYRON.

She never told her love.

SHELLEY.

A wise man is as foolish as a child,  
And wanton if a woman whispers "Wait!"

EDMUND GOSSE.

## SOME APHORISMS.

### IV.—"GUESSES AT TRUTH."

THE *Guesses at Truth* of the brothers Augustus and Julius Hare appeared anonymously in 1827. The work was written by the two brothers in conjunction at Oxford, but it had its special origin in the commonplace book of Augustus and in the enthusiasm of Julius. In 1838, after the death of Augustus, Julius Hare brought out a new and revised edition of the *Guesses*. "Many parts were re-written, much more added, essays of considerable length overshadowed the pithy, pregnant sentences which had before been its characteristic, and the share of the surviving brother in the work became by far the larger." A Second Series of the *Guesses* appeared in 1848. The present Eversley volume contains the two series. It is the eighth reprint issued by Messrs. Macmillan, who included it in their "Golden Treasury" series more than twenty-five years ago. The following sentences may be taken as typical of the work in its earliest form.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and get both actively working together.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.

The man who will share his wealth with a woman has some love for her; the man who can resolve to share his poverty with her has more . . . of course supposing him to be a man, not a child, or a beast.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing more than good qualities run wild.

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride.

Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Many Italian girls are said to profane the black veil by taking it against their will; and so do many English girls profane the white one.

Our appetites are given to us to preserve and to propagate life. We abuse them for its destruction.

None but a fool is always right; and his right is the most unreasonable wrong.

When a man says he sees nothing in a book he very often means that he does not see himself in it; which, if it is not a comedy or a satire, is likely enough.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard, even than what he condemns, of his character, information, and abilities. No wonder, then, that in this prudent country most people are so shy of praising anything.

Mere art perverts taste; just as mere theology depraves religion.

The feeling is oftener the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

Temporary madness may perhaps be necessary in some cases to cleanse and renovate the mind; just as a fit of illness is to carry off the humours of the body.

Is not every true lover a martyr?

Contrast is a kind of relation.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Kilmarnock "Burns," which was purchased by Mr. Sabin at Edinburgh last Monday for the price of 545 guineas, was not a commission, but a speculation on the part of the purchaser. The interest of the Edinburgh public in the sale was intense, and the room in which Mr. Dowell, the auctioneer (who is over eighty years of age), performed his duties, was packed to suffocation. The dealers, too, were there in force; for no such "Burns" has come into the market for years. Thirty guineas was the first bid, which the auctioneer ignored. Then fifty, then seventy-five, then a hundred! The bidding ran quickly up to 300 guineas. Only then did Mr. Sabin join in the contest. He had gone down to Edinburgh with the firm intention to bring the book back with him to London.

MR. RICHARDSON, a Glasgow bookseller, dropped out at the 300-guineas stage. He remarked patriotically afterwards that he wished he had run the volume up to 750 guineas. The battle was now between Mr. Pearson and Mr. Sabin, both of London. They raised their bids, by five pounds a bid, rapidly, until 500 guineas was reached. Loud cheers now broke out. Mr. Sabin wavered, and allowed himself a long and risky pause. But the cheering had heartened him, and he bid another five guineas. The bidding of the two dealers then became slow, and there were hesitations. The figure crept up to 540 guineas, bid by Mr. Pearson. Mr. Sabin said, "545." There was a long silence, and the hammer fell amid cheering such as, it is said, had never been heard in any auction room. Mr. Sabin still holds the book, and its destination is uncertain. He admitted it

might go to America, though he did not desire it.

THE next day an old gentleman called on the auctioneer and inquired with suppressed excitement what would be the value of a copy of "Burns" printed in 1600.

WE quote from the *Daily News* the following sonnet by Canon Rawnsley, addressed to Mr. Ruskin in honour of his seventy-ninth birthday:

"Born in our monster Babylon, to decree  
The blasting of all Babylons—and ordained  
To be her avant-courier who has reigned  
Longest and best—we give God thanks for thee.  
Tho' conquering hosts encompass land and sea,  
And men of arms her Empire have maintained,  
Thou art her mightiest warrior, thou hast gained  
By power of wisdom wider sovereignty.  
Wherefore to thee, for whom this day has brought  
The golden crown thy eightieth year shall wear,  
We bring the tribute of our love and praise,  
And borne from far-off centuries we hear  
Proud acclamation of the seer who wrought  
Undying splendour for Victorian days."

LONDONERS are very slow to avail themselves of that which they can have for nothing. When Mr. Birrell, Q.C., M.P., is announced to lecture at the Westminster Town Hall you can hardly get a seat for love or money. When, in his capacity of Quain Professor of Law at University College, he delivered his first discourse at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, his audience, though there was nothing to pay, consisted of some thirty people, including several journalists, and half a dozen natives of India, wiser in their generation than their white-skinned fellow-subjects. It is true that "Copyright" is not at first sight a very attractive subject to the general public, in spite of the fact that every one now writes; but Mr. Birrell has the happy gift of making dull things interesting.

LAMARTINE, as a minister, took a very different view of copyright from that which he had expressed before his elevation to office. Upon which Mr. Birrell remarked: "When a literary statesman says that he is going to speak not as a writer, but as a politician, we know that it is a strange grace to an odd kind of meat—he is going to eat his own words." One of the reasons why the copyright question did not begin to "burn" until comparatively recently is that in olden days "the British author after his first publication usually disappeared—or only reappeared in the pillory." The terms of copyright vary remarkably in different countries. In Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela—"three not very literary States"—it is perpetual, while in the United States it lasts only twenty-eight years, though a further period of fourteen years can be granted if the author, his widow, or one of his children is alive at the expiration of the first term.

These extracts will be sufficient to show the sort of fare to be expected by anyone who is in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn at half-past four on Mondays and Fridays.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON writes: "In your last week's 'Notes and News,' apropos of Mr. Clinton Scollard's graceful verses in *Scribner*, you quote—'The old poet's plea:

"O for a book in a shadie nook!"

The reference is, I presume, to the following, which I have seen in different places, but transcribe now from Alexander Ireland's *Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, 1885, p. 35:

'O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,  
eyther in-a-doore or out;  
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,  
or the Streete cryes all about.  
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,  
both of the Newe and Olde;  
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,  
Is better to me than Golde.'

Ireland entitles this 'Old English Song.' But I am under the impression that the late Mr. John Wilson, bookseller, of 12, King William-street, Charing Cross, told me, some time before his death in 1889, that he was the author of the lines, which he had inserted in one of his second-hand Catalogues, where, I fancy, I saw it. Mr. Wilson was a bookseller of that elder race who loved books almost too well to sell them. His knowledge, to which I have often been indebted, was exceptional; and he was, withal, a modest, kindly man. Perhaps some of your readers may have heard this story, and may be able to confirm my recollection."

IN commenting upon Mr. St. Loe Strachey's lecture on "Tennyson" at Toynbee Hall last week, Canon Barnett remarked on the field offered by the East End to the true poet. The East End, moreover, he said, wants poets and poetry. So, he added (we quote from the *Telegraph's* report): "Let the poets come among them and sing. Their hearts would break, of course, but true poets accept heartbreak as a part of the conditions of their mission."

MEANWHILE, an anonymous poet, who has some claim to be heard, has been at work in the East End to some purpose. His theme is the attempted rescue of a tiny child from burning, in a lamp accident at Mile-end, by Alfred Henry Wood, a little boy aged twelve, who, in his endeavours, was himself burnt to death. The poet, whose ballad is printed in the *Morning Leader*, begins:

"Yer tells us it's bloo blood as tells, and points  
to military swells as types of British  
'ardi'ood;  
I ain't sergestin' that's no lie; but how're yer  
going to classerfy such types as little Alfred  
Wood?"

And this is the conclusion:

"There's heroes in this week's *Gazette*, though  
Alfred Wood ain't mentioned yet; but many  
a 'art beats 'igh with pride  
To be of that syne blood as 'e—bloo blood or  
red blood it may be—wot dared the fierce  
red death, and died."

There ain't no blyme to carst on them w'ich wears some sparklin' diadem by w'ich their noble breedin's showed ; But this I knows from wot I reads, if noble blood means noble deeds, yer'll find it off the Mile-end-rd.

West-end and Mile-end's just abart a hour's ride on a 'bus apart ; and though, as Mr. Kiplin' said,

The 'East is East and West is West,' till some'th'n puts 'em on the test yer can't tell w'ich is better bred."

THE following reminiscence of Walt Whitman is offered by Joaquin Miller in one of the footnotes to the new complete edition of his poems, to which we make reference elsewhere. Joaquin Miller was visiting Longfellow at the time of Garfield's assassination. He writes : "A publisher solicited from each of the several authors then in and about Boston some tribute of sorrow for the dead. The generous sum of 100 dollars was checked as an earnest. I remember how John Boyle O'Reilly and I went to big-hearted Walt Whitman, and wrestled with him in a vain effort to make him earn and accept his 100 dollars, 'Yes, I'm sorry as the sorriest ; sympathise with the great broken heart of the world over this dead sovereign citizen. But I've nothing to say.' And so, persuade as we might, even till past midnight, Walt Whitman would not touch the money or try to write a line. He was poor ; but bear it for ever in testimony that he was honest, and would not promise to sell that which he felt that God had not at that moment given him to sell. And hereafter, whenever any of you are disposed to speak or even think unkindly of Walt Whitman, remember this refusal of his to touch a whole heap of money when he might have had it for ten lines, and, maybe, less than ten minutes' employment. I love him for it."

In another place, speaking of the different methods of authors, Joaquin Miller says of Bret Harte : "He once told me that his first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars. I reckon Walt Whitman could write anywhere. I once was with him on top of a Fifth Avenue omnibus, above a sea of people, when he began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and he kept it up for half an hour, although his elbow was almost continuously tangled up with that of the driver."

THE translation by Mr. J. G. Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, with introduction and commentary, of Pausanias's *Description of Greece*, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. on February 18. The introduction covers nearly a hundred pages, and the Commentary fills four ample volumes. Mr. Frazer has spent many years upon this great work, and that his Commentary has grown to such bulk will be evidence of the thoroughness with which he has accomplished his task. Account has been taken in the addenda, which are contained in the fifth volume, of the latest discoveries in Greece up to within the last few months. The illustrations, which are

numerous—are not intended so much as works of art in themselves, but as elucidations of the text, being mainly confined to reproductions of monuments and objects actually described by Pausanias, or, in the too numerous cases where the originals have disappeared, of others which are thought to give some idea of their character.

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE'S new novel, *Sunlight and Limelight: a Story of the Stage Life and the Real Life*, will be published next week.

IN an account of Mr. Gladstone which is published in the *Youths' Companion* we find him saying, apropos of international copyright : "What should it matter where a book is printed? A book is made in the head." But we cannot agree with the sentiment. It is important, for example, that such a novel as Miss Dickens's *Against the Tide* (Hutchinson & Co.), which is noticed in this week's "Fiction Guide," should have been printed in England and not in Holland. The purposes of copyright do not here enter into the case : loyalty to British printers, the best in the world, does.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S Library of Literary Histories is to begin with Mr. R. W. Frazer's *Literary History of India*, which is now ready. Few men are more steeped in Eastern lore than the author of *Silent Gods in Sunsteeped Lands* and the *History of British India*. When Mr. Frazer was a civil servant in India, his knowledge of Sanskrit enabled him to get "within the veil," behind which the natives, taught by long experience of subjection, live their real lives.

AT the same time we are not greatly enamoured of the title which the publisher has found for the series. From a sort of advertisement of the library we gather, after some mock-heroics about "the trumpet-call of battle," the "panorama of kings and queens," "imperishable masterpieces," and so forth, that it is with "the literature of nations" that the series is intended to deal. Why don't they say so in the title? A "literary history" is not necessarily a history of literature ; the late Mr. Froude might have used the adjective to distinguish his work from that of Mr. Freeman. Marcel Schwob, we presume, is writing the history of French literature—not really a literary history of France. But probably the ambiguity was ingeniously contrived to give occasion for the picturesque advertisement. Without it there would have been no excuse for talking of "the panorama of kings and queens" and for boasting that "the poets are the true masters of the earth."

MR. HENLEY'S contribution to the first number of *The Outlook* is by way of being a reply to the criticisms on his recent Essay on Burns which the Burns' Night brought forth. Some of them were sufficiently provocative of retort. Mr. Henley swiftly sums up these festivities : "Half-read M.P.'s and sheriffs, and divines and provosts flushed with literary patriotism, call

on their countrymen to drink the Immortal Memory. And the Immortal Memory is drunk, and 'Tam o' Shanter' is recited, and there are potatoes pottle deep, and everybody goes home to bed convinced once more that Burns is the greatest poet in time."

BUT Burns is not the greatest poet in time ; moreover, he is the "Poet of the Uncritical"—that is Mr. Henley's assertion ; and if we would sift the mystery of these false eulogies to the bottom, we should find that Thomas Carlyle is the fount and origin of the evil. In his Edinburgh essay on Burns, Carlyle, "that rare and excellent hater of all things magnificated and insincere," who "couldn't drink, and therefore hated liquor," who "danced never to the tune of Light o' Love," proves himself practically the father of "all them that babble in Burns' Club." So Mr. Henley roundly affirms. We should like to hear Carlyle on the matter.

*Punch's* "Animal Land" continues to be very funny. Abandoning politicians, for the time being, at any rate, the witty zoologist who is responsible for the series comes this week to literature and art. We have the Zolafite, the Trimmadome or Willirich (Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A.), and the Ruddikipple, with appropriate cuts by the ingenious Mr. Reed. The Zolafite is thus described :

"This Animal is very bold and currageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Troof is buried very deep just now and that is what he is looking for. So they are all dancing with rage and say he is a Itallian."

And this is the account of the Ruddikipple, whose name we need hardly translate :

"This little Animal is very strong and viggrous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stirs everbody up so it would make a pew-opener want to die for his country. If a Lorryitshews his nose it just squashes him flat."

*Punch* has rarely had a better idea, and it is being worked out admirably. Rumour has it that the new Buffon is Mr. Seaman.

LORD TENNYSON is just now engaged upon writing new notes to certain of his father's poems, which will see the light in a forthcoming edition. *Maud* will be out of copyright next year ; but by incorporating new matter of such interest as Lord Tennyson's notes are likely to be, the publishers will probably be able to retain a monopoly, even when cheap rival editions appear.

CANON RAWNSLEY is endeavouring to excite interest in the proposed Caedmon memorial at Whitby. A committee has been formed to erect a cross of Anglian design, hewn from Northumbrian sandstone, to the memory of the first English poet ; and it will be placed in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Whitby, in what is probably part of the actual burial ground where the dust of Caedmon lies. He died in the year 680.



## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

NO critic is able to pronounce an absolute and final judgment; he can only record his own impressions, and their value depends on the reasonableness and honesty with which they are set forth. I shall make no apology, therefore, for beginning this paper with a personal explanation that is as likely to raise doubts of the writer's competence as to inspire faith in his verdict. It is this: never do I remember to have read for pleasure a book on natural history. I have lived an outdoor life, and loved it. The smallest living thing interests me, and clouds and sunsets, dim woodlands and high mountains, wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and hill, have for me an inexhaustible attraction. But even when boxed up in town I would never dream of reading natural history for amusement. It is not that it has been neglected, either. I have gone over nearly the whole *corpus* of works in natural history, but the books have been used exclusively to clear up doubtful points, to supplement an incomplete knowledge acquired from personal observation. To say that they have been almost invariably read through the index will plainly show the part they have played.

But, on the other hand, a poet's description of nature has always attracted me beyond measure if only it were of the very first quality. If it were not that, then it was as dull as natural history itself. I remember when a child someone gave me a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," and I detested it; but the same poet's "Castle of Indolence" was charming. Long before these lines were fully understood they had rooted themselves in my mind:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening  
face."

This Aurora was not to my boyish mind a goddess or abstraction; she was a rich-eyed, red-lipped girl who "oft in visions of the night, and oft in fancy's airy dream," peeped through the panes of a little window when moonlight fell on it, and the slender sprays of a small red rose made a trembling shadow on the floor.

Gray's "Elegy," which it is the fashion to decry at present by readers "corrupted with literary prejudices," as Dr. Johnson has it, gives, in my opinion, as no other poem does, the very atmosphere, physical and intellectual, of the village. In town life the individual is lost in the crowd, but in the country the steady march of the generations is plainly visible: the child playing; manhood at toil; old age passing where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Gray's vein of thought is inevitable among those who "live the life" there, and it comes out in the best interpretations of the elegy—Burns, for instance, and in that most touching of the essays of Jefferies, "My

Village"; the sentiment of which is but an expansion and personal application of the verse:

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke!  
How jocund did they drive their team a field!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their  
sturdy stroke!"

No, it was Johnson's strength that he would not let himself be "corrupted with literary prejudices"; that he possessed natural manhood enough to recognise a fine rendering of the simple melancholy of the village graveyard. "Had Gray often written thus," he concludes, "it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

But, independent of "atmosphere," independent of feeling, a mere description, if it be done supremely well, abides in the memory. I remember reading for the first time these two lines in "Hamlet," which I have ever since regarded as a perfect model of their kind:

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook,  
That shows his hoar-leaves in the glassy  
stream."

Simple, definite, concrete—that is the sort of description which appealed most directly to me. If there is vagueness, it must be to make room for romance. I could picture the willow scene on our own brook; but, to take another example of Shakespeare's inimitable power, the pleasure derived from the following lines is partly due to the large play which is given to the imagination of the reader:

"On such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage."

But one feels that in descanting upon Shakespeare's unsurpassable open-air pictures nothing can be said in praise that the reader will not think short of the truth. And the same might almost be asserted of Milton. Take the scenes in these familiar lines from "L'Allegro." They are beheld as from some watch-tower in the skies:

"Russet lawns and fallows gray  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks with rivers wide."

My purpose in dwelling upon such familiar examples is to establish the tradition and the taste with which those whose minds have been nourished on the best English literature approach a writer on country life. The first prose work exclusively devoted to it that came into my hands was *The Compleat Angler*, and it was accepted not as literature, but as a guide to fishing. I instinctively liked the book and with a boy's zeal carried it to the waterside and straightway began to put Piscator's instructions to a literal and practical test. He was not a brilliant success. An Irish vagabond named Donagan, who haunted the same stream, could give me much more useful advice than he. I discovered that the pleasure to be derived from Izaak Walton was exactly that which made certain lines of poetry linger in my ear and imprint themselves on my mind.

He lives not as natural history but as literature; his place on the shelf is beside "The Elegy" and "The Castle of Indolence," not along with Macgillivray and Yarrell and Seebohm and Newton.

A second book that came into my possession was White's *Natural History of Selborne*; was this for reading or for consultation? After a while it was silently placed beside Yarrell. Often, indeed, was it taken down, for if one were in a difficulty—if one had seen a bird or beast and wished to know more about it—a more precise, clear and satisfactory authority did not exist. But for pleasurable continuous reading Gilbert White was too "dry"; he gave no picture, no atmosphere: he was matter-of-fact of the matter-of-fact eighteenth century. He does not belong at all to the same class as Walton.

During the present century there have been three writers whose treatment of nature has had for me a peculiar interest. The first and greatest of them was Lord Tennyson; the second, R. L. Stevenson; and the third, Richard Jefferies. Even yet the pitiful circumstances under which the last-mentioned died render it difficult to judge his work coldly and soberly. Besides, this is at least one case in which biography is necessary to criticism. Jefferies left behind him some eighteen volumes of prose, not counting those "prelusive gymnastics," *Jack Brass*, *The Scarlet Shawl*, *Restless Human Hearts*, and so forth, published before he fell under Mr. Greenwood's influence. Eighteen volumes in ten years, during several of which he was cramped by illness, are far too many. But the facts of his life more than excuse and explain this too diligent printing. Jefferies from birth was extremely poor, and with him poverty was real and grim, not a mere genteel hard-up-ness. Lord Tennyson at times felt the lack of money, and Stevenson spoke ominously of "Byles the Butcher"; neither of them, however, had the slightest experience of Want as it stared Jefferies in the face; neither of them was ever in the position where he must write or starve. Confronted with this horrid alternative, Jefferies wrote much that it is kindest to forget; a man working with a pistol at his head does not compose masterpieces; that he should be able to compose at all is a kind of miracle. The evils of poverty, again, were deepened by illness. He was not strong even as a child; he became a thin, weak-chested lad, and suffered intense pain during the last years of his life.

Want of money means a great deal more than being forced to do hack-work. It handicapped Jefferies from the start, as he got a very imperfect schooling. To understand it you must compare Somersby and Coate. Alfred Tennyson and Richard Jefferies drank in their impressions of nature much in the same way. Both were fond of rambling, and there was not so very much difference between the Downs of Lincolnshire and the Downs of Wiltshire. The rectory boy, however, had all the gear and tackle of education at his disposal: the farm lad was left very much to his own devices, and at an age at which the other entered Cambridge he began to work as

a reporter. Still more striking is the contrast later on. Tennyson, after his juvenile failures, was welcomed by the critics and neglected by the public; but he had at college formed a little band of friends and admirers who gradually widened the circle. Jefferies was friendless; no literary acquaintance was made at Coate Farm. He was neglected till the very day of his death, though critics (to their credit, be it said) were not unjust or unkind, and he never had any chance of forming such a band of friends as had helped Lord Tennyson and were even then helping R. L. Stevenson. As to the general public itself, people sometimes talk as though it could not now be capable of "stoning its prophets" as it did in old time, but human nature is human nature still. The public is, and always has been, slow to recognise genuine literary merit, and when it feels its sin, and is contrite, it blunders still worse and hugs some Bottom the Weaver to its large bosom, fondly imagining that thus is the wrong of the centuries redressed.

*The Story of My Heart* is a pathetic book, because in it the author unconsciously reveals the train of evils which attend poverty. It deals with many of the questions raised by *In Memoriam*, that have been in the air during the last fifty years and more. But where Tennyson is a well-equipped philosopher Jefferies is but a splendid Pagan; he has not followed the progress of thought; he only puts a series of passionate questions to Nature such as might be asked by an intellectual but ill-equipped savage. Indeed, he might almost be a savage in his worship of "the sun burning in heaven," his faith in physical perfection, his belief that there is something greater even than God. His *cri du cœur* was uttered also by Stevenson in a famous essay, as it had been uttered in throes of shaking faith by Ruskin:

"There is nothing human," Jefferies says, "in the whole round of nature. All nature, all the universe that we can see, is absolutely indifferent to us, and except to us human life is of no more value than grass. If the entire human race perished at this hour what difference would it make to the earth?"

If Jefferies had been able, like Tennyson with his dirges, to carry this little book about many years in his pocket, and think and reconsider the points, and discuss them with the ablest men of his day, it might have become a very remarkable contribution to literature. But when he wrote it the shadow of death was approaching. In those passages that are most steeped in natural magic we feel the presence of disease, even when it intensifies the sweetness and the beauty, as, for instance, in the following passage, somewhat damaged as it is by the lavish use of *f*'s:

"Leaving the shore I walk among the trees; a cloud passes and the sweet short rain comes mingled with sunbeams and flower-scented air. The finches sing among the fresh green leaves of the beeches. Beautiful it is in summer days to see the wheat wave, and the long grass, foam-flecked of flower, yield and return to the wind. My soul of itself always desires; these are to it as fresh food."

*The Story of My Heart* is a failure in one

way, but of the utmost value in another. Of his best work we are compelled to ask, Is it literature, or merely natural history? Does it range with Walton and the poets, or with Gilbert White and the zoologists? The first impression is that the *Game-keeper at Home*, *Wild Life*, *The Amateur Poacher*, and many of the smaller essays, fall "betwixt and between"; too rambling and unmethodical for science, too literal and matter-of-fact for literature. Yet there will be found in them a growing wistfulness of wonder, a melancholy grace, a deeper meaning, that invite the reader's return. They are saved by their style, and on the way to become classics. Those three, at least, are literature.

But there is no author who stands more in need of editing than Jefferies. He, unfortunately, scattered his books up and down among several publishers. Otherwise it would easily be possible to form out of them a single volume that would stand first of its kind, for in the essay, be it remembered, his skill touched its zenith. In these busy days, however, it is too much to expect that people will wade through a great many volumes for one paper here and another there.

I have not deemed it necessary to say anything about his novels. In one of his recently published letters Lord Tennyson declared that he was no bibliophil; he had not even read all Spenser; he contented himself with the consummate flower of an author's best work. With that most agree. It is good to cull the best he has to offer, but to go grubbing through the failures and half-successes of a writer is abhorrent. After making one determined attempt to read the novels of Richard Jefferies I gave them up in despair. An exception should be made, however, in favour of his stories for children, *Wood Magic* and *Bevis*; pleasanter and healthier books for boys cannot be desired by those who love to see children forming a sound taste at the outset. P.

#### TOLSTOI AND MAUPASSANT.

It is easy to see that Tolstoi's remarkable article on Guy de Maupassant, translated in *Chapman's Magazine*, has little to do with literary criticism. It is an exposition not so much of Maupassant's qualities as of the great Russian's attitude towards life and morals. Tolstoi's judgment on Maupassant is that, with all his defects, he was a great writer, that he had a piercing vision of the contradictions and the tragedy of human passions, that his talent was injured by the low moral standards of his Parisian circle, from which he was emancipating himself when madness and death ended his career. Had the emancipation been achieved, whither would Maupassant have been led? He was beginning to weary of those artistic variations of debauchery to which, at the bidding of Paris, he had dedicated many of his stories. *Sur L'Eau*, which Tolstoi calls the best of his books, breathes the passion for solitude, a dangerous symptom, for solitude, if it is to bring peace, must be

loved not with passion, but with serenity. Maupassant was no contented chronicler of lubricity like Catulle Mendès; he had fitful glimpses of an ideal humanity purged from grossness, selfishness, and perfidy. Tolstoi sees this in *Le Horla*, that appalling fantasy of an ulterior stage of our physical evolution. To most of us this story is interesting simply as a delirium of imagination. To Tolstoi, the idea of a being who is an active intelligence without a carnal envelope is a symbol of Christian perfection. In the best of Maupassant's short stories he sees nothing but this half-conscious revolt against the carnal. They deal with

"all the phases of woman and of her love; and there has hardly ever been a writer who has shown with such clearness and precision all the awful aspects of that very thing which seemed to him to afford the supreme welfare of existence."

This is really what endears Maupassant to Tolstoi, this presentment of the "awful aspects" of woman. The early Fathers regarded her as the chief instrument of evil, and Tolstoi, who is the reincarnation of a Christian Father, hails Maupassant as a disciple struggling towards the light, and savagely attacks Renan for having darkened the good counsel with the exasperating urbanity of paganism. It is queer to find the author of *Bel Ami* tenderly criticised as a possible champion of Christian ethics, while the author of *Marcus Aurelius* is held up to scorn and loathing, as if his vindication of woman's beauty as "one aspect of the divine plan" were an atrocity to be expected from the man who wrote *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*. For every writer there is, in Tolstoi's mind, but one test: is he for or against the ascetic ideal? Renan had left the Church; he was not indifferent to cookery; his lectures at the Sorbonne drew the most ravishing toilettes in Paris, though, as Mme. Darmesteter has told us, he put them to flight on one occasion by proposing that the audience should join him in reading Hebrew in the original. It is natural that Tolstoi should judge that unlucky drama about the imprisoned abbess and her lover as if it represented the whole spirit of Renan's teaching. It is equally natural that he should argue as if long and desperate contemplations of woman in her "awful aspects" drove Maupassant to suicide because he was not sufficiently enlightened to seek refuge in Tolstoi's ideal of ascetic Christianity. This is the bond of sympathy between the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* and the greatest master of the short story. I daresay Tolstoi has sometimes reflected that if he had lived in Paris, like Turgéneff, when Maupassant's brief career was beginning, he would have reclaimed this pupil of Flaubert, and made him an apostle of those doctrines which, were they capable of practical application, would moralise the human race off the face of the earth.

Thus it is that Tolstoi's judgment in this article is somewhat too rarefied for poor average mortals. We cannot all be hermits, who write down marriage, and mortify the affections (in old age) for the sake of some amiable hypothesis that Nature, if we only scold her enough, will turn ascetic too, and

grow babies on the gooseberry bush! If Turgéneff, who foresaw, even in *Anna Karenina*, the unfortunate twist in Tolstoi's intellect, can read the article on Maupassant in the shades, he must smile at some of the illustrations of Tolstoi's point—that no artist can divorce himself from the moral relation of his work. A painter exhibited a marvellous picture of a religious procession. Tolstoi was distressed because he could not tell from the picture whether the artist believed in religious processions or not. He put the question, and was told, probably with some irony, that the painter had no views on the subject. So Tolstoi describes him as one who “represented life without understanding its meaning.” It would be as reasonable to say that an artist who paints a portrait without believing in the moral character of the sitter cannot seize the significance of the human countenance. This is like Mr. Ruskin's theory that no agnostic can paint a landscape. Such confusion of thought generates an intolerance more irrational than that of any advocate of “art for art's sake.” After all, that formula answers itself, because it is impossible for any truthful art in literature to be disengaged from a moral standpoint. The unflinching blackguardism of Duroy in *Bel Ami*, as Tolstoi admits, is the most convincing moral. But when your moralist insists that a religious procession shall be painted only by a man who yearns to carry a banner, and that a story of depravity is best told by a novelist who perceives that the “awful aspects” of woman demand the crucifixion of our fundamental instincts, the plea of art for morality's sake becomes an excuse for eccentric fanaticism.

But no student of Maupassant's writings can fail to see that, despite any excess of moral prepossession, Tolstoi has the keenest appreciation of the art of this great storyteller, and of his insight into the depth and variety of life. Such an appreciation ought to abash those critics who have lightly dismissed him as a mere raconteur, a contriver of droll anecdotes. There are anecdotes, no doubt; we can all regale one another with “Le Signe” and “Les Epingles”; but readers who recall only these things do not know their Maupassant. In his twenty volumes live such stores of penetrating irony, pathos and tragedy, that for some years now I have rarely heard of a sombre truth rising abruptly from the deeps that has not reminded me of a story from the hand which wrote *Une Vie*. And what a style! In *Une Vie*, says Tolstoi, it is “wrought to such perfection that it surpasses, in my opinion, the performance of any French writer of prose.” I read every day grave discussions of that anæmic product called the English short story, made without blood or bones, a pulpy mass of commonplace streaked with humour (save the mark!) or sickly sentiment. You would not expect a critic of European fame to say of such fiction that it surpassed the performance of any writer of English prose. Doubtless, in our tales, the public has the tye it deserves—the dear public, which, in exalted moments, may imagine that the prose of Mr. Kipling is an imperishable tradition of literature!

L. F. AUSTIN.

### JOAQUIN MILLER, BROWNING, AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

NEARLY thirty years ago London literary society was amused by the apparition of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. In sombrero and serape, with unshorn locks, and riding boots reaching to his waist, this child of the West cut a sufficiently picturesque figure among our own decorous “biled shirt” bards. He came, he saw, and in the main he conquered. He had detractors, it is true, but the late Lord Houghton stood his friend, and not a few persons bought his poems, and many young men quoted them and dreamed of emigration; and then the Buffalo Bill of poesy vanished as suddenly as he had come, and until the other day he was but a name. A few weeks ago, however, the news reached this country that Joaquin Miller, who has been describing the scenes at Klondyke for a New York paper, was severely frostbitten, having been caught in a blizzard, and is now cooped up in the cabin of a little ice-bound steamer on the Yukon river waiting for the liberation which the warm weather will bring somewhere about July. Almost simultaneously Messrs. Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco, have forwarded to us the complete edition of his poems, which they have just prepared—a considerable volume of upwards of three hundred double-column pages.

In the notes to this book he partially tells again the story of his English visit in 1870-71, much of which—his pilgrimage to Newstead Abbey, his conversation with Rossetti, and so on—has been already related in his book *Memorie and Rime*. His new reminiscences are well worth reading. Thus:

“I had taken rooms at Museum-street, a few doors from the greatest storehouse of art and history on the globe, and I literally lived in the British Museum every day. But I had already overtaxed my strength, and my eyes were paining terribly. Never robust, I had always abhorred meat; and milk, from a child, had been my strongest drink. In the chill damp of England you must eat and drink. I was, without knowing it, starving and working myself to death. Always and wherever you are, when a bit of hard work is done, rest and refresh. Go to the fields, woods, to God, and get strong. This is your duty as well as your right.

Letters—sweet, brave, good letters from the learned and great—were so many I could not read them with my poor eyes and had to leave them to friends. They found two from the Archbishop of Dublin. I was to breakfast with him to meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Houghton, and so on. I went to an old Jew close by to hire a dress suit, as Franklin had done for the Court of St. James. While fitting on the clothes I told him I was in haste to go to a great breakfast. He stopped, looked at me, looked me all over, then told me I must not wear that, but he would hire me a suit of velvet. By degrees, as he fixed me up, he got at, or guessed at, some facts, and when I asked to pay him he shook his head. I put some money down and he pushed it back. He said he had a son, his only family now, at Oxford, and he kept on fixing me up: cane, great tall silk hat, gloves and all. Who would have guessed the heart to be found there?

Browning was just back from Italy, sunburnt and ruddy. ‘Robert,’ you are browning,’ smiled Lady Augusta. ‘And you

are August-a,’ bowed the great poet grandly; and, by what coincidence—he, too, was in brown velvet, and so like my own that I was a bit uneasy.

Two of the Archbishop's beautiful daughters had been riding in the Park with the Earl of Aberdeen. ‘And did you gallop?’ asked Browning of the younger beauty. ‘I galloped, Joyce galloped, we galloped all three.’ Then we all laughed at the happy and hearty retort, and Browning, beating the time and clang of galloping horses' feet on the table with his fingers, repeated the exact measure in Latin from Virgil; and the Archbishop laughingly took it up, in Latin, where he left off. I then told Browning I had an order—it was my first—for a poem from the *Oxford Magazine*, and would like to borrow the measure and spirit of his ‘Good News,’ for a prairie fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river. ‘Why not borrow from Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your gold mines, while I am but a poor scribe.’ And this was my first of inner London.

Fast on top of this came breakfasts with Lord Houghton, lunch with Browning, a dinner with Rossetti to meet the great painters; the good old Jew garmenting me always, and always pushing back the pay.”

Joaquin Miller's English book, *Songs of the Sierras*, was only moderately popular. Its “literary” quality was disappointing: readers wanted an entirely new note, whereas instead the child of the untrammelled West was found to have read his Byron to some purpose. He did not utter the spontaneous and barbaric yawp that was wished. He was also too fluent, too careless of form. His lines tumbled out, as a waterfall tumbles over a rock. The rush was fine, but individual beauties were lacking. There was no nicety of epithet. People prized the poet for his glow, his generous creed, his simplicity; but few readers turned to the book again, and that is, perhaps, the best proof of a poet's failure. Yet there are haunting passages even in these loose *Songs*, which are not songs at all. Thus, in “Arizonian”:

“So I have said, and I say it over,  
And can prove it over and over again,  
That the four-footed beasts in the red-  
crown'd clover,  
The pied and hornéd beasts on the plain  
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,  
And do never take care or toil or spin,  
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,  
As the days go out and the tides come in,  
Are better than we by a thousand-fold;  
For what is it all, in the words of fire,  
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?”

And the beginning of the lawless ballad, “With Walker in Nicaragua,” is memorable:

“He was a brick: let this be said  
Above my brave dishonour'd dead.  
I ask no more, this is not much,  
Yet I disdain a colder touch  
To memory as dear as his;  
For he was true as God's north star,  
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,  
Yet gentle as a panther is,  
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss.

But Ouida-esque enthusiasm is not poetry, nor is poetry, as Joaquin Miller affirms in his new volume, adequately described by the one word, “heart.”

Here is another extract from the new reminiscences :

"Born to the saddle, and bred by a chain of events to ride with the wind until I met the stolid riders of England, I can now see how it was that Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, and others of the saddle and 'meet' gave me ready place in their midst. Not that the English were less daring; but they were less fortunate—may I say less experienced? I recall the fact that I once found Lord Houghton's brother, Lord Crewe, and his son also, under the hands of the surgeon in New York—one with a broken thigh, and the other with a few broken ribs. But in all our hard riding I never had a scratch.

One morning Trollope hinted that my immunity was due to my big Spanish saddle, which I had brought from Mexico City. I threw my saddle on the grass and rode without so much as a blanket. And I rode neck to neck; and then left them all behind and nearly everyone unhorsed.

Prince Napoleon was of the party that morning; and as the gentlemen pulled themselves together on the return he kept by my side, and finally proposed a tour through Notts and Sherwood Forest on horseback. And so it fell out that we rode together much.

But he had already been persistently trained in the slow military methods, and it was in vain that I tried to teach him to cling to his horse and climb into the saddle as he ran, after the fashion of Indians and vaqueros. He admired it greatly, but seemed to think it unbecoming a soldier.

It was at the Literary Fund dinner, where Stanley and Prince Napoleon stood together when they made their speeches, that I saw this brave and brilliant young man for the last time. He was about to set out for Africa with the English troops to take part in the Zulu war.

He seemed very serious. When about to separate he took my hand, and, looking me all the time in the face, placed a large diamond on my finger, saying something about its being from the land to which he was going. I refused to take it, for I had heard that the Emperor died poor. But as he begged me to keep it, at least till he should come back, it has hardly left my hand since he placed it there.

Piteous that this heir to the throne of France should die alone in the yellow grass at the hand of savages in that same land where the great Emperor had said: 'Soldiers, from yonder pyramids twenty centuries behold your deeds.'

Joaquin Miller's visit ended suddenly. A return of blindness and general sickness disabled him; and the news of the illness of his sister recalled the wanderer home. Since then he has played many parts and published several books.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A TAX ON PUBLISHERS.

A TALK WITH MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON'S letter in Tuesday's *Times* on the tax imposed on publishers by the copyright regulation, which compels them to supply five copies of every book to the national libraries, was a clear statement of an undoubted grievance.

Mr. Marston began by presenting a few

figures without, at first, disclosing his object. He wrote:

"I have made a few rough calculations which may not be uninteresting to many of your readers. From these calculations I think I shall not be very far out in assuming that the number of titles of new books recorded in these eight years will not be less than 50,000, exclusive of American books. By counting the titles recorded on several pages and adding up the prices of the books so counted I am brought to the conclusion that the average published price of these 50,000 books is at least 5s. a copy. By multiplying these 50,000 books by five I arrive at the number of volumes which British publishers have presented to the British Museum and the four other public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin during the eight years referred to—viz., 250,000 volumes, which, if taken at the average of 5s. per volume, amounts to the prodigious sum of £62,500. If I go back, as the previous volumes of *The English Catalogue* enable me to do, I estimate—roughly, of course—that, taking the whole period of Her Majesty's reign, say sixty years, the number of books (including the above estimate for Volume V.) may be taken as 300,000, five copies of each of which have been presented by British publishers to the British nation—say, 1,500,000 works, which, taken at 5s. a volume, amount to £375,000. Three hundred thousand volumes to each library!"

"Now"—says Mr. Marston, whose whole letter is an interesting contribution to the discussion of the rumoured new Copyright Act—

"how is it and why is it that publishers alone should be subjected to such an enormous tax as this? What do they get in exchange for it? No other profession or trade, so far as I know, is so taxed, and publishers are not, by reason of it, relieved from any other tax which the 'body politic' has to pay. It may be said that it is a tax of venerable antiquity and that publishers go into business knowing that this liability hangs over them; it is the law, and they submit."

UNABLE to solve Mr. Marston's questions, an ACADEMY representative went to seek further information where it was likely to be forthcoming. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has before now expressed his views strongly on the same question, and to him the representative appealed.

"I have been out of town and therefore have not seen Mr. Marston's letter," said Mr. Unwin, "but I'll send for it now. My own view is a very simple one. Why should publishers be taxed more than other classes? They contribute by their calling to the enlightenment of the country, so that if their case is to be exceptional I think it would be more reasonable to subsidise than to tax them."

"Do you look upon the five-copies clause in the Copyright Act as involving a serious strain on a publisher's treasury?"

"Certainly, and especially in the case of expensive illustrated books. I recently published a costly volume of drawings by Charles Keene. Well, five copies of such a volume—the whole edition being a matter only of a few hundreds—are a serious drain. Then, again, the British Museum demands a copy of every new edition of a book which has already been sent to it—however trivial the altera-

tion in the text may be. Even books imported from America—if they are issued with an English publisher's imprint—must be sent to the Museum. Reprints of non-copyright works must also be sent; every new edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, for instance. I suppose I send five hundred books a year myself to the five libraries which benefit under the Act. So you see the Act is fully enforced. What I complain of is, that we get no return for our books."

"What return would you suggest?"

"Well; I think the act of delivering five free copies of a book to the State should of itself give us copyright. The receipt for the book should be a certificate of copyright."

"In lieu of the fee and formalities at Stationers' Hall."

"Yes. And, another thing: the State might do what Stationers' Hall fails to do—it might register titles for us, and so save us the continual inconvenience of duplicating each other's titles through ignorance. Surely this would be little enough to ask in return for many tons of books per annum. Understand me, I don't object to give one copy of a book to the State; but five copies are too many. In America two copies only are required. But at this moment a number of the separate States are applying to have compulsory copies of books supplied to their libraries. So that American publishers may be in evil case soon. And, after all, if five copies, why not fifty? That would be only logical. The illogical thing now is, that we give something—in fact, a great deal—for nothing."

### COLUMBUS SIENKIEWICZ.

WE showed last week that the Polish novel, *Quo Vadis*, translated by Jeremiah Curtin, is still the favourite work of fiction all over America.

"Let Peary seek his Arctic goal;  
His countrymen prefer a Pole  
Less brumal and uncertain;  
And Roe and Howells the prolix  
Must bow to Henry Sienkiewicz,  
Democratized by Curtin.

Of all that Sienkiewicz has writ  
*Quo Vadis* is the favourite  
From ocean unto ocean;  
And Trilby's antics, once the rage,  
Are tame beside this crowded page  
Of Christian emotion.

In Michigan they will not look  
At aught but Sienkiewicz's book,  
Nor gentlemen, nor ladies.  
In Illinois and Maryland  
No reader will extend a hand  
Except to reach *Quo Vadis*.

Ohio, Massachusetts, Penn-  
sylvania, Mississippi, Tenn-  
essee, Louisiana,  
Wisconsin, Texas, Washington,  
North Carolina, Oregon,  
Virginia, Montana,

And Delaware and Idaho,  
Columbia, New Mexico,  
Nebraska, Maine, Missouri,  
Rhode Island, California,  
Connecticut and Florida  
All share the Polish fury."

## THE WEEK.

THE week's output of books presents few marked characteristics. History and travel rather predominate in a short list. A military text-book, a book on the Round Towers of Ireland, a book on Women's Education, and a railway history; these make somewhat cold fare. A new edition of Chaucer and a new translation of Dante give literary relief, and a book of adventurous travel brightens all.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has just issued a new rendering of the *Inferno* of Dante, by Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton. The novel feature of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's rendering is his retention of the feminine syllable at the end of each line. "The rhyme," says the translator,

"is comparatively unimportant. Its maintenance precludes the English translation from keeping the feminine syllable, and forces him to depart from closeness of meaning and literal expression."

Abandoning the rhyme, and employing the feminine ending, Mr. Lee-Hamilton begins thus (we quote his lines here purely to show their form):

"Midway upon the footpath of our lifetime  
I found myself within a dusky forest,  
For the straightforward way had been lost  
sight of.  
Ah me, how hard the task is to describe it,  
That forest, wild and briary and mighty,  
Which in mere thought, reneweth all the  
terror!"

ALL students of Chaucer will be glad that the *Globe* edition of his works is at last published. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, who has edited the text with the assistance of several scholars with whom he shares the title-page, relates the somewhat chequered career of the undertaking. Messrs. Macmillan, it seems, have contemplated this edition since 1864, and Mr. Pollard's own labours began ten years ago. Probably only the most enthusiastic Chaucerians will echo Mr. Pollard's wish that in "the near future the student may have not merely two texts from which to choose, but half a dozen."

MR. HARRY DE WINDT's new book of travel, *Through the Gold-fields of Alaska to Bering Straits*, has only to be opened to excite interest and curiosity; the photographic illustrations being numerous and striking. Mr. De Windt made his Alaskan journey in company with his servant, George Harding, and they were piloted over the Chilkoot Pass by one Joe Cooper, an old-timer, who was returning to the Yukon gold-fields. Mr. De Windt says:

"Had my original scheme succeeded, this work would have borne the alluring title of 'New York to Paris by Land': a journey which, so far as I know, has never yet been accomplished, though I do not, for one moment, suggest that it never will be. My cloud, however, has its silver lining, seeing that the first part of our voyage lay through a region then known by name to perhaps a dozen white

men, but now a byword throughout the civilised world: Klondike. I may add that Harding and I were the first Europeans to reside for any length of time alone and unprotected among the Tchuktchis of Siberia. But for these facts this book might well have been entitled, 'The Record of a Failure!'"

A GOOD many recent books have been inspired, more or less directly, by the Victorian Era Exhibition held at Earl's Court last year. Such a book is *Progress in Women's Education*, a volume composed of papers read at the Saturday Conferences of the "Women's Work Section." The Countess of Warwick edits the volume, and in her preface writes as follows:

"Victor Hugo was right when he described the nineteenth century as the 'woman's century.' The advance has been so marked that it has been felt in every department of human effort, but more especially in the realm of Education.

John Knox taught the Scotch people, three hundred years ago, that every scholar made is an addition to the wealth of the community—doubtless he meant 'wealth' in its wider and nobler sense—but it has been reserved for the present age to interpret this truth in its relation to women as well as to men.

We have only now 'to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet.'"

PRINCE KRAFT ZU HOHENLOHE-INGELFINGEN's *Letters on Strategy* is, we think, the third volume that has been issued in the "Wolseley Series," though it is numbered as the second. The *Letters* form two bulky volumes, and a brief Introduction by the editor, Capt. Walter H. James, introduces us to the author, who is now deceased. Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen was an able soldier, and in the wars of 1866 and 1870 commanded the German Artillery of the Guard. He also directed the artillery operations against Paris. Captain James says that these letters

"are not to be taken up lightly, or to be dipped in here and there, but conscientiously studied they form a valuable means of instruction in strategical matters, and for this reason they are placed before the British military reader."

Military, also, is Mr. T. Rice Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, of which a fifth and carefully revised edition is issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The author says:

"Among the more important alterations and additions are those which relate to the Afghan War, the battle of Sacheta and the events which led up to it, the battle of Chinhat, the defence of the Lucknow Residency, Havelock's campaign, Lord Canning's Oudh proclamation, and the vexed question of Sir Colin Campbell's responsibility for the protraction of the war."

HENRY O'BRIEN's standard work on the *Round Towers of Ireland* is revived in a new edition, of only 750 copies, which Messrs. W. Thacker & Co. have issued. O'Brien's career (he was born 1808) and the merits of his theory that the round towers of Ireland have a Persian origin, are examined in a lengthy introduction signed "W. H. C." The work itself begins on the ninety-seventh page.

MR. CHARLES H. GRINLING has written a *History of the Great Northern Railway* in a large octavo volume of over 400 pages. In his preface Mr. Grinling says:

"I am not afraid to claim that the book forms a fifty years' record of the fortunes of all the great trunk systems connecting London and the North."

Concerning his authorities Mr. Grinling says:

"Without seeking access to the private archives of the Great Northern Company, and so placing myself under obligations which could have been met only by a sacrifice of partiality, I have, nevertheless, been able to obtain information of the most intimate and authentic character with respect to all the chief events with which my History deals."

THE purpose of Mr. John Earle's *Simple Grammar of English Now in Use*, a work which is likely to be serviceable to young, and, for that matter, seasoned writers, is thus explained by the author:

"This is a book not of Philology, but of Grammar. In other words, it treats language not in its physical aspect, as sound or syllable, but in its mental aspect, as discourse of thought. The aim is not scientific, but educational; not the mechanism of the mother tongue, but its mental action in practical use. The leading of Nature teaches us that grammatical study should begin at the point where the use of speech is consciously apprehended by the young. That is to say, it should begin with language not as a fabric, but as the representation of thought."

A feature of this grammar is its numerous illustrative quotations from modern authors.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT ON JANE AUSTEN.

SIR,—Would you allow me to point out that Mr. Austin Dobson, in the note on Scott's review of Miss Austen's *Emma* which you quoted (ACADEMY, Feb. 5, 1898) from his introduction to *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, has not yet explained the matter quite completely. He writes that the fact of Scott's authorship, announced by himself on the authority of Mr. Murray in the introduction to *Mansfield Park*, "was all the while lying perdu in a note to chap. iv. of *Lockhart's Life of Scott*." But the fact has twice appeared in print during the last ten years.

(1) Though Prof. Goldwin Smith ("Great Writers"), as Mr. Dobson shows by his quotation from p. 35, did not know it, the information is given in *his own volume*, published in 1890—see Mr. John P. Anderson's "Bibliography," p. iv.—an inconsistency I find noted by a pencil reference in my copy.

(2) The article is described, at some length, as Scott's, and quoted (though by a printer's error dated 1818) in the preface to my edition of *Sense and Sensibility* (J. M. Dent & Co., 1892), where it is compared with the familiar entries in Scott's Journal.—I am, sir, &c.,  
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

## "FOUNDER."

SIR,—As you have "crowned" Mr. Henley's essay on Burns, I suppose it is fair to conclude that you consider it good English. May I ask, then, for information about the word italicised in this sentence: "The poet who *founded* two pocket-copies of that very silly and disgusting book, *The Man of Feeling*"? (p. 275). I may add that I have looked in Skeat's big Dictionary and the new revised largest Webster without finding any meaning which does at all.

In Stevenson ("Men and Books"), *Some Aspects of Robert Burns*, p. 52, I find: "He carried a book in his pocket . . . and wore out in this service two copies of *The Man of Feeling*"; so that I conclude "wore out" to be the general sense. As a student of English I am much interested in new and old usages of words; and so hope that you may be able to satisfy me as to "founder."

I may add that the correspondencies between Mr. Henley and his predecessor in their essays on Burns are such as to demand, perhaps, a larger acknowledgment of the work of Stevenson than the "crowned" essay contains.—Yours, &c.,

VERNON RENDALL.

Norwood: Feb. 10.

## D'ANNUNZIO IN ENGLISH.

SIR,—As a reader of Gabriele D'Annunzio before his name was known on this side the Channel, I would fain point out that, excellent as is Ouida's version of the passage quoted by your reviewer in his criticism of the English translation of *Il Trionfo della Morte*, she omits one or two little touches that seem to me important. I submit the following rendering:

"Orvieta! Have you never been there! Imagine a melancholy valley. In its midst rises a volcanic rock, crowned by a city silent as death, with closed windows and narrow, dusky streets where the grass flourishes. A monk crosses the square. Before the hospital is drawn up a funeral-looking carriage, from which a decrepid servant assists a bishop to alight. A tower soars into the wet, cloudy sky; a clock slowly strikes the hour, when suddenly at the bottom of a street behold a marvel—the Duomo!"

But D'Annunzio is quite untranslatable. Those who have only read him in French cannot form an adequate idea of his subtle charm, while his genius is so utterly opposed to our habits of thought as to make him appear repulsive even in a Bowdlerised English edition. To thoroughly enjoy D'Annunzio you must not only read him in Italian, but you must think in Italian, and, for the time, try to forget you are the native of a foggy island. Those who can thus assimilate a little of the Latin spirit are the only Englishmen who can properly appreciate such works as *Il Trionfo della Morte*.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

F. H. PICTON.

Exmouth: Feb. 4.

## MARS IN FICTION.

SIR,—After reading Mr. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, and being almost persuaded that the invasion of the earth by Martians is an

event which future generations will have to consider seriously, I am reminded that the history of Mars can furnish a striking instance of the fulfilment of fiction. When describing the works of the astronomers on the island of Laputa, in *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift makes Gulliver say:

"They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve round Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of its diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the later in twenty-one and a half."

The satellites are two of the minutest objects in the solar system and were only discovered in 1877—that is, a century and a half after they were described by Gulliver. And not only was Mars given the number of satellites it is now known to possess, but by making one of them revolve round the planet in less time than the planet takes to rotate on its axis, Swift imagined a condition of things which would even now be considered impossible if it were not established by the evidence of our eyes. Observations show that the innermost moon of Mars actually does revolve round the planet three times in the course of a Martian day, its period of revolution being only 7 hours 39 minutes, whereas the planet rotates in 24 hours 37 minutes.

With this remarkable coincidence in mind, one hesitates to say that Mr. Wells's romance is beyond the limits of possibility.—I am, yours, &c.,

R. A. GREGORY.

## ROBERT FERGUSSON.

SIR,—It is no pleasure to me to dwell on the more painful aspects of Fergusson's career; and if Dr. Grosart will look over the review of his book again he will find that it conveys no moral censure whatsoever. My point of view is simply that the admiration which depends on swathing a figure in moral linen is no compliment to its object.

With your permission I will cite the passage which seems to have excited Dr. Grosart's indignation:

"Stevenson in his *Edinburgh* has frankly stated the truth: 'Love was absent from his life, or only present, if you prefer, in such a form that even the least serious of Burns' amourettes was ennobling by comparison.' We have no desire to enlarge upon the point. It was a cold caught while (after he had dosed himself with 'a searching medicine') he was electioneering that brought on Fergusson's madness and death—a death not altogether unlike that of Burns himself."

Now first take his comment on the quotation from Stevenson:

"To allege that 'love' was absent from the life of one who was so lovable and full of love, tenderness, and sweetness by universal testimony is no less stupid than false."

Without such plain proof it would be impossible to believe that Stevenson's words could be so violently wrested from their meaning. What can one do but ask Dr. Grosart to read the passage again?

Next, he entirely omits to mention "the searching medicine" either in his letter or

his book; yet he cannot help knowing exactly what it refers to. "A medicine remarkable for its searching effects upon the system," are the words of Chambers. Others say quicksilver right out, and make no secret of the object for which it was taken. Why, after replying to a dozen trivial slanders, does he slur over the accusation implied here?

What Stevenson meant by "vicious" is, plainly enough, illicit sexual intercourse. In dealing with this in the book Dr. Grosart quotes Sommers, a friend of the poet's, who naturally made out the best possible case for him. Yet the sum and substance of what Dr. Grosart quotes from Sommers is that the latter spent many innocent hours with the poet, and that his companions "were, indeed, of a social cast, but not of that debauched turn which the word dissolute bears." All this might be true without falsifying the adjective used by Stevenson, who had every opportunity of learning, not the stories of early biographers only, but the traditions still, during his youth, current in Edinburgh. In the early eighties I had myself frequent opportunities of learning what these were; and till Dr. Grosart discovered a lily-like purity in Fergusson I never heard the assertion disputed.

At the same time, no one greatly blamed the poet either. He was gifted with a lively spirit, and he lived in a time when people were not so strict about morals. It would have been a miracle had he been a Galahad.

As to Stevenson applying the term "vicious" to himself, I honour him for it, just as I honour St. Paul for calling himself "the chief of sinners"; but it would be an ill-return of his noble and humble candour to accept the statement in the spirit of a grubbing literalist, and proceed to ask when and how he fell: whether in the mind only, and as a consequence of original sin, or in act. No; let us be content to honour him for being so frankly unpharisaical, and let the rest be. If Fergusson had only left behind a similar declaration!

THE REVIEWER.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Triumph of Death." By D'Annunzio. The critics have expended all their powers of insight and of judgment on this remarkable novel. Three points (for convenience we condense four into three) have engaged their attention. These are:

The Translation.

The Story.

D'Annunzio's Art and Morality.

The translation has been taken on trust by a good many critics. The *Daily Chronicle* writes of "the apparently quite competent version before us." The *Daily News* says the translation has been done with "skill and fluency," but "it fails, as all translations must fail, to give the matchless charm of D'Annunzio's style." *Literature* points out the inevitable loss to the book by translation, but says, "with the exception of the use on two occasions of the objection-

able phrase 'egged on,' the translator's English is excellent." The *Outlook* accepts Miss Harding's translation as "an excellent piece of work." From these generalities one passes to Mr. Arthur Symons's admirable review of the book in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Symons allows that Miss Harding has a good knowledge of Italian, and that her version reaches "a general level of readable, not ungraceful, English." But he picks many faults in detail, faults of omission and commission, concluding this part of his review as follows:

"It was with an actual shock that I read this sentence, which might be taken from a 'penny dreadful': 'Anything more lugubrious than those peals of demented laughter ringing out into the solemn silence of the night would be impossible to imagine.' One does not even need to know Italian to recognise the difference between such a sentence as that and such a sentence as this: 'E nulla era più lugubre di quelle risa folli in quel silenzio della notte alta.' As I have said, Miss Harding is not an artist in translation."

Apart from the verbal accuracy of the translation there is the question of omissions. The critics agree that D'Annunzio's story contains passages which could not have been rendered in English. But they differ in their estimates of Miss Harding's discretion. The *Daily News* says: "We note with approbation that some of the most unpleasantly erotic passages have been omitted." *Literature* makes light of the omissions: "The expurgation of certain sentences does not detract from the abounding interest and vitality of the book." The *Outlook* says: "Certain passages have been toned down, but the naked analysis is scarcely disturbed." The ACADEMY, on the other hand, reviewing the book last week, wrote: "D'Annunzio

teaches the eager public's timorous hands *sans style, sans naughtiness, sans poetry*. It is all here—the rest—all, except the essence, the spirit. M. Herelle, in his graceful French translation, failed often at D'Annunzio's poetry of nature, but he always kept a breath of poetry in the voluptuous passages he essayed. Miss Harding has sacrificed both poetry and voluptuousness. It is a safe translation: D'Annunzio is thoroughly Britannicised, and the English Mr. Tomstocks and the English poets will alike be disappointed. And the result is most intensely interesting to the critic."

Mr. Symons formulates the same charge definitely, thus:

"Now, what I have to complain of in the English translation is that by its suppression of passages on the ground of morality it has done its utmost to make an immoral book of a book which is not immoral. Let me give an instance. On p. 361 of the original there is a long paragraph, taking up almost the whole of the page, in which the philosophic condemnation of lust, that, being essentially sterile, it is against the whole intention of nature, is defined with a seriousness which is almost solemnity. This passage comes in the midst of a scene of admirable, but certainly hazardous, invention; it supplies the moral of that scene, gives it its significance in the story, it shows the profound meaning of what might otherwise be a mere anecdote. This passage is omitted in the translation; the scene remains, but the moral has gone."

Coming now to the story, we find con-

siderable divergence. Here are a few salient opinions. The *Daily News* says:

"A sickly pessimism breathes through this story. The hero is a brooding, morbid creature, making insatiable claims upon life and love. From first to last the book is a study of moral disease. Every grace of style, all that the perfection of presentation can achieve, all the resources of art are used to deck the theme, but they cannot disguise its unwholesomeness."

The *Daily Chronicle* may be said to agree:

"In the last analysis, whatever disguises they may assume, his [the hero's] soul-states are only two—desire and satiety—and his history consists in the steady encroachment of satiety upon desire, until the suicidal mania which has haunted him from the outset becomes homicidal to boot. He presents an appalling and highly moral example of the havoc wrought by idleness and sensuality upon an initially morbid nature. Appalling and (in its way) edifying the spectacle certainly is; but it falls short of tragic impressiveness because we do not feel it to be inevitable."

The *Outlook* denies originality to the story, which, it says, is "compact of the stalest, the most outworn, elements."

The *Westminster Gazette* is less severe:

"There is, at least, a sense that the story is a narrative, and not an analysis of small, corrupt, and decadent emotions. M. D'Annunzio has, at least, this in common with Tolstoi, that he seems to be telling you things because they happened so, and not because, for some morbid purpose of his own, he wished them to happen so. Moreover, there are in his work remarkable gifts of style and imagination to which no reader of literary gifts can be indifferent."

The *Saturday Review* awards only praise to the story:

"Here is a man and a woman—I can scarcely remember their Christian names; I am not even sure whether we are ever told their surnames—and in this man and woman I see myself, you, everyone who has ever desired the infinity of emotion, the infinity of surrender, the infinity of possession. Just because they are so shadowy, because they may seem to be so unreal, they have another, nearer, more insidious kind of reality than that reality by which Tristan is so absolutely Tristan, Antony so absolutely Antony. . . . Here, then, is a book which, though it deals with matters of the senses, deals with them philosophically, not as the mere stuff for a story."

The ACADEMY reviewer asked last week: "What is D'Annunzio's world?"

"What is his world? It is the word-tapestry of a poet's weaving—a poet whose musical cadences and delicate analysis of subtle emotions seem to float over and around a world of nature's beauty, a world brutal with appetite, with ugly fact, and morbid impulse. D'Annunzio's world is a bizarre fusing of many conflicting influences—Pagan, Christian, scientific—interacting on his delicate temperament, weary of so much richness. And thus the critical question to ask is, Has not he assimilated too much? It is his *quality* to assimilate everything, and thus in a single novel, side by side with a Pagan joy in voluptuousness, comes a scientific analysis of the melancholy strife between flesh and spirit; and the triumph of the animal in man over his higher nature is mourned by the Christian in him, studied *à la Russe*, and conveyed in musical prose of poetic beauty!"

Lastly, what have the critics to say on the art and moral effect of this astonishing story? The *Daily News* says: "The book is a masterly rendering of an ignoble theme." *Literature* says:

"To D'Annunzio alone among many is given the power of expression which dignifies and magnifies, and in all things he is an artist. To him, on his own confession, as to Flaubert, has been given the desire of style, the right word and the right expression; but the conciseness and compression of Flaubert has changed in him to the volubility of passion. . . . Without in any way wishing to encourage excesses possible in other tongues, it may be hoped that the publication of such a volume as this will open the way to a broader and freer view of the world than is generally permitted in novel form here."

The *Outlook* sums up thus:

"We do not believe that D'Annunzio will commend himself to English taste, nor do we think it well that he should do so. That his book is immoral we should be disposed to deny; for in his picture of the utter annihilation inevitable to unregulated passion he is at least as stern a moralist as M. Zola. But that it is bad art badly applied we confidently affirm."

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REVIEWS.

TWENTY-ONE MINOR POETS.

A FEW weeks ago, when our shelf whereon the productions of the song-smiths of the day are stacked would hold no more, it occurred to us to give these volumes the attention that memoirs and books about cathedrals receive. So we emptied the shelf and the slim volumes were read. We found plenty of fluent, cultured, melodious verse—plenty of little birds with agreeable twitters, but no larks. The result of our labour is below. Something is quoted from each songster. We offer you, as it were, a slice from the breast. If the taste is to your palate, there is more of the bird for the asking.

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"Prose poet of the fabled West,  
Ere school and railway had begun  
To fuse our shires and tongues in one,  
And equalise the worst and best.

While Devon vowels fluted yet  
By Dart and Lynn their mellow length,  
While flourished still in Saxon strength  
The consonants of Somerset.

Your Exmoor epic fixed the lines  
That lingered on by combe and tor,  
And in the hollow vale of Oare  
You found a matter for your muse!

The brigands' den, the prisoned bride,  
The giant yeoman's hero mould,  
Who fought and garrulously told  
The Iliad of his country side:

You bade them live and last for us  
And for our heirs, as caught erewhile  
The Doric of his rocky isle  
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"What is the grey world, darling,  
What is the grey world  
Where the worm is curled, darling,  
The death worm is curled?  
They tell me of the spring, dear!  
Do I want the spring?  
Will she waft upon her wing, dear,  
The joy-pulse of her wing,  
Thy songs, thy blossoming,  
O my little child!

I am lying in the grave, love,  
In thy little grave,  
Yet I hear the wind rave, love,  
And the wild wave!  
I would lie asleep, darling,  
With thee lie asleep,  
Unhearing the world weep, darling,  
Little children weep!  
O my little child!"

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"FEAR YE HIM.

I fear Him not, nor yet do I defy.  
Much could He harm me, cared He but to try.

Much could He frighten me, much do me ill,  
Much terrify me, but—He never will.

The soul of justice must itself be just;  
Who trembles most betrays the most distrust.

So, plunging in life's current deep and broad,  
I take my chances, ignorant—unawed."

And he can write thus:

"LOVELY WOMAN.

And as around our manly neck she throws  
Her dimpled arms with artless unconcern,  
And kisses us and asks us to be hern,  
And pats us on the jaw, do you suppose  
That we say 'No,' grow frightened on the spot,  
And faint away? Well, we should reckon not.

Young man, come West! you've got a lot to learn."

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And this *à propos* "a certain London firm" who supplied the Transvaal with arms:

"Oh, England! Curse this hour, cover thy head!  
Where is thine honour fled?"

But the poem by which Mr. Cobbett would no doubt prefer to be judged is that called simply "Passion." Here is an extract. We are sorry for the lady:

"Look upon my face,  
Into the eyes that hunger to meet thine:  
Eyes blazing with a brightness, not of wine,  
But Love's fierce fire:

And note therein this sacred passion's trace  
And mad desire!

The mad desire of a soul deep-stirr'd,  
Who finds in thee his Heaven or his Hell,  
And in thy slightest frown his funeral knell,  
Making dry sobs

Choke, ere 'tis spoken, each tumultuous word  
Thro' which Love throbs.

And having seen and heard, then, if thou canst,  
Put calmly by a Love that sues in vain :  
Vex'd by a little trick of scarce-felt pain  
Turn and depart !  
With this proud trophy be thy fame enhanced—  
My murder'd heart !”

*A Vision of England, and other Poems.* By  
John Rickards Mozley. (R. Bentley & Son.)

MR. MOZLEY'S muse is patriotic. The *Vision of England* fills over twenty pages, and extends from the period when “our mother earth of yore did sink from fiery essence into sleep of stone” down to the time of Darwin. Here is an average specimen. Mr. Mozley is addressing England—

“How came it thou wast torn from Europe's  
strand  
In ancient days? The Atlantic, surging  
strong  
Between the mounts o'er which th' archangel's  
hand  
Once held its mighty guard, as told in song,  
In moon-persuaded currents swept along,  
And smote on Beachy Head with gathering  
roar :  
Then, straitened in his channel, piled the  
throng  
Of waters high, and, like a lion, tore  
The Dover isthmus through, and reached the  
German shore.”

The book is dedicated to the Queen. With the sentiment of the last two lines we heartily concur :

“May thou and thine go through the open door  
And hear ‘Well done!’ and join the heavenly  
choir.”

*Songs of Flying Hours.* By Dr. E. W. Watson. (Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.)

We can imagine this volume being welcome in a sick-room. Dr. Watson has wide sympathies, a list of subjects that range from the “Song of Brahma” to “Bacilli,” and a facility for melodious verse which is rather agreeable. A great poet? Oh, dear, no! But a minor poet upon whom we are disposed to smile. “I will go down to the Land of Sleeping” is pretty; and this, called “At Last,” may please some :

“I come, O heart so true,  
At last to thee.  
All others fail,  
And, wan and pale  
With the rude winds  
The world has showered on me,  
I come for rest to thee.

Down at thy feet  
I lay the sins of years;  
I claim no mercy  
In my bitter psalm,  
But thy blest tears,  
Falling upon me like the gentle rain,  
Free me from fears.

O heart that never tires,  
O heart that never fails,  
Ever forgives, nothing requires,  
Tho' I have wronged thee sore,  
My tired head I rest  
Upon thy breast,  
And roam no more.”

*The Child of the Bondwoman, and Other Verses.*  
By Jean Carlyle Graham. (David Nutt.)

MRS. GRAHAM writes verse with some power; she has plenty of imagination, and plenty of words. But she is too ambitious. In her longest of these poems, “The Child of

the Bondwoman,” she attacks the difficult theme of a girl's tumult of soul on discovering the shame of her birth. The result is a poem which is too exclamatory, too obviously wrought up. Two other poems, “A Dream of Death and Life,” and “In the Beginning was the Word,” are open to the same criticism. But we like Mrs. Graham's “Three Legends from the Pyrenees.” The first tells how Christ appeared, kneeling in prayer, to some goatherds. We quote the last four stanzas of this moving little ballad :

“With staves they beat His patient back,  
With stones His flesh they tore,  
With taunting words His ears they stung,  
And then set on the more ;  
They gave themselves no time to note  
The amazing love His dear eyes wore.

Then God the Father from His throne  
In might arose and frown'd.  
A darkness spread. The sun sank, dead.  
Jagg'd darts the mountain crown'd.  
An icy breath of wrath sped forth  
And wrapt the goatherds round.

Our Lord stretch'd out to them His hands—  
The goatherds all dismay'd  
Fell down upon their trembling knees  
And cross'd their breasts and pray'd.  
He raised them and He led them Home  
In shining garments all array'd.

No more yon starlit village street  
Their clanking goat-bells heard ;  
No more the golden *mestura*  
These homely goatherds stirr'd.  
On Nethon 'neath the time-long snow  
Their bones await God's Final Word.”

*Rip Van Winkle.* By William Akerman.  
(Bell & Sons.)

THE title-poem is a dramatic version in rhyme of the old legend, well enough arranged to make a very entertaining play at a school breaking-up. It has, indeed, much spirit. The Poems and Lyrics that follow, though unimportant and not conspicuous for depth or novelty of thought, are pleasant too. This fragment of a “Viking's Song” is among the best of them :

“Now skall to the Vikings, the Vikings so bold,  
So fearless in battle, so famous of old,  
Sun-taun'd are our faces, our locks are of  
gold ;

Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi !

We plunder the noble, we plunder the priest,  
We rob the fat abbot to furnish our feast,  
There's no fare so fine as the convent-fed  
beast,

Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi !

So now slack the ropes, turn the sails to the  
wind,  
And sweep o'er the swan's bath more fortunes  
to find,

The world is before us, and nothing behind,  
Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi !”

*Drift Wood.* By H. M. Burnside. (Hutchinson & Co.)

It may have been noticed by those that receive Christmas cards that Miss Burnside has succeeded the late Frances Ridley Havergal as the favourite poet for Christmas quotations. According to the little preface to this volume, Miss Burnside has been making songs for many years, and there is, doubtless, a large number of persons who will be glad of this collected edition of her kindly writings. That she cannot hear the music of her own songs

adds, says Miss Carey, who introduces the volume, a deeper pathos to their rhythm. The poems are very gentle, slender little messages. We need not say more. This—“English Daisies”—is pretty and representative :

“We were drawing very near,  
And the cliffs shone white and clear,  
And the little boats rowed past us from the  
strand,  
When a host of flowers sweet  
Lighted softly at my feet,  
Like a blessing and a welcome from the land.  
English daisies—nothing more—  
From some meadow—on the shore,  
But I felt my eyes grow wet with happy  
tears.  
I had seen rare flowers bloom  
In the fragrant forest gloom,  
Where the orient palm its plummy summit rears,  
While I wandered far away,  
For many a weary day,  
From my cottage in a sunny English lane,  
But those daisies fresh and sweet  
Came my longing eyes to greet,  
Like a blessing and a welcome home again.”

*Lays and Legends of England.* By M. C. Tyndall. (J. Baker & Son.)

MR. TYNDALL is a patriot, and he would have us all patriots too; which is an excellent ambition. Hence his songs and ballads of the glory of the Navy and the Army, and his joy in the West Country. There is no love of land like your West Countryman's. A Diamond Jubilee Ode very suitably opens the volume. But for technique we think that the hunting song from which the following stanzas are taken is more satisfactory than the patriotic verse. It has swing and spirit of its own; whereas the bulk of the book is laudable in intention, but not spontaneous or distinguished. Here is Mr. Tyndall, mounted on Pegasus, all ready for the chase :

“Not a cloud or a care on the spirit can lurk,  
On a rattling good horse settling down to  
his work,  
Who the stiffest of fences was ne'er known to  
shirk ;  
’Tis the sport of all sports, I contend.  
When the ruck has tailed off, to be in the  
first flight,  
With the pick of the field, and the hounds  
well in sight,  
Sixty minutes with never a check going well,  
And then, just as the pace is beginning to tell,  
With a kill in the open to end !”

*A Tale from Boccaccio.* By Arthur Coles Armstrong. (Constable & Co.)

MR. ARMSTRONG is a correct, if not impassioned, practitioner in verse. The title-poem is the longest; but it is machine-made—an epithet which, indeed, applies to most of Mr. Armstrong's poetry. The machine, it is true, is well-oiled and accurate; but a machine none the less. We like the poet best in the following lyric :

“DEATH'S SLEEP.

“I know where violets live,  
Ere yet they reach the sun ;  
And who doth roses give  
Ere summer is begun.  
And when the shadows fall,  
The silver stars I see ;  
I have a name for all,  
And all are known to me.



When leaves are dead and scree,  
They fall upon my head,  
And keep me dry and warm  
Within my earthly bed.

I am so still and warm—  
Laid in a quiet sleep;  
Oh! wherefore dost thou cry?  
And wherefore dost thou weep?"

*A Window in Lincoln's Inn.* By Addison  
M'Leod. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. M'LEOD diversifies rather good sonnets with some of the worst blank verse we have ever seen. This is a specimen line:

"Higher than Watkin's Tower at Wembley Park;"

this is another:

"And No. 6 is always in arrears;"

and then one more:

"Only we spell it with a capital C."

Such remarks had best be put direct into prose. The book is the product of a critical mind that has observed and thought. It is not constructive; but the workmanship is left. Here is a fair sonnet:

Not in a dark cathedral, where the knees  
Press velvet; and the lips from cups of gold  
Drink precious wine; and endlessly o'er-told  
One long dark stream of muttered mysteries  
Sinks into ears half heeding Not from these  
Drink I God's Spirit, but where mountains  
bold

Rise in disdain; and tempests, wintry cold,  
Cut out the heart of man's infirmities.  
There, with a jut of rock for altar rail,  
With bitter bread and rough and eager  
wine,

On peaks that only hardiest feet have trod,  
Spirits that in the valley droop and fail,  
Turn to their Maker, with a touch divine,  
To take the Sacrament ordained of God."

*Out Back by the Angels.* By the Rev.  
Frederick Langbridge. (Cassell & Co.)

We were minded to describe Mr. Langbridge in a phrase, we should call him the devotional Dagonet. His ballads have the same sentimental basis, but there is more of poetry *en route*. They are always homely, and often humorous and pathetic, the rhymes are simple and plentiful, and the metre is musical. Here is a part of "Doctor Dan's Secret":

"As they lounge at ease, and toast their knees,  
The host, with a laugh, will say,  
My kingdom's small, but over it all  
I reign with a despot's sway.  
No serious dame may freeze my joke  
With a glance of her awful eye,  
Nor cough rebuke from a cloud of smoke,  
Nor put the decanter by.  
Feel in my heart, says Doctor Dan,  
For that poor white slave, the married  
man."

*The Enchanted River.* By Augustus Ralli.  
Digby, Long & Co.)

MR. RALLI can be a bad poet. He can write this—

"Had a friend—a lady friend, I mean—  
Whose taste for poetry was much developed"—

But certainly the piece from which these lines are taken is the worst in the book. In other lines he is a quiet and correct versifier, who, having little to say, says it as delicately as he can. He is at his best in

the translation of Moschus' "Lament for Bion." Here are the closing lines:

"O! if I could, as Orpheus did of yore,  
Odysseus too and Heracles before,  
I also unto Pluto's home would go  
To hear if thou art singing still below.  
But now some sweet Sicilian music play,  
Sing to Persephone some pastoral lay;  
For she, too, was a fair Sicilian maid  
And in the fertile fields of Enna played.  
Full well of old she knew the Dorian strain,  
Not unrewarded shall thy song remain;  
And as to Orpheus, when he touched the lyre,  
She gave Eurydice his sole desire,  
So yet it may be granted unto thee  
To seek once more thy native mountains free.  
If in my pipe there lurked the magic power,  
To Pluto would I sing this self-same hour."

*Song and Thought.* By Richard Yates  
Sturges. (George Rodway.)

THERE is more song than thought in Mr. Sturges' twitterings. Garden lore and linnets, and falling leaves and broken notes, are the themes beloved of his correct but fragile muse. Here is a bit of Love's philosophy:

"Why is old love just like new love?  
Because the only love is true love;  
And though years may pass away,  
Love has one sweet summer day.

Why is new love just like old love?  
Because true love is still untold love;  
And though time in love be sped,  
All the best remains unsaid."

*Pan: A Collection of Lyrical Poems.* By  
Rose Haig Thomas. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

MISS THOMAS has a gift; and she loves nature with a youthful and abounding love, not looking beyond, but revelling in all its manifestations—its primordial tumults and its finished daisy. In her first poem, "Nature," Miss Thomas tells in blank verse the story of evolution to the birth of human speech. Here is her picture of primitive man becoming articulate:

"The brute still dominant,  
In silence yet he thought  
While ages rolled.  
Then his intelligence  
Opened a spanless gulf  
'Twixt him and other kind,  
He struck a flint on flint,  
Quick caught the spark,  
And breathed it into flame!  
Still silent, still no voice,  
Save the wild cry of war,  
Or wooing tones of love,  
Until the dumb begat  
A man articulate,  
And from his Being sprung  
A race of loosened tongues,  
The silver sound of speech  
Flooded a silent world."

*At the Gates of Song: Sonnets.* By Lloyd  
Mifflin. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat.)

THESE hundred and fifty sonnets have poetic feeling, and are technically good. Some weigh the large issues of life; others convey literary appreciations; not a few are gracefully trivial. Here is a sonnet inspired by "An old Venetian Wine Glass":

"Daughter of Venice, fairer than the moon!  
From thy dark casement leaning, half  
divine,  
And to the lutes of love that low repine  
Across the midnight of the hushed lagoon  
Listening with languour in a dreamful swoon—

On such a night as this thou didst entwine  
Thy lily fingers round this glass of wine,  
And clasped thy climbing lover—none too  
soon.

Thy lover left, but ere he left thy room  
From this he drank, his warm lips at the  
brim;  
Thou kissed it as he vanished in the gloom;  
That kiss because of thy true love for him  
Long, long ago when thou wast in thy  
bloom—  
Hath left it ever rosy round the rim.

*Songs of Liberty.* By Robert Underwood  
Johnson. (The Century Co.)

LIKE Tom Moore, Mr. Johnson sings by turn the love of country and the love of woman, and the regrets which attend both. His opening "Apostrophe to Greece," "begun on the steps of the Parthenon, and published in the *New York Independent*" (cause and effect!), is poetically conceived—but it is not thrilling. The brightest piece in the volume is "An Irish Love Song":

"In the years about twenty  
(When kisses are plenty)  
The love of an Irish lass fell to my fate—  
So winsome and sightly,  
So saucy and sprightly,  
The priest was a prophet that christened her  
Kate.

*Poems.* By Henry D. Muir. (Chicago.)

MR. MUIR'S book bears no publisher's name. The verses inside it are not, on the whole, such as would attract a publisher. They are full of the fine phrasings of the budding, imitative, and entirely unpromising singer. Mr. Muir is at his best in the one humorous piece we find in his volume. It is called "Literary Musings.":

"Corked up in Memory's bottle,  
I've gems from Aristotle;  
I have gone through Homer's epics and have  
stuck my nose in Plato;  
I have formed a good idea  
Of Euripides' 'Medea,'  
Aristophanes, Æschylus, and Smith on 'The  
Potato.'

Sappho, Ovid, Virgil, Horace,  
And many a Grecian chorus,  
Are jumbled up together with Josh Billings,  
Twain, and Nye;  
While Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens,  
And 'The Way to Raise Young Chickens,'  
All mix within my head to form a literary pie.

But ne'er in verse or story,  
Nor in the drama's glory,  
Nor in the bright romantic tale, nor in the  
briny yarn,  
Have I found that satisfaction  
Which I drew in youth's abstraction  
From the blood-and-thunder novel that I read  
behind the barn."

*The Starless Crown, and Other Poems.* By  
J. L. H. (Elliot Stock.)

VERSES entitled "Gone to Grandmamma's," disarm the critic. Nor is anything to be said either for or against lines such as these on a golden-crested wren's nest-building:

"Brisk as ever,  
Quick and clever,  
Nest is snug and tight;  
Twelve wee beauties  
Bring new duties,  
Work from morn till night."

## DECADENT, MYSTIC, CATHOLIC.

*La Cathédrale.* Par J. K. Huysmans.  
(Paris: P. V. Stock.)

This long-expected book is out at last, and bids fair to attract as much attention as its predecessors. Although not published till the beginning of the present month, it is already in its seventh edition, and arrangements have been made for its appearance in English dress. It is, however, so unlike any ordinary novel in form and conception that it is hardly possible to appreciate it without some acquaintance with M. Huysmans' own career and with his earlier works.

Joris Karl Huysmans is one of a distinguished family of artists, for some generations domiciled in Paris, and a descendant of Huysman de Malines, whose works belong to the Flemish school of the seventeenth century. Born in the Bohemian life of the capital, he early preferred literature to design, and made his bow to the public at the age of twenty-six with a small volume of poems only too plainly inspired by Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. Later, he became a disciple of Zola, and published, in 1876, his first novel, *Marthe*, wherein he describes the life of a courtesan of the lower class with such pronounced realism that the book had to be published in Brussels. Then followed in quick succession *Les Sœurs Vatar*, the history of two factory girls; *En Ménage*, a study in divorce, and several other works of which it is only necessary to mention here *A Rebours* ("The Wrong Way"). In this, surely one of the most tedious books ever written, M. Huysmans describes with wearisome minuteness the vagaries of a debauchee of good family, who, worn out with excess at the age of thirty, buys with the sale of his ancestral property a house in the suburbs of Paris, and sets seriously to work to console himself, like Pope's Sporus, with the pleasures of taste. So exquisite is his sensibility that he secludes himself not only from society, but from Nature herself, and lives only by artificial light in rooms decorated in extraordinary colours, fitted instead of windows with aquariums filled with coloured water and clockwork fish, and perfumed by an apparatus on which he can compose "symphonies" of scent instead of sound. Had M. Huysmans ever shown a spark of humour in any of his writings, we might here suspect him of a satire after the fashion of *The Colonel* or *Patience* upon the aesthete of his time. But the book is inspired by a different motive, and when its hero is dragged back by his doctors to Paris with a digestion ruined by a dietary of liqueurs, strange teas and other nastinesses, he utters the cry:

"Lord, have pity on a Christian who doubts, on the sceptic who wishes to believe, on the convict for life embarking alone and in darkness under a sky which the cheering signal-lights of an ancient hope no longer lighten."

It is with the answer to this prayer that M. Huysmans concerns himself in the series of which *La Cathédrale* is the last example.

So far, M. Huysmans had made no more ambitious appeal to the public

than the dozens of Parisian novelists whom the institution of the *feuilleton* enables to turn out romances as if by machinery for the delectation of the newspaper-reading public. His earlier critics, while giving him credit for a strength not apparent to English eyes, seem to have noted in him only two peculiarities—viz., a passion for trivial details and a tendency to dwell upon the revolting. Both these failings they attributed, perhaps with reason, to his Flemish extraction, while his excursion into the eccentric in *A Rebours* must have seemed to many to have been inspired by the love of *cabotinage* or play-acting for its own sake from which no Parisian is ever entirely free. But with *Là-Bas*, the opening volume of his new venture, M. Huysmans bounded clear of the ruck of his fellow-craftsmen and became at once, if his publishers' figures are in anyway to be trusted, one of the most popular writers in France. In this most daring book M. Huysmans shows us M. Durtal, a *blasé* man of letters, in whom some see the hero of *A Rebours* grown older, engaged in writing a history of the monster Gilles de Rais, once the brother-in-arms of Joan of Arc, whose many crimes are detailed by Mr. Baring Gould in his *Book of Werewolves*. Durtal, while chronicling the insane atrocities of this wretch, receives the advances of Mme. Chantelouve, a member of the upper middle class of Parisian Catholic society, but a secret adherent of the supposed sect of devil-worshippers. By her he is taken to a disused chapel in the heart of Paris, where Satan is formally invoked by an apostate priest, and a horrible parody of the mass is celebrated, followed by an orgy of hysterical lust. But all this disgusting machinery is, so to speak, but the drum beaten outside the booth to draw the crowd to the show inside; and the real purpose of the book is shown in certain conversations which take place round the dinner-table of Carhaix, a bell-ringer of St. Sulpice. Carhaix and his wife are both Bretons, pious with the piety of Catholics who have never known doubt, and Durtal's fellow-guests are a doctor who apparently represents the scientific negation of the supernatural, and an astrologer who exhibits in his own person the absurdity of an over-credulous belief in it. As may be guessed, the simple faith of Carhaix shines by the side of the doctor's cold scepticism and Durtal's mental unrest, and the book ends with his prophecy to the latter.

"Here below," he says, "all is decomposed, all is dead—but above! Oh, I admit that the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, the advent of the Divine Paraclete may be delayed! But the texts which announced it are inspired, and the future may be counted upon. The dawn will be clear."

M. Huysmans' next book, *En Route*, the only one which has yet been translated into English, unfolds another chapter in the history of Durtal's soul. Shocked by the sudden deaths of Carhaix and the doctor, he slips back rather than is reconverted to the religion of his youth, and spends a week in retreat at a Trappist monastery, where, after terrible mental struggles, he is fully reconciled to the Church, and returns to Paris a sincere and professing Catholic. And so we come at last to the volume before us,

which is as simple in construction and as barren of incident as its forerunners. The scene is laid at Chartres, whose cathedral gives its title to the book. Hither come before the volume opens Durtal, the old priest under whose direction he took his first steps towards reconciliation, and a new character in the shape of a pious woman who acts as the priest's housekeeper. Here, too, these three meet a certain Abbé Plomb, an antiquarian canon of Chartres, and the four indulge in several exquisite discussions after the fashion of Carhaix and his guests, but this time on the symbolism of the cathedral and on sublime points of mysticism arising out of the lives of the saints. These discussions and Durtal's soliloquies take up the greater part of the book; but spiritual matters are not neglected. The religious ceremonies at which Durtal assists are described with much fervour and wealth of detail, and both the priests are represented as busying themselves with his state of mind and with the melancholy which perpetually besets him. Finally, they prevail upon him to undertake another retreat, this time to the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, and we leave him on the way thither; but this, though it ends the book, does not exhaust the series. Already two more volumes are in preparation, and from hints dropped in the former volumes we can pronounce one of them to be the life of St. Lydwine or Lidwine (M. Huysmans seems himself uncertain as to the spelling), who apparently played a considerable part in Durtal's conversion; while the other will deal with his reception in some Benedictine house as an "oblate"—i.e., a sort of lay monk, who is subject to the Rule, but does not take the irrevocable vows of the Order. We sincerely hope that M. Huysmans will leave his hero in peace when he gets him there. Five volumes on the history of one soul should satisfy even Mr. Arthur Balfour.

On the whole, we are a little disappointed with *La Cathédrale*. Durtal does not, indeed, improve on acquaintance. His struggles with the flesh at La Trappe, his terrible conflict with himself over his first confession, and his doubts and fears about receiving the Eucharist, were depicted for us in so lifelike a manner as to move the most thoughtless. It was impossible, in fact, to read *En Route* without feeling as one would at the sight of a man struggling with a rushing stream for his life. But with Durtal at Chartres it is much more difficult to sympathise. His conversion has brought him no peace of mind, and he goes through the process which Kingsley described as "fingering his spiritual muscles to see if they are growing," with the most irritating frequency. Moreover, though the superiority of the mystic over the ordinary believer is vaunted on almost every page, Durtal does not seem to be making progress towards the conscious union of the soul with the Deity, which is said by all mystics to be the goal at which they aim. Although we are told he has been set at La Trappe, on the road to the Mystic City, and even to have "perceived its confines on the horizon," he is in no hurry to continue his course. Instead, he devotes himself to much mauling about the symbolical meanings of

certain colours, gems, and even beasts, birds, and plants, only worthy of a mediæval Cabalist or of the modern Parisian society of the Rose Croix. And with all this, he shows an asperity and an intolerance which says little for his charity. The thought of pious founders perpetuating their names on the churches they build fills him with horror, while some remarks on the use to be made of the Eucharist lead him to anticipate the outcry that they would provoke "in the gang of grocers of the Temple, and in the sacred band of devotees who have their luxurious *prie-Dieus* and reserved seats near the altar, like theatre stalls in the house of all." As for the literary world of Paris, he expresses himself about it in most vitriolic language.

"To see much of these subaltern scribblers and oneself remain clean is," he says, "impossible. One must choose between their company and that of honest folk, between speaking evil and holding one's tongue. For their speciality is to prune you of all charitable ideas, and to ease you of friendship in the twinkling of an eye."

It is, perhaps, fidelity to his art which makes M. Huysmans represent his hero as attacked by one of the most ordinary failings of religious people, but one cannot help feeling a wish to thump M. Durtal into a less Pharisaical frame of mind.

It appears, therefore, likely that M. Huysmans' reputation is still in the making, and that he must do better than in *La Cathédrale* if his future place in literature is to be as great as his present popularity. His contemporaries' judgment on his work is still abundantly justified, and it is its likeness to that of the Dutch painters whom he worships which is at once its strength and its weakness. As Teniers or Gerard Dow would expend the same painful care upon the presentment of a pot or a pan as upon the principal figure of the picture, so M. Huysmans must describe every unimportant detail with the same wealth of epithet and illustration in which he would set forth the main incidents of his story, did he condescend to incidents. Not content with telling us that the country folk who received the new bishop at Chartres wore old-fashioned clothes, he must needs describe them. Their coats, their hats, all pass under review, and we have to be told that they wore "white gloves cleaned with petroleum and rubbed with india-rubber and bread-crumbs." When he wishes to say that the wind was sweeping the streets of Chartres, he thus concludes a page of description:

"Some belated ecclesiastics hurried on, gasping with one hand their skirts, which rolled like balloons, squeezing on their hats with the other, and only letting go to recover their breviary slipping from under their arms, and their faces, pressing them upon their chests, and leaping forward to cleave the north wind with red ears and eyes blinded with tears, hanging on desperately the while to umbrellas which surged above their heads threatening to carry them away and shaking them all over."

Or is his grossness less marked than formerly. It follows him into his description of the cathedral, and while he twice goes out of his way to ment on that a

prudish sacristan has decorated a statue of the infant Jesus with a paper apron, he dwells upon certain peculiarities of the furniture of the choir boys' dormitory not generally noticed. Yet this is nothing compared to the morbid delight which he feels in recalling loathsome images. As Wouwermans is said never to have painted a picture without introducing a man or an animal in some of the ignoble situations imposed upon us by our common nature, so M. Huysmans will make a nasty allusion if he can. He describes the walls of the Abbé Plomb's lodging as "suffering from the cutaneous disease of plaster gnawed with leprosy and damasked with pustules"; while he concludes his description of literary circles with this far-fetched simile:

"Yes! Imitating the homœopathic pharmacopœia which still makes use of horrible substances, the juice of woodlice, the poison of snakes, the pressings of cockchafers, the secretion of polecats, and the pus of small-pox, all coated with sugar of milk to conceal the smell and appearance, the world of letters, also, grinds down the most disgusting matters in the hope of getting them absorbed without retching. It is one incessant manipulation of neighbourly jealousies and the cackle of porters' lodges, the whole made into a globule with a treacherous coating of good manners to hide its odour and taste."

He even mentions a bad chromolithograph of the Sacred Heart, in which "Christ shows with an amiable air a heart badly cooked, bleeding into streams of yellow sauce."

Even these errors of taste, however, are venial compared with the manner in which M. Huysmans has succumbed in his latest book to his school's besetting sin, which is affectation. In him this takes the form of an eager search after the recondite and the unusual. Durtal, in the finicking spirit proper to the successor of the effeminate des Esseintes finds some churches so ugly that he cannot pray in them without shutting his eyes, and wears his hearers with passages from the lives of saints like St. Lydwine of Schiedam and Jeanne de Matel, their great merit in his eyes being, apparently, that their very names "remain unknown to the majority of Catholics." At other times he sweeps the libraries of scarce books of devotion, and delights in worshipping at the shrines of Madonnas abandoned by their devotees. And when M. Huysmans speaks in his own person he shows the same desperate straining after originality. His favourite poets are Baudelaire and Verlaine, his chosen romancer Edgar Allan Poe, and above all English artists he sets Hogarth and Rowlandson. In each case his choice seems to be largely due to the unpopularity or neglect of his favourite, and when he notices a living artist like "Wisthler"—it is thus that he inverts the letters of the immortal name—he thinks that he has bestowed the highest praise upon him by saying that his pictures remind him of opium dreams. That this is a studied affectation more than any unnatural perversion of taste is shown clearly enough by the extraordinary vocabulary which he has lately adopted, of which the main feature is its substitution of out-of-the-way technical terms for those in common use.

Thus for "in this fashion" he uses the words *en ce gabarit*, the last being the word used by shipbuilders for the models or patterns used in their trade; he speaks of the character of a penitent moulded by his director as being *malaxé*, a word used by chemists for the rolling of a pill; and he cannot speak of anything being put on one side, save as *mise au rencart*, a provincialism the derivation of which is unknown. His stock of ordinary technical words increases with each new book that he writes; and to the medical terms of *Là-Bas* and the cloister phrase of *En-Route*, he has now added the language of architecture. Unless he returns to common speech, it will soon be impossible to read him without a glossary.

These, then, are the faults which compel us to think that M. Huysmans' popularity rests as yet upon no assured basis; yet, having said this, it would be idle to deny that he presents some of the characteristics of a great artist. The term is used advisedly, for his subjective mode of treatment lends itself to word-painting, and few can bring before us a person or a scene more vividly or with firmer strokes of the brush.

We have space for but one more quotation. We wish we could give the long, but not too long, description of the new bishop's entry into Chartres, and his reception by the old-fashioned country folk and pensioners of the place, which is presented in the vivid and grotesque manner of Hogarth's "March of the Guards thro' Finchley." Let us take instead the scene where Durtal sees the dawn break over the cathedral, the great spear-shaped windows, with their central group of the black St. Anne surrounded by Jewish kings, appearing in the dim light like hiltless swords.

"And, when he looked to right and left, he saw, at immense heights on each side, a gigantic trophy hung on the walls of darkness and composed of a colossal shield covered with dents above five large swords without guards or hilts, with blades damascened in vague tracery and confused mello-work.

Gradually the groping wintry sun pierced through the mist, which became bluer and more vaporous; and first, the trophy hung on Durtal's left towards the north awoke to life. Red embers and spirituous flames took light within the hollows of the shield, while beneath on the middle blade arose in the steel spear-head the giant face of a negress clothed in a green robe and brown mantle; the head, wrapped in a blue kerchief, was surrounded by a golden aureole, and she gazed, hieratic and shy, straight before her with widely-opened eyes, all white.

And this sphinx-like black held on her knees a little negro whose eyeballs stood forth like balls of snow from a black face.

Around her slowly the other still shadowy swords grew clear, and blood trickled from their points reddened as with recent slaughter. And these purple streams disclosed the outlines of beings from the banks of some distant Ganges, on the one side a king playing on a harp of gold, and on the other a monarch raising a sceptre ending in the turquoise petals of a strange lily. . . ."

This is excellent work. It has lost much by translation, but in the original M. Huysmans' picture of the cathedral stands out with the force and delicacy of a nocturne by his friend Mr. Whistler.

## HEROES—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I. *The Cid Campeador*. By H. Butler Clarke. II. *Robert E. Lee*. By Henry A. White. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Cid" is supposed to be a Spanish corruption of the Arabic *Sidy*, "My Lord," though this is uncertain; and it is thought that the famous Spanish hero did not bear the title during his lifetime, though this again is uncertain. "Campeador" (meaning "Champion") was undoubtedly bestowed on him during his lifetime, on account of his numerous single combats. He is the Arthur of Spain; somewhat more historical than the British king, but, nevertheless, owing his conspicuous name to an accumulation of legends and ballads. What is historically certain about him is that he was the son of Diego Laynez, Lord of Bivar, a man of distinguished ancestry on both sides; and the Cid's own name was Rodrigo (by contraction Ruy) Diaz de Bivar. He was the renowned favourite of King Sancho of Castille and Leon; but on the accession of Sancho's brother Alfonso he soon fell into disgrace, and was banished. From that time he lived a lawless and predatory life, sometimes temporarily reconciled with the king, then again at enmity with him; and as the crowning achievement of his life he conquered the Moorish city of Valencia, so securing for himself a principality, only to die in no long time after. With his death his principality collapsed.

This story is told with great clearness and discrimination by Mr. Clarke, who is wise enough not to exclude the chivalrous and poetic legends, while at the same time he distinguishes between them and the more or less authoritative records. Inevitably it is a picturesque, an interesting book. The epic wealth of tradition clustering round the name of the Cid would alone make it so; and the genuine history, if smaller in quantity, is no less picturesque than the legend. It is in the character of the hero that the difference lies between the two sources of narrative. The Cid of legend is the perfect knight of Spanish conception; who may exhibit some doubtful behaviour according to our modern ideas, may cheat a Jew or display questionable principle, but still is spotlessly faithful to the mediæval Spanish idea of what a hero should be. Brave, loyal, courteous, religious, animated by the loftiest conceptions—such is the Cid of tradition; but the Ruy Diaz of history is a sorry kind of hero. That disposition to glorify the outlaw which has given us the Robin Hood and Rob Roy of romance is responsible for the ballads of the Cid. In cold fact, from the time of his first banishment he was nothing better than a great leader of Free Companions—for the thing existed then, though the name was of later invention. He fought for Moor against Christian, or Christian against Moor, just as it advantaged him in money or interest. He was crafty, perfidious—a Spanish Odysseus: grasping, cruel, able, daring, and successful. His religion sat very easily on him, and he was addicted to heathen auspices by means of birds' entrails and

such like folly. An interesting book, a debatable hero.

By his side, General Robert Lee "sticks fiery off," indeed. What Spain fondly conceived Ruy Diaz to have been the plain authentic American general was, and a much greater leader into the bargain. Gallant, brilliant, pious, upright, unselfish, indomitable, Lee was a true hero, of whom America—North and South—and modern times may be proud. It is a brave and stirring story which Dr. White had to tell; and he has told it directly, vigorously, if occasionally with somewhat cheap colour of diction. He has erred only where all but a few military historians err: he fails to preface his detailed account of operations by a clear synopsis of the general strategical or tactical plan; wherefore his detail of campaigns or battles, accurate and sufficient in itself, becomes a painful tangle to the civilian reader. In just this perspicuous preliminary *résumé*, reinforced by after summing-up, the much-abused Alison is strong, and Carlyle, in his *Friedrich*, admirable.

Lee, surely, ranks high in the second order of generals. During four consecutive years, always against much superior numbers, he led an army which practically, it may be said, was not reinforced; which dwindled steadily, while all his enemies' losses were replenished by copious and incessantly renewed levies; yet he was never beaten in person, and only once (in the bloody Battle of Gettysburg) repulsed, until the final day when Grant broke through lines wasted by a year of terrible struggle and famine before Richmond. Twice he hurled back superior Northern armies from the Confederate States, and (in all probability) was only prevented by the timorous defensive policy of Jefferson Davis (who would not concentrate, who would try to defend a long line of States at all points) from closing the war by an advance on Washington.

Most glorious of all his exploits is his final tragic campaign against Grant: the enemy, immensely superior in numbers, drawing inexhaustible supplies, while his own war-worn and famine-worn army, wanting shoes, supplies, everything except inextinguishable valour, melted with every battle. It is worthy to rank with such historic struggles as those of Hannibal in Bruttium and Napoleon on the plains of Champagne; and, like them, it shows that the god of battles is with the big battalions. Alexander scattered Persians by myriads, Clive Bengalese by thousands with a little army; but they were Persians, they were Bengalese. Napoleon beat the Austrians in Italy, though they were much superior; but the Austrians divided their forces, and they were not overwhelmingly superior. Hannibal standing at bay, leonine, in Bruttium, Napoleon standing at bay, panther-like, in Champagne, the French standing at bay against swarming China at Langson, found that masses *must* win, if they were led with mediocre capacity, against a handful led with superb capacity.

Lee was not a Hannibal or a Napoleon, but he was incomparably the most brilliant

general that America has produced. It breaks one's heart that he should have been finally conquered by brute numbers and brute Grant. Grant has been astonishingly over-rated. He would have been ignominiously beaten in war against a Germany and a Moltke.

That last heroic campaign of Lee can be told in a few words. Grant made a flanking march for Richmond. Lee attacked his flank, but the slowness of Longstreet prevented his inflicting on Grant utter rout. Though he destroyed the Northern General's army by thousands, he found the game too bloody for his own limited numbers, while Grant could lose any quantity of men, and relied on that fact alone for winning. Then he marched parallel with Grant, threw himself in front of him, and beat him back with frightful loss. Grant renewed his flank march; once more the two armies marched parallel, until Lee again threw himself in front, and again repulsed Grant with terrible slaughter. So it went on until the two armies reached Richmond. Grant always attacked along the whole line, ignoring or ignorant of all tactics, and always dashed his insensate head against an invincible wall. Richmond reached, Lee took up a permanent position in front of it; and Grant continued his dense-headed bull-rushes, without plan or knowledge, until his men were utterly cowed by the useless slaughter, and were beaten before they went into battle.

It was the very negation, the obstinate, ignorant refusal of all military art: and if Lee could have had reinforcements, or if there had been less inexhaustible resources of men behind Grant, the Northern General must have been driven to a deserved retreat. But no help came to Lee; and at last even Grant sulkily gave up direct attack, fortified himself, and turned the campaign into a siege, with formal approach by mines and trenches. He had lost sixty-five thousand men in the campaign, and had been beaten in every battle. But fifty-five thousand fresh troops joined him, while the doomed Lee received not a single man. Starvation set in among the Southerners; while, though every engagement was a victory, every engagement thinned their numbers, and the deadly losses they inflicted on the enemy mattered nothing to him with his endless supplies. Yet, even so, for eight months Lee held invincibly the lines in front of Richmond, with his famine-stricken and heroic skeleton of an army, hurling back every advance of the foe. At last the fated Southern force grew too thin to defend its extended lines. The Southerners broke through, and Lee, like Osman Pasha at Plevna, was overtaken and surrounded in his retreat. At Appomattox Court-House he gave up his sword; having lost a campaign more gloriously than most generals win one. No reader, when he reaches this conclusion of the Southern General's brilliant career, but must take off his hat to Robert Lee. He was never beaten till the game was over. And that is the spirit which Englishmen for ever love and honour.

## MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S "GLADSTONE."

*The Story of Gladstone's Life.* By Justin McCarthy. (A. & C. Black.)

IF Mr. Justin McCarthy has plenty of good anecdotal matter about Mr. Gladstone, he has not put it into this book. That is what readers expect to get in a "story" which does not profess to be serious biography, still less to be history. But they will not get even so much as that from Mr. McCarthy. He does not give them even *his-story*. So close and shrewd an observer cannot have sat in the same building, whether in the Reporters' Gallery or on the floor of the House, for an indefinite number of years, without forming his own impressions, a little varying, one supposes, from the purely conventional ones; and particularly in the case of a statesman with whom he had, as leader of the Irish Party at a crisis of its history, relations of a peculiarly sensitive kind. Of all this there is no hint. This pleasant enough piece of book-making begins by disclaimers of its author's "special knowledge," or of his recourse to "correspondence or documents which are not accessible to every student of political history." Even accessible documents Mr. McCarthy does not seem to have taken in all cases the trouble to set forth in his narrative, which has amazing gaps. Very scanty and partial, for instance, is the chapter recording that exceptionally important transition period when Mr. Gladstone first found himself in a Liberal administration. That was a time when, according to legend, some young bloods of the Carlton proposed in jest what Mr. McCarthy records in deadly earnest—to throw the seceder out of the window. The record of an after-dinner escapade seems out of place, any way, in pages that suggest the flavours of the afternoon tea-table rather than those of a more strenuous feast. Frankly, the figure is that of a bread-and-butter Gladstone. Mr. George Russell, also a eulogist and also a personal friend, has produced a biography of his former leader which, page by page, covers almost the same ground as Mr. McCarthy's; yet it has faced more successfully the difficulties of the position, and achieves throughout a virility of tone and treatment, difficult enough under the conditions, and absent, it must be owned, from the volume of Mr. McCarthy. As he had to do what six other hands had done before him, and had, therefore, to avoid the six most obvious ways of expressing rather common facts in rather common English, his task was not a particularly exhilarating one.

After making all allowances, the book is a disappointment. Not merely is the picture of Mr. Gladstone a chromolithographic affair where we had some right to expect the hand of an artist, but the casual sketches of contemporaries, who happened to be Mr. Gladstone's opponents or rivals, are defaced out of all candid recognition. Disraeli is the old sinister bogey-man of ancient history in liberal journals; one thought that that figure, as unreal as a Guy Fawkes dummy of straw, had long ago been "flung to the wind," to use Disraeli's phrase about his

own "lyre." The statement about Disraeli's ignorance of the classics, and his incapacity to speak French, needs a good deal of revision. So, we are sure he will agree on second thoughts, does his attribution of vulgar motives of personal ambition to Disraeli, who, we are again assured, "began life as a Radical." Of course, he did nothing of the kind. To show his contempt for both parties, he had an election committee consisting of six Tories and six Radicals; and had he finally found it convenient to use the Liberal rather than the Tory organisation to forward his views he could have been accused of "beginning life as a Tory" with a quite equal plausibility. Robert Lowe—for the mere literary form of whose speeches, if for nothing else, a literary man might have allowed a line of recognition—makes as ill a figure as Disraeli under Mr. McCarthy's pen. The statement that "he had a contempt for the poor generally" is made twice within a few pages—"a perfect contempt" is the variant of the first phrase. The statement is as utterly without warrant as is another, that "the idea of a man being allowed to vote at an election who could not read Greek and Latin was revolting to his soul." A more preposterous statement was never made; and it is worth while to recall the odium Mr. Lowe incurred among pedants for his advocacy of a commercial rather than a classical education for the sons of the middle classes. These are but specimen blots, where no new lights are found by way of atonement. A writer of fiction becomes enamoured of his hero—all the other characters must be subordinates and foils. Mr. McCarthy has shown himself to be on this occasion a novelist first and a biographer afterwards. The political novel has its great defects and its great uses; but there seems nothing to say in favour of the political novel-biography, of which Mr. McCarthy has furnished us a perfect specimen.

## CRAZY ARITHMETIC.

*The Canon: an Exposition of the Pagan Mystery perpetuated in the Cabala.* With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Grahame. (Elkin Mathews.)

PROBABLY the very silliest book published last year. Most people have heard of the Cabala (*Anglicè*, tradition), by which certain Jews, taking advantage of the fact that the Hebrew alphabet was used to denote numbers as well as letters, sought to extract a hidden meaning from the words of Scripture by substituting for them others having the same numerical value. It is on this principle that the Apocalypse of St. John alludes to Nero under cover of the number 666, that being the numerical value of the persecuting emperor's style and title, and other instances could be quoted from the Epistle of Barnabas and other early Christian writings. But the author of *The Canon* not only applies this to the Greek alphabet—which, indeed, lends itself quite as well to this sort of mystification as the Hebrew—but allows himself several liberties which

would enable him to prove that nearly every word in any language means all the others. Without offering the slightest excuse for so doing, he assumes that "colel" or one can be added or subtracted at will, and when the word in question is a compound one, he adds or subtracts as many "colels" as the word has component parts. If he then fails to get a word of the meaning he wants, he mis-spells it, or imagines a square of which the number he is dealing with is the root, or a circle of which it is the diameter, or a "vesica" (or figure enclosed by the segments of two circles) of which it is the perimeter, or in some other way alters the rules of the game until he gets at the required result. The following is a specimen: "The circle assigned to Saturn has a diameter of 1,120, which is the height of a rood cross which crucifies a man contained in a square having a perimeter equal to the side of the Holy Oblation" mentioned in Ezekiel. Perhaps it has; but we do not see the importance of the statement.

To this nonsense, Mr. Cunninghame Grahame contributes a very amusing preface, wherein he tells us that

"a rich barbarian, pale and dyspeptic, florid or flatulent, seated in a machine luxuriously upholstered and well heated, and yet the traveller's mind a blank, or only occupied with schemes to cheat his fellows and advance himself, is, in the abstract, no advance upon a citizen of Athens, in the time of Pericles, who never travelled faster than a bullock cart would take him in all his life."

But why not? The rich barbarian of Mr. Grahame's breathless sentence can certainly visit more places, and thus make his influence the more felt whether for good or evil. For the rest, how could the descendants of Pericles have escaped the Turks had they been restricted to the pace of the ancestral bullock cart?

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*A Year from a Correspondent's Note-Book.* By Richard Harding Davis. (Harper.)

HAVING read Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* we are quite ready to welcome anything else he may choose to write, even when the book he presents to us is nothing more than a reprint of articles he has contributed to various newspapers and magazines. For Mr. Davis is no ordinary journalist. He is an observer with a marvellously keen nose for trifles, a literary man who can use a trifle to light up a whole subject. Coming to view the Jubilee celebrations of last year he found that "the smell of soft coal, which is perhaps the first and most distinctive feature of London to greet the arriving American, was changed to that of green pine, so that the town smelt like a Western mining camp." Moreover, into the year which his notebook covers, Mr. Davis crammed all manner of interesting experiences. He witnessed the coronation of the Tsar, having the luck to gain admittance to the Cathedral of the Assumption, he was at Budapest for the millennial celebration, he visited

Cuba during the rebellion, he followed the Greek army, saw the inauguration of the American President, and struggled through the crowds which blocked the London streets in June. And about each he has something fresh and vivid to say. Nothing better has been written about the Græco-Turkish war than his description of the sudden hail of Turkish bullets upon the entrenchments at Velestinos.

"If a man had raised his arm above his head his hand would have been torn off. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs springing at each other's throats. . . . This lasted for five minutes or less, and then the death-grip seemed to relax; the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath; the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by; and from hill-top to hill-top the officers' whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks withdrew into the coming night, and the Greeks lay back, panting and sweating, and stared open-eyed at one another like men who had looked for a moment into hell, and had come back to the world again."

The modest title of the book forbids us to regard it as more than a series of disjointed sketches. It has the inevitable defect of its origin, in that each of these notable events, described almost in the moment of their happening, is regarded as the greatest event the world has ever seen. But it is supremely good journalism, and well worth preserving.

*Our English Minsters.* By the Very Rev. A. P. Purey-Cust, and Others. (Isbister & Co.)

THE eight authors of this handsome book have produced a work interesting to the veriest layman who understands nothing of bosses, *piscina*, *triforia*, spandrels, and other mysteries of the architectural cult. Canon Newbolt's account of St. Paul's, with which the volume opens, contains a lively and feeling description of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, and also of that Old St. Paul's which originally stood on the same site. The historical associations are cleverly, but briefly, emphasised, and, though one hardly looks for exciting incidents in such an article as this, the account of the painter Thornhill's rescue from certain death when painting the cupola, lends a human interest which the narrative would otherwise lack. One slip the author has made, which should be corrected in a later edition. He speaks of Sir Edgar Boehm as being "famous for the Jubilee coinage." Sir Edgar Boehm has left behind him so many good works that it seems a pity that his one acknowledged failure should be here chosen to designate him.

The account of the stately Minster of York is dignified, if perhaps slightly stilted in style. Among the many interesting details of the erection of the edifice itself is given an extract from the indenture (still extant) with a certain John Thornton for the glazing of the great east window. It runs as follows: he is to

"complete it in three years, portray with his own hands the histories, images, and other things to be painted on the same. He is to provide glass and lead and workmen, and receive four shillings per week, five pounds at the

end of each year, and, after the work is completed, ten pounds for his reward."

It was for such pay as this that men who delighted in their art for art's sake were content to work. Ely Cathedral, the great Minster of the Fens, is treated of by Canon Dickson, who gives an exhaustive description of the great octagonal lantern which, in the opinion of experts, has no equal in the world. The Very Rev. Dean of Norwich has devoted himself to a loving account of that fane, in which he relates the true explanation of the curious circular opening in the nave roof which has puzzled so many antiquarians. St. Alban's Abbey by Canon Liddell, Salisbury Cathedral by the Dean of Salisbury, Worcester Cathedral by Canon Shore, and Exeter Cathedral by Canon Edmonds, are each treated of in the same lively and interesting manner, and, taken as a whole, *Our English Minsters* is a work which fulfils a distinct purpose. Those who wish for long, learned, and detailed disquisitions on styles, periods, materials, interiors, elevations, and sections must seek more pretentious works, but to such as desire an admirably illustrated and entertaining account of our great churches, full of all these details most interesting to the uninitiated, *Our English Minsters* should give satisfaction.

*The Trial of Lord Cochrane before Lord Ellenborough.* By J. B. Atlay, M.A. With a Preface by Edward Downes Law. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

IF an Irishman had to describe the career of Thomas Cochrane, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, he might fairly say that he was only on *terra firma* when at sea, for on land he was always in hot water. His name still lives in the annals of four navies—those of Great Britain, Chili, Brazil, and Greece. His maritime exploits have obliterated in the public mind the memory of the fact that in 1814 he was convicted of circulating a false report of Napoleon's defeat and death, and thereby victimising the Stock Exchange. But his family have not forgotten it, and have made frequent efforts to cleanse his reputation of this stain. Unhappily their way of white-washing Lord Cochrane has been to blacken Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice who tried him. They accuse him of having conducted the trial so that the defence did not have a fair chance, and of having misdirected the jury. Naturally the Ellenborough family could not stand this. Commander Law, grandson of the Lord Chief Justice, collected a mass of rebutting evidence, and handed it over to Mr. Atlay, who has reduced it to fairly reasonable limits in this volume of 500 pages. By any unprejudiced reader, we think, Mr. Atlay will be held to have made out his case, and we would fain hope that this view will commend itself to the other side. The spectacle of two noble families pelting one another with controversial tomes is one that if carried much further will provoke laughter rather than interest.

*The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote.* By Charles Dudley Warner. (Harper's.)

MR. WARNER writes in a pleasant and gossiping fashion of Elizabethan society

and manners; you may learn from his pages how Shakespeare's contemporaries dressed, dined, drank, and amused themselves; what were their expenses, and what strangers, from Erasmus downwards, thought of them. There is no great learning in the book: Harrison's *Description of England* and Rye's *Foreigners in England* provide two-thirds of the material. Mr. Warner persistently writes the family name of the Earls of Essex as "Devereaux": he speaks of Shakespeare's brother "Charles," although he had not one; puts "Paris Gardens" for "Paris Garden," and the "Fashion" for the "Fortune" Theatre. Misprints, perhaps, but very slovenly. The most interesting thing in the book is a description of a county squire from Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, new to us:

"His great hall was commonly strewn with marrow-bones, and full of hawks'-perches, of hounds, spaniels, and terriers. His oyster-table stood at one end of the room and oysters he ate at dinner and supper. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church Bible, the other Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. He drank a glass or two of wine at his meals, put syrup of gilly-flower in his sack, and always had a tun-glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. After dinner, with a glass of ale by his side, he improved his mind by listening to the reading of a choice passage out of the *Book of Martyrs*."

These books accumulate. Mr. Fairman Ordish did one last June, Mr. W. J. Rolfe last October. Mr. Warner's is probably the least well-informed, but it is the best written of the three.

*Catesby: a Tragedy.* (Billing: Guildford.)

THIS venture is inspired, we suppose, by a recent controversy. The drama is Elizabethan, in prose and blank verse. To say that the anonymous author has not fathomed the mysteries of blank verse would be mild: he has not even grasped its normal rhythm. The historical introduction and notes show considerable research; which might have been utilised in a biography of Catesby. It is a pity how some people mistake their vocations.

*The Ancient Use of Greek Accents.* By G. T. Carruthers. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

THIS is a curious and interesting little tract. In the first part Mr. Carruthers discusses the nature and meaning of the Greek accents, which we probably owe to the grammarians of Alexandria. Many think that their chief object is to complicate examinations; but Mr. Carruthers thinks that they really afford a guide to the pronunciation of Greek words. He gets over the difficulties in the way of this theory by supposing that in the case of the acute accent the stress was intended to be put not on the syllable which bore the accent, but on the following syllable. The accent was thus of the nature of a preliminary signal. The suggestion is ingenious, and deserves consideration. In the second part of the treatise Mr. Carruthers attempts, by means of this theory, to throw some light upon the difficult subject of Greek music. He gives some interesting transcripts of Greek melodies into modern notation.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RIBSTONE PIPPINS.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

A rustic idyll by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*. The scene is the West of England, and the hero is a carter with large hazel eyes that shine with spiritual light. The people talk thus: "I mane the little chap wi' nar a mossel o' cloase, onny a pair o' goose-wings, and a bowanarrow in valentine pictures. They caas en Keewpid, and a shoots vokes' hearts droo and droo." The beginning of the book is chromolithographic and the end sad. All droo 'tis zentimental. (Harper and Brothers. 148 pp. 3s. 6d.)

MISS BETTY.

BY BRAM STOKER.

A pleasant love-story of Queen Anne and early Georgian days. The London life of the period is recalled, and there is a capital description of the race on the Thames for Doggett's Coat and Badge, in days when that function included a turnout of the royal boats manned by the King's watermen. A visit to Don Saltero's museum at Chelsea delights Betty, who, however, soon has more personal matters to attend to. As a desperate means to get money her lover takes to the road. How Betty saves him from perdition is the theme of this gallant tale. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 202 pp. 2s. 6d.)

POOR MAX.

BY "IOTA."

The author of *A Yellow Aster* here studies a modern marriage. On the one side is Judith, an Irish girl, frank and impulsive and a passionate fighter for truth; on the other Max, a reckless, joyous young author, with the artistic temperament. Gradually they drift apart, and another man fills Judith's thoughts, and Max blunders merrily along, never just and always generous, until his death, which comes of too nobly caring for a sick friend. A powerful book of deep interest. (Hutchinson & Co. 362 pp. 6s.)

PLAIN LIVING.

BY ROLF BOLDFREWOOD.

The plot of Rolf Boldrewood's latest story suggests that of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, inverted and transplanted to Australia. A squatter, who has long had a hard fight to make his "station" pay, suddenly comes in for a huge fortune. His delight is accompanied by a fear that his wealth may sap the strength of his children, and perhaps soil their innocence; and he therefore conceals his altered circumstances. The station begins mysteriously to pay, repairs are carried out, the live-stock increase beyond all experience, and love matches are made. Only in the fulness of time does this strong-minded squatter reveal himself to his family as a Cæsus. A hearty story, deriving charm from the odours of the bush, and the bleating of incalculable sheep. (Macmillan & Co. 316 pp. 6s.)

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING.

BY PERCIVAL PICKERING.

In this story of misplaced affections and unhappy marriages the characters confide their troubles with improbable freedom to improbable sympathisers, while Aunt Letitia, a prim, sharp-eyed old maid, holds a brief for her chivalrous but weak nephew, Daniel Hardwick. The action takes place on an undefined stretch of sea-coast, and the sea moans between the lines. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 19 pp. 6s.)

THE BROOM OF THE WAR-GOD.

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD.

A romance of the Greek and Turkish war just ended. But not a hurried effort thrown off to attract the interest of the moment; on the contrary, a piece of patient work. Mr. Brailsford brings together half a dozen picturesque adventurers—a saturnine Scotchman, an Englishman or two—Cockney and otherwise, a German, and free-lances of other nations. The Crown Prince also figures, and there is fighting. (W. Heinemann. 276 pp. 6s.)

THE GENERAL'S DOUBLE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

A story of the American Civil War, dramatic and moving, and more or less certain to find its way to the stage. (Lippincott. 446 pp. 6s.)

THE SPANISH WINE.

BY FRANK MATHEW.

A grim and gloomy romance of intrigue. Old Ireland is the background, and through the dusky pages flit lord and lady, lover and mistress, monk and dwarf, and other mysterious characters. Much of the story is retrospective, and all is vague and Gothic and eerie. (John Lane. 180 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DEAD MEN'S TALES.

BY CHARLES JUNOR.

In form, a yellow-back, with a picture on the cover representing a stockman finding two skeletons in the Bush. In character, a collection of those stories which Australia produces with remarkable ease, and the *Sydney Bulletin* is pleased to print. The author writes an introduction to show that certain of his yarns are founded on fact and to lay down the rules of the short story. He offers also criticism of some contemporary novelists. It is not acute. (Sonnenschein. 269 pp. 2s.)

TALES OF THE KLONDYKE.

BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.

The narrator of these episodes in the Klondyke diggings declares that he was a pure Cockney before he went out West. He tells how he and Dave Smith "diskivered" gold, and how he starved, and loved, and was raided by Indians; and his language throughout is a blend of ultra-Cockney and ultra-Yankee: "My ears got frost-bit, so I 'ad to be careful arterwards. It was jis' a caution to me. I wrapped wal up fer the res' o' the winter—you can pawn your shirt on that!" (Bliss, Sands & Co. 164 pp.)

MURRAY MURGATROYD, JOURNALIST.

BY CHARLES MORIER.

Murgatroyd's grasp of politics in the *Pioneer* is noted by Sir Richard Hanley, who sends for him and entrusts him with the task of obtaining for the Government certain documents relating to the Transalpine difficulty. These are in the possession of a wealthy Mr. Muller, who keeps them in his bedroom in a remote Devonshire village. Meanwhile, Sir Richard's daughter has been robbed of her watch in St. James's Park. Murgatroyd undertakes to find the documents and the watch. This story of his quest, and its rewards, is cleverly written. (Laurence & Bullen. 152 pp. 1s.)

A STORM-RENT SKY.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

The French Revolution as it affected humble village life in the Champagne district is the theme of this series of episodes. The story attains its climax in Paris at the execution of Danton. (Hurst & Blackett. 354 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Fourth Napoleon: a Romance.* By Charles Benham.  
(W. Heinemann.)

MR. BENHAM calls his story a romance, and the name fits. It is the tale of a new Buonapartist revolution in France, and the discovery of the lost Fourth Napoleon in a briefless barrister, formerly of Pimlico. We have no wish to reveal the highly original design; suffice it to say that the Emperor, when found, is an incapable dreamer, who passes from incapacity to infamy, till the farce plays itself out, and the poor puppet dies a coward's death, with his fine palace of cards tumbled about his ears. We may as well point out at once what seem to us the few blemishes in the work. It is immoderately long, and the stage is perhaps overcrowded with

figures. Now, however careful the work, too great a length and too bewildering a company are apt to spoil any fictional effect. The emotional capacity of a climax is not so keenly felt when it is led up to through a maze of subtle half-portraits. The scheme, we repeat, seems to us brilliantly carried out; our only objection is that such a scheme is in some ways beyond fiction. Again, it is possible that the author uses his right to the fantastic almost to the verge of caricature. A slight tendency to overdo the Thackerayan method now and then perplexes the reader by casting a glamour of comedy over the tragic.

But the merits of the book are so real that one forgets little failures. The picture of the incapable, ambitious sentimentalist, attitudinising in his shabby London lodgings, attitudinising on the throne, and sinking into flabby senility, while still in his own eyes a hero, is far more than a successful piece of portraiture. It is a profound and moving allegory of life. When the monarch falls it is not the mere Walter Sadler who dies, but a part of all of us, which we acknowledge with terror. Surely to have produced such an effect is a high triumph of art. The other people—the girl Muriel, the Framlinghams, Brisson, de Morin, Carache—are all drawn with uncommon subtlety and vigour. Even when the author gives full rein to his freakishness, and riots in such oddities as Prince Felix and the Honourable Charles, there is a gift of epigram which covers much shrewd insight. Mr. Benham follows great models. He has learned much from Thackeray, and there is a strong hint of Balzac in the half-ironical swiftness of change from scene to scene, while the sinking character is the one thing that never varies. We have re-read the book with care and find no reason to modify our first opinion. It is a fine piece of work with enough wit and style and knowledge of life to set up half a dozen ordinary novels. Probably it is the author's first book, in which case it is one of the best first books we have read for a long time. Whether or not it will please the popular mind we cannot say. In an age when the world runs after sloppy domestic idylls, swashbuckling romances, and hysterical psychology, it may pass by the work of a man of intellect.

\* \* \* \*

*David Lyall's Love-Story.* By the Author of *The Land of the Leal.* (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. BARRIE'S literary mantle should be a voluminous one, judging by the number of Scots writer bodies whose deficiencies it must needs cover. In *Sentimental Tommy*, for the greater piquancy of the thing, Mr. Barrie brought his Scots to London, and to the author of *David Lyall's Love-Story* the same expedient has occurred. You would think that the London Scottish had their own quarter of the city, like any Jews of old their Ghetto, for whenever a new character is introduced—which is, at least, once in every chapter—straightway a "Hoots! mon" or a "Hech! laddie" bewrays his nationality. So, if you like undiluted Scots, and therewith an all-pervading optimism of vision, you will find *David Lyall's Love-Story* a readable thing: it is pleasantly and sympathetically told. But if you dislike the dialect, and rebel against optimism, leave it alone.

The structure of the book is episodic; two or three characters hold it together, but essentially a distinct episode or adventure constitutes each chapter. The central hero is David Lyall, a young journalist—Scots—who would venture his pen in London. He falls on his feet and joins the staff of a flourishing daily—with a Scots editor. To these come many other Scots in need of helping hands or brains, and none goes empty away. Thus in the chapter called "Stranded" you have the sad fate of a Scotch artist reduced to "screeving." David finds him at it:

"I did not see him anywhere, but observing a little throng of people on the other side I crossed over, and saw that they were taken up by a lot of pictures done in coloured chalks on the pavement of the street. It was something I had never seen or heard tell of, and I pressed forward to take them all in. Then a kind of 'dwm,' as my grandfather would have expressed it, came over me, for every one of the little landscapes, sharply outlined from each other, was a bit from Faulds. There was the auld brig with the burn below, fringed with the birks of Inneshall. And the village street, with Bawbie Windrum's shop window, and Peter Mitchell, the stalling, in his cage at the door. And last in the row was my own home, The Byres, with the courtyard and the old draw-well faithful to the life. Up against the railings stood the forlorn and shabby artist, out at elbows, down at heels, with his

greasy hat drawn down over his brows, and a curious bitter smile on his mouth. One or two tossed a copper on the pavement ere they passed on, but he did not stoop to pick them up. Then I pressed through the throng and took him by the arm."

Needless to say, the "screever" is recovered from the pavement by the good David, to die in the odour of Scots sentimentality. We confess that we should like David and his editor better if they had one or two of those redeeming faults which journalists and even editors—other than Scots ones—do occasionally display. The "love-story," by the way, hangs about in the background while the crusades are going on, but ends happily at last.

\* \* \* \*  
*The Cedar Star.* By Mary E. Mann.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

MRS. MANN'S new story is a clever study of wilful girlhood. In Betty, her heroine, she sets down a type not uncommon to-day: the spoilt, capricious child, so encouraged in her youth as to become selfish beyond all bounds, yet at heart capable of much that is good. We will not say anything of the plot, except this, that it shows how Betty progressed through suffering to self-repression and a more instant love of her fellow-beings. Mrs. Mann sees with sympathetic eyes, and writes well. Here is a description of a visit of Betty and her sister to Carleton (Billy), the curate, who is afterwards to play so large a part in her life:—

"We hate all women," said Betty; "men are nicer. I shall hate myself when I am a woman, only I shall be of a sensible kind. I shall never wear my petticoats longer than my calves, and I shall always keep my hair hanging down my back."

"Won't Betty look a darling?" inquired the ingratiating Jan. "Cousin Violet looked a darling till she stuck up her hair; now she's frightful."

"Billy's in love with Violet," said Emily, with her dove-like temerity: "I know, because Susan told me when she put me to bed."

"Susan's an ass," said Billy. "Your confounded Paulie is creeping down the back of my neck, Jan," he said. He had turned very red and cross, and no wonder, with the kitten in that position! "Now, be off, all of you, and leave me in peace. I've got my sermon to write."

"Don't do it," advised Betty, unmovedly keeping her ground; "don't preach one. Every one would be awfully glad. We can't go, Billy. You asked us to tea our first holiday. We've come."

"Tea isn't for hours."

"Tea could be."

"We'll wait till Caroline comes in."

"No, no. We don't want Caroline. Only you. Me to make the tea—and only you!"

"Betty to make the tea," said the others, "and only Billy!"

Of course they had their way. What could a young man, kind as a woman and simple as a child, do against the tyranny of the imperious woman-child and her satellites?"

There are stressful passages in the book which are handled with considerable power; but we prefer here to illustrate Mrs. Mann's lighter manner. The story is well worth reading.

\* \* \* \*

*A Man with a Maid.* By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney.  
(Heinemann.)

THIS is a story with an entirely conventional plot. Tabbie, a milliner's apprentice, meets Tom Prideaux, a "gentleman," by the bandstand on Brighton pier. Tom falls in love with her—as a "gentleman" falls in love with a shop-girl; Tabbie, being an extremely simple girl, and very fond of Tom, goes up to see him at his rooms in the Temple—and stays with him for three weeks. Tom has no notion of marrying Tabbie, for it is understood that he is to marry his cousin Constance's money. And circumstances point to the propriety of Tabbie's union with John Starkey, a prosperous young butcher. But just as Tom has married Constance, and Tabbie is about to marry the butcher, Tabbie's sin finds her out; and the story comes to the only possible conclusion. Hundreds of stories have been written around this plot; hundreds more will be written. That, however, does not detract from the undoubted merits of this tale. The oldest plot is new enough if the actors are real; and Mrs. Dudeney's picture of the Maielli dressmaking establishment at Brighton is enough of itself to make her book worth reading. Mrs. Day, the forewoman; "Mad Joel," the little Jewess; Clara Porter, the machinist;



Hortense Loriot and "Cockaninny," to say nothing of Mme. Maielli herself—all are distinct and vivid, resembling one another only in their foolishness, their pettiness, and the love of admiration that leads continually to moral disaster. The insipidity and dulness, too, of the lower middle-class life in Dissenting circles, where the chief delights are a hot Sunday dinner, an afternoon nap, and chapel in the evening, are drawn with a remorseless attention to detail of which Mr. George Gissing would not be ashamed. And the writer who can persuade, as Mrs. Dudeney persuades, that the actors are living, breathing people has small occasion to worry over a lack of originality in the plot.

It strikes us, however, that Mrs. Dudeney would have written an even more convincing book if she had devised it on a smaller scale. Nothing but long and arduous practice can teach the novelist the art of keeping a large number of characters moving without showing the strings. Mrs. Dudeney has let into her story more characters than she can manage, and some of them, such as Haybittle, the wealthy colonial, and Simpson, the artist, for lack of the attention which their creator has no time to give them, are too obviously mere lay figures. The lay figure is a common enough feature of the average novel; but this is something more than an average novel, and that we should notice its presence here by force of contrast with the live actors is in itself a tribute to Mrs. Dudeney's ability. *A Man with a Maid* is quite worthy of its place in the "Pioneer" series, a series which already contains such books as *The Red Badge of Courage*, *A Street in Suburbia*, and *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband*.

## ANTHOLOGIES IN LITTLE.

### I.—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE repute of Michael Drayton has been the sport of time: half a dozen of his poems are on the lips of men; the bulk of them sleep undisturbed in the dust. His own prolix pen is no doubt largely to blame. The principal attempt at a modern reprint foundered on the terrible *Harmony of the Church*, to which even the scandal of episcopal censure can hardly give breath of life; and the bravest scholar might quail at tackling the mazes of that versified gazetteer, the *Polyolbion*, wherein, as Charles Lamb said, Drayton went over his native soil "with the fidelity of the herald and the painful love of a son." Yet even in the *Polyolbion* there is much excellent reading, fine gold in the ore for whose has the patience to extract it; while from the rest of Drayton's innumerable volumes you might easily gather an anthology—as Mr. Bullen indeed has done, if one can only find it—of considerable bulk and extraordinary merit. For Drayton was a real poet, a man of rich temper and strenuous ardours. Adversity drove him to hack-work—the journalism of verse—as it has driven so many good men to journalism before and since. It brought him even into bondage to that paving-stone tyrant of the theatre, Henslowe, who to so many of his letters doled out a grudging pittance. But ever and anon the unconquerable spirit asserted itself, and flamed forth in splendid ode, finely wrought sonnet, or delicate pastoral.

Drayton sprang from those leafy Warwickshire meadows to which so much of the best Elizabethan poetry owed its debt. He was of middle-class folk, the thews and sinews of England—was, in fact, the son of a butcher. He found wealthy patrons, among them Prince Henry, the much-wept Marcellus of the land, and the incomparable Lucy, Countess of Bedford, theme of so many songs that Ben Jonson well named her "the Muses' morning and their evening star." But Drayton seems to have been a man of independent soul, and apt to make patronage difficult. And he ruined his chances at court by offending one greater than Henry, even James himself. He committed the indiscretion of praising James with indecent haste before he had remembered the formality of mourning Elizabeth. Therefore he was in the hands of the booksellers all his life, and the "swarth and melancholy face" of his portraits bewray one who has gone through the furnace of affliction. "My soul," he writes to Prince Henry, "hath seen the extremity of Time and Fortune."

He had an individuality. Beginning his poetic career as a disciple of Spenser, he succeeded in throwing off the benumbing influence, and worked his way by himself to a truer and finer lyricism. He learnt to handle the pastoral more freely and with

truer vision than any Spenserian: he learnt to draw from the Lyra Heroica a richer harmony than that of the "Faerie Queene." In the shaping of that characteristically English form of the sonnet, which culminated in Shakespeare, Drayton, too, played his part: his "Amours" to the mistress whom he names Idea, and whom recent scholarship has identified as Anne Goodere, served as an indisputable model for the greater man. The crowning feature of his work is surely its inexhaustible variety: he turns easily from the intensity of his most famous sonnet to the exultant march of the "Agincourt" poem or to the dainty fairy-world of the "Nymphidia." He often forces the note; he is often tedious, often flat and uninspired: but the poet is there behind it all, ready to thrill you, when the moment comes, with unexpected melody and rare intuition.

### VALEDICTION.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!  
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,  
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free!  
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And, when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.  
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

### TO HIS COY LOVE.

#### A CANZONET.

I pray thee leave, love me no more,  
Call home the heart you gave me,  
I but in vain that saint adore  
That can but will not save me.  
These poor half kisses kill me quite;  
Was ever man thus served?  
Amidst an ocean of delight  
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts  
With azure riverets branched,  
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,  
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.  
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,  
By me thou art prevented;  
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,  
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,  
Nor thy life's comfort call me;  
O these are but too powerful charms  
And do but more enthrall me.  
But see how patient I am grown  
In all this coil about thee;  
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone;  
I cannot live without thee.

#### A SUMMER'S EVE.

Clear had the day been from the dawn.  
All chequered was the sky,  
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,  
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.  
The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss,  
That closely by it grew.  
The rills, that on the pebbles played,  
Might now be heard at will;  
This world they only music made,  
Else everything was still.  
The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,  
Looked as they most desired  
To see whose head with orient pearls  
Most curiously was tired.  
And to itself the subtle air  
Such sovereignty assumes,  
That it received too large a share  
From nature's rich perfumes.

## DAFFODILL.

*Batte.* Gorbo, as thou camest this way  
By yonder little hill,  
Or as thou through the fields didst stray  
Saw'st thou my daffodill?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,  
Which colour likes her sight,  
And never hath her beauty seen  
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold  
That trim up lovers' bowers,  
The pansy and the marigold,  
Tho' Phoebus' paramours.

*Gorbo.* Thou well describest the daffodill!  
It is not full an hour  
Since by the spring near yonder hill  
I saw that lovely flower.

*Batte.* Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet  
Nor news of her didst bring,  
And yet my daffodill's more sweet  
Than that by yonder spring.

*Gorbo.* I saw a shepherd that doth keep,  
In yonder field of lilies,  
Was making (as he fed his sheep)  
A wreath of daffodillies.

*Batte.* Yet, Gorbo, thou deludest me still;  
My flower thou didst not see,  
For, know, my pretty daffodill  
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet  
No lily is so bold,  
Except to shade her from the heat  
Or keep her from the cold.

*Gorbo.* Through yonder vale as I did pass,  
Descending from the hill,  
I met a smirking bonny lass;  
They call her Daffodill.

Whose presence as along she went  
The pretty flowers did greet  
As though their heads they downward bent  
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,  
From top of every hill  
Unto the valleys loud did cry,  
'There goes sweet Daffodill.'

*Batte.* Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy  
Thou all my flocks dost fill;  
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy;  
Let us to Daffodill.

## CHATS WITH WALT WHITMAN.

UNDER this title Miss Grace Gilchrist prints in the February number of *Temple Bar* a series of interesting little talks with "the good grey poet." It was in the quiet Quaker city of Philadelphia, towards the close of the poet's life, these meetings were held. Walt Whitman lived in the somewhat dreary and ugly suburb of Camden, New Jersey, and he would, says Miss Gilchrist, on many a fine afternoon cross by the five o'clock ferry to Philadelphia, and taking the car, reach our house in time for tea-supper. After that was over, we would all take our chairs out, American fashion, beside the "stoop"—that is, on to the pavement, below the front steps of the house. The poet sat in our midst, in a large bamboo rocking-chair, and we listened as he talked, on many subjects—human and literary. Walt Whitman was at this time fifty-eight, but he looked seventy. His beard and hair were snow-white, his complexion a fine colour, and unwrinkled. He had still, though stricken in 1873 by paralysis, a most majestic presence. He was over six feet, but he walked lame, dragging the left leg, and leaning heavily on a stick. He was dressed always in a complete suit of grey clothes with a large and spotless white linen collar, his flowing white beard filling in the gap at his strong sunburnt throat.

The authors he talked most of were Homer, Shakespeare, Scott, George Sand, and Bulwer Lytton; Scott he loved even better than Shakespeare. One quaint method of reading which he indulged in would have driven the devout book-lover wild. He would tear a book to pieces—literally shed its leaves, putting the loose sheets into the breast pocket of his coat—that he might pursue his reading in less weighty fashion under the branches of his favourite trees at Timber Creek. Many have averred that they never heard him laugh—he laughed rarely, but when he did, it was a deep, hearty melodious laugh. He laughed at very simple things—homely jests, and episodes in daily life.

He was quite indifferent, however, to any form of persiflage, repartee, chaffing, or any form of "smart" talk—remaining always perfectly grave and silent amid that kind of by-play; or, as with an importunate questioner, generally withdrawing himself altogether from the group of talkers and finally leaving the room. In his large, serene, sane personality there was no room for trifling or the display of "intellectual fireworks"; with him existed no *arrière pensée*. His phraseology was direct and simple, free from all bookishness or studied grace of expression. He stuck to homely Yankee idioms, with a fair percentage of slang.

One evening in October, one of those lovely, warm, still evenings of the American fall, the conversation turned on beauty. Walt doubted if extreme beauty was well for a woman.

"But," queried one, "how could the Greeks have got on without it?"

"Now arises the almost terrific question," answered Walt: "is there not something artificial and fictitious in what we call beauty? Should we appreciate the severe beauty of the Greeks? The wholesome outdoor life of the Greeks begets something so different from ours, which is the result of books, picture galleries, and bred in the drawing-room." The grace of the Venus of Milo is here instanced. Another talker (a woman) suggests that her face lacks intellect. Walt rejoined energetically, "So much the better. Intellect is a fiend. It is a curse that all our American boys and girls are taught so much. There's a boy I take a great interest in; he is sent to a school in Camden, his people want him to be taught shorthand and three languages; why, it's like putting jewels on a person before he has got shoes."

Prof. Dowden was an English admirer whose letters Walt greatly prized. One passage in one of Prof. Dowden's essays especially appealed to him: "I was much moved—unspeakably so, by that quotation Dowden gives from Hugo—'Fine genius is like a promontory stretching out into the infinite.'"

He liked reading critiques on himself. In one of these chats by the creek, his friend asked him how he liked one which had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year (1877).

"I liked it," said Walt: "I was a good deal tickled by the title ('Walt Whitman the Poet of Joy')—the dashing off kind. I was so pleased with it that I wrote to the office of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Clive's address, sending a portrait of myself, but received no answer." [The real name of the author of this appreciative article was Arthur O'Shaughnessy.]

"I sometimes wonder," he mused, "that I am not more ostracised than I am on account of my free opinions."

"Yes," replied his friend, "we are almost completely so. In Philadelphia the question is—What church do you go to?"

"Good, you don't know what you escape by it. It is well to go to church sometimes to see what people are like. For my part, I am so out of these things, that I am quite surprised, when I go, to find myself living in such a different world. The people round here have been warned by the school director of my poems, and that I am an improper person, and bad character for the young men and maidens to associate with. The time of my boyhood was a very restless and unhappy one; I did not know what to do."

Of the late Mr. Addington Symonds, Walt spoke with very warm regard, and of his literary admiration he was justly proud.

"What Mr. Symonds admires in my books is the comradeship; he says that he had often felt it, and wanted to express it, but dared not! He thinks that the Englishman has it in him, but puts on gruffness, and is ashamed to show it."

Walt Whitman was not a full or copious letter-writer; his letters were, in the main, more like telegraphic despatches than letters, the postcard being his favourite mode of written communication.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE proposal to found a Lewis Carroll cot at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street has been taken up by the *St. James's Gazette*, and is supported by a strong committee. A sum of a thousand pounds is needed, and subscriptions may be sent to the hon. treasurer of the fund, Mr. J. T. Black, of the firm of Messrs. A. & C. Black, Soho-square, or to the editor of our contemporary. The following passage from Mrs. Meynell's article on the subject, printed in the *St. James's Gazette*, is much to the point: "A whole edition of *Alice in Wonderland* was given away by that generous hand to the children in hospital wards many years ago; and now that he is gone it is to this talk of his love of children that we turn for the inspiration of a lasting remembrance of him. While he lived it was most evident that he made the happy a little happier; since his death, and while his friends mourn for him, it becomes more appropriate that in his name we should try the other way and make the suffering a little happy. We have not to go far in quest of suffering, and the succour of the hospital is an accessible thing beyond all price."

ONE of the last things that Lewis Carroll wrote for children was an introduction to a little story just published, by Mrs. E. G. Wilcox, called *The Lost Plum Cake: a Tale for Tiny Boys*. In this introduction Lewis Carroll talks to parents very wisely about the dreadful times children have in church in sermon time—understanding so little, and being obliged to sit quite still. For their relief he makes a startling proposal:

"Would it be so very irreverent to let your child have a story-book to read during the sermon, to while away that tedious half-hour, and to make church-going a bright and happy memory, instead of rousing the thought, 'I'll

never go to church no more'? I think not. For my part, I should love to see the experiment tried. I am quite sure it would be a success. My advice would be to keep some books for that special purpose—I would call such books 'Sunday-treats'—and your little boy or girl would soon learn to look forward with eager hope to that half-hour once so tedious. If I were the preacher, dealing with some subject too hard for the little ones, I should love to see them all enjoying their picture-books. And if *this* little book should ever come to be used as a 'Sunday-treat' for some sweet baby-reader, I don't think it could serve a better purpose."

Of one thing we are sure: Lewis Carroll's own books have long been the child's antidote to sermons. If they have not been taken to church, they have filled little minds in sermon time with visions of delight, and have been responsible for much stifled laughter.

A SLIGHT collection of Lewis Carroll's more serious verse, selected mainly from *Phantasmagoria* (1869), has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title *Three Sunsets*, accompanied by twelve delicate and graceful pictures by Miss E. Gertrude Thomson, which have, however, small relation to the text. Lewis Carroll's grave poems are not of conspicuous merit. They are fluent, lucid, and tender; they do not haunt the caves of the mind. The "Lesson in Latin," reprinted from the private magazine of a Boston school, and "Puck Lost," here printed for the first time, are more welcome. This is a stanza of the "Lesson":

"Our Latin books, in motley row,  
 Invite us to our task—  
 Gay Horace, stately Cicero;  
 Yet there's one verb when once we know,  
 No higher skill we ask:  
 This ranks all other lore above—  
 We've learned 'Amare means to love.'"

And here is "Puck Lost":

"Puck has fled the haunts of men:  
 Ridicule has made him wary;  
 In the woods, and down the glen,  
 No one meets a Fairy!  
 'Cream!' the greedy goblin cries—  
 Empties the deserted dairy—  
 Steals the spoons, and off he flies.  
 Still we seek our Fairy!  
 Ah! What form is entering?  
 Lovelit eyes and laughter airy!  
 Is not this a better thing,  
 Child, whose visit thus I sing,  
 Even than a Fairy?"

A ROMAN correspondent states that the Eternal City has now quite a little circle of English and American literary people. Mr. Gissing, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Hornung represent fiction; Lord Rosebery and Mr. Haweis, criticism; and Mr. Astor, patronage. The principal poet is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the author of the magnificent Battle Hymn of the Republic, who is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Howe, the other day, read a paper on "Pessimism and Optimism," which was listened to, among others, by Bjornsterne Bjornson.

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY has decided to confer upon Mr. Barrie the honorary degree of LL.D. This does not, we trust,

mean that Mr. Barrie will be called Dr. Barrie. But that is impossible. It is hard to think of the author of *My Lady Nicotine* as a Doctor of Laws!

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has caught the infection. The author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, who can convince us of the reality of imaginary kingdoms, must now fall back upon the kingdoms of history. This seems to us a pity. *Simon Dale*, his new novel, is of the period of Charles II. The Duke of Monmouth and Nell Gwynne are among the characters. It is told in the first person—thus: "I, Simon Dale, was born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year of Our Lord sixteen-hundred-and-forty-seven." Mr. Anthony Hope has indeed caught the infection.

THOSE readers of *Punch* who in their minds credit Mr. Seaman with the text of "Animal Land" are mistaken. Both pictures and descriptions are the work of Mr. E. T. Reed. We congratulate Mr. Reed on his double gift.

THE Paris students who have been hooting and insulting M. Zola during his splendid campaign do not, we are glad to say, represent the opinion of all educated youths in that city. The editor of *L'Œuvre*—a "Revue polyglotte ouverte aux jeunes"—M. Jean Sévère, addresses to the novelist an ode of enthusiastic felicitation on his action, in the name of a group of students and young Frenchmen.

MR. R. W. CHAMBERS'S new romance, *Lorraine*, which has not yet reached this country, is spoken of well in America. Whatever its claims to serious notice may be, it cannot be denied that the author's prefatory poem has unusual charm and beauty:

"When Yesterday shall dawn again,  
 And the long line athwart the hill  
 Shall quicken with the bugle's thrill,  
 Thine own shall come to thee, Lorraine!  
 Then in each vineyard, vale, and plain,  
 The quiet dead shall stir the earth  
 And rise, reborn, in thy new birth—  
 Thou holy martyr-maid, Lorraine!  
 Is it in vain thy sweet tears stain  
 Thy mother's breast? Her castled crest  
 Is lifted now! God guide her quest!  
 She seeks thine own for thee, Lorraine!  
 So Yesterday shall live again,  
 And the steel line along the Rhine  
 Shall cuirass thee and all that's thine.  
 France lives—thy France—divine Lorraine!"

A good French translation of this poem should run through France like wildfire.

MR. CHAMBERS, however, seems to have gone further than justice would have dictated in some of his verdicts on contemporary Frenchmen, many of whom figure in the pages of his novel. Thus: "There, too, was Hugo—often ridiculous in his terrible moods, egotistical, sloppy, roaring. The Empire pinched Hugo, and he roared; and let the rest of the world judge whether, under such circumstances, there was majesty in the roar."

MR. MEREDITH'S seventieth birthday was made the occasion of a very pretty compliment to the novelist. The following letter, signed by a number of men and women prominent in literary and public life, was sent to him :

"TO GEORGE MEREDITH :

Some comrades in letters who have long valued your work send you a cordial greeting upon your seventieth birthday.

You have attained the first rank in literature, after many years of inadequate recognition. From first to last you have been true to yourself, and have always aimed at the highest mark. We are rejoiced to know that merits once perceived by only a few are now appreciated by a wide and steadily growing circle. We wish you many years of life, during which you may continue to do good work, cheered by the consciousness of good work already achieved, and encouraged by the certainty of a hearty welcome from many sympathetic readers."

THE instigators were Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Gosse, and the signatories were J. M. Barrie, Walter Besant, Augustine Birrell, James Bryce, Austin Dobson, Conan Doyle, Edmund Gosse, R. B. Haldane, Thomas Hardy, Frederic Harrison, "John Oliver Hobbes," Henry James, R. C. Jebb, Andrew Lang, Alfred Lyall, W. E. H. Lecky, M. Londin, F. W. Maitland, Alice Meynell, John Morley, F. W. H. Myers, James Payn, Frederick Pollock, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Henry Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Mary A. Ward, G. F. Watts, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Wolseley. The list does not, of course, include all prominent men of letters who have fought for Mr. Meredith's fame—we miss, for example, the names of Grant Allen, Frederick Greenwood and W. E. Henley—but it is complete enough to constitute firm testimony to Mr. Meredith's power and distinction.

At the same time several of the leading papers referred to Mr. Meredith's illustrious record in terms of eulogy. The *Times* had a particularly good article, from which we extract the following sentences :

"There are two elements in Mr. Meredith's work which have assured his victory. One is his delight, and his power of communicating delight, in humanity and its thousand activities; in men and women, in their health, their rapid movements, their loves, their antagonisms, their sorrows, and their joys. . . . And the second unapproachable gift of the author is his portrayal of women. It seems a strong thing to say, but it is a defensible position that the only English artist who has left the world a richer gallery of fair women than Mr. Meredith is . . . Shakespeare himself. Doubtless there is a certain conscious debt on the part of the modern writer: he has drawn much from 'Twelfth Night' and 'Much Ado,' from 'The Winter's Tale' and 'Cymbeline.' But it is a great achievement to learn well the Shakespearean lesson. To perform that task one must have some share of Shakespeare's qualities—something, at least, of his subtle insight and of his magical utterance."

The *Daily News* and the *Chronicle*, to name no others, had also generous and luminous estimates of Mr. Meredith's work.

On the other hand, the *Standard* offered its readers a most grudging estimate of Mr. Meredith's work, containing the following sentence—"Neither his men and women nor his plots possess, as a rule, much merit, though there are some exceptions in each case"—and ending with this odd comparison :

"Mr. Meredith has not much dramatic ability, but he is something of a philosopher; and the views of life which he conveys are often such as to merit attention—not always, indeed, for their truth, but rather for their originality. We should not rank him much below Charlotte Brontë, though the authoress of *Jane Eyre* leaped into a sudden popularity, which some might call nozzety, such as Mr. Meredith has never attained."

Truly is the *Standard* a Conservative organ. In its orthography, however, may be noticed a keen desire for change. Mr. Swinburne is docked of his final "e" and *Richard Feverel* comes out "Feveril."

BUT the *Standard* has lately gone curiously wrong in its spelling of proper names. One day this week its dramatic critic announced that at the Lyceum will shortly be seen a new comedy by Mr. H. D. Traill Hitchens—an amusing amalgamation of a well-known critic with a novelist.

A JAPANESE writer has been complaining, with some reason it will be admitted, of the poor pay of Japanese authors. The rate for the work of the best native novelists is between the maximum of one yen (equal to about one and elevenpence) and forty to fifty sen (a hundredth part of a yen) per page of 400 characters. We do not know what the merits of Japanese novelists are, but however poor their stories may be, they seem to need a Sir Walter Besant to fight for them.

THE poems of Jean Ingelow in one volume will be welcomed by many. This edition, which fills 831 pages, begins with "Divided" and ends with "Perdita." It is published by Messrs. Longmans, and a portrait of the author—somewhat of a pathetic figure this, with wistful eyes—is given as a frontispiece.

THE shuffling of magazines continues. Messrs. F. V. White & Co. have just purchased *The Ludgate Monthly*, which was bought a few years ago by *Black and White* from the original proprietor.

THE following curious advertisement appears in the *Author's Circular* :

#### "SENSATIONAL ARTICLE.

"SELLING A STATE SECRET,"  
BEING

A circumstantial account of the manner in which a secret of the French Government was marketed in London. No names are given but the representations made by the vendor as to the genuineness of the thing; to whom applications were made; who wanted the secret; and how it was ultimately disposed of, with other particulars, are given in full. First firm offer will be accepted.—Apply, &c."

FROM the *New York Critic* we take the

following advertisement, also in its way remarkable :

#### "Rudyard Kipling's 'Recessional'"

The most famous poem of recent years

ON DICKINSON HAND-MADE PAPER

Rubricated Title and Signature (in facsimile of autograph)

SHEET SIX BY EIGHT INCHES

Ten cents net per copy. One hundred copies, \$7.50"

It is a little odd to see a poem which is notoriously out of print in the country for which it was written, being offered by hundreds in America.

WE have received the following request :

"On March 20 Henrik Ibsen will complete his seventieth year. This day will be celebrated with great festivals in the literary world of the North, as well in Norway, the poet's native land, as in Denmark, from which country the poet's works are sent out, and to which he is bound with so many and so strong ties. The principal book-publishers will send out commemorative writings, and the theatres are preparing series-performances of plays by Ibsen. The daily paper *Politiken* in Copenhagen, the greatest and most widely circulated daily paper of Denmark, intends to contribute to the celebration of the day by publishing a paper, to which we take the liberty of applying for your kind assistance. Through these lines we apply to the eminent writers of Europe and America. We beg you to communicate to the readers of our paper, in a few lines (we should prefer thirty as a maximum), some impression you have received from Henrik Ibsen, his works, his rank as a dramatist, or as a thinker, his influence, if he has had any, on the literature of your country, which of his works you know, which you value most, &c., &c. We beg you to give perfectly free utterance to your opinions, whichever they may be."

Our opinions are too complex to be uttered lightly; but we wish well to the *Politiken's* scheme.

*Summer Moths*, Mr. Heinemann's new play, which is published this week, was sent by the author, while still in MS., to a critic whose opinion he "especially valued." This gentleman, described by Mr. Heinemann as "peerless among those who sit to judge" (who can he have been?) "expressed astonishment at the relentless morality of the play." Such was not the view of the Licensor of Plays, who, for "acting purposes," at once proceeded to remove the "relentless morality": thus making *Summer Moths*, so Mr. Heinemann tells us, "if not positively immoral—unmoral, to say the least." The play is now printed as originally written.

IF a moral play be a play where the villain of the piece reaps in the fourth act what he sowed in the first, then *Summer Moths* is a moral play. We presume that Mr. Heinemann wrote it as a warning to young men that if they seduce the parlour-maid and the lady housekeeper disagreeable consequences are bound to ensue. In this case there is a kind of double or reflex moral, due to the modern rendering of an ancient command, which becomes "the sins of the children shall be visited upon the fathers." For Philip's father also suffers.

This unfortunate gentleman (he is a General and a K.C.B.), after having had the pleasure of calling his son a hound, and telling him to "go—go—to hell," is exiled. "I am driven out from the home of my ancestors, to spend an old age of disgrace and misery among strangers. Fact is, I am unfit now to think of again serving my Queen." At this juncture two American ladies are real kind to him :

"MRS. WATSON: 'Let us, in your great trouble, stand by you—be your friends, your comforters. Join us on our journey.'

MISS WATSON (*very softly*): 'Come with us—come with us!'

GENERAL: 'Ladies, I thank you. You are right; there is no place for me in England. (*Taking both their extended hands.*) Let us continue our journey.'

So ends the play.

MARK TWAIN, in the immortal legend of the fishwife, has offered a specimen of German as she is constructed and sexed. From a little leaflet of news issued by an English clergyman in a little German town, for the benefit of his parishioners, we take another specimen, consisting of a re-translation by himself (into Teutonised-English) of an English paragraph, describing the arrival of an elephant in London, which had been translated into German :

"Scarcely had the Overseers the Backs turned, when the colossal Thickskinnedone with a single Movement his Chains broke and quietly away-walked. Very cleverly made he himself his Way between all the betweenstanding Carriages and Loadcarts through, until he into the open Street succeeded. It was yet very early on the Morning and therefore yet rather foggy and manempty. Suddenly before a Bakers-showwindow Halt making, observed he for himself the fresh, outlaid, appetising White-loaves. A weak Push of the mighty Head sufficed in order the whole Window out to lift, and a single Wave of the Trunk swept the whole steaming Bakedwares on to the Street-pavement. In the midst between the steaming Bakery stood he now, and let himself one Bread after the other devour. There however neared the Bumbailiffs [*Haescher: see Flügel*] in Form of his Keeper and laid to the Burglar the Handkow. The Baker received as Damages the by him demanded Sum of 78 Shillings."

A VIENNESE sculptor, Ernest Hegenbarth, has completed a bust of Mark Twain, which is said to be an excellent likeness. The original belongs to the sitter, but no doubt casts will some day be procurable.

We have much pleasure in making it known that the good folks of Crofton-hill Ranch, Florence, New Mexico, are anxious to establish a circulating library and literary institute in their midst. One of their number is by way of being a poet, and he has sent in a volume entitled *Alamo, and Other Verses*, with the information that the proceeds of the sale of the volume will be applied to defraying the expense of supplying Crofton-hill Ranch, Florence, New Mexico, with the above luxuries. Such aith deserves reward.

MR. KIPLING, in "McAndrew's Prayer," makes the old engineer utter the plea :

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam!"

It seems that a poet, although not exactly a Robbie Burns, had already arisen to do so some years before. An American writer, named George W. Cutter, wrote the "Song of Steam" in the middle of the century; and a capital song it is, as the following extracts will show :

"How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;  
When I marked the peasant fairly reel  
With the toil which he faintly bore,  
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the courier-dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love—

I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing wheel,  
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last ;  
They invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,  
And laughed in my iron strength."

THE following pithy sentences are printed on the little book-marker which is distributed among the young members of the Library League, in connexion with the Cleveland Public Library, Ohio. They are sensible enough to be worth copying in children's libraries in this country :

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

Or lean your elbows on me when you are reading me. It hurts.

Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

Or putting between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of paper. It would strain my back.

Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean and I will help you to be happy."

THE Duke of Devonshire will preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund at the Whitehall Rooms on Tuesday, May 17.

A SUPPLEMENT to Dr. Spiers's French-English and English-French dictionary is in preparation. Prof. Victor Spiers requests that suggestions for additions and corrections may be sent to him at King's College London.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY, the author of *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*, has written a new novel, entitled *Woman and the Shadow*. The heroine is a *parvenu*. The book will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. early in March.

A HANDBOOK to the coming County Council Election will be issued immediately as a "Westminster Popular" from the office of the *Westminster Gazette*. Its title will be *The Fight for the County Council: an Elector's Catechism; or, One-Hundred-and-One Reasons why every Loyal Londoner should Vote Progressive*. It will deal in dialogue form with all important questions before the electors, and will be illustrated with cartoons and sketches by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould.

EARLY next month will be published a second series of *The Law's Lumber Room*, by Mr. Francis Watt. As in the first series, the essays deal with strange and picturesque parts of our old law. The subjects are fewer, but they have been discussed in greater detail. Among the articles are "Tyburn Tree," "Some Disused Roads to Matrimony," "The Border Laws," and "The Serjeant-at-Law."

A FEATURE of Mr. Budgett Meakin's *Romance of Morocco*, now preparing for the press, is the critical review of over two hundred volumes on that country in English, Spanish, French, Italian, German, Danish, Dutch and Arabic, the perusal of which has been a labour of years.

THE first number of a new periodical reaches us, in the shape of *The Sculptor*, an illustrated magazine for those interested in sculpture.

LIEUT. PEARY, the Arctic explorer, who will in June make a determined effort to reach the North Pole, has completed the narrative of his seven Arctic expeditions. The book, which is one of considerable length, will be published in April by Messrs. Methuen.

A PARODY of *The War of the Worlds* has been written, and will be published shortly in Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. The two authors, Messrs. C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, have agreed upon *The War of the Wenuses* as a title for their travosty.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish a small volume on *The Study of Children and their School Training*, by Dr. Francis Warner, of the London Hospital. Though addressed chiefly to teachers, parents, and others in daily contact with children, it will contain also information that is likely to be of interest to those who are called upon to direct education, philanthropy, and other forms of social work, as well as those concerned with mental science.

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In editing a new edition of *Religio Medici* and Sir Thomas Browne's other essays (Smith, Elder & Co.) Dr. Morley Roberts has written an introduction which might serve as a model for similar undertakings. It is extremely convenient to have a brief and trustworthy memoir giving the salient facts of an author's life, and dealing as little as possible in mere opinion. This is the modest and sensible course pursued by Dr. Morley Roberts. He does not, however, leave us entirely without guidance. Effacing himself he reprints De Quincey's eloquent testimony, and a passage from Carlyle, so noble of itself, so worthy of its subject, that we cannot refrain from repeating it.

"The conclusion of the essay on urn burial is absolutely beautiful; a still elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint flitting faint under the canopy of heaven; an echo of deepest meaning from the great and famous nations of the dead."

Carlyle undoubtedly selected for this eulogy the finest passage ever written by "the great and solemn master of Old English." Those who doubt it will do well to read it again from the paragraph beginning "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." Significant, too, is the fact that the fullest appreciation of Browne comes from a mind of the nineteenth century. The intervening eighteenth—the century of Addison, Steel, Fielding, and Dr. Johnson—with its love of the positive, the lucid, the material, was out of sympathy with this prose dreamer and poet. Victorian England is more akin to that of Elizabeth and James than to the Restoration and post-Restoration period. Browne himself was a connecting link between the two last mentioned. He was born in 1605, a fortnight before the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, the year in which Bacon published his *Advancement of Learning*, when Shakespeare had still eleven years to live, and Milton was not born. He died in 1682, so that he lived through a stirring epoch in national history. "The world to me is but a dream or mock-show," he said, "and we all but pantaloons and anticks."

Dr. Browne was a very skilful and observant physician. In the *Letter to a Friend* (which we are glad to see included in this volume) several proofs of this are given. Take the account of his first visit to the patient for whose demise this is an epistle of consolation. It has a peculiar interest for the student of literature:

"Upon my first visit I was bold to tell them who had not let fall all hope of his recovery that in my sad opinion he was not like to behold a grasshopper, much less to pluck another fig; and in no long time after seemed to discover that odd mortal symptom in him, not mentioned by Hippocrates, that is, to lose his own face, and look like some of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle, the lines of whose face lay deep and invisible in his healthy visage before; for as from our beginning we run through variety of looks, before we come to consistent and settled faces so before our end, by sick and languishing

alterations, we put on new visages; and in our retreat to earth may fall upon such looks which from community of seminal originals were before latent in us."

Most of us who have been at a death-bed know something of this curious change, but to what effective purpose is it put in "In Memoriam"!

"As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those who watch it more and more,  
A likeness hardly seen before  
Comes out—to some one of his race:  
So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred to the great of old."

Life to his sombre genius was almost wholly "a meditation on death." He looked forward to it with majestic calm during all the thinking part of a life of seventy-seven years, and he met it fearlessly at last. He seems to have carried on the processes of faith and doubt in separate compartments of his brain so that one never interfered with the other. Indeed, his scientifically trained mind found the oddest objections to inspiration, as, for instance, when in one of his most pious moods it suddenly occurs to him to ask how Moses reduced the golden calf to ashes, for "that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire grows only hot, and liquefies and consumeth not." Further on he recalls the assertion of the "chymicks" that at the last fire "all shall be crystallised and reverberated into glass." But these and a hundred other casually stated difficulties are dealt with wholly by the understanding; they do not influence his faith in the slightest. The man of science, as is seen over and over again in his "Vulgar Errors" can bring cold irrefragable logic to the demolition of beliefs he is out of sympathy with, but the same man on the other side of his nature is a religious poet—mystic, credulous, and steeped in superstition. He is a firm believer in witches and witchcraft, corresponds with alchemists and astrologers like Dr. Dee (misprinted Lee in this volume), and has a hankering after the Philosopher's Stone.

His great contemporary Milton has said that to write an epic you must live an epic, and Browne has left on record an obverse of this truth that puzzles his latest as it did his earlier editors.

"Now for my life," he says in the *Religio*, "it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not an history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in."

Upon this Dr. Morley Roberts, following Dr. Johnson, coldly remarks that "its actual incidents would justify no such description"; therein he reverts to the eighteenth century. What we have to remember is that Browne was literally cradled in mysticism. "His father," relates Mrs. Littleton, "used to open his breast when he was asleep and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." The point is curious because it illustrates a vulgar misapprehension of romance. Had Browne, as a

Cavalier or Roundhead, undergone perilous adventures and hair'sbreadth escapes, witnessed "battles, sieges, fortunes," and cut a striking figure in the Civil War, then if heart and brain had been as callous and unimpressionable as they usually are in the soldier type, to the common mind he would have been a hero of romance; his life would have been a poem. But true romance lies not in the action but in the spirit, and he whose imagination saw the air thronged with angels and night populous with devils and spectres, to whom all creation was a perpetual wonder and mystery, and death only the beginning of life, even in tranquil Norfolk, was, as Pater insists, a true romantic. "Every man is a microcosm," he says, "and carries the whole world about with him."

Unquestionably the best of his work is in the *Urn Burial*, where he had a theme peculiarly adapted to his genius. In the *Religio* there is a certain immaturity, emphasised to us by the fact that modern doubt and difficulties lie in a different atmosphere. The influence of Montaigne is also too fresh and vivid; inspiring him to write such paradoxes as the famous one laughed at so often since in the Ho-Eliañe letters and elsewhere. "I might be content to procreate like trees without conjunction," &c., a passage that reads singularly now we know that forty-one years of married life and twelve children were awaiting in the unseen future even as he wrote. Yet it contains some lovely examples of his style, such as the passage in which this occurs: "There is in the universe a stair or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion."

*Urn Burial* was written in the full and mellow maturity of his power, although there is visible even here some of that jotting and note-making which give his compositions more the air of rude drafts than finished pictures. Often, too, one sees by the impotent conclusion of a paragraph that he likes to call up a succession of fine images merely for the pleasure of beholding them. A single quotation will illustrate this:

"Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses before the heroes and masculine spirits; why the psyche, or soul, of Tiresias is of the masculine gender, who being blind sees more than all the rest in hell; why the funeral suppers consisted of eggs, beans, smallage, and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows; why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable nor any propitiation in the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt."

It belonged to the character of his mind that he delighted to pose himself with unanswerable queries, such as "What songs the syrens sang," or "What name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women." He died as he foretold—on his birthday; and "the tragical abomination" he dreaded was perpetrated on his bones, which were "knaved out of the grave," and his skull placed on exhibition at Norwich in 1840—three centuries after death.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

## X.—AN AMBASSADOR OF COMMERCE.

IN the course of a desultory conversation in the hotel smoking-room it came out that the big man with the iron-grey beard had just come back from Canada. Further enquiry elicited the information that once every year he made a business trip across the Atlantic, and that altogether he had crossed thirty-four times. I had noticed as I entered the room that he was reading a penny paper-covered novelette, which he laid down on the table by his side in order to join in the conversation. The circumstance impressed me. Bearded men are not often seen with novelettes, which are usually supposed to be the joy of housemaids.

"I should uncommonly like a couple of long voyages every year," I remarked. "It would give me time to read such a lot of books that I shall never be able to read otherwise. Now I suppose you get through a deal of reading between here and Quebec?"

"It's about the only time I do read," he replied, "and I always lay in a big stock for the voyage."

"And how do you select your books? I always find that the very books I leave behind me on a holiday are just the books I wish I had brought."

"I never have any difficulty about that," he said. "For the last twenty-five years—more than that, I should say—I have stuck to the same plan. Just before I start I send out and buy the whole year's numbers of the *Family Herald*, and all the monthly stories in the *Family Herald Story Teller*. And then I sit down with a pipe and read 'em all through. If I don't get through them before I'm back in England again, I finish 'em up at odd times. If they don't last out, I start afresh on them, and read some of them again."

"I didn't know they were read much by men."

"Oh, don't you make any mistake! I always lend them, when I've done with them, to other men on board, and they like 'em better than anything. They're the most popular things on the ship."

"And they interest you? I should have thought they were scarcely—well—meaty enough—milk for babes, you know. But I've never read any of them myself."

"Ah, I expect you go in for what they call literature!"

"Well, I skim most of the books that get themselves talked about. Don't you care for the ordinary novel?"

"I can't understand what people see in the novels that are so popular. Now, a man on board wanted me to read *Phroso*. He said it was exciting. Well, I tried; but I couldn't do it. I wanted to shy it into the sea. There was another book, too, called *Many Cargoes*. That was a bit better; but I'd far rather read a *Family Herald* story."

"But in what point is it superior—say, to *Phroso*?"

"Well, now you ask me more than I can tell you. You see, I don't want to know

why I like a story. I know quite well when I do like it. And if I pick up one of these novels that people talk about I may like it or I may not. If I buy fifty-two *Family Heralds* I know that I shall enjoy reading them, every one of them. Some are better than others, of course. I'm told that a good many of them are written by really good writers; but I don't know anything about that. I only know that I've found out exactly the sort of reading that suits me, and I intend to stick to it. Ah, you may laugh."

"I'm not laughing. I'm rather envious of anyone who knows how to satisfy himself with such certainty."

"Well, you see, I don't ask for much. I only want a story that I can read easily while I'm smoking, and a story that will just take my mind and—put it to sleep, so to speak."

"Some people read to stimulate thought, you know."

"Well, I read to prevent myself thinking. That's the difference," he replied.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

## VI.—THE COCKNEY SENTIMENT.

DR. JOHNSON would not have said with Sir Fopling Flutter: "Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert." But the sentiment was in his heart; and the Doctor's contempt for the country differed from Sir Fopling's only in being more discreet. For whereas Sir Fopling's arrows fell at Hyde Park-corner, the Doctor's flew from Fleet-street to Mull, and thence glanced off to Pekin. "What is Pekin?" one hears him exclaim. "Sir, ten thousand Londoners would drive all the people of Pekin; they would drive them like deer." In his writings Johnson showed himself no less London-proud. He snuggled within London, and declared that none but those who lived in it could conceive its happiness. Even when he defended the countryman from the gibes of the cockney—which he did once—the cockney was not so much cudgelled as the countryman was awed.

Dr. Johnson remains the typical exponent of the cockney sentiment. All the more is he that because he was a Londoner by adoption. There is no London-lover like the man who has fought for his footing in the metropolis, and would rather have gone under than have gone back. And Johnson, asserting the Fleet-street pavement, thrusting porters aside, but leading old women by the hand, ambling from tavern to tavern, and known as familiarly as Temple Bar, is the incarnation of the Londoner's joy in London.

The cockney sentiment has of course varied in nobility. In Johnson it was of the best workaday kind. It is not very noble in Lady Malapert: "O law!" exclaimed that lady, "what should I do in the country? There's no levées, no Mall, no plays, no tea at Siam's, no Hyde Park." It is no loftier in Shestone's lady of the

ballad, who refuses a Lincolnshire squire's hand:

"To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,  
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;  
To have neither China nor Indian to see!  
Nor a laceman to plague in the morning—not she!

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,  
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;  
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,  
O Heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road."

Thus a woman of fashion. The man of fashion's feeling is usually nearer to Johnson's. He feels what women do not—the charm of mere place. To be in London, to be in the "full tide of existence," to "take a walk down Fleet-street," to saunter in the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall"—these are the delights to which he would choose to give expression. To the true Londoner London gives a nameless relish to pleasures equally possible in the country. Tom Hood's cockney moralised correctly when tempted into the country by his cousin Giles:

"After all, an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn Hill?  
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh butter wherever you will?  
And a covered cart that brings cottage bread quite rustical-like and brown?  
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.  
Howsoever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vexed,  
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,  
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the old Bell and Crown,  
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down."

Dr. Johnson would have grunted approval of this. But the cockney sentiment has been enlarged since Johnson's day. London is loved now for many things which affected him not. The Londoner has cultivated his eye. Johnson, indeed, saw men, and heard men talk, and had the news hot from the press. But such a genuine little poem as Henry S. Leigh's "A Cockney's Evening Song" reflects a mood which Johnson never knew.

"Fades the twilight in the last golden gleam  
Thrown by the sunset on upland and stream;  
Glints o'er the Serpentine—tips Notting Hill—  
Dies on the summit of proud Pentonville.

Temples of Mammon are voiceless again—  
Lonely policemen inherit Mark-lane—  
Silent is Lothbury—quiet Cornhill—  
Babel of Commerce, thine echoes are still.

Far to the South—where the wanderer strays,  
Lost among graveyards and riverward ways,  
Hardly a footfall and hardly a breath  
Comes to dispute Laurence—Pountney with Death.

Westward the stream of Humanity glides;  
'Busses are proud of their dozen insides.  
Put up thy shutters, grim Care, for to-day—  
Mirth and the lamplighter hurry this way.

Out on the glimmer weak Hesperus yields!  
Gas for the cities and stars for the fields.  
Daisies and buttercups, do as ye list;  
I and my friends are for music and whist."

In our own day London pride is not maintained on jests at the expense of the country. The truest singers of London life have watched the west wind on corn, have inhaled the pinewoods, and laughed under the smiting of clean rain. But they say, or rather Mr. Selwyn Image has said:

"Yet are these souls of coarser grain,  
Or else more flexible, who find  
Strange, infinite allurements lurk,  
Undreamed of by the simpler mind,  
Along these streets, within these walls,  
Of cafés, shops, and music-halls.

I'll call not these the best, nor those:

The country fashions, or the town:  
On each descend heaven's bounteous rains,  
On each the impartial sun looks down.  
Why should we gird and argue friend;  
Not follow, where our natures tend?

The secret's this: where'er our lot,  
To read, mark, learn, digest them well,  
The devious paths our mortals take,  
To gain at length our heaven or hell:  
Alike in some still rural scene  
Or Regent-street and Bethnal Green."

Even this is cold and argumentative. Mr. Henley, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Davidson, and other London poets, go further. They obliterate the distinctions between town and country. They see the march of the seasons in Holborn, and for them the sunset in St. James's Park would not be improved if the sea instead of the duck-pond rolled in its light. Such sight was not given to Johnson; such poetry could not have come from Lamb. Lamb's love of London surpassed Johnson's in breadth, in humanity, in detailed sympathy; but it had not the multitude of tendrils with which Mr. Henley's or Mr. Binyon's is furnished. He could exult, indeed, in the press of the Strand; but these can do more, they exult on a higher plane.

Yet the classical expressions of the love of London are Elizabethan still. Herrick's cry, on his return to town, stands in that class:

"From the dull confines of the drooping west,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,  
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly  
To thee, blest place of my nativity!  
Thus, thus, with hallow'd foot I touch the  
ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy fortune  
crown'd.

O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty year by year;  
O place! O people! manners! framed to  
please

All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!  
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then  
That I amongst you live a citizen.

London my home is; though by hard fate  
sent

Into a long and irksome banishment;  
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,  
O native country, repossess'd by thee!  
For, rather than I'll to the west return,  
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.

Weak I am grown, and must in short time  
fall;

Give thou my sacred relics burial!"

And it were strange if Shakespeare had not appealed to the cockney sentiment. Surely

he did so in the great chorus passage on the return of Harry the Fifth from Agincourt. For who can doubt that the Bankside audience appropriated it in that sense, and by it were confirmed in their London self-consciousness?

"But now behold  
In the quick forge and working-house of  
thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens.  
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in."

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE question of literature in this present frenzied state of Paris is an idle one. At any other time two such notable books as *La Cathédrale* and *Le Désastre*, with their actual and historic importance, would have created a wide interest. Who reads them? Who talks of them? Who writes about them? First the *affaire Dreyfus* rolled a tidal wave of passion over Paris that threatened reason. It only subsided to burst in a menace of revolution in the *affaire Esterhazy*. Had Paris then possessed a man of any prestige or political power, she was ripe for a *coup d'état*. There was nobody, and one of the infinite psychological moments of her broken history passed in a gust of words and a few blows in the Chamber. The incident was useful to Forain and Caran d'Ache in the *Figaro*, and it produced considerable difficulties in social existence. In the dining-room, in the salon, in the smoking-room, the amenities of conversation are momentarily suspended. It has become positively dangerous to speak of anything but the weather to your dearest friend. And even the weather is sure, sooner or later, to bring us back to the dangerous latitude below the Equator, by the explosive mention of a certain island, and the eternal, inevitable question of Dreyfus's innocence or culpability. For there is no escape. As well have tried at the time of the war to ignore the existence of the Prussians. The fact demands the genius of a Goethe, and as we are all human and passionate and excitable here, we make no pretence to think of anything else.

The *affaire Zola* has at last landed us in full hysterics. Reason itself has flown. The city, from palace to basement, is divided into two camps. The army, with its despotic traditions, its inquisitorial pride on one side; Emile Zola, with his noble demand for justice to the individual on the other. Stevenson, in his delightful essay on Fontainebleau, noted two striking features in French and Anglo-Saxon character. The Anglo-Saxon is essentially dishonest; the French has no understanding of fair play. The lack of the most rudimentary conception of justice as an abstract right and virtue in the French mind is astounding. Sadder reading than that of the arguments of the anti-Semites, or the partisans of the army in this lamentable affair, could not well be

conceived. That Dreyfus, innocent or guilty, has an equal claim upon justice is what they would willingly rend you limb from limb if they could for daring to admit. A couple of days ago Saint-Genest, in the front page of the *Figaro*, wrote a long article in the name of the outraged army to which he has the honour to belong. Will it be believed that the argument he brought forward against the Revision, the basis of his belief in the unfortunate exile's guilt, was the fact that Dreyfus, a Jew, was *anti-pathetic to all his brother officers*, Christians! And the iniquity of this reasoning of a prejudiced schoolboy in so grave a case, where the honour and happiness of an entire family are concerned, which involves far more even than the life of a fellow being, has not struck a single reader of the *Figaro*, has not elicited a word of protest from any quarter.

The French are an interesting, a sparkling, a delightful race; but if I ever decide upon committing a crime I shall betake myself to the shores of perfidious Albion. Whatever the faults of the English—and they are not more perfect than the French—at least they do not publicly advocate the despatching of a British subject to distant penal settlements for life on the ground that he is generally anti-pathetic. Indeed, the amiable Saint-Genest went a step further. With a candour we can never sufficiently commend, however much it may shock us, he admits, because of this antipathy, that if it had rested with him he would gladly have "suppressed" Dreyfus instead of sending him to the Ile du Diable. This is refreshing. One asks oneself in dismay, Can it really be possible that we are at the end of the nineteenth century? What is the measure of the progress of civilisation, after all, if it leaves Paris to-day not considerably removed from the fifteenth? "Death to the Jews!" "To the river with Zola!" These are cries to give us pause in pain. And the excited state of society is assuredly not more comforting. To say that at a dinner-table, in a drawing-room, not a soul may dare honestly express his mind without terror of raising a commotion hardly less unseemly than that of the Chamber. I was lately in a salon where an honest young fellow was making his *début* in the social arena. Fresh from the redoubtable *quarter*, laurelled and diploma-ed, he was foolish enough to fancy he could speak as freely here as there; so he said, in a frank and boyish way: "I only hope they won't kill Zola." Silence and consternation around him. There was a military officer present. To him our hostess turned with a superb smile, by which she won pardon for mention of the awful name, and said quite loudly, as a hint to the offender: "General, have you resumed your study of Wagner?" Mighty powers! How the atmosphere has changed! Once it was Wagner's name which fanned the breath of revolution, and the Parisians tore each other to pieces outside the Opera House because "Lohengrin" was being played inside. To-day Wagner is the sedative, and Zola's name provokes sedition.

To turn to a more cheerful theme, M. Jean Hess has written a pleasant volume



on the soul of our coloured brethren. It is a stretch of imagination to call it *L'Âme Nègre*, for the soul, black or white, hardly enters into consideration. Something like a glimpse of it is seen in a cry from the "Nigger Bible":

"With the black, nothing, nothing but pain and hard labour, and also eternal desire. Why has the All-Powerful given us the envy and desire of ever more than we know, of ever more than we can hope to achieve? Why has He not given us force as well as desire? We are unfortunate."

For the rest, M. Hess paints them as content enough with their material resources. Here is an excellent portrait of one of their chiefs:

"Elado was a man of subtle mind, in great renown for his cleverness in finding out the truth in discussions (why not import him to Paris to preside over the *affaire Zola*, where, alas! such a chief is in terrible need). His eye was piercing. When he spoke to you he looked straight down to your heart. He discovered the colour of the words his ears imperfectly heard. The mouth of man is sometimes so full of traps that when the words come forth they have completely changed their garb. Elado heard with his eyes, he saw the words before wickedness or roguery had time to clothe them. In the councils it was said that to deceive him, and make him believe what was not true, it was necessary to make a special compact with the Spirit of Lies."

Decidedly, the Whites have gone further than the Blacks, and fared worse, since this subtlety and cleverness are not ours.

*Un poète Egba* is a tale with a touch of Kipling. Not so strong, or so dramatic, but with all Kipling's taste for raw, rude colours and strange words of remote and barbaric races. The same strain runs through *Majogbé*, but, though fresh and picturesque, it might with advantage be cut down half its present length, and gain thereby something of Stevenson's tense grasp and vitality. M. Hess has an agreeable style. He is a traveler and a sailor, like Pierre Loti, who brings us back rare scenes and characters, and names and traditions, and all this forms very bright reading. But to make it vivid and living to us, to give form and feature to these strange names, needs the exquisite freshness of Stevenson's style, the unapproachable charm of Loti's, and the incommunicable genius of the other.

H. L.

## THE WEEK.

THE publications of the week are miscellaneous, but not unimportant; and the arrival of Dr. George Brandes's *Study of Shakespeare* is an event. A curious juxtaposition in our list is that of a history of Indian literature, beginning with the first Vedic bards, and a history of Australian literature starting from 1825!

DR. GEORGE BRANDES'S critical study of William Shakespeare comes in two volumes more than four hundred pages each. These are bound in green buckram, and

the title is affixed on a label of vellum. The interest of the work can hardly be overstated. Dr. Brandes is an optimist on the questions of how far we do or may know Shakespeare. He concludes his second volume with these words:

"It is the author's opinion that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing whatever about him. The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him.

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London during her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

PROF. MAX MÜLLER has published his recollections of men and things (some of which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*) in volume form. Prof. Müller has this pleasant account to give of the inception of his book:

"What are you to do when you are sent away by your doctor for three or four weeks of perfect rest? . . . I found myself in small lodgings at an English watering-place with nothing to do all day long but to answer a number of accumulated letters and to read the *Times*, which always follows me. What was I to do? Doctors ought to know that to a man accustomed to work enforced rest is quite as irritating and depressing as *travaux forcés*. In self-defence I at last hit on a very simple expedient: I began to write what could be written without a single book, and taking paper, pen, and ink—these I had never forsworn—I jotted down some recollections of former years. . . . I know, from sad experience, that my memory is no longer what it was. All I can say is, that the positive copy, here published, is as true and as exact as the rays of the evening sun of life, falling on the negative in my memory, could make it."

MR. R. W. FRAZER, whose *Literary History of India* is before us, is lecturer in Telegu and Tamil at University College. He wrote the volume on *British India* in the "Story of the Nations" Series, and he is the author of a little book entitled *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands*, in which he treated Indian life and faiths in a popular manner. Those books, however, must have been trifling undertakings compared with this comprehensive critical survey of Indian literature. Mr. Frazer, of course, begins with the Aryan invasion. Thence he passes to the early Vedic bards, to Brahmanism, to Buddhism, to the great Epics and the Drama; and concludes with a consideration of "The Foreigner in the Land."

THE authors of *The Development of Australian Literature*, Mr. Henry Gyles Turner and Mr. Alexander Sutherland, write: "To Our Wives we Dedicate this Book; to the Reading Public we Commend It; to the

Critics we Submit It with Becoming Defiance." An account of Australian literature is certainly no superfluous production. The writers say in their Preface:

"Australia has most assuredly produced no genius of the great, calm, healthful type. Her writers have, as a class, been ill-balanced in mind, and therefore have had more or less unhappy careers, or else they have bewailed at heart the woes of exile from the homes of early childhood, which, seen through the tenderly deceitful light of the dawn of memory, make the transplanted poet encourage a melancholy view of his new surroundings. Thus our literature has many sad notes in it, and not a few that are morbid. Still, we may claim that, such as it is, it now is gathering power to speak to the hearts of millions, and with the weight and importance it is thus acquiring there comes an increasing curiosity to know the story of its development, and the personal careers and characters of its chief writers."

It appears that the first book printed and published in Australia was a treatise *On the Cultivation of the Vine, and the Art of Making Wine*, by one James Busby. It was issued in 1825, and fell dead from the press.

MR. ANDREW LANG has written an Introduction to a little book, entitled *The Highlands of Scotland in 1750*. The basis of the book is an MS. which has long lain in the King's Library in the British Museum. Mr. Lang says that the author of the MS., which describes the Highlands in 1750, is unknown; but "it may be conjectured that the writer is a Mr. Bruce, an official under Government, who, in 1749, was employed to survey the forfeited and other estates in the Highlands."

MR. WALTER COPLAND PERRY dedicates his book, *The Women of Homer*, to the Queen, by permission. Mr. Perry has written his book for the general reader, packing his learning into Appendices for the benefit of Greek scholars. He writes:

"How lively and thorough may be the sense and understanding of classical antiquity in those who have little or no knowledge of the Greek language, is exemplified in very numerous instances. Who has portrayed Greek and Roman heroes so faithfully as Shakespeare, with his 'small Latin and less Greek'? Whose heart has been thrilled with greater rapture by the divine songs of Homer than those of Goethe and Schiller? Who has ever shown a more subtle instinct for Greek art and Greek poetry than Keats, in his 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' his 'Psyche' and 'Endymion'? Yet none of these were classical scholars; they derived their knowledge of Greek literature chiefly from translations. The same may be predicated of many of our most popular modern artists, who delight to take their subjects from the two grand Epics of Homer."

Mr. Perry has chapters on "The Magic of Homer," "The Position of Women in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*," "Marriage," and "The Dress of Women in Homer." The book is illustrated with photographs from ancient Greek and Roman statues. In these, says Mr. Perry, the dresses are archaeologically incorrect; but "pictorial and plastic remains of the Heroic age do not furnish sufficient examples of Homeric dress from which to derive satisfactory illustrations."

THE "Victorian Era" Series, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, has just been enriched by a critical study of Charles Dickens by Mr. George Gissing. Mr. Gissing does not favour his reader with a preface; but his twelve chapter-headings indicate clearly enough the aim and scope of this book. We have "The Growth of Man and Writer," "The Story-Teller," "Art, Veracity, and Moral Purpose," "Satiric Portraiture," "Style," &c.

By a coincidence there comes with Mr. Gissing's book a volume made up of occasional writings of Charles Dickens, contributed to old periodicals, and never till now reprinted. Mr. F. G. Kitton has written an Introduction, in which he says:

"For English readers the entire contents of the present volume will possess the charm of novelty, for here Charles Dickens is somewhat unexpectedly revealed to them in the rôle of essayist, critic, and politician. The majority of these fugitive pieces were actually produced at a period subsequent to the time when the name of the author of *Pickwick* became a household word, and are, therefore, essentially characteristic of his well-known literary style."

The story which gives the volume its title, *To be Red at Dusk*, was written in 1852 for the *Keepsake*, in compliance with an earnest request from Miss Power, who had succeeded Lady Blessington as editor of the annual. From the essays and sketches in the volume the reader may gather once more Dickens's views on capital punishment, popular education, copyright, and other social questions.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has put forth a slim book of "Devotional Love Poems" entitled *Spikenard*. They have a deeply spiritual character, and the title of the poem is justified in the following lines printed at the end of the book:

"As one who came with ointments sweet,  
Abettors to her fleshly guilt,  
And brake and poured them at Thy feet,  
And worshipped Thee with spikenard spilt:  
So from a body full of blame,  
And tongue too deeply versed in shame,  
Do I pour speech upon Thy Name.  
O Thou, if tongue may yet beseech,  
Near to Thine awful Feet let reach  
This broken spikenard of my speech."

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### "WHAT HAS DANTE TO DO WITH ST. PANCRAS?"

THERE are apparently three orders of poets: great poets, whose works sell widely; mediocre poets, whose works sell somewhat; and Mr. W. A. Eaton, whose works sell enormously. Mr. Eaton's "Popular Poems" are to be seen in the windows of small news-vendors. Their price is a penny each, and they have enjoyed popularity for nearly twenty years. "The Fireman's Wedding"—Mr. Eaton's masterpiece—is in its one hundred and twenty-fourth thousand; "The Wreck of the *Princess Alice*" is in its thirty-third thousand; "Bill Bowker's

Wooring" is in its seventh thousand; and "The Rivals" and "The Theatre on Fire" are in their sixteenth thousands.

The secret of Mr. Eaton's success is not far to seek. He knows what the people like in the way of rhyme and sentiment, and he supplies it. His name is a household word in mean streets. He could probably answer Mr. John Morley's question, "What has Dante to do with St. Pancras?" more truthfully and pertinently than any man in London. To a great part of St. Pancras Mr. Eaton is Dante. By that or any other name he would be popular, because he is the people's poet, writing in their own language, and saying in rhyme what they are saying without rhyme. He is also an adept at bringing a lump into their throats; a luxury which the underfed working youth allows himself occasionally.

Here are the opening verses of "The Fireman's Wedding":

"What are we looking at, gov'nor?  
Well, you see that carriage and pair?  
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir:  
And arn't they a beautiful pair?"

They don't want no marrow-bone music,  
There's the fireman's band come to play!  
It's a fireman that's going to get married,  
And you don't see such sights every day!

They're in the church now, and we're waiting  
To give them a cheer as they come;  
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it  
Deserves all his life to go dumb."

The story is told in a score of verses—

"And there was the face at the window,  
With its blank look of haggard despair—  
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,  
And her white lips were moving in prayer."

Of course. And then we are back at the church door:

"And now, sir, they're going to get married—  
I bet you she'll make a good wife;  
And who has the most right to have her?  
Why, the fellow that saved her young life.

A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!  
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they  
are;

We'll give them the cheer that we promised,  
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!"

But Mr. Eaton is not always pushing everyday life to its extreme incidents. Fires and firemen are of his stock-in-trade, and there must always be movement, but not every cry of "Police!" or "Murder!" in Mr. Eaton's verses means a tragedy. In "A Little Mistake" they are raised in the course of a comical game of cross purposes resulting from Timothy Prout's walking into the wrong house—a mistake for which the reader is prepared by the following little photographic picture:

"He was tired of the bricks and mortar and noise,  
The dust and the traffic and impudent boys,  
The smoke and the din of the dark city street,  
So he thought he would seek a 'suburban retreat.'  
At Peckham a snug little villa he found,  
With a garden at back, quite a nice piece of ground;  
But the houses in front were so much like each other,  
It was like picking out one twin from his brother.

The doors were alike, and the windows as well,  
Even down to the shape of the knocker and bell;  
And, as if to make the resemblance complete,  
One key would unlock every door in the street."

Mr. Eaton is always very much on the side of the angels. Some of his poems are Temperance tracts, but they are far too human to be resented as such. Again, in "All the Winners" the obvious lesson is brought home mercilessly.

"Home: he crept in like a culprit,  
Stole like a thief through the door;  
And he heard, like the voice of a demon,  
'All the winners! Special!' once more.  
Alone in his own little chamber,  
A pistol pressed close to his head,  
That form full of life in the morning,  
At night lay all ghastly and dead.  
Alas for the sweetheart and mother!  
Alas for the deed that was done!  
If he were one of the winners,  
Now tell me, What had he won?"

"Gentleman Dick" is a plea for the Sunday-school, and "A Kiss for a Blow" wears its moral in its title. We notice, however, that the songs which have run into their thousands are not these, but pieces like "The Wreck of the *Princess Alice*," which has still a large sale. The narrator is a husband who saved his wife and child in that catastrophe, and his story contains such pictures as this—

"And there in the river were hundreds  
Going down with a cry of despair,  
The top of the water seemed covered  
With faces and long floating hair."

In "The Theatre on Fire" (the piece was a pantomime) we read:

"Who can describe the horror of that scene?  
Some call aloud for friends that cannot come;  
Some stand as if they asked what it could mean,  
Yet seem by abject terror stricken dumb.

Meanwhile the flames spread quickly and destroy  
The painted grotto in the 'Bowers of Bliss,'

And round the mimic 'Fairy's Home of Joy'  
They roar and flicker with defiant hiss.

Of course Mr. Eaton "did" the Jubilee. Here is the scene at St. Paul's:

"The eight cream coloured horses came proudly prancing by,  
And the Queen was bowing, smiling; I saw some strong men cry;  
It was the grandest sight I think the world has ever seen,  
She's proud of her good people, and we're proud of such a Queen.

No doubt you read the papers, about the service there,  
Upon St. Paul's Cathedral steps, the special hymn and prayer,  
And how the good Archbishop, so dignified and grave,  
Cried 'Cheers for Queen Victoria!' So cheers the people gave."

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour" might be the motto on Mr. Eaton's collected works. But an alternative motto would be: "What has Dante to do with St. Pancras?"

## D R A M A.

AFTER a period of commendable self-reliance, the English stage is again showing a disposition to lean upon adaptations from the French. Mr. Tree has commissioned an English version of M. Richepin's latest play, "Le Chemineau," which Mr. Parker is adapting under the title of "Ragged Robin"; and Sir Henry Irving is understood to have acquired the English rights of the most recent Parisian success, "Cyrano de Bergerac," a poetic and costume play by M. Rostand, a young author who has already forced the portals of the Comédie Française. So much activity in the importation of serious drama is unprecedented of recent years. Farce has always been a favourite *article de Paris*, and the disappearance from the bills of "Never Again," the successor to the highly popular Vaudeville piece, "A Night Out," has promptly been followed by the production at the Duke of York's Theatre of "The Dovecot," an English version of "Jalouse." "Cyrano de Bergerac" has added another to the many triumphs of M. Coquelin; but I must own to having some doubts as to the title-part being entirely suited to Sir Henry Irving. The hero of M. Rostand's play is a Gascon adventurer of the D'Artagnan type—a redoubtable swordsman, who is cursed with a nose of unsightly dimensions. This nose has its dramatic *raison d'être* in the fact that, despite his courage and gallantry, it alienates from its possessor the affections of the fair sex; so that Cyrano de Bergerac is compelled to woo his lady-love, Roxane, by deputy, a course which lands him in a series of romantic adventures recalling the days of chivalry. Such a piece naturally lends itself to romantic illustration, and, so far, would admirably fulfil the purposes of the Lyceum; but it is somewhat difficult to picture Sir Henry Irving in the part.

For the portrayal of such parts, requiring breadth, distinction and romance, M. Coquelin has a veritable genius. This sort of impersonation, to be sure, does not lie beyond the range of Sir Henry Irving's powers, which, as his Benedick has shown, comprise both gallantry and humour; but M. Rostand's hero is addicted to poetic tirades and declamatory speeches, which, though congenial to the French public, find little acceptance on the English stage, where the art of diction is so little cultivated. Moreover, the interest of the French play depends, to some extent, upon peculiarities of Gascon speech and character, which would necessarily disappear from an English adaptation. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Irving's early appearance as Cyrano de Bergerac appears to be ensured; and, after all, it may not prove a greater *tour de force* than his Napoleon in "Mme. Sans-êne," which, owing to the withdrawal of Peter the Great, has reappeared in the Lyceum programme.

"THE Dovecot" exhibits an ingenious version of the plot of ordinary French farce. It is not the husband who causes

anxiety to the wife, but the wife who supposes quite unjustly all manner of wickedness on the part of the husband. In fact, the lady is the victim of unreasoning jealousy. Technically speaking, the action of the piece is innocence itself, but the atmosphere is charged with so much suggestiveness that I do not know that morality gains anything from the unwonted show of delicacy on the part of the authors. The wife's weakness is promptly turned to account by the servants, who have discovered that whenever they want to have a quiet evening they can obtain it by playing upon their mistress's suspicions, the invariable result being a conjugal scene which causes husband and wife to shut themselves up in their respective rooms. Soon after the rising of the curtain a favourable opportunity for practising this device presents itself.

As the husband returns, supposedly from his club, the housemaid besprinkles his coat with scent, and plants two incriminating yellow hairs on his shoulder. No more is needed to ensure a domestic explosion. The wife's keen nose and eyes detect the evidences of the husband's guilt, and the usual recriminations lead to an appeal to the lady's parents with a view to a separation. Here by an ingenious *revirement* the dramatists show us the more attractive side of the medal. The parents might have been candidates for the Dunmow Flitch many times over. For thirty years they have lived a life of unbroken happiness. But hearing of the contemplated visit of their daughter and son-in-law, whose marriage is a failure, they resolve upon a little mystification of their own, arguing illogically enough that if they are seen quarrelling the young people will be disgusted with the idea of conjugal dissension, and will make haste to fall into each other's arms. Accordingly, when the erring son and daughter arrive, the aged couple appear to be engaged in a violent altercation. Unfortunately, Darby and Joan have not reckoned with the mischievous powers of a suspicious woman like their daughter; for in a short time, thanks to this lady's interference, the pretended quarrel is changed into reality, and the flagging story receives a fresh fillip. In the end, needless to say, the housemaid confesses to her trick and the warring parties are reconciled.

I MUST confess to finding the humour of such a story somewhat thin. "The Dovecot" is one of those pieces which are made to look more amusing than they really are. The actors rush to and fro in a general hurry-scurry; excitement appears to reach a high pitch, and, nevertheless, the spectators' pulse remains unquicken. This is the result of artificially stretching out into three acts a story which ought comfortably to be presented in one. In various ways, too, some instability of purpose on the part of the adapters is evident. The French authors felt the necessity of binding the two sections of the piece more closely together than the above analysis would show. With this view they contrived an episodic character, that of a general whose daughter

is engaged to a brother of the jealous wife's, and who is desirous of seeing what sort of family he is asked to link his fortunes with. As ill-luck would have it, the general visits both households while the domestic tension is at its greatest, whereupon in the French he calmly inquires of his intended son-in-law, "Vous n'avez pas d'autres parents à me montrer?" The *mot* is one of those happy thoughts in which Bisson's dialogue abounds. In the adaptation we find this episodic general, but for some reason he misses his effect. Again, the disturbing presence of a Spanish lady seems a far-fetched incident in a "village in the West of England," to which the adapters transplant their action, however natural it may be, is the original scene which, if I remember rightly, was Bordeaux, and generally there is a certain lack of consistency in the treatment of the story. This would seem to be explained by a letter from Mr. Brookfield, originally named as the adapter, in which he intimates that he has ceased to be responsible for the adaptation, by reason of his enforced collaboration with the "*littérati* of the Stock Exchange," whatever that may mean. Despite a few obvious shortcomings, however, the adaptation is, on the whole, cleverly done, though, in view of the great success of "A Night Out," with its French *personnel*, it seems a needless waste of energy to Anglicise such a story. The chief parts devolve upon Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the young couple; Mr. James Welch and Miss Carlotta, as their elders; and Mr. Sugden, Mr. Wyes, and others in incidental parts.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "FOUNDER."

SIR,—“*Foundered*,” originally applied to lameness in horses, is a word not unknown in the secondhand bookmarket, where it denotes a maimed or halting copy—one which is the worse for wear and usage, and therefore unpresentable—in fact, the antithesis of a “*tall*” copy. Mr. Henley, no doubt, in his essay on Burns, uses the word in its active form in this connexion.—Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

Feb. 14.

## A TAX ON PUBLISHERS.

SIR,—The grievance of publishers at being compelled to present to the privileged libraries five copies of every new book or new edition is of long standing, and the time has undoubtedly come, now that there is a rumour about a new Copyright Act, for the “*Copyright Association*” to bestir themselves.

The British Museum stands alone, and I am sure no publisher would grudge presenting that institution with a copy of all his books, provided he could obtain a certificate of copyright by so doing, the delivery of such book proving the date of publication beyond dispute, and thus doing away with

the Stationers' Hall fee and formality for entering the copyright.

I would suggest to the responsible leaders of the "Copyright Association" that they avail themselves of the valuable hints contained in Cowtan's *Memories of the British Museum*, published as far back as 1872, a chapter of which is full of interesting matter concerning the Copyright Act, and would no doubt help them to a great extent in placing this grievance of publishers before the framers of the new Act.

By the way, I might mention that the waste of weary hours which had to be spent in searching for a title at Stationers' Hall is now done away with. The officials of the Company have at last compiled an alphabetical register, so that titles can be found in a few minutes, when formerly it meant possibly a few days' search. This new book would, of course, be turned over to the British Museum and kept up to date by an entry being made of all books delivered.—  
Yours, &c., B. E. N.

#### PATHOS.

SIR,—May I venture to call attention to two lines in "King Lear" which to me never seem to lose their deep pathos? Of course, like the lines quoted in your last issue from the same play, they must be read with the whole burden of sadness borne in mind. But even apart from their context, they have a strange hold on the heart. These are the words, spoken by Kent:

"I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My Master calls me, I must not say no."

With these lines I cannot help comparing the following from that wonderful passage in *Epictetus*, wherein life is compared to a voyage:

"But if the Master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, and looking not behind. And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the Master should call, and thou be not ready."

The third reference is obvious.

Is there, may I ask, any reason why certain lines misquoted from "A Blot in the Scutcheon" should have been attributed to Dr. Berdoe? And, in any case, are not these lines, also from Act II. of Browning's tragedy, far more pathetic than those given?

"I say,  
Each night ere I lie down, 'I was so young—  
I had no mother, and I loved him so!'  
And then God seems indulgent, and I dare  
Trust him my soul in sleep."

—Faithfully yours,

ERNEST E. SPEIGHT.

Temple House: Feb. 11.

[Dr. Berdoe's name, of course, appeared by an oversight; he was the sender (to the *Pall Mall Gazette*), not the author, of the lines in question.]

SIR,—In your admirable selection from those sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in January, 1894, I note that you have overlooked one of the last couplets sent in, but certainly one that, in my opinion, has the

justest claim to the title. It comes from Rudyard Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers":

"We have done with hope and honour, we are  
lost to love and truth,  
We are dropping down the ladder rung by  
rung."

—Faithfully yours,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

7, Spenser Mansions.

#### "JULIUS CÆSAR" AT THE HAYMARKET.

At the moment of going to press we have received a letter from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, dealing with Mr. Hankin's letter, entitled "Some Remarks on Julius Cæsar," which we printed in our issue of February 5. We shall print Mr. Tree's letter next week.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, says:

"There are certain characteristics which appear to cling obstinately to all Miss Brooke's workmanship. She does not care for the ordinary sympathetic figures of romance; so far as she is concerned, the pleasure aroused by a well-constructed story leaves her cold. She does her best to dig deep in the soil of psychology, to delineate personages of exceptional and eccentric traits; to shock us with strong emotions, and produce her effects not so much by her knowledge of literary technique as by sudden and violent appeals to melodramatic passions. And yet through all her work runs a strong and refreshing vein of originality both in her theme and its execution which arrests our attention sometimes against our will, and excites an interest in her tale which is often somewhat grudgingly and unwillingly bestowed. If we begin to read *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare*, the chances are that we shall not lay down the book before the closing page. Whether the final result of this perusal be a feeling of satisfaction or an uncontrollable impulse of repugnance depends on the temperament of the reader."

Mr. Courtney thinks the author

"will 'go far,' doubtless, for amongst other gifts she possesses a grave and cultured style; but for the present, at all events, she has not attained the summit of her literary ambition."

The *Daily News* critic also defines Miss Brooke's *métier*:

"Miss Emma Brooke unites to a strong sense of the claims of the passionate and sensuous sides of human nature a curious strain of mysticism. Her philosophy of life makes her see man so ill-adapted to the conditions of this world 'that he must sin.' And as he is tortured with the consciousness of sin, to which he is foreordained, he is driven by an imperative necessity to strive for perfection. Evil and good seem to her so closely allied, so interdependent, that it is impossible to separate the share each plays in the forming of the spirit to noble ends. Her new book, *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare*, is the story of a man vigorous of body and soul married to a woman who is a physical and spiritual valetudinarian. How her hero stumbles into the meshes of this monstrous marriage, how long he is held captive therein, and how he violently cuts asunder the toils that bind him, is told in a manner that is not always convincing, but that

is arresting, and has in it much that is fine and subtle."

The *Scotsman* is very sarcastic on the author's gospel—

"the conspicuous feature of which is its complete divorce from common sense and healthy ways of thinking. . . . It is not worth while to try to expound the mystic gospel based on this narrative. We seem to reach the height or the depth of it in Stephen's great thought that Christ was really God, and that He came into the world to expiate not only the sins of His creatures, but His own supreme sin in making such a mess of their creation. Thus reconciliation becomes possible; the creatures forgive their Creator, who also forgives them; and so even the man who gets sick of his invalid wife and poisons her finds salvation and gets into beautiful harmony with the divine order of the universe."

THIS has been recognised as a clever story, though on different grounds by different critics. *Literature* denies the

story originality, and says sharply: "One wonders how it is that novelists will not take the advice of a good critic, who advised them to secure at all hazards the palm of originality." The *Speaker's* critic, on the other hand, says: "Deborah is strikingly original, and all the more attractive because of her originality." But the review in *Literature* is pithy, and the writer takes the book as a text for some sound criticism of the modern novel. He writes:

"In these sorry days of machine-made fiction one is glad to find a novel which shows the smallest traces of design. The utter incapacity of modern novelists is not, perhaps, generally recognised; we make allowances, and talk of 'good dialogue' and 'bright pages' without expecting to find traces of a plan, of an artist's design deliberately worked out. To put the matter in the briefest form, we do not regard or criticise the novel as a work of art. If we find a sufficiency of amusing chatter, and if the incidents are not absolutely absurd, we close our book in a complacent humour, and say we have read a good novel."

Mrs. de la Pasture is, therefore, to be praised in that she has had an ideal before her in the writing of her book. The scheme is trite, and the execution, though skilful and competent in its way, is far from brilliant, and from the first page to the last one may search in vain for admirable or ringing phrases. Yet a certain effect has been produced, and, in spite of the rich red earth, luxuriant vegetation, and emerald pastures of Devonshire, in spite of such ancient consecrated epithets, the author does contrive to give us an impression of the lonely farm upon the lonely hills, of the sea of the crimson ploughlands, and of the dew-blossoming orchards. And the contrasts of the book are thoroughly realised; we feel with Deborah when she breathes the faint and musky air of the London house, remembering the breezy winds of Devonshire; the country life is bare and indicated, and yet, with Deborah, we long for the people on the hills, amidst the fatuities and ineptitudes of men and women who wish to be 'smart.' It is a book of considerable promise, and, if the author would study the great secret of style, she might do excellent work."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "*Deborah of To-day's* is the not very attractive title of a really clever and interesting book." We are not sure that *Deborah of To-day's* is an unattractive title. It is distinctive, and arouses some curiosity. It also fits the book.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, February 17.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE AND RELIGION. By Walton W. Battershall, D.D. Hodder &amp; Stoughton.

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY AND FACT. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. Congregational Union.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By John Addington Symonds. New editions: Parts I. and II. Smith, Elder &amp; Co. 15s.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR: RELATED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES. By an F.S.A. (Scot.). Eneas Mackay (Stirling).

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND IN 1750. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Blackwood &amp; Sons.

AULD LANG SYNE. By the Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. Longmans, Green &amp; Co. 10s. 6d.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST PREACHER: THE REV. RICHARD JOHNSON. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low.

THE CENTURY SCIENCE SERIES: PASTEUR. By Percy Frankland and Mrs. Percy Frankland. Cassell &amp; Co. 3s. 6d.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY. Edited by Lady Strachey. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE. By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. Longmans, Green &amp; Co. 5s.

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A LITERARY HISTORY OF INDIA. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FANTASTICS: A COMEDY. By Arthur W. Pinero. William Heinemann.

THE WOMEN OF HOMER. By Walter Copland Perry. William Heinemann.

SPIKENARD: A BOOK OF DEVOTIONAL LOVE-POEMS. By Laurence Housman. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By George Gissing. Blackie &amp; Son. 2s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE BLACK DWARF. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. J. M. Dent &amp; Co. 1s. 6d.

ALAMO, AND OTHER VERSES. Anonymous. Edward McQ. Gray (Florence, New Mexico).

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE KINGDOM OF THE YELLOW ROBE: BEING SKETCHES OF THE DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE SIAMESE. By Ernest Young. Archibald Constable &amp; Co. 15s.

STORM AND SUNSHINE IN THE DALES. By P. H. Lockwood. With a Preface by H. G. Hart. Elliot Stock. 3s.

## THE ADVENTURE SERIES.

MEMOIRS OF THE EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY CAREER OF JOHN SHIPP, LATE LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S 87TH REGIMENT. Written by Himself. Third edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

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THE BUCCANEERS AND MAROONERS OF AMERICA. Edited by Howard Pyle. Popular edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

MADAGASCAR; OR, ROBERT DRURY'S JOURNAL DURING FIFTEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY ON THAT ISLAND. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Capt. Pashfield Oliver, R.A. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO, THE PORTUGUESE. Translated by Henry Cogan. Introduction by Arminius Vambéry. Popular edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. By Edward John Trelawny. Popular edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE LOST PLUM CAKE: A TALE FOR TINY BOYS. By E. G. Wilcox. Macmillan &amp; Co.

## EDUCATIONAL.

PARAPHRASING, ANALYSIS, AND CORRECTION OF SENTENCES. By D. M. J. James, M.A. LOWER GERMAN READING. By Louis Lubovius. HIGHER LATIN UNSEENS. By H. W. Auden. GREEK VERSE UNSEENS. By T. R. Mills. Wm. Blackwood &amp; Sons.

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Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, in *Daily Telegraph*.

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IT would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a book as Mr. Bodley's admirable study of France since the Revolution. The book has the three essential qualities of a foreigner's study of another land than his own: sympathy; varied and accurate knowledge of his subject; and moderation in praise and blame. A juster view of France does not exist in English; a fuller and more competent treatment of such a complex and abounding interesting subject has never been given us. The tale might be told more brilliantly, for Mr. Bodley has no pretensions as an artist, but it could not be told more decorously. What may remain to be said upon the political situation of France to-day is not worth saying, so lucid and satisfactory is the author's statement of so complicated and tenebrous a matter. There are two kinds of foreign observers we should not wholly trust: the enthusiastic stranger who hastens to adopt an alien nationality and qualify everything about it with an indiscriminate fervour; and the stranger who comes abroad prepared to find everything either a matter of grotesque joke or immoral eccentricity. To judge our neighbours well and wisely we must equally eschew the spirit of rapture, of mockery, and of ill-humour, for all these lead us into errors more grotesque than those which foreign perversity may lead us to deplore. Mr. Bodley, by reason of common-sense, fair judgment, and honest sympathy, is honourably free from these taints.

The liberality of his views may be gathered from the fact that he appears to admire with the same hearty feeling of friendship M. de Mun and Taine, Renan and M. d'Hulst, M. d'Haussonville and M. Ludovic Halévy, his brilliant neighbour in Brie, all as diverse, socially, intellectually, and politically, as it is possible for any six men of the same nationality to be. It is this very largeness of conviction that gives such value to his book. In his quality of stranger he has not been obliged

to confine himself to any party, any clique, any caste. Such diversity of relations, above all in the present strenuous and blatant mood of Paris, would be impossible for a native to maintain. You must belong to one camp or the other, bound by an inviolate, if unwritten, law to shout your vilest in belabouring the opposite party, and should both chance to meet on common ground the air suddenly becomes more frozen than that of the Arctic Pole. Only a foreigner may dare express a modest opinion and humbly sue for enlightenment without the immediate fear of being rent or "spurned." Here the fast-vanishing tradition of French courtesy comes to his aid. It is counted part of his picturesqueness to walk tranquilly from one camp to the other with a friendly smile and a candid handshake, and "argue the question" without offence. His very rashness—quality dear to a dashing race—procures him immunity; and if he have good manners and intelligence, of which Mr. Bodley furnishes abundant proof in these two weighty volumes, he is sure to be welcome, however singularly free from bitter prejudice his views.

On the increasing degradation of Paris as a mere cosmopolitan centre Mr. Bodley writes:

"It is mortifying to a patriotic Frenchman, who by his talent maintains the renown of his nation, to see his beloved Paris, with all its past tradition and present capacity, assuming the aspect of a cosmopolitan city of pleasure, and becoming in the eyes of strangers a place like Nice or such-like resort of idlers, where the foreign element leads the fashion, and where the affairs of the country interest no one. For the most conspicuous Parisians, whose exploits are most widely advertised, proclaim that, apart from their lighter relaxations, their gravest ambition is to vie with exotic foreigners in diversions imported from England. Thus accomplished Frenchmen, who would have shone in salons, lament that Paris is becoming an international casino—a sad fate for the brilliant city in which, save in the darkest hours of the Revolution, for over two hundred years, from the time of the Hôtel Rambouillet to the death of M. Thiers, the intelligent commerce of refined men and women had a distinct influence on the history of France and on its place in the world."

Here Mr. Bodley touches the great sore. To-day the nobles of France constitute the unintelligent part of the community. You need only read Gyp's sparkling study of society to measure their intellectual decay. They may not be quite so improper as their novelists portray them, but everything about us furnishes us with complete evidence that they are every bit as inane. The older generation, since that gallant figure of soldier and scholar, the Duc d'Aumale, produced such adorning personalities as MM. de Mun, d'Haussonville, and de Vogüé. But to-day not a single noble of our own generation gives promise by pen or word. The class contents itself with setting an ignoble example to the country, and furnishing copy to the pornographic novelists of the hour. From the good-natured, if mordant, levity of Gyp to the blighting cynicism of Henri Lavedan, a bourgeois outsider whom it honours with its confidence, it has a formidable host of *difflamers* and judges to answer:

and, so far, it has not lifted a single note of complaint, or striven to revive the old tradition of aristocratic intellect that gave Paris its prestige in Europe.

With unsentimental accuracy the author reduces the glittering legend of the Revolution to its just value. Imagination has for so long been fed upon its false glory, that we have never known that the Bastille was taken for the sake of a few miserable culprits who more than merited their fate. Indeed, most of our historic illusions are based upon legends, either, if coldly examined, in themselves reprehensible, or unjustified by a particle of foundation. But, on the other hand, he is, perhaps, unduly lenient to the Napoleonic legend. But this is part of his laudable moderation. Though a shrewd observer of the endless deficiencies of the French political machinery, Mr. Bodley has no word of excessive blame for any period of its developments. One sees that any other period seems to him better than to-day's because of its confusion and widespread mediocrity. And in a measure this is a safe view. Not that tyranny, accompanied even by a Bonaparte's genius, is to be preferred to the pacific reign of mediocrity, but the contemplation of the latter-day stage of French politics and its deplorable Parliamentary system is a thing to stupefy the very angel of disorder, and drive a sage to desperation. Nothing could be more painstaking, a more excellent study of this sorry subject than Mr. Bodley's. Those whom the conflicting reports of the Press and the bewildering succession of unexplained ministries and party nomenclature leave muddled, will do well to read him, and gather clear and definite information upon such hazy questions as Parliamentary procedure, the composition of the Chamber, the Senate, the electoral system, ministries and parties. The reading will not make them cheerful or give them an exalted notion of the aptitude of the French minds for politics, nor will it convince them that the Republic method of government is the most virtuous; but it will send them to the Chamber of Deputies, warranted not to lose their heads amid its fathomless complications. The Senate he aptly describes as giving the idea

"of a retreat for elderly men of education, whose faculties are undimmed, and whose favourite pastime is to meet in a debating society to recite to one another essays on abstract, legal or historical questions, with an occasional reference to topics of the hour."

Turning to more agreeable features in the life of modern France than bigoted reactionaries and intolerant anti-clericals, Mr. Bodley well remarks that

"the lives of French women of the unoccupied upper class are often in admirable contrast to those of the men. Their virtues are of the type usually attributed to the women of the bourgeoisie. They are devoted mothers, excellent housewives, and patterns of piety. The orderliness of their existence and their virile qualities counteract the undisciplined or aimless example of their husbands; and in many a household in the decorative section of society the woman is the superior, morally and mentally, of her lord."

How true this is, in all its significance of

statement, can only be felt and understood by foreigners who have dwelt long enough in France on a footing of such intimacy with the people as permits of opportunity to form an opinion of value. The natural intelligence and worth of Frenchwomen of all classes are extraordinary, are such that we are constrained to believe that their presence in that pandemonium of corruption and strife, the political arena, would even serve to cleanse and lower the bedlamite note of intolerance and futile passion. Again he notes a striking feature.

"An agreeable companion of a railway journey, who in admirable language discourses on the European situation or on art and literature, may turn out to be a person of such social surroundings that an Englishman of corresponding situation would express himself crudely on those subjects, and with unrefined pronunciation or accent. Such an experience is an example of the truth that civilisation descends lower in the French nation than in ours."

An experienced French priest who had lived long in London tells him that he remarked the same difference in speech and idea between the French young girl and her British sister in the confessional box: the French girl coming with clear and precise ideas clothed in cultivated language, her mental survey in perfect order; the English girl vague, incoherent, without any notion of method or form of speech. Speaking generally, this is a very good definition of the essential difference between the sex of both races.

Not only does Mr. Bodley give full information upon the ballot, the franchise, the civil service expenditure, the payment of members and ministers, but he shows us in every path how superior the nation is to its government. All over the country, with which he has become so thoroughly familiar, in the course of eight years of diligent observation, he has ever found complete indifference to its politicians. A minister once complained to M. Claretie that while mention is continually made of authors, painters, actors, and fashionable personalities in his *Vie à Paris*, there is never an allusion to politics or politicians. This omission perfectly reflects the attitude of all France to its squabbling rulers. In England politicians carry their glory along with them everywhere; here it is the actors and authors, poets and painters, who provoke personal enthusiasm and excitement along their favoured path.

Mr. Bodley, without satire or ill-nature, pricks his pen in the Republican legend, painted over every building "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and discovers its hollowness. Indeed, the fraternity, as exemplified to-day in the *affaire Dreyfus* has not changed much from the day Metternich said: "Fraternity, as it is practised in France, has led me to the conclusion that if I had a brother I would call him my cousin." In most things the nation is superior to its political pretensions, but not in any one of these three claims. Liberty in France does not exist in principle any more now than in centuries gone by. Every man who wears a uniform is by nature and instinct a despot. Public and private schools, like

the army and every other institution, are centres of inane and unintelligent tyranny. Equality is merely the desire of the lower to be the equal of the higher, with the fixed design to keep his own inferior his inferior still. Titles were never so rife under any monarchy, wealth in France never so vulgarly worshipped. As for fraternity, ask the Jews what they think of the fraternity practised in France to-day.

Mr. Bodley's faith in France's future lies in the appearance of another master, a modified First Consul, to guide her with a firm but implacable hand out of present scandal and disorder. But he sees no indication of the master in any present party. He himself has proved an admirable guide through the difficulties that beset the student of her latter-day history.

### MARCUS AURELIUS TO HIMSELF.

*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself.* By Gerald H. Rendall, M.A., LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

It is a pleasant coincidence by which this fine and scholarly work upon Marcus Aurelius follows hard upon Dr. Rendall's appointment to the headmastership of Charterhouse. The modern schoolmaster is, as a rule, too busy a man to write books; but it is as well that he should at least have written them; should have acknowledged the tradition, made his bow to letters. Nor could a more fitting subject than the great Stoic moralist occupy the thoughts of one whose own influence upon the character of a generation of Englishmen is, in all probability, destined to be profound. The noblest of pagan teachers, we might have added, should be an excellent model for one who has proved an exception to the almost universal clerical monopoly of head-masterships, but on this topic the announcement that Dr. Rendall intends, after all, to take orders dries our pen.

About half the book consists of a new English version, the last of many, of the famous *Meditations*. To this is prefixed an elaborate essay, in which Dr. Rendall discusses in great detail the origin, development and doctrine of Stoicism, proceeding from this to a study of the finest expression which the school found in Marcus Aurelius himself, and of the remarkable and attractive personality which is revealed in his writing. This introduction is good from beginning to end, but it is the closing sections, biographical and critical rather than speculative, which awake the profoundest interest in the reader, even as, indeed, they seem to have sprung from the deepest enthusiasm in the writer. Of all the Greek philosophies, Stoicism was the one which most nearly approached the dignity of a religion. Certainly it was more than a mere set—more or less consistent—of intellectually apprehended tenets: it made its appeal to the soul and the heart, as well as to the brain; sought to direct the conscience, to answer the obstinate questionings of personality, even in some measure to heal the broken-hearted and succour the afflicted

of spirit. And it is in Marcus Aurelius that this more intimate practical side of Stoicism becomes most prominent. Dr. Rendall well points out that in his book we have something very different from the rhetorical exercises of Seneca, or even of Epictetus. The *Meditations* are written "to himself": they are private jottings, the stored-up wisdom of an old man weary with the burden of a tottering empire, noting down just what seems to him to be most worthy of noting: his final criticism of life, in the solitude of the throne, or in his lonely tent "At Carnuntum," or "Among the Quadi." And the truth of what he has to say is largely independent of its relation to the formal Stoic doctrine. There is no set treatise; but you may find sudden intuitions, flashes and sidelights of wisdom, which are as wise now as they were sixteen centuries ago, because they were learnt not in the schools, but in the bitter apprehension of life itself.

Let us then first learn from Dr. Rendall what manner of person Marcus Aurelius was. As an emperor he was the last and greatest of the Antonines, that princely house which stood between decadent Rome and retribution, and staved off the *débâcle* "till Western civilisation was Christian, and safe." As a man, his simple laborious life stands out in sharp relief against the Nero and the Caligula whom the earlier empire had known:

"The chroniclers tell us that 'from childhood he was of a serious cast'; that his demeanour was that of 'a courteous gentleman, modest yet strenuous, grave but affable'; that he 'never changed his countenance for grief or gladness.' His bodily health was weakly from the first, and strained by overwork; notwithstanding scrupulous care it was a constant source of suffering and disablement, and in later life power of digestion and sleep wholly gave way. His private bearing and *menage* were of extreme simplicity. As Cæsar, he would receive at his small private house in ordinary citizen attire; abroad he wore plain woollen stuffs, and when not in attendance on the emperor would dispense entirely with suite or outrunners. In family relations he loved his mother and his children dearly, and grieved deeply at their loss; he condoned the faults of Lucius Verus, and in mourning remembered none of the mortal frailties of Faustina."

His rule was at once just and clement. He set up a temple of "Beneficence," and did his best to realise the Stoic ideal of world-citizenship. He strove and struggled for the empire, to strengthen its borders, and to shore up its ruining centre; but his own lot was pathos and disappointment and disillusion. His portrait is drawn by Julian, amongst those of the Cæsars, as of one "very grave, his eyes and features drawn somewhat with hard toils, and his body luminous and transparent with abstemiousness from food." He had some need of philosophy.

"To stand well-nigh single-handed for reason and for right, to work with worthless instruments; to withhold vain interference and correction; to let second-bests alone; to silence scruples and endure compromise; to crave for peace and spend his years in hunting down Sarmatians; to preside at the tedious butchery of gladiatorial games with the heart that cried, 'How long, how long?' to turn forgiving eyes and unreproachful lips upon the perilous

debaucheries of Lucius, and the frailties of Faustina; to live friendless and exiled for his people's sake; to cling to the belief in reason and just dealing against the day-by-day experience of unreason, violence, and greed; patiently, resolutely ἀπέχεσθαι καὶ ἀπέχεσθαι: 'to endure and to refrain'; to exhaust body and soul in the long effort to save Rome; and in return for all this to partake always 'the king's portion—well-doing, ill report'; to be isolated, thwarted, maligned, and misinterpreted—this was no light bearing of the cross."

To attempt to sum up the gospel of Marcus Aurelius in a formula is, of course, misleading. You do not so learn what any great moralist has to teach. Become rather his companion, study his ways of thought, note his bearing towards individual points of conduct as they arise; absorb, appropriate his personality—so shall you be the true disciple. But do not be content with formulating him, for surely he is more than his creed. Two leading features, however, of the Aurelian discipline one may legitimately define. Veracity of intellect, detachment of will; on these he is not weary of insisting. Determine yourself to see things frankly, as they are, stripped of every illusion, sensual or sentimental. Facts cannot be turned aside; better to look them in the face, than to wrap them up or lie about them. And knowing them, know their nothingness, how powerless they are to approach or affect the central thing—yourself. Rigid fate is law of the universe, but then you are you: it is in your hands to dispose of yourself; to see and accept fate, and by submission to overcome it. It is the philosophy of the strong man armed, keeping his goods—that is, his soul is a philosophy tonic, in these latter days, not only for its bracing of the spiritual nerves, but for its "reevaluation of values," its contemptuous weighing and dismissal of the prized "external goods." In the light, then, of these principles, let us venture to string together some typical apothegms of the sage:

"In brief, things of the body are but a stream that flows, things of the soul a dream and vapour; life, a warfare and a sojourning; and after-fame, oblivion."

"Men seek retirement in country house, on shore or hill; and you, too, know full well what that yearning means. Surely a very simple wish; for at what hour you will you can retire into yourself."

"That from such and such causes given effects, result is inevitable; he who would not have it so, would have the fig-tree yield no juice."

One recalls Bishop Butler, who thus, or nearly thus, puts the same thought: "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why, then, should we be deceived?"

"All is fruit for me, which thy seasons bear, O Nature; from thee, in thee, and unto thee are all things, 'Dear City of Cecrops!' saith the poet: and wilt not thou say, 'Dear City of God'?"

"A mimic pageant, a stage spectacle, flocking sheep and herding cows, an armed brawl, a bone flung to curs, a crumb dropped in the fish tanks, toiling of burdened ants, the scamper of the scurrying mice, puppets pulled with strings—such is life."

"A scowl upon the face is a violation of nature. Repeated often, beauty dies with it,

and finally becomes quenched, past all rekindling."

"Life is more like wrestling than dancing; it must be ready to keep its feet against all onsets, however unexpected."

"This is the way of salvation—to look thoroughly into everything and see what it really is, alike in matter and in cause; with your own heart to do what is just and say what is true; and one thing more, to find life's fruition in heaping good on good so close, that not a chink is left between."

There is, of course, as Dr. Rendall points out, a characteristic paradox and defect of Stoicism in the rigid demarcation of the self from all the impulses, appetites, and affections that really go to make up self. For Marcus Aurelius, morality is not a wise gathering among these, but a sweeping denial of them all. He makes as stern a bugbear of his Duty as any Puritan of his Sin. Therefore his ideal is one merely of endurance, his outlook profoundly melancholy, lit only by the distant vision of "the sunset splendid and serene—death." For the gaiety of temper, turning duty itself to favour and to prettiness, which is the mark of some of the greatest teachers, from Plato to St. Francis, we scrutinise in vain. Marcus Aurelius will not scowl, but he cannot smile.

A few words, in conclusion, are due to Dr. Rendall's translation. It seems to us an excellent one, scholarly, dignified, and instinct with fine literary sense, happily hitting the mean between the pedantries of Long and the lax raciness of Jeremy Collier. Matthew Arnold made a test for Dr. Rendall's predecessors of the bit about early rising at the beginning of the fifth book of the *Meditations*. Let Dr. Rendall endure the same comparison. This is Long:

"In the morning, when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present: 'I am rising to the work of a human being. Why, then, am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? But this is more pleasant.' Dost thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion?"

The strict second person singular is surely intolerable to modern ears. This is Jeremy Collier, whose version Long called "a most coarse and vulgar copy of the original":

"When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself: 'I am getting up now to do the business of a man, and am I out of humour for going about that which I was made for, and for the sake of which I was sent into the world? Was I, then, designed for nothing but to doze and batten beneath the counterpane? I thought action had been the end of your being.'"

"Doze and batten" is good, and should soften even Mr. Charles Whibley's heart towards Jeremy Collier. Also it suggests George Herbert's lines:

"O foolish man! where are thine eyes?  
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares!  
Thou pull'st the rug and wilt not rise,  
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:  
There let them shine,  
Thou must go sleep or dine."

Finally, this is Dr. Rendall:

"In the morning, when you feel loth to rise, fall back upon the thought, 'I am rising for

man's work. Why make a grievance of setting about that for which I was born, and for sake of which I have been brought into the world? Is the end of my existence to lie snug in the blankets and keep warm?' 'It is more pleasant so.' 'Is it for pleasure you were made?—not for doing, and for action?'"

The general resemblance is more to Long, and, indeed, to the Greek, than to Collier; but the "you" for "thou" and the absence of "dost" are distinct gains, while the terse vigour of "loth to rise" and "snug in the blankets" catches something which Long misses.

## THE WILD ROUTE TO KLONDIKE.

*Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits.* By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. DE WINDT has had the skill or good fortune to convert failure into success. In the early summer of 1896 he started to carry out the singular project of journeying from New York to Paris by land, his idea being to get first to Juneau by way of British Columbia, then across the now famous Chilcoot Pass to the lakes at the head of the great Yukon river, down the Yukon to Fort St. Michael on the Bering Sea, across the Straits on ice to Anadyrsk in Siberia, next to Irkutsk, and so back to the world of road and rail. He did not succeed in carrying out the scheme; but he travelled the wild route to Klondike before the gold seekers tested its difficulty, he worked his way through Alaska, and he claims that he and his servant were the first Europeans "to reside for any length of time alone and unprotected among the Tchuktchis of Siberia." The adventures he met with form the material of a most fascinating but gruesome book of travels.

Crossing the Chilcoot would of itself be considered a notable undertaking even in Switzerland and with the aid of guides, ropes, and ice-axes. It took the party two hours to ascend a thousand feet, and here is the author's description of the final climb:

"The last 300 feet was like scaling the walls of a house. With ropes and proper appliances the passage of this mountain could be made far easier; but it was under the circumstances such exhausting, heartbreaking work, that I more than once had serious thoughts of turning back. Finally, however, at about 4 A.M., we stood on the summit, breathless, bleeding and ragged, but safe. My aneroid gave the altitude at 3,620 feet above the sea level."

The descent was easier, the travellers coasting down a distance of 500 feet in the snow; but Mr. de Windt, after all his experience of Borneo, Siberia, and Chinese Tartary, describes the crossing of the Chilcoot as the severest physical experience of his life. Money counts for little when travelling in Alaska; and on the shores of Lake Lindeman, he who wishes to proceed, be he rich or poor, must set to and build himself a boat, or rather coracle. In this the lake is crossed, after which occurs a dangerous river passage, necessitating a *portage* of over a mile. Lake Bennet, which was then reached, is liable to storms, one of

which drove them on shore and caused a miserable delay of several days in wind and rain. The character of the succeeding journey will be easily surmised from the author's account of passing the Grand Cañon, one party carrying the luggage while the guide navigates it in a boat :

"The first pitch is down about fifty feet of smooth water at a steep incline, down which the *Marjorie* shoots like an arrow. In less than twenty seconds more she is dashing past us at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but although the little craft is as buoyant as a cork we can see that her occupants are already sitting shind-deep in water. Suddenly a huge breaker dashes over the bows, and, for a moment of intense suspense, she shivers and dwells as though about to settle down. But another friendly billow catches her aft and swings her forward again. . . . Presently the terrible whirlpool which has been the death of so many is reached; but the steersman is as steady as a rock, and she nears it, passes it, and leaves it behind her in safety, and the next moment is lost to sight behind the protruding cliffs."

Even more dangerous are the White Horse Rapids or Miner's Grave, which on an average drown twenty men a year; but we must hasten over this part of the route and get to the Klondike. The first hint we obtain of the necromancy of the gold-fields is at the mouth of Sixty Mile, a river that flows into the Yukon. They stopped here for the mid-day meal, hoping to replenish their larder; but were themselves compelled to part with a share of what they had.

A number of hungry miners were awaiting the annual boat that brings the supplies for a twelvemonth. They dined in the bare comfortless parlour of the storekeeper, a man in rags and gum boots. Let the author tell the rest :

"We waited till evening and then embarked to drift down to a place then known to perhaps a score of white men, but now a byword throughout the civilised world. 'So long, mates,' cried the disconsolate storekeeper, and I saw him slouch back to his dismal abode with a feeling of pity for one whose life must be passed amid such cheerless, desolate surroundings. My pity was perhaps misplaced. . . . our dejected friend no longer relies upon the sale of beans and bacon as a means of existence. He is now known as 'the Klondike millionaire,' and his name is Joseph Ladue."

An Alaska mining camp Mr. de Windt compares to a bit of Shadwell or Limehouse dropped into the midst of sylvan scenery; but "Thron-Duick" was still uncontaminated then: a residence of clean and hospitable Indians. It is hopeless to attempt, within any reasonable limits, to give an idea of Mr. de Windt's full and vivid exposition of this new gold country. One story, for the truth of which he vouches, may stand for all. When the rumour of fabulous heaps of gold began to spread in the United States there was working on a Californian fruit garden a poor man named Berry, who managed to scrape together eight pounds of his own and to borrow twelve more. With twenty pounds in his pocket he and forty companions started for Alaska. He reached Forty Mile City alone, some of his friends having turned back, and the others having died on the way. His sweetheart, Miss Ethel Bush, followed him.

They were married, and this is how they spent their honeymoon :

"Berry and his wife were among the first to reach Klondike. They took £26,000 from only one of their claims. The first prospect gave 8s. and then 12s. to the pan; and this rose suddenly to £5 and £10 the pan. One day Mr. and Mrs. Berry took no less than £120 from a single pan of earth. (A 'pan' is of sheet iron, about eighteen inches in circumference and four or five inches deep.) Mrs. Berry herself lifted out £10,000 from her husband's claim in her spare moments."

To this the following foot-note is added :

"I learn from Mrs. Ladue that Mrs. Lippy (whose husband has a claim valued at £200,000) and Mrs. Berry picked out of a dump £1,200 each in a few days after their arrival. They found the metal by poking around in the dirt with sticks."

The Mr. Lippy referred to was, as recently as 1896, living a hand-to-mouth existence as a day labourer in Forty Mile City. Less entrancing than the stories of fortune-making, of which we have given the merest samples, but of more practical value, is the advice with which Mr. de Windt concludes the chapter. Alaska, as the old-timer has it, is no "soft-snap." On the contrary, we are told "there is probably no country in the world so replete with discomforts and annoyances of every kind." The young and hardy and vigorous alone, therefore, may undertake the adventure with hope of success, and in addition to health a capital of "at least £300" is needed. The best way is to go from Liverpool to New York or Montreal, thence by Canadian Pacific to Victoria, B.C., whence steamers run to Juneau and Skagway. Those who dare to brave the passes may start in the middle or end of February; if they choose the sea journey, by St. Michael, they must wait, for the Bering Sea is closed by ice till mid-June.

"The best route into Alaska is a very vexed question," says our author. "The White Pass is now said to be worse than the dreaded Chilcoot. . . . Two new routes, however, one over the Darlton Trail, and the other *via* the Stikine River and Glenora to Teslin Lake, have been favourably reported on by Canadian surveyors, and one of these may possibly be opened up by the late spring of 1898."

There is no doubt but that popular interest will for the moment be concentrated on Mr. de Windt's account of the gold-fields, and, indeed, even those who do not dream of "Bonanzas," will find much that is curious and amusing in his detailed account of the "cities" that are but clusters of log-huts, the charming scenery, rapidly becoming destroyed, the mixed society of the camps. One notable difference between Alaska and California or New South Wales is the admirable order that prevails, thanks, in part, to the Canadian Mounted Police, who, among other things, forced the women who flock to the mines to put off their bloomer costume and don the skirt and petticoat; thanks still more to the general character of the people, whose sobriety and orderliness contrast with the conduct of all previous gold-seekers.

But when this craze is past it will be discovered that the more valuable part of the book is its history of the author's

sojourn with the extraordinary and savage race who inhabit the Siberian shore of the Bering Straits. Rude as they are, they over-reached the white traveller. Mr. de Windt got as far as Port St. Michael in the hope of crossing on ice. There he learned from a trading party of Tchuktehis that the Bering Straits never are fully frozen over—there is always an open channel ten miles broad in the middle. He crossed over, therefore, in the U.S. Revenue Cutter *Bear*, and on September 8, 1896, was landed at a place called Cape Tchaplín on the maps, but named by the natives Oum-waidjih. His intention was to employ natives and dog-sleds and push on to Anadyrsk, the outermost edge of Russian civilisation. Koari, the man with whom he was in treaty, vowed it was as easy as shelling peas—"White men, plenty flour, plenty calico, give Koari. Koari give good dog, good sled—catch-um ten sleeps easy." But primitive man had no intention of fulfilling his promise. He had got the owner of much tobacco in his power, and he began, as soon as the *Bear* left, to extract all he could from his guest while putting him off with evasions—the fact being that he had never so much as heard of Anadyrsk. Some idea of what life was like may be gleaned from the following description of the interior of the hut where the wanderers lived :

"A thick curtain of deerskin was stretched right across the hut, separating the living room from the sleeping quarters. Half a dozen seal oil lamps are kept incessantly alight here throughout the winter. They just suffice to accentuate the perpetual darkness, and to maintain, even during the coldest weather, a temperature of 65° Fahr. The lamps, which diffuse a disgusting odour, are also used for cooking purposes. When the sleeping chamber is crowded with naked men and women and children (as it frequently was during the latter part of our stay) the heat becomes almost unbearable, and the foetid odour of unwashed humanity loathsome beyond description."

The filthiness of the people is indescribable, they find out the dirtiest way to do everything. In milking the reindeer, for instance, "the hands are never used, the milk being sucked from the animal and spat into a bowl." The most barbarous custom surviving is that of the "kamitok," or killing of old men, wherein they are akin to many ancient nations—the Germans and Aryans for instance. In Rome the aged were cast into the Tiber when past work. This is how Mr. de Windt describes the ceremony :

"The doomed one takes a lively interest in the proceedings, and often assists in the preparation for his own death. The execution is always preceded by a feast, where seal and walrus meat are greedily devoured and whisky consumed till all are intoxicated. A spontaneous burst of singing and the muffled roll of walrus-hide drums then herald the fatal moment. At a given signal a ring is formed by the relations and friends, the entire settlement looking on in the background. The executioner (usually the victim's son or brother) then steps forward, and placing his right foot behind the back of the condemned, slowly strangles him to death with a walrus-thong. A kamitok took place during the latter part of our stay."

A picture of it is given, but whether from a

kodak or fancy the author does not say. Our extracts give but a slight idea of the wonderfully fresh and vivid character of as interesting a book of travels as has been written these many years. It is done in a manly, unaffected style, and the illustrations are of the greatest interest.

THE TWO DUCHESSES.

*The Two Duchesses: Family Correspondence of and relating to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire; the Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry); The Countess of Bristol, Lord and Lady Byron, The Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Augustus Foster, Bart., and others. 1777-1859. Edited by Vere Foster. (Blackie & Co.)*

THIS is by far the most interesting collection of letters which has been published for at least a couple of years, and also probably the worst edited book. If Mr. Vere Foster had seen fit to issue without notes the collection of letters which came to him from his grandmother, the Duchess Elizabeth—the fifth Duke of Devonshire married twice, and the second wife was a widow, Lady Elizabeth Foster—there would not have been a word to say. But as it is, while nothing that really needs explanation receives it, there are innumerable footnotes which simply insult the average intelligence.

Here, for instance, is the beginning of a letter from "that travelled thane Athenian Aberdeen" to Augustus Foster—characteristic enough, one may observe, as expressing the soul of a prig and of a large landed proprietor :

"Cromarre, August 20, 1804.

"DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I wrote you from Edinburgh a letter which might be called the Lamentations of Jeremiah, so dismal were the contents; however, I am now rejoiced at the intelligence that you are not to Columbize, for I this evening received your letter after a mountain massacre. I do not find this country so horrible as I imagined, or as you seem to think, and there is a sensible pleasure at standing to look around one, and being able to see nothing but one's own."

On this Mr. Vere Foster notes: "(1) Cromarre: a district of Aberdeenshire on the Dee"; (2) mountain massacre — of grouse." Nobody wants minute geographical information which can be got by a glance at a map, and nobody suspects a sucking premier of having in his hot youth massacred anything but grouse. It is, however, quite possible to be in doubt about the recondite witticism, to "Columbize," which is merely an elegant substitute for "to go to America." One is tempted to believe that Mr. Foster did not make it out. Augustus Foster did, finally, "Columbize"—as secretary of Legation at Washington. He writes, "I have at last reached this *soi-disant* city, as you perceive, and am settled with "Toujours Gai"—"Toujours Gai," notes Mr. Foster, "a punning designation." It is only some hundred pages further on that the reader discovers by his unaided intelligence that "Toujours Gai" is Foster's chief, Mr. Merry. Where Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*

or the like would help him, Mr. Foster has been indefatigable. He gives duly in a footnote the dates of Shakespeare's birth and death, and tells us that Dante is Dante Alighieri, and Titian Tiziano Vecellio. On matters of family history he is perhaps unwisely reticent. His grandmother was the daughter of Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol. This lady was married to Mr. Foster, a gentleman who owned property in the north of Ireland. By him she had two sons, but quarrels ensued and a separation. Her too discreet grandson does not hint at any grounds for the measure, and humanity is prone to suppose the worst. But it is useless to discuss Mr. Foster's editing; the thing will have to be done again, for there is a mass of interesting and valuable material in this somewhat ugly volume.

To begin with, there are the famous Bishop's letters. Frederick Hervey was the younger brother of the earl who married Miss Chudleigh, and therefore brother-in-law to the notorious Duchess of Kingston. He became Bishop of Derry—a see worth £10,000 a year—at the age of thirty-eight, and administered the affairs of his diocese chiefly from Italy, where he played the art patron on the grandest scale, and wore habitually a white hat edged with purple, a coat of crimson velvet, a black sash spangled with silver, and purple stockings. That was something like a bishop for you. He returned to Ireland to head the Irish volunteers when they marched on Dublin, but seldom dabbled in mere domestic politics; schemes for a fresh partition of Europe were more to his taste. Nothing is, on the whole, more characteristic of him than this excerpt from a letter to Lady Elizabeth :

"What I have most at heart in this moment is your brother's marriage with the Comtesse de la Marche, the King of Prussia's daughter, of which I have wrote to you so fully; but I would not on any account have you tease him about it, how ardently soever I may wish it, especially as he seems inclined to another project. But see the difference :

|  |   |
|--|---|
| ON MY SIDE.  | ON HIS SIDE.  |
| £5,000 a year down.                                      | No fortune.   |
| £5,000 a year in reversion.                              | Wife and children beggars for want of settlement.             |
| An English Dukedom which the King pledges to obtain.     | No connexion.   |
| Royal connexion — Princess of Wales and Duchess of York. | A love match like all others for four generations before him. |

Sweet Elizabeth, when occasion serves, help me to accomplish my project. I cannot, if I would, afford him more than £2,000 a year while my house is building and furnishing. What is that in London ?

|                                     |                                      |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| BUT ON MY PLAN.                     | ON HIS PLAN.                         |
| £2,000 from me.                     | £2,000.                              |
| £5,000 dowry.                       | Wife and children and no settlement. |
| £3,000 Embassy to Berlin or Munich. |                                      |
| £10,000."                           |                                      |

His daughter was not unworthy of such a father. The average woman does not find

her account in being separated from her husband (without custody of her children). She, however, at once contracted an intimacy with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire—very useful people to know; and after a period of wandering on the Continent (during which Gibbon proposed to her at Lausanne and took her refusal with his usual philosophy), she settled down at the very heart of affairs in London. All the emotions of that crowded Napoleonic period pass in procession through her admirable letters and those of her correspondents; the embittered hatred of the "tiger-apes," as the Bishop always calls the Republican soldiers; the enthusiastic admiration of young Foster for the First Consul's imperial bearing; the mourning after Trafalgar; the stupefaction at the deaths of Pitt and Fox; and all the rest. Meanwhile, from Washington, Augustus Foster sketched with a caustic pen the beginnings of a great Republic, much as an Etrurian might have written of the early Rome—an asylum for thieves and robbers, an assemblage of the worst characters and the meanest vices; even its republican simplicity lapsing into an affectation of slovenliness when Jefferson received ambassadors in yarn stockings and slippers down at heel.

Pages might be filled with quotations, but in these columns it is proper to give a preference to the purely literary interest. Lady Elizabeth and her friends were not literary, but political; their chief artistic emotion was for the young Roscius, Master Betty, in whose praise all of them were ready to pour out volumes at any moment. But matters were different when a poet of the first rank appeared in their own circle; and the curious thing is that, along with the first volume of *Childe Harold*, the Duchess (as Lady Elizabeth had now become) sent out to her son in Washington a consolation for the coldness of Miss Milbanke whom he then desired to marry. The passage is worth quoting.

"She persists in saying that she never suspected your attachment to her, but she is so odd a girl that though she has for some time rather liked another, she has decidedly refused them (*sic*), because she thinks she ought to marry a person with a good fortune, and this is partly, I believe, from generosity to her parents, and partly owing that fortune is an object to herself for happiness. In short, she is good, amiable, and sensible, but cold, prudent, and reflecting. . . . Lord Byron makes up to her a little, but she don't seem to admire him, except as a poet, nor he her, except for a wife. Your little friend Caro William (Lady Caroline Lamb), as usual, is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him and with him; he admires her very much, but is supposed by some to admire our Caroline more; he says she is like Thyrsa, and her singing is enchantment."

"He must be mad or a Caligula," the Duchess wrote of Byron after the separation, when the stories spread, though at first she had been inclined to condemn Lady Byron's action. Strangely enough, the poet's wife in her old age struck up a friendship with the son of her old admirer, and the last twenty pages or so of the correspondence are filled with lengthy letters from her to Mr. Vere Foster, all of them concerned with

charitable projects or religious questions—all of them temperate, sensible, and rational. The Duchess described her very well, and probably there was not in the length and breadth of England a worse mate for Byron than this admirable icicle.

An editor knowing the period—as, for instance, Sir George Trevelyan knows it—might have made out of these papers one of the most fascinating books imaginable. As it is, they contain a deal of agreeable matter, but too much in the rough for the ordinary digestion. One more quotation may be given as illustrative of the whole :

“Marseilles, Dec., 1814.

“*Frederick Foster to Augustine Foster.*”

“We have seen Masséna. He is, I believe, stinging, but very civil and very interesting to see. Bonaparte on embarking for Elba sent him his *amitiés*, ‘C’est un brave homme, je l’aime fort’—but Masséna says, he, Bonaparte, loves nobody; that once when he was ill, Bonaparte never took the least notice of him, never even sent to inquire, and that at another time when he was also unwell, and that Bonaparte had need of his services, he used to come and see him three or four times a day. . . . Masséna and Wellington met at Paris, and, after a stare, Masséna said, ‘Milord, vous m’avez fait bien penser.’ ‘Et vous, Monsieur le Maréchal, vous m’avez souvent empêché de dormir.’”

#### DOGMATISMS.

*Affirmations.* By Havelock Ellis. (Walter Scott.)

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS “affirms” with remarkable sincerity and readiness, with a very individual conviction, yielding to no convention, and fettered by no tradition: so much so, that he would do well to write in the first person singular. He writes of Nietzsche, Casanova, M. Zola, M. Huysmans, St. Francis—all men of emphatic personalities: as were Diderot, Heine, Walt Whitman, Count Tolstoi, and M. Ibsen, the heroes of an earlier volume. Freshness and clearness of thought, utterance at first hand, vision unsophisticated, are what he values; not, in Walt Whitman’s phrase, mere “distillations” of literature. He loves the note of bold and brave confession, of true testimony borne to true experience, of frank and free veracity; and his own writing would gain if it came to us with all the charming and audacious egoism of St. Augustine, Montaigne, Pascal, Browne, Rousseau, Lamb. Further, the impersonal “we” is somewhat less than fair and just. A writer of any philosophy and creed may say that “we”—*i.e.*, all educated persons—believe in the law of gravitation and the earth’s rotundity. But is not “we” a little presumptuous, would not “I” be more truly modest, in such a passage as the following? It is a good example of the writer’s style:

“The religion of Jesus was the invention of a race which itself never accepted that religion. In the East religions spring up, for the most part, as naturally as flowers, and, like flowers, are scarcely a matter for furious propaganda. These deep sagacious Eastern men threw us off this rejected flower, as they have since sent

us the vases and fans they found too tawdry; and when we send our missionaries out to barter back the gift at a profit, they say no word, but their faces wear the mysterious Eastern smile. Yet for us, at all events, the figure of Jesus symbolises, and will always symbolise, a special attitude towards life, made up of tender human sympathy and mystical reliance on the unseen forces of the world. In certain stories of the Gospels, certain sayings, in many of the parables, this attitude finds the completest expression of its sweetest abandonment. But to us, men of another race, living in far distant corners of the world, it seems altogether oriental and ascetic, a morbid exceptional phenomenon.”

Surely, “to me, a man of another race,” would be at once more accurate and more effective. That, says the reader, is how “Christianity” strikes Mr. Ellis; it struck Newman, Browning, Arnold in three distinct ways, but not one of them in that way. And would Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Leslie Stephen, or Mr. Frederic Harrison, assuredly not “orthodox” thinkers, put the matter quite in that way; did Renan or Strauss feel quite like Mr. Ellis? The “we” means but “I and some others”; not any overwhelming mass of trained intellects, but a certain number. That Mr. Ellis holds this, and feels that, is a fact of interest to us; the conviction and the emotion clothe themselves with flesh and blood, when personally “affirmed” as those of an individual man. “We” conveys no such sense of reality, whilst it does convey the displeasing suggestion that, in the writer’s mind, it means the *élite* of the intellect, those whose opinions matter. Literature, philosophic and æsthetic, would profit greatly by a greater directness of personal speech, which need not become unauthoritative and capricious in ceasing to be unindividual and pompous. As essays in composition and design, admixtures of narrative and criticism, these papers are admirable. Mr. Ellis always does what he sets out with the intention of doing, and never fails to hold his reader’s attention. His essay upon Casanova is perhaps the best. It is possible to feel nothing but an irritable dislike of that virtuoso in the arts of vice and connoisseur of profligate living; or to part company with him with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. But, at least, he was intensely alive, a very splendid and accomplished animal of the *species homo*; and Mr. Ellis shows him to us in all his unspiritual, but most vital, humanity. This vigorous voluptuary, of equal strength and elegance in his varied pursuit of pleasure, was no whining sinner of the sort described, once for all, by Sir Henry Taylor:

“I heard the sorrowful sensualist complain,  
If with compassion, not without disdain.”

Casanova enjoyed with equanimity his life upon a soulless plane, and went laughing through the eighteenth century with an immense relish for the satisfactions it could give him, and with never a thought of conscientious remorse; he illustrates certain aspects of his age, as does Cellini. He was not, like one of Browning’s characters, “magnificent in sin”; he strikes no moralist with shuddering horror and wonder. He is a man of no tragedy in the

will, of no battle between soul and senses; he never “falls,” for his nature had no heights wherefrom to fall. The soul was omitted from his composition, and he lived a very perfect scamp, an excellent rascal, upon whom indignation would be wasted. We may deplore his existence, but hardly execrate his life. Practically, Mr. Ellis says of him, what Lamb pleaded on behalf of Restoration comedy, that all the excess and wantonness affect us, as things done in an imaginary fairyland, to which moral law and social code do not apply; and so, to censure Casanova, is to be angry with the deaf-mute or the colour-blind. Probably.

In Nietzsche, Mr. Ellis had a more difficult theme to handle. A kind of innocent Anarchist in thought, now insane beyond recovery, it is hard to vindicate for him a place among the first men of our time, though easy to point out his interest. We are too close to him: posterity must weigh in the balances his portentous and fantastic and oracular works, and decide whether the taint or strain of madness does not vitiate them from the first. But, at least, Mr. Ellis in his elaborate study, succeeds in bringing before us a living image of the man, with his passionate vivacity and decision of ideas, his proud isolation in the world of thought, his mental imaginativeness. Life, fact, reality, the definite, the concrete—these are his idols, and thought is of value to him only as it establishes us in a true relation to these. His notorious conception of “master morality” as opposed to “slave morality,” of egoism as against altruism, self-assertion against self-denial, is but his expression of love for a life of positive affirmations and doings: it is not, essentially not, a negation of all law. Gautier cries: “Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, mighty imperial Romans, at whose heels the rabble rout of rhetoricians is ever barking, I am your fellow-sufferer, and all the compassion left in me compassionates you!” That is a cry of sheer æstheticism, unrelated to any system of moral thought. Nietzsche might have cried it, but with him it would have implied a declaration of war against timid virtues of the Christian ideal, not for love of the æsthetic charm in unbridled personalities, but of the moral charm. Those monstrous men were at least themselves, fearless of the world’s condemnation; living *persons*, with characters not blurred, obscured, annihilated by conformity with the average and the conventional. Mr. Ellis traces the development of his mind from youth, through stages of ever-increasing vehemence, until the vehemence, which had been passion expressed with flashing brilliance, passed through a cloud of fire and smoke into the night of madness. In him the intensity of self was an obsession; and from a burning desire to preach the divine right of selfhood—if you will, of selfishness—he fell into that unimaginable state in which oneself becomes the universe, and the mind has burst its barriers. This “Pascal of Paganism” had through life the characteristic *pride* of the insane; a wild glory of the imagination, to be found in such abnormal natures as Blake, some of whose doctrines are strangely like those of Nietzsche. And both men, while enamoured of precision,



of definite form, have left works in which form struggles for precise expression—works of colossal energy contending with chaos.

Upon M. Zola and M. Huysmans, Mr. Ellis writes wisely and well, but his subjects are more familiar to us. Leaving them aside, let us consider one point of his affirmations upon which he has always insisted. He complains that "the sexual and digestive functions," which are "precisely the central functions of life, the two poles of hunger and love around which the world revolves" are more and more withdrawn from literary treatment. That in common speech and social intercourse each generation is less and less able to handle such matters with directness, he does not deplore, but he finds the tendency disastrous to literature. It would have seemed an obvious remark that in this matter social and literary usage go for the most part *pari passu*; but Mr. Ellis discounts the remark by contending that outspoken writers have always required some "heroism" to be outspoken. That may be partly true, but to no great extent, and it does not touch the essentials of the question. It is undeniable that we can trace frank, plain, unvarnished mention of "sexual and digestive functions," gradually passing from great literature to lighter literature, from lofty writing to comedy and jest, from high poetry into prose fiction—and that, simultaneously with a like change in social usage. Take, from Dante, the line about the devil Malacoda: "Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta." Dante's age thought that devils were properly described as not merely wicked, but also, and consequently, as absurd and obscene; no contemporary would have blushed to hear the line. But could Milton possibly have written it? Yet the physical fact described is a vulgar jest in great writers of the last century; it had sunk into the realm of unseemly mirth. Luther, preaching the physical impossibility of celibacy, has this comparison: "Wer seinen Mist oder Harn halten müsste, so er's doch nicht kann, was soll aus dem werden?" Hooker or Taylor was no advocate of enforced celibacy, but would either have ventured upon such a sentence? They might have used the argument, but never the words. Or take the well-known story of Scott's aged relative, Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, who asked him to lend her Aphra Behn's novels; they had pleased her in youth. Scott, with apprehensions, lent them. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," said the old lady at their next meeting, "and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?" Language becomes inevitably circumscribed, as taste and manners change: and what is possible to Shakespeare is impossible to Browning, assuredly no shrinker from physical passion.

It is the same with acts as with arts.

In his finely suggestive, if unsatisfying, essay upon *St. Francis and Others*, Mr. Ellis tells the story of Francis stripping himself naked before the bishop and people of Assisi, in token of his self-abandonment to absolute poverty. The spectators might have thought it a mad thing to do; some did; but no one thought it indecent. Now, a few years ago, Mr. Calderon exhibited a picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, in which, misinterpreting a mediæval chronicler—*omnino se exuit et nudavit*—he represented the royal saint naked before the altar. Catholics made vehement protests, and have renewed them now that the picture has become national property. Yet, making the largest allowance for the difference in the essentials of modesty between man and woman, we doubt whether, had the incident occurred, St. Elizabeth's contemporaries would have been gravely scandalised. What she actually did was, before the altar, to make a solemn vow of self-abnegation, putting off, and baring herself of, all earthly attachments and desires: had she, like Francis, symbolised the vow by a bodily baring, none would have cried shame upon her. But this age feels differently, and is justified in so feeling. It is, for the most part, not a question of ethics, but of aesthetics: in spite of all that is sane and wholesome in Whitman's gospel, we cannot be persuaded that what is physically right or inevitable is therefore a beautiful thing in speech or literature. It is no Swift, obsessed with unclean images, but Tennyson who speaks of the body as

"This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy human ghost,  
This house with all its hateful needs no cleaner than the beast,  
This coarse diseased creature which in Eden was divine,  
This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers."

And surely, waiving the point about Eden, the description is exact. About some physical acts, as, for example, coughing or sneezing, there is no possibility of feeling emotion, in themselves: and there are numbers of harmless physical acts and functions, the description of which is ludicrous and distasteful. Mr. Ellis writes of one of M. Huysmans' novels that it "dwells in the memory chiefly by virtue of two vividly naturalistic episodes, the birth of a calf and the death of a cat." No harm in that: but how Fielding or Scott would have laughed, and how paltry is the waste of power upon such material! Animal suffering has often been an exquisite scheme of art, but never for the cunning presentation of mere detail. A recent clever little story dwells in our memory by the phrase "expectorations glistened upon the gaslit asphalt pavement." *Risum teneatis amici?*

But all the questions raised by Mr. Ellis, chiefly for love, as he affirms, of their "questionable aspects," are questions worth raising. For ourselves, we prefer our criticism to be less closely allied with physiological science, with the "sexual and digestive functions"; and Mr. Ellis has written many pages of fine criticism aptly

expressed, for which we are grateful. As a scientific student of humanity, he is somewhat distressing to readers who, in presence of the great arts, care little whether they are in the body or out of the body, and not at all for the physical bases of emotion and thought. Nor will any such reader be greatly agitated by the impoverishment of the English literary tongue, whilst he can study passions of body and soul in the works of Browning, Patmore, and Mr. Meredith.

#### THE FRIEND OF BURNS AND BEETHOVEN.

*George Thomson, the Friend of Burns, his Life and Correspondence.* By J. Cuthbert Hadden. (J. C. Nimmo).

BURNS had many friends, and George Thomson was one of them. It was only to be expected, therefore, that advantage would be taken of the "boom in Burns" to connect this book with his name. But it has really little to do with Burns. It is a book of some use to biographical specialists, by reason of the business letters it gives between Thomson and a variety of famous authors. For this reason we cannot blame its issue, though it is of little or no interest to the public or to the general student of literature. Yet Thomson was not merely "the friend of Burns." He was the compiler, editor, and proprietor of a great collection of Scottish songs, afterwards supplemented by similar collections of Irish and Welsh songs, to which, both Burns and other authors of eminence freely contributed. Undoubtedly he did a great and useful work for the minstrelsy of Scotland; though, because of certain misjudgments in the setting of the songs, his collection was never very successful, and has now passed into oblivion. But as a subject for biography, it is a case of "Story? God bless you, there is none to tell, Sir!"

Thomson early became junior clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures in Scotland; and by that he lived when his books would have brought him merely ruin. He once made a tour on the Continent, he twice removed from Edinburgh to London, he published the collections aforesaid, and after living respectably, died respectably. That is really all. The bulk of the volume is composed of the business correspondence already mentioned. Even as a connoisseur of other men's work he was a mediocrity. The scanty evidence of his letters to his famous contributors sufficiently shows that his taste was eminently what the public calls "respectable," and famous authors reserve their opinion upon. We have not here his correspondence with Burns; in that respect Mr. Hadden has nothing to add to the information we already possess. But he snips and nips the verses of illustrious men with a complacent pedantry which the reader can by no means stand so meekly as did the illustrious men themselves. He objects to Sir Walter Scott for talking about "the glories of shade." His biographer recalls, in excuse, that Bentley could not

away with Milton's "No light, but rather darkness visible." But it would be hard to find a worse critic of poetry than Bentley. Thomson must surely have been troubled by Spenser's "A little glooming light, much like a shade," and he would have been thrown into strong shudders by Vaughan's

"There is in God, some say,  
A deep, but dazzling darkness."

Wonderful is the patience and courtesy of his contributors. Burns, Scott, Hogg, Lockhart, all of them, write for him without payment, and submit docilely to his meddling and nigging corrections. One is heartily delighted when Joanna Baillie at length tackles him, and refutes his alterations with feminine vigour and decision.

But the nature of the man comes out in his not very lively letters from the Continent. At Notre Dame this thorough Scotchman of his period could see only "sacerdotal and empty pomp." He went to the Grand Opera in Paris, heard Gluck's *Iphigène*, and declared: "The music is too continually noisy, and the singers much more ardent and impassioned than I can bear." The declaration is comic in its unconscious frankness of self-revelation. Ardour and passion absolutely annoyed him, as they do all Philistines; and you are no longer surprised at his criticism of poetry. He adds in the same strain: "The grandeur of the orchestra becomes oppressive." If he had lived to attend a Wagner opera! At his advanced age it would probably have been fatal. The marvel is how such a man ever came to appreciate Burns at all.

Still more marvellous is the fact that he admired Beethoven. The correspondence with this composer approaches somewhat nearer to interest than anything else in the book. We see Beethoven as a most "pawky" and matter-of-fact insister on details of payment and business. We see also Thomson preaching simplicity to the great musician in the most approved style of the small dealing with the great; and incidentally we get lights on the wretched state of musical education in England and—yet more—in Scotland. "There are not in Scotland twelve persons (professionals included) who could play one of your *quatuors*," says Thomson. Again, "Everybody finds your works much too difficult, and only a few masters of the first rank can play them." Beethoven offers him a symphony on the triumph of Wellington at Vittoria. Thomson makes the amazing suggestion that he should recast it as a pianoforte sonata; and this monster, this symphony as sonata, is to have "accompaniments for violin, &c." Great music! He asks Beethoven to compose music

"in that grand and original style which belongs to you alone, but easier to perform, so that it would be more within the capacity of amateurs. . . . Simple and expressive music will always have a great charm for all listeners, and difficult music will probably be neglected."

And once more:

"Is it not true that in all the arts the highest beauty is in general found united with the most perfect simplicity? And is it not such works that obtain the most permanent and universal admiration?"

At last, after years of such lectures and exhortations to the ballad-concert level, Beethoven broke forth, in the one truly characteristic letter of the series:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are always writing 'easy,' 'very easy'; I do my best to satisfy you, but—but—the fee will have to be more 'difficult,' or, I might say, 'ponderous'! The fee for a theme with variations which I fixed in my last letter to you—ten ducats—is, I solemnly assure you, so low out of mere favour to you; for I have no need of troubling myself with such trifling things. . . . I wish you may always have a real taste for true music; if you cry 'easy,' I shall retort with 'difficult' for your 'easy'!—Your friend,  
BEEHOVEN."

The fault, indeed, was Thomson's own. He wanted accompaniments for his songs, and he went to German composers like Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, ignorant of Scottish song. Possibly the copies of the airs sent to Beethoven were very imperfect; in any case he got no grip on the spirit of the music, and the other musicians did little better. Hence the collection failed. The task set Beethoven and his colleagues was impossible; but Thomson would not see it.

In one respect Mr. Hadden does some service to Thomson's memory. He shows that Burns and the rest of his song-writers refused to accept payment. After that initial refusal Thomson compromised matters by sending them presents of pictures, costly stuff, &c.; which Burns, at least, rebelled against. Still, it does not seem to us so clear that if Thomson had persevered with the offer of payment, instead of dropping it after the first generous refusal, Burns might not finally have taken it. Burns's dislike of the presents is no proof. There is all the difference in the world between capricious presents and honest fixed payment. The latter could hurt no author's self-respect; the former well might. At any rate, Mr. Hadden shows that Thomson, with all his faults as a critic, was an honourable, upright, and kind-hearted man; and that he has been wronged by those who have regarded him as a mercenary editor, preying on the labours of poets. For the rest, the letters he gives may be of use to future biographers of Scott, of Hogg, of Lockhart, of Joanna Baillie—of everyone except Burns.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

"TEMPLE DRAMATISTS."—*The Tragical Reign of Selimus*. A Play Reclaimed for Robert Greene. Edited by Alexander B. Grosart, D.D., LL.D. (Dent.)

THE early editions of *Selimus* contain nothing to justify the attribution to Robert Greene. The play was first published anonymously in 1594, and re-issued in 1638 with the initials "T. G." The effective argument for Greene's authorship consists almost entirely of the fact that two quotations ascribed to him in Allot's *English Parnassus* are here found. This is not conclusive, for Allot has been shown to have made mistakes in other cases; but no doubt, in the absence of evidence for any other author, it raises a presumption for Greene. And

the style and matter of the play, though they do not, *pace* Dr. Grosart, tell very much for the theory, are at any rate not inconsistent with it. A pretty point of literary antiquarianism is raised: but we cannot think that the interest of this is quite sufficient to justify the inclusion of *Selimus* in a popular series such as the "Temple Dramatists." The student will be grateful, because there is no other modern reprint save that in Dr. Grosart's expensive and limited edition of all Greene's works. But the ordinary reader will find the play intolerable. Dr. Grosart tells him that it "has passages of rare power, of Marlowe-like passion, of beauty, of melody, of distinction, of memorableness." The affection of a godfather for a bantling may be condoned; but to us there appears to be but one single true word in this glowing description—"Marlowe-like." For in truth *Selimus* is nothing more than a totally uninspired imitation of *Tamburlaine*, vacant in plot, turgid of sentiment, and wooden of metre. To reprint it, in this particular series, was an archaeological freak.

"INTERNATIONAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY."—*Christian Institutions*. By A. G. V. Allen, D.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

THIS is a volume in the series so happily inaugurated by Prof. Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, which is now, we are glad to say, in its sixth edition. Prof. Allen's treatise was originally shaped as a course of Lowell Lectures at an American University. It is a thoughtful survey of the chief institutions of Christianity in their connexion, on the one hand with the spiritual life, on the other with the development of Christian civilisation. It falls into three sections. The first deals with organisation, the orders of the ministry, the growth of the episcopate and the papacy, and the rise of monasticism; the second with creeds and the development of formal doctrine; the third with worship, embracing the divisions of the Christian year and the rites of Baptism and Eucharist. It will be seen that the field covered is very wide, and that the treatment cannot, therefore, be exhaustive; but as a careful study of the mutual relations of the institutions dealt with, and of the place occupied by each in Church history as a whole, the book should be, to students in particular, of exceeding value.

*The Elements of Hypnotism*. By Ralph Harry Vincent. "International Scientific Series." (Kegan Paul & Co.)

TO the second edition of this useful introduction to hypnotism Mr. Vincent has added a new chapter, in which he discusses the "Physiology of Hypnosis." Herein he gives a lucid account of the nature of nervous processes, and then attempts to explain the hypnotic reactions from the point of view of physiological psychology. Mr. Vincent expects opposition to his theory that "psychic" states are not necessarily "conscious" states. It does not seem essentially different from the psychological theory of "sub-conscious" states, but both the terms are somewhat paradoxical and perhaps, better avoided.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION, AND OTHER STORIES.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

The first of these clever stories, *A Departure from Tradition*, is rather to be described as a skit. We have the clever girl, who is not so clever as she thinks, married to the dull man, who is not so dull as he looks. *He* is appalled when, on their honeymoon, his wife quotes "enough Browning to have filled two sides of the *Pink 'Un*." *She* is appalled by the prospect of house-keeping, for is she not writing a treatise on "The Ontogenesis of the Ego"? How *he* manages the spring-cleaning while *she* writes for the *Monthly Investigator*, and how this "departure from tradition" answers—is the story. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### HIS FORTUNATE GRACE.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

In this short story we are back in the world of Miss Atherton's earlier heroine, Patience Sparhawk; indeed, that brilliant young lady is recalled on one page by her ex-sister-in-law, who exclaims with half-mocking admiration: "We can't all have seventeen different experiences before we are twenty-four, including a sojourn in Murders' Row, and a frantic love affair with one's own husband." (Bliss, Sands & Co. 186 pp.)

#### A MAN FROM THE NORTH.

By E. A. BENNETT.

The North-country youth who has a passion for London is the hero (in this case a weak and wayward one) selected by Mr. Bennett. Richard Larch's keen imaginative sympathies; his love affairs, begotten not of wisdom, but of loneliness and lack of purpose; and his final abandonment of his literary dreams in favour of a commonplace wife whom he can love, and a dull suburban home to which he can be reconciled, are all developed with skill and insight. The story is a study of a second-rate man who comes to know his second-rateness, and makes the best of it. (John Lane. 265 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE MINISTER OF STATE.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

This story, by the author of *In the Day of Battle* and *Kilgroom*, explains why Evan Kinloch, after rising from a Highland farm to be Sir Evan, and Home Secretary, advises a little Highland boy, fifty years later, "not to go south and make speeches and have a carriage and horses." It is a fine story, and may be described as a study in the difficulty of attaining to happiness. (William Heinemann. 386 pp. 6s.)

#### THE KLOOF BRIDE; OR, THE LOVER'S QUEST.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

A novel of love and adventure. The hero, Miles Venning, is partner in a gun-making firm, and takes a consignment of Martini-Henry rifles and 500,000 rounds of ammunition to Zanzibar. His own journey thither is unnecessary; but the order is signed "R. Mark Sterndale," and Miles had once met, and lost sight of, a girl whose father bore that name. To deliver the rifles was his business, to find Laura his hope. And what with rascally slave-traders (who flourish scimitars), and boat adventures on the Zambesi, and the "Valley of the Dead," and Laura, the reader need fear no dull page. (Methuen. 394 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### GLORIA VICTIS.

By J. A. MITCHELL.

An American novel of crime and regeneration, by the editor of the *New York Life*. The criminals are fascinating: Jim Wadsworth, Foss Graham, and particularly Steve Wadsworth, with whose career the book is concerned. Steve, who is not consciously a rogue but merely lacks the moral sense, passes from thief to highwayman, highwayman to murderer, and murderer to acrobat, yet keeps sweet

the while, and his progress is related with much dry humour. Dr. Thorne, the preacher, is a lovable figure. An engrossing little story. (D. Nutt. 269 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### BLANCHE CONINGHAM'S SURRENDER.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

A typical novel, by the author of *Hush Money* and half a score of other popular tales. The new book centres in a revengeful money-lender, ennobled by the influence of his wealth to be Lord Sandover; and round him Miss Middlemass's aristocrats—she will have no others—circle. Here is a passage chosen at random: "On the table in the little boudoir . . . were some letters. One of them bore a foreign postmark. The colour mounted to Lady Vere's brow when she saw it. It was from the Count de Florian." (F. V. White. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FATAL PHIAL.

By G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.

The bottle in question contained chloral and made an end of the first Lady Dawe, and Nurse Ursula was, of course, suspected of the crime. Nurse Ursula, who in private life was Mrs. Richmond, widow, "was tall, well-developed, with a handsome bust and limbs. . . . From this muscular, handsome frame rose a long, slender, and very white neck, surmounted by a head of exquisite shape, with bronze-coloured hair." Is it to be wondered, then, that she became in due time the second Lady Dawe? As for the chloral, it was the mistake of the regulation blundering chemist, without whom where would novelists of this class be? (Digby, Long & Co. 252 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE INFATUATION OF AMANDA.

By MINA SANDEMAN.

Amanda's infatuation was the curate. "The curate was as deep as a well, and as quiet as a dark, dangerous pool, which smiles in the sunlight"—and so on. But he did not love Amanda: he had only a "tepid toleration" for her, as she discovered after the marriage. And he was not really good; on the contrary, he went to music halls and had even joined a stage crowd. And once he had "an acme of rage." So Amanda killed him. Such a silly book! (Digby, Long & Co. 231 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### IN THE SAME REGIMENT.

By JOHN STRANOE WINTER.

Nine stories of regimental and other life by the author of *Bootles' Baby*. (F. V. White. 110 pp. 1s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Simon Dale*. By Anthony Hope.  
(Methuen.)

Of the younger writers who have made Romance lucrative since the late R. L. Stevenson brought it back into vogue we have had most regard for Mr. Anthony Hope: his faculty has seemed the finest and his style the best considered. Hitherto his writing has been of two kinds, which—borrowing from the language of the Dreyfus graphologists—we may call *dextrogyre* and *sinistrogyre*, and the most notable examples of which have been *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The God in the Car*. In the one kind Mr. Hope is simple, sentimental, fantastic, and purely romantic; in the other he is subtle, subacid (his humour is scarcely strong or earnest enough to be called "cynical"), actual, and only as romantic as smart society manners will permit him to be. In *Simon Dale* (which his publishers advertise as his "first historical novel") he combines the two kinds; and the historical period he has chosen—the Restoration—lends itself agreeably to the combination. How has he succeeded? Well, not to put too fine a point on it, he neither delights nor convinces, neither moves nor holds us. *Simon Dale*, a youth of twenty-two, and of no great rank or wealth, comes to London, and is instantly plunged into a Court intrigue of love and

politics. It is the fashion of the latter-day historical romance to be egoistic, and, according to fashion, Simon Dale tells his own story; and, frankly, we do not believe it. Through Nell Gwynne—how he first was acquainted with the lady it would be unfair to disclose—he is introduced to intimate speech with the king and such great personages of the Court as the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth, who compete to retain his valuable services. Simon Dale may well have been a young man of great natural parts and of remarkable promise and attraction, and yet, at twenty-two and fresh from the country, it is impossible to believe that he would be witty enough, astute enough, and self-possessed enough to bandy speech with Charles II. and the notables of his Court, and to cross and baffle them in more than one scheme; to put M. De Cominges, the French Ambassador, to the blush; and by sheer force of character to compel from the king himself such a confession as this:

“The King struck his right hand on the arm of his chair suddenly and forcibly. ‘I sit here,’ said he; ‘it is my work to sit here. My brother has a conscience: how long would he sit here?’ James [meaning Monmouth] is a fool: how long would he sit here?’ They laugh at me or snarl at me, but here I sit and here I will sit till my life’s end, by God’s grace or the Devil’s help. My gospel is to sit here.’

I had never before seen him so moved, and never had so plain a glimpse of his heart, nor of the resolve which lay beneath his lightness and frivolity.”

Kings do not utter themselves thus to casual young men of twenty-two; least of all is the second Charles Stuart likely to have done so. But most incredible of all is the episode of M. de Perrencourt, which even the great art of the great Dumas would scarcely have availed to make appear feasible. We cannot speak more fully of the episode, for to do so would be to give away the cherished secret of the story.

Yet, though the intrigue of the story is incredible, it has some admirable qualities. Though Barbara Quinton is an absurdly and impossibly prudish and modern young person for the Restoration period, Nell Gwynne is well rendered—better rendered than at the moment we can recall she has ever been, short of the absolute truth—in her changefulness, her vivacity, and her lack of moral sense as “this so-called nineteenth century” understands it. And, though Mr. Hope, on a consistent plan of archaic moralising, tires us with well-balanced sentences and paragraphs of reflection which are not illumined by the faintest flicker of humour or of wisdom—the whole matter being a game—he shows an agreeable faculty of sparkling dialogue, which may, in these days, pass for wit, and which may be taken as sufficiently illustrative of the Restoration. Here is a passage towards the end:

“Having procured a gentleman to advise the King of my presence, I was rewarded by being beckoned to approach immediately. . . . Motioning me to stand by him [the King] continued his conversation with my lord Rochester.

‘In defining it as the device by which the weak intimidate the strong,’ observed Rochester, ‘the philosopher declared the purpose of virtue rather than its effect. For the strong are not intimidated; while the weak, falling slaves to their own puppet, grow more helpless still.’

‘It’s a just retribution on them,’ said the King, ‘for having invented anything so tiresome.’

‘In truth, sir, all these things that make virtue are given a man for his profit, and that he may not go empty-handed into the mart of the world. He has stuff for barter: he can give honour for pleasure, morality for money, religion for power.’

The King raised his brows and smiled again, but made no remark. Rochester bowed courteously to me, as he added: ‘Is it not as I say, sir?’ and awaited my reply.

‘It’s better still, my lord,’ I answered, ‘for he can make these bargains you speak of, and, by not keeping them, have his basket still full for another deal.’

Again the King smiled as he patted his dog.

‘Very just, sir, very just,’ nodded Rochester. ‘Thus by breaking a villainous bargain he is twice a villain, and preserves his reputation to aid him in the more effectual cheating of his neighbour.’

‘And the damning of his own soul,’ said the King softly.”

Sometimes the wit crackles a little more than that; but the wisdom of it—well, is it not altogether somewhat mechanical and insincere?—somewhat more so than it need be for the mere purpose of illustration, if that be its purpose? In sum, we are disappointed with *Simon Dale*; and Mr. Anthony Hope must reconsider himself if he is not to be deposed from his promising place in the front rank of the younger novelists.

*The Vintage.* By E. F. Benson.  
(Methuen.)

MR. BENSON is at a very interesting stage in his career. He has had to struggle with an early success which depended largely upon considerations somewhat irrelevant to the actual qualities of his work. And in more recent books the vein of boyish humour and exuberant high spirits, from which those qualities, such as they were, came, has shown unmistakable signs of having panned out. This Mr. Benson has seen for himself, and he has had the literary instinct and the good sense to start afresh on entirely new lines. In *The Vintage* this experiment has thoroughly justified itself. It is at once more ambitious and more satisfying than any of its predecessors, and it makes it quite clear that beneath the superficial cleverness there is solid good stuff in the author. *The Vintage* is a romance of the Greek War of Independence. Of romances we have, of course, enough and to spare at present, and most of them are not worth the paper they are written on; but you will not easily confuse Mr. Benson’s work with these. The mere workmanship of the book is admirable. Mr. Benson knows the topography and the social life of his Greece well, and he has used his knowledge with excellent effect. His background is painted with real sensitiveness to the characteristic and beautiful features of that wonderful country, and yet it remains a background, and is not allowed to encroach upon the interest of the story. Here is a charming bit of vignettted landscape, by way of example:

“The grapes were not yet so far advanced as at Nauplia and still hung hard, and tinged with colour only on the sunward side; but the fruit harvest was going on, and under the fig-trees were spread coarse strips of matting on which the fragrant piles were laid to dry. A few late pomegranate trees were still covered with their red, wax-like blossoms, but on most the petals had fallen, and the fruit, like little green-glazed pitchers, was beginning to swell and darken towards maturity. The men were at work in the vineyards cutting channels for the water, and through the green of the fig-trees you could catch sight every now and then of the brightly coloured petticoat of some woman picking the fruit, or else her presence was only indicated, where the leaves were thicker, by the dumping of the ripe figs on to the canvas strips below.”

The vintage, which Mr. Benson uses as a symbol of the overthrow of the rotten-ripe Turkish domination, is, of course, a familiar feature of Greek village life, and an episode of vintage idyll at the beginning serves to enforce and bring home the symbolism.

The story itself centres around the adventures of one Mitsos, a Nauplian fisher-boy, of giant stature and fiery soul, who happens to be the nephew of one of the chief organisers of the outbreak, and is thus drawn into the thick of it. The flare of patriotism in the lad, and the heroic deeds which he does in the strength of this, are finely realised. The fighting and the toilsome journeys which he endures are capitably told; and in the midst of it all he has a love-story which breathes the very spirit of romance, and is at one moment complicated by a situation of inner and vital tragedy. In some of the scenes which immediately precede the revolt the sentiment of the book reaches a very exalted point, and Mr. Benson’s style, good throughout, rises notably to the occasion. It falls to Mitsos to light the beacon which shall be the fateful signal:

“In ten minutes more the rain had stopped, but Mitsos still laboured on until the heat of the beacon was so great that he could scarcely approach to throw on the fresh fuel. The flames leaped higher and higher, and the wind dropping, a shower of red-hot pieces of half-burned leaves and bark was continually carried upwards, peopling the night with fiery sparks, and falling round him in blackened particles, or floating away a feathery white ash, like motes in a sunbeam. And as he stood there, grimy and panting, scorched and chilled, throwing new bundles of fuel on to the furnace, and seeing them smoke and fizz and then break out flaring, the glory and the splendour of the deeds he was helping in burst in upon him with one blinding flash that banished other memories, and for the moment even Suleima was but the shadow of a shadow. The beacon he had kindled seemed to illuminate the depths of his soul, and he saw by its light the cruelty and accursed lusts of that hated race, and the greatness of the freedom that was coming. Then, blackened and burned and sodden and drenched, he sat down for a few moments to the north of the beacon to get his breath, and scoured the night. Was that a star burning so low on the horizon? Surely it was too red for a star, and on such a night what stars could pierce the clouds? Besides, was not that a mountain which stood up dimly behind it? Then presently after it grew and glowed; it was no star, but the fiery mouth of message shouting north and south. Bassae had answered.”

We have but few faults to find with *The Vintage*. We should, however, like to suggest to Mr. Benson that the use of asterisks, so dear to *conteurs* of the Maupassant school, is hardly in keeping with the manner of a romance. In fact, the significance of them escaped us at the time, and the necessity of turning back to verify caused irritation. Mr. Benson should be a little franker. Occasionally, but only occasionally, the old Adam revives, and Mitsos and his henchman, Yanni, talk precisely like Dodo or the Babe. This, for instance, comes quaintly:

"A pot of little anchovies, Yanni," he remarked; "they will come first to give us an appetite. Thus I shall have two appetites, for I have one already. By the Virgin, there is tobacco too, all ready in the pipes. We shall pass a very pleasant evening, I hope. Oh, there's the horse still waiting at the gate. I will go and fetch him; and be quick with the supper, pig."

Yanni laughed.

"Really the Turk is a very convenient man," he said. "I like wars. We can take provisions from here which will last to Nauplia. There will be no skulking about villages after dark to buy bread and wine without being noticed."

A more serious defect is, that the interest of the story flags considerably in the last third. Mitsos is absorbed in the general history, and the campaigns and jealousies of the insurgent Greeks prove less absorbing than the individual career. What remains with us of the book, beyond the atmosphere of the whole, is certainly not the politics, but Mitsos himself, his brave heart and his idyllic love.

#### A PLEA FOR THE SEMICOLON.

"THE semicolon test may prove the final one to determine an author's fitness to rank with august society." Thus Mr. E. H. Mullin in *The Chap Book*, who, having premised that the sign of a bad writer is bad punctuation, especially in regard to the semicolon, proceeds to quote from certain of the august to show how the semicolon should be used:

"Matthew <sup>13</sup> who loved to be didactic, but disliked to be thought disputatious, everywhere in his writings uses elegant punctuation to bring out or to emphasise his meaning. In the following example, taken from his essay on 'Democracy,' we see him first using the semicolon to produce a reflective pause in the mind of the reader, and then, in the latter part of his sentence, using a comma in place of 'but' following the 'not only,' because he wished to reinforce his point without resorting to antithesis:

"It is true that the advance of all classes in culture and refinement may make the culture of one class, which, isolated, appeared remarkable, appear so no longer; but exquisite culture and great dignity are always something rare and striking, and it is the distinction of the English aristocracy, in the eighteenth century, that not only was their culture something rare by comparison with the rawness of the masses, it was something rare and admirable in itself."

Ruskin affords numberless instances of good punctuation; his artistic sense of the fitness of things and his poetic gift of condensation enabling him to make effective use of the despised parenthesis succeeded by a disjunctive semicolon in the following sentence, taken from *The Crown of Wild Olives*:

"It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); either, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of a nation's work."

Walter Pater, an artist in things great and small, studied so to balance his sentences by punctuation that the train of thought, while still continued in its natural mental order, was slowed down by semicolons at natural resting-places before a new phase of the same idea was presented to the reader's consideration. Who but Pater would have used the dash, without upsetting his material, in the following long sentence, taken from *Marius the Epicurean*:

"To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and eagerness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, ever more and more fastidiously, select form and colour in things from what is less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects, more especially, connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any

cost of place, money, or opportunity; such were, in brief outline, the duties recognised, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life."

Robert Louis Stevenson's literary acuteness in getting the most out of his semicolons up to a certain point, after which he abandons them to pile up his culmination with the shorter commas, is well seen in the following sentence, taken from *An Inland Voyage*:

"I take it, in short, that I was as near Nirvana as would be convenient in practical life; and, if this be so, I make the Buddhists my sincere compliments; 't is an agreeable state, not very profitable in a money point of view, but very calm, golden, and incurious, and one that sets a man superior to alarms."

Here are five writers, all selected without much deliberation, and the passages from their works taken from the place where the book chanced to open. In none of them is there any effort apparent to the eye of the casual reader to make punctuation an end in itself; the sense, the rhythm and the appearance of the sentence in print, commend themselves unhesitatingly to the taste and to the understanding. Yet, let the semicolons and commas which buoy the channel of thought be removed, and the difficulty of replacing them will readily be discovered. It is safe to say that no ordinary proof reader, and, perhaps, few editors, would be able to mark the channel again as it was originally laid out. There has been a great deal too much levelling-down of late years in matters of typography."

#### MR. MARION CRAWFORD AT HOME.

A WRITER in the *New York Critic* thus describes Mr. Marion Crawford's home and home life at Sorrento, in Italy.

"Villa Crawford" is carved over the doorway in plain block letters. The heavy dark-green doors of the gate stand hospitably open, and show the straight narrow drive, bordered with roses, geraniums, and jasmine, and leading down to a square garden-court, not large, but full of flowers and crooked old olive-trees, over which wistaria has been trained from one to the other, so that in spring they are a mass of delicate bloom and fragrance. The house is very simple, built of rough stone partly stuccoed, as usual in that part of Italy, and irregular in shape because it has been added to from time to time. When Mr. Crawford first took it for a season, soon after his marriage to a daughter of General Berdan, it was in such a very tumbledown condition that when the fierce winter gales swept over snow-clad Vesuvius from the north-east, the teeth of every lock chattered, and the carpets rose in billows along the tiled floors. But the site is one of the most beautiful on the whole bay, for the house stands on the edge of a cliff which falls abruptly nearly two hundred feet to the water, and since Mr. Crawford bought it he has strengthened it with a solid tower, which can be seen for some distance out at sea.

The front door opens directly upon a simple hall where there are plants in tubs, and a tall old monastery clock stands near the door leading to the stone staircase. The long drawing-room opens upon a tiled terrace, and is almost always full of sunshine, the scent of flowers, and the voices of children. It cannot be said to be furnished in the modern style, but it contains many objects which could only have been collected by people having both taste and opportunity. . . . A door leads from one end of the drawing-room into the library, a high square room completely lined with old carved bookcases of black walnut, built more than two hundred years ago for Cardinal Altieri before he became Pope Clement the Tenth, and of which the wanderings, down to their final sale, would be an interesting bit of Roman social history. The library is not a workroom, but the place where the author's books are kept in careful order, those he needs at any time being carried up to his study, and brought down again when no longer wanted. There are about five thousand volumes, very largely books of reference and classics, partly collected by the author himself, and in part inherited from his uncle, the late Samuel Ward, and his father-in-law, General Berdan. The room is so full that one large bookcase has been placed in the middle, so that both sides of it are used. Besides the books the library contains only a writing table, three or four chairs, and a bronze bust of Mr. Ward.

In describing Mr. Crawford's four "strikingly handsome children," the *Critic* writer says that the youngest is bent on being a sailor-man, a disposition, he continues, which he inherits fairly, for Mr. Crawford's friends know that if he might have consulted only the natural bent of his mind he would have followed the sea as a profession. From early boyhood he has passed the happiest

hours of his leisure on board a boat, and he is as proficient in the management of the picturesque but dangerous Italian felucca as any native skipper along the coast.

When he bought an old New York pilot boat in 1896 he was admitted to the examination of the Association of American Shipmasters in consideration of his long experience, and he holds a proper shipmaster's certificate authorising him to navigate sailing vessels on the high seas. He proved his ability by navigating his little schooner across the Atlantic with entire success, and without the slightest assistance from the mate he took with him. This episode in a life which has had more variety than falls to the lot of most men, shows clearly the predominant trait of Marion Crawford's character, which is determination to follow out anything he undertakes to learn until he knows how it should be done, even if he has not the time to work at it much afterwards. Readers of *Casa Braccio* may have noticed that the old cobbler, who is Paul Grigg's friend, is described with touches which show acquaintance with his trade, the fact being that while the author was preparing for college in the English village which he described later in *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*, he made a pair of shoes "to see how it was done," as he also joined the local bell-ringers to become familiar with the somewhat complicated system of peals and chimes. Mere curiosity is like the clutch of a child's hand, which usually means nothing, and may break what it seizes, but the insatiable thirst for knowledge of all kinds is entirely different, and has always formed part of the true artistic temperament.

The description of silver chiselling in *Marzio's Crucifix* is the result of actual experience, for Mr. Crawford once studied this branch of art, and produced several objects of considerable promise. In rebuilding and adding to his house he has never employed an architect, for he is a good practical builder and stonemason, as well as a creditable mathematician, and his foreman in all such work is a clever labourer who can neither read nor write. Like many left-handed men, he is skilful in the use of tools, and his mechanical capacity was tested recently when, having taken out a complete system of American plumbing, including a kitchen boiler, he could find no workmen who understood such appliances, and so put them all in himself, with the help of two or three plumbers whose knowledge did not extend beyond soldering a joint. When the job was done, everything worked perfectly, to his justifiable satisfaction. As he is a very fair classical scholar and an excellent linguist he could easily support himself as a tutor if it were necessary, or he might even attain to the awful dignity of a high-class courier. . . . Mr. Crawford is an early riser, being usually at his writing-table between six and seven o'clock. If it is winter he lights his own fire, and in any season begins the day, like most people who have lived much in southern countries, with a small cup of black coffee and a pipe. About nine o'clock he goes downstairs to spend an hour with his wife and children, and then returns to his study and works uninterruptedly until luncheon, which in summer is an early dinner. In warm weather the household goes to sleep immediately after this meal, to re-assemble towards five o'clock; but the author often works straight through this time, always, however, giving the late afternoon and evening to his family.

#### SOME APHORISMS.

V.—GOETHE.

Our Paris correspondent's views on Goethe and his genius were very frankly expressed in our issue of February 5. Whether Goethe's fame is about to decline or not, it is probable that few will venture to question his worldly wisdom, his profound experience of the good and evil of life. It is in his collected *Maxims* that these qualities may be most easily discovered by English readers. They have been translated with great care by Mr. Bailey Saunders, and it is from his collection that we take the following examples of Goethe's counsels and opinions:

How can a man come to know himself? Never by thinking, but by doing. Try to do your duty, and you will know at once what you are worth.

The most insignificant man can be complete if he works within the limits of his capacities, innate or acquired; but even fine talents can be obscured, neutralised, and destroyed by lack of this

indispensable requirement of symmetry. This is a mischief which will often occur in modern times; for who will be able to come up to the claims of an age so full and intense as this, and one, too, that moves so rapidly?

It is a great error to take oneself for more than one is, or for less than one is worth.

Character calls forth character.

I keep silence about many things; for I do not want to put people out of countenance; and I am well content if they are pleased with things that annoy me.

Piety is not an end, but a means: a means of attaining the highest culture by the purest tranquillity of soul.

Whoso is content with pure experience and acts upon it he is enough of truth. The growing child is wise in this sense.

Certain minds must be allowed their peculiarities.

Everyone has his peculiarities and cannot get rid of them; and yet many a one is destroyed by his peculiarities, and those, too, of the most innocent kind.

A state of things in which every day brings some new trouble is not the right one.

The really foolish thing in men who are otherwise intelligent is that they fail to understand what another person says, when he does not exactly hit upon the right way of saying it.

No one should desire to live in irregular circumstances; but if by chance a man falls into them, they test his character and show how much determination he is capable of.

No one is the master of any truly productive energy; and all must let it work on by itself.

A man cannot live for every one; least of all for those with whom he would not care to live.

The errors of a man are what make him really lovable.

There is no use in reproving vulgarity, for it never changes.

Women's society is the element of good manners.

When we live with people who have a delicate sense of what is fitting, we get quite anxious about them if anything happens to disturb this sense.

There is no outward sign of politeness that will be found to lack some deep moral foundation. The right kind of education would be that which conveyed the sign and the foundation at the same time.

There is a politeness of the heart, and it is allied to love. It produces the most agreeable politeness of outward demeanour.

We generally take men to be more dangerous than they are.

If anyone meets us who owes us a debt of gratitude, it immediately crosses our mind. How often can we meet some one to whom we owe gratitude, without thinking of it!

By nothing do men show their character more than by the things they laugh at.

A man well on in years was reproved for still troubling himself about young women. "It is the only means," he replied, "of regaining one's youth; and that is something every one wishes to do."

To praise a man is to put oneself on his level.

Nothing is more highly to be prized than the value of each day.

The mind endowed with active powers and keeping within the practical object to the task that lies nearest, is the worthiest that is on earth.

Let every man ask himself with which of his faculties he can best will somehow influence his age.

Character in matters great and small consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.

The public must be treated like women: they must be told absolutely nothing but what they like to hear.

How many years must a man do nothing before he can at all know what is to be done and how to do it!

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NOTES AND NEWS.

CAMBRIDGE should be proud of Mr. J. G. Frazer. In his edition of Pausanias's *Description of Greece*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just published, he has performed single-handed a feat of research and scholarship which compares with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. At a time when so much is said of the diversion of all literary activity into fictional channels, it is well that such a reminder should be forthcoming that there are patient scholars at work, and that another public than that of Mudie's eagerly awaits their work.

THE pains that went to Mr. Frazer's previous work, *The Golden Bough*, that extraordinary study of primitive customs and religions, though excessive, must have been surpassed by the *Pausanias*, which, in addition to the translation, contains four huge volumes of notes, fairly to be described as exhaustive, and another volume of index. To learn one's way about the volumes is in itself a considerable achievement.

At the close of Mr. Frazer's preface is the following quiet and beautiful passage:

"The windows of my study look on the tranquil court of an ancient college, where the sundial marks the silent passage of the hours, and in the long summer days the fountain splashes drowsily amid flowers and grass; where, as the evening shadows deepen, the lights come out in the blazoned windows of the Elizabethan hall, and from the chapel the sweet voices of the choir, blent with the pealing music of the organ, float on the peaceful air, telling of man's eternal aspirations after truth and goodness and immortality. Here, if anywhere, remote from the tumult and bustle of the world, with its pomps and vanities and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth, to penetrate through

the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide, or rather which we fondly think must abide, while the generations come and go. I cannot be too thankful that I have been allowed to spend so many quiet and happy years in such a scene, and when I quit my old college rooms, as I soon shall do, for another home in Cambridge, I shall hope to carry forward to new work in a new scene the love of study and labour which has been, not indeed implanted, but fostered and cherished in this ancient home of learning and peace."

Cambridge may put this passage against Matthew Arnold's eulogy of Oxford in the preface to his *Essays in Criticism*.

Nor the least interesting feature of the trial of M. Zola is the opportunity it has given Mr. David Christie Murray to prove himself still a special correspondent of unusual vividness and vigour. Mr. Murray is, of course, heart and soul with the novelist, and letters inspired by such zeal, and so coloured with enthusiasm, are, of course, more moving than letters written from a dispassionate standpoint. For sheer interest Mr. Murray's descriptions in the *Daily News* have excelled those in any of the papers.

THIS passage from Mr. Murray's description of Maitre Labori's speech will explain his method:

"Time and again he awoke the anger of the crowd, and time and again he jungled it down. Whenever they raised a disdainful laugh at a fact or an argument, he turned with a repetition of it more uncompromising than the original, and the many interruptions seemed a spur to him. The words, 'A patriot like Zola,' evoked a storm of groans and hisses. He turned like a lion. 'I say it. A patriot like Zola—a patriot with a braver heart, a clearer vision, a loftier love of his own land than is owned by any of the shallow-minded swallows of phrases who rage at him. One of these days you will recognise your own folly and his greatness.' He stood a second or two, as if challenging a new outburst. There was complete silence. 'Ah, well, then,' he said, with a touch of fighting laughter in his voice, 'I continue.' And he went back to his argument."

THE partisan and cynical but exceedingly able onlooker who has been writing on the Dreyfus case for the *Pall Mall Gazette* was allowed to print the following "explanation" of Zola's intervention: "What Zola sees in this astounding Dreyfus case is the material for another romance, centring round the picturesque and eminently mediæval figure of Major Esterhazy. And to be sure of the *dénouement* the author has accorded to himself the *beau rôle*. The exigencies of a gigantic sale, following upon a "grand succès de feuilleton," are known to no one better than to M. Zola. His last two works, in which the pornographic note is strikingly absent, did not sell in such a way as to satisfy the anticipations of either author or publisher. Seventy thousand copies were printed of *Rome* (it must be remembered that a French publisher's 'édition de mille' consists of only five hundred copies), and of these only twenty thousand have been disposed of. *Paris* announced itself from the first as a dismal

failure, and its comparative cleanliness is the undoubted explanation of this. When a writer makes a speciality he must stick to it or suffer it to stick to him. M. Zola himself complained that owing to the excitement about the Dreyfus case nobody was reading his novel. So rather than be left out in the cold he plunged into the actuality of the moment."

WE prefer to take the other view of M. Zola's intervention, and with all our heart we sympathise with him in the sentence passed upon him. Whether he has said true or untrue things, he was entitled to a fair trial, and no one can pretend that he has had it.

IT is to the honour of M. Anatole France that he signed the letter of protestation in favour of a revision of the Dreyfus trial, and expressed in court his belief in M. Zola's sincerity, inasmuch as he has already expressed in print his views of Zola's character and work. The passage appears in the first volume of *La Vie Littéraire*:

"That M. Emile Zola formerly had, I will not say a great talent, but a large talent, is possible. That he still retains some shreds of it is credible, but I avow that I have all the difficulty in the world to admit it. His work is bad, and he is one of those unhappy beings of whom it may be said that it would have been better had they never been born. Truly I do not deny to him his detestable glory. Nobody before him has raised up so high a heap of filth. That is his monument, the greatness of which cannot be contested. Never did man make an equivalent effort to render humanity vile, to hurl insults at all the images of beauty and of love, to deny all that is good and all that is well. Never did man to such a point misunderstand the ideal of man. There is in all of us, in the little as in the great, among the humble and the proud, an instinct of beauty, a desire for that which adorns and for that which decorates, which, spread over the world, constitute the charm of life. M. Zola does not know it. There is in man an infinite need of loving which renders him divine. M. Zola does not know it. Desire and modesty mingle in certain souls in delicious gradations. M. Zola does not know it. There are upon earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts; there are pure souls and heroic hearts. M. Zola does not know it. Many weaknesses even, many errors and faults, have their touching beauty. Their grief is sacred. The holiness of tears is at the bottom of all religions. Misfortune would suffice to render man august to man. M. Zola does not know it. He does not know that the Græces are decent, that philosophic irony is indulgent and good-tempered, and that human things inspire only two sentiments to well-constructed minds—admiration or pity. M. Zola is worthy of profound pity."

THE fact, says the *New York Critic*, that the MS. of *Waverley* came near destruction before it was discovered by Sir Walter among his fishing-tackle so profoundly affected one of the (central Pennsylvania) hearers of a University Extension lecture, that his paper, presented to the lecturer, contained this clause: "Happy it was for English literature that this beacon-light was not extinguished by the scissors of

the maid near the morass, and under the leaves had been buried the root of Scotch literature."

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN has improved *Who's Who*. To the new issue more than a thousand new biographical notices have been added. One is surprised to find how many omissions there were in the 1897 volume. Among those who join the ranks of the *Whos* for the first time are: Mr. William Blackwood, Mr. Blowitz, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. David Hannay, Prof. W. P. Ker, Mr. Alphonse Legros, Miss Olga Nethersole, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, and Mr. Louis Zangwill. A useful and proper addition is an obituary list of persons whose biographies appeared last year, and who since, but not necessarily in consequence, have died. These number nearly two hundred.

A CAREFUL comparison of the biographies would doubtless yield an interesting crop of variations. We observe that one or two men of note are no longer reticent about their favourite amusements. Mr. John Davidson, who last year did not, to all appearance, recreate, now confesses that "walking" is his solace. Mr. Bernard Shaw no longer gives "cycling and showing-off" as his amusements: his recreations for the current year are "change of work, Nature, Art, human intercourse—anything except sport." But it would be premature to say that Mr. Shaw is growing serious. Sir Walter Besant still finds happiness in "looking on." Last year we felt concerned when we discovered that Dr. Garnett confessed to no recreation. But now we are relieved: "change of occupation and *dolce far niente*" are his relaxations.

AMONG *Who's Who's* errors, which on a casual survey are fewer than they were last year, we note that Mr. Pett Ridge is stated to have been appointed Secretary to Bayne, M.P., in 1897. "Secretary to Bayne, M.P.," we believe, is not Mr. Ridge's employment, but the title of one of his books. Mr. Allen Upward, we observe, is credited with having taken part in the "invasion of Turkey" in 1897. Surely it was Greece. And Mr. Le Gallienne is said to have composed a "prose" translation of Omar Khayyam; which is a hard saying.

THE list of pseudonyms in *Who's Who*, which last year was the same as that given in *Hazell's Cyclopadia*, has at length received revision. No longer are we confronted with the information that Mr. Gilbert once styled himself "Tomline Latour," and that "O. P. Q. Philander Smiff" was Mr. A. A. Dowty. We are still told, however, that "Ally Sloper" is Mr. C. H. Ross, and that both Mark Rutherford and Reuben Shapcott are W. Hale White, which, strictly speaking, is not the fact. Because a novelist professes to edit the writings of certain mythical persons he does not necessarily employ their names as pseudonyms.

WE trust that the indisposition which prevents Mr. James Payn from writing

"Our Note-Book" in the *Illustrated London News* this week, will not be of long duration. His cheery pen can ill be missed.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT's adaptation of Moore in his speech at Bury leads to a very terrible suspicion. The speaker said:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the Liberal will hang round him still."

Can Sir William Harcourt really pronounce Liberal as a dissyllable?

MR. JOHN D. BARRY, the New York correspondent of the *Literary World* (Boston, Mass.), is always readable, but, like ourselves, he is sometimes a little wrong in his facts. Mr. Barry's dearest friend could not say that the following piece of news he gives his readers is quite accurate:

"This is the volume [Mr. Phillips's *Poems*] that was 'crowned' a few weeks ago by the recently formed English Academy as the best book of the year, the author receiving, in addition to the honour, the very substantial sum of five hundred guineas."

IN his *Pall Mall Magazine* gossip Mr. Quiller Couch comes with spirit to the defence of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, against his latest—and, so far as we know, only—detractor, Mr. Lang. In a recent criticism Mr. Lang referred to the author of *Rural Poems in the Dorset Dialect* as "a weariful writer of misspelled English, called 'dialect.'"

"Well," says Q., "Mr. Lang may call Barnes weariful, an he list. This is a free country, at least to the extent that any man who chooses may yawn over 'Zummer Winds' or 'The Wife a-Lost.' But I confess that 'misspelled English, called 'dialect,'" sticks in my throat. May I even say that it gars me fash mysel' extraordinar'?" Hech, mon, an' havena the braw Scots a'ready stown the cuddie, but ye maun geck an' tak' the gee gif a puir Southron gangrel cock an' e'e attowre the dyke. Excuse me: I have not the knack of it. But I believe that 'stown the cuddie' is good, or gude, or guid, Scots for 'stolen the donkey' (though, oddly enough, 'tak' the gee' does not mean 'steal the horse'), and I was attempting to say that it seems hard that a Scotsman should be allowed to walk off with the animal while an Englishman may not so much as look over the hedge."

Our sympathies are both with Mr. Couch and with Mr. Lang: with Mr. Couch in his eulogy of Barnes, and with Mr. Lang in his misfortune of finding Barnes "weariful."

IN connexion with "misspelled English called 'dialect'" we may mention for the information of those interested in the subject, that Mr. E. W. Prevost's *Glossary of Cumberland Words and Phrases* is now sufficiently near publication to be ordered. It may be obtained of Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, London.

AN idea of the method of the authors of the most facile variety of serial fiction and penny dreadfuls may be gained from the account of the latest strike. In a street off Brunswick-square, Bloomsbury, dwells an imaginative man whose business is the production of lurid romances of the cheapest

kind. To assist him, he has a staff of "ghosts," to whom he dictates plots, leaving it to them to fill in dialogue and deaths. Their salary ranges from thirty shillings a week to two pounds, and as a rule the relation between themselves and the master mind is amicable enough. A few days ago, however, one of these assistants was so unwise as to kill off a hero before the time was ripe, and he was in consequence dismissed. The result was that the rest of the staff decided as a protest to "come out," and the author is now alone, striving to collect his memories of each story, and again ply his unaccustomed pen.

THE most exquisite living delineator of children, M. Boutet de Monvel, is now visiting America in connexion with an exhibition of his works in New York and other cities. He also expects to paint a number of portraits. Among the exhibits are the water-colour drawings made for the work on Joan of Arc which the artist himself wrote.

IN the "Paris Letter" of a literary journal is the following passage: "Mr. W. E. Norris has been here [in Paris] to I sat next to him at a dinner party not long ago, and so modest was he, and so tactful the hostess, that I discovered only the following day who my neighbour had been. Whether to felicitate or to condole with the novelist is the problem."

AMONG other manifestations of welcome which greeted Mr. Kipling on his arrival at the Cape was a set of verses somewhat in his own manner, contributed by Mr. Edg Wallace, a private soldier, to the *Cape Times*. Three of the stanzas ran thus:

"You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;  
But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ills.  
You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,  
You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,  
An' we grills!  
An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bill

But you're our particular author, you're our patron an' our friend,  
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,  
You're the poet of the people, where the mapped lands extend,  
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair  
An' compare,  
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere

There are poets what can please you with their primrose violet lays,  
There are poets wot can drive a man to drink;  
But it takes a 'pukka' poet, in a Patrick Craze,  
To make a chortlin' nation squirm and shrink,

Gasp an' blink:  
An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop and think!"

The body of literature that has Mr. Kipling's influence as its direct inspiration must be growing very bulky.



THE second instalment of the reminiscences of the late George du Maurier in *Harper's* is notable for the writer's eulogy of Charles Keene. This is good: "I heard a celebrated French painter say: 'He is a great man, your Charles Keene; he takes a pen and ink and a bit of paper, and with a half-dozen strokes he knows how to frame a gust of wind!'"

AN appeal has been made in the *Times* for funds to place a memorial to Jane Austen in Winchester Cathedral. The signatories are Lord Northbrook, Lord Selborne, Mr. W. W. B. Beach and Mr. Montagu G. Knight. They say: "The only memorial of her (beyond the stone slab which marks the site of her grave) is a brass tablet let into the wall, which was placed there by her nephew and biographer, the late Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh, in 1870. We feel that we should be appealing to a large circle of warm admirers, who have been charmed and cheered by her works, if we ask for subscriptions to enable us to fill one of the windows in the cathedral with painted glass in her memory. The selection of the window will depend upon the amount of support that we may receive. The cost of a window in the Lady Chapel is estimated at £600, of one in the nave £300. We may add that our proposal has the cordial approval of the Dean of Winchester. Contributions not exceeding five guineas may be paid to Messrs. Hoare, 7, Fleet-street, London, who have kindly consented to act as treasurers of the fund."

MEANWHILE, we understand that a memorial to Jane Austen of another kind is being prepared by a London publisher, in the shape of a new and distinguished edition of her works.

ANOTHER memorial is foreshadowed in a speech of the Dean of Lichfield on Wednesday. He is not, he says, satisfied that his scheme, made two years ago, to purchase Dr. Johnson's birthplace at Lichfield and convert it into a permanent Johnson Museum, has been sufficiently explained and encouraged, and he intends to persevere with it.

ALREADY several inventive authors, who know what opportunism is, have produced imaginative stories of Klondike. In course of time we may expect genuine Klondike literature to follow. The diggings are certain to produce their own historian. Meanwhile, the *Yukon Herald* offers a forecast of the local quality in the following "Klondike Epitaph":

"A cuss named Watney lies below—  
Leastwise he said that was his name,  
He struck the town a month ago—  
The sort of chap that thaws the same.  
He started out to make it hot—  
Which might be welcome later on,  
When mercury, as like as not,  
Won't have no elevator on.  
He was a little premature—  
That's all; for in the heat of it  
He claimed the earth—likewise, dead sure,  
He's got about six feet of it."

The inspiration, we should imagine, was Mark Twain's lyric, "He done his level best."

A LITTLE while ago Mr. W. S. Gilbert, writing on the subject of Fiji's meridian, presented librettists with the groundwork of a plot. In return, we offer Mr. Gilbert subject matter for a new Bab ballad. Tina di Lorenzo, the Italian actress, recently played at Budapest. An advocate and ex-deputy, named Pazmandy, criticised her acting with some severity, and went on to affirm that the actress had formerly been a member of the Sultan's harem. This statement, says the *Morning Post's* correspondent, from whom we quote, aroused great indignation on the part of the actress, an action for libel against Pazmandy on the part of her father, another action for damages against Pazmandy by the manager of the theatre, a public protest, signed by five Italians on behalf of the Italian colony of Budapest, and, finally, a telegraphic offer of marriage to the actress from an anonymous Hungarian magnate residing abroad. The beautiful Tina di Lorenzo asked for twenty-four hours in which to reflect. The rest—we leave to Mr. Gilbert.

APROPOS our notice last week of twenty-one minor poets, Mr. G. F. Leatherdale sends us the following simple and touching verses, entitled "A Minor Poet's Testament":

"I take with me what soul remains  
Outside the casket of my verse.  
I leave my monetary gains  
To hire a hearse.

Such as lies open in the breeze,  
And wears no blackness to appal  
One little curious child who sees  
My funeral.

Before my short procession trets  
Demurely through suburban ways,  
Bring me a few forget-me-nots  
Instead of bays.

Those little buds were born to hold,  
Each, one small glimpse of summer sky,  
Not published to be largely sold—  
And such was I.

So, while the children linger near,  
I, being dead, shall speak to them  
And set with many a glittering tear  
My diadem."

THE newest firm of publishers is that of Messrs. Duckworth & Co., who will shortly begin to issue books from premises in Henrietta-street. Mr. Gerald Duckworth is associated with Mr. A. R. Waller, the editor of *Montaigne* in the "Temple Classics." One of the first publications of the firm will be a series of studies in biography by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Another enterprise will be a new series of Lives of the Saints in separate volumes. These Lives will be issued by arrangement with the editor and publisher of the French collection. The English authorised translations are being revised by the Rev. Father Tyrrell, S.J., who will contribute a preface to each volume.

It has been found necessary to delay the publication in this country of the new novel *American Wives and English Husbands*, by Gertrude Atherton, the authoress of *Patience Sparhawk*, in order to secure simultaneous publication in America. Messrs. Service & Paton hope to issue the volume about the middle of March.

MR. FREDERIC BRETON has just completed a romance of the sixteenth century which he will publish through Mr. Grant Richards. His aim has been to give a living picture of the times rather than to write a mere adventure story. The plot is laid mainly in Basle, the Athens of the Swiss Confederation, a free city of the Holy Roman Empire at the beginning of the period, and foremost in that struggle for political reform which preceded the Reformation. Incidentally the story introduces various well-known characters—Paracelsus, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Frobenius the printer, and others. The title is *Dear Heart*.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY has written a paper, called "Novels of University Life," for the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

HERR JONAS STADLING, the Swedish journalist who described in the *November Century* "Andrée's Flight into the Unknown," has written for the March number of that magazine an account of "Andrée's Messenger." The only word that has been received from Andrée since his departure was brought by carrier pigeon. The bird was killed by a whaler and fell into the sea. Afterwards the whaler learned that the bird might possibly bear a message from the explorer, and the ship sailed back, and by chance the body of the bird was recovered.

SOME time ago the letters and journals of William Cory, the author of *Ionica*, were printed at the Oxford University Press for private circulation. Mr. Frowde is now about to publish some of the results of Cory's experience as a schoolmaster recorded in an MS. journal dated 1862, and described as "Hints for Eton Masters," although the little book has a much wider scope than this title would imply.

THE author of *Murray Murgatroyd, Journalist*, is Mr. Charles Morice, not Morier, as stated in our last issue.

THE English translation of Huysmans' romance, *La Cathédrale*, will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. in the course of the next few days. The translation has been prepared by Mrs. Clara Bell, and edited by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, who was responsible for the English version of *En Route*. Mr. Paul also writes a brief introductory note dealing with certain aspects of Huysmans' work from a Catholic standpoint.

THE March number of the *Genealogical Magazine* will contain an article by "X" on "The Right to bear Arms."

## A BALLAD OF READING GAOL.\*

Its subject matter is simple. A soldier is in gaol under sentence of death for murder. One of his fellow prisoners records the effect upon himself on learning the soldier's fate, his growing horror as the morning of execution draws near, the terrors of the night immediately preceding it, and the emotions that follow. The document is authentic: hence its worth. The poem is not great, is not entirely trustworthy; but in so far as it is the faithful record of experiences through which the writer—C.3.3.—has passed, it is good literature. According to its sincerity so is it valuable: where the author goes afield and becomes philosophic and self-conscious and inventive he forfeits our interests; but so long as he honestly reproduces emotion he holds it. To feel and chronicle sensations is his peculiar gift: in the present work, at any rate, he is not a thinker. Nor should he have attempted humour. Such a stanza as this is not the way in which to depict the horrors of hanging:

"It is sweet to dance to violins  
When Love and Life are fair:  
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes,  
Is delicate and rare:  
But it is not sweet with nimble feet  
To dance upon the air!"

From the 109 stanzas we would indeed like to remove some fifty; yet take it for all in all the ballad as it stands is a remarkable addition to contemporary poetry.

On the night preceding the execution the narrator of the story and many of his companions slept not at all, although the doomed man

"Jay as one who lies and dreams  
In a pleasant meadow-land,  
The watchers watched him as he slept  
And could not understand  
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep  
With a hangman close at hand."

The hours dragged wearily on. And then, after an agony of waiting—

"At last I saw the shadowed bars,  
Like a lattice wrought in lead,  
Move right across the whitewashed wall  
That faced my three-plank bed,  
And I knew that somewhere in the world  
God's dreadful dawn was red."

That stanza gives very vividly the prisoner's isolation, his remoteness from the busy hum of men. The executed man uttered one groan:

"And all the woe that moved him so  
That he gave that bitter cry,  
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,  
None knew so well as I:  
For he who lives more lives than one  
More deaths than one must die."

The last two lines sum up as simply and forcibly as may be the penalty of an excess of imaginative sympathy.

Here, again, is a stanza wherein the baldest directness and brevity do the poet's work better than a regiment of words:

"There is no chapel on the day  
On which they hang a man:  
The chaplain's heart is far too sick,  
Or his face is far too wan,  
Or there is that written in his eyes  
Which none should look upon."

\* *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* By C.3.3. (Leonard Smithers.)

The prisoners, therefore, were kept indoors until noon. Then they were permitted to exercise:

"I never saw sad men who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
We prisoners called the sky,  
And at every happy cloud that passed  
In such strange freedom by."

That is a good stanza; but its excellence has been a snare to its author. Previously in the ballad he uses it twice with slight alterations, in both cases in describing the condemned man. Surely it is a mistake to apply the same words both to a prisoner on the bottom step of the scaffold and to his comrades just losing the terror caused by his death. This is one of the historian's occasional lapses into invention. He is not as whole-souled a battler for truth as he should be, and when he falls back on his imagination he is not well enough served. Truth (if they only knew it) is the best friend that non-creative writers have.

To continue, the description of the exercise in the yard is the occasion for these biting lines:

"The warders strutted up and down,  
And watched their herd of brutes,  
Their uniforms were spick and span,  
And they wore their Sunday suits;  
But we knew the work they had been at  
By the quicklime on their boots."

Finally, let us quote this picture of what life in prison means to a sensitive nature—one of the passages which make the poem notable:

"With midnight always in one's heart,  
And twilight in one's cell,  
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,  
Each in his separate Hell,  
And the silence is more awful far  
Than the sound of a brazen bell."

And never a human voice comes near  
To speak a gentle word:  
And the eye that watches through the door  
Is pitiless and hard:  
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,  
With soul and body marred."

And thus we rust Life's iron chain  
Degraded and alone:  
And some men curse, and some men weep,  
And some men make no moan:  
But God's eternal Laws are kind  
And break the heart of stone."

These extracts should be sufficient to assist any reader to a decision whether to buy the book and read more or to rest content. They have also probably recalled the author's poetical model; but if not, we might point out that it is, of course, Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." The intensity to which both poets—both Hood and C.3.3.—occasionally attain proves the fitness of this metre for such a subject. Curiously enough, the new ballad is, to some extent, supplemental of the older one: "The Dream of Eugene Aram" is the record of a murderer's own emotions and impulses; *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* shows us the emotions and impulses excited in his companions by a murderer doomed to die and dying. Hood's work is, we think, the finer of the two: it has more concentration,

its author had more nervous strength, was a more dexterous master of words, was superior to morbidity and hysteria; yepuned of its extraneous stanzas the new ballad is a worthy companion to its exemplar.

## EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE.

## II.—THE TRAINING OF SELECTED CANDIDATES

WHEN the Civil Service of India was first thrown open to competition the successful candidates proceeded to India without further training in this country. They passed their period of probation at the headquarters of the presidencies to which they were appointed, being already in the service; but, after a few years, when the pressing need of men that had followed the great Mutiny was no longer felt, the system was introduced of keeping the selected candidates, officially styled probationers, under special training for two years before they went out to India. During that time they studied the Laws, Language and History of India, General Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Political Economy; their progress was tested by periodical examinations, which varied in number at different periods; and seniority in the service was determined, sometimes by the combined mark of the Entrance and Final Examination and sometimes by those of the latter alone. The former method of determining seniority is that now again adopted, and it certainly is the fairer of the two; but the practice of having only one examination of selected candidates seems a mistake, as I said in my former paper, and one year of special study in this country, not followed by any in India, is too short. The question of the age of entry into the service is that which every thing turns, and if that be again lowered (as I hope it may), it is not practicable either to extend the period of probation or to enlarge the field of study.

Under the system which was abandoned five years ago, General Jurisprudence, Evidence, Indian Civil Law, Political Economy and History and Geography of India were compulsory subjects of examination, in addition to those which are so still—vernacular languages, the Criminal Code, and the Indian Evidence and Contract Acts. It is to be regretted that so many subjects of the highest importance are now neglected, and I cannot but think that the training is thus less suited to its purpose than that which it has superseded. The standard of attainment in the vernaculars, too, is necessarily lower than it used to be, and thus one great element of efficiency is weakened. The young civilian who is well grounded in the language in which most of his work must be done is not only a valuable officer, but will secure the respect and liking of the natives, and the duties of his service will not, as a rule, leave much time for study; it is, therefore, of

## THE WEEK.

THE most hardened reviewer, the most *blasé* watcher of the literary skies, must receive with astonishment and admiration the six volumes of Mr. J. G. Frazer's translation of *Pausanias' Description of Greece*, and commentaries thereon. It is not often that a work of such magnitude comes from one hand, or that six volumes of one such work are published together. We shall give a swift idea of the magnitude of Mr. Frazer's undertaking when we say that his volumes contain, together, considerably more than three thousand pages. Mr. Frazer introduces the work as follows:

"My aim has been to give a faithful and idiomatic rendering of Pausanias, and to illustrate and supplement his description of Greece by the remains of antiquity and the aspect of the country at the present day. The translation has been made, on the whole, from the last complete recension of the text, that of J. H. C. Schubart (Leipsic, 1853-1854). All departures from that recension are recorded in the Critical Notes, in which I have also essayed to put together the more important suggestions that have been made for the improvement of the text since Schubart's edition was published. The materials for an illustrative commentary have been accumulated in great abundance by travellers, scholars, and antiquaries, and my task has been chiefly the humble one of condensing and digesting these copious, but scattered, materials into a moderate compass and a convenient form. But I have also embodied the notes of several journeys which I made in Greece for the sake of this work in 1890 and 1895."

We are told that the book is specially designed for students at the universities, but

"in order to render it intelligible to all who interest themselves in ancient Greece, whether they are scholars or not, I have given quotations from foreign languages in English, and have been at some pains to write as simply and clearly as I could."

MR. JULIAN S. CORBETT's work, *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, belongs to a class of books which have of late years become very popular. Drake's name and fame have recently been revived by Mr. Henry Newbolt's stirring ballad. In an enumeration of Drake relics which he gives in his Introduction, Mr. Corbett thus refers to the now famous "drum":

"At Buckland Abbey is a State drum decorated with Drake's arms, on which it is probable his last salute was beaten as he was committed to the sea, and upon which the legend says he may still be summoned when England is in danger."

In treating of Drake's achievements Mr. Corbett attempts "to give a general view of the circumstances under which England first became a controlling force in the European system by virtue of her power upon the sea." The dangers of identifying a national movement too much with one man—in this instance Drake—is recognised by Mr. Corbett, who, however, writes:

"For the adoption of the method in the present case history affords ample justification.

Not only was Drake intimately connected, in all the various phases of his life, with every aspect of the Elizabethan maritime upheaval, but throughout Europe he was recognised and applauded, even in his lifetime, as the personification of the new political forces. Nor has recent research disclosed any reason for reversing the verdict of his contemporaries. The romantic fascination of his career as a corsair and explorer began, it is true, very shortly after his death to overshadow his work as an admiral and a statesman, but in his own time it was not so; and a principal object of the present work is to restore him to the position he once held as one of the great military figures of the Reformation."

In happy conjunction with the above biography of an Elizabethan naval hero comes Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay's *Lines from my Log-books*. The author went aboard his first ship, the *Thalia*, in 1834; and since then he has served on no less than twenty-two British warships. This book is pleasantly anecdotal and inevitably interesting; and there are several lengthy appendices interesting to naval readers.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING, whose *Peter the Great* has just enjoyed the splendid distinction of being "acted" at the Lyceum, appears this week as a literary dramatist. A one-act mediæval play, entitled *Godefroi and Yolande*. The scene of the play is "A Spacious Hall in the Castle of Yolande"; and the principal characters are Philippe le Bel, King of France; the Archbishop and his brother, Sir Sagramour, a young Paladin; Godefroi, and Yolande.

THE Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson, Curate of St. Botolph, Aldgate, has written a careful and complete history of his church and parish in one convenient volume. History connects this parish with early Saxon times; and the present church is the third in descent from the original church raised at about the time of the Norman conquest. The records of the church begin in 1547, and it is mainly on these that Mr. Atkinson has based his work. Mr. Atkinson does not neglect the literary associations of Aldgate. It will be remembered that Chaucer had the dwelling-house above the Gate of Aldgate. The lease is one of the few authentic documents relating to Chaucer's life that we possess, and Mr. Atkinson quotes it in full. It is curiously modern; and its matter-of-factness and strictness seem incongruous to the father of English poetry, here referred to throughout as "the same Geoffrey" or "the aforesaid Geoffrey."

THE "Collector's Series" now includes *The Stamp Collector*. This book has been written by Mr. W. J. Hardy and Mr. E. D. Bacon, in collaboration. In their introduction the authors make the following claim for the study of postage stamps:

"Philately has been elevated, step by step, into a quasi-archæological science, with its own societies, bibliography, and critical literature. It would be useless to pretend that in weight and consequence it is entitled to take a very high place; yet we may claim for it that it has manifold appeals to human sympathy, and

highest importance that considerable progress should be made before he enters on his administrative duties. Again, his functions will, speaking generally, be either judicial or connected with the revenue, as Magistrate and Collector or Judge, in ascending grades.

For either of these lines one would say that a thorough training in the principles of Jurisprudence, Evidence, Political Economy, History of India, Hindu and Mohammedan Law, and Indian Civil Procedure was essential. Yet not one of these subjects is now compulsory, and a scrutiny of the optional subjects chosen for the Final Examination—which subjects include the last four of those just named—shows that only the two last, which may be called the Common Law of India, are much studied. Nor is the necessary training supplied by previous study for entrance into the service.

A mere handful of the successful candidates take Roman or English Law, not much over one-third take Political Economy, Indian History is not a subject of examination, and that very favourite subject "Political Science" does not seem at all adequately to supply the sound knowledge that is wanted for an Indian administrator, but rather suggests a sixth-form debating society. Another subject that used to form part of the special training was attendance in the Courts of Law, civil and criminal, and reporting cases. This training was invaluable, and should certainly be revived. Nothing is more instructive than to see how a London Police Magistrate, a County Court judge, or a judge of the High Court grasps the facts of a case, controls the procedure, and sums up the evidence—and nothing is more required by the young civilian. The number of cases to be reported might be less than it used to be, but some reports should be required.

As to the place where a probationer will pass his year of study, his choice will lie practically between Oxford, Cambridge, and London. What I said in my former article of the utter abandonment of the field by the Scotch and Irish Universities need not be repeated; but until they provide adequate instruction in all the principal subjects, the Secretary of State's very wise rule against "migration" will prevent any candidates from residing at them.

Edinburgh, therefore, to take one instance, is making a useless pretence of zeal in offering fifty lectures on the optional subject of Indian History! I earnestly hope the Secretary of State and his Council may restore the abandoned courses of Law, History, and Political Economy; lower the age for entrance into the service; and lengthen the period of probation. All those measures are, as I hope I have shown, required in the interests of India.

A LATE MEMBER OF THE BENGAL  
CIVIL SERVICE.

stands to some extent on the same ground as coin-collecting in uniting amusement with instruction. Its past, we know, is not a long one; what its future is to be we forbear to prophesy."

The work is well provided with illustrations, these being in photographic monochrome.

ONE detects the work of a quiet but enthusiastic student in *The Great French Triumvirate*. This title covers metrical translations by Mr. Thomas Constable of the "Athalie" of Racine, the "Polyceute" of Corneille, and the "Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" of Molière. In a pithy introduction, Mr. Constable pleads for a more general study of the French dramatists. To the objection, "No one reads translations," he makes pleasant answer:

"I believe that if a translation be readable it will have readers. There is most pleasure in doing what we do easily. My boy read Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey* without discovering that it was anything but an enchanting fairy tale. If Mr. Merry and Æolic aorists are now making it plain to him that there is another side to it—grim, prosaic, pieced out, flogged in—is he thereby wholly a gainer?"

NEW novels are noticed, as usual, in our Supplement.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE BOOKLESS EAST-END.

MANY things cease at Aldgate Pump, and nothing more decisively than the bookshop. Yet the million and a half Londoners who live east of that point must read. One surmises that they read a great deal of fiction; where do they buy their books? True, Free Libraries are dotted along the great routes, a mile or so apart; but Free Libraries are not shops, and borrowing is still less fashionable than buying. From St. Botolph's, Aldgate, eastward to the end of Commercial-street, there is no bookshop. This busy stretch of thoroughfare is choked with trams; its roadway is a hay market, and its most distinctive feature its row of butchers' shops and slaughter-houses. It is here that the East meets the City; and they meet in a welter of material things which forms the strongest possible hint to booksellers not to set up shop. Yet books are more plentiful here than at any other point between Aldgate and Stratford. They lie on barrows. Alongside are other barrows laden with old iron, or with cloth caps, or with brushes and mirrors and trinkets. You may hardly wedge yourself in front of a barrow, itself wedged dangerously between drays and the kerb; and while you turn the leaves of some curious, but not valuable, book your ears are outraged by vociferous butchers or distracted by yells of warning in the roadway. Again, a barrow is not a shop. To find an East End bookshop which offered some faint chance of seeing and buying a new book: that was the quest. Eastward, past St. Mary's Church, that with its tall slender

spire always seems to say, "Here beginneth the East End," one walks on with vigilant eye. There are bootmakers, and milliners, and cheap restaurants, and music shops where 'Arry's concertina is displayed, innocuously new. There are mean little tobacco and newspaper shops, and small shop-factories, and public-houses. And everywhere, what is written on these in English is repeated in Hebrew. The road is not depressing. It is wide and busy, and the multitude of small separate businesses gives cheerfulness.

Ha! over there is a second-hand bookshop. We are just in sight of the London Hospital; and the Mile End-road becomes, suddenly, the finest thoroughfare in London. Nowhere else can its width, straightness, and activity be matched. Only a *second-hand* bookshop. It is indulging in a clearance sale, and scores of novels are lying on outside trays marked 2d. a volume. Here is *Robert Elsmere* in the three-volume edition for 6d., complete. Not one copy, but several. Here are Mr. Henry James's *A London Life*, and Mr. Marion Crawford's *Pietro Ghisleri*—once six shillings, now twopence. Even this dreary display is unusual; and the bookseller evidently prefers a "wholesale and export" business. Indeed, his presence here seems to require this explanation. He is prosperous, but he is not racy of the soil.

Fifty yards across the street, diagonally, is a small book and paper shop. Penny tales of "blood and thunder," penny editions of *The Pilot* and *Two Years before the Mast*, are all it offers, if we except a penny *Letter Writer*, a copy of which, lying open in the window, displays a model letter to be written by a lady who desires to refuse the hand of an African missionary! As the Hospital looms higher and nearer, one sees the doubtful gleam of a bookshop on the north side of the road, just opposite the Hospital itself. Yes, it is a bookshop; that is to say, in a window filled with photograph frames, draught boards, stamp albums, cards of penholders and inkstands, there are fitful concessions to literature. Nuttall's *Standard Dictionary* is here in force; and then there is nothing to be mentioned save the usual cheap, gaudy editions of *The Lamplighter*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Longfellow's Poems*, and *Valentine Vox*.

The Cambridge-road is reached, leading up to Bethnal Green. Again the width of the street and its tremendous sky give one pause. Why look for books in one of the few London thoroughfares in which one can watch the clouds? Here is the Assembly Hall, plastered with evangelical announcements. The window of its Book Saloon is filled with Bibles and Prayer-Books and *Pilgrim's Progresses* and the novels of Mr. Joseph Hocking. The scarlet binding of *Nuttall's Dictionary* gives what it can of colour, and a copy of *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil* gives what it can of modernity. A little further on is a shop calling itself the Mile End Bazaar. It appropriates a long, narrow glass case to books, principally to Mrs. Henry Wood's books and *Queechy*. If you want a copy of *Queechy* in a hurry go to the Mile End-road. Almost wherever paper flutters at a shop door

you may buy *Queechy*. We have now passed Stepney Green and are in the immediate dominions of the People's Palace. Another semi-bookshop heralds it. Shelves of old books are laid outside a window which is filled in its lower parts with bronzes, clocks, second-hand cutlery, and faded electro-plate goods. Above these, books—but the inevitable books—assert themselves again. Then the Palace, with its undoubted library (not a lending library)! One crosses the Regent's Canal and enters Bow. Here are stately houses. Broken-headed eagles and grimy terra-cotta lions grace the doors, and india-rubber plants and ferns and little lace-covered tables with fern pots and ribbons bespeak internal comfort. But there is not a single bookshop between the People's Palace and Bow Church. One wonders whether Miss Corelli is a myth. From Bow Church onward to the beginning of Stratford Causeway there is no bookshop. But none is to be looked for in this dreary artery of a dreary manufacturing district. Books might be written here, but not sold. The wasted fields, with their rubbish heaps and foul flashing pools, the array of chimneys and uncouth technical buildings, would be unendurable but for the network of canals and the red sails of barges. As the tram runs up to Stratford Church the street widens and grows pleasant; and one fancies oneself in a pleasant market town. But there are no bookshops. Only the statue of Mr. Gladstone looks wistfully along the great route by which we have come. Perhaps he, too, is wondering where the compulsorily educated buy their books, if they buy at all. The mystery remains.

## DRAMA.

THE interest of Mr. Alexander's revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the St. James's Theatre lies in two side issues, which do not, perhaps, receive the attention they deserve. One is the extent to which the actor's personality governs his impersonations, apart altogether from his conception of the part he is called upon to play; the other, of minor and purely episodical importance, concerns the new-fangled scheme of municipal theatres, championed by no less a personage than Sir Henry Irving. Admittedly, the performance has failed to secure the support of critical opinion—indeed, it is long since a first-class Shakespearean revival at a West End theatre has been so coldly received by the press, and the reason is undoubtedly that Mr. Alexander has not only cast himself for a part to which he is unsuited, but has rendered the same disservice to one or two of the leading members of his company. It is a pardonable fault in his own case, though it incidentally illustrates the weak side of the system of actor-managership. In his early days Sir Henry Irving fell into the same error by playing Romeo and Claude Melnotte, neither of which characters, needless to say, has remained in his repertory.

THE truth is, that the actor is very apt to be blinded, and the unreflecting critic is led away, by current theories with regard to "conception." Whenever one actor does another in a given part—we have an example of this within the past week at the Criterion, where Mr. Henry Irving has been temporarily replacing Mr. Wyndham in "The Liars"—we are told that he "conceives" or that he "reads" the part differently from his predecessor. This is a fallacy. The actor plays the part, not that he would, but as he must—that is to say, his personality dictates. That it is his business to disguise his personality as far as possible, or rather to sink it in the character he is assuming, is very true; but this he can do only within very narrow limits, as we can see at a glance if we try to picture Sir Henry Irving playing the volatile lovers characterised by Mr. Wyndham, or Mr. Wyndham assuming the heavy tragic character of Macbeth. This principle, which the onlooker appears so plain and inevitable, actors are, nevertheless, curiously prone to misapprehend. It is on record that Liston, the famous low comedian, shaved himself out for tragedy, and that he did on one occasion actually play Hamlet. Many other examples of a less striking kind could be cited. At all such times the student of the theatrical annals is reminded of the student of the theatrical annals. And yet here is Mr. Alexander playing Benedick!

It could not for a moment be contended that Mr. Alexander's conception of Benedick is not as sound as that of his critics. Very true it is. Conception of character probably varies little as between one actor and another; it is the means of execution which differ, the actor's voice, manner, and physique all contributing to the effect produced. Benedick is the staid soldier and the hero of the world, of a merry but somewhat morose humour, the professed enemy of love, and prone to rail at love and its attendant. This type one readily pictures in the mind; and all the more so if the imagination is assisted by recollections of Sir Henry Irving's Benedick, which was the most perfect realisation of the part that the present generation has seen. Many years have elapsed since "Much Ado About Nothing" was performed at the Lyceum, but we still see the jocosely dubiety and droll perplexities of Benedick musing upon his adventures with Beatrice as if they were yesterday. To Sir Henry Irving the part is in every sense congenial, and for this reason he has stamped it with his own personality—a circumstance which naturally works against any different rendering of it, however meritorious. As for Mr. Alexander, he is the beau ideal of the ardent wooer, the dashing cavalier, ever ready to indite a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or to carry her off under the nose of an unpardonable parent or a tetchy guardian; he is the born *jeune premier*. To hear such a young man railing against love, in the vibrant accents of passion, is absurd. Moreover, Mr. Alexander, with his many gifts, lacks humour; it is not a quality that belongs to the *jeune premier*. But humour, sly humour, is the very essence of Benedick's character.

The famous soliloquy in which he recognises that he is in truth falling in love with Beatrice Mr. Alexander delivers with the utmost seriousness; so that the impression conveyed is that of a love-sick school-boy instead of the shrewd genial man of the world falling a prey to feminine wiles.

ALL this, we feel, is the fault neither of Mr. Alexander's head nor of his heart; it is that of his personality, that important factor which both the actor and the critic are so apt to ignore. Vivacity does not fail him. In his duel of wits with Beatrice, this latest Benedick is lively enough; but it is the liveliness of the emancipated collegian, not that of the dignified soldier and gentleman who humours his charming companion. Of course Mr. Alexander is not invariably out of the picture; he is too versatile an actor for that. The tragic crisis in poor Hero's affairs brings Benedick down to the serious plane, and there Mr. Alexander is himself; he comes into touch with the character. In fact, at this point, and until he breaks into his romps again, his impersonation is all that could be desired. He is a brave soldier and a gentleman.

THE same natural disability that hampers Mr. Alexander in the character of Benedick tells with equal force against the Beatrice of Julia Neilson, who likewise has to battle against our recollections of Miss Ellen Terry. This is unfortunate. But for the Lyceum performance both Mr. Alexander and Miss Julia Neilson might have passed muster. Impressions, however, are not to be reasoned with, and unquestionably Beatrice is stamped with Miss Ellen Terry's personality as effectually as Benedick is with Sir Henry Irving's. Miss Julia Neilson is essentially a serious actress who is at her best in domestic drama. Frivolity sits heavily upon her; she is not a romp or a tease. As the old Scotch editor joked "wi' deeficulty," so Miss Julia Neilson coquets with difficulty. It is not her fault, but that of a management which, ignoring the prime importance of personality, condemns her to an uncongenial rôle. It is in her serious moments that this Beatrice is most satisfactory. The same mistake, curiously enough, has been made with Miss Fay Davis, who is cast for the part of Hero. With her demure look, her roguish eye, and her sedate manner, this young actress, in her own walk, plays havoc with hearts. As Hero, the embodiment of outraged virtue, she is condemned to a statuesque coldness which nullifies all her special gifts. Most of the minor parts are adequately sustained. The Don Pedro of Mr. F. Terry is indeed excellent, and the Claudio of Mr. Robert Loraine—a part which Mr. Alexander could have played to the life—if somewhat youthful, not to say boyish, is full of ardour; while such veterans as Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. J. D. Beveridge are naturally at home in the parts of Leonato and Antonio. Another feature of the performance that one may unreservedly admire is the mounting, which is sumptuous and lavish in the extreme. The Lyceum itself furnished no more beautiful or more ornate a setting

to the play than the St. James's has to show. In particular, the church scene, with its tapers, its acolytes, its procession of chanting priests, its altar, its artistic grouping of cavaliers and noble ladies, its incense-laden atmosphere, dwells in the memory.

To the question of the municipal theatre—which has recently been agitated, among other places, in Manchester—such a performance as that we have been discussing is not as foreign as it might at first sight appear. Supposing the rate-supported play to be above reproach—an old masterpiece of some kind, or, say, this very comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing—who is to guarantee the fitness of the actor? This question of the rate-supported theatre is always discussed by actors with a complacency that excludes their own merits or demerits from consideration. Undeniably such a revival as that of the St. James's would be accounted excellent business for a municipal theatre; an actor of Mr. Alexander's calibre who proposed to undertake it could hardly be denied. Nevertheless, the monetary check being removed, what restraint would be placed upon a poor or inadequate performance? The analogy of the subventioned Comedie Française does not apply. This famous body is a close corporation of actors whose proceedings are subject to an autocratic ministerial veto; and its like could not possibly be established in these days of free institutions. Only two types of the municipal theatre are conceivable. The one would be run by faddists but paid for by the public, and would open the door to abuses of different kinds; the other would be subject to popular control, the very principle against which the supporters of unpopular art inveigh.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AN APOLOGY FOR "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw is reported to have recently declared that it is not the function of the critic to do justice to a work of art, but rather, by giving pain to the individual, to amuse the many. He appears to have found an apt disciple in Mr. St. John Hankin, whose letter was printed in your issue of the 5th inst. There is a certain class of person whose mission in life it is to write rude words on statues; but while Mr. Bernard Shaw is impelled to this pastime from sheer ebullience of humour, Mr. St. John Hankin would seem to be inspired to it by fanaticism.

The letter in question bears on the face of it the semblance of being written in considerable excitement, which I prefer to think was provoked by righteous wrath rather than by a personal animus, for Mr. St. John Hankin's name is unknown to me. Mr. Hankin prescribes the production of "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's Theatre as "a grievous insult to Shakespeare." Among other iniquities he charges the manager with having for selfish purposes

perverted the meaning of Shakespeare's play; furthermore, he asserts that the representative of Mark Antony wears a distinctive costume, and that he always stands in the middle of the stage! Mr. St. John Hankin further claims that Shakespeare should only be played by amateurs; that Antony is a relatively minor character in the play; that in writing the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" Shakespeare did not intend the audience to be interested in the fate of Cæsar, but in that of Brutus alone; that every attempt in this production is made to spoil the poetry of the play, and to distract the attention of the audience from the verse to the actor.

The production of "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's Theatre has met with such generous treatment at the hands of the Press, and of your critic individually, that I feel it would be ungracious to offer more than an apology to Mr. Hankin in extenuation of my motives in presenting the play. As to Mr. St. John Hankin's charges, notably that of ungenerosity towards my brother actors, and of my contemptuous treatment of Shakespeare, I can only say that if I have failed to worthily present this great play, it was my modest endeavour to pay a tribute to Shakespeare reverently and with as great appreciation of his poetry as an actor-manager may be permitted to conjure up; that my arrangement of the text has been approved by the Press, and by Shakespearian students. I will admit in all humility that in the revival of "Julius Cæsar" I have been animated by the possibly base desire to produce it in such a way as to command the support of the public at large.

There remain always learned amateur societies who will present Shakespeare in such a way as to commend him to the few, while boring the many. It is, I take it, the business of the manager to present Shakespeare in such a way as to commend him to the many, even at the risk of agitating the few.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,  
HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

Her Majesty's Theatre: Feb. 24.

#### WAS SHAKESPEARE AN IRISHMAN?

SIR,—In your issue of December 25 Mr. George Newcomen, from "internal evidence" in "Hamlet," suggests that Shakespeare was really Patrick O'Toole, of Ennis. He has not realised apparently the important corroboration of his theory generously provided by the dramatist in act iii., scene 3—"Now might I do it PAT." This is usually regarded as a soliloquy. But it is now evident that at the supreme moment Hamlet's thoughts have addressed themselves to his father (a beautiful touch this in its fidelity to human nature!), acted, as we know, by Shakespeare—*i.e.*, Patrick O'Toole himself. Will Sir H. Irving kindly note?—Yours faithfully,  
H. L. ALLEN.

Madras, S. India: Feb. 2.

#### A CORRECTION.

SIR,—I thank you very much for your kind and appreciative notice of my edition of the "Religio Medici" and other essays of Sir Thomas Browne in to-day's ACADEMY.

In it you credit me as Dr. Morley Roberts instead of Dr. Lloyd Roberts. I should be very pleased if you would kindly make mention of this in your next issue.—Believe me, very truly yours,  
LLOYD ROBERTS.

Manchester: Feb. 19.

#### PATHOS.

SIR,—In "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" Browning puts into the mouth of Mildred Tresham the pathetic lines I sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in three forms. In act i. she says:

"I was so young, I loved him so, I had  
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell."

In act ii. she says:

"I—I was so young!  
Beside, I loved him, Thorold—and I had  
No mother; God forgot me; so I fell."

Again in the same act she repeats:

"I was so young—  
I had no mother, and I loved him so!"

As Mr. Speight writes of "certain lines misquoted," it is as well that such of your readers as are not Browning students should be aware of these various renderings of the same pathetic thought.—Faithfully yours,  
London: Feb. 21. EDWARD BERDOE.

#### A PASSAGE BY R. L. S.

SIR,—Is not your French correspondent mistaken in her reading of the passage which she quotes, or rather paraphrases, from Stevenson's essay on Fontainebleau in her letter in your last number? "The Anglo-Saxon is essentially dishonest; the French have no understanding of fair play." Your correspondent takes this as an expression of Stevenson's own opinion of the characteristics of the two nations. But in the preceding sentence Stevenson has been lamenting that when the two nations look upon each other they have an eye to nothing but defects; and in the passage in question he goes on, as I take it, to put in indirect form what the nations may be supposed to think of each other. "In the eyes of the Frenchman," he seems to say, "the Anglo-Saxon is essentially dishonest; in the eyes of the Englishman the Frenchman is devoid by nature of the principle that we call 'fair play.'"

I cannot think that Stevenson meant to say that he himself looked upon the Anglo-Saxon as essentially dishonest, or upon the French as by nature devoid of fair play. If I am right it is curious that in support of his assertions as to the French character your correspondent should, by a misreading, cite a portion of a passage which, correctly read, deprecates the making of any such assertions.—I am, &c.,

R. J. CUNLIFF.

Kelvinside, Glasgow:  
Feb. 21.

#### A WORD ABOUT GOETHE.

SIR,—Your Paris correspondent, in the letter which appeared in your issue of February 5, is rather severe upon Goethe, "the Olympian of Weimar," as your correspondent disdainfully

calls him. He is sick of that epithet, not unlike in this to the Athenian citizen who got tired of the surname "Just" by which Aristides was known. There is no doubt that such high-flown appendages to people's names are not always justified, as, for instance, in Aretino's case, miscalled "Il Divino"; but who would grudge this title to the incomparable Ariosto? That of "Olympian" admirably becomes Goethe, who was as fickle as Jove in his amours until caught in the meshes of Christina Vulpius, whom he married, and at whose death-bed he was sobbing like a child, imploring her not to leave him in dreary loneliness. He had a heart, after all, the man who broke Frederica's; but that heart only spoke thus loudly when its owner was already in the fifties. As a young man, Goethe shunned all durable attachments, and felt ill at ease with himself and the world until his foot had touched the soil of Italy. It is there that his genius revealed itself to him, and when he returned home from that journey he was a different being altogether. Who that has read can ever forget his delightful "Römische Elegien"? That Goethe stands in the first rank as a poet is a fact universally admitted, but he himself was never carried away by self-conceit. He had the true modesty of one who is conscious of vast powers. One day Ludwig Tieck, the joint translator with A. W. Schlegel, of Shakespeare's plays, gave him to understand that he considered himself his equal in verse-making. "You!" exclaimed Goethe, in astonishment; "why, the distance which separates you from me is as great as the distance which separates me from Shakespeare." The English dramatist and Molière were his two favourite authors. At the age of eighty, with that serenity of spirit and clearness of mind which were his to the last, Goethe had certainly something of the Olympian in him, and he was revered by all as the living embodiment of the Fatherland. French literature owes him much, but this seems to be forgotten. Sainte-Beuve wrote exhaustively about him, and with his usual tact he combated the unjust criticisms by which his memory had been assailed in certain quarters. Here is a passage out of his Essay: "On dit que Goethe aimait peu sa mère; on l'a taxé à ce sujet d'égoïsme et de sécheresse. Je crois qu'ici on a exagéré. Avant de refuser une qualité à Goethe, il faut y regarder à deux fois, car le premier aspect chez lui est d'une certaine froideur, mais cette froideur recouvre souvent la qualité première subsistante. Une mère ne continue pas d'aimer et de révéler à ce point un fils jusqu'à la dernière heure, quand il a enver elle un tort grave. La mère de Goethe n'en trouvait aucun à son fils, et il ne nous appartient pas d'être plus sévère qu'elle." The italics are mine. Perhaps your Paris correspondent will think less badly of Goethe after reading the whole essay. It is to be found in the second volume of the *Causeries du Lundi*.

Feb. 8.

THOMAS DELTA.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Tragedy of the Korosko."  
By A. Conan Doyle.

THIS story of the adventure of a tourist party on the Nile is taken very seriously by the *Speaker's* critic. We read:

"It is dangerous to describe any work of fiction in these days of a prolific press as masterpiece, yet there cannot be any doubt that the word is strictly applicable to Mr. Conan Doyle's *Tragedy of the Korosko*. The story is one of action and adventure, while

the reader breathless as he follows the names of the little band of tourists on the whom an unkind fate has placed in the hands of the fierce Dervishes of the Soudan. It is not the thrilling excitement of the incidents told that gives the book its special charm. That which raises it to the height of a masterpiece is the extraordinary self-control and sustained dignity of the narrator. From the last to the first the story is as simple and impressive a narrative by Defoe. There is not a superfluous word in it, but each word tells. . . . When we lay the book aside we know them. Mr. Stuart (the Nonconformist minister of Birmingham), Colonel Cochrane, the young Frenchman Fardet, and, above all, Stevens the solicitor, and Sadie the fair American who wins his heart. We feel as though we had shared with them the dangers of those terrible days of suffering and suspense when they were at the mercy of the soldiers of the life; and, just as association in times of peril brings real men and women most closely together, so we feel as though this serious narrative had made us the intimate friends of the men and women to whom it introduces us."

Literature examines carefully, and with approval, the local and historical justifications for the story. This critic says:

The republication of the . . . narrative in this place when the nation is looking forward to the renewal of an onward march which, we hope and believe, will not be stayed until our countrymen of Gordon are once more masters of Khartoum. No more raids upon British and American travellers peacefully springing the tombs and temples of Upper Egypt will ever again be possible; and it may be deemed that, if we do our work thoroughly, future readers of the *Tragedy of the Korosko* will be unable ere many years are past to see the strong foundation of verisimilitude which Mr. Doyle's story is built. Strong though, however, that foundation was at the time when this story was in all probability conceived. Mr. Doyle has evidently made good use of his own experiences as a Nile tourist, and his *dramatis personæ* have been selected from models which might have been met with on every 'stern-wheeler' that has crossed its way up the river from Shellal for many years past. The little sun-dried, merry Anglo-Indian colonel, Cochrane by name; the amiable, serious, culture-hunting young American graduate, Headingley, with his two countrywomen, young and elderly—the frank, frivolous, unconventional Sadie Fardet, and her quaint, dry, Puritanical, but good-hearted aunt from New England; the mild young British diplomat, Mr. Cecil Stevens; the stout and slightly unctuous, but eminently devout Nonconformist minister, the Rev. John Stuart; the iron-grey, sturdy Irishman Belmont, famous as a long-distance rifleman; the prim, formal, untravelled solicitor, Mr. James Stephens; and the Voltairian and snobphobe, but not unchivalrous, Frenchman, Fardet—one and all belong to types sufficiently familiar and more than sufficiently well known to make the reader feel that any of them might have been fellow-travellers of his own."

In a long and appreciative review of Mr. Doyle's story, the *Daily Telegraph* praises the local colour, and the discussions it introduces on our Egyptian policy and the topics of interest. The *Manchester Guardian* says:

"The story, though it is, perhaps, a slight advance in Mr. Doyle's powers. The plot is better constructed than in some of his previous works, and the characterisation is

admirable. And, owing to reasons that have been already indicated, the adventures of the party, though they are of an unusual and really tragic description, never lose the air of probability, which is so essential to a well-constructed tale."

"The *Vintage*." By E. F. Benson. THE *Saturday Review* justly remarks that "the case of Mr. E. F. Benson is a curious one." Space does not permit us to follow this critic through his racy sketch of the author of *Dodo*, *The Rubicon*, *The Judgment Books*, *The Babe*, *B.A.*, and—now—*The Vintage*. What interests the critic is the fact that

"the author of *Dodo*, whom indolent reviewers rise up early to jeer at, has written a perfectly serious study in fiction; and we think it no more than justice to say that the success of it is beyond question."

Concluding a favourable review, this reviewer says:

"We are struck, in laying down *The Vintage*, with the close observation of pastoral life in Greece to which Mr. Benson has evidently devoted himself. The incidents in the various country-side occupations are described with great charm and by a firm hand. Especially beautiful are the many nocturnal scenes in the Bay of Nauplia, which delight us whenever they recur. We would warmly encourage Mr. Benson to pursue a kind of writing for which he shows an aptitude of an unusual kind, for this new romance is much more in the manner of Björnson or of Verga than like any English specimens that we happen to recollect."

The *Standard* is far more critical. He thinks Mr. Benson's Greeks are capital fellows, and he finds the story exciting. But

"the picture in *The Vintage* seems to lack balance. *Party per pale, argent, and sable* makes good heraldry, but lopsided ethics. When half through the book, Mr. Benson seems to have become aware of this; thenceforward the reader may 'sup full horrors' which are mostly of Greek making. So much blood—and so much innocent blood—is shed, that by the end of it all he is in this very odd position, that his sympathies already estranged by over-stated virtues, are clean withdrawn before vices too candidly set down. It may, of course, be necessary to write history in this fashion, but not novels. Novelists are not called on to catalogue but to entertain, a fact which our author too frequently forgets. Much of the war business is detailed in a manner that would do well enough for a history book, but in a story-book merely suggests skipping to the ordinary reader."

The *Manchester Guardian* takes the same line:

"The personal romance that underlies the history suffers from its historical setting and from the extraordinary minuteness with which the author has set himself to describe various aspects of Greek life and various types of Greek character. The story in consequence drags, and the persons possess too little humanity and are too distinctively Greek to lay hold on our affections. An exception should, perhaps, be made in the case of 'little Mitsos,' but even he has been trained into a machine-like obedience and impossible devotion that is either above or below humanity. What lover would consent to set fire to a ship in which his lady was believed to be sailing?"

The *Daily Telegraph* is content to describe the story in an approving vein:

"The book stands in striking contrast to Mr. Benson's earlier studies in metropolitan life, for here we have in almost too conscientious detail such scenes as an artist paints when he wanders through the modern aspects of Attica and the Peloponnese. The boy Mitsos is the incarnation of the Hellenic spirit, and his career serves to typify the battle in which his country is engaged. Under the advice and influence of his uncle, Nicholas Vidalis, he leaves his home at Nauplia, journeys to Tripoli and Sparta, and through most of the Morea, delivering everywhere the message to the Faithful to 'grind black corn for the Turks,' and to be ready for the lighting of the beacon fires, the given signal for the uprising. A long and picturesque history of the insurrection follows, full of vivid details, and everywhere adorned with bright patches of local colour and incidents."

"The *Tree of Life*." By Netta Syrett. THIS story has provoked and pleased critics in about equal degrees. The *Athenæum* says the story, unfortunately,

"falls, or seems to us to fall, into the *genre ennuyeux*. Why it should do so is one of those things that cannot be exactly explained even by experts or specialists. The story is not frankly and straightforwardly tiresome; on the contrary, and at first especially, it appears inclined to develop, humanly and artistically, on interesting lines. The author has acquired a lightness of touch and a knack of presentation that promise and do occasionally serve well. But the whole thing wears a deeply premeditated air. The general aspect and trend is at once superficial yet studied. If such a thing can be as a touch that seems light and is in reality laboured, we have it here. No real originality or strength of conception leavens the carefully chosen material."

*Literature* says: "So far as the handling of the characters and the plot is concerned, Miss Netta Syrett has written an interesting and well-written story; but we would ask her two questions: If, as one of her characters says, we are 'sickened of the eternal sex question,' why does she show so little sympathy with us as to devote herself in a novel of 387 pages to a discussion of it; and, if it has to be discussed, why does she assume that the solution of it which she favours is 'in advance of the age'? We do not exaggerate when we say that the sex question is discussed throughout, for it is clearly in the writer's mind from first to last."

But the first critic allows that the author, in the earlier scenes, shows

"a real divination or recollection of childhood. . . . The forlorn groping after beauty and happiness, the hills of difficulty that on the path of educational endeavour loom mountain high, the half-comprehended sense of spiritual isolation, the lack of sympathy and fellowship, are all there."

And the second critic concludes:

"It is a pleasanter task to congratulate the writer on the undoubted power of graphic and humorous description she shows. . . . on the many touches of close observation, such as 'the sunshine filtering through a lacework of leaves flecked the bracken with burnished silver'—most novelists would have said, incorrectly, 'burnished gold'; and on the skill and pathos with which she develops the character of Christine."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, February 24.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD. By Cardinal Wiseman. Burns & Oates. 4s.
- THE VITALITY OF CHRISTIAN DOGMAS, AND THEIR POWER OF EVOLUTION. By A. Sabatier, D.D. Translated by Mrs. E. Christen. A. & C. Black.
- REASON IN REVELATION; OR, THE INTELLECTUAL ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Emma Marie Caillard. James Nisbet & Co. 2s.
- A BOOK OF PSALMS. Rendered into English by the late Arthur Trevor Jebb, M.A. George Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- LINES FROM MY LOG-BOOKS. By Admiral the Rt. Hon. Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Bt. David Douglas.
- DRAKE AND THE TUDOR NAVY. By Julian S. Corbett. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 36s.
- RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS. By Robert Ganthony. Henry J. Drane. 6s.
- THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA. By W. Basil Worsfold. Horace Marshall & Son.
- A STUDENT'S MANUAL OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By Dudley Julius Medley, M.A. Second edition. B. H. Blackwell (Oxford).
- THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1846-1896: THE HISTORY OF ITS FIRST HALF CENTURY. Edited by George Brown Goode. City of Washington.
- POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES. MILLAIS AND HIS WORKS. By M. H. Spielmann. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- THE LATER RENAISSANCE. By David Hannay. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 5s.
- ADVENTURES IN LEGEND: BEING THE LAST HISTORIC LEGENDS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS. By the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. A. Constable & Co. 6s.
- THE SPECTATOR. Vol. V. Edited by G. Gregory Smith. J. M. Dent & Co.

THE GREAT FRENCH TRIUMVIRATE: THE ATHALIE OF RACINE, THE POLYCEUTE OF CORNEILLE, THE MISANTHROPE AND TARTUFFE OF MOLIÈRE. Rendered into English Verse by Thomas Constable. Downey & Co. 5s.

GODEFROI AND YOLANDE: A MÆDIEVAL PLAY IN ONE ACT. By Laurence Irving. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

CHAPTERS ON THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Anonymous. W. H. Allen & Co.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- EARLY FORTIFICATIONS IN SCOTLAND: NOTES, CAMPS, AND FORTS. By David Christison, M.D. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- HIND HEAD; OR, THE ENGLISH SWITZERLAND AND ITS LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS. By Thomas Wright. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.
- ST. BOTOLPH, ALDGATE: THE STORY OF A CITY PARISH. By A. G. B. Atkinson, M.A. Grant Richards.

## NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. By George Meredith. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

- UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES:—OVID: METAMORPHOSES. Book XIV. Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.
- THE STUDY OF CHILDREN AND THEIR SCHOOL TRAINING. By Francis Warner, M.D. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.
- SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL. With Notes by W. H. Carruth, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
- UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: GENERAL ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. Edited by William Briggs, M.A. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.
- A GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH AMERICA, INCLUDING THE WEST INDIES. By Lionel W. Lyde. A. & C. Black.
- HISTORICAL LATIN READERS: THE CONQUEST OF ITALY AND THE STRUGGLE WITH CARTHAGE, 753 to 200 B.C. By E. G. Wilkinson, M.A. A. & C. Black.
- NORWEGIAN GRAMMAR AND READER. By Julius E. Olson. Scott, Foresman & Co.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- HOW TO PUBLISH A BOOK OR ARTICLE, AND HOW TO PRODUCE A PLAY: ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS. By Leopold Wagner. George Redway.
- NEO-MALTHUSIANISM: AN ENQUIRY INTO THAT SYSTEM WITH REGARD TO ITS ECONOMY AND MORALITY. By R. Usher. Gibbings & Co. 6s.
- A BOOK OF COUNTRY CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. By Clifton Johnson. Kegan Paul. 5s.
- THE NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY. By Clifton Johnson. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
- THE MINER'S ARITHMETIC AND MENSURATION; WITH ANSWERS. By Henry Davies. Chapman & Hall.
- THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALIAN ART: A HANDBOOK FOR STUDENTS AND TRAVELLERS. By Selwyn Brinton, B.A. Simpkin, Marshall.
- THE STAMP-COLLECTOR. By W. J. Hardy and E. D. Bacon. George Redway. 7s. 6d.

The following were crowded out of our last week's issue:

- PIKE AND PERCH. By Alfred Jardine. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.
- THE HANDBOOK TO BRITISH MILITARY STATIONS ABROAD. Compiled by L. C. R. Duncombe-Jewell. Sampson Low.
- LESSONS WITH PLANTS. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d.
- STUDIES AND NOTES OF PHILOLOGY AND LITERATURE. Vol. V. Ginn & Co. 6s. 6d.
- THE EVERY-DAY BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY: ANIMALS AND PLANTS. By James Cundall. Revised by Edward Step. New edition. Jarrold & Sons.
- PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By G. R. Carpenter. Macmillan & Co.
- THE PLAINSONG OF THE MASS, ADAPTED FROM THE SARUM GRADUAL. Part. I.: THE ORDINARY. Third edition. HYMN MELODIES FROM THE SARUM SERVICE-BOOKS. Printed for the Plain-song and Mediæval Music Society.
- THE CRIMINOLOGY SERIES: POLITICAL CRIME. By Louis Pracl. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

MODERN PROBLEMS AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By W. J. Hocking. Wells, Garton, Darton & Co. 3s. 6d.

DEBATABLE CLAIMS: ESSAYS ON SECONDARY EDUCATION. By John Charles Tarver. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

THE RIGHTLY PRODUCED VOICE. By E. Davison Palmer. Joseph Williams.

THE RECORDS OF THE BURGERS OF SHEFFIELD COMMONLY CALLED THE TOWN TRUST. John Daniel Leader. Elliot Stock.

THE YEAR'S MUSIC, 1898. Edited by A. C. Carter. J. S. Virtue & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE SAVING OF IRELAND: INDUSTRIAL FINANCIAL, POLITICAL. By Sir George Baden Powell. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 7s.

ON LABORATORY ARTS. By Richard Threlkeld M.A. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

PRISONERS ON OATH: PRESENT AND FUTURE. By Sir Herbert Stephen, Bart. W. Heinemann. 1s.

THE MUNICIPAL YEAR-BOOK: 1898. Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd. 1s.

MODERN PROBLEMS AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By W. J. Hocking. Wells, Garton, Darton & Co.

## NOTES ON NEW EDITIONS.

We have received the second edition of I. Dudley Julius Medley's *Students' Manual of English Constitutional History*. It appears four years after the first edition. The author has not changed the general plan of his book; but he has freely used in the new edition works which have been published since the first edition appeared. Mr. Medley says, for instance, that his indebtedness to Prof. Maitland will be apparent on almost every page:

"Prof. Maitland's previous work had laid all future historians of our early Constitution under a deep obligation; but even our students were scarcely prepared for the large suggestiveness of *The History of English Law* and of *Domesday Book and Beyond*. One of the chief aims of my compilation was to place within the reach of the young student the results of the most recent work. Consequently, where sections have been re-written, and the views expressed on many points have been largely modified."

The book has not been greatly extended in length; but it now runs to over 644 pages.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S series of Historical Novels is continued by *Westward Ho!* which has been fitly chosen to represent the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The last novel, it will be remembered, was Macfarlane's *Camp Refuge*, representing the Conqueror's reign. Mr. Laurence Gomme, the editor, says that he chose *Westward Ho!* in preference to *Kenilworth*, because *Kenilworth* "tells us of court life and not national life. And the superiority of Kingsley's subject is held to outweigh the superiority of Scott's art."

To the Temple edition of the Waverley Novels is added *Old Mortality*, in 10 volumes. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a drawing, by Mr. Herbert Raiton of the College Wynd, Edinburgh, in one of which Scott was born. Tradition holds that Goldsmith, Boswell, and Burns lodged in the same wynd.



# JOHN LANE'S LIST.

NOW READY.

**OUR LETTERS to FRANCE.** By Emile Zola. With an Introduction by L. F. AUSTIN. CONTENTS:—I. To the Youth of France—II. To France—III. To M. Felix Faure, the President—IV. To the Minister of War. Fcap. 8vo, with Portrait, 1s. net.

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**DEFBOI and YOLANDE: a Play.** By Laurence Irving. Small 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

**THE WINTER MOTHS: a Play in Four Acts.** By William HEINEMANN. Small 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

READY MARCH 2nd.

**JOURNALISM for WOMEN: a Practical Guide.** By E. A. BENNETT, Editor of *Woman*. Square 16mo, 2s. 6d. net.

**THE PET COURTSHIP: a Novel.** By Thomas Cobb. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY.

**THE GEMS.** With which is incorporated "CHRIST in HADES." By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

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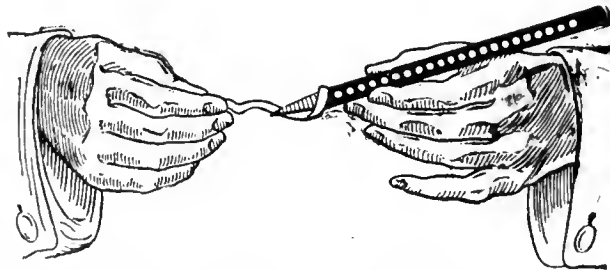
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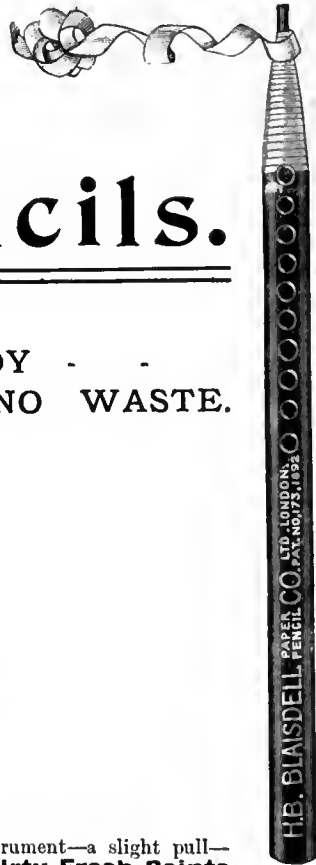
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or who could tell how

"the anæsthetic reaches  
Hot and subtle through your being.

And you gasp and reel and shudder  
In a rushing, swaying rapture,  
While the voices at your elbow  
Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

Lights about you shower and tumble,  
And your blood seems crystallising—  
Edged and vibrant, yet within you,  
Racked and hurried back and forward."

Even if such "edged and vibrant" writing jarred on foregone conceptions of poetry, it was surely remarkable enough, simply as writing, to command interest and attention. Condemnable it might be; but what sane editor would hesitate a moment to invite the world to decide the question? And even if the masterly portraiture, the tersely-touched episodes of hospital comedy and tragedy, failed to make their due impression, the pure poetry of such pieces as "Pastoral" and "Nocturn" ought to have been manifest to the meanest intelligence. In "Pastoral" the poet, cabined in the dreary ward, sees a vision of the Spring which is gladdening the world outside:

"Vistas of change and adventure,  
Thro' the green land  
The grey roads go beckoning and winding.  
                    Green flame the hedgerows.  
Blackbirds are bugling, and white in wet  
winds  
Sway the tall poplars.  
O, the brilliance of blossoming orchards,  
O, the savour and thrill of the woods,  
When their leafage is stirred  
By the flight of the Angel of Rain!  
Loud lows the steer; in the fallows  
Rooks are alert; and the brooks  
Gurgle and tinkle and trill. Thro' the  
                    gloaming,  
Under the rare, shy stars,  
Boy and girl wander,  
Dreaming in darkness and dew."

What unimbleness, what multiplicity of sensation there is in this poem! How fresh, how cool and dewy it is! And, though the lines are not minted to pattern, like rouleaux of five-shilling pieces, or alternate crowns and dollars, what a perfect sense of rhythmic beauty informs them! The poem lacks imagery, some may say; but imagery is the ornament, not the essential substance, of poetry. To attain beauty without ornament is perhaps a greater, certainly a

harder, task than to pile trope on trope, and figure on figure. And if it comes to that, I should be glad to hear of a lovelier image than the one I have italicised.

The impermeable density of the Able Editors had the effect of practically putting Mr. Henley to silence during ten of the best years of his life, and thus notably impoverishing English poetry. It was by a sort of chance that in 1888 the Hospital Rhythms, with the "Echoes" and "Bric-à-brac" at last saw the light. Among the "Echoes" were "Out of the night that covers me," the "King in Babylon," "On the way to Kew," "To R. L. S.," "Margarita Sorori," and other noble numbers; among the "Bric-à-brac" were the "Ballade of Midsummer Days and Nights" and the "Ballade made in Hot Weather"; but still criticism, except in one or two quarters, was half-hearted if not supercilious. Then came his second booklet (1892). In "The Song of the Sword," "London Voluntaries," and the "Rhymes and Rhythms" which eked out the little volume Mr. Henley had shaken off the influence of Heine, occasionally traceable in his earlier work, and soared into the sphere of Milton. Squarely based on the magnificent success of the four "London Voluntaries," his reputation was now secure. Yet it has taken six years for the mass of the reading public to realise how indisputable is his place in the foremost rank of our poets. To praise him now is to beat at an open door; but truly the hinges have been long a-turning.

Why has it taken Mr. Henley all these years to come into his kingdom? Because of the small bulk of his writings, say some, no doubt with partial truth. But there is more than this in the matter. The essential truth is, I believe, that Mr. Henley does not deal in the kinds of poetry which most readily catch the public ear. He does not write ballads, he does not confect idylls, he does not psychologise, he does not philosophise on current topics—agnosticism, or heredity, or trade-unionism, or what not. There is no story in his poems, no drama, no allegory. They are never versified leading-articles. They do not make for edification, or, to use the more popular catchword, for "culture"; and, their meaning being as clear as daylight, they offer no scope for co-operative conjecture. Mr. Henley, in his verse, is two things: a painter-etcher and a pure lyricist. In the former capacity his touch is too stern, too precise, and of too condensed significance to allure the popular eye, which prefers a smoother surface, a more luscious tone. As a lyricist, again, Mr. Henley, though a master-rhymer when he pleases, is apt to renounce the aid of rhyme and strict melodic form. Now the triangle, though we may not realise it, is one of the most popular instruments in the band, and not to be lightly dispensed with. Moreover, though Mr. Henley does not, if I may put it so, deliberately intellectualise, a somewhat aggressive personal philosophy runs through his lyrics—a grim stoicism, with an inclination to envisage life in its grotesquer aspects. This is not pleasing to many worthy people. Ladies especially, I fancy, resent Mr. Henley's outlook

on the world, in which they are apt to figure as "women." Yet again, his sedulous realism of diction, his disuse of the conventional poetic dialect, has tended to retard Mr. Henley's acceptance. He has been handicapped, in a word, by his very strength, and the marked individuality of his temperament. He has been to many people (and not always to the mere Philistine) something of an acquired taste. But the appetite, once awakened, will never be cloyed. It is the saccharine quality in verso that palls, whereas Mr. Henley's is always tonic and astringent. Here, for instance, is a lyric which, once felt, will abide with you for ever:

"To M. E. H.

When you wake in your crib,  
You, an inch of experience—  
Vaulted about  
With the wonder of darkness;  
Wailing and striving  
To reach from your feebleness  
Something you feel  
Will be good to aud cherish you,  
Something you know  
And can rest upon blindly:  
O, then a hand  
(Your mother's, your mother's!)  
By the fall of its fingers  
All knowledge, all power to you,  
Out of the dreary,  
Discouraging strangenesses  
Comes to and masters you,  
Takes you, and lovingly  
Woes you and soothes you  
Back, as you cling to it,  
Back to some comforting  
Corner of sleep.

So you wake in your bed,  
Having lived, having loved:  
But the shadows are there,  
And the world and its kingdoms  
Incredibly faded;  
And you grope through the Terror  
Above you and under  
For the light, for the warmth,  
The assurance of life;  
But the blasts are ice-born,  
And your heart is nigh burst  
With the weight of the gloom  
And the stress of your strangled  
And desperate endeavour:  
Sudden a hand—  
Mother, O Mother!—  
God at His best to you,  
Out of the roaring,  
Impossible silences,  
Falls on and urges you,  
Mightily, tenderly.  
Forth, as you clutch at it,  
Forth to the infinite  
Peace of the Grave."

Mr. Henley has not, I think, done anything better than this. Elsewhere, in the poem inscribed "Matri Dilectissimæ," he has written:

"Dearest, live on  
In such an immortality  
As we thy sons,  
Born of thy body and nursed  
At those wild faithful breasts,  
Live of generous thoughts  
And honourable words, and deeds  
That make men half in love with fate!"

"To M. E. H.," and many others of Mr. Henley's poems, may well be reckoned among such "deeds."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## TAILOR AND CHARTIST.

*The Life of Francis Place, 1771-1854.* By Graham Wallas, M.A. (Longmans.)

MR. GRAHAM WALLAS has already won himself two reputations—as a municipal administrator and as a thoughtful student of social and economic problems. From the top of these he would assail literature. He does so by no means without success. His biography of Francis Place is too long and detailed—it is the chronic complaint of the modern biography; but it is written with great skill, with wide knowledge of the thorny political ways of the first half of the century, and above all with an occasional touch of shrewd epigram. Moreover, it is a work of amazing industry. Place left an autobiography so voluminous as to be rather a History of his Life and Times, together with innumerable letters, books, and newspapers, amounting in all to more than seventy volumes. Through these Mr. Wallas has burrowed his way, and we have hardly the heart to blame him for not rejecting more of the superfluous material that he must have gathered together during his task.

The earlier life of Francis Place was, as Mr. Wallas hints, a subject worthy of the pen of Mr. Smiles. His father, a man of ferocious temper, kept a "sponging house" in Vinegar-yard. The son was apprenticed to a maker of leather breeches, and grew up in the rowdy purlieus of Drury-lane. Nor did he find his environment particularly uncongenial. "He was skilled in street games, a hunter of bullocks in the Strand, an obstinate faction fighter, and a daily witness of every form of open crime and debauchery." He belonged to the crew of an eight-oared cutter, of which the cox was transported for robbery and the stroke hanged for murder. Then he married and became steady, frugal, and industrious. The young couple were locally known as "the Lady and Gentleman." After various vicissitudes of journeyman employment and strikes, which somewhat tried his domestic relations, he managed to set up a small tailoring business of his own, and found this the first step to a fortune. Presently he moved to Charing Cross, and had the largest plate-glass windows in London. Of his professional struggles he would speak with considerable cynicism:

"How often have I taken away a garment for a fault which did not exist, and which I, of course, never intended to rectify. How often have I taken back the same garment without it ever having been unfolded, and been commended for the alteration which had not been made, and then been reprehended for not having done what was right at first. . . . A man, to be a good tailor should be either a philosopher or a mean cringing slave, whose feelings had never been excited to the pitch of manhood."

Philosophy, you will infer, was the alternative chosen by Place. Tailoring, indeed, was never his life. That was really passed in the little parlour behind his shop, which welcomed his intimates and discreetly excluded his customers. Place had always been a voracious reader, and, as soon as his means permitted, he got to-

gether a considerable collection of books, mainly upon political and economic subjects. Gradually the tailor's "library" became the rendezvous for all the rebellious spirits of Westminster, Place himself their mentor and political guide. He was not only a reader and thinker, but an admirable organiser, and such men as Sir Francis Burdett turned instinctively to him for advice. About 1808 he became acquainted with James Mill, and was drawn into the circle that revolved around the speculative Jeremy Bentham. Place has left some letters written during a visit to Ford Abbey, where Bentham and Mill were then living together, which throw an interesting light on the philosophic ménage. He fully confirms the account of Mill's educational methods given in his more famous son's autobiography:

"His method is by far the best I ever witnessed, and is infinitely precise; but he is excessively severe. No fault, however trivial, escapes his notice; none goes without reprehension or punishment of some sort. Lessons have not been well said this morning by Willie and Clara; there they are now, three o'clock plodding over their books, their dinner, which they knew went up at one, brought down again and John, who dines with them, has his book also, for having permitted them to pass when they could not say, and no dinner will any of them get till six o'clock. This has happened once before since I came. The fault to-day is a mistake in one word. Now I could not be so severe; but the learning and reasoning these children have acquired is not equalled by any children in the whole world. John is truly a prodigy, a most wonderful fellow; and, when his Logic, his Languages, his Mathematics, his Philosophy, shall be combined with a general knowledge of mankind and the affairs of the world, he will be a truly astonishing man, but he will probably be morose and selfish. Mill sees this: and I am operating upon him when the little time I can spare can be applied, to counteract these propensities, so far as to give him a bias towards the management of his temper, and to produce an extensive consideration of the reasonings and habit of others, when the time shall come for him to observe and practise these things."

Under the inspiration of Bentham, Place attempted to take part in the literary propaganda of Utilitarianism, but without much success. Of one of his articles Mr. Wallas says that it "simply cannot be read. . . . It consists of a pointless series of facts from original sources, put together in a style compared with which that of Stubbs' 'Constitutional History' is airy and journalistic." But his activities as adviser and inspirer-general of London Liberalism continued unabated. He took a leading part in the establishment of British School, carried on a vigorous neo-Malthusian crusade, and was the moving spirit in the abolition of the Combination Law. Throughout the campaigns which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, his library served as the headquarters of the agitation; was he who finally discomfited the Duke of Wellington by the issue of the placard containing the famous advice to "go for gold." He, too, it was who drew up the famous "People's Charter" which led to the abortive movement known as Chartism. He never sought to appear much in public, but the leading Radicals of the day were



glad to resort to him for counsel and instruction, and Mr. Wallas quotes an amusing description, from the hand of an enemy, of his relations to that intrepid reformer, Joseph Hume :

"Look over the notices of motion, and see when Joseph is to storm sixpence laid out in the decoration of a public work, or sack the salary of a clerk in a public office, and when you find that in a day or two it is to astonish St. Stephen's and delight the land, then go, if you can gain admission, to the library of this indefatigable statesman, and you will discover him schooling the Nabob like a baby. There upon that three-footed stool, gowned in wholesome grey, with an absolute avalanche of schemes, scraps and calculations around him, sits the philosophic sage, delivering his golden rules with the slowness and the certainty of the choicest alembic; and yonder, squatted upon a pile of unread pamphlets, sits the substantial upil, with his whole countenance perked into the gigantic ear of astonishment and delight. The wild ass quaffing the spring in the desert," says the Arabian proverb, 'is not so lovely as he countenance of him who drinketh understanding.'"

We could wish that Mr. Wallas had not confined himself so entirely to narrative, but had attempted to define for us a little more precisely the exact position held by Francis Place in the history of early nineteenth-century Liberalism. A great thinker he was not, or a great orator, and yet he seems to have impressed the imagination of his contemporaries more than a mere wirepuller could quite do. Robert Owen called him the real leader of the Whig party," and, indeed, he seems to have been in his way a genuine leader of men, with the powers of initiative, stimulus, and control with which a leader can afford to dispense.

## EGYPTOLOGY AND CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

*Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt:* Being Lectures Delivered at University College, London. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., &c. (Methuen & Co.)

PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE is certainly a most versatile man. When not engaged in discovering important documents of antiquity in the last place one would have thought of looking for them—as, for instance, the remains of cannibalism in Egypt or theiform tablets in (with apologies for the neologism) hieroglyphiferous strata—he rushes back to Gower-street and, as Edwards Professor of Egyptology, delivers lectures which, at any rate, delight his audience by telling them something they did not know before. No one but he would have thought of applying the statistics of conscience-money to the illustration of Egyptian character; yet with the help of an imaginary opponent the task presents to him no difficulty. "The Egyptians had a much better idea of the degrees of right and wrong than their neighbours," says the Professor. "Are there, then, degrees of wrong?" replies nastily the Devil's Advocate. "Certainly there are," rejoins the Professor. "Take lying as an example"

—and he jots down on his blackboard a scale of lies having at one end the lie "to save many innocent lives," and at the other the lie told "from hatred of anything going aright." How many people will tell each of these lies?" says the adversary, shifting his ground a bit. "They will tell them in accordance with the law of distribution of errors, or probability curve," says the Professor, promptly drawing a picture of the said curve. "How do you know that the law of distribution applies to morals?" says the adversary, conscious that he is getting rather the worst of it. "By the conscience-money anonymously paid into the Exchequer," triumphantly replies the Professor, and he bombards his opponent with figures showing that the usual payment takes the shape of "a convenient £5 note," rather than the £5 16s. which it appears the conscience-stricken one ought to pay. It is all very pretty, and the Devil's Advocate is very quickly routed, but we confess it seems to us a long way from this to Ancient Egypt.

This, however, is a flippant way of looking at the subject. Let us hasten to say that Prof. Petrie has collected two hundred ethical maxims from different Egyptian monuments, and classified and analysed them with much skill. In the result he pronounces the standard of character among the Ancient Egyptians to be much more like that of the eighteenth century among ourselves than that of the nineteenth:

"Their virtues are quiet and discreet; their vices are calculating. They belong far more to the tone of Chesterfield and Gibbon than to that of Kingsley or Carlyle; they accord with Pope or Thomson rather than with Swinburne or Tennyson. There is hardly a single splendid feeling; there is not one burst of magnanimous sacrifice; there is not one heartfelt self-depreciation, in any point of all this worldly wisdom. They are as canny as a Scot, without his sentiment; as prudent as a Frenchman, without his ideals; as self-conceited as an Englishman, without his family."

The lecturer can hardly have studied Egyptian monuments as thoroughly as he has without coming to a probably just conclusion as to the character of the people who made them. But we had rather take his word for it than follow him through his proofs. For the Egyptians left behind them no pictures of contemporary manners like our novels, journals, and police reports; and the maxims Prof. Petrie quotes are exclusively collections of precepts of the 5th, 11th, 12th, and 19th Dynasties collated with the Book of the Dead, which may be of any age, and a Louvre papyrus which is known to be Ptolemaic. If Macaulay's New Zealander were to form his opinion of English character only from the Ten Commandments, the Church Catechism, the *Babees' Book* of the Early English Text Society, and a modern work on etiquette, he would get at a very queer jumble indeed.

The case is different with the religion of Ancient Egypt, as to which there is a fair amount of evidence collected from the numerous hymns and scraps of ritual found in the inscriptions. We are glad to see, also, that Prof. Petrie here depends chiefly upon the generalisations of M. Maspero, than whom no better or more cautious

guide in Egyptological matters can be found. Yet even here he makes some unexpected statements, as when he speaks of magic as "probably the very earliest form of belief." His assertion, too, that "doses of poison and also of serpent's blood taken internally confer on the eater immunity from the effects of injected poison, such as that infused by bites," is not one which should have been made without full reference to his authority. Nor do we think that he would be able to produce conclusive proof that the *Labarum* (or monogram of XR) is "essentially the sign of Horus, and only became Christian by adoption." But these are *obiter dicta* of the Professor, and do not affect his conclusions as to the general nature of the Egyptian religion, which are here stated. These are, to put them briefly, that Egypt worshipped the four classes of "animal gods, essentially human gods (Osirian group), the cosmogonic gods (Ra group), and the gods of human principles." Each of these four classes are, according to him, connected with one of the four races of Negroes, Libyans, Mesopotamians, and Punites, who, he thinks, succeeded each other in Egypt in the order named. This is a new theory, which would go some way towards introducing order into the present chaos of the Egyptian Pantheon, and we shall be anxious to see if it is supported or adopted by any other Egyptologist. At present, however, Prof. Petrie admits that it is only an hypothesis, and that these lectures are chiefly intended "to suggest a mode of looking at the subject." Meanwhile, we hope that Prof. Petrie will devote a little more time to the history of other religions, and the road by which they have arrived at their higher stages of development. If he does so, he may find an explanation of many things which now puzzle him, as when he fails to reconcile the practice of mummification with the theory of the existence of the *ka* or material soul independently of the body. The fact that many ministers of religion, while asking the advice of the Meteorological Department when choosing a day for a school feast, still continue to pray for rain at the request of their congregations, seems to be a case directly in point.

## A BOOK OF GOSSIP.

*Social Hours with Celebrities.* By Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne. (Ward & Downey.)

WE have already had a couple of volumes of reminiscences from the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, the author of *Flemish Interiors*, under the title of *Gossip of the Century*. But after her death her sister and literary executrix, Miss R. H. Busk, found among her papers sufficient notes to make up two more volumes. In piquancy and interest *Social Hours with Celebrities* falls behind the preceding work. But it also is the record of a clever woman who lived long, saw much, observed well, and—most important in such a case—prattled freely; dip where you will, you will find something to amuse and not infrequently something to instruct. In the first few pages, for instance, we find

Mrs. Pitt Byrne in Paris, where she knew Emile de Girardin and his co-proprietor of *La France*, the Vicomte de la Gueronniere. The Vicomte's "matrimonial *interieur* was not a united or happy one," and "it was pretty notorious in Paris that the Vicomte preferred the society of another lady to that of his own wife."

"He died very suddenly, and the grief of the 'other lady' was violent in the extreme; she had sought to see him in his dying moments as he lay upon a mattress on the floor, and, regardless of *convenances*, remained in the *concierge's loge* that she might be kept informed of all that went on. One of the most characteristic scenes I ever remember (and one that could scarcely have happened unless in France) occurred when, a few days after the Vicomte's death, I went to pay this lady a visit of condolence—for the *liaison* was so well known that she quite expected this courtesy—I found her reclining on a couch in a paroxysm of grief, while her good-natured little old husband, seated affectionately beside her, was doing his best to dry her tears and console her grief!"

At the present moment the following note has a certain significance. It refers to the year 1890:

"At the house of Marius Roux, the Provençal novelist, I have met Emile Zola and his wife among the guests. As for Mme. Zola she is of imposing dimensions, but lacks the cultivation which would make those dimensions an advantage; in a certain class she would be considered a handsome woman.

Zola himself, then a man of about fifty, had a prematurely 'high forehead,' which imparted a certain staidness to his aspect. His conversation was most impartial as regarded subjects, and he spoke on all as a man of the world and a man of wide experience; but his language was remarkable rather for refinement than otherwise; his expressions were all well chosen and yet seemed to come to him naturally and without effort or hesitation. If there was any call for remark on his manner it would be on the score of a well-bred reticence, which, however, may be practised as a matter of calculation and diplomacy, though it appeared natural; still I should say there was a good deal of the *poseur* about him, and he cannot be said to be without affectation. I was told that Zola pointedly shuns any matter of conversation that would lead to a mention of any of his works, and has therefore a way of introducing and keeping to certain sets of subjects which help him to avoid them."

Of Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Pitt Byrne has much to say that is interesting, more particularly, perhaps, to her fellow Catholics. It was a curious phase of his character that made him in his later years dislike any allusion to his marriage, and wish that no mention of it should occur in his biography. But his popularity is shown by the following incident which occurred when his dead body was lying in state:

"An unsympathetic passer-by ventured the remark, 'I don't know why they're making all this fuss about him. What did he ever do to deserve it?' 'An' is it what did he iver do, ye mane?' said a pugnacious Hibernian near him. 'You jist come outside an' take off yer coat, an' I'll show yer what he did.'"

Some excellent stories are told of Cardinal Wiseman; but one cannot help suspecting—and hoping—that this picture of Spurgeon is coloured by religious prejudice:

"Spurgeon was spending the winter at the Grand Hotel at Mentone, where I was an inmate

for a few days. He gave himself no little importance, occupied with his *suite*, the best *suite* of rooms in the house, those of the first floor in the centre *pavillon*—spacious, lofty, and well-furnished—and as he rarely came into the public *salon* in the evening, there was a lot of fun—supported with a good deal of champagne—indulged in in his private apartments. Many of the gentlemen were occasionally invited to go in, and have told me that, even when he gave them a set discourse, as he occasionally did, it was delivered in so humorous a tone, and so freely interspersed with picturesque metaphors and allusions, that it really was 'as good as a play.' . . . At the *table d'hôte* he had stipulated to sit at the head of the table with his four 'deacons,' two on each side of him; and as (together with himself) they were (like George Cruickshank's omnibus passengers) 'all fat,' they made a portly show. The further to distinguish *his party*, they dined when the rest of us took our *déjeuner* or lunch, and *they* were served with tea (high tea) when we dined."

Space forbids us to quote from the second volume, which contains, among other things, the record of a visit to Squire Waterton of Walton Hall, that curious country gentleman who turned his estate into a refuge for wild fowl, stuffed animals as an amusement, and while himself living a life of rigid asceticism, and sleeping on a rough-hewn block of oak, kept open house and a generous table for his friends. But did Longfellow, as Mrs. Pitt Byrne alleges, steal the well-known lines beginning,

"As ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,"

from the prose of J. T. Beecher, the friend of Byron?

#### DEVOUT LYRICS.

*Spikenard: a Book of Devotional Love Poems.*  
By Laurence Housman. (Grant Richards.)

MR. HOUSMAN, like Mr. Thompson, throws back for the manner of his religious verse to the seventeenth century. He does not, however, quite catch the accent of individuality which is so notable in each one of his great models. He has nothing to put against the sweet sunniness of Herbert, the sombre intensity of Donne, the spiritual insight of Vaughan, the spiritual ecstasy of Crashaw. Had we to judge him in an epithet, we think that it would have to be "tame." Mr. Housman has the poetic feeling, and something of the poetic aptitude; nevertheless he fails at any one moment quite to sting us or to carry us away. It may be that he has only mistaken his style. Devotional poetry is probably the rarest kind of poetry. It may even be maintained that to one writer only since the seventeenth century closed has the gift been given. The emotion concerned is so subtle, so undefined, that often enough in the effort to give it form it must needs evanesce; the aspiration will not endure the fetters of speech. And if you cannot, as most certainly you cannot, detain it in the simplicity of the common hymn tune, neither will you be more successful with the lure of elaborate stanza-

forms or the conceits that border upon extravagance.

The following is about the best that Mr. Housman can do, and it leaves us unmoved; his theme is the theological doctrine of Kenosis, the deliberate submission by the Absolute to the limitations of mortality.

"Now, this first time, Thine Eyes must look on walls;

Where Thy Hands cannot reach,  
Hands stretch and do beseech;

Where Thine Ear cannot hear, Thine earth  
for succour calls!

Oh, little Heart,  
Beat fast, and grow!

The whole world's smart  
Through Thee, one day, must flow,

Oh, childish Ears, attend,  
Being friend to all men's fears!

Oh, childish Eyes,  
Would ye of man be wise,

Ye must the channel be to all men's tears!"

Later on, Mr. Housman goes far to spoil the poem by talking of "the starried night," which does not seem to mean anything, and is, in fact, an affectation.

We have sought with some pains for another specimen which would not do Mr. Housman an injustice. The following seems to have a touch of humanity which comes as a relief.

"TO ST. FRANCIS.

(For his licence of a wineshop kept by one of his  
Tertiaries.)

O Francis, servant of the Living Vine,  
Since all that are His branches bear good  
fruit,  
So in my spirit let His Life find root,  
And let me serve Him, sending forth good  
wine!

For wine God gave, to make man's heart be  
glad;  
Till came the foe who sowed the bitter tares,  
And gluttony to vaunt her evil wares:  
Wherefore to-day so many homes are sad.

O thou, His servant, with his patient signs  
Of suffering in thy feet, and side, and hands,  
Pray Him with power to purge His pleasant  
lands,  
And catch the foxes that have spoiled the  
vines."

To this immediately succeeds a terrible poem, for "The Feast of the Invention of the Cross," in which Mr. Housman descends to the puerile trick of printing nearly every "t" as a capital letter. The effect is exceedingly ludicrous. This is the kind of thing:

"Made iT Thy FocTsTool and Thy Throue,"

or again:

"A symbol of Thine ouTsTreTched Hands."

If Mr. Housman will take the trouble to read Donne's fine poem on "Good Friday," he will perhaps be on the way to realise the mechanical nature of his own conception of symbolism.

## THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

*The Round Towers of Ireland.* By Henry O'Brien. Edited by "W. H. C." (Thacker & Co.)

O'BRIEN'S celebrated work on the Round Towers has long been a scarce book, and the issue of a mere reprint would have been a distinct boon to those interested in the much agitated subject of which it treats. But "W. H. C." has done a great deal more than this. In the first place, he has given us a really masterly Introduction, clear, scholarly, and sane, on a topic in the discussion of which sanity at least has not always been conspicuously prominent. Equally welcome is his excellent Synopsis. Those who are familiar with O'Brien's incoherent pages, and have experienced the irritation induced by the effort of following his rambling arguments, further distracted as they are by frequent digressions into vituperation of his opponents, will be grateful for this act of consideration on the part of the editor. As everybody knows, O'Brien claimed for the Towers a Phallic origin, and when his book first appeared it was greeted with a mingled storm of horror, indignation, and, worst of all, ridicule. But during the sixty years or so that have elapsed since then the growth of wider methods and a less conventional spirit of inquiry has resulted in showing that his contention is probably founded on a substratum of truth. A vast amount of nonsense has no doubt been written about Phallicism, and pretty well every object under the sun, natural or artificial, has been pressed into the service of the theory. Moreover, the doctrine has perhaps been somewhat unduly discredited by the fact that many of its advocates, and those not the least vociferous among them, have been persons inadequately equipped in respect of training and knowledge, and, with less excuse than O'Brien, fantastic and intemperate of expression. Yet sound and sober research has abundantly proved how universally the traces of this bygone worship appear, more or less plainly, in the religious systems of the present day, from the crudest material beliefs of savagery to the most refined and idealised developments of the higher faiths. So with the Irish Round Towers. Even if we are unable to bring ourselves to admit the likelihood that these mysterious edifices were avowedly built for the purpose asserted by those who think with O'Brien, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that in form at any rate they are a survival of the ancient Phallic cult, though the survival may have been unconscious, the form but traditional, the cult forgotten. In that case, whether within the limits of the ken of history, this fashion of temple lived on as a fire-shrine or a coronation-fane, a penitential column or a sacred observatory, a belfry or what not, it lived on as many other tokens of dead eras do—that is, in externals which have ceased to convey any definite meaning or whose meaning has insensibly changed. But this is not the place for a dissertation on the Round Towers or on religious evolution. All that remains to be said here is that the editor has prefixed a life and a

portrait of the author, that he has consulted modern tastes by adding an index, and that, except for the superiority of the illustrations, no one need wish to possess a copy of the original edition.

## A MAKER OF EMPIRE.

*Life of Sir John Hawley Glover, R.N., G.C.M.G.* By Lady Glover. Edited by the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE kernel of this book was a narrative, written at the desire of the Colonial Office, of the share taken by Sir John Glover in the Ashanti War of 1874. During this campaign Sir John was detailed to cover the main advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley upon Coomassie with a native column, composed chiefly of those Haussa troops which excited so much interest in London last June. It has been expanded into a full account of a career spent in the indefatigable service—naval, military, and administrative—of the country. Sir John Glover entered the Navy in 1841, saw fighting in Burmah, and on the outbreak of the Crimean War went on the *Rosamond* to the Baltic. Here an interesting incident occurred.

"The *Rosamond* was steaming on her course when a smart-looking vessel was observed proceeding leisurely close in shore. Mr. Glover said they 'might cut her off and capture her,' but the captain thought it would not be prudent to attempt it, as the enemy was in force in the neighbourhood. Lieutenant Glover rejoined, 'You don't know. You might be losing the chance of a lifetime by neglecting it.' They watched the strange vessel, which presently passed out of gun-shot distance, when the Russian standard was run up, and a royal salute was fired. It turned out that the emperor was on board!"

Shortly afterwards Glover was sent out to conduct a survey of the Niger, and this led to his resignation of his naval career and his appointment as Governor of Lagos. In this position he showed great tact and discretion, and 'Golobar' became a household word among the West African tribes. He was a man of commanding personality and of a great variety of interests. Sir Richard Temple describes him as 'a man of dash and daring, strong in frame, so fond of riding and driving that he might almost be called a tamer of horses, a superb marksman, a competent draughtsman, a graphic word painter, and a negotiator gifted with the power of ingratiating himself with strangers.' He was of the stuff of which our greater colonists are made, and shared to the full that blend of religious, commercial, and patriotic enthusiasm so characteristic of the latter-day Imperialist. In this connexion we cannot forbear quoting an amusing passage preserved by Lady Glover:

"A chief once said to him, 'I know what happens to our poor country. First comes missionary—well, he very good man, he write book. Then come consul; he write home. Then comes merchant, he very good man, he buy nuts. Then comes governor; he—well, he

writes to Queeny. She send him back. She send man-o'-war. Our country done spoil—no more of our poor place left.'"

After the Ashanti War Sir John Glover was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and held this post, with a short interval as Governor of the Leeward Islands, until a few months before his death, in 1885.

From the point of view of literature the biography has no particular merit: there is a lavish waste of words put together with somewhat primitive art. An exception must, however, be made for the Introduction and the narrative of the Ashanti War, which we owe to the vigorous and practised hand of Sir Richard Temple. If he had undertaken the whole book, and made it about one-third of its present length, we should really have had a more salient record of an interesting man.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*The War of the Wenuses.* By C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas. (Arrowsmith.)

AS a general rule a parody is sorry reading, for the writer takes some pin's-head of peculiarity in his original and hammers at it with a sledge-hammer until we are weary. You might count the really amusing parodies on the fingers of one hand—two or three of Mr. Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*, Mr. Burnand's *Strapmore* (his *New Sandford and Merton* was really an original work), and possibly Mr. Traill's *Barbarous Britishers*, the inversion of Mr. Grant Allen's *British Barbarians*.

Mr. C. L. Graves and Mr. E. V. Lucas have now perpetrated an outrage—this word is theirs—on Mr. H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, and they call it *The War of the Wenuses*. It has many merits. It is short; it is funny; and the authors, having a keen sense of style, have stuck their pens into all the little idiosyncrasies of their victim. The idea is that the pale pink planet Venus is gradually in its orbit advancing sunward.

"That is to say, it is rapidly becoming too hot for clothes to be worn at all; and this, to the Wenuses, was so alarming a prospect that the immediate problem of life became the discovery of new quarters notable for a gentler climate and more copious fashions."

So the Wenuses invade the earth, descending, not as the Martians descended, in cylinders, but in crinolines, and armed not with heat-rays but with tea-trays. Compare this passage with the original, one of many which the authors have gently tweaked into absurdity:

"Men like Quellen of Dresden watched the pale pink planet—it is odd, by the way, that for countless centuries Venus has been the star of Eve—evening by evening growing alternately paler and pinker than a literary agent, but failed to interpret the extraordinary phenomena, resembling a series of powder-puffs, which he observed issuing from the cardiac penumbra on this night of April 1st, 1902."

We will not give the joke away by describing what happened to the Wenuses

when they reached the earth. And probably no one will enjoy it more than Mr. Wells himself, to whom the "outrage" is gracefully dedicated.

*The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe.* By Ernest Young. (Constable & Co.)

THIS is a very entertaining book. Mr. Young was attached for some years to the Education Department at Bangkok, and he describes the daily habits of the Siamese in minute detail. To write a dull book about Siam would tax even a dull man. The Siamese are at once so barbarous and so civilised that life in Bangkok is a series of contradictions in terms. It is a patchwork of native and borrowed customs; and the borrowing, be it noted, has been done from both more enlightened and less enlightened nations. The Siamese have taken serfdom from Cambodia, and blue-clothed policemen from London. They go to bed by the electric light and welcome the dawn with pagan gongs. They consume the ices of Italy and the opium of China. The Japanese rickshaw, the Indian gharry, and the English omnibus ply together in the streets, and, more rarely, the native buffalo cart mingles with the traffic. Stately edifices of brick rise near to wooden houses that can be demolished with a hatchet; and the presence of a railway station does not exclude the absence of a fire-brigade. The wealthy divide their houses into two parts: into the front part they put tables, chairs, pianos, and pictures, and serve European foods; in the less accessible part they live as natives. In brief, the Siamese, having plenty of time on their hands, take what they please and leave what they please in the banquet of life. The bliss of ignorance and the benefits of knowledge—both are theirs. And they are so happy in their selection, so satisfied with a policy which looks like organised caprice! With railway whistles screeching in their ears, and the arc light flashing in their eyes, this incorrigible people believes that the tides are caused by a great crab emerging from his hole and then retreating to it, and that the winds are the voices of the babies who have departed this life. Superstition regulates every notable act of life; marriage, justice, education, and civil functions are accompanied by tissues of flummery. And all this supernatural element is the mere overflow from the temple where the yellow-robed priest flouts his own rules and neglects even his white elephants.

*St. Botolph, Aldgate: The Story of a City Parish.* By A. G. B. Atkinson, M.A. (Grant Richards.)

MR. ATKINSON is attached, as curate, to the church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and he is to be thanked for this careful compilation of the history of his parish. His book has not much colour or vivacity; and illustrations, which would have been a compensation, are lacking. But Mr. Atkinson has spared no labour to amass and arrange his facts; and much of his information is based on the record books and other original documents of the parish. Nevertheless the most interesting of Mr. Atkinson's chapters is the least recondite. In it we are told the

precise terms on which Chaucer held the house above Aldgate gate. We have glimpses of old Houndsditch, which is said to owe its name to the fact that the hounds belonging to the City hunt were kept here in the fifteenth century. The old clothes element which still lingers in Petticoat-lane was a feature of the street in the seventeenth century. "Where got'st thou this coat?" says one of Ben Jonson's characters; and the answer is, "Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen." The original gate was pulled down in 1606, and many coins of Trajan and Diocletian were found under it. The new gate was decorated with figures of Love and Charity; and again Ben Jonson supplies a curiously vivid touch. In "The Silent Woman," Mr. Atkinson points out, we have this speech:

"Many things that seem foul in the doing do please, done. You see gilders will not work but enclosed. How long did the canvas hang before Aldgate? Were the people suffered to see the City's Love and Charity while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnished?"

It will be understood that most of Mr. Atkinson's pages are occupied with the history of the Church, its chantries, monuments, and plate, and with extracts from the vestry books. Space permits us only to vouch for Mr. Atkinson's industry. We note that he defends Defoe as being a more accurate chronicler of the Plague than it is the fashion to describe him. Defoe's account of the ravages of the Plague in Aldgate is supported by the registers of burial and other records. St. Botolph's, Aldgate, escaped the Fire narrowly. Six shillings were "paid for carrying away the pish books when ye fyre was in ye citty."

*The New England Country, and*

*A Book of Country, Clouds, and Sunshine.*  
By Clifton Johnson. (Kegan Paul.)

ALL who wish to know the character of New England rural life may consult these prettily printed and well-illustrated volumes. Mr. Johnson loves New England, and has photographed most of it. He is steeped in its history, and solicitous for its agricultural future. Even at this distance we can deplore, with Mr. Johnston, the desertion of the villages, which he says has gone on steadily for fifty years. Old homesteads that might have vied with the one which inspired Whittier's *Snow-bound* are left to desultory tenants or actual decay. It is the old story of the magnetism of great cities.

*Two Thousand Miles of Wandering in the Border Country, Lakeland, and Ribblesdale.*  
By Edmund Bogg. (York: Sampson.)

MR. BOGG, who is a member of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society and an enthusiastic pedestrian, has produced a gossipy guide-book to the districts named above. The book is much too large to be carried about; and, unfortunately, it is not very beautiful on the table. Many of the sketches are too poor for words; and the ornamental headings to the chapters are cheap and inappropriate. But Mr. Bogg knows his subject, and his book can be used with profit.

*The Angler's Library: Pike and Perch.* By Alfred Jardine. (Laurence & Bullen.)

A THOROUGHLY practical handbook by an expert in pike and perch fishing. Mr. Jardine is pleasantly cynical about weights, and seems to endorse Frank Buckland's dictum that from the days of Gesner downwards more lies have been told about the pike than any other fish in the world.

*The Every-Day Book of Natural History: Animals and Plants.* By James Cundall. Revised and part re-written by Edward Step. (Jarrold & Sons.)

THIS book is not much to our taste. It pleased people when it came from the late Mr. Cundall's hands, many years ago. But it is too old-fashioned, too indefinite. Under the date May 17 we are invited to consider the May Fly; and we read: "It would be well for those whose occupations during the day are of a sedentary character to snatch more frequent, even though brief, respites from the cares," &c., &c. There is too much of this kind of thing, and too many merely pretty quotations from the poets.

*The Year's Music, 1898.* Edited by A. C. R. Carter. (J. S. Virtue & Co.)

THIS publication has reached its third annual issue, and has made good its claim to be a useful book of reference. The arrangement of the book is now put upon a permanent and orderly basis. A survey of the music of last year is followed by a list of London musical institutions and examining bodies with particulars as to admission, scholarships, &c.; this, by a detailed review of the music of 1897, classified as orchestral, chamber, choral, ballad, &c., including Sunday concerts. Grand and light opera receive separate sections. An obituary and a directory of vocalists are included.

THE "CENTURY SCIENCE" SERIES.—*Pasteur.*  
By Percy Frankland and Mrs. Percy Frankland. (Cassell & Co.)

THIS is a well-written life of the great bacteriologist. It is not generally known that Louis Pasteur had a natural gift of drawing, and that his real career began with a deliberate abandonment of the brush. At the little town of Arbois they still show clever portraits which young Pasteur painted in his youth. The stories of Pasteur's first enthusiasm for chemistry, his early researches into the phenomena of fermentation, his brilliant pronouncements on the subject of spontaneous generation, which he showed to be "une chimère," his suggestions for the improvement of beer, and his studies of infectious diseases preparatory to the great triumph of his life, are told clearly, and even entertainingly, in this volume. No will the reader who seeks information of the inner working of the Pasteur Institut be disappointed. Here Pasteur becomes majestic and touching figure, sleepless in his search for truth. In the corridor where his quick, slightly shuffling step was heard, the footfalls of his disciple now echo round his marble tomb, bearing the inscription: "Ici repose Pasteur."

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

PARIS.

By EMILE ZOLA.

This work, translated by Mr. E. A. Vizetelly, completes the "Trilogy of the Three Cities." Here the adventures and experiences of Abbé Pierre Froment are brought to a conclusion. Not a guide-book to Paris, we are told: it paints the city's social life, its rich and poor, its scandals and crimes, its work and its pleasures. "And journalism," adds the translator, "Parisian journalism, is flagellated, shown as it really is—if just a few well-conducted organs be excepted—that is, venal and impudent, mendacious, and even filthy." (Chatto & Windus. 488 pp.)

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Mr. Gribble calls this a story of the stage life and the real life. The heroine is Angela Clifton, who begins as a strolling player and rises to fame, and one of the heroes is Hector Burgoyne, who does likewise. There are other men prominent enough to be called heroes too, but it is with Hector and Angela that the novel is mainly concerned: their game of love at the outset, their separate careers, and their reunion over the fact of love at the end. Stage life and the acting temperament are examined, and now and then one has hints of a portrait. (A. D. Innes. 341 pp. 6s.)

WOMAN AND THE SHADOW.

By ARABELLA KENEALY.

Lady Kershaw takes, as a society pupil, Millicent, the wealthy daughter of a dealer in furniture polish. Millicent at once falls in love with Major Kershaw, the son, while Major Kershaw, the son, is in love with the Lady Alicia, who is a bad but beautiful lot. Seeing that unless money is forthcoming Alicia will make trouble for her husband, Millicent arranges that her own income shall be theirs, while she herself takes a situation as governess. Alicia subsequently elopes with another, the major gets a divorce, and after a decent interval Millicent becomes his wife. (Hutchinson & Co. 395 pp. 6s.)

A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION.

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

The voyage of consolation is a voyage to England undertaken by Miss Mamie Wicks after the collapse of her engagement with Mr. Arthur Greenleaf Page. She telephones to "Poppa": "My engagement to Mr. Page is broken. Do you get me? What do you suggest?" And Poppa coughs from New York to Chicago, and says: "Go abroad. Always done. Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the other places. I'll stand in." And Poppa, Momma, and Mamie sail by the *Germanic*. We travel amusedly with them through Europe, and are well prepared for the happy ending when it comes. (Methuen. 318 pp. 6s.)

THE SCOURGE-STICK.

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

This story is cast in the form of a woman's autobiography. She exclaims: "Why should not I, Esther Zamiel, scribbler, write yet another book: my last book: my reallest book: which shall be my own story?" In the course of the first two pages the narrator calls herself Esther Zamiel, Esther Vassal, and Esther Vrintz—but promises to explain this "triple personality." The story is that of a woman passionately devoted to art in various forms. It is highly emotional, and quite unlike Mrs. Praed's former books. (William Heinemann. 367 pp. 6s.)

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh may be depended on for red-hot melodrama. The outspiece of this story shows us two faultlessly dressed men in mid-air, falling in deadly grip of each other from a balcony. Being added to "see page 300," we referred to it in the hope that one of the falling men would prove to be the cad who turns up in Mrs.

Griffiths's type-writing office in the first chapter; but no. The book roars with incident and flames with adjectives. (F. V. White & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

THE CHILD WHO WILL NEVER  
GROW OLD.

By KATE DOUGLAS KING.

Eight stories of child-life, by the author of *Father Hilarion*. Miss King has a power of pathos, and those that cry easily will cry much over this book. Among Miss King's heroes is a naughty little boy who writes: "I am glad I shall go to Hell when I die. I won't go to Heaven because Aunt Adelaide is going there. Damm Damm Damm Aunt Adelaide." Some of the stories appeared in *Merrie England*. (John Lane. 215 pp. 5s.)

WYNDHAM'S DAUGHTER.

By ANNIE S. SWAN.

A novel with a purpose. Let us quote the dedication and say no more: "Dedicated to those among my young sisters who are discontented with their lot, in the hope that the true record of Joyce Wyndham's experience may help them to take up with cheerfulness the duty which lies nearest." (Hutchinson & Co. 371 pp. 6s.)

THE PRINCE'S DIAMOND.

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

This story is told in the first person, and the narrator—"I, George Travers"—is a very perfect specimen of the "bounder." Picking up a diamond ring in Hyde Park, Travers appropriates it after three days' languid search through the Lost and Found columns of the papers. His possession of this ring produces a tissue of incidents of a wildly improbable character; and the vulgar city clerk finds himself whirled into society and taking a leading part in an intrigue relating to the fugitive King of Borastria. (Hutchinson & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

HEARTS THAT ARE LIGHTEST.

By MONTI DE GOMARA.

When, in the course of these ineffably silly sketches of the men and women at the Hotel Belvedere, Mr. Gomara comes to the word "hope" he breaks off: "Oh, hope, sweet hope, what a blessing thou art to mankind!" When "sympathy" is mentioned: "Oh, sympathy, thou blessed angel spirit," and so on for a couple of pages. "Toil," says the author, "built the coral reefs and the Pyramids of Egypt"; unfortunately it also produced this volume. (Digby, Long & Co. 215 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ONE CROWDED HOUR.

By A. BERESFORD RYLEY.

This is the story of a foolish boy-and-girl marriage kept secret for some years. Meanwhile Chaddesley Corbet, having awakened to his folly, meets a woman worthy of his intelligent love, while Iona likewise meets a man worthy of her shallowness. The final arrangement between Chaddesley and Maude Ingleton mocks accepted morality and pleads its own. A strong story, undoubtedly. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 297 pp. 6s.)

JULIA'S CAPRICE.

By LEWIS SERGEANT.

Julia is unhappily—and doubtfully, as to legality—married to the Earl of Walcheren. Meeting with a raw, generous boy, Arthur Daubeny, she makes him fall madly in love with her, and the boy is horsewhipped by the Earl. This is the beginning of a story as episodic as *Gil Blas*. Julia and Daubeny meet later as theatrical *débutante* and manager; and again the Earl turns up, this time not with a horsewhip, but with proof of the legality of his marriage. A closely knit, not very elevating story. (Hurst & Blackett. 331 pp. 6s.)

THE SECRET OF A HOLLOW TREE.

By NAUNTON COVERTSIDE.

The author of this story says that its characters are portrayed from life, including the eccentric and violent Squire Matthews, on whose murder the "mystery" hangs. The desolate Welsh back-grounds, and the introduction of Matskalla, "the wisest woman of

the Romani," as the leading agent in the discovery of the criminal, give colour to the story, and the element of love is, of course, not lacking. (Digby, Long & Co. 317 pp. 6s.)

## THE DISASTER.

BY PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITE.

This story is a daily narrative of the first part of the Franco-German War, and it is also largely a character-study of Marshal Bazaine. But the translator, Mr. Frederic Lees, writes: "The Marguerites have not given us a book wholly devoted to military matters. . . . The hero's love for Anine, besides many other incidents and characters too numerous to mention, serve (!) to add brightness to a picture which might otherwise have been gloomy and monotonous." (Chatto & Windus. 415 pp. 6s.)

TRUE BLUE; OR, THE LASS THAT  
LOVED A SAILOR.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.

A sailor lad falls in love, goes to sea, and returns to claim his "true blue" sweetheart: that is the story. "Tell me, Violet—I may call you Violet, mayn't I?—whether I may believe that you cherish any feelings of affection towards me": that is the style. (Chatto & Windus. 269 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HORN.

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

An exciting story, of the popular serial type, of virtue and villainy. The chapter headings are sufficient testimony: "Black Treachery," "Rogues in Council," "Do you Know a Man with a Scar on his Cheek?" "A Terrible Suspicion," "Trapped!" "The Hunchback," "Captain Winter Receives a Blow," "Three Telegrams." (George Newnes, Ltd. 287 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

*For the Religion.* By Hamilton Drummond.  
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

WE have three small bones (as people say) to pick with Mr. Drummond. Firstly, the title. Why, in the name of all that is brisk and ardent and romantic, should he call a story of courage and adventure, rapier thrusts and hard riding, love and battle, by so forbidding a name? True that Coligny's attempt to save his fellow Huguenots by shipping them to Florida is the theme; but there are a hundred more alluring ways of entitling such a history than *For the Religion*. If the book were not a good one, we should care nothing whether it had a repellent name or not; but it is most readable. Secondly, we object to the author's method of beginning his story. His first chapter is bravely headed: "Why Marcel rode post from Paris"; and we read it to discover why, and behold it is sheer prologue, and the romance proper is dated fifty and more years earlier. Thirdly, the person—Blaise de Bernauld—whom Mr. Drummond has chosen for his monthpiece is eighty years of age, and we are prejudiced against narrators so advanced in life. As it turns out, this octogenarian can tell a story as well as the youngest; but at the outset the reader is doubtful and afraid. Such is the press of romantic fiction now in circulation that an author who offers three such stumbling-blocks as Mr. Drummond does—the title, the false start, and the antiquity of the hero—is in danger of not being read at all. Hence our protests.

But the persevering reader will be rewarded. We have no hesitation in awarding *For the Religion* a place in the first rank of the historical novels of the day. It has blood, it has movement; the men are real; and the style has clarity, gravity. This scene, coming early in the book, gives the note:

"'See you,' said Jean Carsault, 'the Admiral has the iniquities of Rouen to avenge and every Huguenot in France to save. What think ye? Will not he and his fight? Guise has the King to win, the Queen to conquer, Coligny to humble, and power to gain. Will not he and his fight? Truly, yes.'

Up from the table he lifted Marcel's goblet of Burgundy, and flung its liquor in a huge red splash on the floor, so that rivulets and veins ran hither and thither until the sand swallowed them up.

'Blood will flow like that,' he said. 'Would to the Lord I might be there to draw the spigot wider!'

'Ay,' cried Marcel. 'But, man, that was good wine!'

'Ay,' answered back Jean Carsault sourly. 'But, man, it will be good blood!'

The story follows the fortunes of Coligny and the Protestants. The hero was at the battle of Dreux, and subsequently became one of the gallant company of gentlemen who crossed to Florida. The voyage and its adventures are described with spirit. Among the colonists was one Boisgrillet, a blusterer. Blaise de Bernauld was of Navarre, the only Navarrese on board; and one night in the cabin hot words arose, and Boisgrillet spake thus:

"Then the more need to look to ourselves. Who says Navarrese says Catholic; and who says Catholic says traitor—"

D'Armand swung round on his heel, and, with his palms on the edge of the table, leaned across to the other, his handsome face white and set in a mask of contempt.

'Who speaks?' he said: 'Burgundy or Boisgrillet? The wine or the man? Be that as it may, the man must answer for it. Now, hear me. Who says vapourer, blusterer, and bully says Boisgrillet; and who says Boisgrillet says liar. Is that plain enough, Monsieur Boisgrillet, or do you need this to clear your brain?' and before those by could catch his arm he had flung a splash of wine full into the other's face.

To do Boisgrillet justice he was no coward, and was ever ready enough with his steel. A faint heart could have no place in a band of Coligny's choosing.

Before the wine had dripped from his beard to the table he was on his feet with his hand gripping for his sword-hilt. But Dessaix and Myault, on either side of them, were as quick as he, and had their blades crossed between the disputants."

The massacre of Coligny's gentlemen by Spaniards is the crowning feature of the story. It is very grim, very absorbing, with fine heroic touches. Mr. Drummond certainly understands the composition of the lion-hearted. Altogether a very excellent book.

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*The Fight for the Crown.* By W. E. Norris.  
(Seeley & Co.)

THE case of Mr. Norris is a sad one of degeneration complicated by success. Several years ago he used to turn out sound and amusing novels. We recollect that an enthusiastic critic called him "a second Thackeray," and we ourselves read *My Friend Jim* twice with pleasure. And now we close with a sigh *The Fight for the Crown*, in which plot and matter are thin to transparency and padding is liberal to prodigality, and we fail to find any excuse for the triviality of it all. Mr. Norris's danger always lay on the side of verbiage and the elaboration of petty detail: he has become almost laughable in his solemn mistaking of molehills for mountains. The plot, such as it is, is coldly furnished forth by the realities which long ago crowded the daily newspapers. There is no humour, little character-drawing, and less action. For these we are offered the drawing-room politics of the eighties, the empty babble of titled folk, and an intolerable deal of explanation. An undeniable gift for social satire has sunk to this:

"Lady Virginia Lethbridge was wont to speak in somewhat opprobrious terms of hunting and shooting men. Not, she would explain, that there was anything to be said against them during close time; on the contrary, they were then, taking them all round, perhaps the best class of man in existence. But while engaged in their favourite pursuits they ceased, according to her, to be of the slightest use for social purposes. Their conversation resolved itself into endless recitals of their own performances, which were frequently mendacious and always uninteresting; they were apt to drop asleep immediately after dinner, and became, generally, such unconscionable bores that there was no living in the house with them."

The story begins upon the steps of a club "at"—should it not be "in"—Dublin, shifts to the house of an oppressed landlord in Co. Kerry, jumps to Lady Virginia Lethbridge's house in London, and there, in more senses than one, it sticks. The Irish landlord has a beautiful daughter, who goes on the stage, and is run after by a fast nobleman, and a virtuous but lukewarm Home Ruler. The young lady accepts indifferent morals and the politics dear to Mr. Norris, and the Home Ruler swallows his annoyance and marries someone else. The whole proceeding is spun out to nearly four hundred pages.

*Entombed in Flesh.* By Michael Henry Dziewicki.  
(Blackwood.)

THE notion of this book seems to us an original one. Lucifer proposes a wager to Phantasto, a free Intelligence, servant neither to God nor to Lucifer himself. Lucifer intends to tempt a pure maiden soul to sin: he suggests that Phantasto should incarnate himself in a mortal body, and do his best to save her. A fortnight the struggle shall endure. If Phantasto fails, he is to remain enslaved on earth so long as Lucifer chooses. Phantasto agrees, and enters the body of an exposed medium, just dead from humiliation. He fails in saving the maiden, who, indeed, falls in love with him, and offers to become his mistress. Then follows a campaign to force Lucifer to surrender his bargain. This is finally accomplished by the eloquent preaching of that Christianity which Phantasto has by his own will excluded himself from, and the released Intelligence escapes to his own sphere, leaving the hideous corpse of the medium behind.

It is a good idea, but Mr. Dziewicki does not carry it out. At the psychology of the thing, the curious blend of human and supernatural in the mental workings of the incarnate Phantasto, he has worked thoughtfully and ingeniously: he almost makes it appear plausible; but he has not the power of clothing his conceptions in, what are after all necessary to a novel, appropriate words. He writes English as if he had learnt to do so, and perhaps we are justified in inferring from his patronymic that this is actually the case. Phantasto's great lecture on Christianity is thus described:

"It was a grand lecture—such a lecture as no one had expected, as no one had ever heard before, or was likely to hear again but from the same lips. Could it even be called a lecture?—in very truth it was an oration. Its eloquence and pathos melted the hardest hearts and brought tears to the driest eyes. No one could resist it. There were passages of high poetry; there were coruscations of magnificent anger; there were even at times, to relieve the tension, sparkles of humour and beams of wit. And then once more the torrent would pour forth, sweeping all before it, until the hearers bowed their heads, ashamed to think how little they had hitherto understood what Christ was, what their Christianity ought to be."

Description as well as lecture is presumably meant to be eloquent, but the fervour fails to translate itself; it leaves us unmoved.

## ANTHOLOGIES IN LITTLE.

### II.—ROBERT HERRICK.

THE life of Robert Herrick is a budget of paradoxes. The most bogan of English singers, he was yet a parson, and not in name merely: for, though he put off his cassock during the Commonwealth, in verse at least he has frequently enough his devout hood. He will sing not alone of "May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes," and of "bridegrooms, brides," and "cleanly wantonness," but also "of heaven, and hope to have it after all." Nor is Herrick's religious Muse to be looked at askance even in a century that knew new Donne and Crashaw, Herbert and Vaughan. Again, he whom we think of most readily as a pastoral poet in reality hated the country. His home was always "loathed Devonshire" to him, and at any moment he gladly turned from curds and junkets to re-visit his beloved London and to toy with the "silken bodice" or "tempestuous petticoat" of some courtly and perfumed Julia. The fact is, that the pastoral note inserted itself into the song of Herrick almost by accident. Essentially, as becomed a scholar and a wit, he modelled himself on the classics. Some of his pigrams came from Martial, and flowers were for him less things of delight than subjects for neat myths of metamorphosis, after the manner of Ovid. But he was overflowing with song, had he "importunate lyric opulence" more than any Englishman of his day, perhaps more than any Englishman before or since; and when more pleasing themes fell short, his sunny, genial temper drummed into music the life around him. But not with an eye very persistently on the object. Reminiscences of Roman country life mingle irresistibly with his English revels; and, like Mr. Wipling, the vicar of Dean Prior talks of "cowslips in your Devon combes," forgetting that cowslips have never been a Devonshire flower.

London was in his heart and in his blood. His father was a gold-

smith in Cheapside. Robert seems to have been at Westminster School, and to have passed thence to St. John's College at Cambridge. Afterwards he lived on his wits in London and sought the patronage of the great. Charles the First gave him a little living at Dean Prior in Devonshire, and Herrick wrote a "Farewell unto Poetrie" and also a "Farewell unto Sack." Both poetry and sack, however, remained dear to him through life. He passed, you may be sure, pretty idle clerical days with his elderly servant, Prudence Baldwin, preaching perhaps when the fit took him, more often writing epigrams on his parishioners, or composing dainty verses upon the charms of his many, and probably imaginary, mistresses. His ejection under the Commonwealth was doubtless inevitable, and he took it with a light heart; seeking in the garb of a layman whatever fun the godly had left in London. He remained unmarried, printed the "Hesperides," and returned to Dean Prior at the Restoration, to die in the odour of sanctity a dozen years later:

#### "TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may:  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.  
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.  
That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But, being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times will succeed the former.  
Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For, having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry."

#### "TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours.  
You have beheld how they  
With wicker arks did come  
To kiss and bear away  
The richer cowslips home.  
You've heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a round:  
Each virgin like a spring,  
With honeysuckles crown'd.  
But now we see none here  
Whose silvery feet did tread,  
And with dishevell'd hair  
Adorn'd this smoother mead.  
Like unthrifths, having spent  
Your stock and needy grown,  
Y'are left here to lament  
Your poor estates, alone."

#### "TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon:  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the evensong,  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.  
We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again."

## "THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good-morrow to the day so fair,  
 Good-morning, sir, to you;  
 Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,  
 Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too,  
 Good-morrow to each maid  
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew  
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me!  
 Alack and well-a-day!  
 For pity, sir, find out that bee  
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,  
 I'll seek him in your eyes;  
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave  
 I th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there: I know ere this  
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him,  
 But I will go, or send a kiss  
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not, though he be dead!  
 He knows well who do love him,  
 And who with green turfs rear his head,  
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed).  
 With bands of cowslips bind him,  
 And bring him home! But 'tis decreed  
 That I shall never find him."

## "THE NIGHT PIECE: TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting stars attend thee,  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,  
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;  
 But on, on thy way  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber:  
 What though the moon does slumber?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me!  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silv'ry feet,  
 My soul I'll pour into thee."

## "TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,  
 I dare not beg a smile,  
 Lest, having that or this,  
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
 Of my desire shall be  
 Only to kiss that air  
 That lately kissed thee."

## MR. GEORGE GISSING AT HOME.

A WRITER in the *American Book-Buyer* furnishes some very interesting, if not altogether unfamiliar facts, respecting the career of Mr. George Gissing, a novelist who is now rapidly "coming to his own."

Gissing's life story (says the *Book-Buyer*) is as dreary and merciless as some of the incidents in his stories. He is a York-

shireman, having been born in Wakefield thirty-nine years ago. His father was a man of learning and sound business sense, and held many important county offices: He died in 1870, leaving young Gissing, but thirteen years old, alone in the world. He received the ordinary education of the middle-class English boy, stopping short of the university. He early evinced an aptitude for languages, mastering Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, and Italian; the last three he speaks and writes fluently. He spent a year among the peasants of Italy, and he smiles at the suggestion of Continental travelling being expensive.

He commenced life as a teacher in a private school; but, being endowed with a plethora of nerves and a paucity of patience, he made but little success. He kept at it, however, for two years, when, in desperation, he gave up the struggle and "packed his grip" for London, with a few guineas in pocket. It was the old instance of the frying-pan and the fire over again. He aimed at some more hopeful career than teaching, and resolved to take up literature.

His life in London was a long, heart-grinding fight against poverty. For more than two years he did not know from what quarter the next meal was coming. He could not support himself by literature alone, and was compelled at times to act as a private tutor. He destroyed quantities of MS. in the strenuous struggle for style. Disappointments were many; but he felt that he had the proper material in him, could he but give expression to it. Living in the cheapest quarter of London, his outlook on life was one of gloom. His own life and that about him furnished endless themes for stories.

After enumerating Mr. Gissing's novels, and indicating their inspiration, the writer continues: "London furnishes Mr. Gissing with material, but the novelist himself lives at Epsom, twelve miles from the metropolis whose heart he has probed so relentlessly. He lives in a small house, and his workshop is the tiniest room imaginable, plainly furnished, with a few books. 'It amuses me,' he has said, 'whenever I see illustrated in a magazine the studies of well-known authors—many of them my friends. Unto that I shall never attain. I shall die as I have lived—a Bohemian.'

His life is one of seclusion. He has no part in ordinary social affairs. He does not desire it. In precarious health, he is a hard worker, and turns out a tremendous amount of 'copy' each year. Once a week he goes to London, where he rambles about the lower districts in search of characters and incidents. His sole amusement is an occasional visit to the British Museum. At present he is hard at work on a new novel of London life, of life among the middle classes, the life he knows so well, which he portrays so graphically, but without the faintest touch of the poetic imagination, without which no book can live. He is also working on some sketches for the magazines, and has tried his hand at biography. Mr. Gissing ought to succeed in this form of literary work; for he has positive genius for marshalling facts and seizing the vital and essential. But he looks upon such work as mere recreation. His heart is in his novels, and he strives seriously and with a purpose. He believes implicitly that his bitter, unpalatable message will bear sweet fruit in the regeneration of the lower classes of society. He does not preach reform, he suggests no remedy; but he paints in raw pigments a picture of pain and patience, and a selfish, sordid, coward world that complains and cries and shirks its burdens. To his credit be it said that he never complained of his own task, self-imposed, nor questioned the reward, more concerned with his work than it be honest than with another man's estimate of it."

"I have only one rule to work by," he said one day, after a conversation on the methods of literary production: "it is simply to write of what I know best. This principle is vital, the life of literature. If my stories are pessimistic, it is only because my life is such. My environments were sordid, the people were sordid, and my work is but a reflection of it all. Sadness? My books are full of it. The world is full of it. Show me the masterpieces of art, literature, or music, and I shall show you creations palpitating with sadness. Ah, the toil for the 'weib und kind,' how it fashions men's lives! Mine has been but the common lot. No use saying much about it. I find my little happiness in the fields in summer, and am content when I think of the toiling millions, twelve miles away, who never see a blue sky, or feel the earth yield beneath their feet."



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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN a little shilling volume bound in hedge-sparrow blue are to be found those of Mr. Alfred Austin's *Songs of England* which he considers most expressive of the best variety of patriotism. The collection is dedicated to Lord Wolseley. By "England," says the Laureate, in his brief preface, "for which no other appellation equally comprehensive and convenient has yet been discovered, it is intended to indicate not only Great Britain and Ireland, but Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and every pot of earth where men feel an instantaneous thrill of imperial kinship at the very sound of the Name that lends its title to the penning poem in the present volume."

To the reader who wishes to be glowingly stimulated, Mr. Austin's lyrics and sonnets are not, perhaps, to be recommended; but for those who like quiet and gentlemanly patriotism, not dissimilar from that of a village rector on Trafalgar Day, allied to a pleasant felicity of rhyme, the little book would be adequate and refreshing. But we think it amusing that the collection should have been prepared by its author at Florence.

MR. J. Y. W. MACALISTER has made the following interesting statement: "I venture to think that many of your readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) has already achieved the task he set himself and discharged the load of debt which the unfortunate collapse of the firm of Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. placed upon his shoulders, or rather I should say which he took upon his shoulders. His legal representative has recently addressed the following letter to the *Publishers' Weekly*, New York: 'February 7, 1898. Dear Sirs,—Mr. Clemens has placed in my hands the

necessary funds and has instructed me to pay you the balance of your claim against the late firm of C. L. Webster & Company at the time of its failure. . . .—Yours truly, K. I. HARRISON.' " Mr. MacAlister adds that, with the exception of the historical case of Sir Walter Scott, he does not think there is to be found in the records of literature anything quite equal to Mark Twain's conduct in insisting upon taking on himself the debts of the company when he might under limited liability provisions have left the creditors to satisfy themselves with a mere dividend.

MARK TWAIN'S success in carrying out the great project to which he dedicated himself on the failure of his business will be matter for satisfaction to all his very numerous friends. He has worked hard to amass the necessary funds, and has done so single-handed, and we are proud to congratulate him on a noble achievement. It will be remembered that early last year, when sick at heart and in poor health, Mark Twain accepted the offer of a public subscription which was made by a *New York* paper. But in the course of a few days that acceptance was revoked, and he determined that not from without but from within should the debt be paid. Honour be to him for such a decision.

AT this point it is interesting again to read the letter which Mark Twain wrote concerning his intentions towards the firm's creditors soon after he had begun his lecture tour:

"It has been reported that I sacrificed, for the benefit of the creditors, the property of the publishing firm whose financial backer I was, and that I am now lecturing for my own benefit. This is an error. I intend the lectures, as well as the property, for the creditors. The law recognises no mortgage on a man's brain; and a merchant, who has given up all he has, may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw. I had a two-thirds interest in the publishing firm, whose capital I furnished. If the firm had prospered I should have expected to collect two-thirds of the profits. As it is, I expect to pay all the debts. My partner has no resources, and I do not look for assistance from him. By far the largest single creditor of this firm is my wife, whose contributions in cash, from her private means, have nearly equalled the claims of all the others combined. She has taken nothing. On the contrary, she has helped, and intends to help, me to satisfy the obligations due to the rest. It is my intention to ask my creditors to accept that as a legal discharge, and trust to my honour to pay the other 50 per cent. as fast as I can earn it. From my reception thus far on my lecturing tour, I am confident that if I live I can pay off the last debt within four years, after which, at the age of sixty-four, I can make a fresh and unencumbered start in life. I am going to Australia, India, and South Africa, and next year I hope to make a tour of the great cities of the United States. I meant, when I began, to give my creditors all the benefit of this, but I begin to feel that I am gaining something from it too, and that my dividends, if not available for banking pur-

poses, may be even more satisfactory than theirs."

Mark Twain has told us that his favourite motto is—"Be good, and you will be lonesome." He must be very lonesome now.

THE two books of Mr. Watts-Dunton which are placed to his credit in *Who's Who* both bear the date 1897. Considering that Mr. Watts-Dunton was born in 1836, and that these are times when every one rushes into print, this is a considerable achievement. But once having joined the vulgar publishing throng, Mr. Watts-Dunton seems to be steadily on the downward path. Two more books of his are now foreshadowed: a collection of his reviews and the romance *Aylwin*, which has been in type for more than twenty years. Whispers of the story have been echoing in literary circles for longer than most of us can remember. Now we are to have the book itself. If good wine improves by keeping, why not *Aylwin*?

IN the current number of *Cosmopolis* will be found a poem on the French Revolution, by Mr. Meredith, which we can recommend to any one in need of hard reading.

AN American gentleman who is dissatisfied with Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has re-written it: which is, we suppose, a logical enough proceeding. The poem is printed in a Boston paper with an introduction recommending it, but stating that it is not yet quite perfect: "For example, the ear is still shocked by the rhyming of 'dies' and 'sacrifice,' of 'loose' and 'use.' Then, too, the absurd contradiction is permitted to stand in the lines:

'Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.'

On the other hand, the poem gains strength by the avoidance of the double 'lest we forget' at the end of each verse and by the splendid terseness of the last line, as well as by the slight verbal corrections and by the omission of the pretentious 'Amen' at the close."

HERE are the two first stanzas of the revised "Recessional":

"God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget!

The echo of the tumult dies;  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget!"

Impudence could no further go.

AN action was recently brought by the University of Cambridge against Messrs. Blackie & Sons for infringement of copyright in respect of editions of Pope's *Essay on Criticism* and Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Evans and published by Messrs. Blackie & Sons, which were considered by the

Syndics of the Cambridge University Press to infringe their copyright in editions of the same poems published in the Pitt Press Series and edited by Mr. A. S. West and Mr. A. W. Verity. The action has been settled by the withdrawal of the books objected to and the payment by Messrs. Blackie & Sons of the plaintiffs' costs; the plaintiffs waiving any claim to damages.

MESSRS. PATRICK GEDDES & COLLEAGUES will publish immediately a summary of the Dreyfus affair from the trial of Dreyfus to that of Zola. The brochure has been prepared by a French writer who is intimately acquainted with the whole subject, and whose impartiality and good faith are vouched for in a preface by Prof. Geddes.

MEANWHILE Mr. John Lane has been even more enterprising; and before us lies a little crimson shilling volume, entitled *Zola's Letters to France*. It is the merest brochure—but forty-five pages—yet most persons who have followed the trial will be glad to possess it; for herein is the germ of the whole indictment of the novelist. Mr. Lane gives us the four letters—to the Youth of France, to France, to M. Felix Faure, and the Minister of War. Two of the translations are those which were made for the *Jewish Chronicle*, two are new, and Mr. L. F. Austin provides a preface.

HERE is a fine passage from the "Letter to the Youth of France":

"Oh, young men, young men! remember, I entreat, the great work which awaits you. You are the workmen of the future; it is you who will determine the character of the twentieth century; it is you who, we earnestly hope, will solve the problems of truth and equity that the dying century propounds. We, the old, the elder men, hand on to you the formidable results of our investigations, many contradictions, much, perhaps, which is obscure, but certainly the most strenuous effort which ever century made to reach the light, the most faithful and solidly based documents, and the very foundations of the vast edifice of Science, which you must continue to build up for your own honour and happiness. All we ask of you is to be more generous, more emancipated of mind than were we; to leave us behind in your love of a wholesome life, in your ardour for work, in the fecundity through which man and the earth will produce at length an overflowing harvest of joy beneath the glorious sunshine. And we should make way for you, fraternally, glad to go and take our rest after the day's toil in the sound sleep of death, if we knew that you would carry on our work and realise our dreams."

THE late Lord Tennyson's elder brother, Mr. Frederick Tennyson, whose death this week we regret to have to record, was a poet in a true but limited sense, and a poet for whose work Lord Tennyson seems to have had a more than merely brotherly admiration. In the present Lord Tennyson's memoir of his father we read:

"My father said of Frederick's poems that 'they were organ-tones echoing among the mountains,' and quoted a fine sonnet of his:

POETIC HAPPINESS.

There is a fountain, to whose flowery side  
By diverse ways the children of the earth

Run day and night, athirst to measure forth  
Its pure sweet waters, health and wealth and  
pride,  
Power clad in arms, and wisdom argus-eyed;  
But One apart from all is seen to stand,  
And take up in the hollow of his hand  
What to their golden vessels is denied,  
Baffling their utmost reach. He, born and  
nursed  
In the glad sound and freshness of the place,  
Drinks momentarily its dew, and feels no thirst;  
And sorrows for that troop as it returns  
Thro' the waste wilderness with empty arms."

AN erroneous impression is abroad that Mr. W. E. Henley is the editor of *The Outlook*. Mr. Henley, whose health has not been good lately, retired from the *New Review* on account chiefly of the pressure of other literary work. The editor of *The Outlook* is Mr. Percy A. Hurd.

THE representations of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, in the open-air Greek Theatre at Bradford College, Berks, will take place this year, the usual interval of three years having elapsed since the production of the "Alcestis" of Euripides. The two plays named, with the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, are played as a series—e.g., the "Agamemnon" in 1892; the "Alcestis" in 1895; the "Antigone" in 1898. The auditorium has been much enlarged, and will now hold more than 2,000 people. All the conditions of the Attic drama will be reproduced, including the ancient Greek music and the ancient instruments (masks alone being excluded). The dates fixed are: Monday, June 20; Thursday, June 23; Saturday, June 25.

MR. F. R. BENSON'S special revival at Stratford-on-Avon during the Shakespearian Memorial Performances this year will be "Antony and Cleopatra," five performances of which will be given, three on the evenings of April 14, 15, and 18; and two on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23.

DR. MARTINEAU, who was a schoolfellow of George Borrow in Norwich, has been sending some recollections of the author of *Lavengro* to a contributor of the *Eastern Daily Press*. He writes: "Borrow used to gather about him three or four favourite schoolfellows, and with a sheet of paper and book on his knee invent and tell a story, making rapid little pictures of each *dramatis persona* that came upon the stage. The plot was woven and spread out with much ingenuity, and the characters were various and well discriminated. But two of them were sure to turn up in every tale—the Devil and the Pope—and the working of the drama invariably had the same issue, the utter ruin and disgrace of these two potentates. I have often thought that there was a presage here of the mission which produced *The Bible in Spain*." It is to be hoped that Prof. Knapp, Borrow's biographer, has had access to Dr. Martineau's memory.

THE fashion of writing ballades and rondeaux, although it is in disfavour in London, still persists at the Universities. From the "Ballade of the Mutability of

Human Affairs," in the *Granta*, we take the first stanza:

"Wild briar's a blossom that fades,  
(Like litmus with strong alkalis);  
And the love of terrestrial maids  
Is tender—too tender—to prize,  
In a minute it droops and it dies,  
And happiness apills at the brink;  
Love opens the window and flies—  
But Smith's is a permanent Ink."

There is no reason why these old French forms should have become unpopular. For the light, occasional poet the ballade is as suitable as to the serious one is the sonnet. Yet the sonnet perseveres while the ballade, the rondeau, the roundel, the triolet, and the villanelle are discredited. As a matter of fact, the ballade should be encouraged, since by sheer necessity of rhyme the poet is compelled to say something, which otherwise he might not do.

MRS. CRAIGIE has been engaged for some time on an historical romance, the subject of which is the story of *Loerine and Gwendolene*. It will probably appear first as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*.

LAST year was published for private circulation a collection of extracts from the journals of the late William Cory, the author of *Ionica*. It was a wise book, better worth the attention of the reading public than hundreds of volumes that have wide popularity. Now comes from Mr. Frowde, of the Clarendon Press, a pamphlet consisting of *Hints to Eton Masters*, also printed from one of Mr. Cory's journals, dated 1862. The little book might well find its way into the hands of schoolmasters generally, for it is rich in good sense most admirably expressed. Here are a few passages:

"If you wish your pupils to become acquainted with the existence of old books, like Cowper's poems, Boswell, *Faerie Queene*, or the like, take the book out of your shelves, and leave it on the table carelessly when the boys come to 'private business.' Some of them are sure to look at it, turn over the pages, and get a notion of its character; and you can very easily reclaim their attention. Remember what *ennui* you suffered yourself in those years, and take pity on the scholarlike lad, who, having learnt his Thucydides, has to sit still for an hour, to be bored by the fumbling and croaking of a weak brother."

"In reading Horace I take care that boys hear how Pope and Byron imitated him.

I like to quote passages written by disinterested people, not living, on the classics, which attest their admiration of Sophocles, Virgil, or Tacitus.

I like to say of a passage in Virgil: 'This was quoted by Chatham, Pitt, or Peel,' as the case may be. Then I come down to the 'moist earth,' by asking some one for the date of Chatham, Pitt, or Peel.

Much of this is meant in pure benevolence, to deliver the poor lads from the weariness of their dead language lessons. I am quite aware that, if they came into school to read *Othello*, or *Tom Jones*, or *Southey's Life of Nelson*, they would be equally bored when the novelty was over. I do not wish to throw over the immortals of Greece and Rome, but to deck their images with fresh wreaths made in other gardens."

IN these days of wide-awake bookseller and "Prices Current" it is not often that

book bought for a shilling can be sold for eighteen sovereigns. This occurred, however, in the case of a copy of Shelley's privately printed edition of *Queen Mab*, which was bought the other day from a poor widow for a shilling, and has realised 18 in London.

A COPY of the second issue of *The Literary Year Book* reaches us from Mr. George Allen. The editor for 1898 is Mr. Joseph Jacobs. Mr. Afalo having too much to do in connexion with the *Encyclopædia of Sport*—which seems a sufficient reason. The best we can say of the book is that it is a shade better than last year; but it is still a very weak production. And such a work, to justify its existence, must be decisive, authoritative.

THIS, for example, is not the kind of sentence required in the editorial summary of the year's literature: "*Lochinvar* must make the publishers who signed contracts with Mr. Crockett up to 1904 feel inclined to whistle for their money." And, again, "One cannot say that either [*The Spoils of Lynnton* and *What Maisie Knew*] reach the height of *Princess Casamassima*." Again, "Neither Mr. G. S. Street nor Mr. Barry can be called altogether new men." The driver of fat oxen need not be himself fat, but we expect the editor of a *Literary Year Book* to write grammar.

WHEN it is wrong, for instance, to say of Mr. Coulson Kernahan: "He has acted as a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum*, a kind of M.C. to the lighter muse, collaborating with the late Mr. Locker Thompson in producing an Anthology of *Les Vers de Société*." As a matter of fact, the real work of "production" was accomplished more than a score of years before the arrival of Mr. Kernahan at Rowfant. Again, Mr. Morrison wrote *The Child of the Jago*; but we credit him with *The Child of the Jago*, which suggests a sequel to "*Othello*"; and Mr. Benjamin Swift appears as Mr. Benjamin Smith. These are, perhaps, trivial mistakes, but they go to prove that the book wants thorough overhauling and re-binding. As it stands it is neither one thing nor the other.

Now and then we receive a book which we can only label eccentric. Such a book is *The Leading Aisles*. It bears no author's name, but is full of its author's personality. The preface takes the form of a letter from the author to the publisher, by which it appears that the former is a disciple of Thomas Carlyle. "Nothing," he says, "has appeared since that one immense deliverance of the spirit, nothing but the usual negative recurrence of journalistic periodicity." To proclaim anew Carlyle's clothes philosophy seems to be the author's object. As for his manner of doing it:

The method employed is that of organic growth, the form used is that of metaphor, for metaphor seemed the best of the three ways, metaphor, parable, allegory, to make the things which are unseen, through the seen, seen." We have tried very hard to see the unseen through the seen pages of this book, but in vain.

THE most we can discover is that the author goes to Florence, Rome, Greece, and St. Andrews, and rhapsodises or declaims in a Carlylean *patois*. St. Andrews, its university, and its golf links are sketched in several chaotic pages. At a Wednesday "at home" we read:

"The professors, one by one, come in; first him, high-shouldered son of mountainous Argyll, and sniffing, wonders how much Greek among these clods is spread; then 'Jovial Jim' appears, shakes hands, proceeds to intersect a pink sponge sandwich, and hand round the tea. 'Andy' is not here; the unknown still has way with him, the known too well. Here comes at last the literateur, no mere professor he, and sits him centre in a couch admiring dames close murmuring around. A buzz of chatter and then songs; soon hunters of the Fifeshire hounds arrive; their meet is done. The shining-faced and easy-mannered throng dispels the student swarm, who seek their hats and sticks, and home. Tea-pots await them in their street-side bunks, and scones and ginger-bread, the horsehair-covered fireside chair, a pot of good tobacco, and the pipe, ready for use, among the books upon the chiffonier or whatnot wonder of veneer, varnish, and glue."

If this is metaphor we fail to understand it; if it is description we cannot admire it. But in neither case do we blush for our "negative recurrence of journalistic periodicity."

THE humorous paper with which *New York* was to have been tickled—*L'Enfant Terrible*—is not, it seems, to be, after all.

LEWIS CARROLL is prominent in the new *Cornhill*. One reference, made by the gentleman who supplies "Pages from a Private Diary," bears upon Lewis Carroll's objection to be addressed by his proper name, and runs as follows: "I once committed the indiscretion of confounding the humorist with the don, and was properly snubbed. An Oxford bookseller had told me that Mr. D. was extremely nice about the printing of his 'Alices,' and that every copy not up to his ideal was withheld from sale and given to the poor. I, coveting some of these for our village children, and being in Oxford, sent a note to Christ Church asking if I had been accurately informed, and received in reply the following printed circular, which is now among my most cherished possessions:

"Mr. C. L. Dodgson is so frequently addressed by strangers on the quite unauthorised assumption that he claims, or at any rate acknowledges, the authorship of books not published under his name, that he has found it necessary to print this, once for all, as an answer to all such applications.

He neither claims nor acknowledges any connexion with any 'pseudonym,' or with any book not published under his own name. Christ Church, Oxford."

*Cornhill* also has a Lewis Carroll article by the Rev. T. B. Strong, of Christ Church, in which incidentally we find these quotations from an 1865 pamphlet on "The Dynamics of a Parti-cle," which gives an account of the election that ended in Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the representation of the University of Oxford. Here are some definitions:

I. Plain superficiality is the character of a

speech, in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

III. When a Proctor, meeting another Proctor, makes the votes on one side equal to those on the other, the feeling entertained by each side is called Right Anger.

IV. When two parties, coming together, feel a Right Anger, each is said to be complementary to the other (though, strictly speaking, this is very seldom the case).

V. Obtuse Anger is that which is greater than Right Anger.

In the same article the fact is noted that "Chortle" is included in Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

FINALLY, let us quote a passage from the letter concerning her friendship with Lewis Carroll, which Mrs. Hargreaves, the original "Alice," has sent to the *St. James's Gazette*:

"Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham, or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was 'Prima,' mentioned in the poem at the beginning of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. I was 'Secunda,' and 'Tertia' was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story'—and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time,' would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay. I have often thought, with gratitude and wonder, of the unvarying kindness and good nature shown to us. Alice's adventures were first written down in answer to my teasing wish to possess the story in book form."

THE second number of *The Home University* substantiates the claim of the promoters to originality. Their idea is evidently to be purely suggestive and stimulative. They regard with horror anything like a course of teaching. The result is a budget of educational matter which provokes a smile by its variety. The schoolmaster is turned Ariel: he "divides and burns in many places." Thus we have a story of Keats as a "Medical-student Poet," a page of facts about Anne Boleyn, a polyglot conversation on "Treachery for Burns," articles on "The Jordan and its Lakes," and "Cato the Elder," a "Lecture on Shells," a slab of Coleridge's "Table Talk," "Botanical Notes for February," some loose "Memoranda as to Milton's Life," and "The Present Condition of Greece." After these items there seems to be something a little superfluous about "Extracts Relating to Education" and "A General Conversation." The editor would probably meet objectors by adapting a speech of Dr. Johnson's: "Sir, I have found you a large number of facts, I am not obliged to find you a digestion."

ONE article, not named above, deserves notice, because it reveals a new type of

bookbuyer. The writer bid sixteen shillings for a bundle of books at a book sale because it contained Count Segur's *Memoirs*: "These I wanted, and I thought that the other sixty-four books could not be dear." We should think not, but they might be troublesome. The buyer found in this bundle an odd volume of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, the *Satires* of Juvenal and Persius in a beautiful volume, but in type too small for his sight, an ecclesiastical history from "Moses to Luther," a Hindoo and Mohammedan almanac for 1784, a *Life of Cromwell*, a volume of Lardner, two of Plutarch's "Lives," a book of French proverbs, a manual of Domestic Medicine, and two books—Falconer's *Shipwreck* and Somerville's *Chace*—of which the purchaser says naively "there is nothing to show that they are not first editions." One would enjoy inspecting a library formed on these Gargantuan principles.

For the benefit of Frenchmen visiting this country a little *Dictionnaire de Slang* has been prepared by M. Legras (Garnier Frères), who, when he was living in London, he tells us, noted down in alphabetical order all the colloquial expressions he heard. The results of his industry should assist his countrymen to some strikingly idiomatic English. Some of the translations are amusing: "All there—*Actif et bien portant*"; "I'll upset your apple-cart—*Je vas te flanquer ta carcasse à l'envers*"; "Gush—*Enthousiasme sentimental pour un objet sans importance*"; "Plank down (money, &c.)—*Même sens que fork out*"; "Swig—*Boire à grands coups*."

A SERIES of articles on Famous Houses of Bath, from the pen of Mr. J. F. Meehan, is appearing in *The Beacon*, a new journal of "political and general information" circulating in the Frome division of Somersetshire. The articles are accompanied by illustrations, and we hope that the series will ultimately be put into book form. Bath's historical and literary associations will bear such a revival.

FULHAM has had its historians and topographers, notably Faulkner. Faulkner's *Fulham* is a familiar term in the second-hand book lists; and it has received the *cachet* of the accessible bookshelves round the walls of the British Museum Reading Room. But it is evident that Faulkner only tickled the soil which Mr. Charles James Feret has been excavating deeply for some years. Mr. Feret's *Fulham Old and New* will occupy three quarto volumes, and will be fully illustrated. The Court Rolls of the Manor of Fulham, untouched by Faulkner, have been searched by Mr. Feret. The parish books, which extend back to 1625, and the church registers, which go back to 1675, have been explored. The history will take its shape from a tour, starting from Old Fulham Bridge, built in 1729, and the Ferry, which is as old as Magna Carta. Then High-street, Burlington-road, and Church-row will be reviewed; and the church will be entered. The King's-road, Parson's-green, Fulham-road, Walham-green, Gibbs-green,

and other neighbourhoods are fully dealt with. The work will be issued by the Leadenhall Press.

THE sudden death of Prof. H. C. Banister having left his widow in straitened circumstances, some friends of the late Professor have determined to endeavour to raise funds for the purchase of an annuity for her. Dr. Vincent, 9, Berners-street, London, W., has kindly consented to act as hon. secretary, and Principal Cummings as hon. treasurer.

A LITTLE pamphlet describing a translation of Von Vondel's *Lucifer* by an American writer reaches us. We find in it a passage which we cannot refrain from quoting simply by way of contrast to, and relief from, the ordinary literary gossip paragraph studded with familiar names:

"Last year in Holland I met Pol de Mont, whose best verses are collected under the title *Iris*. I fancy he is not well known yet out of his own land, but I may assure you that he is in the true succession of the great Dutch poets of our century—of Bilderdijk, Helmers, Tollens, Da Costa, Bogaers, Beets, Ten Kate.

It was in Rotterdam; we drank coffee; I asked him:

'For what do you thank God most?'

'That I have escaped from the influence of *Vader Cats*.'

'Bravo!' said I. 'You are the first Dutch writer (prose or verse) who has escaped it in 300 long Dutch years.'

He thanked me by reciting his '*Ryzende Sterren*.'

A COMEDIETTA from the pen of Mr. Barrie will form one of the features of the performance for the benefit of Miss Nellie Farren at Drury Lane. The title is "Platonic Friendship."

THE Queen has just accepted specially bound copies of Volumes I., II., and III. of the *New English Dictionary*, published and dedicated to Her Majesty by the University of Oxford, and has sent to the Delegates of the Press, through Sir Arthur Bigge, her "best thanks for these first volumes of their magnificent work."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have arranged to publish a cheap edition, in monthly volumes at 3s. 6d., of some of R. L. Stevenson's books, which are not now accessible in popular form. The following is the sequence of publication: March, *Kidnapped*; April, *Catriona*; May, *The Wrecker*; June, *Island Nights' Entertainments*.

IN his new story, *The Incidental Bishop*, Mr. Grant Allen makes a fresh departure. The scene is laid in the South Seas, and depicts the struggles of an innocent man tossed into a position which he has no right to occupy.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON will publish at once Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, *Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell*. The hero coming to London meets three women, with whom his after career is intimately associated.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

JANE AUSTEN.

INSTEAD of apologising, as I feel inclined to, for mixing two things so diverse as shooting and criticism, I perhaps ought rather to plume myself on falling in with a popular fashion. However, my part on this occasion is only that of one who reports a conversation. It is sometimes my fortune at a week-end to be one of four men who have discovered a cosy old inn on the Norfolk coast where there are no golf-links, some flight shooting, abundance of rabbits to pop at, a plain good dinner to be had, and a comfortable oak room in which to spend the evening. For the sake of convenience I will call my friends Smith, Brown, and Robinson.

Smith is from the city, but his hale figure and ruddy complexion, a frank eye, and a bearing dignified to the verge of swagger, give him the look of an ideal county squire. He is getting to be elderly, and is Conservative in his Radicalism—*i.e.*, for I detest quibbling verbal paradoxes, he carries with him that enthusiasm and zeal for "the species" which belonged to the great Liberal movement when Bright was in his prime and Gladstone "going great guns." But he is out of touch with the new ideas, and will be the old-fashioned Radical until the end of the chapter. Now the discerning reader, for whom alone I write, will need no further account of his literary tastes. He knows at once that Smith accepts George Eliot as an oracle, is learned in Browning, believes in John Stuart Mill and Macaulay, Carlyle and Ruskin, loves George Macdonald, has a kindly eye to Mrs. Humphry Ward, and hopes for much from Mr. William Watson.

Brown is a flourishing journalist, and, therefore, entirely destitute alike of definite opinion and principle. Mark you, however, this is to be understood in a Pickwickian sense. We all love Brown and would not for worlds speak ill of him, only he would never dream of applying any test beyond his immediate liking to literature. Not being a critic, he actually does recreate himself with books and derive pleasure from reading them. But he draws a Jesuitical distinction between his public and his private conscience. In private he would toss aside the most popular novel of the day and vow it to be utter trash if it did not amuse him, but in the journal he would judge of the attention due to the same book purely by the vogue of the author. It is his business to keep a finger on the public pulse and allot space accordingly.

Robinson is an ardent young student busily employed in devouring literature wholesale, and would be very outspoken and enthusiastic but for the fashion now prevalent of curbing and restraining the stronger emotions. It was he that started the talk about Jane Austen. He has brought with him the pretty edition of *Pride and Prejudice*, with Professor Saintsbury's introduction and Hugh Thomson's illustra-

ions. No sooner was dinner past than he sank into an easy chair, forgot both the room and the company, and scarcely looked up till a sigh of pleasure announced that Elizabeth was safely married to Mr. Darcy. Meanwhile we others had been content to sit and do nothing except smoke and play with a few literary and other journals carried with us from town. After being out in a keen air from before dawn till dusk without eating anything, and then coming in to an early and heartily enjoyed dinner, we were in a reposeful rather than an energetic mood. But it was pleasant to watch how the youngster enjoyed his novel. When it was finished he laid the book down and tried to look as though it had not carried him off his feet.

"If Jane Austen had been a minor poet they could not have dressed her up more prettily," said the journalist, taking up the volume. "Good print, good paper, a book pleasant to handle, Thomson's racy pictures, an introduction by Saintsbury; what could be better?"

"I wish," said the student, "that Saintsbury had not invented so horrible a word as 'Janites,' and 'Austenians' is nearly as bad; 'Swiftian' and 'eminently quinterential'—what expressions for a Professor of Literature to apply to a writer of so pure and simple a style as hers!"

"Now," remarked Smith, "I have always liked Saintsbury just because he doesn't pick and choose his words. The fault of the superfine critics is that they get into the way of dandling and fondling little bits of language (*verba antiqua et sonantia*) and forgetting that after all it is the large expression that tells. I do not read many novels, but I confess to liking best those that give dramatic situations and strong passions that carry me quite out of myself. Jane Austen has not had this effect. Here is a bread-and-butter world full of bits of fables and masters that never seem to be fully grown up."

"I would not go so far as that," said the journalist, "but I'd never think of putting a book of Jane Austen's in my carpet bag when going a journey. She is a highly respectable classic, of course, but *Jane Eyre* is more to my taste. It has amused me to see you so intent on her, Rob."

"Oh, you could not like her, of course not," replied the student; "I've seen you get through two books of an evening—you skip from the first quarrel to the duel, skim the love scenes, fasten on the murder and the force, and just bestow a glance on the end. It is scarcely fair even to your favourite, Stanley Weyman, and it will never do with *Pride and Prejudice*, where the work is all so fine and delicate. For remember her own description: 'The little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour.'"

The journalist laughed, "It's a superstition of you superior chaps to believe in Jane Austen and be down on the journalist; but you will find us pressmen manage to get very near the bull's-eye after all."

"Oh, yes, awfully near!" retorted the student. "The journalists showed uncommon discernment when they praised up

to the skies *Evelina*, and *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *The Scottish Chiefs* and *The Wild Irish Girl*, and quite neglected a real genius."

"It was her own blame," said the journalist. "Like a certain critic, 'she courted obscurity as others seek fame, lived in seclusion at Clevedon and Bath, had no literary friends, and read such books as *Military Police* and *Institutions of the British Empire*. Did she expect to be both outside and inside at once? Besides, the rule is romance before domesticity, and Mrs. Radcliffe held the platform."

"The fact is," retorted the student, "that writers for the press have no independent judgment. They only endorse the opinions of others, and never 'go nap' on genius till it is substantially recognised. Jane Austen, up to the time of her death, had cleared about seven hundred pounds from her novels. Had the sum been ten or twenty times as much, and her work several degrees worse, the papers would have been full of her."

While the conversation was proceeding Smith had kept turning over the leaves of *Pride and Prejudice*, evidently engaged on the illustrations. "How do you like Hugh Thomson's pictures?" asked the journalist.

"Pretty well," he replied; "not extravagantly though. The horses are the best; he has the eye of a humorist for a horse, each has a separate character. I rather like the dresses, too, they help one to realise what genteel society was like at the turn of the century. Yes; they are much better than the wretched pictures usually thought good enough for novels. I like the apothecary, the postman, and most of those that express whimsicality; but how silly and weak are the broader caricatures—that, for instance," pointing to a group of officers. "For my own part," he added, "if I admired Jane Austen as much as Robinson does I would have an edition without any introductory essays (I admire Mr. Saintsbury's writing, but prefer it in a book by itself), with no pictures, and certainly without *that*," and he put his finger on the artist's dedication of the illustrations to Mr. Comyns Carr.

"The question is one of taste," replied the student, "and I in measure agree with you. Some novelists are easy to illustrate. Dickens, for instance, describes only strongly marked types with unmistakable physical characteristics—you can realise them. But Jane Austen, with her delicate lights and shades, cannot be treated so. Who could draw a satisfactory picture of Elizabeth Bennet, the most charming heroine in fiction?"

"Rather a strong expression that, Rob," said the journalist. "I thought you would have left superlatives to us rough, plain-spoken pressmen. Why don't you put a 'perhaps' or 'in my poor opinion,' or 'by some considered' before your adjective?"

"I used the word deliberately," replied the student; "if you consider the grace, elasticity, spirit, and vitality with which Jane Austen presents Elizabeth, you must admit her equal is not to be found out of Shakespeare."

"What about Diana Vernon?" asked the journalist, and then, "Gad, what an idea

for a symposium: Who is the finest woman in modern fiction?"

"I like Di," said the student, "but Scott did not take her through her paces as well as Lizzie is taken. She is not shown in as many different moods and tempers. She is too perfect. It was the way of Scott. All his heroines—Catherine and Rowena, Miss Wardour and Jeanie Deans—are all fine but spotless. Elizabeth has a thousand faults just peering up, acts the part of wise-acre at first to the point of folly, is often blind, pert, audacious, imprudent; and yet how splendidly she comes out of it all! Alive to the very tips of her fingers, difficult to win, but as impetuous and tender as Juliet when she is won."

"It does my heart good to see that youth is still capable of enthusiasm," said the journalist; "but, my dear chap, after another twenty years, when I hope to see you a portly husband and father who has ceased to think much of heroines either in fact or fiction, your ideals will be completely changed. You will like much better to read about Mrs. Norris saving three-quarters of a yard of baize out of the stage-curtain, and Fanny Price will be more interesting to you than Elizabeth."

"Not a bit of it," stoutly rejoined the student. "Mrs. Norris is quite interesting to me now, but I hope I shall always retain vigour and health enough to prefer *Pride and Prejudice* to *Mansfield Park*, the work of a young, ardent, fresh imagination, to that of a mind even more keen and clever, but stricken by disease. If ever Jane Austen approaches the morbid it is in that long-drawn-out story of the repressed love of Fanny Price for her cousin Edmund—it has all round it an aroma of the sick-room. Better by far is the world of dances and parties, of coaching and walking and riding in the earlier book."

"It's a very narrow world," objected the journalist, who loved to tease his companion and make him talk. "It is bounded on one side by the six hundred a year, or whatever the income was, of Mr. Collins, and on the other by the ten thousand a year of Mr. Darcy. The poor are only supernumeraries. A bit of genteel eighteenth century, my boy, overlapping into the nineteenth, a mere chronicle of small beer, misses 'going out' and intriguing to 'get settled,' bread-and-butter passions, laboured nothings: all that after Burns, too, and in the time of Crabb! the old convention not a touch of the new. That was exactly what you were saying, Smith, was it not?"

Smith is a very exact man, with a clear and deliberate style of thinking. "You never thrash a point out thoroughly," he complained on being appealed to. "I have been asking myself why I care so little for Jane Austen, though my opinion counts for nothing, since both of you know much more about fiction and derive more pleasure from it than I do. Still, it seems to me that in the best novels the blazonry, as one may call it, is as important as the story. The actual adventures of Don Quixote are less to me than the author's picture of Spain and satire of knight-errantry; the scrapes and love affairs of Tom Jones are not so interesting as their setting in a vivid repre-

sentation of the manners of the time. Scott understood this well. He was never content with a mere love story, but put in all he knew—historic scenes, familiar characters, antiquarianism, atmosphere of the time, its religions, controversy, literature. He omitted nothing that would tell, nothing that could widen his appeal. George Eliot had her purpose. Thackeray in *Esmond*, his greatest success, relied upon the historical representation. Well, now Jane Austen is most curious and detailed in her minute incidents and showing of character, but has she got the blazonry, the secondary interest?"

"You might apply the criticism to Shakespeare," exclaimed the student; "it is not for environment, but for human nature pure and simple that we read him. And, at any rate, Jane Austen, though too much of an artist to emphasise the fact, gives a very vivid picture of English manners as they were just on the eve of steam and electricity. If it is confined to one grade of society, that was the grade she knew. But what I claim for her most is that she was really the ultimate flower and consummate perfection of feminine art. You compare her, Mr. Collins, for instance, with Sir John Falstaff. Shakespeare has drawn his man in bold, forcible, striking lines, such as a woman would be mad to imitate; Jane Austen, on her bit of ivory, works you out with a hundred delicate touches, and in fine, faint colours a figure quite as perfect in its way, though the work of a miniature painter is not to be classed with that of a Rubens. Take other female novelists, however, living or dead, from George Eliot downwards, and you will find they fail precisely because they do not appreciate the limitations of sex. There are things they can do better than men, there are things they cannot do—or have never done—at all. Jane Austen knew and worked within the limits of her sex, and, as far as she goes, is perfect; that is, if you judge by her best, which, in my opinion, at least, is *Pride and Prejudice*, a beautifully proportioned, sunshiny, and well contrived story, written with the finest ease and simplicity, yet full of wit, satire, and go. It is the feminine counterpart of Tom Jones, for Jane had no little of the tranquil aloofness, the mental detachment, the exquisite humour of Fielding. Mr. Goldwin Smith, indeed, says her master is Richardson, but probably he had *Mansfield Park* in his mind, where she is a deal too French and morbid."

"You are judging her from one book," said the journalist, "and even it, if I may trust my recollection, is not perfect. There is an old woman—Lady de Bourgh—in it who is caricatured too broadly for amusement, and Sir William Lucas gets close to the borders of extravaganza, while the young men are all creatures for melodrama, villain and hero alike. One could pick out the same faults in *Emma*, which I rather prefer."

Here Smith broke in again. "I raised one point, now I will put another. Jane Austen in her lifetime made, you say, seven hundred pounds out of her novels; how much has been earned since? How much that her heirs and assignees never got a

penny of? I have just bought ground and built a flour-mill. That will be handed from father to son as long as the law endures; if they let it they will get rent, but Jane Austen embarked her capital—her time and energy—in a novel. Her greatest vogue came when her copyright was expiring. Any publisher who likes can make money out of it. Speaking as a business man, I say it is an unfair arrangement. A publisher gave ten pounds for the MS. of *Northanger Abbey*, and kept it five years locked up in a drawer, afraid to incur the expense of printing it. Why should his successors enjoy the monetary return for Jane Austen's brains? If they did anything for the less fortunate authors it would be different. As it is they might very justly be asked to pay a small royalty on all reprinted books, the copyright of which has run out, and the funds might go to the establishment of a writer's pension fund, such as banks and large houses of business have. What do you say to that?" and he turned to me.

I had been listening and smoking my pipe in a silence so usual that my companions are used to it. Now, however, I roused myself and prepared to give a masterly summing up of the argument, but "Hush," said the journalist, and even as he spoke the clock chimed ten. We have made it a rule in these excursions to forbid the discussion of any serious subject in the merry hour that comes before eleven, which is our bedtime, and at that moment the landlord himself punctually brought in a certain tray. He drinks our health in an old-fashioned way, and as soon as he goes we lapse back into sport and laughter and boyhood, so that before you know where you are the chimes break forth again and to bed we go. P.

#### SHAKESPEARE FOR AMATEURS.

A FEW weeks ago, in some remarks on "Julius Cæsar" as at present rendered at Her Majesty's, I ventured to suggest that the modern professional actor was unequal to the task of playing Shakespeare, and that he should leave interpretation to amateurs. This view was suggested, in part at least, by a comparison of "Julius Cæsar" as given by the O.U.D.S. at Oxford in 1889, and the same play as given by Mr. Tree in the present year of grace. Therefore, when I heard that the same Oxford University Dramatic Society had decided this year to present "Romeo and Juliet," I determined to go up and see how that play, too often mangled by the professional actor, fared at the hands of the amateur.

There are probably some among my readers whose good or bad fortune it was to see Sir Henry Irving's Romeo many years ago. I cannot speak of that performance, for, alas! I was not present at it. Let me turn to a more recent Romeo which I saw more than once—Mr. Forbes Robertson's. It was careful and dignified and impressive, and half a dozen other things. Mr. Robertson spoke his verse, as

he always does, with taste and ability. The mounting of the piece was sumptuous, and Mrs. Campbell wore the most delightful frocks. But was it Shakespeare's Romeo? Obviously it was not. Here was a middle-aged gentleman, haggard with the cares of actor-management, trying to play a boy's part to a Juliet who, magnificent actress as she sometimes is, is certainly not hard on fourteen years of age despite the nurse's very precise assertions to that effect. I will admit that Mrs. Campbell looked charming. I will admit that in the South a girl of fourteen looks as old as a girl of eighteen with us. I will admit that the actress contrived at moments to infuse quite a remarkable youthfulness and sprightliness into her acting. But that Mr. Forbes Robertson should essay the hero's part in Shakespeare's wonderful tragedy of calf love was, as it seems to me, preposterous. Romeo is a sentimental lad. Mr. Robertson played him with the austere countenance of an elderly burgess weighted with many responsibilities and always wondering whether he could pay his gas bill. "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!" cried Mrs. Campbell in anguish, and I cried too. It is of course true that in the past accomplished veterans of the stage have constantly essayed the part, and that Romeo's blond wig has concealed many a grey hair, but that is no reason why they should continue to do so. Nowadays, when we ask for realism on the stage, the thing has become absurd. I still shudder as I recall the wan and wintry smile of disallusionment which Mr. Robertson forced himself to summon up when that funny dog Mercutio rallied him. It was a heroic effort to be boyish on his part, but it was not convincing.

It is interesting to turn from this to Mr. Frank Stevens's Romeo at Oxford. Mr. Stevens is not a heaven-sent genius. He is by no means the best actor that the O.U.D.S. has turned out. But he tackled Romeo as Romeo ought to be tackled, with the ardour of a school boy and the courage of a novice. His Romeo in parts was frankly bad, notably in the fifth act and, to a less extent, in the fourth. But it was a real attempt to play Shakespeare's hero as he is, the wayward, sentimental, petulant lad, who was many fathoms deep in love with Rosaline till he saw Juliet, and straightway fell in love with her; who had shed rivers of tears because Rosaline scorned him, and was quite ready by Act V. to kill himself for love of Juliet. This Romeo is all emotion and no knowledge. He falls in and out of love with the readiness of fanciful youth, and he believes terribly in the reality of his passion. Mr. Stevens played him in this spirit with admirable effect; he had the air of the handsome boy just coming to manhood, in itself no slight advantage to him over the average actor of forty. Again, he had the fresh voice of youth, not the worn, strained voice of the veteran player of twenty seasons. In the Balcony scene he was quite admirable; while in the great Bauishment scene in the friar's cell he was so courageous in his conception of how the part should be played that one could only regret that want of experience

arred some of its effectiveness. Here was the real Romeo who at the thought of being banished from his newly married bride falls to a real schoolboy fit of "temper," the kind of "temper" which the grown man, as he feels compelled to deny himself. He rails on the Prince's mercy as cruelty, weeps tears of sheer rage, and grovels on the floor at the good friar's cell in the abandonment of childish grief. The conception of all this is as admirable, and if the execution was not quite equal to it, allowance must be made for the extreme difficulty of the rôle. A youthful actor who flings himself on to the floor on his face with a resounding thud is apt to provoke a smile in the hardened playgoer, but much may be forgiven him for tackling this scene with so courageous a disregard of difficulties which the professional actor would find it wiser to shirk.

Juliet is, of course, one of the most difficult parts in Shakespeare, and Miss Lillian Collen has achieved something very like a triumph in it. She was free from that detestable restlessness which is the bane of modern acting. She never fidgeted. She contrived to suggest, in her performance, the serious solemnity of childhood, with its moments of selfishness, its tenderness, its passionate anger at its wrongs. In the Balcony scene, and, indeed, in all her scenes with Romeo, she played with great skill, never obtruding herself upon the attention of the audience when it was not in her part to do so, a virtue rare in "leading ladies." There was a suggestion of Burne-Jones about her costumes and the arrangement of her hair, and her whole appearance was that of a girl Juliet, not a middle-aged lady dressed up for the part. The performance, in my opinion, was as a whole more interesting and much more intelligent than the same play as we are accustomed to see given in London.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

#### PARIS LETTER.

WHEN I open a book and find men given to much sitting in the twilight and talking of their souls, with a certain imprecise and unintelligent eloquence, I know the writer to be young, and suspect him of a strain of Celtic blood. I wonder why Celtic genius undiluted generally spells the magnificent void? All these lovely words, whether in French or English, are captivating to the eye; and when Commonsense puts itself the question, What, in Heaven's name, does it all mean? we are answered by the inscrutable, fathomless, picturesque Celtic *vague*. *Les Pierres qui Pleurent*, by Henry Bourgerel, has all the defects, without in any considerable degree the qualities, of Celtic literature. There is too much talk of the soul; too much abuse of a woman, whom he qualifies as an animal without soul, a statue coarse, heavy, without physical grace. Mr. Meredith has said that a woman may be judged by her estimate of her sex. I judge the moral and intellectual fibre of a male writer by his estimate of women. When he abuses the I know him to be an hysterical

"intellectual." M. Bourgerel, who defines Bourget as the Zola of the Faubourg, and Zola the Bourget of Batignolles, would do well to follow some mental treatment, and let his immortal soul alone.

But the *Mercure de France* gives us something else besides the Breton rhapsodies of Henry Bourgerel. It has republished from its magazine an excellent translation of Mr. Meredith's famous essay on Comedy by Henri d'Avray. This little masterpiece is quite at home in its lucid French dress, and consistently Meredithian, in spite of transposition.

Gyp's latest, *Sportmanomanie*, is dismal reading. Not even Gyp can hope to be witty and entertaining through ten volumes a year. All this cheerless twitter about horses, amazons and cavaliers, and the eternal Bois is so dull and stale! Gyp is hard on the vulgarity of the snob, the parvenu, on the social blunders of the Republican official; but there is something far more vulgar than their blunders of toilet, of table and drawing-room etiquette, and that is her insistence upon such trivialities. The *Haute Finance* as she contemptuously designates the Rothschilds, &c., could teach her many a needed lesson in real—not factitious—breeding, in delicacy, in taste and quiet culture. With a Christian aristocracy such as Gyp paints that of latter-day France—idle, frivolous, unconsciously ill-bred in its bitter criticism of the breeding of outsiders (always on matters that have no real significance whatever, such as the cut of garments and boots, exterior *toune*, peeling fruit), while condoning the vilest tone and morals in its own set, more injury is done to the country than the fancied evil of Semitic popularity. Gyp is known to be a fierce anti-Semitic; but one would like to see her justify her abuse of the *Haute Juiverie* in Paris by pictures of the Noble Faubourg a little less atrociously smart, flippant, and depressingly trivial. At least, cannot the Faubourg be a shade more moral?

From Gyp to Marcel Prévost is a leap. Gyp remains faithful to the old tradition that a Frenchwoman, whatever her morals, can charm. Her object may be to shock us, but she wishes us all the same to cry out disapproval in the same breath "What a delicious little sinner!" And, to do us justice, this was our criticism of the earlier bright books. But M. Prévost has unhappily no such object. To charm us is his very last pre-occupation. In one of his new volumes of tales, *Le Mariage de Julienne*, he makes his heroine exclaim that men are worth much more than women because they embark upon the waters of matrimony with far nobler sentiments. Certainly, if the heroines of M. Prévost could for a single instant be taken as average specimens of the half of France which furnishes us with such admirable examples of wife and mother, it is not Julienne, but the whole world that might fitly cry out in exasperated contempt that the lowest form of blackguard civilisation has yet invented was still better than the Frenchwoman, whether maid or wife. The mystery to the foreigner, who has lived long in France, and who has intimate relations with scores and scores of Frenchwomen of

all ages, and has opportunity enough to esteem them, with all their charming qualities, at their full value, is where writers like Marcel Prévost obtain their atrocious models. But the mystery I perceive to be equally great for Frenchmen and Frenchwomen themselves. I have never met a single one who could explain it to me. Perhaps M. Prévost is not aware of the profound pain he causes so large a portion of his compatriots. French girls are not inevitably common, obscene, vulgarly cynical and smart, without delicacy of mind, of instinct, of sentiment, all pre-occupied with a single thought, which they express in their diaries with an indecency that leaves the least credulous of their bloom of innocence abashed and awed. Among modern girls, in France perhaps more even than elsewhere, are pure and lovely souls to be found, opening flowers of every radiant gift, sensibilities as exquisite as one could wish. M. Prévost is no recluse. Surely in society he sometimes meets a French woman who is a lady, who is well-bred and charming, who is pure and simple, and who possesses such an old-fashioned organ as a heart.

Henri Rabusson, in his *Petit Cahier Bleu*, seems to be more fortunate. He has actually discovered that a French girl can fall in love in spite of her modern cynicism and fast manner, though it must be admitted her choice does not commend itself to fastidious readers.

Mlle. Blaze de Bury has published a book of studies of "Ladies of yesterday and today." The book reads as a bad translation from a tongue never meant to please. It is mercilessly pedantic, flourishing in the reader's face, like a shower of stones, all sorts of inappropriate pseudo-philosophic terms: *émotif*, *affectif*, &c. Was it with the intention of pleasing the female sovereigns of Europe that Mlle. de Bury wrote three insignificant essays on the Queens of England, of Italy, and the ex-Empress of Germany? One would expect to read such articles in a woman's fashion paper, but not in a French volume. It is well to praise queens, but one would wish for matter less stale, told, above all, in better French. Here is a specimen of perfectly untranslatable French, for the reason that it is neither French nor English, nor any other language we have the habit of associating with syntax and polish:

"Et méchant le duc, ici, se le prouve à nouveau. Il laisse à celle-ci une irradiation passagère puis brusquement, comme toujours, c'est de la cour de France que vient le rappel, et sans transition l'isolement de Renée se fait plus sombre, par le souvenir de l'éphémère enchantement."

The first line is a positive miracle in monotony, which we read in sheer bewilderment. The volume may aptly be described as a gathering of platitudes, the result of second-rate learning, told without a notion of style, in foreign, rough, and scarcely intelligible French. One wonders for what public Mlle. Blaze de Bury caters, and with what intention such mediocre books are manufactured, since their object is neither to please nor to instruct.

H. L.

## THE WEEK.

THE last of the late Mr. William Morris's series of romances is now given to the world. The story of *The Sundering Flood* is supposed to be told by a monk of the Black Canons at Abingdon, where he writes it down. For frontispiece we have a map of the city and of the river flowing from the "Great Mountains" far away. This map does more than explain the story; it creates an appetite for it, with its wastes, and its "Wood Masterless," and its suggestive names like "Longshaw" and "Grey Sisters" and "Bull Meads"; to say nothing of sites bearing such legends as "Here they fought the black Skimmers," or "Here Osberne first met with Steel-head," or "Where Osberne shot the Hart." We quote the following description of the *Sundering Flood* from the first of the sixty-six chapters:

"The biggest of dromonds and round-ships might fare along it, and oft they lay amid pleasant up-country places, with their yards all but touching the windows of the husbandman's stead, and their bowsprit thrusting forth amongst the middens, and the routing swine and querulous hens; and the uneasy lads and lasses sitting at high-mass of the Sunday in the grey village church would see the tall masts dimly amidst the painted saints of the aisle windows, and their minds would wander from the mass-hackled priest and the words and gestures of him, and see visions of far countries and outlandish folk, and some would be heart-smitten with that desire of wandering and looking on new things which so oft the sea-beat board and the wind-strained pine bear with them to the dwellings of the stay-at-homes: and to some it seemed as if, when they went from out the church, they should fall in with St. Thomas of India stepping over the gangway, and come to visit their uplandish Christmas and the Yule-feast of the field-abiders of mid-winter frost. And moreover, when the tide failed, and there was no longer a flood to bear the sea-going keels up-stream, and that was hard on an hundred miles from the sea, yet was this great river a noble and wide-spreading water, and the downlong stream thereof not so heavy nor so fierce but that the barges and lesser keels might well spread their sails when the south-west wind blew, and fare on without beating; or if the wind were fouled for them, they that were loth to reach from shore to shore might be tracked up by draught of horses and bullocks, and bear the wares of the merchants to many a cheaping."

THE Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff has just put forth another instalment of his *Notes from a Diary*. These Notes are a continuation of those published by the author a year ago. In the period covered by the present volumes the author was "a Member of Parliament, sometimes in and sometimes out of office, but always in close attendance on the service of the House of Commons, except during the spring of 1875, when I was travelling in India." These Notes, however, have little to do with the author's daily work; they are memoranda of meetings and greetings, of dinners and pleasant functions, of talks with men of note, and hearsay piquancies. They form a budget of anecdote

and social portraiture, while scattered through the pages are many good stories and elegant trifles of wit. One of the first entries is this:

"April 11.—I never before heard the excellent riddle which was told me to-day: 'Quelle est la différence entre la panthère, le journaliste, et le Gouvernement? La panthère est tachetée par la nature. Le journaliste est acheté par le Gouvernement; et le Gouvernement est à jeter par la fenêtre.'"

THE new edition of Aubrey's *Lives*, issued by the Clarendon Press, is important. It is the most complete edition yet issued, and has been compiled directly from Aubrey's MSS. Only "absolute minutiae" are excluded. Aubrey's hobby was sketchy biography. Mr. Andrew Clark, who edits these two handsome volumes, sketches Aubrey in a few words:

"Aubrey was one of those eminently good-natured men who are very slothful in their own affairs, but spare no pains to work for a friend. He offered his help to Wood; and, when it was decided to include in Wood's book short notices of writers connected with Oxford, that help proved most valuable. Aubrey, through his family and family connexions, and by reason of his restless goings to and fro, had a wide circle of acquaintance among squires and parsons, lawyers and doctors, merchants and politicians, men of letters and persons of quality, both in town and country. He had been, until his estate was squandered, an extensive and curious buyer of books and MSS. And above all, being a gossip, he had used to the utmost those opportunities of inquiry about men and things which had been afforded him by societies—grave, like the Royal Society, and frivolous, as coffee-house gatherings and tavern clubs."

Mr. Clark has arranged the "Lives" in alphabetical order, and his excisions on the score of good taste have been only such as seemed urgently needful to be made.

WE have received the first volume of a publication which will be of great interest to Biblical students, although its size and cost make it a work for the library and the college rather than for the individual owner. This is the huge *Dictionary of the Bible* projected by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh. The volume before us embraces A—Feasts, and extends to nearly nine hundred quarto pages printed in double column. The work is a Dictionary of the Old and New Testaments, and of the Old Testament Apocrypha, according to the Authorised and Revised English Versions. The work is rather a Biblical encyclopædia than a dictionary. It contains articles on the names of all Biblical persons and places, on the antiquities and archaeology of the Bible, on its ethnology, geology, and natural history, and on Biblical theology and ethics. The names of the authors are appended to all but very minor articles, and, in addition to the work of the editor, the Rev. James Hastings, the sheets have been revised by three scholars, whose names appear on the title-page.

THE "Modern Reader's Bible" now begins to embrace the New Testament; and

we have the Gospels of *St. Matthew*, *St. Mark*, and *The General Epistles* included in one volume. *The Gospel of St. Luke* and *The Acts of the Apostles* will be published together; and the Pauline Epistles will be inserted in the *Acts*, each Epistle at the point of the narrative with which it is connected.

AN important political biography is the long promised Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson by his brother, Mr. George Rawlinson. Sir Henry Rawlinson died in 1894, and the author thinks some apology is due for the late appearance of the book, but we cannot wish that such a work had been produced more hastily. Sir Henry Rawlinson was a soldier, a political agent, and an authority on Cuneiform inscriptions—in a word, a great Englishman, to whose hands national interests of immense importance were frequently committed. It is fitting that this Memoir should be introduced, as it is, by an appreciation of Sir Henry Rawlinson from the pen of Lord Roberts.

THE series of short histories of the Literatures of the World which is proceeding under Mr. Gosse's editorship is continued this week by the addition of a *History of Italian Literature* by Dr. Richard Garnett. The work contains many illustrative metrical translations by Miss Ellen Clerke, and by the author.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## THE BOOKLESS EAST-END.

## VIEWS OF THE EAST LONDON CLERGY.

LAST week we showed that the East-End of London, as judged by the great artery which connects Aldgate with Stratford is without a single good bookseller's shop. The best provision of books on this route which is four miles long, is made by the second-hand book barrows in the High street, Whitechapel, close to the City. Beyond these barrows our representative found few second-hand books, and no new books other than poor non-copyright work mixed up with toys and second-hand clock or competing at a disadvantage with the halfpenny comic press. This did not seem a rational state of things, and it was decided to ask a few East-End clergymen for the views on the subject. These have been kindly supplied; and the communication which we print below will, we think, be read with interest.

THE Rev. Marmaduke Hare writes from the Rectory, Bow:

"Books are too expensive a luxury for East-End residents. Life is, besides, too much of a drive with all classes to allow much time for reading. Clergy of the East-End spend much less than their brethren in other neighbourhoods, for both the above reasons; but public libraries are well patronised, and a large proportion of useful books is taken out than in the West-End. Yet I believe a discount bookseller would find a good trade."



THE Rev. G. Barnes, of St Barnabas Church, Grove-road, E., writes:

"I think the absence of bookshops in the East End is due mainly to the fact that so many of the people work in the City, and purchase their books there of the discount book-sellers."

MR. BARNES is in agreement with the Rev. J. Mahomed, chaplain of London Hospital, who sends us the following succinct reply to our inquiry:

"I am afraid your remarks are true, but I would point out: (1) That many schools and guilds have lending libraries, and that not only the children read the books; (2) the nurses of this hospital have an excellent library or about 2,500 volumes; (3) the patients' library has 2,000 volumes, and is constantly renewed; (4) that we are very near the City, with its great number of bookshops; (5) that a very large proportion of the East End goes to work in the City daily."

THE Rev. F. H. Dinnis, Vicar of St. Peter's Church, Mile End, writes:

"East Enders are not great readers of good literature, nor can they afford to buy new books. For usefulness I uphold our own plan, which is to keep up a lending library of 300 volumes of good modern fiction, &c., charging our parishioners who use it one penny a month. Large public libraries will have to be decentralised before they can be really useful. The Whitechapel barrows hardly receive sufficient notice in your article. Their contents are wonderful—chiefly classics, mathematics, and theology. No immoral books."

THE Rev. J. H. Draper writes from Whitechapel:

"The local papers are a fairly good guide to the style of literature most acceptable in this part of the world. Reading with a view to improvement of mind and life requires a certain amount of training and time which is rarely enjoyed by the toilers in the East End."

THE Rev. Alfred Webb, of Christ Church Mission, Old Ford, E., writes:

"Your article is quite true. In this district we cannot buy books. A good shop in Roman-road, or near it, ought to do well. When I want a decent book I am obliged to send to the City, or go without it. May your words cause books—good books—to be found in the East-End."

ROTHERHITHE did not fall within our representative's survey, but we have received the following interesting note from the Rev. Edward Josselyn Beck, rector of that river-side parish:

"I once tried the costly experiment of opening a bookshop at my own expense, and failed miserably. I am now chairman of a public library which is always full of readers of the humble class; and supplies hundreds of browsers with books to read at home. The new bookshop in Rotherhithe displays a large and dingy collection of odd second-hand volumes, chiefly patronised by foreign sailors from the Docks, who buy old French novels and German books."

In addition to the above replies to a written inquiry we sent out, we have re-

ceived the following interesting communication from a Stratford correspondent:

"I have, with great interest, followed your contributor step by step in his peregrination; for as 'man and boy' I may claim to know every foot of the thoroughfare he describes, from Aldgate to Stratford—and even beyond.

His indictment as to the absence of new bookshops is, of course, true; but are we therein very different from our kinsmen in the other main roadways from City to suburb? If we buy 'new' books at all, are they not got either at the two or three booksellers in the City (those happy oases in the desert), or from the 'Stores'—setting aside the occasional gaudy-covered minor novel, &c., specially prepared as a 'leading article,' that our wives or daughters buy at the suburban linendraper's?

Whitechapel possesses, however, one glory of which we East-Enders may fairly be proud. I refer to the second-hand bookshop itself, alluded to in your article; but intentionally only alluded to by your contributor. That shop contains far and away the largest collection of second-hand books in London. I have heard Mr. George say that he must have at least a hundred thousand odd volumes alone, while I suppose there is scarcely a series of magazines, reviews, publications of learned societies, long sets of reference books—to say nothing of first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and others—that you could inquire for and fail to be supplied with on the spot. Bookbuyers, in search of some 'missing-link,' or of an hour or two's pastime (and where does time pass so rapidly as in a bookshop?), should stroll thus far East. They would not, I venture to say, be disappointed. The vast accumulation at No. 76 is, too, a striking instance of what may be done by hard work and intelligence; for Mr. George tells proudly of the modest way in which he first started in his business.

The premises he now occupies were, I may add, built and used for many years by the late Mr. Robert Gladding, a well-known East-End man, highly honoured in his public capacity and for his integrity in business. He had removed from another (long since demolished) shop, with its curious down-a-step entrance, a little farther East, that had long been the literary centre of the neighbourhood. Mr. Gladding's mainstay was old theology, which in the ante-reprint times he used to hunt up in the 'Low Countries,' bringing his purchases home literally by the shipload.

My own recollections herein go no longer back than some thirty-five years or so.

Since that time, Whitechapel, Mile End, and Bow have all suffered change: the well-to-do people have gradually moved outwards, most still farther East, till scarcely anybody ('as is anybody') will condescend to live nearer to 'Aldgate Pump' than, say, Ilford; while many are not content until they reach remote Southend—now fast becoming the Brighton of this side of London. Some of us, though, are still bound, either from old associations or from the stern necessity of bread-winning, to live 'down East.' Let not the reader of these rambling lines think that we are all utterly

outcast, though we possess no (new) bookshops.

I, this morning, asked the wholesale agent who supplies most of the newsvendors in this district how many copies of the *Academy*, *Athenæum*, *Literature*, and *Spectator* passed through his hands weekly. It is true the total did not come to more than a couple of dozen—but that, I think, 'says something' for us—and, of course, many copies besides of such strictly literary papers are bought by the East-Enders at his railway-stall or in the City.

Culture is, therefore, not quite extinguished by the smoke and smells (oh! Cologne, we could give you odds, and beat you easily in your own proverbial line); we have our Shakespeare and other literary societies (if not in Stratford, in Forest Gate—practically a part of it); and we are, above all, perhaps as musical and music-loving a population as any around London.

We are not, however—I acknowledge it with a parting pang—book-buyers, either new or second-hand, except here and there one.

A. G. S.

Stratford, E.: March 1."

## DRAMA.

WHEN an author is strongly impelled to write for the stage, without that pecuniary incentive which lies at the bottom of so much literary and artistic effort, one expects to find in his work a high degree of natural aptitude for play-writing if not a touch of genius itself. But apparently the call may exist without any remarkable degree of executive faculty, or with just so much of it as the weary hack himself might display. Within the past few years there has been no more industrious playwright than Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie, a gentleman of financial standing who may be supposed to fall within Mr. Brookfield's category of "the *litterati* of the Stock Exchange." He has given us "Hypatia" at the Haymarket, "The Sin of St. Hulda" at the Shaftesbury, and now "The White Knight" at Terry's, while other plays from his pen are announced for production by Mr. John Hare and Miss Olga Nethersole. But, so far, the vital spark is curiously absent from Mr. Ogilvie's plays. They are carefully written; they show evidence of culture and literary taste. Somehow, nevertheless, the dramatic fooling which must possess the soul of their author fails to find adequate expression. It does not carry beyond the footlights, in which respect it resembles the passion of the amateur actor who, surcharged with sentiment, fails to impress his audience for lack of the special histrionic gift. The same defect which was noticeable in Mr. Ogilvie's poetic plays reappears in "The White Knight"—a comedy which he has written round the personality of Mr. Edward Terry; and there it is all the more remarkable, seeing that the story is laid in those financial and commercial spheres with which the author may be supposed to be specially acquainted.

In this instance, perhaps, Mr. Ogilvie has unduly handicapped himself. He has chosen for his play the business motive which hitherto, and in more expert hands than his, has failed to find acceptance with the public. This business motive is a perplexing problem in modern drama. In the city it can be trusted to excite the keenest passions, but when transferred to the stage it loses grip, and becomes feeble and ineffective in comparison with the primary passions of love and jealousy. Money is still as weak an element in drama as it is in poetry. Why this should be, considering how important a part it plays in social life, it is hard to say. But the experience is not new. In old-fashioned melodrama it was no uncommon incident that the hero should take a bundle of rustling banknotes out of his escritoire in order to succour the suffering heroine. But nobody believed in this financial coup; a sceptical smile might always have been observed playing about the faces of the auditors. The love making, the hatred, the envy, the uncharitableness were accepted as real, but not the banknotes. A few years ago Mr. Bronson Howard, the popular American dramatist, brought to the Avenue Theatre a play called "The Henrietta," dealing with the dramatic aspects of mining speculation—surely a sufficiently modern theme. In his culminating scene, a clicking tape-machine indicated the rise and fall of the fortunes of the *dramatis personæ*. But the public remained unmoved, and the play, cleverly written though it was, proved a failure. A still more striking example of the hollowness of the business motive was presented not long afterwards at the Haymarket in a play entitled "Agatha Tylden, Merchant and Shipowner," by Mr. Edward Rose. Agatha Tylden was a woman of business, and from first to last business was the theme of the play. Shipping, rates of exchange, promissory notes, balance sheets and bankruptcies were the burden of the dialogue. At the end of the third act a long-awaited-for love-scene was found to be interwoven with the question of a misleading statement of accounts; while in the fourth and last there was less stress laid upon the heroine's acceptance of marriage than upon her escape from the necessity of offering her creditors so much in the pound. Needless to say, "Agatha Tylden" failed to impress the public favourably. To the City man it must have savoured much more of "shop" than of drama in the ordinary sense of the term, while the uncommercial spectator probably felt that the issues involved in the story properly belonged to the domain of the chartered accountant. Both Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in touching upon "business" as they did in "The Squire" and "The Middleman," took care to vitalise it with a love motive of the accepted pattern.

This important precaution Mr. Ogilvie has neglected in "The White Knight," where we are invited to interest ourselves solely in the fortunes of the Electric White Lead Company, Limited, and of the inventor, one Edward Pennyquick, whose patents are exploited by a company-promoter, rejoicing in the name of Rook. Mr. Terry plays the

inventor, a flighty enthusiast who readily falls into the toils of the financial villain. At first all goes swimmingly with the Electric White Lead Company, Limited, and familiar types of the incompetent director are presented by Mr. Stuart Champion and Mr. A. E. George, as the titled nincompoop and the irascible Major-General. Rook himself is a realistic study by Mr. Abingdon. Loves proves a negligible quantity in the drama. To be sure, room is found in the cast for Miss Kate Rorke, as a young widow devoted to the crack-brained inventor of the new white lead process, and for Miss Esmé Berenger as a quasi-Italian adventuress, with whom Rook has had intimate relations. But business is the backbone of the piece, and as in "Agatha Tylden," the great scene is an angry meeting of shareholders resolved upon liquidation. At first the shares of the Electric White Lead Company promise to go to a figure at which Rook will be able to "unload" with advantage; but the invention is abortive, or, at least, too costly to be workable, and liquidation supervenes. This the inventor would stave off if he could, because he has discovered the detail in his process required to render it practicable; but Rook is a wrecker, and has his eye upon fresh rights and royalties. What should the ending to such a story be? Mr. Ogilvie has bethought him of the happy ending which is *de rigueur* in ordinary drama. Rook is foiled in his nefarious schemes, and the inventor, after a prolonged period of misfortune, makes £50,000, with which he generously recoups the shareholders of the liquidated company who had believed in him.

HERE, surely, the note of "modernity" is struck (the last-mentioned circumstance possibly excepted), that quality so highly prized in the society novel and the fashionable sermon. And yet it wholly fails to impress the theatrical public. People seem to be lacking in the power of make-believe on the stage where financial interests are concerned. A meeting of angry shareholders denouncing a patentee who has failed them ought to be as powerful a factor, dramatically, as the stage crowd which at Her Majesty's Theatre shouts with Mark Antony, and vows vengeance upon the "honourable men" who have assassinated Cæsar. Is it a question of drilling or stage management? The consistent failure of the business motive in drama points to deeper causes, the existence of which a born dramatist like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones instinctively feels, though he may not be able to diagnose them. For in some respects "The White Knight" bears a remarkable affinity to "The Middleman." Both are concerned with an enthusiastic and single-minded inventor, struggling, in the one case, with a rascally company promoter, and, in the other, with a blood-sucking commercial agent. But whereas Mr. Ogilvie adheres to business, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones skilfully shunts this into a siding, and plays a variation upon the old, old story which agitated the minds of men before syndicates and Stock Exchange quotations were heard of. Is it the lack of "female interest" that tells against the business motive? So excellent a judge of dramatic effect as the late John

Oxenford was wont to declare that no play could achieve success which did not appeal to women. But then in "Agatha Tylden" it was a woman who was involved in the tangle of commercial and financial interests. I am afraid it must be owned that by "female interest" is meant the love interest and nothing else. To that, no class of the community is indifferent. Perhaps "The White Knight" would obtain the desired effect with an audience of stockbrokers and City men, who would find it as "shoppy" in tone as a financial newspaper. Upon one feature of his work Mr. Ogilvie is to be congratulated. He has furnished Mr. Terry with a character after his own heart, that of the inventor Pennyquick—impulsive, extravagant, boisterous, with faults of head in plenty, but none of heart. J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ZUMMERZET ZONG.

SIR,—I had not seen Mr. Quiller Couch's destructive criticism of my native language (or dialect) and literature till I was blighted by it in a note in the ACADEMY. The verses in oddly spelled English, by Mr. Barnes, have ever seemed to me deplorably tedious; that, however, is my own affair. I need not read them, and nobody can make me do so. The question of dialect is another question. As far as I have studied Mr. Barnes, he spells "summer" "zummer," and that is the essence of dialect as written by him. Let us keep our tempers, and ask whether Mr. Barnes's dialect is anything but ordinary English queerly spelled, and, no doubt, queerly pronounced? Phonetically, Zummerzetese may be interesting, but I confess to being much more interested in dialects that preserve words and phrases which modern English has lost. The dialect of Scotland does preserve such words and phrases in large numbers. If Zummerzetese does so, too, *do manus*, it is more interesting than I had gathered from a study, by no means prolonged or elaborate, of the works of Mr. Barnes. I own that I do not see how all this is affected by Mr. Quiller Couch's exercises in Scots, which is very good Scots for a beginner. I make him my compliment. You see, we Scots called our language "English" at least as late as 1460, though, in 1560, we called it "Scots," and distinguished it from "English." Our language, or dialect, possesses a considerable literature—between Barbour and Burns, a space of four hundred years. We are not unreasonably proud of that literature, and we do not rate it on a level with the literature of Zummerzet. Our dialect, or language, as you will, is rich, I repeat, in words which the British journalist believes to be "the language of Ossian." These words are old English, which our dialect has preserved; or French, derived from the Ancient League; or Gaelic, borrowed from our Celtic neighbours. These latter words are few. But the three kinds of words—old English, French, Gaelic—and the circumstance that we have a literature five or six hundred years old, do, I fancy,

make a distinction between Scots and the Zummerzetese of Mr. Barnes, which is ordinary English misspelled. Of course, if Zummerzetese is rich in old English words, lost by modern English, and in Celtic words derived from Wales, and if Zummerzet has poets like Dunbar and Barbour and Lyndsay and King James, I withdraw my remarks. Scots and Zummerzetese, in that case, are on a level of excellence, and I shall please myself by perusing the Zummerzet Barbour, King James, and Dunbar. But not Barnes!—I am, &c.,  
St. Andrews: Feb. 26. A. LANG.

MORE REMARKS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SIR,—I am filled with respectful admiration at the skill with which Mr. Tree, in his "Apology for 'Julius Cæsar'" in the ACADEMY of last week, begs the whole question at issue between us. Mr. Tree, I understand, justifies his method of acting Antony and presenting the play as a successful attempt to "command the support of the public at large," while he refers contemptuously to those learned amateur societies who present Shakespeare "in such a way as to commend him to the few while boring the many." In fact, says Mr. Tree, "it is the business of the manager to present Shakespeare in such a way as to commend him to the many," and he implies that I dissent entirely from this view.

This is a misconception. Mr. Tree and I agree that Shakespeare must be presented in such a way as to attract the playgoing public. We do not agree as to *how* this should be done. Mr. Tree apparently considers that it should be done—in "Julius Cæsar"—by cutting out a certain number of by no means unimportant scenes, in order that other scenes may be unduly protracted, and tiresome by-play such as poor Cæsar's blood-red roses, by an over-emphasised and too slow delivery of blank verse, and by the pauses and postures and other time-wasting expedients which delay the end of the Her Majesty's Act I. and the famous oration in Act II. I consider not merely that these things are bad art, but that *the Public does not want them*. It is, of course, a matter of opinion, and in such matters no proof is possible, but my belief is that the popularity of the present production at Her Majesty's is in spite of these faults, not because of them, as Mr. Tree seems to think. I believe that the public—the "many" for whom Mr. Tree has to cater—would rather have "Julius Cæsar" played in its entirety, than they would both like and understand it better so played, and that it could be given in three hours practically without cuts if the acting were less mannered, the delivery of the verse simpler and more rapid, and the superfluous ingenuities of by-play omitted. Presented in this way the play would gain in coherence and intelligibility, and, as I think, in popularity also.

Further, I believe that the Public, in a Shakespearian performance, likes to see the actor-manager subordinate himself to the play, not the play subordinated to the actor-manager. In presenting "Trilby," Mr. Tree very wisely concentrated the whole

attention of his audiences upon himself. The play was nothing, and the only thing worth seeing was Mr. Tree's Svengali. But "Julius Cæsar" is not "Trilby," and what was legitimate actor management in the one is absurd in the other.

Lastly, I believe that the Public, in a Shakespearian performance, wants to hear Shakespeare's blank verse spoken simply and straightforwardly, with some perception of rhythm. Mr. Tree, on the contrary, judging from his Antony, seems convinced that the public wants nothing of the kind. In fact, he disguises his blank verse so cunningly that it sounds like nothing so much as very halting prose. This, like so much in the performance, strikes me as somewhat wasted cleverness.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

A PASSAGE BY R. L. S.

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will kindly print the full quotation from Stevenson's essay for the benefit of Mr. R. L. Cunliff, who objects to my interpretation:

"Honesty was the rule; the innkeepers gave, as I have said, almost unlimited credit; they suffered the seediest painter to depart, to take all his belongings, and to leave his bill unpaid; and if they sometimes lost, it was by *English and Americans alone* (the italics are mine)."

In the second paragraph, describing the interference of an Anglo-Saxon on behalf of fair play, Stevenson adds: "The Frenchman marvelled at the scruples of his guest, and when that defender of universes retired over-seas, and left his bills unpaid, he marvelled once again." It is clear from the entire page that Stevenson himself concurs both in the reputation of dishonesty and in the reputation of a lack of fair play.—I am, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Making of a Prig." By Evelyn Sharp.

THE critics have found this novel rather a hard nut to crack. They recognise Miss Sharp's cleverness, her brightness of dialogue, and her "facile, unpretentious" style. But exactly what Miss Sharp would be at in *The Making of a Prig* they are not sure. The *Saturday Review's* critic wrestles throughout a column and a half with the problem, and in trying to search its obscurity is himself obscure. But the purport of his criticism may be gathered from the following paragraph, in which he complains of the manner in which Kitty (the "prig") is presented to the reader:

"All the time we are endeavouring to understand why it is that she [Kitty] should prove, one way or another, impossible. Miss Sharp gives us Kitty when she is alone, and so we came to know her and her fine qualities; the intention of the book is to show how, with her good looks, her sincerity, her gaiety, her intelligence, she yet proves a failure all round, unacceptable, not only to the two men, but also to the majority of the girls with whom she lives. It is, therefore, their feelings, not hers, that need to be forced upon the reader—

especially as she is the most outspoken of creatures, and her own lips will for the most part save us and the author the trouble of probing into her mind. Time enough to get back to her and see her from the inside when she comes to realise with surprise that she is unacceptable, convicted by a very various jury on the one charge of priggishness. The author, we imagine, had a complete understanding of the girl; but if she also saw the man against whom Kitty was to display herself—saw him vividly, and knew him thoroughly from the inside—she made the mistake of being too brief. She might safely have gone on for another half-dozen chapters, painting the relations between the two, piling up the varied mass of enlightening and convincing details; for it is not likely that an author with so commendable a dislike to abstract explanations would prove too lengthy in the display of so difficult a trouble."

The *Spectator's* reviewer seems to think that Miss Sharp intended the "Prig" to be, not Kitty, but the barrister Paul Wilton, and that Kitty's priggishness is his [the reviewer's] own discovery:

"It is not Paul Wilton who is the prig, but Katharine, apparently because, out of sheer guilelessness and ignorance of the code of society, she suffered herself to be led into a compromising situation and thought none the worse of herself for so doing. But perhaps we do Miss Sharp an injustice, and her story is intended as a delicate satire on the selfishness of men. In that case, we fear that the subtlety of her method will have defeated her aim. As the story stands, the average reader will certainly regard it as glorifying rather than depreciating priggishness of a very acute type."

Literature says:

"The chief fault we have to find with the book is in its title. Katharine is not a prig in the ordinary sense, nor does her story describe the manufacture of a prig, even in the sense which Miss Sharp appears to give to the word. She is a clever girl, natural and frankly affectionate, who, partly from her training, partly from her temperament, fails to realise the requirements of Mrs. Grundy. This deficiency seems to arise from the natural *naïveté* of her character rather than from any social theory or intellectual conceit. There is, indeed, a certain self-content, an unconscious assumption that she could do nothing wrong which partakes of what might perhaps be termed moral priggishness. But we become so fond of her that we fully sympathise with her protest against being branded with so opprobrious a term; and as she reveals her character in the first page of the book, it is difficult to see where the 'making' comes in. Miss Sharp has written a good story, but she has not described the making of a prig."

The *Standard's* critic emphasises what the other critics concede—the brightness and cleverness of the story; and he quotes with enjoyment the following "up-to-date love-letter" which Kitty receives from her unsuccessful boy lover.

"By the time you get this I shall have cleared out. I may be an infernally rotten ass, but I won't let the best girl in the world marry me out of kindness, and that is all you were going to do. I tried to think you were a little keen on me a few weeks ago; but, of course, I was wrong. Don't mind me. I shall come up smiling again after a bit. It was just like my poorness to think I could ever marry any one so clever and spry as yourself. Of course you

will buck up and marry some played-out literary chap, who will gas about books and things all day and make you happy. Good old Kit, it has been a mistake all along, hasn't it? When I come back we will be chums again, won't we? I am off to Melbourne in the morning, and shall travel about for a year, I think. You might write to me—the jolly sort of letters you used to write. Monty knows all my movements."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 3.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

A BOOK OF PSALMS. Rendered into English Verse by the late Arthur Trevor Jebb, M.A. George Allen.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: ST. MATTHEW AND ST. MARK, AND THE GENERAL EPISTLES. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE CHARGE OF APOSTASY AGAINST WORDSWORTH. By William Hale White. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE: DEALING WITH ITS LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND CONTENTS, INCLUDING THE BIBLICAL THEOLOGY. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. T. & T. Clark. Vol. I. 28s.

DISCIPLINE AND LAW: SOME LENTEN ADDRESSES. By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. Methuen & Co. 2s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY CRESWICKE RAWLINSON. By George Rawlinson, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co.

TWELVE NAVAL CAPTAINS: BEING A RECORD OF CERTAIN AMERICANS WHO MADE THEMSELVES IMMORTAL. By Molloy Elliot Seawell. Kegan Paul.

RECORDS OF OLD TIMES: HISTORICAL, SOCIAL, POLITICAL, SPORTING, AND AGRICULTURAL. By J. Kersley Fowler ("Rusticus"). Chatto & Windus.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE IN 1870. By W. H. Jervis, M.A. A new edition revised and in great part re-written by Arthur Hassall, M.A. John Murray.

BRIEF LIVES, CHIEFLY OF CONTEMPORARIES, SET DOWN BY JOHN AUBREY, BETWEEN THE YEARS 1669 AND 1696. Edited from the Authors' MSS. by Andrew Clark. 2 vols. Clarendon Press.

THE ANTIQUITIES AND CURIOSITIES OF THE EXCHEQUER. By Hubert Hall, F.S.A. Elliot Stock.

SEMITIC INFLUENCE IN HELLENIC MYTHOLOGY: WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE RECENT MYTHOLOGICAL WORKS OF THE RT. HON. PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER AND MR. ANDREW LANG. By Robert Brown, Jun., F.S.A. Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1873—1881. By the Right Hon. Sir Mount-Stuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. John Murray. 13s.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS SERIES: THE FRANKS. By Lewis Sergeant. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. JAMES MORISON, D.D. By William Adamson, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

SHORT HISTORIES OF THE LITERATURES OF THE WORLD: A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Richard Garnett, C.B. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

THE BASES OF DESIGN. By Walter Crane. George Bell & Sons. 18s.

ESSAIS DE CRITIQUE DRAMATIQUE: GEORGE SAND, MUSSET, FEUILLET, AVOIER, DUMAS FILS. By Antoine Benoist. Librairie, Hachette et Cie. (Paris).

SONGS OF ENGLAND. By Alfred Austin. Macmillan & Co. 1s.

THE ILIADS OF HOMER. Translated according to the Greek. By George Chapman. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF NORTHAMPTON. Edited by Christopher A. Markham, F.S.A., and Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D. Published by order of the Corporation of the County Borough of Northampton, 1898.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON SIBERIA. By James Young Simpson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 16s.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY: ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY (SHROPSHIRE—SOMERSETSHIRE). Edited by F. A. Milne, M.A. Elliot Stock.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS: ITS MINES, TRADE, AND AGRICULTURE. By Frances Macnab. Chapman & Hall.

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THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA. By Henry M. Stanley, M.P. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.

### EDUCATIONAL.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL. Edited, with Notes, by John D. Colclough. Browne & Nolan (Dublin).

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES:—OVID: METAMORPHOSES, Book XIV. Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. 1s. 6d. GENERAL ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. Edited by William Briggs, M.A. W. B. Clive.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

DICTIONNAIRE DE SLANG ET D'EXPRESSIONS FAMILIÈRES ANGLAISES. Par C. Legras. Garnier Frères (Paris).

BOHEMIAN PAPERS. By George Eyre-Todd. Morison Brothers (Glasgow). 1s.

THE MINER'S ARITHMETIC AND MENSURATION. By Henry Davies. Chapman & Hall.

A SKETCH OF THE NATURAL HISTORY (VERTEBRATES) OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By F. G. Aflalo, F.Z.S. With illustrations. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s. net.

THE LIBERTY AND FREE SOIL PARTIES IN THE NORTH-WEST. Toppan Prize Essay of 1896. By Theodore Clarke Smith, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1898. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. George Allen. 3s. 6d.

In reply to a Manchester correspondent, who does not give us a proper postal address, the *Norwegian Grammar and Reader*, by Julius G. Olson, which we recently catalogued, is published by Scott, Foresman & Co., of Chicago.

## NOTES ON NEW EDITIONS.

A NEW edition of Jervis's *The Students' France* (John Murray) is now available. The book has been thoroughly revised and re-written by Mr. Arthur Hassall and Mr. F. Haverfield; and at a time when France is the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," this text-book may well find readers outside of schools and colleges.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Bracebridge Hall* is not, we fancy, much read nowadays; but the Dublin firm of Messrs. Browne & Nolan have just issued it as a school reading-book, with the usual equipments of notes, critical introduction, and glossary. The editor, Mr. John D. Colclough, lays stress on the humour of these sketches, and his aim has been to bring it home fully to boys and girls. He writes:

"The notes to this edition are intended to be suggestive, not exhaustive, agreeably to the spirit of Irving's book, which is a series of essays for laughter-loving boys and girls, and not a collection of treatises for solemn-faced pundits."

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO'S edition of *The Spectator* has reached its fifth volume, to which is prefixed a portrait of Thomas Tickell.

MESSRS. LONGMANS' *Annual Charities Register and Digest* for 1898 is before us. As far as possible all fraudulent institutions and societies have been excluded from the Register, but the entry of any given charitable institution does not constitute a recommendation of its methods. "Short practical introductions, written by persons thoroughly conversant with particular branches of charitable work, have been inserted before several of the more important sections; and these the reader will find, it is hoped, suggestive when he is trying to deal with a particular case, or endeavouring to find a suitable agency."

THE "Gentleman's Magazine Library" is extended by the addition this week of a volume of topographical extracts from the *Gentleman's Magazine* relating to Shropshire and Somersetshire. Mr. Laurence Gomme, who edits the series, remarks that these two counties appear to have been of more than usual interest to the reader of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Gomme writes:

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REVIEWS.

ZOLA.

*Paris*. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

ZOLA'S trial and sentence on the eve of the publication of *Paris* is one of those happy accidents, a kind of answering signal or omen, by which Life unexpectedly reveals the true import of a man's life-work, and the exact significance of his figure to his age. When a great writer suddenly leaves his lofty and privileged post of vantage, the guarded window where is conceded to him the right of theorising on the life spreading death him, and when he mixes with the crowd in the streets, we sometimes have this copy unlooked-for flare from Life itself answering the man—as we see in Hugo's *Le Coup d'Etat*, his exile, and *Les Citiments* answered by Sedan; and in *Tostoi's* life the long search for a moral basis in Nature, that his novels exhibit, is answered by his personal struggles among the exploited and famine-stricken peasants with the crowning Petersburg society relief—Tolstoi is mad. And now in Zola's *Paris* we still have with us the shout of the crowd, "Conspuez Zola," and the buzz of the multitudinous little men—"Monstrous Society, Traitor to France, Suicide as a writer," and we await the turn of the wheel.

Meanwhile, *Paris* appears before us as a proclamation of the Zola doctrine, a testimony to the man's laborious honesty in the main purpose of his life-work. It comes as a remarkable document to the critic, as summarising the "naturalistic" method, and showing more clearly than ever the power and limitations of that "death-note" method in art.

The central idea of *Paris* is all the contents of the book. As the essence of Zola's talent is his power of drawing strong abstract conclusions from the concrete examples of his forty note-books, so in *Paris* he finds all the panorama of the city's life is viewed in relation to the immense struggle going on in France between Capitalism and the Socialistic idea. In Zola's view the anarchist peril is the logical outcome of the

corruption of the national life by the excessive power placed in the hands of Capital by the *régime* of the middle class. Parliament is at the mercy of financiers and professional politicians, who use it for private ends, and thereby corrupt and weaken the people from top to bottom. The Panama scandals and the appearance of Ravachol are as cause and effect; but while the people are growing more and more sick of the vicious circle France is turning in, Society can give birth to no new ideal for the nation to work by. In science, education, love of justice, and hatred of sham lies the only hope of Society towards the fitting reorganisation of its life.

In this development of the central idea of *Paris*, Zola, however, has sacrificed every instinct of the true artist. The novel is a powerful and clever commentary on life—a piece of special pleading of great interest—but it is not *life*, and it is false to every principle of art. It is a novel with a purpose, and it carries out its purpose in most remorseless fashion. It is not life, because though Zola has searched for, and found, typical living figures, he has made those figures the puppets of his pre-ordained drama. Thus Guillaume Froment, the hero of the book, the great scientist with Anarchistic leanings, acts in a manner throughout false to the life of the actual scientist (well known to a certain international circle) who has served Zola for a model. Indeed, Guillaume's final appearance as the avenger or regenerator of Society by means of his discovery of a new terrible explosive which can blow up half a city, or work a motor engine, is a piece of sheer romanticism, which, coming in the guise of a minute study of social phenomena, is inartistic to the verge of comedy. So also Pierre Froment, the abbé, who is the horrified spectator of the public and private antics of deputies, Bourse jobbers, Anarchists, prime ministers, journalists and decadents, is merely an animated lay figure, very conveniently fortified with tours to Lourdes and Rome, on his mission to discover whether Christianity is, or is not, played out as a regenerative force in the life of civilisation.

All Zola's characters, in fact, in *Paris* are so carefully fitted into their limited spaces, thought-out actions, and manipulated  *rôles*  that the very term *art* can be applied to the novel only in a limited and secondary sense. Art is subordinated in *Paris* to the position of a humble servant, who runs to open the door and usher the characters, big and small, into the presence of the General Purpose, the big wirepuller, who in turn frowns at Art and keeps her severely in her place. In fact, just as *La Débâcle* and *Dr. Pascal* were mechanical novels, *Paris* is a mechanical novel, relieved, as was *L'Argent*, by the presence of a certain animus against corruption, which animus gives to the book its vitality and force. The Anarchists in *Paris* are figures true only to the typical conditions of their life, they are not true in themselves, and it is the same with the rest of the deputies and fashionable people described; all wear masks very carefully modelled and true to the detailed

observation of the clever author who has seen his people go to and fro in the crowd of daily Parisian life; but all is *external*, the masks cannot change, there is little or no inner life, and so the reader is in reality never deeply stirred by what is shown him by Zola. He is interested, now a little moved or a little shocked, just as he would be if, while looking at a gathering of living people, a clever man of the world approached and whispered in his ear confidential secrets and remarkable facts about everybody's private life. But to go further, to admit us into the thought, the emotions of the people themselves is impossible for Zola. He stops short of being a great artist; he has always his General Plan to substitute for the mysterious living thing which eludes all generalisation and abstraction and theory, which glides away and vanishes under the fingers of the writers who are not content to give up their plan of observation, and simply follow life in its minutest manifestation and ceaseless evolution. Zola is not a great artist: he is a great writer, a very different thing. And his greatness consists in his intensely concentrated point of view, and his courage to execute what he sees.

His courage to execute what he sees! That is the very quality which has brought him at different times into sharp collision with the *bourgeoisie* of England and France. Admitting that Zola has "an original taint," as a great writer has expressed it, his power on his age has lain in his unflinching determination to exhibit and analyse all in modern life which Society endeavours to veil. Just as his coarse, crude, generalised pictures of life originally laid bare the rotteness of the Third Empire, so his action in the Dreyfus case has lately revealed the amazing power which the official pontiffs and military mandarins wield over an excited and hysterical France. But his courage to see and speak against the conventions and prejudices of French society touching justice, while deservedly applauded in England at the present day, was precisely what led English society only a few years back to imprison his luckless English publisher! The English view, that to exhibit the corruption of sexual morality is corruption itself, is pretty nearly balanced by the French view—that to exhibit the weakness of military justice is to be false to all traditions of patriotism. At bottom the two views are very similar: the English hate to have sexual morality examined at all; the French detest a man who casts a slur on their military glory. In both cases Society accuses the author of "corrupting" it, while he seeks only to show forth the corruption he has seen. And suddenly a significant flare from Life itself reveals the attitude of the man towards Society, and of Society towards the man.

We well remember an amusing little scene, between Zola and the English crowd, which we witnessed at the Guildhall some years ago. Zola was being lionised and *fêted* by a crowd of three thousand English citizens who cordially detested the great writer's books. The good *bourgeoisie*, the upholders of all the public and private moralities, were flocking round the French-

man in pressing, curious crowds, whispering loudly: "That's he! That's the man," all anxious to catch sight of such an *immoral* writer. Zola turned his back deliberately on those excellent citizens, and gazed steadily with an interested air at the ceiling! He knew them, and he knew what they thought of him! At the present moment we have the rival *bourgeoisie* pelting the same man's doors with filth, and imprisoning him and his publisher together. Meanwhile, our English press and public solemnly applaud the great writer. But in both cases the imprisonment was meted out for the same offence—it was for the telling of inconvenient truths.

### MR. GISSING ON DICKENS.

*Charles Dickens.* By George Gissing. "Victorian Era Series." (Blackie.)

THE intelligent reader will not be surprised to find Mr. Gissing making his bow, for the first time, as a critic and a critic of fiction. The author of *New Grub Street* has always shown himself preoccupied with art as well as life. His own creative method has been a conscious one, deliberately pursued, and from time to time he has let us see that the problems which the choice of a method inevitably raises are not without their considerable interest for him. Criticism has peeped out through the novels. The present book, however, is criticism pure and simple. Subject to the general plan of the "Victorian Era Series," which was intended to include in its record of the age "the life-work of its typical and influential men," it was probably open to Mr. Gissing to deal with his subject much as he pleased: and he has chosen to treat it mainly after the fashion of a "critical study," subordinating biography, except in so far as biography was necessary to formulate the conditions under which Dickens worked. We may as well say at once that Mr. Gissing's first essay in criticism seems to us quite unusually successful. He has, of course, something to learn. It would, perhaps, have been wiser, for instance, to have planned the book as a study in development, and to have avoided such an arbitrary arrangement of material and topics as the division under aspects, which he actually adopts, makes necessary. "Characterisation," "Satiric Portraiture," "Women and Children": these are the titles of three successive chapters, and it is a fine object-lesson in tautology and cross-division that they imply. And Mr. Gissing has, unfortunately, to struggle against a somewhat jerky and rough-hewn style, full of imperfectly related clauses and uglinesses of speech, which, if it does something to mar his novels, is to our mind even more offensive in a critical work. It is the lack of these two qualities, the architectural sense and the sense of the beautiful and the appropriate in language, that alone prevent Mr. Gissing's book from belonging to the first rank of critical literature. Nevertheless, Mr. Gissing's is thoroughly good criticism; primarily because it is the criticism of an expert, and an expert who

has approached his subject at once with complete sympathy and with a clear perception of the very vital differences of method between his own work and that which he is examining. Mr. Gissing is by no means of Dickens's school; yet one feels that he writes of Dickens out of profound admiration and exhaustive knowledge; he has soaked himself in Dickens, and what he has to say is said at first-hand, without much reference to conventional criticisms.

It is, of course, precisely the difference in methods and ideals between critic and criticised that gives the performance its chief interest. Dickens and Mr. Gissing have just enough in common to make their essential divergence the more remarkable. The younger writer, like the older, finds his material mainly in the crowded life of the modern city, and mainly in those strata of city life which are formed by the so-called lower and middle classes. Yet between them there is a great gulf fixed. Since Dickens, the novelist has discovered that his work, too, is an art; he has become self-conscious; has set an austere ideal before him. In Dickens, as in the average novel-writer of his day, this development had hardly taken place. If he was self-conscious of anything, it was of a mission, rather than an art. In Mr. Gissing, on the other hand, through temperament and through training, the modern spirit finds very characteristic expression. His natural attitude to his material is that of a realism which to Dickens would have seemed uncalled for and undesirable. Mr. Gissing, however, is not so pre-occupied with his own methods as to be unable to enter with the requisite detachment into those of his predecessor; his discussion of Dickens's veracity is a fine as well as a searching piece of analysis.

The common objection of readers brought up in the modern school to Dickens is certainly his "unreality"; and this in face of the fact that he clearly regarded himself as a painter of real life:

"Had the word been in use he must necessarily have called himself a Realist. It is one of the biographical commonplaces concerning Dickens. Everyone knows how he excited himself over his writing, how he laughed and cried over his imaginary people, how he had all but made himself ill with grief over the death of little Nell or of Paul Dombey."

Even his grotesques—Quilp, Mantalini, Sam Weller—are intended for transcripts from real life, transcripts of its eccentrics. They are not acknowledged figments of the poetic imagination, like Don Quixote or the White Knight. Dickens's world is not confessedly a dream-world, or a world of romance. And yet with realism, as we now regard realism, the whole thing has patently nothing to do. In explaining this, Mr. Gissing would distinguish. The true "unreality" of a Dickens is an unreality of incident and plot. He is an incorrigible sentimentalist, who will never refuse to gladden his readers with a happy ending:

"Ah, those final chapters of Dickens! How eagerly they are read by the young, and with what a pleasant smile by elders who prize the good things of literature! No one is forgotten,

and many an unsuspected bit of happiness calls aloud for gratitude to the author. Do you remember Mr. Mell, the underpaid and bullied usher in *David Copperfield*—the poor, broken-spirited fellow whose boots will not bear another mending—who uses an hour of liberty to visit his mother in the almshouse, and gladden her heart by piping sorry music on his flute? We lose sight of him, utterly; knowing only that he has been sent about his business after provoking the displeasure of the insolent lad Steerforth. Then, do you remember how, at the end of the book, David has news from Australia, delicious news about Mr. Micawber, and Mr. Gumidge, and sundry other people, and how in reading the colonial paper he suddenly comes upon the name of *Dr. Mell*, a distinguished man at the Antipodes? Who so stubborn a theorist that the kindly figment of the imagination does not please him? Who would prefer to learn the cold fact that Mell, the rejected usher, sank from stage to stage of wretchedness and died—uncertain which—in the street or the workhouse?"

Mr. Gissing, one gathers, would find the roots of this tendency in Dickens in the fact that Dickens's public liked happy endings, and that Dickens never conceived it to be his business to do other than gratify them. "In this respect a pure democrat, he believed, probably without ever reflecting upon it, that the approval of the people was necessarily the supreme in art." Nor was he in this doing violence to his own feelings. He shared to the full the preferences and the prejudices of his public. By temperament he was himself a genial optimist. "Nature made him the mouthpiece of his kind, in all that relates to simple emotions and homely thought." Mr. Gissing might have added here, that he had the theatrical instinct, as it is understood at the Adelphi strongly developed. It is surely the same order of ideas to which belongs the melodramatic tragedy of Bill Sikes or Jonas Chuzzlewit that infallibly turns the conclusion of every novel into the semblance of a Christmas-card.

Artificial and sentimental as Dickens's plots may be, Mr. Gissing does not incline to find the same qualities in his characterisation. Exceptions must be made: some of Dickens's characters remain shadowy; others, in particular the villains and other persons of strong passions, fail to convince, but for the great bulk Mr. Gissing would claim veracity in the highest sense. They are idealised, of course; in the lower sense, by the omission of features the contemplation of which would have been painful alike to the novelist and to his readers. To match Dickens's idealism at its best, Mr. Gissing would go to the creator of Falstaff and Dame Quickly and Juliet's Nurse. Take Mrs. Gamp, idealised, in every sense, otherwise she had been intolerable, but with the essential wonderfully retained.

"Vulgarity he leaves, that is of the essence of the matter; vulgarity unsurpassable is the note of Mrs. Gamp. Vileness, on the other hand, becomes grotesquerie, wonderfully converted into a subject of laughter. Her speech the basest ever heard from human tongue, by a process of infinite subtlety, which leaves it the same, yet not the same, is made an endless amusement, a source of quotation for laughing lips incapable of unclean utterance. . . . Do you ask for the Platonic *idea* of London's monthly nurse early in Queen Victoria's reign?

Dickens shows it you embodied. At such a thing as this, crawling between earth and heaven, what can one do but laugh? Its existence is a puzzle, a wonder. The class it represents shall be got rid of as speedily as possible; well and good, we cannot tolerate such a public nuisance. But the individual—so perfect a specimen—shall be preserved for all time by the magic of a great writer's deep-seated humour, and shall be known as Mrs. Samp."

Humour, no doubt, is the solvent, making possible and credible a far greater amount of idealism of whatever type than plain, straightforward portraiture will endure.

Mr. Gissing's chapters are full of matter, and we must needs leave most of it untouched. He defends the pathos of Dickens, even as it lapses itself in the death-beds of Paul Bombay and of Little Nell. Not "cheap" "mawkish," he declares, because not flagrantly untrue." Well, we would gladly break a lance with him here, but not at the g-end of an article. Besides, room must surely be found for the very curious passage in which, commenting upon Dickens's portraiture of middle-class women, Mr. Gissing suddenly breaks out into vehement declamation against the whole type dismissed:

"These remarkable creatures belong for the most part to one rank of life, that which we vaguely designate as the lower middle class. In general their circumstances are comfortable; they suffer no hardship—save that of birth, which they do not perceive as such; nothing is exacted of them but a quiet and amiable discharge of household duties—they are treated by their kindred with great, often with extraordinary, consideration. Yet their characteristic is acidity of temper and boundless pliance of querulous or insulting talk. The real business of their lives is to make all about them as uncomfortable as they can. Invariably they are unintelligent and untaught; very often they are flagrantly imbecile. Their very virtues (if such persons can be said to have any) become a scourge. In the high-ways and byways of life, by the fireside, and in the bed-chamber, their voices shrill upon the stifled ear. It is difficult to believe that death can stifle them; one imagines them upon the threshold of some other world, sounding confusion among unhappy spirits who hoped to have found peace."

No doubt this is the middle-class woman whom Mr. Gissing sees her; but has it much to do with Dickens? And if occasionally, shadowing it forth in humour, he draws such a picture, he certainly would not have subscribed to the further statement that "such women are a multitude no man can number; every other house in the cheap suburbs will be found to contain at least one specimen—very often two, for the advantage of quarrelling when men are not at hand." Can it be that this passage was really intended for one of Mr. Gissing's own novels, and that it has unwittingly got mixed up with his Dickens slips? In any case, it is out of the plane of a book remarkable, as a whole, for its sympathetic and tolerant attitude.

### NOT TO BE READ AT ALL.

*To be Read at Dusk, and Other Stories, Studies, and Sketches.* By Charles Dickens. (Redway.)

THE reputation of Dickens may brave criticism and endure the stream of time, but it will not be exalted by such *débâris* as Mr. F. G. Kitton has unearthed from the pages of *Household Words* and elsewhere and collected under the title of *To be Read at Dusk*. The expiration of copyright seems to have rendered it possible for him to publish things which Dickens's responsible literary executors wisely left in oblivion. We are not grateful for so shameless a piece of book-making. These articles were mere journalism at best, by no means intended for a permanent existence. And the majority of them are quite unworthy of being paraded under the name of a great writer. The humour is worn very thin, so thin that you readily recognise the threads from which some middle-class humorists of our own day derive. The more serious pieces take Dickens quite out of his sphere. They are merely of the nature of leading articles on topics of the day. And to disinter the criticism of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood with its would-be funny description of Millais' "Carpenter's Shop," and its total want of artistic discernment or understanding, was a cruel thing.

### FACILE EMOTIONS.

*Songs of Love and Empire.* By E. Nesbit. (Constable & Co.)

MISS NESBIT is not so easily summed up as are some of her sisters in poesy. She says so many conflicting things, offers so many changes of mood, that we are confused. And in *A Pomander of Verse*, her previous book, there were characteristics and excellences, not more than hinted at in the volume before us. There was a spring song, beginning, "The silver birch is a dainty lady," perfect in its simple way, and there were touches of ironical humour. Here it is mostly patriotism and plaintiveness, and we miss both the simplicity of the spring song and the ironical humour. More, we begin to doubt the author's sincerity. We begin to say, Has Miss Nesbit her own thoughts at all, or only sentimental ideals and memories? We know that she is quick to note Nature's changes, and sensitive to sun and gloom; but has she a point of view? has she a personality? Another book like the one before us we should say No; yet the memory of *A Pomander of Verse* convinces us that she has.

The new volume opens patriotically. When the Diamond Jubilee called for celebration, Miss Nesbit was at hand to celebrate it; and here is the result. Her loyalty is unimpugnably, and she has set it prettily enough to music. The rest of the book is given to Love, and all the joys and pains that surge in Love's wake. Miss Nesbit shows herself the comrade both of

those that love and are gay and of those that love and are sorrowful. We do not say that she consoles; yet she indicates that she also has dwelt in the land of shadows, and as in mere companionship in adversity there is some consolation, it is possible for the disappointed to enjoy the grey delights of mutual grief as they read. But let them beware: Miss Nesbit's poems are dedicated to her husband!

Here are three stanzas of despair:

"Wide downs all gray, with gray of clouds  
roofed over,  
Chill fields stripped naked of their gown  
of grain,  
Small fields of rain-wet grass and close-grown  
clover,  
Wet, wind-blown trees—and, over all, the  
rain.

Does memory lie? For Hope her missal  
closes

So far away the may and roses seem;  
Ah! was there ever a garden red with roses?  
Ah! were you ever mine save in a dream?

So long it is since Spring, the skylark waking  
Heard her own praises in his perfect strain;  
Low hang the clouds, the sad year's heart is  
breaking,  
And mine, my heart—and, over all, the  
rain."

A few lyrics as hopeless and as deftly turned as that, and the blighted reader dissolves away! Miss Nesbit is probably too much in the thrall of sentiment, too little disposed to fight against difficulties. To sing in the minor key is easier than to sing in the major, and therefore she does it; meaning, we suspect, only a small part of what she writes. Apparently a mood has only to present itself to be expressed in verse, whether genuine or spurious. We like her better, and trust her more, when the mood described is not her own, but another's, or Nature's—as in the following portrait:

"Like the sway of the silver birch in the breeze  
of dawn

Is her dainty way;  
Like the gray of a twilight sky or a starlit  
lawn

Are her eyes of gray;  
Like the clouds in their moving white  
Is her breast's soft stir;  
And white as the moon and bright  
Is the soul of her.

Like murmur of woods in spring ere the  
leaves be green,

Like the voice of a bird  
That sings by a stream that sings through  
the night unseen,  
So her voice is heard.  
And the secret her eyes withhold  
In my soul abides,  
For white as the moon and cold  
Is the heart she hides."

Or as in those three fresh descriptive stanzas:

"The day was wild with wind and rain,  
One grey wrapped sky and sea and shore,  
It seemed our marsh would never again  
Wear the rich robes that once it wore.  
The scattered farns looked sad and chill,  
Their sheltering trees writhed all awry,  
And waves of mist broke on the hill  
Where once the great sea thundered by.

When God remembered this His land,  
This little land that is our own,  
He caught the rain up in His hand,  
He hid the winds behind His throne,  
He soothed the fretful waves to rest,  
He called the clouds to come away,  
And, by blue pathways, to the west,  
They went, like children tired of play.

And then God bade our marsh put on  
Its holy vestment of fine gold;  
From marge to marge the glory shone  
On lichened farm and fence and fold;  
In the gold sky that walled the west,  
In each transfigured stone and tree,  
The glory of God was manifest,  
Plain for a little child to see!

And here is another poem that has some vigour. It stands distinct in the volume by reason of its suggestion of action, of which, as a rule, Miss Nesbit gives no hint. But here something is determined, done:

“Are you going for a soldier with your curly yellow hair.

And a scarlet coat instead of the smock you used to wear?

Are you going to drive the foe as you used to drive the plough?

Are you going for a soldier now?

I am going for a soldier, and my tunic is of red,

And I'm tired of woman's chatter, and I'll hear the drum instead;

I will break the fighting line as you broke your plighted vow,

For I'm going for a soldier now.

For a soldier, for a soldier are you sure that you will go,

To hear the drums a-beating and to hear the bugles blow?

I'll make you sweeter music, for I'll swear another vow—

Are you going for a soldier now?

I am going for a soldier if you'd twenty vows to make;

You must get another sweetheart, with another heart to break,

For I'm sick of lies and women, the barrow and the plough,

And I'm going for a soldier now!”

Miss Nesbit may give us more songs as good as that, and welcome. For invertibrate records of passing emotions, lachrymose and sentimental, we do not care. Blanche Amory's example is not a good one.

#### AGREEABLE GOSSIP.

*Many Memories of Many People.* By M. C. M. Simpson. (Edward Arnold.)

Mrs. SIMPSON was the daughter of Nassau Senior, and Senior knew most people worth knowing. Therefore, her book is full of interest to the lover of gossip and anecdote. It is impossible not to envy her. To have been tossed as a child in the arms of Archbishop Whateley, to have been a pet of Sydney Smith, to have grown up in the brilliant circle which gathered round the great Lord Lansdowne, to have been the friend of De Tocqueville, Ampère, the Grotes, and the Thackerays, to have known Cavour, Guizot, Rogers, Moore, Jenny Lind, Carlyle, and a

long list of illustrious men and women; to have had, in fact, the cream of human society from childhood to old age, this is a lot given to few indeed. There is a delightful old-world touch about much of the book. Already those times are ancient history to us, the early Victorians recede into one perspective with the men of the later Georges and William IV.

One of Mrs. Simpson's earliest recollections is that she often, as a child, met the Princess Victoria in Kensington Gardens, and the Princess used to talk to her little brother. She sat in the Peers' Gallery when the Queen announced her marriage to Prince Albert, between the beautiful Lady Dufferin and a maid of honour; and she recalls “the Queen's sweet voice, and that the paper shook in her hand. By her side stood Lord Melbourne repeating inaudibly—we could see his lips move—every word she uttered.” She came, in her father's library, upon “a short, dark, stout gentleman,” whom her father called the Comte de Survilliers—otherwise the ex-King Joseph of Spain. He told Senior that his brother was “plutôt bon homme que grand homme.” In the summer evenings the ride in Rotten Row was the correct thing, for, as Mrs. Simpson says, everybody rode in those days, even bishops; and Delane of the *Times*, or Lord Lansdowne, would canter to the side of her father and herself. But this was before she came out. She gives the details of that coming out in a note, whence we rescue them; they have the fragrance of old lavender. She wore “a pale blue silk with what was called a Swiss bodice, the sleeves and front laced over white silk. If the party had been a ball I should have worn tarlatan, as young ladies never danced in silk. I had some wheat-ears, in silver and pearls, in my hair, which was in ringlets according to the fashion of the day. I followed my parents on the arm of Lord Glenelg, who had snow-white hair, and the people around whispered, ‘Spring and winter!’” It was at Lansdowne House, and the occasion was further marked by her introduction to Moore. Within the walls of Lansdowne House, Mario, Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, Tamburini sang to an audience of royalties and aristocracy, including the Duke of Wellington, and the young ladies in ringlets were thrilled. It is all “old and incredibly faded”; like the magnificent D'Orsay whom she saw dashing up to Gore House in his cabriolet, “displaying an immense extent of cuff and shirtfront, his crisp curly hair waving in the breeze . . . his diminutive tiger bumping up and down on the footboard behind.” He was not so magnificent to live with as to look at. Someone said to D'Orsay of his wife: “What a charming, *pensive* expression Lady Harriet has!” “She owes *that* to me,” was the reply.

Many anecdotes there are in Mrs. Simpson's book of a less cynical order than this. She tells us how Whateley, visiting her father's house without a servant, and perceiving a hole in his black stocking, would try to conceal it by putting a piece of sticking-plaster on the exposed part of his leg:

“He used to sit by my side at breakfast,

balancing his chair, with his legs twisted into some extraordinary knot, which could not be untied in a hurry, playing with the tea-leaves, and scattering them over the table, and setting down his wet cup on the cloth so as to make a succession of little rings—totally engrossed in the conversation that was going on.”

There is a good story of Miss Edgeworth and her sister. They had been staying at Bowood:

“On the morning fixed for their departure Lord Lansdowne was handing her into her carriage, and said, with his exquisite urbanity: ‘I am sorry you cannot stay longer’; whereupon she replied: ‘Oh! but, my lord, we can.’ The trunks were taken off, the carriage sent away, and the ladies returned, to the consternation of their hosts.”

Of Thackeray she relates how she one day called on him to accompany her to a dinner at Greenwich. “He put his head out of his study-window and cried: ‘Wait till I have killed her!’ I think the victim was Helen Pendennis.” There is a story of Abraham Hayward, who remarked impatiently to a certain lady: “Of course, you do not know what a *faux pas* is?” “Is it a *pas de deux*?” she retorted. And there is a funny specimen of De Circourt's English: “I was to-day at an artist's of my friends. A negress was sitting to him, and I tasted her conversation and her moral for the space of two hours, and found them quite equal to those of a white.” But the real interest of the book lies in its descriptions of eminent people, which are too long for quotation, and in the extracts which are given from her father's journals. They are notes of conversations with various politicians—Lansdowne, Bright, Aberdeen, &c.—and are full of value. Altogether, this is a volume of reminiscences with hardly a really dull page.

#### BRITONS ABROAD.

*Under the Red Crescent: the Adventures of an English Surgeon with the Turkish Army at Plezna and Erzeroum, 1877-8.* Related by Charles S. Ryan, M.B., and John Sandes, B.A. (John Murray.)

*China and Formosa: the Story of a Successful Mission.* By the Rev. James Johnston. (Hazell, Watson, & Viney.)

*Sunny Memories of an Indian Winter.* By Sara H. Dunn. (Walter Scott.)

*Old Tracks and New Landmarks: Wayside Sketches in Crete, Macedonia, Mitylene, &c.* By Mary A. Walker. (Richard Bentley.)

DURING the Turkish war of 1877 Mr. Ryan occupied the position of surgeon in the Turkish army. It would not be easy to conceive of conditions more favourable for observation, and Mr. Ryan's book gives evidence of a temperament well fitting him to take advantage of his opportunities. With a rollicking humour he combines a ready sympathy with the more serious and important side of things. His intimate association with the officers and men of Osman's army has impressed upon his mind sentiments of regard and affection for



both officers and men, and the publication of his work is therefore excellently timed. The pages are bright with such amusing gossip as this :

"The war correspondents of those fighting days in Spain [the days of the Carlist insurrection] were as dare-devil a crew as ever lived; and Leader described to me, with many a laugh, the circumstances under which he first met Edward O'Donovan, another Irishman, as gay and reckless as himself. Leader was in command of a small fort in the north of Spain during the height of the insurrection, when one day he espied a strange figure clad in a long dilapidated overcoat approaching the walls. The Spanish sentries yelled to the suspicious visitor to halt; and as he took no notice of them they fired on him, and the bullets kicked up the dust all round the stranger. The only result, however, was that he increased his pace and came on at the double, until he reached the walls off [sic] the fort amid a rain of bullets. 'Cease firing, ye blackguards!' he shouted in the simple dialect of Southern Cork. 'I'm Edward O'Donovan, and how the blazes can I get in unless you open the gate!' . . . Thus it was that Edmund O'Donovan, who was attached to the Government troops, walked alone into the enemy's fortress."

The principal figure in the history of the English Presbyterian mission to the Chinese is the Rev. William C. Burns, who seems to have been a man of conviction and purpose; and the story of his efforts has a certain unexpected smack of interest. His most enduring feat, probably, has been the translation of that long-suffering volume *The Pilgrim's Progress* into the language of the country. His greatest difficulty was to discover fanciful equivalents for Bunyan's names, and he spent many days among the tombs in the search for Mr. Pliable and Mr. Facing-both-ways. He was not without a sense of humour and could appreciate a joke—at the expense of one of his brethren. Mr. Johnston paid him a visit and was invited to address the congregation.

"Although I had not studied the colloquial more than a month or two, I learned a few sentences which I gave out boldly. They were delighted, and shouted with one voice 'Put chi' (. . . 'No end good'), 'Chin ho' ('First ste') . . . If I had stopped then I would have come off with flying colours, but rashly desiring to please the dear people, [I] went on until out of my depth. Though they looked so intelligently pleased, I put the question point-blank, 'Do you understand what I say?' As Christians they were too truthful to say 'Yes,' and as Chinamen too polite to say 'No'; so, after a pause, the old cloth-merchant answered, 'We shall pray to God that you may soon speak intelligibly.'"

Mr. Johnston's own humour is sometimes unconscious, as here :

"To the credit of the Chinese be it told that the 'Gospel boat' was never molested. Even pirates respected her. . . . The boatmen were not allowed to carry arms, but were instructed to present them with plenty of tracts and Bibles."

The pages are sprinkled with reproductions of photographs—mostly groups.

Mrs. Dunn is a very good traveller. She knows how to use her eyes, and she discerns alien prejudices and sentiments with sympathetic intuition. Also, her style gives evidence of conscientious en-

deavour. Consequently her *Sunny Memories* are readable memories. It was not easy to reduce to order the multiplicity of notions engendered of a brisk passage through so vast a tract, among races so widely distinct—with habits of thought and national peculiarities so various. But Mrs. Dunn, by the light of a quick intelligence, has admirably caught the leading feature of many of them; and to the reader of her entertaining book, Parsis, Tamils, Goorkhas, Rajputs, and a dozen others will stand as well apart as the Highland crofter from the Sheffield grinder. Mrs. Dunn's pages are here and there enlivened by symptoms of a pleasant humour. Take this as an example :

"We had ridden out under the awaking sky of the early morning hours; and as the pale lustrous dawn graduated into perfect day, and the sun rose glorious from behind the snows like an 'avenging fire-god,' causing the death-white Himalayas to kindle and glow in the light of his presence, a vision which made one speechless and almost breathless, our Transatlantic cousin remarked in a tone of calm finality, 'Wall, that's what I call vurry neat.'"

The illustrations are from excellent photographs.

Mrs. Walker dates her experiences as a traveller from days when travel was less a matter of course than it is to-day; and the crowded smudges of the customary kodak are replaced in this volume by some five-and-twenty clear-cut, scholarly little sketches that are full of character. A like quality of leisurely selection distinguishes the narratives, and lends to the style a certain air of placid good breeding.

### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Artists and Engravers of British and American Book-Plates.* By Henry W. Fincham. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

IN spite of Mr. Andrew Lang the collector of book-plates increases and multiplies. That "petty, trivial, and almost idiotic ghoul" (the collector) will be glad to place this bulky volume on his shelves, which are beginning to groan under the weight of works treating of his vilified hobby. The fact is, the book-plate is an institution. Its interests are many—social, personal, heraldic, and artistic—and they appeal particularly to a growing class, the fireside antiquaries of moderate means and busy leisure. For the use of these worthy persons Mr. Fincham has compiled a list of some 1,500 artists and engravers, who are responsible for about 5,000 signed plates; a list that gaily romps away from all competitors, and is calculated to fill the lay mind with a bewildered aversion. The initiated, on the other hand, will pore over it long and lovingly; the Ex-Librist would, if he could, make it a pocket companion; but that seems impossible, for it is almost a foot tall and turns the scale at 3½ lbs. Every page of this laborious catalogue is divided into four columns, wherein are entered particulars of the artist and his signature, the name of the original possessor,

the "style" of the plate, and its date. There is an index of owners, and between seventy and eighty illustrations, including four impressions from original copper-plates, and a repulsive dream of Aubrey Beardsley's. And all this bearing upon what a critic not long ago called "the most infinitesimal of all conceivable topics"! Well, the infinitesimal and delightful Horace Walpole had his book-plate, where the paternal escutcheon gangles from the branches of a tree, beneath which is visible the neat antiquity of "Strawberry Hill"; and Mr. Gladstone himself, whom no one can call infinitesimal, uses a gift plate gallant with ensigns armorial and winged by wanton hawks.

*The Age of the Renaissance: Eras of the Christian Church.* By Paul Van Dyke. (T. & T. Clark.)

THIS is a brilliant and picturesque study of the most brilliant and picturesque period of history. The "era" dealt with by Mr. Van Dyke is, roughly, the fifteenth century; more precisely, from the return of the Pope out of the Babylonish captivity at Avignon in 1377 to the Sack of Rome by the Imperial army in 1527. There is, of course, a wealth of material for the illustration of this momentous age, and Mr. Van Dyke has selected from it skilfully and effectively. The book is to a large extent a gallery of striking portraits; and this is but natural and right, for the forces at work were precisely those which naturally come to a head and declare themselves in striking personalities. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who was to have collaborated with his brother, and who now writes the introductory chapter, points out that the history of the Renaissance is essentially a history of the antagonism between two human types: on the one side the men of institutions, on the other the men of ideas. Here this antagonism is studied from the point of view of the Church: the attempts, within the Church to reform it, without the Church to reform religion, are the central theme. And Humanism proper is studied as a radical change in the attitude of the educated mind which prepared it for the Reformation. Our pleasure in Mr. Van Dyke's treatment of his subject is lessened by his use of such provincialisms as "loaned" for "lent" and "apologetes" for "apologists." Otherwise the manner, as well as the matter of the book, is of high quality.

*The Hill of the Graces.* By H. S. Cowper, F.S.A. (Methuen).

EUROPEAN travel in the centre of Tripoli has been prohibited by the Turks since 1880. This proved an irresistible attraction to Mr. Cowper, who left the capital both in 1895 and 1896 "for a few days' sport," and wandered at will through the districts of Gharian, Tarhuna, and M'salata. Mr. Cowper's chief object was the study of the megalithic ruins known as "senams," which he describes at length in this interesting volume. "Senams" are vast trilithons, looking like lofty and exceedingly narrow gateways. Before each stands the altar of some extinct ritual. Mr. Cowper believes

that through these "senams" victims were led to the sacrifice. He identifies them with the *Asherim* or "groves" which the worshippers of Baal set up on high places, and believes—fatal propensity of the archaeological mind—that they may also shed light upon the nature of Stonehenge. In any case, his book, with its illustrations and its careful tabulation of the extant ruins, should be a useful addition to the literature of a little worked subject. Mr. Cowper is not so intent upon "senams" as to have no eyes for anything else. He gives an excellent account of Tripoli and its manners and customs, together with a plan of the capital, which, as surveying instruments are contraband in Turkish dominions, he accomplished by the primitive means of pacing and a prismatic compass. He has also succeeded in identifying the river Cinyps and the three-peaked hill of the Graces mentioned by Herodotus, and of restoring, on yet another point, our belief in that historian's much maligned veracity.

*The Battle of Sheriffmuir.* Related from Original Sources. (Stirling: Eneas Mackay.)

THIS little pamphlet does credit to its producers, though the "twenty original pen-and-ink drawings" are remarkably indistinct. It represents a class of work we would be glad to see more of—the serious contribution to local history. Its author has told the tale of the battle of Sheriffmuir with special attention to the configuration of the ground, and the details of the fight and the opposing forces are lucidly set down.

The Scots proverb, "There was mair tint at Shirramuir," is really justified, for though the battle was actually indecisive, it had the same effect on the Jacobite fortunes as a crushing defeat, for it prevented Mar's junction with the English Jacobites, and delayed the whole rising at a time when haste was most necessary. The narrative here is by no means full, for though it shows abundantly Mar's wretched incapacity as a general, it does not do justice to the great elements of disaffection to the forces themselves. The Stuarts of Appir and the Camerons of Lochiel apparently never went into the engagement at all. Lord Huntly and the Master of Sinclair, as is evident from Sinclair's own narrative, were anxious to lay down their arms before the battle. It was not without reason that Gordon of Glenbucket in his disgust cried, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!"

When the author was about it he might have collected in his appendix some of the sayings relating to the battle, such as Argyle's

"If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bobbit again";

and the famous, "I lost my father and my mither, and a guid buff belt that was worth them baith." Nor is the list of songs referring to Sheriffmuir quite complete. He gives two versions of the "Battle of Sheriffmuir," but he does not seem to be aware of the third and condensed form (No. 282 in Johnson) into which Burns threw the ballad. The first version is set down without the author's name, but it is preserved on a

broadside in the British Museum as "The Race at Sheriffmuir, Fairly Run on the 13th of November, 1715," by the Rev. Murdoch McLennan, of Crathie, who at the time of the battle was some fourteen years of age. One other omission we have noticed, "The Marquis of Huntly's Retreat from the Battle of Sheriffmuir," which was reprinted in the 1844 edition of Motherwell's *New Book of Old Ballads*.

*Progress in Women's Education.* Edited by the Countess of Warwick. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

DURING the Victorian Era Exhibition last summer a large number of ladies gathered together at Earl's Court and read one another papers on the advance of woman in culture and commerce all over the British Empire. These are the papers, put into print and arranged by Lady Warwick, who also writes a preface. We do not know how they sounded from the lips of their composers; but they are very, very solemn reading, and we must admit that, having read four accounts of the education of women in India, we felt unable to face the remaining four, especially as, broadly speaking, women in India are not educated at all. To such, however, as are nervous of the encroachment of women upon men's employments the book carries consolation. For it would appear that women are still little more than gleaners in the field of labour, and, except in the case of city clerkships, are rather creating new demands than ousting the suppliers of already existing needs.

From the papers on education we gather that women can go in for an astounding number of examinations, and that seems to please them. Yet they yearn for more. Miss Nancy Bailey, who is a professional indexer, wants all indexers to combine and hold examinations and grant certificates.

We were most interested in Miss Cecil Gradwell's paper on "The Training of Women in Business." Miss Gradwell points out that women are very much addicted to starting a business without knowing anything about it, instead of expending a portion of their capital in learning its details. Also, they very soon grow tired of it:

"One often finds that those to whom work of any kind is absolutely novel enter into it, when necessity arises, with infinite courage and even enthusiasm. They bend the neck to the yoke unflinchingly, and serve their employers with loyalty and devotion. But as time goes on the monotony becomes irksome; they tire of their work, and though not less well done, it begins to be drudgery, and a time of struggle supervenes. One wonders if men go through the same stage; if they do, I suppose they feel it is no use kicking against the pricks, and, therefore, say nothing about it. If this is so, women might do well to imitate their philosophy."

We may tell Miss Gradwell that this is certainly so, and that any work which has to be done continually, regularly, and without reference to inclination inevitably becomes drudgery. And women will not be trained for business until they realise

that business is not fun, even when, as in the case of the professional jester, fun is business.

*The Campaign of Marengo.* With Comments by H. H. Sargent. (Kegan Paul.)

THIS is the work of an American cavalry officer and student of tactics. Lieutenant Sargent studies the great campaign of 1800 mainly from a military and strategical point of view. He describes the relative situation of the French and Austrian armies on the Rhine and in Italy, the formation of that incredible Army of the Reserve at Geneva the stupendous march in the wake of Hannibal over the Great St. Bernard, the sudden descent between Melas and his base, and the decisive battle which left the French master of Italy and Napoleon master of France. Lieutenant Sargent's comments are most clear and informing to the lay mind. It is his object to track the secret of Napoleon's genius as a commander-in-chief by an analysis of his most brilliant and critical campaign; and he analyses in a luminous manner the mental qualities which composed that genius. The curious thing is that, great as were the qualities which Napoleon displayed on the field of Marengo he had no business to be there. His calculations had gone wrong: he was surprised and outnumbered; and it was only by a heroic effort that he pulled a triumph out of an impending and irretrievable disaster.

*The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea.* By Lieut.-Col. Ross - of - Bladensburg, C.E. (Innes.)

THIS is in reality a reprint of a portion of the *History of the Coldstream Guards*, published by the same author a few months ago. But that was an expensive book containing much matter of no particular interest outside the regiment. The general reader will be glad to have the extract which contains an exceedingly interesting and detailed account of the immortal and blundering Crimean campaign from the point of view of a single corps. The Coldstream Guards distinguished itself, but no one can read this chronicle without feeling that, like its brother regiments, it was put to much unnecessary suffering for a ludicrously small result.

*English History for Children.* By Mr. Frederick Boas. (Nisbet.)

THIS is an admirable little book for its purpose. It is written with great simplicity and clearness, and Mrs. Boas shows judgment in not overloading her narrative with facts, and in selecting for mention those that are not only important, but also picturesque and telling. We rejoice to see that the modern school of educationalists has not discarded Alfred and the cakes, and other delights of our childhood. And in other respects the advance is great, for the lesson has been learnt that education is a stimulus, and that to stimulate it is essential not to stupefy. Mrs. Boas' book is liberally provided with illustrations, well-chosen and various. The portraits of Wolsey and Oliver Cromwell are particularly good.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

This bulky volume, which contains that little masterpiece *Chad Gadya*, is not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a volume of short stories. One definite idea pervades it—viz., that the character of all Jews, whether they lived in the days of Rameses or the days of Victoria, has been influenced by practically the same forces and the same environment. This idea Mr. Zangwill has worked out in a variety of instances, blending the real with the imaginary. Mosos, Heine, Beaconsfield flit through his pages alongside fictitious Dreamers of the Ghetto of the fourteenth century and of our own day. In the author's own words: "This is a Chronicle of Dreamers, who have arisen in the Ghetto from its establishment in the sixteenth century to its slow breaking up in our own day. Some have become historic in Jewry; others have penetrated to the ken of the greater world and afforded models to illustrious artists in letters . . . ; the rest are personally known to me, or are, like 'Joseph, the Dreamer,' the artistic typification of many souls through which the great Ghetto dream has passed." (W. Heinemann. 470 pp. 6s.)

TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN.

BY BRET HARTE.

Seven new stories by Mr. Bret Harte. All that is necessary is to say that only the author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* could have written them, and to give their appetising titles: "The Ancestors of Peter Atherley," "Two Americans," "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," "The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick," "A Night on the Divide," "The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras," "A Tale of Three Truants." The frontispiece, by Mr. Jacomb Hood, is charming. (Chatto & Windus. 302 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A brisk story in Mr Grant Allen's best narrative manner. The hero is Tom Pringle, a sailor on the *John Wesley*, slaver. Circumstances make it politic for Tom to assume a dead missionary's garb, and he continues clerical to the end. Tom is a good fellow, despite the fraud. The story is business-like throughout. "Hard a-starboard!" are the first words, and after that it booms along. (C. Arthur Pearson. 248 pp. 6s.)

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO.

BY A. AND E. CASTLE.

Mr. Egerton Castle, one of the authors of this romance, is the translator of Stevenson's *Prince Otto* into French, and should therefore know something of the technique of a good story. He has also written fiction of his own. We mentioned *Prince Otto* because the book before us suggests it. It treats of a Princeling's court, and there is intrigue here and fighting there, and a well bred air over all. The manner is distinguished. (Bentley. 346 pp. 6s.)

VAN WAGENER'S WAYS.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

Mr. Alden's method is well known. He has a quaint, ingenious and fertile mind, and he is American through and through. In Van Wagener he has contrived a humorous inventor, and this book is his history. "The Explosive Dog," "The Flying Cat," "Incandescent Cats," "The Amphibious Torpedo"—these are some of the titles. In default of Mr. Stockton and Max Adeler Mr. Alden will do. (C. Arthur Pearson. 204 pp. 2s. 6d.)

BILLY BINKS, HERO.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

The author of *Dr. Nikola* is here seen as a writer of short stories of Australia and other lands. Billy Binks, the hero of the first, is a young Antipodean, eight years of age, dressed in a red Crimean shirt, much torn, a pair of man's trousers, and a cabbage leaf hat. He is capable of oaths of remarkable scope and atrocity, and is

good company. Mr. Boothby is a vigorous chronicler, and Billy does not suffer at his hands. The other stories are: "The Bully of Haiphong"; "A Child of Tonking"; "The Millionaire of Hornibrook Island"; "The Story of Lee Ping"; "Carrie Quin's Elopement"; "Daphne." (W. & R. Chambers. 244 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HIS GRACE O' THE GUNNE.

BY I. HOOPER.

The Gunne was a meeting place for thieves, and thither went Lurlin Kirke, who tells this story, in 1664. And Charles Heath the highwayman said to him: "Hey, my kinching coe, dost need another lambasting?" and gave him precepts for life. "Imprimis, be kind unto the dumb beasts. Next, when thou be'st a man, and will fag thy doxy, remember that she be weaker than thou. Do not strike too hard. Do not squeek upon thy kin, bung nyppers, foisters, and the like." Later, come adventures with quality, told more intelligibly. (Black. 282 pp. 6s.)

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED?

BY FRANK BARRETT.

The question of the title applies principally to bigamy, which the heroine committed with the hero. The heroine's name was Ikey, and she was brought up as a boy, but assumed her own sex in time to make complications. The hero was David Grant. Says the author: "Maybe you have seen David Grant; at one time he was known by sight to half London. . . . If you were at the 'Varsity boat-race in the hailstorm year you must have picked him out of the Light Blues as the smartest man of the crews. . . . You may have seen him lounging in evening dress . . . in the stalls of theatres or music-halls." The book is like this—melodrama in print. (Chatto & Windus. 309 pp. 6s.)

TENEBRAE.

BY ERNEST G. HENHAM.

A madman purports to narrate this story. He became mad because his brother stole his love. Therefore he killed the brother. Afterwards life was chiefly spiders. He saw spiders everywhere. They were not ordinary spiders, not even tarantulas, but larger still, as large as cows. The doctor who supplies an elucidatory appendix says of the madman's MS.: "The closing pages are most awful. The very paper seems to scream with torture." (Skeffington. 329 pp. 6s.)

CARPET COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS COBB.

A society story told mainly in dialogue—clever dialogue and bright. (John Lane. 171 pp.)

TORN SAILS.

BY ALLEN RAINE.

This story, by the author of *A Welsh Singer*, is laid in a Welsh village. The setting bespeaks the drama. You don't have a narrow valley, a "streamlet," "rocky knolls," and stepping-stones, without a love story that moves through pain to bliss. The love-making is very tender: "Come and be the mistress of the old mill, f'anwylyd," says he, and what can she reply but "Caton pawb, Ivor, thou art taking my breath away"? (Hutchinson & Co. 359 pp. 6s.)

A SON OF ISRAEL.

BY RACHEL PENN.

This is a Russian-Jewish love-story, and it therefore bubbles with passion. David Rheba and Olga Ivanner are Jew and Christian, and they love and suffer through more than three hundred pages. The author mixes her pronouns and verbs rather badly sometimes: "I, a servant of God, hath joined your hands," says the priest, on page 115; and on the next page Olga exclaims: "Each art dragging at me." (John Macqueen. 306 pp. 6s.)

HER WILD OATS.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

The author of *Daughters of Thespis* and other novels kindly gives a synopsis of his plot in lieu of a table of contents. From this we learn that the hero is a young English farmer, who adopts the bicycle but clings to his prejudices. She is "refined and beautiful."

Though refined and beautiful she is mysterious, which is more than can be said for the other heroine, Miss Belle Beresford. Belle's biography is written on the posters of the Piccadilly Theatre. Thus the London pavements alternate, as a background, with the "cool plash-plash backwaters above Goring." For the rest, there is a vicar called Mr. Smallmind. (Thomas Burleigh. 299 pp. 6s.)

THE HAND OF THE SPOILER.

BY R. H. FORSTER.

"Being the Adventures of Master Wilfrid Clavering at Corbridge, Hexham, and Elsewhere, in the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, and Twenty-ninth Years of His Late Highness, King Henry the Eighth." Corbridge and Hexham are townships on the banks of the Tyne. (Mawson, Swan & Morgan. 273 pp. 6s.)

HECTOR MACRAE.

BY HANNAH MACKENZIE.

A long story in small print. The authoress says that in her delineation of the modern Highlands and Highlanders she has tried to "extenuate nought, and nought set down in malice." (Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 373 pp. 6s.)

THE CONSECRATION OF HETTY FLEET. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A story that opens in an undertaker's shop, and ends in lurid sins and melodramatic suicide. The moral is good; but Mr. Adcock was nearer to life, and far more readable, in his *East-End Idylls*. (Skeffington & Son. 141 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME.

Hagar flies from the encampment of the Stanleys in the New Forest to the pawnshop of her miserly old uncle, Jacob Dix, a Lambeth pawnbroker: her impelling motive being the unwelcome attentions of Goliath, a red-haired villain—"half a Gorgio and half Romany." A fine girl is Hagar, and a free-tongued; and she wakes things up in the Lambeth pawnshop, where we find her attending to ten customers in as many chapters. In Lambeth, Hagar finds a lover of roving instincts—a caravan bookseller—and with him leaves London for the green country and the gipsy life. (Skeffington & Son. 252 pp. 6s.)

UNDER ONE COVER.

BY S. BARINO-GOULD AND OTHERS.

What can we say about these eleven stories by six writers, except to echo the publisher's pious hope that "one and all fulfil the cardinal requirements of being thoroughly readable and interesting." (Skeffington & Son. 255 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Broom of the War-God.* By Henry Noel Brailsford.  
(William Heinemann.)

A CASUAL glance at this tale of the late Turco-Greek war indicates that the author has some of the qualities required for a successful novelist. He can observe minutely, and record his observations with a rough picturesqueness. Mr. Brailsford's story is absolutely devoid of plot, and its hero is a sentimental young gentleman called Graham, who is not more interesting than half a dozen other members of the Greek Foreign Legion, that strange cosmopolitan combination, "all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, the ragged edge of society, swept up by the broom of the war-god." The author, who seems to have been a member of the Legion, or to have accompanied it in the character of a war correspondent, possesses either a marvellously retentive memory or an extremely capacious notebook. Unfortunately he is not equally gifted with the power of selection, or even with ordinary good taste. In his painfully minute account of the sayings and doings of the Foreign Legionaries he spares us nothing. Their silly and objectionable nicknames, their vulgar witticisms—generally rapid and frequently coarse—their filthy practices and polyglot blasphemies, are all set down in the most merciless detail, so that the book is quite unfitted for any but the strongest stomachs. Possibly the example of Mr. Kipling has led Mr. Brailsford astray. Here, for example, is the advance of the red-fezzed Turkish host at Pharsala:

"'Hallo!' said Smith, 'that road wasn't red a minute ago.' It was as though a vein had been opened on the moor three miles away, and

the red blood trickled slowly down, a thin streak soaking its way through the yellow dust. The eyes of the company were fixed on the dry road, greedily watching the yellow absorbing the red. It had a fascination like nothing else on earth, this thin red symbol of terror that crept remorselessly over the sand.

'Well, I'm blown if it ain't old Turco at last,' said the company. And then, with their vision sharpened, they saw black squares like burnt patches on the brown heath. They seemed stationary, but while someone found a new patch nearer and more menacing, the first would move a little. And still the red line trickled down the road. Then it was the horizon that grew black, and the outline of the hills seemed ragged, confessedly irregular as the black squares came over them.

'W'y, you'd think they was ants,' said Simson."

The noise of a shell is well described:

"Then came a strange grinding noise, as if the mills of the gods moved through the air. It seemed irritatingly slow, yet still it moved, and towards the company. There is no sound more angry or sinister, it is the rasping of iron on iron, the crunching of steel jaws, the inexorable approach of some engine of death along an iron track that strives to retard it. And at last it fell among the soft sand some twenty yards in front, the embodied noise visible at last. Smith looked back to the company. 'Pretty close shave that was, eh!' His face was flushed; he looked as if he would shout, 'Come on, you damned coward, nearer, nearer,' to the shell. 'That was shrapnel; you can tell him by the noise. If that boy had burst 'e'd 'ave maide a mess of some of us. Queer noise, ain't it, though?'

'It's like an over'ead cash railway in a draiper's shop,' said Simson."

These extracts will give some idea of Mr. Brailsford's strength as well as his weakness. Some day he ought to write a really good story, but he must first acquire the virtues of compression and selection.

\* \* \* \*

*God's Foundling.* By A. J. Dawson.  
(Heinemann.)

THIS is a somewhat difficult book to criticise, for it is a curious mixture of good and bad work. Mr. Dawson can write well enough, but he does not do so with any regularity, preferring a preciosity of phrase and extravagance of metaphor which land him in the ludicrous. This is the sort of thing:

"But where this hat's brim's little shadow fell across either side of Mr. Morley Fenton's forehead, thin, knotted, pale veins were throbbing and writhing, like baby snakes in the sun-warmed hollow of a fallen tree."

And the women in the book are very poor—dolls all of them, though of slightly different patterns and stuffing. One feels that the author cared very little about them, felt them a necessary nuisance in his story. He might, indeed, perfectly well have left them out; the respectable ones, at any rate. Nor are we much impressed by Mr. Leo Tarne, an epigrammatic Bohemian, without the courage of his convictions. He is supposed to be a sort of mentor of evil to the hero, and he rather bores us. He talks like this:

"She is not Greek. She is Byzantine, and ravishing. She is less beautiful than charming, less charming than adorable, less adorable than fascinating. She is simply the Carissima—an incarnate temptation, a sin set to the music of a can-can movement. She is Paradise and the other place, Paris, Florence, Monte Carlo, Naples, Brussels, and the Orient, condensed into five feet of femininity; the seven deadly sins and all the cardinal virtues, with others; the voice of an angel, the only real purple head of hair in the universe, and a lisp with which she might govern Europe—all that, and more, set in a bewildering maze of frou-frou, and christened Lisé Veeci for lack of a name. But come, let us find this telegraph-place, for the Carissima is a creature who makes countless engagements, and affects a method in the order in which she breaks them."

On the other hand, the three principal characters—Morley Fenton, the precise man of business with a load on his conscience; George Barnard, the big honest child-like Bohemian; and Harold Foster, the "foundling," who is really Fenton's illegitimate son—are strongly drawn and well contrasted. And there is a moral idea in the book, the purification of the hereditary taint upon Harold's soul in the furnace of life, and his final emergence as what Mr. Dawson calls a "clean" man, ready for the service of his fellows. Possibly the gospel of "wild oats" is a fallacious one—we are not concerned with that—but, at any rate, it finds in *God's Foundling* effective pleading. That Harold Foster should ultimately marry one of the dolls is, we suppose, a concession to sentimentality. Mr. Dawson would do better if he had some humour.

## SOME APHORISMS.

## VI.—LA BRUYÈRE.

As a moralist he is sagacious rather than profound—a man of the world who gives us the fruits of his experience of life, rather than a philosopher who records the results of his researches.” Thus Mr. Henry Attwell introduces La Bruyère to readers of his new and dainty volume of selections from the French *pensée* writers, entitled *Pensées from French Gardens*. Mr. Attwell allots more space to La Bruyère than even to Rochefoucauld, and we take the liberty of transcribing some of his renderings of La Bruyère’s shorter sayings:—

Everything has been said; and one comes too late after there have been men, and thinking men, on the earth for more than seven thousand years. As to the conduct of life, the choicest and best that could be written has been forestalled. One does but glean after the ancients, and after the able men among the moderns.

There are certain things which are intolerable when second-rate: poetry, music, painting, and public speaking.

The pleasure of criticism deprives us of the delight of being greatly moved by very beautiful things.

Many people possess nothing worthy of mention but their name. When you look at them closely they are the merest nobodies. Seen from a distance they are imposing.

We should try to make ourselves very deserving of some sort of employment. The rest is no concern of ours. It is the business of other people.

If it is a common thing to be struck by what is rare, how is it that we are so little affected by virtue?

Love begins with love; and there is no passing from firm friendship to even feeble love.

Love which grows by degrees is too much like friendship to become a violent passion.

It is a weakness to love. It is often another weakness to cure one’s-self of the passion.

If a very plain woman begets love, such love is ardent; for it arises either from a strange weakness on the part of her lover, or from charms that are more powerful than those of beauty.

How difficult it is to be satisfied with anybody!

Observe carefully those who can never see anything worth praising in others, who are always finding fault, and whom no one can please, and you will find that they are persons who are liked by nobody.

Of all the ways of making a fortune, the shortest and best is to let people see clearly that it is to their interest to be of service to you.

There are two methods, and two methods only, of making one’s way in the world—by one’s own industry, or by profiting by the stupidity of other people.

Self-assertion is not so much a matter of will as natural disposition. It is a fault, but an innate fault. A naturally modest man does not easily become the reverse. It is of no avail to say to him, “Carry your head high and you will make your way.” If he neglects the part badly, it would do him more harm than good. What is wanted to secure success at court is genuine, frank confidence.

One need have achieved less to suggest the question: “Why did you forget that appointment?” than, “Why did you not get it?”

It is boorish to give with a bad grace. If the act of giving itself is an effort, what matters the additional cost of a smile?

We dread an old age to which we are by no means sure we shall ever attain.

Nothing cheers a man’s heart more than to know that he has had the sense to avoid committing some foolish act.

There is in some men a certain mediocrity of intellect which helps to make them discreet.

## MR. MEREDITH AND FAME.

## IN PRAISE OF SHAGPAT.

THE gentle and genial writer of “The Looker-on,” in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, makes the following suggestive remarks *apropos* the seventieth birthday of Mr. George Meredith:—“I remember no time when he was not famous; not, indeed, as Miss Corelli is, but in a much wider world than is meant when we speak of ‘literary society.’ Quite as long ago as then his name was the name of a true man of genius who had well and comfortably made his proofs. We cannot have it, and it must not be allowed, that he was ‘discovered’ in 1885 by the ladies and gentlemen who stumbled on *Diana of the Crossways* at the circulating libraries. Is Fitzgerald renowned or not—he whose transmutation of Omar’s quills of precious gold dust into a fine cup was thrown into the ‘All at 4d.’ box? Renowned he is, and firm on the after-death foundation of fame. But there is not much call for his book at the circulating libraries.

Yet those authors are not to be believed who declare themselves—I mean poets, novelists, essayists—indifferent to popular favour. It would be unkind to believe them; for being versed in the secrets of the heart, they must know that the sentiment they vaunt is so far from being noble as to be more or less inhuman. For one thing, real indifference would signify contentment that the mass of our fellow-creatures are too stupid and soulless to know what is good for them. Meredith has far too much warmth, is far too sympathetic, to have ever been indifferent to the lack of wide appreciation, though the best was never wanting; wherefore I bid you believe that, going cheerily and unswervingly upon his lofty path, it was with no Timon-of-Athens scowl, but with a glad flinging out of the arms, that he found general popularity awaiting him at the Crossways.

But why there, and not at an earlier stage, will never be known in this world. It is a fine story, *Diana of the Crossways*, but no greater in any respect than others its predecessors. A rush to the libraries for *The Egoist*—that supremely excellent display of Meredithian penetration and humour—was not to be expected. But the splendid romance and the glowing presentation of character in *Harry Richmond*—why with that before them in 1871 did the general public remain unaware of a great novelist and brilliant man of genius till ‘Diana’ appeared fourteen years afterward?

The general public. Yes; but it is certain that every professed Meredithian, even among the devout, is clear of reproach at this day? In the year 1898, being the thirteenth after the publication of ‘Diana,’ is there no dulness of apprehension even among these? If not, how comes it that we hear so little of *The Shaving of Shagpat*? The publisher will say that *The Shaving of Shagpat* sells, no doubt; but there is nothing in that unless he can disprove that the circulation of the book is mainly among members of the profession to whom its title appeals as a trade manual, or else as an amusing *brochure* particularly interesting to barbers. If the infrequent reprints of the story of Shibli Bagarag are not taken up in this way, where do the copies go to? Who else reads them? Wherever I hear Meredith praised I push inquiry into the merits of ‘Shagpat,’ and rarely find that anything is known about them. Some admirers of the author have but a faint recollection of this book; others frankly admit that they never came across it; some look as if they then heard its title for the first time, and doubt whether they heard aright. Scriptures on Meredith usually mention *Shagpat*, but only as a bibliographical item,—the first of our author’s productions. The writer of a leading article in a great London newspaper—one of those that made obeisance and compliment to Meredith on his birthday—could praise the *Story of Chloe* above its author’s opinion of that early work; but had not a word for *The Shaving of Shagpat* though he named it.

And all this while *The Shaving of Shagpat* invites curiosity by being quite unlike the Meredithian novels—a thing unique; and when explored, it is found to be a wonder of invention, imagination, fancy, wit. An Eastern tale in a string of stories, like to the *Thousand and One Nights’ Entertainment*, it challenges comparison with a laughing audacity, and brings no shame on the challenger thereby: no, but glory and honour. Of the Meredithian obscurity and complication of phrase that some complain of, no trace here in a single line. Is there a Meredithian mannerism?—Not in *The Shaving of Shagpat*.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE scheme, which was first mooted in the *Times* in November, 1896, for raising a subscription with which to defray the cost of obtaining a portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, has been successfully carried through. The portrait, painted to commemorate the completion of Mr. Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy*, is the work of Prof. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and is adjudged a good likeness. It will be sent to the Royal Academy this year, and then during Mr. Spencer's life-time will hang in the Tate Gallery; afterwards, with the approval of the trustees, finding its permanent home in the National Portrait Gallery. We trust that the final removal will be long deferred.

MR. CONRAD'S *Nigger of the "Narcissus"* is an exercise in impressionism so much in the class of *The Red Badge of Courage* that it is peculiarly interesting to read Mr. Stephen Crane's opinion of it. He writes: "It is unquestionably the best story of the sea written by a man now alive, and, as a matter of fact, one would have to make an extensive search among the tombs before one who has done better could be found. As for the ruck of writers who make the sea their literary domain, Conrad seems to expect simply to warn them off the premises, and tell them to remain silent. He comes nearer to an ownership of the mysterious life on the ocean than anybody who has written in this century."

MR. CONRAD'S book, by the way, is called in the American edition *The Children of the Sea*, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* having been considered too ungainly. A new work from his pen, consisting of short stories, is announced, under the title *Tales of Unrest*.

IF M. Zola reads the *Daily Chronicle*, he must have been amused by a paragraph in Wednesday's issue. We are tempted to quote it: "Has Mr. George Moore lost his old admiration and affection for M. Zola? If not, why should a series of private letters from the latter to the former appear in the catalogue of a well-known Holborn bookselling firm? There are six of these, and they may all be had for the moderate sum of £4 3s. That this is dirt cheap is evident when we add that one of them refers 'to the English school of fiction and the success of M.,' and another 'advises M. as to the best method of publishing a novel in Paris,' and positively 'invites him to take up in England the superb rôle of introducing to the English "la littérature vivante." How can Mr. Moore possibly have parted with such a flattering invitation?"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* has been studying the two sermons delivered recently by Dean Farrar at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, to some purpose. On subjecting them to analysis, he finds that the allusive and eloquent preacher used altogether more than eighty different quotations, and twenty-three Scriptural phrases or texts, exclusive of paraphrases. Thus: "Dean Farrar has four Greek quotations in the original—Pindar, 'the Greek comedian,' 'the Greek father,' and an unacknowledged passage; also two Greek words used by St. Luke, and Latin quotations in the original from 'the Roman poet,' 'the Roman bard,' 'the gay lyrist,' St. Augustine, St. Francis Xavier, and Orosius, to say nothing of the inscriptions on the dials of Balliol College and Lincoln's Inn, and such flowers of speech as 'summum bonum' and 'toto cælo, toto inferno.' Some score of sentences, which may be prose or poetry, are found in the two sermons within quotation marks and without their source being stated. Dean Farrar quotes poetry without mentioning the author (Shakespeare, Tennyson, &c.) twelve times in all—the total amounting to forty-seven lines. He also quotes 'a late eminent judge,' 'the German writer,' 'a brutal onlooker,' and 'one of our greatest men of science.'"

IN addition to the unacknowledged quotations, Dean Farrar mentioned by name the following authorities when making use of their words:

- Christ (three passages).
- David.
- Solomon.
- St. Peter.
- St. Paul.
- St. John.
- St. Luke.
- St. Augustine.
- St. Francis Xavier (two passages, Latin and English).
- Mareus Aurelius.
- "Cleantha."
- Epictetus.
- Hermas.
- Pindar.
- Pynho.
- Orosius.
- Leibnitz.
- Aniel (two passages).
- Von Hartmann.
- Novalis.
- Schopenhauer.
- Salvator Rosa.
- Henry Smith.
- William Brown (the boy martyr).
- Shakespeare (two passages acknowledged).
- Milton (four passages).
- Browning (ditto).
- Byron (twice).
- Renan (twice).
- Wordsworth.
- Lord Herbert of Cherb-urg
- Emerson.
- Ruskin.
- Thackeray.
- Sir Fitzjames Stephen.

"After this it savours of anti-climax to add that the preacher also alluded by name, without quoting from, to the prophet Isaiah, Whitfield, Augustus Caesar, Trajan, St. Louis of France, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas, the author of the *Imitatio Christi*, Dives, Lazarus (the subject of miracle), 'the poor, ugly teacher whom the Greek Pharisees doomed to drink hemlock,' Mary (Queen), Othello, Desdemona, Cordelia, and Pan." The achievement is well worthy of record.

THE following lines are printed on the title-page of Mr. I. Zangwill's new volume, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*—"The story of a Dream that has not come true":

"MOSES AND JESUS.

In dream I saw two Jews that met by chance,  
One old, stern-eyed, deep-browed, yet gar-  
landed  
With living light of love around his head,  
The other young, with sweet seraphic glance.  
Around went on the Town's Satanic dance,  
Hunger a-piping while at heart he bled.  
*Shalom Alechem*, mournfully each said,  
Nor eyed the other straight but looked askance.  
Sudden from Church outrolled an organ hymn,  
From Synagogue a loudly chaunted air,  
Each with its Prophet's high acclaim instinct.  
Then for the first time met their eyes, swift  
linked  
In one strange, silent, piteous gaze, and dim  
With bitter tears of agonised despair."

THE most unaffectedly amusing guide-book we have ever seen is *Hind Head*, by Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney. Mr. Wright entered with extraordinary zest into his task, and he describes not only the country, but the best-known inhabitants. More, he supplies a preface consisting of a short biography of himself by a friend, and there is his portrait by way of frontispiece. This is the very crown of thoroughness.

MR. WRIGHT'S first celebrity is Mr. Conan Doyle; and then we come to a chapter headed enigmatically and not very happily: "Mr. Grant Allen: The Devil's Jumps." At *Hind Head*, it seems, Mr. Grant Allen is spoken of "not merely with respect, but almost with affection. He is 'our Grant Allen.'" Moreover, "in relating an anecdote he is inimitable. In his lips venerable stories from the Talmud, or other archaic repositories, gather new charms and sparkle with unsuspected fun. I like FitzGerald's Omar, the rendering is better than the original. He can rarely resist administering a sly poke at the clergy." In all that he writes he dispenses "a dry humour recalling the flavour of Sir Walter Scott."

ANON Mr. Wright called on Mr. Le Gallienne, who is also a *Hind Head* celebrity, and spent an ambrosial evening. The poet was genial. "There was no attempt at pose (How one detests Goethe for his attitudes!), everything was pleasant, easy, and natural." Talk flowed like water. "I asked whether he did not rank Keats above Shelley. 'One must do so,' he replied; 'Shelley is more music than poetry.' . . . The conversation turned to Mr. Le Gallienne's new translation of Omar

Khayyam, and my poem 'Edward Fitzgerald at Bedford. . . . Some,' he remarked, 'have fallen foul of *The Quest*, but it contains nothing harmful. It is mere boyishness, and I am afraid,' he said, lighting a cigarette, 'I shall always be a boy.' At length Mr. Wright departed. "When he turned away I felt that we had done each other good. I knew that we had electrified each other. I felt drawn to him as I have felt drawn to very few. When I got back to Grayshott I took up *The Quest*, to finish it. . . . When I reached the last paragraph I could not restrain tears."

A LETTER of Carlyle's, hitherto unpublished, which has come into the market, contains the following pessimistic utterance on his calling: "Literature is like money, the appetite increases by gratification; the mines of literature, too, are unwholesome and dreary as the mines of Potosi; yet from either there is no return, and though little confident of finding contentment, happiness is too proud a term. I must work, I believe, in those damp caverns, till once the whole mind is recast, or the lamp of life has ceased to burn within it."

THE American Ambassador has recalled, in an interview in *Cassell's Magazine*, the Swinburnian stanza from which Bret Harte borrowed the metre of "The Heathen Chinese." It surges along thus gloriously:

"Who shall seek, who shall bring,  
And restore thee the day  
When the dove dipped her wing  
And the oars won their way,  
Where the narrowing Symplegades whiten  
The straits of Propontis with spray."

"The Heathen Chinese" is a precious gem of humour, but it is melancholy, none the less, to reflect that its success has probably made it impossible for any more serious verse to be written in the same irresistible measure.

AN extraordinary book lies before us. The title is *Tales from the New Testament*, and the author Mr. F. J. Gould, and it is an attempt to make the story of the Gospels more interesting to children by retelling them in colloquial English. Look at this passage from Mark vi., as improved by Mr. Gould:

" 'I know what you will say,' Jesus went on. 'You will say, "Doctor, heal yourself." You will say that if I can cast out devils and cure sick folk in other places, I ought to be able to do it here among my own family and my old neighbours. But you know a prophet very often gets no notice taken of him by the people of his own village or country, and so he can do no mighty works among such unbelievers. You don't believe in me, and I can't perform cures for you. In olden days there was a famine in this land, and the prophet Elijah went to live with a widow, and all the time she sheltered him in her cottage heaven blessed her with plenty of food; but she was not a Jewess, there were no Jewesses good enough to have so much done for them. Then, again, there were many lepers in this country in the days of the prophet Elisha, but he never healed any of the Jews; they did not deserve it; he only healed a foreigner from the land of Syria. And so to-day I cannot come here to—'

A loud shout of anger stopped the speaker.

'You are insulting us!'  
'Who are you to talk like this to respectable people?'

'Kick the scoundrel out of the synagogue!'  
'Hang him on the nearest tree!'  
'Pitch him over the cliff!'

Clamoring across the benches, the men of Nazareth rushed at the Carpenter, and dragged him out of the meeting-house."

Is it not hideous? One has almost a sense of impropriety in looking at it.

THE same or another Mr. Gould has had "chats" with eighteen "Pioneers of Modern Thought," which "chats" he has now put together in a volume. We cannot help admiring the ingenious way in which Mr. Gould has found complimentary adjectives for the eighteen. Thus his preface: "I wish I could chat all the chats again with witty Momerie, brilliant Crozier, silver-penned Mrs. Lynn Linton, grand old Chartist Harney, thoughtful Miss Plumtre, strenuous George Jacob Holyoake, brave-spoken Foote, gentle Miss Mathilde Blind, liberal Picton, scholarly Wheeler, independent Voysey, eloquent Coit, anecdotal Conway, philosophical Coupland, charmingly metaphysical Mrs. Husband, idealistic Muirhead, studious Whittaker, and encyclopædic Robertson."

THE *Idler*, under its new control, is a shade less comic and more actual and literary than it was. But there has not been time for a revised policy to take full effect. Among the March articles is one that relates the story of the *Germ*, the Pre-Raphaelite magazine, another on Great Britain as a Military Power, a third on English Cricketers in Australia, and a fourth on Doró in England. The pictures are fair, although they cannot compare with those offered by American magazines. It is increasingly strange that the Atlantic should make such a difference.

A FORTNIGHT ago the *Outlook* propounded to its readers the following literary enigma: "Who Wrote this Sonnet? It lies before us on a large quarto half-sheet, dulled, apparently, by time, and in form the page—evidently a proof—distinctly copies the sumptuous edition, in two volumes, quarto, of Gay's *Poems*, issued by subscription about the first quarter of the eighteenth century:

"We found Him first as in the Dells of May  
The Dreaming Damsel finds the earliest  
Flower:  
Thoughtless we wandered in the Evening  
Hour:  
Aimless and pleased we went our Random  
Way:  
In the foot-haunted City, in the Night,  
Among the alternate Lamps we went and  
came  
Till, like a humorous Thunderbolt, that  
Name,  
The hated Name of BRASIE, affailed our Sight.  
We saw, we paused, we entered, feeking Gin.  
His Wrath, like a huge Breaker on the  
Beach,  
Broke infant forth. He on the Counter  
beat  
In his infantile Fury; and his Feet  
Danced Inopotent Wrath upon the Floor  
within.  
Still as we fled we heard his Idiot Screech."

LAST week's *Outlook* contained the answer, which was astutely and correctly given by Miss Edith Palliser, the Secretary of the Central Society for Women's Suffrage. The answer is—Robert Louis Stevenson. As to the how and why of his writing it the *Outlook* says: "Thereby hangs a tale, and if we can prevail upon our contributor, 'C. B.' [the propounder of the "enigma" to unfold it, next week or the week following, a not unamusing record of Stevensonian 'High Jinks' in the early seventies may be unrolled."

MEANWHILE, the *Outlook* is embarking on a reckless series of enigmas. Pleased by the notice taken of the circular red badge it wears on its cover, our contemporary asks its readers to guess "what it is, and why chosen." Our own guess is, that it was taken from a lady's brooch, possibly one belonging to the wife of a distinguished critic.

A WRITER in the *Scots Pictorial* says: "I is not easy to write about Mr. Andrew Lang"; he then writes four columns about him, saving four inches allotted to Mr. Lang's portrait. The article is gossippy, almost audacious; but in the following passage Mr. Lang's literary characteristics are felicitously touched:

"His quality is the most delicate, intangible thing in the world. As some one has put it he has the art of giving in a single, sure, deft apparently careless touch, the feeling of many things widely separate: of men's dreams in olden time and men's thoughts to-day; of ancient tale and the gentle modern derision of it, with the delight in 'Elzevirs,' the love of quaint relics, and that passion for Nature and the outdoor life which often exists apart from these other likings. The literary effect is a thing by itself, a thing which cannot be described. Mr. Lang has been compared to the *jongleur*, who, in the castles of old, used to make the days so bright for rusty barons and fair wearied ladies that time was measured by his visits. The comparison is not unfit. Gay intimate, softly fascinating, our 'worthy' would have been a very king of the wandering clan, singing now of a Court of Love, now of Palestine, with a strange, far-away grace while his eyes looked askance, dreaming of old gods, old mysteries, and the riddle of existence. Something more than a *jongleur* he undoubtedly is, but that first and that last, with store of learning ever ready to the touch of the angling fancy."

A WRITER in the *Westminster Review* surveys the "Dog in Literature." The article will interest dog-lovers, who, however, are reminded that, with one immortal exception Homer used the dog as a type of shamelessness, and that in the Bible the dog is mentioned only with disgust. The writer might have added that Shakespeare scarcely acknowledges intimate friendship between dog and man. More often than not his reference to dogs are uncomplimentary. Theseus' and Hippolyta's praise of the hounds of Sparta is splendid, but it is not the language of an intimate love. And the lord and huntsman in "The Taming of the Shrew" who discourse so well about Clowder and Silver and Belman love their dogs as huntsmen rather than as men. Oddly enough, the



riter, Mr. J. Hudson, entirely omits to mention Launce and his dog, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Yet in Launce's complaints and upbraiding of his "cruel-hearted cur," who has "no more pity in him than a dog," there is an ironical suggestion of real dog and man attachment.

AMONG Mr. Hudson's less familiar doggy selections is Sir Edwin Arnold's rendering of an Eastern legend, in which an adulteress who is being led out to be stoned is saved through a dog. On the way she sees the dog lying in the sun half dead with thirst, and she tenders the poor animal her shoe full of water:

"But the King,  
Riding within his litter, marked this thing:  
'The law is that the people stone thee dead  
For that which thou hast wrought; but there  
is come  
Fawning around thy feet a witness dumb,  
Not heard upon thy trial.

I hold rule  
In Allah's stead, who is "the merciful,"  
And hope for mercy; therefore, go thou free—  
I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

A LECTURER at Highgate has been explaining, for the benefit of literary pilgrims, the means by which they may identify the position of Andrew Marvell's cottage on Highgate Hill. It stood, he said, next door to Lauderdale House, where Nell Gwynne once lived, and, when Sir Sydney Waterlow leveled it to the ground, he, the lecturer, asked to be allowed to place a stone on the site. Sir Sydney said that in all probability the whole of the land would soon be built and such a mark would therefore be hidden. He, however, consented to place the stone from the cottage doorstep in the wall adjoining Highgate Hill, exactly opposite the former entrance to the cottage, and to this day the stone remains as the only reminder that the famous writer and politician once lived at Highgate.

MR. JOHN LANE'S remarkable gift for adorning a book with a dainty and alluring type and form is again displayed in the new volume on *Journalism for Women*, by M. E. A. Bennett, which has just reached us. The cover is bright and charming. A scarlet-clad dame, presumably a woman journalist, points to an upward path winding through a green landscape. The design is bold and quite successful, and it strikes the keynote of a pleasant and practical work. It were well if more publishers realised the relationship that should exist between the outside and inside of a book.

UNDER the title, "The Epic of Ladies," a Cambridge poet, who hides his identity, in the *Granta*, under the simple letter "K," very dexterously chaffs Mr. Samuel Butler's theory that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman. Thus:

"An axiom, so safe and sure  
That everyone may know it, is  
The simple fact, no more obscure,  
That Homer was a poetess;  
The marks of female style we meet  
In every single line of his,  
Apparent in those dainty feet  
And harmonies divine of his.

Nay, if a man in Homer's lore  
Is reckoned very well up, he  
Ascribes the cantos twenty-four  
Undoubting, to Penelope,  
And thus, though long in darkness sealed,  
Appears the whole reality;  
The secret is at length revealed  
Of Homer's personality.

Thus all those wondrous wanderings  
And perils of Ulysses's  
Turn out to be imaginings  
(Embroidered) of his missis's;  
And long ere woman learned to ride  
Like Shorland or like Michael,  
A harder wheel she knew to guide,  
The ancient *Epic Cycle*."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"In the recently published work, *Annals of a Publishing House; William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends*, by the late Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress says of the *Scots Magazine*, referring to the events of the year 1817, 'Constable's small magazine, which they (Pringle & Cleghorn) managed for a short time, soon went the way of all 'dull periodicals.' For a 'dull' periodical, none has been more quoted from except its English contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but regarding its discontinuance, which did not happen till 1826, all bibliographers appear to be at fault. Lowndes says of the *Scots Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, 'This and the preceding periodical were driven out of the field soon after the appearance of *Blackwood's Magazine*.' The facts are, that the *Miscellany* was purchased by Constable and incorporated with his *Scots Magazine*, and its title added in 1803; and the *Scots Magazine* was purchased from Alexander Cowan, the trustee on Constable's estate, on July 12, 1826, by William Blackwood, although, strange to say, he did not incorporate the ancient magazine with his own and younger periodical, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the usual practice of a publisher under similar circumstances. The latter fact, discovered by Mr. G. W. Niven some time ago, was communicated to the pages of the *Scots Magazine* (Cowan & Co., Perth) in February, 1896, in an article entitled 'The Scots Magazine, 1739-1826,' but evidently Mrs. Oliphant did not avail herself of the information there given. The evidence of the sale of the copyright is contained in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of July 27, 1826, a file of which for that year may be consulted in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. It is as follows: 'Edinburgh Magazine: A new series of the Scots Magazine. The Trustee upon the Sequestrated Estate of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. begs to inform the subscribers to the above Work that the Publication of it is now discontinued, the copyright having been purchased by Mr. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 12th July, 1826.' As Mrs. Oliphant's work purports to give an authoritative history of *Blackwood's Magazine*, it is natural to expect the fact to which attention is now called should have received mention, but, as already stated, the authoress—like the bibliographers—appears to have been unacquainted with the transaction."

MR. GEORGE REDWAY writes: "I shall feel much obliged if you will make known to your readers that I have decided to print a special presentation edition of R. Farquharson Sharp's *Dictionary of English Authors*, recently published, in order that bona fide booksellers may obtain a copy for their personal use without expense. Country booksellers applying for a copy should state conveyance, and the book will be delivered free into the hands of their London agent.

Town booksellers may receive the book through their collectors; but immediate application in writing is necessary, as the number printed will, of course, depend on the extent to which this offer is accepted."

THE little volume, entitled *Formby Reminiscences*, which was originally printed for private circulation only, has met with so great a demand that it has been decided to reprint an edition for general sale. This will be published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. during the course of the present month. The author, Mrs. Jacson, is a grand-niece of the first Sir Robert Peel.

THE Religious Tract Society, which will be 100 years old in May, 1899, proposes to inaugurate its Centenary Celebration on Tuesday, the 22nd of the present month. At three o'clock p.m. on that day a meeting will be held in the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor will preside, and the claims of the Society will be advocated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Meath, the Bishop of London, and others. At seven p.m., on the same day, another meeting will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place. To meet the vastly increased claims on the Society, which assists publication work in 226 languages, it is proposed to raise a special Centenary Fund, as a fitting commemoration of the hundredth year of the Society's existence.

M. EDOUARD ROD will give a lecture at Stafford House, St. James's, on Wednesday, March 23, at a quarter to four p.m., on "Le Roman Français Contemporain." The chair will be taken by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Tickets can be obtained from Mlle. Souvestre, 42, Onslow-gardens, S.W., or Mrs. Augustine Birrell, 30, Lower Sloane-street, S.W.

M. BOUTET DE MONVEL is to be followed to America by M. Carolus Duran, who also has commissions to paint portraits there. These visits should be very profitable. English artists must regret that American taste in pictures is so inveterately French.

MESSRS. WILLIAM ANDREWS & Co. are about to issue *A Book About Bells*, by the Rev. G. S. Tyack, author of *The Historic Dress of the Clergy, &c.* It will be fully illustrated.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON'S new novel will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson, who have lately issued the fifth edition of the same author's *The Dugger and the Cross*. The new story will be called *The Vicar*, and will be a story of the day, the scenes alternating between London and a Worcester village.

THE next number, the last but one, of Mr. W. Rothenstein's series of *English Portraits*, will be published immediately. It will contain drawings of Sir Henry Irving and Mr. George Gissing.

## HAMLET AND "WE BERLINERS."

I CANNOT congratulate the friends of Shakespeare in Germany upon their treatment of the Lyceum Company which visited Berlin this month. "Hamlet" was played in the New Royal Theatre, with Mr. Forbes Robertson in the title-rôle, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Ophelia; and on the morrow of the performance the whole Berlin Press, with but one or two honourable exceptions, damned Mr. Robertson with the faint praise that he was interesting, but not convincing. I am not qualified to defend the actor's merits against the strictures of expert critics. As a mere layman in the stalls, I am glad to put on record that his wonderful gift of elocution revealed to me fresh beauties in Shakespeare's text. In the rebuke, for instance, which Hamlet addresses to Horatio against the things "dreamt of in your philosophy," I had hitherto always heard the emphasis put upon the pronoun. Mr. Robertson, however, laid the stress on "philosophy," which is obviously right. It refers back to the Prince's resolve to "wipe away . . . all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past," and it removes the touch of assumption which makes the couplet so serviceable to quote. In the great soliloquy, again, in the third act, I fancy that, if this were the time and place, I could prove Mr. Robertson's delivery to be nearer to Shakespeare's intention than that of Herr Josef Kainz in the Deutscher Theater in Berlin. Where the latter is turbulent and aggressive, with the audience obviously in his eye, Mr. Robertson simply let us overhear him as his meditation slowly grew to shape. Yet more, in the play-acting scene, where an English actor cannot but study the effect of Maclise's picture in the National Gallery, Herr Kainz' vehemence is a serious error in my sight. Shakespeare never meant Hamlet to be fidgety, but the fleeting emotions of the Prince's spirit were faithfully reflected on Mr. Robertson's mobile features.

But my quarrel with the Berlin public goes deeper than this. It was unmannerly that the Teuton neighbour on my right rose and went out in the middle of the play with a "this will never do" upon his lips. It was distracting that my left-hand neighbour should have been cutting the leaves of his German text the while the play was in progress. Such lapses from good taste can be forgiven; but what I find harder to forgive is the totally perverse point of view from which the critics approached the occasion. It is far from my purpose to belittle what I only very imperfectly understand. Shakespeare's debt to Germany cannot be estimated too high. In a sense he was discovered by the German commentators, as he was certainly adopted for their own. Private rights of ownership in this priceless property it would be idle to maintain and futile to grudge. Carlyle's fine dictum settled the matter long since: "We are all poets when we read a poem well." Such recreation, however, is possible to the tyro in Shakespearean lore. The problem of the quartos, the mystery of the lost Hamlet, the research into the Prince's age, these matters are not

essential to an intelligent enjoyment of the play. It is as well, by the way, that this should be so, for the scholars are as hopelessly divided as ever. Prof. Dr. Döring, of Berlin, for instance, in his *Neuer Versuch zur ästhetischen Erklärung der Tragödie* (Gaertner, 1898), identifies the Hamlet of the first recension with the W. H. of the earlier sonnets, and refers them both to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. But now Mr. Sidney Lee has proved that Thorpe would never have addressed my lord of Pembroke without the titles of his rank. And if W. H. is not Lord Pembroke, what becomes of Dr. Döring's whole contention: "Loslösung Hamlets von Pembroke ist das Wort des Rätsels"?

What should have become of all the dust which the scholars have raised about our ears, as we listened to Mr. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet? The great building of Kroll's Theatre in Berlin was filled in all places which command a view of the stage. A princess was in the boxes and an ambassador in the stalls. The British residents in Berlin had assembled to do honour to their countrymen; but the bulk of the house—as a tailor's apprentice could have proved—was composed of Germans. Forty years, save one, had passed since Shakespeare's German friends had entertained him in his native guise. To many who had grown up under this disability, it came as a veritable surprise that Shakespeare was an English poet. Here then, I thought, was the opportunity for which this city in the plain had been waiting for more than a generation. Now was the time to correct the foreign conventions, to supplement Schlegel and shake off the commentators' yoke, to learn to know Shakespeare as his own people know and love him. And yet, what was the result? Most of them would not realise that they had suffered a disability at all. They failed even to appreciate its removal, and turned the tables on their benefactors, crying out for the forty years in the desert. With the almost unique exception of the able critic of the *Vossische Zeitung*—*honoris causa nomino*—one after one they rejected the brilliant lesson which had been taught them. One after one they turned away from an Englishman's rendering of an Englishman's play for the simple reason that it was English. This fault was more than the common prejudice—less common by far in Germany than among ourselves—against everything foreign. It was genuine jealousy for Shakespeare's fame, a genuine and seemingly ineradicable belief that Schlegel's text and Josef Kainz' personation are truer and nearer to the Shakespearean Hamlet than the *ipsissima verba* in Mr. Forbes Robertson's mouth. One critic wrote that "the just demands which we Berliners make of the actor of Hamlet were by no means satisfied," and another appeared to formulate those demands by saying 'Hamlet' in Germany is almost better known than 'Faust'; the man of culture can repeat whole passages by heart; the 'Hamlet' problem is always with us, and the performances of the best interpreters are familiar to the smallest detail." A third critic wrote more bluntly: "It touches us Germans to the quick to see

Shakespeare, who has become almost more one of ourselves than even our own poets put on the boards in a foreign dress. This applies above all to "Hamlet," whose turns of expression have gone straight into the German treasury. The sense of foreignness which an English Hamlet creates is increased by the peculiar style in which, as we saw last night, the dramatic art of England moves. England is the land of tradition—even in art." Oh, ye Germans and Berliners, confounding thus blindly the spheres of native and foreign, what style and tradition should the English stage conserve but those of Shakespeare, the Englishman! My goosequill would fain borrow a feather from Matthew Arnold's pen to deal adequately with the last of these citations. For while I am angrily casting about how to turn "smug" and "priggish" more courteously, the lightning of his irony would have played upon your pretensions, would have stript your self-assertiveness bare would have probed your feelings, thus touched to the quick by the sound of Shakespeare in his mother-tongue, would have pressed the point home again and again with a grim facility of a master-hand until you cried out for mercy. What is the value of this Philistine convention that Hamlet is more German than English? What are the counterfeits in the "German treasury" to the jewels from Shakespeare's lips? What is the gain of your "men of culture" above ours that you should be so hyper-sensitive to disillusion? I do not question the excellence of Schlegel's rendering. It almost ranks with the English Bible among the masterpieces of the translator's art. But there is nothing in it from a literary point of view which can justify this talk about demands.

Appropriately enough, the fourth volume of the re-issue of Schlegel and Tieck's *Shakespeare*, which Prof. Brandt is editing for the Bibliographical Institute in Leipzig, was published at the same time as the English company visited Berlin. It contains three plays, "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Othello," to each of which Dr. Brandt has supplied a brief introduction and notes. I have read one more their "Hamlet" in this "treasury" side by side with the *Temple* volume, and admirable as it undoubtedly is, if it spoil them for the English version, then they have no ear for language. To the lovers of Shakespeare I need hardly apologise for selecting one passage in illustration Ophelia's speech, when Hamlet leaves her in act iii., sc. i., runs in German as follows: "O welch ein edler Geist ist hier zerstört! Des Hofmann's Auge, des Gelehrten Zunge, Des Krieger's Arm, des Staates Blum' und Hoffnung, Der Sitte Spiegel und der Bildung Muster, Das Merkziel der Betrachter: ganz, ganz bin Und ich, der Frau'n elendeste und ärmste, Die seiner Schwüre Honig sog, ich sehe Die edle, hochgebietende Vernunft Mistönend wie verstimmte Glocken jetzt; Dies hohe Bild, die Züge blüh'nder Jugend, Durch Schwärmerei zerrütet: weh' mir, wehe Dass ich sah, was ich sah, und sehe, was ich sehe."

As a whole and in detail it is demonstrably inferior to the original. Without being

hypercritical, where, we may ask, is "the observed of all observers" in "das Merksziel der Betrachter"? How does "die seiner Schwüre Honig sog" reproduce the magic of the line "That suck'd the honey of his music vows"? or "mistönend wie verstimmte Glocken jetzt" express "Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh"? Where are the rhythm and alliteration and suggestion of

"That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy,"

in the translator's conventional rendering? How different, even, are the associations of "Schwärmerei" from the Shakespearean "ecstasy." Has Germany missed nothing of beauty by accepting the substitute for so long, and was it a tenable attitude, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell made Shakespeare's music more melodious, to pretend that they preferred their own:

"When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,  
Throwing him for thanks—'But drought was pleasant'?"

There was, as I have said, one exception to this wilful blindness of the German critics. One writer had the grace and wit to see that the rare visit of the Lycoum company to Berlin should be used to rectify the Berlin standard. I conclude this protest by quoting the following sentences from the evening edition of the *Vossische Zeitung*. It is not too late to hope that their candour and courage will win their due effect:

"Mr. Robertson's artistic wisdom," wrote the critic, "prompted him to lay every stress upon the brimming life of the soul. Hamlet moved his fellows like a kind of sleep-walker, soft of speech and gesture, good-hearted, gentle-minded, but with something strange upon him. When they addressed him, he turned silent, and looked doubtfully at them, like strangers alien to his kind. He listened less to their words than to his own inward voice. But when he was alone, then Hamlet came to life indeed. Then, in self-communing, his sensitive spirit woke up, and in tones of thunder he spoke to his second self, as though another man were present before him in the flesh. This visionary, keen-sighted, transcendental trait in Hamlet, which I never saw worked out before, was admirably suited to Mr. Robertson. Here we had England itself, the land of mists and ghosts, and then we realised that Shakespeare's ghosts were something more than superstition. . . . Next to this tender, tender Hamlet, a tender, slender Ophelia—mimosa next to mimosa. I gained the impression that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance was not adequately appreciated by our German public, perhaps because they looked for a more conventional attractiveness, and, therefore, were correspondingly disappointed. The more emphatically should be stated that this Ophelia was fully worthy of this Hamlet. She, too, was thoroughly English, with nothing of that pette's girlishness, ripe, sweet and sensuous, which our crass German interpreters have gradually evolved into an ideal of sinful love, the precise Antipodes of the true Ophelia. Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave us the real Ophelia of Shakespeare, a maiden shy, pensive, impressionable, all sweet yielding and timid innocence. Her commonest phrase was: 'I will obey'; her deepest instinct was fear. She was like a dove

fluttering in the storm, and falling broken to the ground. . . .

"Ophelia and Hamlet, as rendered to us by Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Robertson, were the fore-runners of a cleaner morality and a tenderer imagination, born too soon into a world too harsh for them, 'aristocrats of nervous sensibility,' as the modern catch-word terms it, who owed their misfortunes to their too early birth."

L. M.

MR. MEREDITH'S ODE.

I HAVE read Mr. Meredith's Ode in the current *Cosmopolis* with an amazement passing words. Amazement for its power, amazement for its sins, its flagrantries, its defiant pitching to the devil of all law recognised even by the boldest, the most scornful of merely conventional tradition; amazement—for it fulfils its title, it is itself an anarchy, a turbulence, tumultuously eruptive as the Revolution in its first unchaining. To say it is not a perfect poem would be mild. It challenges all order; it has every fault within a poet's compass, except the tame faults, except lack of inspiration. On the plenitude, the undeniable plenitude, of its aggressive force, it seems to stake everything. No one can complain that Mr. Meredith fears his fate too much. I am in tune with most audacity, but Mr. Meredith leaves me gasping.

You must read the poem once, as you play a difficult fantasia once, merely to see how it goes; a second time, to begin to read it; a third time, to begin to realise it. All the arduous power and all the more repellent vices of Mr. Meredith's poetic style are here at grips, exalted by mutual antiposition and counteraction. Never has he been more intermittently careless of grammatical construction, obscuring what is already inherently difficult. He storms onward like his own France, crashing and contorting in his path the astonishing sentences, now volcanic and irresistibly thundering, now twisted and writhing or furiously splintered. The metre is likewise; lines blocked, immobile, inflexible, with needless rubble of words, or whirring all ways like snapped and disintegrated machinery; yet at times forcing their way to rightness through sheer inward heat, and leaping like a geyser-spout—magnificently impressive.

For the Ode is wonderful, though an unlawful wonder. The first nine stanzas, with all their perverse difficulties and disfeatures, are full of astonishing imagery, passages like the loosing of pent fires. The poem has a devil in it. By no other word can we describe the magnetic intensity of its repellentness and arrestingness. Those who overcome their first recoil must end in submission—if protesting submission—to its potency. No youth could rival the other furnaces of this production of age, no young imagination conceive these images which outpour by troops and battalions. Mr. Meredith's own language can alone figure the poem:

"Ravishing as red wine in woman's form,  
A splendid Maenad, she of the delirious laugh,  
Her body twisted flames with the smoke-cap crowned,

. . . . who sang, who sang  
Intoxication to her swarm,  
Revolved them, hair, voice, feet, in her  
carmagnole."

That splendid outburst is all for which I have room. If this Ode be not a success (as I wish I might persuade myself it is), more power has gone to such a failure than would make a score of reputations. And assuredly much, very much, it were blind to call anything but success.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XI.—A WIFE.

"THERE'S another!" she exclaimed, as she threw down the book. "Three books from Mudie's this morning, and not a single one I want to read."

"What book is that?" I asked.

"*The Disaster*," she said.

"It has been well reviewed," I remarked.

"One notice said it was better than Zola and better than Stephen Crane," she said, "and so I ordered it. But it's a translation; and I hate translations; they never seem real. And it's all about the French—and years ago. I'm sure I don't care what French people were doing when I was in my cradle."

"Well, what are the others?"

She picked them up and read the titles from their backs.

"*Simon Dale and Shrewsbury*."

"By very capable authors," I said.

"Yes, but why does Anthony Hope want to write about people he can't know anything about—and I don't care anything about?"

"The historical novel," I said, "if well done, gives you a sort of insight into a period which—"

"Pouf!" she said. "Do you suppose I read novels to get insights into periods?"

"You read them to be amused, no doubt," I said. "But isn't it possible to combine amusement with—"

"No," she interrupted. "When I am instructed I am not amused. Besides, one isn't instructed. When I read a historical novel I know all the time that the people aren't real people; and even if they were, they're dead. And I really don't care much about people who have been dead for hundreds of years."

"Then do you like novels about the future—*Looking Backwards*, or *The Time Machine*?"

She pondered a moment, wrinkling her brows. "Well, I can't say that I exactly like them," she said; "but one has to read them, because everyone talks about them. But how can you be really interested in people who never existed—people you can never possibly meet?"

"Then the novel you want is a novel dealing with people of the present time? The Society novel?"

"Oh, no! Not the Society novel. The people are less real than—than the Martians. Now, let me see—I think, if I could order a novel, I would get Mr. Hope, or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Frankfort Moore, to sit down

and write a story about the people he knows, the sort of people one meets every day, only—you know—put into strange situations. They can do it, I'm sure. Look at *I Forbid the Banns*, and *The God in the Car*. Mr. Frankfort Moore wrote one of them, didn't he? And yet he will write stories about stupid people in the last century."

"Then you want stories about the present time?"

"Of course. It's the present time now, isn't it? And now is the most important time."

"And about people you know something of?"

"Well, not about Zulus, like those stories I had the other day. *The White Hecatombe*, wasn't it?"

"What about Louis Becke?"

"There are always some white people in his tales?"

"And what about *Many Cargoes*? Jacobs writes about bargees, and you don't know any bargees."

"Yes, I liked *Many Cargoes*. But, then, you—you—I don't know, I think I should like to know those bargees."

"And what about *A Child of the Jago*? I should have thought that the people in that were a long way further away from you than the people of the Middle Ages. And you've read that twice."

"Oh, but it gives one such an insight into—"

"I thought you didn't read novels to get an insight into anything."

"Oh, bother! How should I know why I like a novel?"

She picked up the three offending books, and tied a piece of string round them.

"You are going out," she said. "Do leave these at the library and get me some more. I don't mind what they are, so long as they are about nice people—who are alive."

I took the books.

"But—mind," she said, "nothing about Cavaliers—or foreigners."

"I will do my best," I said.

"Or Jews," she added, as I reached the door.

## THE WEEK.

THREE bulky volumes of travel give character to the past week's output of books. A timely and important work is Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur's *Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger*. This is a book which all who are desirous to understand the Niger question, now becoming so acute between France and England, will do well to turn. The circumstances under which the French occupied Bussa and Borgu are fully described. Sir George T. Goldie supplies an Introduction to the volume; and from it we quote this inspiring and instructive passage:

"All geographers and many publicists are familiar with the fact that the region in question possesses populous towns and a fertile soil, and, most important of all, races whose industry is untiring, notwithstanding the dis-

couraging and paralysing effects of insecurity of life, liberty, and property. They know that these races are possessed of high intelligence and considerable artistic skill, as displayed in their fine brass and leather work. They know that the early marriages in those latitudes, and the fecundity and vitality of the negro races, have, through countless generations, largely counteracted the appalling destruction of life resulting from slave-raiding, and that under reasonable conditions of security the existing population might soon be trebled and yet live in far greater material comfort than at present. They know, in short, that all that is needed to convert the Niger Sudan into an African India is the strong hand of a European protector."

But the interest of Lieutenant Vandeleur's pages is not wholly political or military. Opening the book at random we come upon this picture of a valley which was

"literally covered with game of all sorts; thousands of zebra were placidly feeding with innumerable herds of antelope of different species—wildebeest, hartebeest, a few mpala, and many gazelles, while away in the distance there were a few stately giraffe. Secure in their numbers, they seemed to scorn the presence of three lions which were eagerly watching them from one flank, while in the middle of the moving mass stood two great unwieldy rhinoceros, which contrasted strangely with the diminutive gazelles."

The book is well illustrated, and contains some good examples of military sketching.

If Lieutenant Vandeleur's book allies itself to the Niger trouble, Mr. Lionel Deele's *Three Years in Savage Africa* throws light on problems connected with our South African possessions and interests. The dedication of the book to Mr. Cecil Rhodes is significant. Mr. Deele is of French extraction, and, according to the account which Mr. H. M. Stanley gives of him in the Introduction he has written to the volume, he has been a great traveller from boyhood. In 1890 he was entrusted with a scientific mission by the French Government. On his return to France "he was reproached with having been too partial towards the British Administrations in the various countries he had travelled, and especially with having been too biassed against the French *padres* in Uganda, and having charged them with political intrigue." Later, Mr. Deele accompanied his friend Mr. Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on a nine months' tour in South Africa. The great journey northward to the Zambesi, and thence to Lake Tanganika, which this book records, was begun in 1891, and was carried out with the usual quantum of adventures and disagreeables. Mr. Stanley answers for the readableness of the book: "No page is dull . . . his touch is light, his language clear and idiomatic, his tastes are simple, and the result is one of the brightest books of travel we ever read."

THE South Sea Islands are the subject of a book of travel, entitled *Brown Men and Women*, by Mr. Edward Reeves, a New Zealand writer, who knows the islands well. Mr. Reeves is very bitter against political missionaries, and against all who interfere with the freedom and native traits of the

islanders. Indeed, one of his aims is to show

"how superior in happiness the healthy, singing, laughing, well-fed, fat, sober, land-owning, young or old South Sea Island savage, erect and tall, without a care or a curse, is to the white slave of Stepney, to the drunken barbarian of Glasgow Wynds, to the landless, joyless, Wiltshire hind, marching stolidly, with bowed back and bent head, day after day nigher the workhouse, and, more than all, to the starving, diseased, little savage children of Deptford, growing up in Old England, a danger and a curse to the next generation."

Mr. Reeves has illustrated his book with a number of fine photographs of South Sea Islanders, men and women, especially the beautiful women of Samoa and Tahiti and Haapi. Some of these girls might be the heroines of Mr. Louis Becke's stories of "Reef and Palm."

Mr. Gregory's *Letter-Box, 1813-30*, is a curiously entitled book. The "Mr. Gregory" is the Right Honourable William Gregory, whose autobiography was edited by Lady Gregory four years ago. Lady Gregory now supplements that work by these selections from her husband's grandfather's political correspondence. Mr. Gregory was Under-Secretary for Ireland from 1813 to 1831. Lady Gregory writes:

"I see no need to apologise for their publication, purchase and perusal being non-compulsory, but I may quote a sentence of Lord Rosebery's: 'The Irish question has never passed into history, for it has never passed out of politics.' And also a word said to me by Mr. Lecky, that far less is known of the early part of this century in Ireland than of the close of the last."

There will be found in this volume letters to and from Lord Wellesley, Mr. Peel, Mr. Croker, Lord Talbot, and others. There can be no question that the book is important to students of Irish history.

MR. ERNEST RHYS has put forth a volume of *Welsh Ballads* inspired by, or directly paraphrased from, old Welsh models. In his notes at the end of the volume Mr. Rhys gives the following account of his aims:

"In the foregoing poems, whether original or not, it will be found that what may be called the traditional method has generally been followed in transferring Welsh words or Welsh characteristics into English verse. The idiosyncrasy of Welsh verse can at best, however, be very imperfectly maintained in an English medium; and the present writer has cared more to keep to the spirit than the exact letter of the old poets in *The Black Book of Carmarthen* and *The Red Book of Hergest*. Their poems are given here, accordingly, rather as paraphrases than translations; with everything freely eliminated that seemed likely to cause friction, or make their chances of being immediately enjoyed, as poetry must be if it is to have its free and full effect."

THE second volume is issued in Messrs. George Bell & Son's edition of the works of George Berkeley. It will be remembered that the Introduction to the first volume was written by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. The bulk of the present volume is taken up by Berkeley's *Alciphron*, a work to which the general reader to-day is a stranger.

Nevertheless the editor, Mr. George Simpson, writes:

"*Alciphron* was, and is likely to be, the most generally enjoyed of Berkeley's volumes. It is supple and variously entertaining, with merits that far outbalance its defects. . . . Were its philosophical value . . . less it would still be eagerly read, for, in an age of delicate and unmetrical prose, it stands distinguished by delicacy and symmetry."

*Alciphron* consists of seven dialogues, in which the Free-thinker is considered as a heist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, cynic, metaphysician, fatalist and sceptic.

MR. VERNON BLACKBURN has put forth a timely volume of musical appreciations under the title of *The Fringe of an Art*. A photogravure portrait of Gounod faces the title-page.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE HUMOURS OF BOOKSELLING.

MR. JOHN SHAYLOR, of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., is perhaps the best bibliophile in London, and his store of bookselling anecdotes must be well-nigh inexhaustible. He has just given a budget of these to the *Publishers' Circular*, from which we take leave to reprint a portion of Mr. Shaylor's highly entertaining article. Mr. Shaylor writes:

The following specimens of humour are without classification, and readers must decide for themselves to which class they belong, collected as they have been at random from many hundreds of a similar character. A scholar and a gentleman entering a bookseller's shop inquired for a translation of *Omar Khayyam*: "No," said the bookseller promptly, "there is no such book. Homer wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—both of which I have in stock, but I did not write the book you are inquiring for. The bookseller evidently had not heard of the now popular Persian poet. Another gentleman had an important inquiry for a book the only clue to which that could be given was that it had a Hermit Crab on the cover. The intelligent bookseller had no difficulty in recognising that Drummond's *Natural Law* was the book required; on the other hand, little intelligence was shown by the bookseller who instructed his collector for the *Journal of Horticulture* office for a copy of *Wilberforce on the Incarnation*, he was evidently thinking that the Incarnation was a variety of the carnation. An inquiry was made of an assistant for a certain book found in Russia, when answer was given that he did not think it could be done in Russia, but he thought he could get it done in Rome. During the brilliant summer of 1897 it will be remembered that wasps were very plentiful. A bookseller having obtained on three separate occasions a copy of Aristophanes' *Wasps*, ventured the opinion that he believed the copies were required for some experts who were inquiring into the cause of the plague. . . . "My mind conversant with the titles of

books is all that is necessary to translate what works were required when the following were asked for: 'Earnest Small Travellers,' and 'Alice the Mysterious,' by Bulwer, explained themselves. Homer's 'The Ills he had,' and Caesar's 'Salvation Wars,' were only Homer's *Iliad* and Caesar's *Helvetic Wars* slightly altered. 'Curiosities of a Woman-Hater' was only *Curiosities of Nomenclature*. 'Little Monster,' by J. M. Barrie, the author of 'Widow's Thumbs,' sounds peculiar. It appears rather disloyal to ask for 'The Queen's Beer,' but it was *Her Majesty's Beer* that was wanted. Hall's 'Bear Track Hunting' for Hall's *Brie-à-Brae Hunter*; 'All the Nights' (Hall & Knight's) *Algebra* and 'Sun and Shines' (Sommerstein's) *Arithmetic* show gross ignorance of educational literature.

Although, according to Dr. Johnson, 'Wit will never make a man rich,' yet human nature would be poor indeed without it. Probably this explains the strange habit of associating a certain class of imaginary literature with certain days. Thus regularly on April 1 inquiries would be made by some small boy, or a bigger one denuded of wit, for 'The History of the World before the Creation'; another would inquire for 'A Treatise on the Extraction of Milk from the Pigeon,' by a 'Practical Fancier'; or, again, 'The Extraordinary Adventures of Adam's Grandfather,' written by himself; failing that, get 'A Pattern of Eve's Fig Leaves,' by an "Experienced Dressmaker."

Ignorance on the part of readers is accountable for the frequent inquiries made for books supposed to have been written by certain characters in fiction, such as 'The Idols of the Market Place,' by Squire Wendover, mentioned in *Robert Elsmere*. 'Sweet Bells Jangled,' quoted by Anstey in *The Giant's Robe*. 'The Pilgrim's Scrip,' by Richard Feverel, from G. Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and many times have the 'Electric Creed,' by Marie Corelli, mentioned in *The Romance of Two Worlds*, been asked for. . . .

A lady recently asked a London bookseller if he had in stock the sequel to *A Fallen Angel*, by one of them. She believed there was such a book, but did not know the exact title; had he, she suggested, *The Eloping Angels* that she could see, as perhaps that might be the book she was looking for. "No," replied the bookseller, he had not; and unwittingly, and without sufficient reflection, he ventured the remark that he had in stock the *Heavenly Twins*, perhaps that would be the sequel. The record can be better imagined than expressed."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BARNES, OF ZUMMERZET (?).

SIR,—I fear that my *causeries* have not the symmetry of the ornithorhynchus, or whatever fascinating beast it was that the late Sir Richard Owen reconstructed from a single bone. Mr. Andrew Lang, in reconstructing my arguments from a single short quotation in your admirable paper, has

made me say or imply things which I never even dreamed of—as he will admit, as soon as he has done me the honour to peruse the full text of my paper in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. He will then acknowledge that I did not attempt "destructive criticism" of his "native language and literature"; that I did not rate the dialect-writers of Scotland on a level with those of Somerset; or indulge in a general orgie of folly. It will give me the greatest pleasure to discuss with Mr. Lang any of the questions raised in my *causerie* or his letter; but if we begin by criticising what we don't happen to have read we shall only be darkening counsel.

"Phonetically," says Mr. Lang, "Zummerzetese may be interesting, but I confess to being much more interested in dialects that preserve words and phrases which modern English has lost. The dialect of Scotland does preserve such words and phrases in large numbers. If Zummerzetese does so, *de manus*, it is more interesting than I gathered from a study, by no means prolonged or elaborate, of the works of Mr. Barnes."

On this let me say: (1) William Barnes (as Mr. Lang may discover with no effort beyond that of reading my article) was not a Somersetshire, but a Dorsetshire, man, and used the Dorsetshire dialect. The correction is, no doubt, trivial; but we may as well be accurate.

(2) The dialects of the South-West of England (of Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall), though quite distinct, do preserve large numbers of words and phrases which modern English has lost—old English words, French words, Celtic words. They are rich in varying degrees: but each is rich in such words. For proof of this I refer Mr. Lang to the publications of the English Dialect Society.

(3) But surely dialect in poetry appeals by something more than this merely philological interest. We do not, I apprehend, define or summarise the value of dialect in a song of Burns by saying that it preserves words which modern English has lost. To certain kinds of verse dialect adds a peculiar charm—and a charm which is essentially poetical rather than philological.

(4) If Mr. Lang deny this, I retire. If he grant it, I proceed, and urge that, though Barnes be a vastly inferior poet to Burns, there is no reason why he should be denied the chance which has never been denied to Burns; no reason why he should be forbidden to write "olom" for "elm," while Burns is allowed to write "aik" for "oak." I submit that if native speech, inflection, accent, add charm, in Mr. Lang's opinion, to Northern song, they may possibly add charm to Southern song. Mr. Lang, as a Northerner, may not be able to perceive it there: but I do not see why he should exalt that simple accident into a principle of criticism.—I am, &c.,

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Lang, with characteristic but amiable indiscretion, has entered the lists against Mr. Quiller-Couch singularly ill-equipped. If Mr. Lang can see nothing in the poetry of William Barnes but "oddly spelled English," he is either painfully ill-acquainted with his subject, or

shows a lack of appreciation for simple, direct, and often acutely realised lyric verse, which one is surprised to find in so sedulous a nurse of younger reputations. Indeed, on the face of it, he is sadly in the dark. To begin with, Barnes did not write in the Somerset, but in the Dorset, dialect; I assure Mr. Lang that there are marked differences to the trained ear; and why, in the name of all wild parallels, compare the whole of Scots verse-writers with those produced by a single English county? If a comparison is to be made at all, let it be between all England and all Scotland, or, if Mr. Lang prefer it, say between Dorset and Ross.

On Mr. Lang's theory that the dialect of Barnes is only "oddly spelled English," it may be an interesting exercise for him, and all of his belief, to give the ordinary equivalents for such words as these: *Anewst, backbron', amper, blooth, branten, tutty, marréls, colepexy, hidybuck, gally, dunt, drashel*; and if, after this, Mr. Lang is prepared to reconsider Barnes as a poet, let him turn to such verses as "Ellen Brine of Allenburn," "Fatherhood," "In the Spring," "The Love Child," and, as it has always appeared to me, that wonderful piece of faithful realisation, "Evenèn in the Village."—I am, &c., C. K. BURROW.

Highgate: March 7.

#### WHY NOT SCHOOLS IN LITERATURE?

SIR,—Tell me why an author, no less than a painter, should not belong to a school? Watts, for instance, paints clearly under the influence of Titian. Sir John Millais has himself called his contribution to the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy "A Souvenir of Velasquez."

Most of us have seen the well-known remark of Guizot's, that "a great artist is perpetuated not merely by his own works, but he collects almost always around him men who are capable of receiving his inspiration, of being penetrated by his spirit. While these disciples do not possess that original genius, which lessons may merely develop and direct, they are in no sense copyists, nor do they join in any servile imitation of the models offered them. They form, in fact, what is known as a school, and add but a greater glory to the manner, the name, and the remembrance of its distinguished founder."

The same rule applies unquestionably in literature. Let us take the two most distinguished writers of English prose fiction—George Meredith and Thomas Hardy. In the first case, we may discern the influence of Victor Hugo, Dickens, Carlyle, Disraeli, Byron, and Ruskin, not to mention many others. In the case of Thomas Hardy, one finds other spirits at work. His English style is purer than Mr. Meredith's, and, while it owes much of its weight to that philosophic school of which, perhaps, George Eliot was the most popular exponent, he writes, at his best, rather as a poet than a Spencerian psychologist. Certain things in Mr. Hardy remind us of Balzac; lines here and there have the ring of Swinburne; yet, on the whole, he owes, perhaps, less to his predecessors and con-

temporaries in literature than any other author at present in England.

And what effect have these two men of genius produced on the younger authors of their generation? George Meredith has, undoubtedly, the greater number of so-called imitators. Men who do not read him at all are accused of copying him. This may be due to the fact that both Meredith and his supposed copyists have an admiration for Victor Hugo. Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, being an observer of life rather than a student of books, has a smaller following, and, indeed, unless a writer ventures to introduce a rustic into his story, he need never fear any accusation of catching the "Hardy trick."

We all remember Andersen's sad, but too cynical, story of the toy nightingale. The whistle's note was considered far more natural, pleasing, and "inevitable" than the bird's song. The tale is a good one, but not quite fair to the critical faculty. As a matter of fact, real singers do not, and have not in the past, suffered long under neglect and misprision. And when a genuine voice has been for a little while overlooked, the reason is to be found, not in the out-screaming of a successful impostor, but in the sweeter singing of some better nightingale. And then, after all, some of us prefer canaries. The cuckoo fascinates many. Great poets have loved the lark. Some ladies adore a parrot. Why not be amiable and leave our neighbours to choose their own birds? I, for my part, had a friend who worshipped a few geese. As geese, they were charming. My friend, I remember, found owls, in comparison, a bore and doves immoral. Are we not equally capricious about our authors? Your dearest genius gets on my nerves. The boon companion of my sleepless soul seems, to your mind, a very tedious, a most pedantic and affected and unreadable second-rate wretch. Your wife dotes on the pages of Mrs. So-and-So—a woman you hate. Your son drenches his youth in poetry which makes you sick. My sister can sit spell-bound on a summer's day over volumes which I could not read if they were the last left on this earth. My cousin's library—his Paradise—would be to me the tomb of every belief in literary art. Yet your wife, your son, my sister, and my cousin are intelligent creatures. They have a right to their caprices, and could justify them with chapter and verse from the judgments of established reviewers. What, for instance, could one say to a young gentleman who, on being reproached for his admiration of an absurd work, quotes the laurelled and enormous Mr. X. in support of his vulgarity?

Now, what, you will ask, has all this pretty jumble about pictures and parrots, and Victor Hugo, and mistaken relatives, to do with a literary school? I believe I mean that this is a large world, and that there is ample room for masters, disciples, and readers. Let us by all means take our nightingale, our owl, or our goose, but let us know him to be such. My poor friend, whom I can never quote too often, loved her geese, not because she thought them stars, but because they were ordinarily considered

the proverb for stupidity. All I ask is clearness; the present impulse seems rather toward confusion. I see all the newspapers, and, so far as I can judge, no two critics agree in their estimate of a book. One may like it because it is romantic, the other condemns it because he has never heard people talk "like that." Another volume is found by a family journal a message to the age, while one is warned by an equally respectable weekly to lift it with the tongs and place it where the flames are quickest. In the more serious branches of literature one historian is lauded because he is so dull that no one will trouble to refute his assertions; another is denounced because he is so brilliant that he must be mistaken. One is quite certain that English history was never meant to be in the least entertaining. "But I stay too long with you, I weary you." (Now and again I venture to quote Shakespeare, for he is still read a little, even by those who write at great length about him).—I am, &c., A BEGINNER.

#### THE BOOKLESS EAST-END.

SIR,—Our attention has been called to some remarks in your issue of February 26, under the heading of "The Bookless East-End," which are obviously intended for our establishment, and, as some of the remarks made are in our mind more likely to injure than to help our business, we feel bound to address a few words to you on the matter. It is patent that the writer of the article has little or no knowledge of second-hand booksellers, or he would have known our firm, which, having been in existence since 1820, has a reputation almost as well known in the United States of America as it has in this country. As your correspondent, in your issue of March 5, truly points out, we have by far and away the largest collection of second-hand books in London. But above and beyond the different classes of books enumerated by your correspondent, we have the largest stock of miscellaneous literature, not only in London, but in England; and, as we number amongst our clients all sorts and conditions of men, from the nobility down to the humble mechanic, we believe we may claim that there is *one* good bookseller's shop between Aldgate and Stratford, notwithstanding the opinion of the writer of your article to the contrary. Trusting you will insert this,—We remain, yours truly, E. GEORGE & SON.

[Messrs. George & Son do not seem to have perceived that our contributor's search in the East-End was avowedly for *new-book* shops. The mention of Messrs. George & Son's *secondhand-book* shop—the importance of which was well known to our contributor—was purely incidental, and was certainly not intended to be uncomplimentary.]

#### WAGNERIANA.

SIR,—A few years ago some of the letters which Richard Wagner addressed to August Roeckel were published, and form an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of the master and of the way in which he regarded his creations. Written to an intimate and life-long friend, they are full

the spontaneous expression of his inner life, and throw a strong light on the relation of each other of the two sides of his nature—the artistic and the philosophical. It is in the seventh of these published letters that we find a most interesting account of the discrepancy that existed for years between Wagner the artist and Wagner the philosopher, as well as a very clear statement of what is in reality the intrinsic value of his work.

"The period," he says, "when I began to write from direct intuition dates from *The Flying Dutchman*"; this was followed by *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; and whatever poetic expression may be found in these it must be ascribed to the sublime tragedy of self-renunciation, of the denial of the Will—a denial as conscious and voluntary as in the end it is inevitable, a denial which alone gives deliverance. It is this nature which imparts to my poetry and my music its consecration, without which I think that they may have of pathos and power to quicken and kindle emotion could not possibly belong to them."\*

He then goes on to say that while his intuitive perception as an artist always aided him with such unerring certainty to make self-sacrifice the supreme means whereby final deliverance is wrought out, his conclusions as a philosopher had led him to build up a world of optimistic Hellenism, in which the sinking of the individual will was, of course, no place.

This curious conflict between reason and intuition continued so long that he had stretched out a large part of the Nibelungen dramas before he was able to harmonise the philosophical with his artistic nature. It was during the composition of the *Götterdämmerung* (which was the first part of the tetralogy finished) that the long period of "Sturm und Drang" came to an end. The original form of the closing scene of this drama may be mentioned as the one instance where the philosophy of the author overpowered his intuition, to which in his previous works he had invariably remained true. In this case the result was so completely unsatisfactory that the crisis was perhaps hastened; and the offending passage was happily rewritten, after the inspiration of the artist had been fully accepted by the intellect of the thinker.

The works that followed deal (as we might expect) more consciously and directly with the deepest questions that concern mankind. If "*Tristan and Isolde*" declares Love in its intense personal form as a terrible torture" (so Wagner describes it in these letters), we may also learn therefore how it is possible to pass through that fiery furnace:

"To lose the pain of consciousness,  
And quench at last the life-long thirst  
In deepest founts of cosmic life."

The last finished work, "*Parsifal*," portrays Love in its sublimated impersonal form, which it is the same thing as (and, indeed, would better be called) sympathy, or suffering with (Mitleid) all sentient creatures; and in this final stage of evolution it is

\**riefe an August Roedel von Richard Wagner.* Leipzig, 1894. V., p. 66 sqq.

shown to be the strongest ethical power in the world. And both dramas demonstrate (1) the nothingness of external phenomena in their forms of Time and Space; (2) the fact that human suffering is directly proportional to the sharpness of the distinction which the "ego" draws between itself and the "non-ego"; and, furthermore, we learn that sooner or later, with more suffering or with less, the walls of partition crumble away, and the Self passes out into the boundless life of the universe.

A. BRODRICK BULLOCK.

Rome: Nov. 17, 1897.

### ROUND TOWERS.

SIR,—In your review of the reprint of that discredited volume of Henry O'Brien's on *The Round Towers of Ireland* you offer some suggestions as to the probable need for these towers, which exist in Scotland as well as Ireland.

You will pardon me for saying that a close examination of these towers would show that in every case your suggestions are somewhat out of date. The researches of Dr. Petrie and Mr. Joseph Anderson have shown very conclusively that, taking into consideration the form of these towers, their isolation and their internal arrangements, as well as by numerous references in the early annals, they were solely intended to afford an asylum for the ecclesiastics, and a place of security for the relics, such as books, bells, crosiers and shrines, under their guardianship. These things were regarded with extraordinary veneration by the Celtic tribes, and they took remarkable care in providing a place of safety for them.

The substantial character of the building attests that these towers were not built for any temporary purpose, but to resist the ravages of the Northmen—a constant source of terror.—Yours truly,

93, Devonport-road: DAVID STOTT.  
March 5.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

M. ZOLA'S *Paris* has received "Paris," the instant and careful attention of English critics, both in Mr. Vizetelly's translation and in the original. Yet most of the reviews of *Paris* are descriptive rather than critical. The complexity and populousness of the book have amazed, and perhaps somewhat paralysed, the critical mind. Apart from this, there is no doubt that, as the *Daily Chronicle* says, the interest of the book is psychological rather than literary; and that "it is impossible . . . for any book written by M. Zola to be received at this moment solely upon its literary merits and demerits. Inevitably, it is an incident in a dramatic history, and an item in the controversy between the sturdy novelist and the corruption he has attacked." *Paris*, says the *Athenæum*, "can hardly be praised from the standpoint of a work of art; it is far more a disguised pamphlet or sermon." The *Westminster Gazette* ranks *Paris* below *Lourdes* and *Rome*: "There was, in spite of obvious faults, a human interest

which redeemed those books, and made them something more than tracts for the times, or pictures of the nineteenth century in the lurid medium of M. Zola's imagination. But *Paris* is a laborious effort to cover the ground in a manner which cannot be artistic as a whole, and which in detail is, for the most part, highly disagreeable." On this phase of the book the critic we are quoting writes:

"In order that the book may be complete, every phase in Paris must make its appearance, every phase of high life and low life (it is as a rule low life in both cases) must be described. Our old friend from Lourdes and Rome, the Abbé Pierre Froment, is once more the peg on which it all has to hang. The unfortunate man is kept trotting from pillar to post, appearing here, reappearing there, passing breathlessly from the financier's drawing-room to the slums of Montmartre, from the church to the chamber, from the salon of the old noblesse to the boudoir of the *demi-mondaine*—not because there is any cogent reason why he should visit such places, but because the colossal enterprise of his creator, M. Zola, requires that he should see everything and expose everything."

The *Daily Telegraph's* critic writes in the same vein:

"Descriptive details, personal details, political details, business details—details *ad nauseam*, exuberant, bewildering, and wearisome—furnish M. Zola with materials for the padding-out of his stories to unconscionable dimensions. *Paris* compels its readers to become intimately acquainted with scores of personages—mostly ignominious—who are to the leading characters of the romance exactly what walking 'supers' are to the 'principals' of an historical play. Nobody wants to read the elaborate biography and psychological analysis of a journalist or stockbroker, legislator or speculator, who just flits across the stage as an illustration of bad manners and worse morals, and then vanishes permanently from the scene without having awakened the least desire in any of the audience to learn what ultimately becomes of him. Such people crowd M. Zola's turgid pages, and are altogether unworthy of serious attention."

The *Times*' and *Chronicle's* critics fasten upon M. Zola's social philosophy, his estimate of the present condition of Paris and his prescience—if it be prescience—of its future destiny. "The novel," says the *Times*, "is a scathing satire professedly founded on facts, many of which are undeniable."

Says the *Daily Chronicle*:

"With all his faith in France and all his zeal for her future glory, this volume is a more daring and a more concentrated indictment of modern society as it is seen in France than the most scathing of the earlier books. *La Terre* was a marvellous epic of rural brutality. *Germinal* was a hideous exposure of the industrial world, as *L'Argent* was of the swindling which parades as high finance. Other evils of Parisian life were pictured with equal power, and, although the methods were not always beautiful, the manifest sincerity of the whole is now acknowledged by all who understand. But in Paris we have a kind of concentration."

The *Times*, commenting on the tone of the book, says:

"The best excuse for his final lapse into despairing pessimism is the rottenness and corruption he sees all around him. *Pourriture* is, we presume, the word in the original French,

and there is no exact synonym in our language. *Pourriture* is never partial; it pervades and taints everything like blood poisoning."

Yet both these critics give prominence to M. Zola's curious optimism. M. Zola, says the *Times*,

"is almost as rhapsodical as Hugo as to the glorious destinies of the centre of civilisation. Looking out from the heights of Montmartre, as he has often done, at the last he sees Paris no longer in the blackness of shadow, but illuminated in the bright radiance of a sinking sun. He sees the symbolical promise of a glorious harvest. Unfortunately, patriots must possess their souls in patience. It is but cold comfort to know that reason in the end must prevail over superstition, and that a religion grafted upon science will come to the birth by the sure but slow processes of evolution."

And the *Daily Telegraph* says that M. Zola's forecast of a new religion is the most hopeful and attractive feature of *Paris*. It quotes the following passage:

"'Who can say,' he writes, 'that science will not some day quench the thirst for what lies before us? A religion grafted on science is the indicated, certain, inevitable finish of man's long march towards knowledge. He will come to it at last as to a natural haven, as to peace in the midst of certainty, after passing every form of ignorance and terror on his road. Is there not already some indication of such a religion? If precursors, scientists, and philosophers—Darwin, Fourier, and others—have sown the seed of to-morrow's religion by casting the good word to the passing breeze, how many centuries will be required to raise the crop? People always forget that before Catholicism grew up and reigned in the sunlight, it spent four centuries in germinating and sprouting from the soil. Grant some centuries to this religion of science, of whose sprouting there are signs upon all sides, and by and by the admirable ideas of some Fourier will be seen expanding and forming a new Gospel, with desire serving as the lever to raise the world, work accepted by one and all, honoured and regulated as the very mechanism of natural and social life, and the passions of man excited, contented, and utilised for human happiness!'"

"This," says the critic, "may be a visionary's utterance, but it is certainly an eloquent and impressive one."

The *Athenæum* says that M. Zola's "apostrophes to Paris—the Paris of the future, which is still to be the centre of light for the universe," are "eloquent," and are the best parts of the novel.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 10.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE SPRING OF THE DAY. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. Ishister & Co., Ltd. 5s.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Vol. VI. EZEKIEL TO MALACHI. Edited by J. W. Mackail. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

ERAS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: THE AGE OF CHARLEMAONE. By Charles L. Wells, Ph.D. T. & T. Clark. 6s.

THE BURDENS OF LIFE, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Alfred Rowland. Horace Marshall & Son. 3s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. GREGORY'S LETTER BOX, 1813—1830. Edited by Lady Gregory. Smith, Elder & Co. 12s. 6d.

EGYPT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; OR, MEHREMET ALI AND HIS SUCCESSORS UNTIL THE BRITISH OCCUPATION IN 1882. By D. A. Cameron. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTY-NINE YEARS IN THE ARMY. By Sir Charles Alexander Gordon, K.C.B. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD. By W. A. Lindsay, Q.C. Kegan Paul. 25s.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

WELSH BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ernest Rhys. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

A BALLAD OF CHARITY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Gerald Wallace. David Douglas.

CAMEOS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Florence G. Attenborough. W. Reeves.

REASON AND FAITH: A REVERIE. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CINQ MOIS AU PAYS DES SOMALIS. Par Prince Nicolas D. Ghika. Georg & Co. (Genève).

BROWN MEN AND WOMEN; OR, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS IN 1895 AND 1896. By Edward Reeves. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 10s. 6d.

A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM. By John Rooker, M.A. S.P.C.K.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA. By Lionel Deale. With an Introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P. Methuen & Co. 21s.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE UPPER NILE AND NIGER. By Seymour Vandeleur, D.S.O. With an Introduction by Sir George T. Goldie. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

NORTON-SUB-HAMDON. By Charles Task. Barnicott & Pearce (Tanniton).

BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES: PETERBOROUGH, THE CATHEDRAL AND SEE. By the Rev. W. D. Sweeting, M.A. NORWICH, THE CATHEDRAL AND SEE. By C. H. B. Quennell. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d. each.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF MAN. By S. B. G. M'KINNEY. Hutchinson & Co.

A STUDY OF ETHICAL PRINCIPLES. By James Seth, M.A. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

### EDUCATIONAL.

TOURIST'S VADE MECUM OF FRENCH COLLOQUIAL. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1s.

GREAT EDUCATORS SERIES: HORACE MANN AND THE COMMON SCHOOL REVIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D. Wm. Heinemann.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: LIVY, BOOK IX. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A ROLL OF THE GRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW: FROM 31ST DECEMBER, 1727, TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1897. Compiled by W. Innes Addison. James MacLehose & Sons.

THE GRENADA HANDBOOK, DIRECTORY, AND ALMANAC: 1898. Compiled by Edward Drayton. Sampson Low.

WITH BAT AND BALL. By George Giffen. Ward, Lock & Co.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SKATING. By Fred Foster. B. W. Warhurst. 5s.

THE CARE OF THE SICK AT HOME AND IN THE HOSPITAL: A HANDBOOK FOR FAMILIES AND NURSES. By Dr. Th. Billroth. Translated by J. Bentall Edeau. Fifth edition. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D., BISHOP OF CLOYNE. Edited by George Sampson. Vol. II. George Bell & Sons.

SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION; A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY. Translated from the French of Gustave Flaubert, by D. F. Hannigan. 2 vols. H. S. Nichols, Ltd.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY: CALENDAR 1897-8. Dublin University Press.

THE SUFFOLK SPORTING SERIES: CYCLES. By H. Graves, G. Lacy Hillier, and Susan Countess of Malmesbury. Lawrence Bullen. 6d.

A MANUAL OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY, FROM THE GERMAN BY DR. A. B. FRANK. Translated by John W. Paterson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 3s. 6d.

### NOTES ON NEW EDITIONS, ETC.

MR. JAMES SETH'S *Study of Ethical Principles* (Wm. Blackwood & Sons) has come to its third edition, which contains new chapters on "The Method of Ethics" and "Moral Progress."

MR. D. F. HANNIGAN has translated Flaubert's *L'Education Sentimentale*, which he not unjustly describes as "an encyclopædic novel," and "a vast treasure-house of pitiless observation." Mr. Hannigan claims that his translation follows the text minutely, and that the author's characteristics are preserved. Mr. H. S. Nichols publishes.

In the "Great Educators" (Wm. Heinemann) series we have a new volume devoted to *Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States*. This has been prepared by Mr. B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., whose "single purpose" has been "to place before the reader Horace Mann as an educator in his historical position and relations."

FROM MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. comes a new edition of Mr. T. Rice Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny*. "Among the most important alterations and additions are those which relate to the Afghan War, the battle of Sacheta and the events which led up to the battle of Chinhat, the defence of Lucknow Residency, Havelock's campaign, Lord Canning's Oudh proclamation, and the vexed question of Sir Colin Campbell's responsibility for the protraction of the war. On the whole, the text is enlarged by about twenty pages; and several new appendices have also been written."

*Cycling* (Laurence & Bullen) is reprinted from *The Encyclopædia of Sport*, with additions and alterations, and is the joint work of Mr. H. Graves, who deals with the general and mechanical branches of the subject; Mr. George Lacy Hillier, who treats of cycle racing; and Susan, Countess of Salisbury, who writes on cycling women. Their articles make a slim but well-illustrated with diagrams.



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## REVIEWS.

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"His wouning was full faire upon an heath,  
With greene trees y-shadowed was his place,"

says the poet; and we exclaim "Delightful! what a haunting picture in a few simple words!" It is so much to us, because it was so little to Chaucer. To his contemporaries it must have been an every-day statement in matter-of-fact language. A child's speech is not charming to another child. Thus, much of Chaucer which we call inspired felicity seems so to us, because he has grown young by our growing old. His contemporaries valued him for his modernity. It is the mixture of this added and adventitious ingenuousness with his native shrewdness and man-of-the-wordliness—which gives him so piquant a flavour on our literary palates.

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"Now by your fay, mine uncle," quoth she,  
'dear,

What manner wind guideth you hither here?  
Tell us your jolly woe and your penance!  
How far forth be ye put in lovès dance?"

'By God,' quoth he, 'I hop alway behinde!  
And she to-laughe, as though her heart's  
breast.

Quoth Pandarus, 'Look alway that ye find  
Game in mine hood!'"

And again she surprises him meditating:

"And up it put, and went her in to dine;  
But Pandarus, that in a study stood,  
Or he was ware, she took him by the hood,  
And saide, 'Ye were caught or that ye  
wiste!'"

When he asks her a sudden question as to whether Troilus is a good writer of love-letters:

"Therwith all rosy-hued then wex she,  
And gan to hum, and saide, 'So I trow!'"

In all this poem, the only thing known by universal quotation is the lovely image of the nightingale:

"And as the new-abashed nightingale,  
That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,  
When that she heareth any herde tale,  
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,  
And after sikker doth her voice out-riug;  
Right so Cressyde, when her drede stente,  
Opened her hearte, and tolde all her entente."

But to quote Chaucer would be endless. Enough that now, for three-and-six, any man can possess the most admirable *raconteur*, save Homer, in the poetry of any language; as full of felicitous touches of nature as the old Greek himself, and with a power of humour and satire which no Greek possessed; while in delineation of character he probably stands next to Shakespeare.

Now, let us take our courage in our two hands, and—having not the fear of "established repute" and other such bugbears before our eyes—say that Chaucer is mortal and has faults. It is a limitation rather than a fault that (as has already been noted) he has little or no power of imagery. In this respect he resembles the mediæval poets in general, and the bulk of the classic poets, most of whom do not attempt the opulent imagery, bold or subtle or both, which is so striking a feature in the style of sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth century poetry. There are exceptions, headed by Dante among mediæval, and Aristophanes (we think)

among classic poets. But in the main Chaucer merely shares this limitation with his brethren. His actual faults might perhaps be gathered under one fault. He is long-winded. Shade of Mistress Quickly! what high-roads of narration he can achieve! In this again he is the child of his time. The mediæval *raconteurs* minded too well that art is long, and forgot most villainously that life is short. If Chaucer followed them in their sin, he gave us much better recompense. He is garrulous as a bird, and out of that come both his merits and defects; out of that comes his bird-like freshness, and comes, too, his bird-like loquacity. Who has not sometimes wished that he might shut off a too voluble canary as he might a musical-box? From this habit spring torturing prolixity, and detailed felicity. Take "Troilus and Cressyde." His garrulity is the cause of unnumbered stanzas in which the stream of the story crawls sluggishly on, expanded amidst dreary flats of verbiage, or dammed by long monologues barren of beauty and interest. But this leisurely deliberation also results in those delightful minute touches which take us by an intimate surprise with their life and character; Cressyde taking Pandarus by the hood with girlish playfulness, the chatter of the ladies who pay her their visit of condolence on her departure from Troy, and many another detail which a more concise chronicler would have missed.

It is, perhaps, part of this defect that, particularly in his earlier work, he is apt to be clumsy in construction, inartificially artificial. In "The Death of Blanche the Duchess" he must drag in an elaborate machinery of dream, with a long description of a visionary hunt, &c., merely in order to exhibit John of Gaunt bawling the death of his wife. And, redundancy upon redundancy, even this prolix dream has to be prefaced by a prolix relation of the legend of "Halcyone," merely because he is supposed to be reading this legend before he goes to sleep, and it concerns a marital bereavement.

In the *Canterbury Tales* all this is much amended. The construction is happy; the introduction concise and unsuperfluous; he employs his detail with selection and compression; and the same may be said of the best among the "Tales." But even here there are tales and parts of tales in which mediæval loquacity breaks out irrepressible and intolerable. The "Monk's Tale," the Parson's prosy sermon, and the still drearier "Tale of Melibœus," are the worst examples. Even the "Story of Grisildis" would have borne compression. One consequence of mediæval garrulity haunted Chaucer to the last—the propensity to leave his poems unfinished. The *Canterbury Tales* is a fragment. Just so it took two poets to complete the *Roman de la Rose*. Just so Spenser left the *Faerie Queene* unfinished; and so, usually, does the reader. For Spenser imitated Chaucer's diffuseness, as well as his language.

Such, then, is Geoffrey Chaucer; a poet neither sublime nor faultless, but assuredly a great poet. Of all our great poets he is the most objective, and therefore best fitted for the average Englishman. Far

more than Shakespeare, he is the Englishman's poet. Half of Shakespeare is a sealed book to the average reader, whereas the whole of Chaucer is well within his grasp. The spirit of the plain, common-sense Anglo-Saxon in Chaucer's person takes its place in poetry. Humorously observant, clear and strong in language, full of zest in life and all the external activities of men, he might be called a Shakespeare with the spiritual side omitted. Whatever men do he can delineate with moving fidelity; he has less power over what they feel. Laughter is his, and a certain sweet and primal pathos; but, as Mr. Pollard well observes, he is not a poet of love. And this although he is constantly writing of love, following the poetic conventions of his time. The passion in "Troilus and Cressyde" is little beyond the naked sexual instinct. Though Dante and Petrarch had shown him the way, English poetry had to await the sixteenth century and Spenser before that lofty movement began which has issued in the love-poetry of Shelley, Tennyson, Rossetti, and writers yet later. Let us be satisfied with the Chaucer we have, with his robustness, his movement, his character, his pathos, his *verve*, his sly humour, his felicitous *naïveté*, his cheery sanity; the finest story-teller in modern Europe, the poet of the typical Englishman—whom (by a most English irony of fate) the typical Englishman does not read. Nor ever will; for if he could take the trouble to master Chaucer's language he would not be the typical Englishman.

#### THE SUNDERING FLOOD.

*The Sundering Flood.* By William Morris. (Longmans.)

WHEN William Morris wrote this story he seems to have had in his mind the England of Arthur and Lancelot—a dim, half-known country with here and there a walled town or a knight's castle, and the ground still uncultivated, the woods masterless "and abounding in antres vast" and a goblin-haunted hollows. He offers a curiously romantic map of this fanciful territory as it might have been conceived by the monk dwelling in the House of the Black Canons at Abingdon "who gathered this tale." It is the picture of such a vision as could well be entertained by a man of the experience of William Morris, who might easily dream his favourite Cotswolds into "the Great Mountains" of the story, and add thereto torrents and steadings, and eke it out from that other chamber of remembrance where lay his early days in Essex and Epping Forest, and his knowledge of the broad lower Thames. The family likeness in his ideal landscapes excuses, if it does not justify, this theory of their origin.

Most charitable would it be, also, to assume that he had dreamed his local colour, for the circumstances are jumbled together from many centuries. In the country are abbeys, grey village churches, and friars, and as the last did not arrive

in England till the reign of Henry III., they seem to indicate the date very exactly. But instead of being under a Norman king and a feudal system, the country is broken up into a number of independent communities very much as if Ithaca had intruded itself into mediæval England. Here are dales governed by their motes, towns which seem to be republics, one district at least ruled by a baron, and that Game Laws or Foresters' Rights exist there is no word to signify. On the whole, therefore, it will be sufficient to warn off those who seek for historical accuracy in their novels. We may fairly assume that as Mr. Morris deliberately jumbled his knowledge of English landscape into this wild territory of dream, so also of set purpose he confounded epochs and times, and out of his knowledge constructed this ideal period wherein he sets succeeding systems of Government side by side. Though generally treating of the prehistoric, or at any rate vague and traditional time of the Round Table, he adds institutions as late as the fourteenth century. To do anything else than assume the confusion to be planned would be to accuse him of the grossest carelessness—the fault unpardonable in an artist.

Next we come to the manner of speech adopted by this Abingdon clerk, who must have lived very late indeed, inasmuch as though a writer may confuse the past, he cannot mingle it with the future. He writes a prose closely akin to that of Chaucer in his "Tale of Melibœus," except that Chaucer is less archaic and puzzling than his imitator. But, in sooth, William Morris was neither kith nor kin of Chaucer. The early poet's strength lies in the sane and clear representation of what he saw with his own eyes and believed in his own heart. Our clerk of Abingdon, supposed to represent his time, runs over with superstition: dwarfs, landwights, sorcerers absolutely throng his pages. What a very slight part witchcraft plays with the *Canterbury Pilgrims!* As little almost as it does in the *Decameron*. Well, Chaucer in verse Bocaccio in prose, were in their day masters of fiction. But all the magic they deal in is the sorcery by which genius sets before us characters more living than life itself, compressing as they do the essence of many into one. Knowledge of life, that is the artist's true material, and all else but wrappage and framework. But before dealing with that prime essential of art, a word has to be said about another minor point. In this volume, as in its predecessors, the prose narrative is broken and relieved by verse, and here again Mr. Morris has chosen to give only a rough and distant imitation of his original, for his bard deigns not to alliterate, as his contemporaries did. It is not without interest to compare the effusion of this Anglo-Saxon Scald with such an admirable version as, for instance, the late Laureate's "Battle of Brunanburgh." We select what in our estimation seems to be the best stanza in the book, and is also complete in itself as a description of Spring:

"Now the grass growth free  
And the lily's on lea,  
And the April-tide green  
Is full growth beseen;

And far behind  
Lies the Winter blind,  
And the Lord of the Gale  
Is shadowy pale;  
And thou linden be-blossomed with bed  
of the worm  
Cometh forth from the dark house as  
Spring from the storm."

It is pretty, but much too smooth and  
Morrissan. Compare it with a verse of  
Brunanburgh:

"Then with their nail'd prows  
Parted the Norsemen, a  
Blood-reddened relic of  
Javelins over  
The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow  
Shaping their way toward Dyflen again,  
Shamed in their souls."

There is a something of languor in the  
poetry of the *Sundering Flood*, and no  
verse that will compare with that fine couplet  
in its predecessor:

"Bitter winter, burning summer, never more  
shall waste and wear,  
Blossom of the ross undying makes undying  
springtide there."

The thought is one of those felicities that  
continue to haunt the mind long after they  
have found expression, and it echoes in  
what is perhaps the most exquisite prose  
passage in the volume:

"She would, as it were, tell stories of how it  
would betide that at last they should meet—  
both grown old—and kiss once, and so walk  
hand in hand into the Paradise of the Blessed,  
here to grow young again amidst the undying  
spring in the land where uneasiness is come to  
ought; and then would she sit and weep as  
if there were no ending to the well of her  
ears."

There are in the *Water of the Wondrous Isles*  
many such passages, where the poet's broad  
and tender humanity, his deep sympathy with  
the low music of parting and valediction,  
of wistful dreams and hopes, flash out in  
obviously simple and pathetic words, and there  
are also rugged and repugnant inversions  
and obscurities couched in language to be  
abhorred. Here he neither rises so high  
nor sinks so low; he is nothing worse than  
a drum at his dullest, and at his best  
seems dwelling again on some eloquent  
passage of the earlier book. If the *Sunder-  
ing Flood* had been written before the other,  
our impression would have been that the  
poet was dawning upon him, but had not  
yet ripened into full and adequate expres-  
sion. At the same time this is the more  
artistic book of the two, in so far as it  
shows greater evidence of plan and selec-  
tion. But it is not inspired either as to its  
incidents or the language in which they are  
told.

The real gift of Mr. Morris as a romancer  
lies in his ability to picture some of the  
sweetest and most engaging figures to be  
found in fiction. But he saw them only with  
the sure, but momentary, glimpse of a poet.  
We may fancy him to have beheld some fair  
Cotswold lass and lad and to have transported  
them in his fancy back to the Dark Ages, to  
live called one Elfhild and one Osberne, and  
then, from his reading, to have imagined  
adventures appropriate to their day. But  
the worst of it is that the lines are so well-

travelled. Like "Roland brave and Olivier,  
and every paladin and peer," Osberne must  
obtain his enchanted sword and, like Excali-  
bar and Durindante, it is delivered by the  
hands of a supernatural visitant. It is high  
"Board-cleaver," and the giver is Steel-  
head, one who might be mate to Birdalone's  
friend the Wood-wife. He also bestows a  
bow and magical arrows, and is the good  
fairy of the tale. To Elfhild a dwarf pre-  
sents a pipe of sorcery, whose virtue may  
be apprehended from the pretty extract we  
make:

"And she drew forth a pipe from her bosom  
and fell to playing it, and a ravishing sweet  
melody came thence, and so merry that the lad  
himself began to shift his feet as one moving to  
measure, and straightway he heard a sound of  
bleating, and sheep came running towards the  
maiden from all about. Then she arose and ran  
to them, lest they should shove each other into  
the water: and she danced before them, lifting  
up her scanty blue skirt, and twinkling her bare  
feet and legs, while her hair danced about her:  
and the sheep they, too, capered and danced  
about as if she had bidden them, and the boy  
looked on and laughed without stint, and he  
deemed it the best of games to behold."

The story of the love of these two form  
the artless plot. If worked out in plain and  
simple language it would have been a  
pleasing essay in the *genre* of fairy tales for  
children, even though with all his magic  
and spells Mr. Morris produces no effect  
comparable to that, for instance, which  
results from the wandering of Sir Palomedes  
and the "Questynge Beste" through the  
pages of *Mort d'Arthur*. For anything  
beyond that it is naught. The author had  
a quick and sure eye for any fair vision of  
men and women, but never did he master  
that essential of all great novels, the effect  
produced on character by the shocks and  
blows of circumstance. Barring that his  
lovers add a few feet to their stature and a  
few pounds to their weight, they are at the  
end what they were at the beginning, as  
wise and not a whit less virtuous. And  
where this is so it is obvious that the wildest  
adventure has no more literary value than  
an exciting paragraph in a daily paper.  
Nor can we believe that it is at all true to  
represent a boy of twelve as matchless alike  
in courage and wisdom. Rather are folly,  
and even a certain cowardice, the charac-  
teristics of that period when boys are like  
puppy-dogs that, though destined to be  
staunch and true as steel, will in their  
callow days fly from a kitten or a rat. But  
if the author's interest had lain in the  
growth and development of mental qualities,  
the Cotswold Hills of the nineteenth century  
would have afforded a better stage than the  
dim and little understood time when chivalry  
was dawning. For you do not make  
literature great by blazoning it with the  
picturesque elements of history. Gil Blas  
of Santillane, sallying forth on his old mule,  
his head crammed with folly and nonsense,  
is as enduring, yes, and as interesting a  
figure as the bravest and most renowned  
knight of Christendie.

## THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

*The Towneley Plays.* Re-edited by George  
England. With Side-notes and Intro-  
duction by Alfred W. Pollard, M.A.  
(Early English Text Society.)

SOME sixty years ago the Towneley Plays,  
rarest of mediæval dramatic cycles, were  
first printed from the unique MS. by the  
Surtees Society. That edition is hardly up  
to the level of modern requirements, and  
has, moreover, become rare, and the  
Early English Text Society very wisely  
decided to reprint the plays from a new  
and careful transcript by Mr. George  
England.

Mr. Pollard, of the British Museum,  
contributes a preface, in which he  
recapitulates what the Surtees editor  
had to say about their nature and  
origin, and supplements that by some  
new facts and speculations to which re-  
cent investigations have opened the way.  
On the vexed question whether the plays  
were originally performed by the trade guilds  
of Wakefield in the streets of that city, or  
by the Augustinian canons of Woodkirk at  
their fair, Mr. Pollard has nothing material  
to adduce. The doubt remains where it  
was. But the publication, in 1885, of the  
York plays has revealed the curious fact that  
five of these have a common origin with  
five of the Towneley cycle; and starting from  
this basis, Mr. Pollard has been able to  
push a good deal further the theory of his  
predecessor, that this latter cycle must be  
regarded as a composite one, partly original  
and partly borrowed.

An analysis of the York parallels,  
and of the metrical and other charac-  
teristics of the Towneley Plays them-  
selves, leads Mr. Pollard to distinguish  
at least three hands. The nucleus of the  
cycle, he thinks, consists of a group of  
plays of a simple religious didactic type,  
very similar in tone to the Chester Plays.  
Upon these have been engrafted somewhat  
bungled versions of five or more plays in-  
troduced from the neighbouring city of  
York. And, finally, the work has been  
completed, say about 1410, by "a  
writer of genuine dramatic power, whose  
humour was unchecked by any respect  
for conventionality."

It is in the contributions of this  
third hand, capable at once of vigorous  
force and of exquisite tenderness, that  
the dramatic value of the Towneley  
Plays mainly consists. As Mr. Pollard  
says, "his additions entitle it to be  
ranked among the great works of our  
earlier literature." We have little doubt  
that Mr. Pollard's analysis of the cycle is on  
the right lines; but how would he explain  
the existence side by side of two alternative  
versions of the Nativity, or Shepherds' play?  
One cannot have been written to supersede  
the other, for Mr. Pollard assigns them both  
to the third and latest writer. Yet surely  
some reason is required for the doublet, to  
which there is not, so far as we know, a  
parallel elsewhere.

We should be glad to think that this new  
edition might win for the Towneley Plays  
readers outside the charmed circle of  
students of Early English. They deserve

it for the freshness of their paths and of their humour, and for the real and somewhat unexpected mastery of dramatic art which the best of them display. Two stanzas alone we can find space to quote. The first is singled out by Mr. Pollard as representative of his earliest and most devotional author:

"Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,  
We and my madyns home can fare,  
That kyngys daughters were;  
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,  
Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none  
Bot othere colers sere."

And the other is from the third hand, the genius:

PRIMUS PASTOR.

"Hayll, comly and clene! hayll, yong child!  
Hayll, maker, as I meyne, of a madyn so  
mylde!  
Thou has waryd, I weyne, the warld so wylde;  
The fals gyler of teyn, now goys he begylde.  
Lo, he merys;  
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng,  
A welfare metyng,  
I haue holden my hetyng;  
Haue a bob of cherys."

We observe with gratitude that the Early English Text Society have replaced their familiar lilac wrapper in this issue by a workmanlike cover of brown cloth.

#### PROF. HOMMEL AND THE HIGHER CRITICS.

*The Ancient Hebrew Tradition.* By Dr. Fritz Hommel. (S.P.C.K.)

So far back as 1889, Prof. Welhausen, in search of facts to support his theory that much of the Book of Genesis was written after the Captivity, happened to fall foul of the fourteenth chapter. He said—following therein Dr. Nöldeke—that it was impossible that four kings from the Persian Gulf should have invaded the Sinaitic peninsula as there recorded, or should have taken prisoners who were rescued by Abraham. He or some of his followers also suggested that the names of the persons and places mentioned in the chapter in question were made up for the occasion, the name of Jerusalem, in particular, not having been given to Melchizedek's city till long afterwards. But a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since then. The cuneiform texts from Babylonia lately deciphered by Mr. Pinches exhibit Chedorlaomer of Elam as a very real monarch indeed, and as a contemporary of Khammurabi, King of Babylon, who seems to be the Amraphel of the Bible; while the Tel-el-Amarna tablets show that Jerusalem was called Uru-salim—which is evidently the same name—in 1400 B.C. This, while it does not exactly (to use the time-honoured phrase) "prove the Bible to be true," shows, at any rate, that the Biblical narrative involves no impossibilities. Dr. Hommel accordingly writes a book in which he belabours his brother professor Welhausen and the Higher Critics generally in the heavy-handed German manner. It is translated by the

S.P.C.K., and is advertised by them as "a triumphant refutation of Welhausen's theories." And this is the way in which it comes to appear in these columns.

Looking at it impartially, and with the respect due to Dr. Hommel's undoubted learning, we doubt that there is anything triumphant about the book but its tone. Dr. Hommel does good service in exposing the absurd claim of some of his opponents to show the exact point of each chapter and verse where, as they assert, one contributor to the Book of Genesis left off and another began. But he does not disprove the teaching of a whole school by showing that some of its pretensions are exaggerated. The Jews, too, have always shown themselves more clever at annexing the ideas of other people than at discovering new ones for themselves, and if, in this case, they have "lifted" the whole story of Chedorlaomer's raid, and have read it as a mere episode in the life of their national hero, Abraham, they have only acted after their kind. When the Alexandrian Jews wanted to tack themselves on to the Greek nation, and forged histories showing their descent from the Spartans, they did exactly the same thing.

It seems, too, that writers like Dr. Hommel rather misunderstand the position of the pompously named "Higher" Criticism. Dr. Welhausen and his school do not want to prove the Bible to be false, but to ensure that its statements and history shall be judged by the same rules as those of any other book. And, rightly or wrongly, their view of the matter is beginning to prevail. Even the book before us is a proof of it. On p. 158 the author himself draws attention to the fact that while in Genesis xiv. 10 the King of Sodom is said to have been killed in the raid, yet in v. 17 he is reported to have met and conversed with Abraham on the latter's return from his rescue expedition. Dr. Hommel gets over the difficulty by a reconstruction of vv. 17-21, in which he makes Melchizedek, and not the King of Sodom, Abraham's interlocutor. A Semitic scholar of Dr. Hommel's attainments is most probably right, but before the coming of the Higher Critics would not his suggestion have been repudiated by the champions of inspiration as an audacious tampering with the Word of God?

#### SLENDER HISTORY.

*The Story of Canada* ("Story of the Empire Series"). By Howard Angus Kennedy.

THE history of the making of Canada seems to fall naturally into three periods. The first is the era of the great adventurers, French and English, when isolated settlements were formed and a perpetual guerilla warfare maintained against the Hurons and the Iroquois; then came the period of English conquest and English consolidation; and, last of all, we have the Canada of the past seventy years, a sort of *corpus vile* for constitutional and economic experiments. For the lover of romantic tales the first

portion has the major interest. Few stories are so extraordinary as that which tells of the earlier efforts of De la Roche, of Chauvin and De Monts and the great Champlain. Henry IV. was the prime instigator of the scheme, though his minister Sully did his best to dissuade him, and in his letter of 1608 to the President Jeannin calls the whole system "contrary to the genius of the nation." Perhaps he was right. "Contrary to the national genius." Has the history of French colonisation been such as to disprove the phrase? But, at any rate, the movement has given a roll of great names to history. The story of the Jesuit mission in the wilds is a marvellous record of the heroic. "The ink seems to turn red," says Mr. Kennedy, with pardonable exuberance, "as we read the story of their fate." Brôbeuf, Jogues, Maisonneuve, Dollard—it is hard to pick and choose among them; but if we have a favourite it is the Sieur de la Salle, who formed the bold scheme of finding a western route across the continent to China. He had to strive with apathy at home and discontent among his followers; he was murdered in the end by mutineers while in the act of leading a forlorn hope from the Gulf of Mexico northward; but he had shown the way for others, and laid the foundation of the future settlement of New Orleans.

The disastrously patriarchal government in Paris soon brought about the ruin of French colonial power, and we come to the wars of Wolfe and Montcalm and the rise of English supremacy. Among the more interesting features of the period are the little settlements by broken Highland clans who sought to establish new Breadalbanes and Lochabers in the West. The feuds between the Hudson Bay and the North-West companies in one part, and distracting political, racial, and economic difficulties in the other, disturb the history of the colony almost down to our own day. It seems a pity that more space is not devoted to the singular work of Lord Durham, who for all his unsuccess was one of the most remarkable Englishmen who ever meddled with Canadian affairs. The relations with the United States, the various separatist movements, and the vexed question of tariffs, are briefly but clearly treated. This little book makes no claim to be exhaustive, and the manner of writing is not always perfect; but it fulfils a useful purpose, and its author—to adapt his own quotation—has done "slenderly," but not "meanly."

#### THE BORDER.

*Border Raids and Reivers.* Robert Borland. (Fraser: Dalbeattie.)

IN spite of Mr. Borland's book a scholarly and authoritative monograph on Border history still awaits the man and the hour. It is no depreciation of *Border Raids and Reivers* to say this, for its author has evidently written for the general reader, not for the historical student. To the latter,



indeed, this volume will be of little value, but to the former it will prove a quite readable sketch of a highly interesting *spécialité* of British history. We do not desire to take too seriously, much less to handle with any approach to severity, a work with this limited aim. Yet Mr. Borland rather courts such treatment by the way in which he has employed his authorities. It were better frankly and consistently to have omitted all indication of the sources from which he drew, and simply and modestly given the story in his own words, than to have mentioned them in a sparing and irregular manner here and there. It is characteristic, too, of the writer's casual mode of procedure, that when he does cite chapter and verse he neglects a primary duty in not telling us what edition he is using; as, for instance, in his references to his most important authority, Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*. If he is quoting, as he should be, from the later edition, that of 1747, either he has wittingly played with the text in a reprehensible fashion, or he has been guilty of careless transcription and misquotation. Either of these sins is unpardonable in any historical work, even in one intended more to amuse than to instruct.

Again, no rule is followed in his pages with regard to the form in which excerpts are presented: in some the orthography has been modernised, in others, though taken from the same records, the original rehashes are preserved. If, in a subsequent edition, the author elects to adhere to the latter and preferable plan, it will be necessary (in the absence of an index) to append a glossary of antiquated, obscure, and technical terms. What can the ordinary reader make of "splents" and "currys," of "cassin" and "pyckery," and such like weirdsome wonders. Chronologically, the book is a sad jumble. Those who are not more than ordinarily familiar with the general course of English and Scottish history will find it difficult to grasp the sequence of events. We have noted but a few downright mistakes. "Hand-fasting," however, existed long before the Scottish marriages came into being, and, of course, was very far from being limited to that district; a part of *Valentia* was "subdued by the Saxons"; nor was the clan system "peculiar to Celtic tribes." For the rest, while Mr. Borland's style is sometimes careless, at other times he shows a tendency *grandiosus pompare modis*. "Emit a proclamation," and "adhibit a signature," are samples of obsolete usages which can hardly be accepted as literary English.

#### ON DEMOCRACY.

*The Rise of Democracy.* By J. Holland Rose, M.A. (Blackie.)

Mr. Rose's summary of the evolution of democracy is a book which might have had considerable value, for, speaking generally, we are all ignorant as to what happened a generation back. Unfortunately, however, his work lacks all charm of style, though it is clearly written. The

book is not laborious enough to serve for reference; it is only a first attempt at a task which someone else will have to accomplish. Meanwhile, however, it is useful, and suggests interesting ideas. One thing well brought out (in a chapter on "Phases of Political Thought") is the influence on politics of the crown of Darwin's work. It has done away with abstract political theorising from general principles; the theory of Evolution "has exercised on all thinking men, and indirectly through them on the unthinking, a most important influence in exposing the folly both of immobility and of sudden and reckless change in the political world." Another conclusion of Mr. Rose's we should be less inclined to adopt; he holds that extension of the franchise has increased political instability. It is true that the swing of the pendulum has been excessive since the violent reaction of 1830; but that does not seem to prove much. Setting aside the Home Rule question, which has nothing to say to democracy, there has been no important cleavage between the two programmes, for the excellent reason that statesmen on both sides recognise frankly that they are servants of the democracy, not its masters, and endeavour, first of all, to interpret its wishes, only, in the second place, to influence those wishes and never to impose their own will. Consequently, although there is a frequent change of ministers, there is no great change of measures; the people know in a general way what they want, they merely leave to the ministers to find out the best way of attaining that. As the result is never ideal, the people give a chance to the other set to see if they can do better; but upon the whole our national policy is surprisingly stable. The single issue over which one can trace violent fluctuations in public opinion was the Home Rule question, an exceedingly complex and puzzling problem, where England had no clear view of its own interest for a guide. Mr. Gladstone forced it on the country in a sudden and violent manner; it is only now that things have assumed their normal condition, and that either party may be relied on to adopt the traditional English policy of trying whether a compromise will not work. Disraeli's dishing of the Whigs is the most fruitful political precedent of the half-century; since then no one opposes a measure without the assurance that he may probably vote for something very like it in a twelvemonth. This arises from no political profligacy, but simply from the fact that under a working democracy no minister proposes a scheme unless it is pretty closely in accordance with his conception of the popular will.

#### EARLY PRINTERS.

*The Printers of Basle in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries: their Biographies, Printed Books, and Devices.* By Charles William Heckethorn. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This work might be described rather more as bibliographical than biographical, even though the author does not profess to

give a complete bibliography of all the works printed by those Swiss printers who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Printing was introduced into Basle about 1472, that city being one of the earliest to embrace the new art after Adolphus the Second had besieged Mayence in 1462 and the first printers of that place were dispersed. Under those circumstances the workmen considered themselves relieved from the oath of secrecy made on entering the services of the Fust and Guttenberg partnership. Bertoldus was one of these printers, and it was he who established the first press in Basle. Owing to the absence of dates and places of origin it is difficult to identify his work, but it seems to be clear that Bertoldus was the pioneer of typography in Basle.

Froben was, perhaps, the most celebrated of these printers, and he is sometimes called the German Aldus (because he was born in Bavaria). Froben printed the first octavo edition of the Bible in Latin; this was in 1491, and in 1516 he printed the first edition of the New Testament in Greek that was ever published. Most of his work was of a scholarly nature, and much was due to his friendship with Erasmus.

Though Mr. Heckethorn's work is very lavish in its illustrations of title-pages, colophons, and devices, it is a great pity he did not give a few reproductions of the various founts of types used by the early masters of typography. They were just as easily reproduced, and would have given a more concise record of their work. At the same time one could have compared the italic, gothic, and roman types employed with those used in other countries, and in many cases could have traced their origin. For instance, Froben was the first to adopt Aldus's italic type — which was called Italian.

The late William Morris, though he adopted for his Kelmscott Press a modified form of letters based on Jensen's roman, thought very highly of the work done by the Basle printers. One marvels, when considering the crude materials employed and the rough appliances at hand, how such fine and lasting work was produced. In a certain way Mr. Morris was correct when he remarked that no good printing was done after the sixteenth century. It is a strong statement; but in an artistic sense there is some truth in it, because it was in later times that the commercial element entered into the production of books, and this limited the consideration of the artist and scholar.

Apparently this is Mr. Heckethorn's first venture in the field of typography, and altogether, if not complete in its bibliography, the matter he has given us is of a useful kind, and makes, with its large number of illustrations, an interesting volume. He has done his work fairly and correctly as a rule, but large allowances must be made for a work of this kind, because of the lack of dates and variations in spelling. There are one or two discrepancies in his book, for instance, in the first six pages Guttenberg and Guttenburg are both used, but the dates, generally, may be accepted as being correct.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Three Years in Savage Africa.* By Lionel Deele. (Methuen & Co.)

THIS is a delightful book. Mr. Deele's journey was three years long, beginning at Cape Town, and ending only at Mombasa, near the equator. Tribe after tribe, chief after chief, emerge, and always—almost always—some dialogue or adventure reveals and criticises the impact of civilisation on savagery, of big brains on small brains.

Mr. Deele tells how, when he blew his nose in the presence of the Queen of the Makalaka, she and her entire court burst into roars of laughter. In this incident, and in many like it, we find the significance of Mr. Deele's report of savage Africa. We are made to realise the meeting of white and black—the meeting which is no longer accidental or private, but politic and pregnant. The laughter of the Makalaka at Mr. Deele's action would have been amusing in the pages of Speke and Livingstone. To-day it has an almost pathetic interest; the Makalaka will so soon cease to find a pocket-handkerchief funny! Day by day, and bit by bit, savage Africa is being accustomed to European ways. When Mr. Deele visited Lo Bengula—whom he compares to the Czar Alexander in imposing appearance—this is what he saw:

“Crowds of natives were pouring in continuously, and as soon as they reached the opening leading into the royal enclosure they threw themselves flat on the ground, shouting, ‘Nkosi [chief], Uhlabantu [eater of people], Lion of lions, Stabber of heavens, Great black calf, Thunderer’—and other terms of praise.”

That is native enough; but while his people shouted, the stabber of the heavens was “sitting on an old champagne box, nervously shaking one of his legs.” Where champagne and nerves can go, what may not follow?

*The Theatrical World of 1897.* By William Archer. (Walter Scott.)

WITH this volume Mr. Archer brings the number of his yearly surveys of the stage to five, and to signalise the achievement he has added a most interesting statistical epilogue, showing at a glance the character and popularity of the plays which Londoners during that period have been called upon to see. This tells us that there have been 65 successes, 54 doubtful cases, and 116 failures (from the popular, not the artistic, standpoint); that the average number of successful plays each year is 13, against 23 failures; that the time given to plays of home manufacture was 2,835 weeks, against 780 weeks to plays from abroad; also, that during these five years Mr. H. A. Jones's ten plays have run (in London) 107 weeks; Mr. Pinero's seven plays 90 weeks; Mr. Grundy's eight plays 69 weeks; Mr. R. C. Carton's five plays 63 weeks; Mr. L. N. Parker's six plays 58 weeks; and Mr. J. M. Barrie's three plays 53 weeks. The bulk of the book consists of reprints of Mr. Archer's *World* criticisms. A preface

by Mr. Grundy, incisively written, yields the phrase: “The interesting, the irritating, the amusing, the depressing, the indispensable Romeike.”

*Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger.* By Seymour Vandeleur. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. VANDELEUR has been concerned of late years in the British operations on the Upper Nile and in the Niger districts, and he has made a capital book out of his experiences. So close a diary (for this is practically a diary) of adventure and soldiering in Africa cannot be summarised here; and we prefer to give an idea of the book by quoting one of the many chance episodes which lend colour to its pages. Here is an incident that occurred in our author's experience when returning to Mombasa along the great plain of the Nollosegeli River. A hill presented itself, and over its brow a warlike party was seen advancing: “Were they friends or enemies?”

“We took our rifles and waited for them to come up. They came straight on, and as the leaders approached they came and shook hands with us, proving to be at the head of a Masai war-party, composed of the same El Moran, or warriors, who had massacred the caravan in the Kedong Valley. It was a curious sight to see, and the column passed rapidly on in single file, threading its way through the mountains. They were divided up into detachments, wearing different kinds of head-gear; some had great head-dresses made of monkey skins, others of goat skins, whilst some had capes of ostrich feathers over their shoulders. They carried spears and shields, most of the former wrapped in rags or painted red to avoid detection. Their leaders were friendly enough, and wanted us to go with them to raid the Kimariongo tribe, who live near Ingoboto, east of Elgon, but two or three of the Elmoran were insulting, and brandished their spears as they went by. I counted 484 in all; and following the column, which had several long gaps in it, were some cattle and sheep, to provide food on their journey. On arriving at their destination, they collect together at nightfall for the attack, and in the early morn fall on their enemies, killing man, woman, and child; stabbing right and left with their long sharp spears.”

Such episodes abound in Mr. Vandeleur's pages. But through all runs the threads of political interest and purpose. Indeed, the last few chapters may be said to form an informal Blue Book on the Niger question. It need not be said that Mr. Vandeleur is severe on French pretensions, and especially upon their occupation of Bussa. The book is illustrated with photographs of great interest, and the maps are enlightening.

*Traits and Confidences.* By Emily Lawless. (Methuen.)

THIS medley begins with short stories and ends with some chapters of Irish history written in the delightfully bright and fresh manner of Miss Lawless's “Story of the Nations” volume. It is welcome, like everything which comes from the writer's pen. Miss Lawless's style is always distinctive, frank, straightforward, and picturesque, without any straining after effect or attempt at fine writing. More than

any other, she has caught the very temper, the very atmosphere, of Connemara. “An Entomological Adventure” is somewhat in a new vein. It tells of a child who, bitten by the fascination of moth-collecting, escapes from the house by moonlight in search of a large dawn-flying species. Having captured her booty, she creeps wearily into the centre of a large haystack. Here she is nearly suffocated, and, which is worse, her moth is crushed in its chip-box. Another good story—pathetic in the way that only Irish stories can be—is that called “After the Famine.” Among fiction and history are wedged in two or three taking little poems, one of which we may quote:

“A SONG OF ‘VEILED REBELLION.’”

They say that grave perils surround me,  
That foes are on every hand;  
That to right, and to left, and around me,  
Red murder is stalking the land.

Yet I sit, as you see,  
'Neath the shade of a tree,  
With my book on my knee.

I am one of the demons accursed,  
Detested, denounced from of old;  
For whose blood the whole land is athirst,  
Or so I am credibly told.

Yet I sit, as you see,  
'Neath the shade of a tree,  
With my book on my knee.

My safety is guarded all day  
By stalwart protectors in green,  
Who roam with my maids thro' the hay,  
And happily rarely are seen.

While I sit, as you see,  
'Neath the shade of a tree,  
With my book on my knee.”

If fault is to be found with *Traits and Confidences*, it must be on the score of a scrappiness of general effect. The miscellaneous character of the contents suggest an indiscriminate hunt through drawers an other receptacles of MSS. at the summon of a publisher. For all that, however as we said, the book is welcome.

*The Diamond Fairy Book.* Illustrated by H. R. Millar. (Hutchinson.)

THESE are modern imaginings, not folk-lore although many of them, as modern imaginings will, have absorbed folk-lore elements. Two or three of the stories are English most are borrowed from the French or German; one each from the Swedish, Persian and Breton. They make a varied entertaining volume, which will be a welcome Christmas present in any wise nursery. And when the children have gone to bed and left the book about, children of large growth will probably not feel disinclined to pick it up. You may observe a marked difference of character between the French and German contributions. The French fairy-tale, if not of Breton extraction, is thin, of meagre fancy, and tagged with moral. It is generally without humour. The German stories show a rich imagination, a keen sense of artistic fitness, and an abundant humour. Surely a curious inversion of the ordinary literary rôles of the two nations! Some of the German work here given has a charming abandon and a reckless wealth of invention, most notable in *Witty-splinter* and *The Th*

*Talays*, where the calm improbability of accident is delightful. Some of Mr. H. R. Miller's illustrations are dainty and humorous; others are lacking in inspiration and are ineffectively reproduced. His style does not lend itself well to reproduction.

*Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army.*  
By Sir Charles Alexander Gordon, K.C.B. (Sonnenschein.)

SIR CHARLES GORDON has seen more active service than has fallen to many a surgeon-general: his breast, in the portrait acting as frontispiece to this book, is gay with medals; but he does not wield a fascinating pen. That which has come under his eyes in his lengthy career—in India and Africa, China and Europe, during the Mutiny and the Siege of Paris—he can describe honestly enough, but without a hint of literary charm. Nor has he seen always the most interesting thing. One hundred and twenty thousand words by a writer so endowed may become wearisome, and hence it cannot be said that the stock of military recollection is appreciably strengthened by this book. Considering what opportunities any surgeon has of learning curious facts of human nature, coming as he does in the character of benefactor so closely into contact with brave men who are off their guard, it is disappointing to find so few series of eccentricity. One, however, is worth reproducing. A man was charged with an assault on an officer. Subsequently he confessed the motive:

"From the time when he first enlisted he had been haunted by visions of a murder committed by himself and his 'pal' on Wandsworth Common in 1845; he had made every endeavour to get killed while charging the Sibs in battle; he had committed offences so that he might be taken to the guard room, and thence made pretended attempts to escape, in the hope of being cut down by the sentry; but, being in all these, he had struck the officer, in order that for so doing he might be tried, condemned, and shot."

The odd thing is that a man so bent upon death should have shunned suicide with such persistence.

*With Bat and Ball.* By George Giffen. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The success of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's book on cricket has naturally set other prominent players racking their brains for theories and reminiscences. The first to arrive is the champion cricketer of Australia, the Antipodean "W. G.," as he has been called, Mr. George Giffen. His book is a straightforward narrative of his career, with sketches of contemporaries in the field, and descriptions of historic matches thrown in. Mr. Giffen has taken cricket seriously from his earliest years. His first century was made in 1878, when he was seventeen, and it gained him his promotion to the Norwood Club.

"But I was quickly to discover that there is no royal road to cricket fame. In innings after innings I failed utterly and completely. My brothers and sisters who, when I had notched the century, had thought I was already a star cricketer, became sceptical regarding my ability, and were no longer their hero, and, as duck's egg after duck's egg fell to my lot, I could not face

them with the news of my disgrace. Instead, therefore, of going in to tea on Saturday evenings, I would sit on the topmost rail of the fence of the park lands, brooding over my troubles until after dark, and then would steal on tip-toe into my room, and, supperless, stifle my worries in sleep."

Of such valiant stuff are champions made.

*Welsh Ballads.* By Ernest Rhys. (D. Nutt.)

BETWEEN the delicate covers of this book are legends of Wales, paraphrases from the Welsh, and original songs and poems embodying the Welsh spirit. Mr. Rhys is not a great poet; he is a zealous Welshman with a pretty knack of rhyme and a quick eye for romance and beauty. Here is a stanza from a lullaby conveyed or translated from the Welsh:

"The mother yields her babe to sleep  
Upon her tender breast,  
And sings a lullaby, to keep  
Its little heart at rest;  
O sleep in peace upon my bosom,  
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom;  
And from the fears that made me weep you,  
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,  
The angels lightly guard and keep you  
So safe and bless'd!"

Mr. Rhys, by beginning his dedication thus, "Dear Princess in Wales," has succeeded in giving at least one reader a shock.

*A Handbook of Housekeeping for Small Incomes.*  
By Florence Stacpoole. (Walter Scott.)

THIS is a well-arranged and pleasantly written manual. Above her first chapter Mrs. Stacpoole places Dr. Johnson's saying: "Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor." Mrs. Stacpoole works out a table of expenditure for the man whose income is £200 a year. It is stern reading; surely Mrs. Stacpoole errs in asking him to devote as much as £15 a year to insurance.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

*AMERICAN WIVES AND HUSBANDS.* BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

To publish three novels in a month is a feat, but the author of *Patience Sparhawk* will achieve it. *His Fortunate Grace* we read at a sitting last week, *The Californians* will be "ready shortly," and the third lies before us. *American Wives, &c.*, like *Patience Sparhawk*, is a study of the American child, her development into an American woman, and her career as such. Miss Atherton has humour, and a distinct power of characterisation. Her American women (she is not over charitable to them) may not be typical, but they are amusing anyway:

"'Was papa perfectly perfect?' asks the heroine of her dying mother.

'Perfectly.'

'I heard the butler say once that he was as drunk as a lord.'

'Possibly, but he was perfect all the same. He got drunk like a gentleman—a

Southern gentleman, I mean, of course. I always put him to bed and never alluded to it.'"

(Service & Paton. 388 pp. 6s.)

*COLONEL THORNDYKE'S*

SECRET.

BY G. A. HENTY.

With Mr. Henty the story's the thing; he butts into it straightway and turns aside never. Here he offers a variant of Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone*. We have the jewels stolen from an Indian temple, pursued silently and unswervingly by priests, who bring disaster on each successive possessor. Once begun, it is not easy to withstand Mr. Henty's story until the end is reached. (Chatto & Windus. 400 pp. 6s.)

*MERESIA.*

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

A story of Spaniards and English. José Serano is the hero, and in the first chapter he describes life in Madrid for the benefit of Bertie Heydon. "They were Eton boys—schoolfellows—pals," says the author. Subsequently José grows up, and Bertie grows up and wears a pink carnation, and Meresia comes upon the scene and is extensively loved. And here is a sentence concerning one of her lovers: "To check, to intercept, to repress Aladros! Why, as soon try to kill an eagle swooping down upon his prey, by tossing a handful of salt in the air." (Hurst & Blackett. 337 pp. 6s.)

*WHEAT IN THE EAR.*

BY "ALLEN."

A story of New Zealand by an admirer of Jean Ingelow and Tennyson. A quiet, earnest tale, depicting the rough course of the true love of a professor and a farmer for Joan. Joan began early to show her individuality, for being baptized by a deaf parson as John, and bidden manfully to fight, she was borne from the church yelling manfully that she wouldn't. The story ends tragically for the professor. (Hutchinson. 376 pp. 6s.)

*PASQUINADO.*

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

Here we have a novelette and four short stories by the author of *The Wonderful Wapentake*. In *Pasquinado*, the novelette, Mr. Fletcher plays the sentimentalist. The heroine is a little foreign waif nicknamed "Pollyvoosafronky," and is called by it in full every time. Subsequently her father is found and she becomes Agneta. A Dickensian story. The others are slight and sensational. (Ward, Lock & Co. 265 pp. 3s. 6d.)

*MY FIRST PRISONER.* BY "THE GOVERNOR."

The title-page is in green ink, by way, we suppose, of emphasising the story's Irish character, and the author, whose other name, or other pseudonym, is Bartle Teeling, calls the book a picture of Ireland and Rome of thirty years ago, and states that he himself was governor of an Irish prison and served in the Pontifical Zouaves. Hence we have Irish life and Garibaldian battles. And once an eagle carries off a baby in a cradle, and a peasant springs four feet into the air and breaks the eagle's back with his shillelagh; which is "good going." (Aberdeen: Moran & Co. 186 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MERMAID OF  
IRISH-UIG.

By R. W. K. EDWARDS.

Her name was Black Kate and she dwelt among the seals off the coast of the north of Ireland. "And the thing came up half-way out of the water, and it had arms like a woman, and lifted the sale up off the mussel-bed, and the sale fa'ned on it, and they splashed into the water together"—such was old Doolie's story. A wild, uncanny little book. (Edward Arnold. 248 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MUMMY'S DREAM. By H. B. PROCTOR.

The mummy was Oli-Mel. Dr. Schwartz, an occultist, induced Dick Mortimer to join hands with Oli-Mel and to live, in dream, the Egyptian's life over again. He is thus able to tell the story of the Exodus from the standpoint of an eye-witness, with many intimate particulars about Moses (who here figures as Mesu) not commonly known—one of which is the filial relationship of that patriarch to Pharaoh's daughter. A grotesque tale, which, thanks to the author's levity, no one can take seriously. (Sinupkin & Co. 257 pp. 2s.)

A REPUTATION FOR  
A SONG.

By MAUD OXENDEN.

Miss Oxenden prefaces her story by a little sermon on self-sacrifice, a virtue which, as she points out, is not always beautiful, and is often absurd or hysterical. This story tells how a man made a great sacrifice to a sick man's whim. "Perhaps," says the author, "in my heart I also think he was a fool; but I honour him in that I know how, through the years that have intervened, he has tried in his simple, unexalted way to live heroically in an unheroic age." (Edward Arnold. 342 pp. 6s.)

A SOLDIER OF  
MANHATTAN.

By JOSEPH A.  
ALTSHELER.

This story is told in the first person by an American soldier of the old days, when the Canadian-French made themselves troublesome, and when the King's troops came over from England to the aid of his Transatlantic subjects. The taking of Quebec by Wolfe is a leading incident in a dashing tale of war, love, and adventure. (Smith, Elder, & Co. 369 pp. 6s.)

THREE WOMEN AND  
MR. CARDWELL.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Another of Mr. Pett Ridge's buoyant little novels, with plenty of bright dialogue, and an everyday plot that runs merrily. Upon the cover are stamped the portraits of Mr. Frank Cardwell and the three women who influenced his life. Mr. F. C. had catholic tastes. (C. A. Pearson. 250 pp. 3s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

*The Child who will Never Grow Old.* By K. Douglas King. (John Lano.)

NEVER have we so cordially sympathised with Darwin's plea for a law compelling stories to end happily, as in reading this book. For of the eight tales between its covers, all, save perhaps one, end on a note of unnecessarily poignant pathos. Miss

King is a very Herod in the way she insists on the death of the children of her fancy. In the first story, a little boy dies of a broken back; in the second, two little boys are run over by a train; in the third, a boy, who is older than is common with Miss King's heroes, is killed by a drunken man; in the fourth, one little boy is shot with a gun fired deliberately by another little boy; in the fifth—but that is the exception; in the sixth, a suffering baby is left to die at the workhouse infirmary; in the seventh, a little boy falls over a cliff; in the eighth, a little boy is drowned. These calamities are in themselves sorrowful enough, but our misery is rendered more acute by the pains which Miss King lavishes to endear her heroes to us. Look, for example, at Tony-Baba, whose back was broken, and whose history gives the title to the book:

"Tony-Baba drew breath, and then resumed in his customary subdued conversational tones: 'He said to me, when I'd got over and we was looking at each other, "My name's Johnnie Jamieson—what's yours?"

'I said, "I'm Tony-Baba, this is my dog, Bibi, and my beauteous cat." And he frowned, did that Johnnie Jamieson, oh, most tremendous; and he said, quick as quick, "I can lick you all to fits!" Lick means beat you in fighting or racing, papa. "I can lick you all to fits," he said—just that. And I said, "I can lick you."

"I bet you can't," he said; "I bet I can just smash you all up."

'And I said, "Let us try."

A faint light sparkled in the depths of Tony-Baba's dreamily retrospective eyes.

'Did you try?' I asked.

'We did try. He jumped on me, and I jumped on him. Both together we jumped, and we got ourselves all mixed up. Then we began to fight; and we fought and tugged and jammed our fists in each other's eyes, and we couldn't smash each other nohow. We shouldn't have never left off fighting, I believe, and think, on'y Johnnie caught his foot in a rabbit hole and comed toppling over, and me on the top, 'cause all our arms and legs was mixed up together.'

'What happened next?'

Tony-Baba drew another long sigh of satisfaction. 'It was all quick as quick, papa,' he said, 'and Johnnie sort of pulled me down; but I remembered, just in time, that it wasn't no game, but that we was fighting on purpose to lick each other all to fits, so—I—'

Tony-Baba paused artistically.

'So you what?'

'I flumped on him with all my weightiest weight when he pulled me and I felled down. I just flumped kerrash on top of him as heavy as I could.'

'What did he do?'

'I'm awful heavy, I believe, when I fall like that. He didn't say nothink at all.'

'What happened then?'

'We just lay staring at each other, and his breathing was loud as loud, only he couldn't breathe as loud as he wished to, 'cause I was on t'p of him. And I was awful out of breath, too. Then he said, in a skrushed, inside-him sort of voice, "Well, anyhow, my papa is bigger and braver nor yours, I know."'

If, in these stories, Miss King had any gift of inevitability we should not mind. But she has none. Death is never the necessary termination of the tale; life would serve just as well. Hence our objection. And if she displayed signs of possessing unusual insight into child nature, or if there were

valuable results of genuine observation, we should mind less. But again there are none. The stories are so obviously pure invention, and the endings are so obviously selected because of their nearness to the author's heart, that we have a right to protest in a way that we should not protest did the characters or incidents in the least convince us of reality. Miss King can write cleverly, and it is plain from the extracts given above that she has humour. We beg her to be as pleasing rather than as harrowing, as she can.

*Carpet Courtship.* By Thomas Cobb. (John Lane.)

WE do not remember to have seen the name of this writer upon the title-page of a book before; but this little volume has amused us so thoroughly that we shall look eagerly for anything he may write in the future. The story is light; it is built upon the slender foundation of a burnt letter; it deals with the tepid passions of people who have a position and appearances to keep up, and dare not marry whom they please; but the workmanship is so skilful and delicate that the book will be a delight to such as think the mode of presentation at least as important as the story itself.

Susannah Murchison sends for Everard Rothsay at half-past ten in the evening. She has a favour to ask of him:

"The fact is," she explained, "I—I had occasion to write to your cousin this afternoon."

'As well as to me?'

'Before I wrote to you,' she answered, 'and after I had sent the letter to the post I changed my mind.'

'Are you prone to that kind of thing?'

Everard asked.

'At all events,' she insisted, 'I changed my mind.'

'Then I suppose Frank will get a second letter!'

'On the contrary,' said Susannah, sitting suddenly upright, 'I don't want him to get the first.'

'But if it has been posted—'

'It will be delivered by the first post tomorrow morning.'

'So that it's too late to do anything,' he suggested.

'For me, yes—but not for you.'

With a woman's sophistries she persuaded him that he would be doing no wrong in intercepting and destroying the letter, and he undertakes to do so. From this follows a comedy of errors, a criss-cross of engagements made and broken, which, however, never drops into farce. The story is told for the most part in dialogue, which Mr. Cobb handles with surprising dexterity, having a keen eye for the flippancy and the peculiar brand of vulgarity which is the fashion of a West-end drawing-room. Mr. Cobb owes something undoubtedly to Mr. Anthony Hope—the earlier and better Anthony Hope of the *Dolly Dialogues*. But, then, every writer who succeeds in reproducing the conversation of the drawing-room, with its truncated sentences, in which the point consists in a pause, has learnt the trick from Mr. Hope. It must be said that Mr. Cobb has learnt it well, and adds a deftness in the weaving of a story from trifles which is quite his own.

THE ACADEMY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

GEORGE ALLEN'S NEW BOOKS.

By JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D., D.C.L.  
**LECTURES ON LANDSCAPE**  
 given at OXFORD in JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1871.  
 With 20 Plates in Photogravure and 2 in Colour.  
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## Spring Announcements Supplement.

SATURDAY: MARCH 19, 1898.

### THE SPRING SEASON.

#### WHY "SEASONS" AT ALL?

WE make this week a survey of the principal books which have been, or are shortly to be, issued as part of the business of the Publishers' Spring Season. The Spring Season is a period which is variously fixed and measured by different houses. When, after recovery from his Christmas lassitude, a publisher begins to launch another fleet of books—then begins his Spring Season. It may begin in February, March, or April. This year we should be inclined to describe the operations as early and scant. The tendency appears to be to hold over books until the autumn; a conclusion which is forced upon us not only by the lists of announcements we have received, but by direct admissions on the part of some firms. The postponement involved seems a long one. The autumn is far, far away; the skies of another summer are first to be enjoyed.

The question suggests itself: Why are there two definite and limited seasons within which books are issued? Why cannot there be a more equable flow of books all the year round? The disadvantages of the present system are numerous and obvious. To obtain light on this subject a representative of the ACADEMY called this week upon Mr. John Murray, whom he found very willing to express his views on the "season" system. Mr. Murray said:

"I think I can show you that the custom of publishing in the recognised 'seasons' has been brought about inevitably. The point is one which I have often had occasion to explain to authors. The reason is simple: it is a question of the weather."

"Of the weather!"

"Yes. Consider how the English climate has improved of late years, and what the effect has been. Times have utterly changed. The nation has learned to live out of doors, and loves doing so. What has been the effect of the succession of great summer exhibitions at Earl's Court and elsewhere—what has been the effect of bands in the parks—if it has not been to teach people to be less stay-at-home, and to take their pleasures in the open? Then consider the enormous new relish for out-door exercises: bicycling! The increase of locomotion of every kind! It all means that in the fine portions of the year people do not read."

"And, therefore, you do not publish?"

"Exactly. The fact is, the time in which publishing can be profitably done is extremely well defined. We begin, say, in

the second week of September. We issue books rapidly up to three weeks before Christmas. There we stop; the children are at home; the shopping and skating and walking season has begun. After Christmas we begin to publish with the meeting of Parliament, and continue doing so until Easter. Easter makes a bad break; we recover a little between Easter and Whitsuntide; after Whitsuntide books languish—the summer has come, and no one reads anything but papers and magazines. In brief, we publish when people are reading, and when they stop reading we stop publishing."

"But you recognise the disadvantages of the system?"

"Oh, yes, and regret them. It can be no advantage to publishers to be issuing books all together; and as publishers increase so does the evil. As you know, it seriously affects reviewing; critics are too idle at one time and too driven at another; and space in papers which could be spared in the summer is not to be had in the autumn. But there is really no remedy. The publishing 'seasons' are the results of the whole manner of life of the nation."

Our representative mentioned the case of a well-known novel which was issued last year in August, and achieved a large commercial success.

"Yes; of course a book that for any reason can command public attention is superior to these laws. But such books are rare. And I may tell you that public events can extinguish temporarily the chances of the best conceivable book. I remember that when Livingstone's fame was at its highest we had printed an edition of 10,000 copies of one of his books: to print such an edition was a mere matter of course. The day for publication was fixed; and the rush of the public for the book was assured. Suddenly, a political crisis arose: a General Election became imminent, and we had to postpone issuing the book for months. Such was the effect of a single event. But the quietly-developed, out-door habits of the people which have declared themselves of late years are a far more potent factor. They delay many books: more, they dictate the seasons in which all—or nearly all—books shall be published."

Our representative called next at Mr. Heinemann's, where he had another conversation, and received confirmation of Mr. Murray's view. "Do you," he asked, "think that there is a tendency to make the Autumn Season swallow the Spring Season?"

"I think there is a certain tendency that way. But you must not suppose that the Spring Season has any right to claim equality with the Autumn Season. It is often only supplemental to the Autumn Season, which is, always has been, and always will be, the great book-buying season of the year."

"Then other things being the same, you think the Autumn is the best time to publish a book?"

"I won't say that without qualification. It is the best time to publish all kinds of

more or less ornamental or ephemeral books; but I hold that where literature of value is concerned it is a sound principle to publish a book when it is ready. A book of literary importance will be as acceptable to the public at one time as another. For example, we had hoped, quite hoped, to publish Dr. George Brandes' *Study of Shakespeare* last October. But it was not ready, and we held it over. We have now just issued it."

"And you do not regret the delay?"

"So far as the sale of the books goes, certainly not; it comes to the same thing."

"But you would not publish even this book in, say, July?"

"No, not in July or August. Those months are impossible."

"But last year, did you not publish Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* in August, quite out of any season, and with conspicuous success?"

"Yes; and two years ago we published *The Manxman*, in August too. But these books were fiction. The public can do with a good novel, you know, at the sea-side."

"Then, finally, you do not approve the minimisation of the Spring Season which is alleged to be going on?"

"Not if it means the postponement to the Autumn of books of serious literary value. For these the Spring Season is as good as the Autumn Season. It is a pity to crowd new books into one season, or to too closely define either season."

### PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JOHN MURRAY.

THE definitive edition of Byron's works and letters, so long promised, can at last be sighted on the literary horizon. The poetry is being edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, the letters by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero; and the Earl of Lovelace, the poet's grandson, co-operates in the arrangement of the work, which will be issued in twelve volumes. The first two volumes will shortly appear, and it is hoped that the other ten will follow at brief intervals. A limited *édition de luxe*, crown quarto, with a large number of illustrations, will also be published.

Another important work is Prof. William J. Knapp's *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow*. This is to be the great biography of Borrow, and it will be welcomed. Prof. Knapp has spent many years in searching out and collecting correspondence, documents, and facts connected with the life of George Borrow, and in visiting the scenes and places described by him. The public will now have laid before them an authoritative account of the author of *The Bible in Spain*.

A literary biography of interest will be Mr. John A. Doyle's *Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier*, the author of *Marriage, Destiny*, and other novels. The work will be based on Miss Ferrier's private correspondence.

Mr. H. Warrington Smith will issue, through Mr. Murray, a travel book entitled *Five Years in Siam*. This will be a record of journeys up and down that curious country, and of life among its people from 1891 to 1896.

In the last few weeks Mr. Murray has published:

*A Flower Hunter in Queensland*. By Mrs. Rowan.

*Korea and Her Neighbours*. By Mrs. Bishop.

*Law and Politics in the Middle Ages*. By Edward Jenks.

*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*. By Lady Strachey.

*The Student's History of France*. By W. H. Jervis, M.A. This is a new edition, revised and partly re-written—as we explained in a note a fortnight ago—by Mr. Arthur Hassall.

#### MACMILLAN & CO.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S Spring list is not a long one. Still, books of importance are being issued by Messrs. Macmillan at all times of the year, and their present list contains volumes well worthy of mention.

In biography and history, Messrs. Macmillan will shortly issue the following:

*History of the Society of Dilettanti*. Compiled by Lionel Cust, M.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and edited by Sidney Colvin, M.A.

*The Emperor Hadrian*. A picture of the Romano-Hellenic world in his time. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mary Robinson.

*Britain's Naval Power*. Part II. By Hamilton Williams, M.A. Mr. Williams is instructor in English literature to Naval Cadets on H.M.S. *Britannia*.

*Henry of Guise and other Portraits*. By H. C. Macdowall.

In general literature this house announces: *Harry Druidale, Fisherman from Manxland to England*. By Henry Cadman. Mr. Cadman is the late president of the Yorkshire Anglers' Association.

*Early English Literature: To the Accession of King Alfred*. By Stoughton A. Brooke.

*Divine Immanence: An Essay on the Spiritual Significance of Matter*. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A.

Some classical works are in Messrs. Macmillan's list:—*Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts: Aeschylus*, edited by Prof. Lewis Campbell; and *The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians toward Art*, by John H. Huddleston.

A dozen scientific works are also announced, the most important being a reprint of *The Scientific Papers of Thomas Henry Huxley*. These papers, gathered from the journals of scientific societies, have been edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester. They will appear in four volumes, which will be sold in sets only. Messrs. Macmillan will also issue a second edition of Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet's *Rich and Poor*.

The issue of the volumes of "The Eversley Bible" goes on regularly. The seventh volume will be issued shortly.

#### LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

MESSRS. LONGMANS' most important enterprise at present is an edition of the works of the Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. The issue of the volumes will begin at once, and they will appear monthly at a uniform price of five shillings. The first three will contain Prof. Müller's Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888, 1890, and 1891. These will be entitled: *Natural Religion, Physical Religion, and Anthropological Religion*.

Messrs. Longmans have also in preparation another book by Lady Newdigate, *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, illustrated with family portraits.

For the rest, Messrs. Longmans are so far in advance of their list that we can only remark that it has been a good list. Since Christmas there have been issued from this house the following works:

*Drake and the Tudor Navy*. With a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. By Julian Corbett.

*The Life of Francis Place, 1771-1854*. By Graham Wallas, M.A., Lecturer at the London School of Economics and Political Science.

*Auld Lang Syne*. By the Right Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller.

*A Bibliography of British Municipal History, including Guilds and Parliamentary Representation*. By Charles Goss.

*A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, Bart.* By George Rawlinson.

*Shrewsbury: a Romance*. By Stanley J. Weyman.

*The Sundering Flood: a Romance*. By William Morris.

*Weeping Ferry, and Other Stories*. By Margaret L. Woods.

*Allegories*. By the Very Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

Two military and two religious works are announced by Messrs. Longmans as "nearly ready":

*The Story of the Malakand Field Force*. By Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill.

*The Life of General Sir Richard Meade, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.* By Thomas H. Thornton.

*Some Words of St. Paul*. By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., late Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's.

"Behold the Man!" *Addresses upon the Seven Words from the Cross*. By the Rev. George Brett, M.A.

#### METHUEN & CO.

MESSRS. METHUEN have a strong list, particularly in books of travel which have also a political interest. In our present issue we notice, for example, Lieutenant S. Vandeleur's *Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger*, and Mr. Lionel Declé's *Three Years in Savage Africa*. These books are to be followed by *The Niger Sources*, from the pen of the man who is probably the best qualified in the world to deal with the subject, Colonel J. Trotter. Two other works of similar interest and importance, Prince Henri of Orleans' *From Tonkin to India*, and Mr. Michael Davitt's *Life and*

*Progress in Australasia*, have already been issued by Messrs. Methuen. They are also ahead of their list in respect of Mr. E. V. Zenker's *Anarchism* and Mr. Grinling's *History of the Great Northern Railway*—both works having recently appeared.

The most interesting of Messrs. Methuen's announcements which remains to be fulfilled is an edition of *The Poems of Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., whose introduction to Mr. Nutt's edition of North's *Plutarch* will be remembered as a fine piece of work. This edition contains the "Venus," the "Lucrece," and the "Sonnets," and is prefaced with an elaborate introduction of over 140 pages. The text is founded on the first quartos, with an endeavour to retain the original reading. A set of notes deals with the problems of Date, the Rival Poets, Typography, and Punctuation; and the editor has commented on obscure passages in the light of contemporary works.

In fiction Messrs. Methuen have already done well: *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, and *The Vintage*, by E. F. Benson, being to their credit on the bookstalls. They announce:

*Bijli the Dancer*. By J. B. Patton. The scenes are laid on the Ganges.

*Cross Trails*. By Victor Waite. A romance founded on a search for a lost Spanish treasure-ship.

*Miss Erin*. By M. E. Francis. The heroine is the penniless daughter of one of the leaders of the Irish rising in 1848. She becomes an heiress and is wooed by an English Conservative Member of Parliament; hence the story turns on the struggle of love and principle.

*The Philanthropist*. By Lucy Maynard, a new writer.

#### CLARENDON PRESS.

THE Clarendon Press has in store some works of great interest to students of English literature and the English language. Among these the following should be noted:

*Dryden's Critical Essays*. Edited by W. P. Ker, M.A.

*The Works of Molière*, in the series of "Oxford Texts," and in miniature.

*A Summary Catalogue of Bodleian MSS.* Vol. VI. By F. Madan, M.A.

*Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante*. By Paget Toynbee, M.A.

*A Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Cyprus Museum*. By J. L. Myers, M.A., and M. Ohnefalsch Richter, Ph.D. With illustrations, &c.

*Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, Supplement*. By T. N. Toller, M.A.

*A New English Dictionary, founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society*. Portions of G, by Henry Bradley, M.A.; and of H, by James A. H. Murray, M.A., LL.D.

King Alfred's *Old-English Translation of Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophiae"*. By W. J. Sedgefield, M.A.

*King Horn*. Edited by Joseph Hall, M.A.

*A New English Grammar, Logical and Historical*. Vol. II.: Syntax. By Henry Sweet, M.A.



Among other books in active preparation at the Clarendon Press may be mentioned the following:

*Nouum Testamentum Domini Nostri Iesu Christi Latine, secundum Editionem S. Hieronymi*, ad Codd. MSS. fidem recensuit I. Wordsworth, S.T.P., Episcopus Sarisburiensis; in operis societatem adsumto H. I. White, A.M. Partis I. Fasc. V. (completing Vol. I.).

*The Politics of Aristotle*. Edited by W. L. Newman, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. (completing the work).

*Thesaurus Syriacus*. Edidit R. Payne Smith, S.T.P. Fasc. X., Pars II.

*An Abridged Syriac Lexicon*. By Mrs. Margoliouth. Part II.

*A Dictionary of Vernacular Syriac*. By A. J. Maclean, M.A.

*A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament*. Based on the Lexicon of Gesenius; as translated by E. Robinson. Edited by Francis Brown, D.D., S. R. Driver, D.D., and C. A. Briggs, D.D. Part VII.

Gesenius' *Hebrew Grammar*. As edited and enlarged by E. Kautzsch. Translated from the twenty-fifth German edition by the late Rev. G. W. Collins, M.A. The translation revised and adjusted to the twenty-sixth edition by A. E. Cowley, M.A.

*Essays on Secondary Education*. Edited by Christopher Cookson, M.A.

Sir G. C. Lewis's *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*. Edited by Thomas Raleigh, D.C.L.

#### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THIS establishment has the following books in the press:

*Borough and Township*. Being the Ford Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford in the Michaelmas Term, 1897, by F. W. Maitland, LL.D.

*The Syriac Version of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius*. Edited by William Wright, LL.D.

*A Treatise on Universal Algebra*. With applications by A. N. Whitehead, M.A.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SERIES: *An Essay on Western Civilisation in its Economic Aspects (Ancient Times)*. By W. Cunningham, D.D.

CAMBRIDGE NATURAL SCIENCE MANUALS (Biological Series)—*Fossil Plants: A Manual for Students of Botany and Geology*. By A. C. Seward, M.A., F.G.S.

*Vertebrate Paleontology*. By A. S. Woodward, M.A.

*The Monroe Doctrine*. By W. F. Redlaway, B.A.

*Collected Mathematical Papers of the late Prof. Arthur Cayley, Sc.D., F.R.S.* Index to the whole thirteen volumes.

#### WM. BLACKWOOD & SON.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD'S Spring announcements consist chiefly of books of History, Biography, and Travel. Here are a few of the more striking items in a good list:

*The Diary of a Sun Seeker*. By G. W. Stevens.

*Side Lights on Siberia*. By J. Y. Simpson.

*The Saving of Ireland*. By Sir George Baden Powell.

*Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror*. By Bernard Capes.

*Millais and His Works*. By W. M. Spielmann.

*The Invasion of the Crimea*. (An abridgement.) By A. W. Kinglake.

*A Popular Manual of Finance*. By Sydney J. Murray.

Several of the above works have already been issued. Mr. Stevens's *Diary of a Sun Seeker* will be a reprint of the articles he is sending from Egypt to the *Daily Mail*. *The Invasion of the Crimea* is an abridgment of Kinglake's *Crimea* for military students, and covers the history of the war from its commencement down to the death of Lord Raglan.

#### WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

MR. HEINEMANN can be depended on for a strong list, be the season what it may. He announces the following works:

*The Indian Frontier War*. By Lionel James. This is an account of the Mohmund and Tirah Expeditions 1897. The book contains thirty-two full-page illustrations from drawings by the author and photographs, besides plans and maps. In one volume.

A translation of *Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine*. Evolution des partis et des formes politiques 1814-1896. By C. Seignobos.

A translation of *Essai de Sémantique* (Science des significations). By Michel Bréal.

*The Life of Judge Jeffreys*. By H. B. Irving, M.A., Oxon. With three portraits and facsimile of a letter.

*The Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield*. By Edward Robins. With twelve illustrations.

The Second Volume of *Byron's Works*. Edited by W. E. Henley. Being Poems, Vol. I. containing "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and "Childe Harold." With notes by the Editor.

In the "Literatures of the World" Series: Vol. IV., *A Short History of Italian Literature*, by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D.; and Vol. V., *A Short History of Spanish Literature*, by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

In the "Great Educators" Series: Vol. VIII., *Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States*. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D.

*Catherine Sforza: a Study*. By Count Pasolini. Adapted from the Italian by Paul Sylvester. With illustrations.

*Robert, Earl Nugent: a Memoir*. By Clauo Nugent. With portraits, &c.

A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. With portraits.

*Lonely Lives: a Play*. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Mary Morison.

A selection from the *Poems of Wilfrid Seawen Blunt*. With an introduction by W. E. Henley.

In Fiction Mr. Heinemann is issuing the following works:

*Dreamers of the Ghetto*. By I. Zangwill. This work was published on Wednesday.

*The Londoners: an Absurdity*. By Robert Hichens.

*The House of Hidden Treasure*. By Maxwell Gray.

*King Circumstance*. A Volume of Short Stories by Edwin Pugh. The promise shown by Mr. Pugh in his *Man of Straw* gives interest to this and the next announcement.

*Tony Drum: a Cockney Boy*. By Edwin Pugh.

*The Dull Miss Archinard*. By Anne D. Sedgwick.

*The Open Boat*. A Volume of Short Stories by Stephen Crane.

*The Lake of Wine*. By Bernard Capes.

*A Champion in the Seventies*. By Edith A. Barnett.

*Ezekiel's Sin*. By J. H. Pearce.

A translation of D'Annunzio's *Il Piacere*. By Georgina Harding. Several readers of Miss Harding's *Triumph of Death* expressed the hope that she would translate *Il Piacere*.

*The Drones must Die*. By Max Nordau.

*A Romance of the First Consul*. By Matilda Malling.

*The Old Adam and the New Eve*. By Rudolf Golm.

*Absalom's Hair and A Painful Memory*. By Björnstjerne Björnson.

*Boule de Suif*. Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant. With fifty-eight illustrations by François Thévenot.

#### T. FISHER UNWIN.

MR. UNWIN'S Spring list is strong in Travel Books and Guides. The following will shortly be issued by him:

*Through Unknown Tibet*. By Captain M. S. Wellby, 18th Hussars. Prior to Captain Wellby and Lieutenant Malcolm no one had attempted the exploration of Northern Tibet. The explorers aimed at discovering the source of Chu Ma, and learning something of the weak administration of the Chinese Government. They accomplished their journey from Leh to Peking with success, after being about four months at an elevation of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Captain Wellby's book will contain over sixty full-page and smaller illustrations, besides maps, appendices, &c.

*Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada: 3,200 Miles by Canoe and Snowshoe through the Barren Lands*. By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E.

*British Guiana; or, Work and Wanderings Among the Creoles and Coolies, the Africans and Indians of the Wild Country*. By the Rev. L. Crookall.

*Paris-Parisien: a Complete Guide to Paris*, containing the following sections: I.—What to See. II.—What to Know. III.—Parisian Ways. IV.—Practical Paris.

*Saunterings in Florence*. By E. Grifi. This is a new handbook for English and American tourists.

All the above works, with the exception of the Paris guide, will be illustrated.

Among books of more purely literary interest Mr. Unwin announces:

*Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote)*. By Stephen Gwynn. This work will be fully illustrated with photogravures, &c., and it may be expected

to contain much pleasant literary gossip connected with Hazlitt and other writers.

*Brunetière's Essays in French Literature.* A selection, translated by D. Nichol Smith, with a preface by the author, specially written for this, the authorised English translation.

*Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of all Ages.* Classified subjectively, and arranged alphabetically.

*Shelley: a Monograph.* By Dr. Guido Biagi.

Mr. Unwin has joined the "Waverley" branch of publishing, for it is a branch in itself. Undeterred by the many new editions of Scott's novels now in the market, Mr. Unwin is about to launch his "Century Edition" of Scott's works. Each novel will be complete in one volume, and have a colotype frontispiece, a book-plate and ornamental title, and devices in red and black, but no editorial matter. The set will be completed in 25 vols., of which the first eight are now ready.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER  
& CO.

Most of the books announced for the Spring by this firm have already been issued. This is the case with Mr. W. A. Lindsay's work on *Her Majesty's Household, 1837-97*, Miss Clara Bell's translation of Huysmans' novel, *La Cathédrale*, and the new edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's *William Hogarth*.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. give prominence to their new and completed edition of *The Book of the Dead*, edited by Mr. E. A. Wallis, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian departments in the British Museum. The work will be divided into three volumes, of which the third only—containing the translation—will be sold separately. The contents of the volumes will be as follows:

Vol. I.—The Complete Egyptian Texts of the Theban Recension of *The Book of the Dead*, printed in hieroglyphic type.

Vol. II.—A Complete Vocabulary to *The Book of the Dead*, containing over 35,000 references.

Vol. III.—An English translation of the Theban Recension of *The Book of the Dead*, with an introduction containing chapters on the history, object and contents of the book; the Resurrection; the Judgment; the Elysian Fields; the Magic of *The Book of the Dead*, &c. This volume is illustrated by three large facsimiles of sections of papyri, printed in full colours, and eighteen plates illustrating the paleography of the various recensions of *The Book of the Dead* from B.C. 3,500 to A.D. 200.

Another work important to scholars, and even more closely connected with the British Museum, is being issued by this firm. It is *An Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum*. The work is divided into four parts, of which the first, dealing with early German books, has just been issued. In the succeeding parts the books of France, the Netherlands, England, and Spain will be catalogued.

#### G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS issue a good list. Lovers of Walt Whitman will welcome a series of letters written by the poet from the hospitals in Washington during the war of the Rebellion. These reveal a very tender and attractive side of Walt Whitman's character, and they will bear the title, *The Wound-Dresser*.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce that they have in preparation, and will shortly issue, the third volume in the series comprising the University Lectures on Religions delivered in America. This volume is to be entitled *Jewish Religious Life after the Exile*, and has been prepared by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., Canon of Rochester, and Oriel Professor at Oxford of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture. The volume will deal with the following subjects: "Religious Life in Judæa before the Arrival of Nehemiah"; "Nehemiah, Ezra, and Manasseh"; "Jewish Religious Ideals"; "Jewish Wisdom: its Meaning, its Object, and Varieties"; "Orthodox and Heretical Wisdom"; "The Power of Judaism in attracting Foreigners; its Higher Theology; its Relation to Greece, Persia, and Babylon."

The following works of fiction are in Messrs. Putnam's Sons' list:

*Lorraine: A Romance.* By Robert W. Chambers.

*Beleaguered: A Story of the Uplands of Baden.* By Herman T. Koerner.

*Lost Man's Lane.* By Anna Katherine Green.

Messrs. Putnam's list contains many works of American history and biography.

#### CASSELL & CO.

MESSRS. CASSELL announce, with particulars, three new novels by Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. E. W. Hornung, and Mr. Headon Hill. *A Woman of Kronstadt*, Mr. Pemberton's novel, is a love story, and treats of the fortunes of an English girl, Marian Best, who was sometime governess to the children of General Stefanovitch in Kronstadt, and of her attempts to steal the plans of the fortress. Mr. E. W. Hornung's story, *Young Blood*, has to do with modern financial villainy, and a love element is not wanting. Mr. Headon Hill's story, *Spectre Gold*, is one of adventure in the wild North-West, with Klondike in the foreground. The story is dated in the year before the first rush down the Yukon.

Messrs. Cassell's "Century Science Series" will include *Michael Faraday; His Life and Work*. By Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

#### WARD, LOCK & CO.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO. have an attractive list, chiefly composed of fiction.

Mr. George Giffen's cricket-book, *With Bat and Ball*, has already been issued, and is noticed in another column of our present issue.

*Cryptography; or, the History, Principles, and Practice of Cypher Writing*, by Mr. F. W. Hulme, will be issued by this firm immediately.

The following are Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s novels:

*An Italian Fortune Hunter.* By B. D. De Tassinari.

*Countess Petrovski.* By "Orme Agnus."

*The Lust of Hate.* By Guy Boothby.

*Pasquinado.* By J. S. Fletcher.

*As a Man Lives.* By E. Phillips-Oppenheim.

*The Datchet Diamonds.* By Richard Marsh.

*For the Rebel Cause.* By Archer P. Crouch.

*A Stolen Life.* By M. McDonnell Bodkin, Q.C.

*Sir Tristram.* By Thorold Ashley.

In addition to the above, Messrs. Ward Lock will have ready shortly a new book by Mr. Ernest E. Williams, the author of *Made in Germany*, entitled *Marching Backward*: a treatise on the question of the increased foreign competition from which certain of our home industries are suffering.

#### GEORGE REDWAY.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY announces three biographies for publication this Spring:

*The Reminiscences of Miss M. E. Betham Edwards.* This lady's novels have always been so popular, and who enjoyed the friendship of George Eliot, and of many others who have made a name during this century.

*A Life of the late James Hain Friswell*, author of *The Gentle Life* and other books which were widely read some few years ago.

*A Memoir of John Herand*, in which will appear a number of letters from Robert Southey, poet laureate, which have not previously been printed. Mr. Herand led the crusade against the Patent Theatres Act, which threatened to destroy the vitality of the drama in England.

The Rev. W. Connor Sydney has completed an important work, entitled *The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century*, dealing with the social condition of England, on the same lines as he adopted in his previous work, *The Social Life of the Eighteenth Century*.

#### GEORGE BELL & SONS.

MESSRS. BELL'S list is strong, as usual, in works dealing with Art. An interesting book should be Sir Wyke Bayliss's *Rex Regum*. This is a study of the likenesses of Christ from the time of the Apostles down to the present day. The book will, of course, owe much of its interest to its illustrations. These have been taken direct from the original paintings.

Another illustrated art book to be issued by this firm is *The Royal Gallery at Hampton Court*, by Mr. Ernest Law. It consists of an illustrated historical catalogue of the pictures in the Queen's collection in that Palace, with descriptive, biographical, and critical notes. The work is enlarged from the earlier edition, and will contain one hundred plates.

*Interludes* is the title under which Messrs. Bell will issue six popular lectures on musical subjects that were delivered by the late Mr. Henry C. Bannister. These have been collected and edited by Mr. Stewart

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The Bohn Libraries will receive the following additions: The third volume of Mr. Temple Scott's edition of Swift's works, a new edition of Burton's *Pilgrimage to Al-Fadinah and Meccah*, and a new edition of John Payne Collier's *Annals of the Stage to the Restoration*. The excellent "Cathedral Series" of this firm will be continued; and Hereford, Lincoln, Wells, Durham, and Southwell will be added to the published volumes.

#### MR. EDWARD ARNOLD.

*Harrow School* is the subject of a sumptuous work to be issued in June by Mr. Arnold. The editors will be Mr. E. W. Lawson and Mr. G. Townsend Warner; and the volume will contain contributions by more than a dozen old Harrovians. These will deal with the origin and history of the school and its buildings, and its connexion with the town, embodying much information hitherto unpublished. Other subjects treated will be: the Headmasters of the school, Harrovian Statesmen, Harrovian Men of Letters, the Benefactions, Reminiscences of School Life in Old Days, Cricket, Football, and other branches of School Sports, School Songs and Music, and the Social Life of the School.

In Mr. Arnold's "Sportsman's Library" we shall see *The Chase, The Turf, and The Lad*, by "Nimrod." This edition is based on the first edition of Apperley's work, and Aken's plates will be reproduced in their original size.

The *Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland* were written, we are told, "with no thought but to please, convey affection, help or console, by a person gifted with sympathy, and of a nature of rare distinction."

Mr. S. H. Reynold's *Studies on Many Subjects* has already been issued by Mr. Arnold.

#### CHAPMAN & HALL.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL'S Spring list is mainly composed of technical works. The two standard editions, however, of Dickens and Carlyle which this firm is issuing will be forwarded. *Our Mutual Friend*, with 40 illustrations by Mr. Marcus Stone, forming vols. xxiii. and xxiv. of the Gadshill edition of the novelist's works, will be issued; and in the "Centenary Edition" of the works of Carlyle the *Life of Frederick the Great* will be continued in three new volumes. Among the other works announced by this house we note books dealing with Shoemaking, Miers' Arithmetic, British Columbia (for sellers), Chinese Porcelain, Physics, Mineralogy, and—in odd contrast—"The Song of Solomon," illustrated by 12 full-page colotype plates and numerous head and tailpieces by H. Granville Fell.

#### HUTCHINSON & CO.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON give prominence to an important new work by the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, entitled *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam*. This posthumous work has been edited, with an introduction and brief notes, by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. It

will contain summaries of the history of the Jewish race, of the gipsy and his distribution over Europe, and of Mohammedanism, subjects over which Sir Richard Burton spent many years of his life in collecting evidence, &c.

Among other books to be issued by this firm we note:

*The Modern Marriage Market*. By Lady Jeune, Marie Corelli, the Countess of Malmesbury, and Flora Annie Steel. This is a discussion of the prevailing system of arranging marriages in the world which calls itself "society."

*The Women of the Nineteenth Century*. Edited by Alfred H. Mills. Another book of female biography. Joanna Baillie is selected as the first woman in order of time, and Mathilde Blind as the last.

*Kings of the Hunting Field*. By "Thormanby."

*Memoirs of a French Sergeant*. By "The Man who Shot Nelson."

In Fiction Messrs. Hutchinson have a varied list. Not a few of the volumes it contains have already been issued; but the following have yet to appear:

*The Millionaires*. By Frankfort Moore.

*The Vicar*. By Joseph Hatton.

*Adrienne*. By Rita.

*The Admiral*. By Douglas Sladen.

*The Honourable Peter Stirling*. By Paul Leicester Ford. This American novel has enjoyed great popularity.

#### A. D. INNES & CO.

This firm announces the following publications:

*Ireland, '98 to '98*. By Judge O'Connor Morris.

*Through the Famine Districts of India*. By F. H. S. Merewether. Being an account, by Reuter's Special Correspondent, of his experiences in travelling through the Famine Districts of India.

*Through Persia on a Side Saddle*. By Ella C. Sykes. Illustrated with numerous photographs and a map.

*The Successors of Homer*. By Prof. W. C. Lawton. This is an account of the Greek poets who followed from Homer down to the time of Aeschylus.

Among new novels Messrs. Innes will publish:

*A Woman's Privilege*. By Marguerite Bryant.

*The Island of Seven Shadows*. By Roma White.

*The St. Cadix Case*. By Esther Miller.

*The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath*. By Basil Thomson.

The following new volumes of this firm's Isthmian Library will be issued this Spring:

*Rowing*. By R. C. Lehmann. With chapters by Guy Nickalls and C. M. Pitman. Vol. IV.

*Sailing Boats and Small Yachts*. By E. F. Knight.

*Figure Skating*. By M. S. Monier Williams.

*The World of Golf*. By Garden Smith.

A book of travel, entitled *Through the High Pyrenees*, will be issued by Messrs. Innes in April. It will include a narrative of two holidays in the high mountains of the Pyrenees, written by Mr. Harold Spender, besides a number of supplementary lectures of a scientific and historical character written by Mr. Llewellyn Smith. This book will be richly illustrated with sketches and photographs, and supplied with maps. Mr. Spender and Mr. Smith have climbed all the highest mountains in the range and traversed the central and least-known portion, camping in the mountains.

#### GRANT RICHARDS.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS is not afraid to publish poetry. He announces, or has already issued, the following books for the Spring season:

*Hernani: a Drama*. By Victor Hugo. Translated into English Verse by R. Farquharson Sharp.

*Hannibal: a Drama*. By Louisa Shore. With photogravure portrait of the author.

*Porphyron, and Other Poems*. By Laurence Binyon.

*Versions from Hafiz: an Essay in Persian Metre*. By Walter Leaf.

In fiction Mr. Richards promises the following varied fare:

*The Wheel of God*. By George Egerton.

*The Cattle Man*. By G. B. Burgin.

*The Actor-Manager*. By Leonard Merrick.

*The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer*. Being the Personal History of Jehu Sennacherib Dyle.

*The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People*. By W. C. Morrow.

*The Yellow Terror*. By M. P. Shiel.

*Convict 99: a True Story of Penal Servitude*. By Marie and Robert Leighton. With eight full-page illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.

*A Bibliography of Omar Khayyam*. By Temple Scott. With prefatory note by Edward Clodd.

#### C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

MR. PEARSON began book-publishing a little more than a year ago; but his list is already long and interesting. The most considerable announcement from the point of view of expense and enterprise is that of an illustrated edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This will be issued in twelve monthly parts at the price of sixpence a part—thus aiming at a popular sale. The feature of such an edition must of course be its illustrations. These, in the present instance, are from drawings of Frederick A. Rhoad and Louis Read, who have been engaged for the last three years in preparing illustrations to Bunyan's work. The drawings themselves have been exhibited in London, Paris, and New York. They are in line with occasional wash.

Mr. Pearson also announces the following works:

*With Peary Near the Pole*. By Eivind Astrup. Illustrated with sketches and photographs by the author

*Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences.* By G. F. Wright, D.D. This volume is another attempt to show that science is not in opposition to the evidences of Christianity.

*Mad Humanity.* By Dr. Forbes Winslow. In this book Dr. Winslow, the celebrated "mad" doctor, deals largely with his personal reminiscences. Separate chapters are devoted to insanity in relation to genius, in relation to crime, and in relation to sex.

In fiction Mr. Pearson is making the rather daring experiment of a series of half-crown novels by good writers. He announces:

*Miss Betty.* By Bram Stoker. This and the next novel are already published.

*Van Wagener's Ways.* By W. L. Alden.  
*An Egyptian Coquette.* By Clive Hollaud.  
*In Male Attire.* By Joseph Hatton.  
*An Episode in Arcady.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

*Trincolor.* By Douglas Sladen.  
*A Romance of a Grouse Moor.* By M. E. Stevenson.

*A Russian Fagabond.* By Fred. Whishaw.  
*Tammer's Duel.* By E. and H. Heron.  
*From Veld and Mine.* By George Griffith.  
*The Shadow of Life.* By Marten Strong.

#### CHATTO & WINDUS.

Most of the books in Messrs. Chatto & Windus's list are already in the hands of the public. Mark Twain's *More Tramps Abroad* has been out more than a month, and has been followed by the welcome news of the author's triumph over financial difficulties. Mr. Vizetelly's translation of *Paris* and Mr. Harry de Windt's *Through the Goldfields of Alaska to Bering Straits* have already been reviewed in our columns. Nor must it be forgotten that Mr. Archibald Forbes's *Life of Napoleon III.* is one of this firm's recent publications.

Of novels just published, or on the eve of publishing, Messrs. Chatto & Windus have the following:

*The Disaster.* By Paul and Victor Marguerite. Translated by Frederic Lees.

*A Woman Tempted Him.* By William Westall.

*Miss Balmaine's Past.* By B. M. Croker.

*Was She Justified?* By Frank Barrett.

*Colonel Thorndyke's Secret.* By G. A. Henty.

*A Woman Worth Winning.* By Geo. Manville Fenn.

*Fortune's Gate.* By Alan St. Aubyn.  
*The Heritage of Eve.* By H. H. Spettigue.

#### J. M. DENT & CO.

MR. DENT'S announcements include an important book of travel—*With Ski and Sledge over Spitzbergen Glaciers*, by Sir William Martin Conway. *A Book of Cats*, by Mrs. W. Chance, is already issued. Three more volumes of Mr. Dent's dainty edition of the *Spectator* will be issued, completing the set.

The "Temple Classics" will receive the following additional volumes:

*Milton's Paradise Lost.* Edited by W. H. D. Rouse.

*The High History of the Holy Grail.* Translated for the first time from the French

by Dr. Sebastian Evans. With frontispiece and titles by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This work will be in two volumes.

*The Little Flowers of St. Francis.* Newly translated from the Italian by Prof. T. W. Arnold.

*Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* Edited by Dr. Horton.

*Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides.* With notes by Arnold Glover.

To the "Temple Dramatists" will be added:

*Greene's Tragical Reign of Selimus* (already published).

*Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle.*  
*Ben Jonson's Alchemist.*

#### ELKIN MATHEWS.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS makes the following Spring announcements:

*Some Welsh Children.* By the author of *Fraternity*. The cover and title-page are designed by the author. Impressionist studies of child-life in Wales—a *Welsh Golden Age*.

*The Adventures of a Goldsmith: a Historical Romance.* By the author of *The C Major of Life*, a story that touches on the famous plot of Georges Cadoudal, a conspiracy which occupied Napoleon's mind at the time he had determined to seat himself on an Imperial throne.

*Indian Elegies and Love Songs.* By Manmohan Ghose. ("Shilling Garland Series"). No. IX. In the press.

*Admirals All.* By Henry Newbolt (same series). 11th edition in the press.

*Another Sheaf.* With a photogravure frontispiece. By R. T. Warwick Bond.

*The Wind Among the Reeds.* By W. B. Yeats. With portrait and cover design.

#### MR. JOHN LANE.

MR. JOHN LANE'S Spring announcements are not very numerous, but they are interesting. To begin with, there is a new novel by Miss Gertrude Atherton, called *The Californians*. Mr. Le Gallienne's *The Romance of Zion Chapel* is also in the list. Mr. John Buchan has a six-shilling novel impending, called *John Burnet of Barns*. Nor are these all Mr. Lane's plums of fiction. Those who read *Father Hilarion* will be glad to read another story by Miss K. Douglas King, entitled *The Child who will Never Grow Old*. Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's public—too long neglected—will know him again as the author of *The Heart of Miranda*. Lastly, Mr. Henry Harland will be represented by a volume entitled *Comedies and Errors*.

Two plays figure in Mr. Lane's list: Mr. Laurence Irving's *Godefroi and Yolande*, already published, and *Godfrida*, by Mr. John Davidson, to be issued shortly.

We are also to have the *Tompkin's Verses*, "edited" by Mr. Barry Pain. These are, of course, gleaned from the Saturday columns of the *Daily Chronicle*.

#### NISBET & CO.

THIS firm announce a number of religious works, from which we select the following:

*The Mystery of the True Vine: Meditations for a Month.* By the Rev. Andrew Murray.

*Science, Miracle, and Prayer.* By the Rev. Chancellor Leas.

*On the Resurrection Body.* By the Ven. Archdeacon Hugh-Games.

*The Message and the Messengers: Lesson from the History of Preaching.* By the Rev. Fleming James.

*Brief Sermons for Busy Men.* By the Rev. R. F. Horton.

*The King's Own: Words of Counsel to Young Christians.* By the Rev. G. A. Sowtor.

*The Problems of the Book of Job.* By the Rev. G. V. Garland.

*The Elector King and Priest.* By A. S. Lamb.

*Regent Square: Eighty Years of a London Congregation.* By John Ffair.

#### HARPER BROTHERS.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS inform us that they have arranged for the following new novels:

*Behind a Mask.* By Theo. Douglas.  
*Sowing the Seed.* By Mrs. Florence Henniker.

*Meg o' the Scarlet Foot.* By Wm. Tirebuck.

*Silence—Short Stories.* By Miss M. F. Wilkins.

*Robin Hood.* By Barry Pain.  
*Flaunting Moll.* By R. A. J. Walling.

*The Adventurers.* By Marriott Watson.  
*The Luck of Parco.* By John Maclair.

#### THACKER & CO.

THIS firm is closely identified with India it has already published *Lockhart's Advance through Tirah* by Capt. L. J. Shadwell, P.S.C. (Suffolk Regiment). Capt. Shadwell was special correspondent in the recent expedition of *The Pioneer* and the *London Daily News*.

The same firm announce a volume of *Hunting Reminiscences*, by Alfred E. Pease, M.P. Mr. Pease's book is largely one of reminiscence; and is by no means confined in its scope to the persecution of Reynard-Hare-hunting and Badger-hunting being duly treated. "The Greatest Run I ever Saw" is the subject of a chapter.

Messrs. Thacker & Co. will also issue: *Whyte Melville's Riding Recollections and Inside the Bar* (complete in 1 vol.), in New Edition, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson.

*A History of China.* By D. C. Boulger. This work, by the author of *Chinese Gordon*, *Sir Stamford Raffles*, &c., has been re-written and brought up to date.

*A Galaxy Girl.* A new novel by M. Lincoln Springfield, dealing with London theatrical and sporting life.

#### SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO.

THIS firm's Spring list contains the following announcements:

*The Wonderful Century: its Successes and its Failures.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. The object of this volume is to give a short descriptive sketch of all the more important mechanical inventions and scientific discoveries of the century.

ies of the nineteenth century, and to le those who have lived only in the r half of it to realise its full significance e history of human progress. The d part of the work discusses the e actual and moral failures of the ry.

*Foundations of England: a History of und to the Death of Stephen.* By Sir s Ramsay, Bart.

*Studies in Little-known Subjects.* By C. umpstre.

*Collections of Thirty-nine Years in the .* By Sir Charles Alexander Gordon, B. Including Gwalior, and the Battle aharaipore, 1843; the Gold Coasts of a, 1847-8; the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8; a, 1860-1; the Siege of Paris, 1870-1. work has already appeared.

*Græco-Turkish War, 1897.* By a an Staff Officer. Translated by rica Bolton.

IAL ENGLAND SERIES. Edited by m D. Cotes. *Life in an Old English* By M. Dormer Harris.

LAURENCE & BULLEN.

s firm's sporting publications grow in ce. The "Anglers' Library" is edited r Herbert Maxwell, and volumes on *Fish, Sea Fish, and Pike and Perch* eadly been issued. To these will be

*Trout and Sea-Trout.* By Right Hon. rbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.

*Out, Char, &c.* By T. D. Croft.

se publishers also announce "The man's Pocket Series" of small books hilling a volume. The first item in ries will be Robert Surtees' *Handley* s with Leech's illustrations, in two es.

SAMPSON LOW.

LSERS. SAMPSON LOW are just issuing *the Miniature Painters and their Works* J. J. Foster. This work is dedicated, by sion, to the Queen. It will be illus- e by over 120 examples from the Royal ay, Windsor, and from the collections H. Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, ronesse Burdett-Coutts, the Dukes hmond and Gordon, Rutland, and urt, the Earl Spencer, &c.

h second volume of *The Life of Our d Jesus Christ*, edited by James Tissot, eparation. This work is also appear- in monthly parts.

h third volume of Mr. William Laird e's work, *The Royal Navy from the lie Times to the Present*, is nearly ready; e second edition of Mr. Fred. T. Jane's *World's Fighting Ships*, has been e called for, and is now in the press.

Henry M. Stanley's new book, *Through the Africa*, has already been issued by this

JAMES BOWDEN.

LE BOWDEN sends us the following list of coming novels:

*Paul Carah, Cornishman.* By Charles Lee.

*Vadurers.* By Sidney Pickering.

*The Last Lemurian: a Westralian Romance.* G. Firth Scott.

*Tom Ossington's Ghost.* By Richard Marsh.

*Dead Selves.* By Julia Macgruder.

*At Friendly Point.* By G. Firth Scott.

*The Adventures of an Engineer.* By Wetherby Chessney.

*The Intervention of the Duke.* By L. Allen Harker.

Mr. Bowden will publish *Reminiscences of Cricket and Sport*, by Dr. W. G. Grace. Of cricketing books there is no end just now; but, then, there is no end to the demand for them. Dr. Grace's book will be illustrated with numerous photographs.

Also, Mr. Bowden proposes to issue a shilling edition of *White Slaves of England*, by Robert H. Sherard, and, uniform with the above, *The Cry of the Children*. This work, by Frank Hird, gives a picture of certain British industries in which child labour is employed. It will be illustrated.

DUCKWORTH & CO.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. are the newest firm of publishers, and their first list contains among other announcements:

*Studies in Biography.* By Leslie Stephen. *Tom Tit Tot; or, Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale.* By Edward Clodd.

*Cricket.* By the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton.

*Imperialism.* By C. de Thierry. With an introduction by W. E. Henley.

*War and Policy on the Indian Frontier.* By Stephen Wheeler.

*A History of Rugby School.* By W. H. D. Rouse.

*The Saints.* A new series of "Lives of the Saints" in separate volumes, translated from the French. The series will be edited by the Rev. G. Tyrell, S.J., and the first volume will be an introductory one, entitled *The Psychology of the Saints*, by Henri Joly. It will be followed by one-volume biographies of St. Augustine, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Clotilda, and others.

In fiction this firm announces: *The Unknown Sea: a Romance.* By Miss Clemence Housman.

*The Fire of Life.* By Charles Kennett Burrow.

*Jocelyn.* By John Sinjohn.

New novels by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and Edward H. Cooper.

Only one poet figures in this list. Miss Margaret Armour, whose *Thames Sonnets and Semblances* appeared last autumn, will put forth a volume entitled *The Shadow of Love*. This is described as a lyric sequence, and, like the author's previous volume, it will be illustrated by Mr. W. R. Macdougall.

SEELEY & CO.

THIS firm's Spring List is not so characteristically concerned with Art as is usually the case; indeed, three of the following works are religious:

*The Hope of Immortality.* By the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow School. This book is mainly addressed to persons who are not theologians, though with thoughts and feelings about religion, who are ready to consider an argument conscientiously addressed to them. Technical

terms are as far as possible avoided, and quotations from classical and foreign writers are translated.

*The Young Queen of Hearts: a Story of the Princess Elizabeth and her Brother Henry, Prince of Wales.* By Mrs. Marshall.

*Short Chapters on the Prayer Book.* By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D.

*The Cross and the Spirit: Studies in the Epistles to the Galatians.* By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D.

*Brook Silvertone and The Lost Lilies.* Two Stories for Children. By Mrs. Marshall. New edition with eight coloured illustrations.

*The Portfolio* for April will be a monograph on "Greek Bronzes" by Mr. Alexander Stuart Murray, Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities.

DOWNEY & CO.

MESSRS. DOWNEY & Co. have this Spring issued, in conjunction with a Boston firm, an illustrated limited edition of Balzac's works.

We observe that "Downey's Sixpenny Library" now numbers more than twenty volumes.

The same firm will begin in the near future the publication of a series of volumes prepared by Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of History in Cornell University, which will be issued under the following subject-title: *A Century of American Statesmen: a Biographical Survey of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the Close of the Nineteenth Century.* As will be inferred from the title, the work, which is to be in several volumes, is based on the idea of affording a rapid survey of the great events of American history during the century now drawing to a close, by presenting in vivid outline the lives and characteristics of the chief statesmen who, whether for good or for ill, have influenced American political life since March 4, 1801. To each statesman included in the plan will be devoted a single chapter, wherein the scale and method of the portrait will be somewhat like that of the same author's work in his little book called *Three Men of Letters.*

Prof. Tyler has also in preparation a volume which will present the *Literary History of the American Republic during the First Half-Century of their Independence, 1783-1833.* This work will form a continuation of the volumes previously published on the literature of the Colonial and the Revolutionary periods.

BLISS, SANDS & CO.

A PIQUANT item in this firm's Spring list is the following: *Editing à la Mode; or, an Examination of Dr. George Birkbeck Hall's Johnsonian Editions.* By Percy Fitzgerald.

The following novels are in Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s list:

*Mrs. de la Rue Smythe.* By Riccardo Stephens, M.B., C.M.

*Second Lieutenant Celia.* By L. C. Davidson. Both these novels will be illustrated.

*The Spirit is Willing.* By Percival Pickering.

*A Departure from Tradition, and Other Stories.* By Rosaline Masson.

*One Crowded Hour.* By A. Beresford Ryley.

*A Branch of Laurel.* By A. B. Louis.

*His Fortunate Grace.* By Gertrude Atherton.

*Tales of the Klondyke.* By T. Mullett Ellis.

This firm issues the following list of "Books Bearing on the Present State of Public Affairs":

*Lord Cromer: a Biography.* By H. D. Traill.

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Housewives may add to their knowledge by consulting *Meyer's Practical Dictionary of Cookery*. This work will contain 1,200 tested recipes. Most authors write to eat; a few eat to write!

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MESSRS. GAY & BIRD issue the following list of books for the Spring:

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*Essays at Eventide.* By Thos. Newbigging.

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#### JOHN LONG.

MR. JOHN LONG, formerly of Messrs. Digby & Long, who is embarking on a publishing business, announces a new novel by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, entitled *Trewinnot of Guy's*. Also the following:

*The Story of Lois.* By Katharine S. Macquoid.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 17.

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##### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN'S formal reception into the French Academy, Thursday of last week, made an unusually brilliant occasion. The Papal Nuncio was present, and so was a Russian grand duke and the Russian Ambassador. M. Jules Saon supplied the new Academician with an inspiring theme; and he himself was the subject of an oration from Count d'Hausville.

THE great-grandson of Helvetius, Count Albert de Mun is also a nephew of Mrs. Augustus Craven, and has, therefore, like many modern Frenchmen, close alliances with England. Her best known book, *Le Vint d'une Sœur*, has passed through forty French editions, and has been crowned by the Academy itself; so that, in a sense, the fact may be said to have done homage to the mother before they received the son. In England *The Sister's Story*, as translated by Miss Emily Bowles, has made a large circle of friends, some of them in unexpected quarters. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, for instance, has exhausted the vocabulary of admiration in speaking of this record of the fascinating de la Ferronnays girls, one of whom bore Mme. de Mun; another—Olga—died in her maidenly teens; while Pauline herself, after her marriage with Mr. Augustus Craven, told the "story" with a tenderness of sentiment hardly to be met with in England, the supposed favoured land of the family and the home. Other literary works were hers, including a life of her friend, Lily Georgiana Fullerton, Earl Granville's sister, and a writer of novels much admired by Mr. Gladstone in their now distant day. Count Albert de Mun is his aunt's literary executor; and there is always a sort of understood promise of a biography of her from his hand.

THE mind of the Count de Mun is written largely across the sketch of Breton life in Mr. Bodley's book on "France." No better guide could the English writer have had; for all doors, including those of the convent cells, were open to the intrepid defender of religion in the Chamber of Deputies. A Royalist by tradition, and by family connexion an aristocrat, he yet accepted the new order, when Leo XIII. expressed the wish that internal divisions should cease, and that all Frenchmen should unite under the Republic. Particularly cordial, therefore, was his reception last spring in Rome, when his hotel was besieged each afternoon by all that was fair among the Papalini, and where his fine military figure in the streets recalled to old inhabitants that of his grandfather, who was the Ambassador of France there when this century was young.

THE death of Aubrey Boardsley at the age of 24, at Mentone, is sad, but not unexpected. The present writer met him first soon after he had given up his work in the Guardian Fire Office. He came into the room—a frail, slight figure, with pale, luminous face, and a manner volatilo and enthusiastic—with a portfolio of drawings under his arm. One inclines to think that first harvest of his perverse, corrupt genius represented his best work. Two or three of us bought specimens there and then, and one of the results of that evening was his introduction to *The Studio*, which was in the throes of its first number. Mr. Pennell was asked to write the article, and it was *The Studio* that gave him his first acknowledgment.

He did interesting work for the *Pall Mall Budget*, illustrating the Lyceum production of "Becket" in his own weird way—a way, let it be said, that never was and never could be popular. Later he drew for the *Yellow Book*—in fact, he was the *Yellow Book*—and when he ceased to draw for that interesting quarterly, it died gallantly, but surely. Aubrey Beardsley's imitators were many, but none possessed his strong, virile line, or his grotesque and fantastic imagination. His recognition was swift and complete within its own bounds; he was appreciated from the first by a small enthusiastic circle. He had a new thing to say, he said it with a wonderful dexterity, for he had precocious power over his material from the first. And he died at 24. A career, indeed!

Now that the "regulation" length of the novel has become so abridged, is it to become a fashion with writers who find the "regulation" length not long enough to revive the three-volume form in a new guise? M. Zola has just published the third part of his trilogy, "Lourdes—Rome—Paris"; an eminent novelist recently issued a volume, which, though "complete in itself" (to use a publishing phrase), is expected to form the first part of a trilogy; and now we hear of a third triological arrangement. Mr. Mac-laren Cobban has planned a kind of epical trilogy on the subject of the Marquis of Montrose—"The Great Marquis." The first part, "complete in itself," upon which

Mr. Cobban has been more or less engaged for about three years, and which treats of Montrose's youth and his connexion with the Covenant, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen.

J. K. HUYSMANS' new novel, *The Cathedral*, of which the French edition was reviewed in our issue of February 19, has now been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. in an English translation from the pen of Miss Clara Bell. Ill-health prevented Mr. C. Kegan Paul from continuing the work of translation begun by him in *En Route*, but he contributes a prefatory note which may deter some Protestant readers from the book. Here is an example of the tone of the preface (Mr. Kegan Paul, by the by, was not always a Catholic): "The general view of the matter may be summed up in the words of the hotel-keeper in a Burgundian town: 'Ah, sir, I hope you are not a Protestant; there are only three Protestants in this town, and they are all persons of indifferent lives.'"

MR. R. MAYNARD LEONARD writes: "You quote with approval the article on "Dogs in Poetry" contributed by the Rev. J. Hudson to the current issue of *The Westminster Review*. Will you allow me to say that almost every page of the article bears evidence that this gentleman has consulted the volume on *The Dog in British Poetry*, edited by me for Mr. Nutt, and has assimilated the notes in a manner that excites my admiration. I write this as Mr. Hudson has omitted to acknowledge his indebtedness to my work in the slightest form. One thing, however, is Mr. Hudson's own contribution to the subject—the suggestion that Mrs. Browning in her poem on Flush (Mr. Hudson prints Plush) had vivisection in mind, *teste*:

"Whiskered cats anointed flec,  
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee  
Cologne distillations!"

THE proposal to issue a Robert Louis Stevenson "Reader" for use in schools has been approved by the family of the author. Mr. Lloyd Osborne will make the selection, and the volume will be issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

MR. W. E. HENLEY has almost completed the MS. of his annotations to the second volume (second in order of publication) of his edition of *Byron*. It contains the first instalment of the Poems: that is to say, "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and Cantos 1 and 2 of "Childe Harold." The volume will be ready in April.

It may save trouble to the bibliographer of Mr. W. E. Henley's works, if we point out a slight inaccuracy in the preface to his *Poems*. Mr. Henley states there that the "Hospital Sketches" which he reprints in his new volume were contributed to "Voluntaries for an East London Hospital"

(David Stott) and published in 1888. Whereas the volume was actually published in July, 1887, and bears the date of 1887 on the title-page. It is now quite out of print, and copies are rarely met with.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, is recovering from the sharp attack of illness which has confined him to his house at Ramsgate. Mr. Burnand expects to be at work again shortly.

M. LÉON DAUDET has begun in the *Revue de Paris* the biography of his father, the late Alphonse Daudet. The first instalment has many interesting things in it. He never, says his son, became callous or rigid minded. Even in his last years he retained his flexibility and impressionableness. He gave of his nature very readily. No one coming with a tale of distress was turned away. Although Daudet was not to be imposed upon, yet he could forgive even fraud. The fact that a man was driven to lie was in itself pitiable to him, and he pitied accordingly. His eye saw everything and his memory retained everything. Once he met in after life a schoolfellow whom he had not seen for thirty years. "Have you still that little red mark on your thumb-nail?" he asked. M. Léon Daudet has begun well; his biography, if it continues as it starts, should make a fascinating book.

In the following passage we gather the effects of the Franco-German War on Daudet's mind:

"The war of 1870 was a revelation to Alphonse Daudet. It made a man of him. He said that one night, as he was in the snow on outpost duty, he had his first attack of pains in the body, and fits of remorse for his indolence that let him write light verse or glib prose without a thought of a serious or a durable task. He respected display. A regimental band intoxicated him. The title of officer was a passport to his house and his heart. One of the few questions on which he was never open to compromise was that of patriotism. The Terrible Year, in his mind, was a date that marked not only his own change, but a change in the nation, its customs, its prejudices, its culture. I think no father loved his sons more, but he would have given us both for the sake of the flag without the slightest hesitation. I asked him why he did not write an account of his impressions of 1870. He shook his head: 'Such an account would not ennoble souls. A warlike country like France requires that victory should be heralded to it.'

In his *Literary London* Mr. W. P. Ryan endeavours to make a book do the work of the newspaper. It is a collection of sketches and skits on some writers of the moment, so ephemeral in its nature that already many passages are out of date. Mr. Ryan is quick and fearless, but he has very little to say. There is always room for a literary satirist, but such work should be well considered and as good as it can be, not a *réchauffé* of hasty newspaper articles. Mr. Ryan might with advantage take the finish of the *Rejected Addresses* as an ideal. He has a rapid eye for absurdities and a fund of audacity. Some of Mr. Ryan's titles

will show his scope: "The Flight from the Caine-yard," "The New Doom of Narcissus (sometimes styled Richard)," "Authors I Cannot Take Seriously," "The Great Macleod Mystery," "A Lunar Elopement: the Key to Allen Gaunt's Defection." Hardly a writer of poetry or fiction now at all in the public eye, excepting always those of the first rank, escapes Mr. Ryan's notice. Some of them, it is true, may be undesirable—we agree with Mr. Ryan cordially in many of his opinions—but it is questionable if they should be served up in this manner.

SYNCHRONOUSLY with *Literary London* comes *Literary Landmarks of Glasgow*, by Mr. James A. Kilpatrick. Mr. Kilpatrick is the antithesis of Mr. Ryan: he chronicles genially and modestly, and is out of love with no one. His pages are a panorama of literary men who have association with the Scotch city: Burns and Campbell, Carlyle and Christopher North, Smollett and Tannahill, Edmund Kean and Edward Irving, Adam Smith and Scott; Mr. Barrie and Bret Harte; Mr. William Black and Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Black was born in Glasgow. "I am sorry," he writes to the author, "I cannot give you the number in the Trongate, but certain I am I was not born 'in the top flat.' That would have been altogether too poetic." Afterwards he studied at the Art School in the city, but "I was a complete failure, so qualified myself for a time in after life as an art critic."

WE meet also with a Glaswegian named Andrew Park, a song-writer and a fellow of great assurance, who used to rail in no measured terms at the mention of a new poem of Tennyson. "Tennyson!" he would exclaim. "Pshaw! I could reel off Tennyson by the yard." It was noticeable, however, that he never did.

SOME weeks ago we printed a criticism on the work of the Italian poet Signor Arturo Graf, in which his achievement was highly praised. Mr. R. McLintock now writes to say that he was led thereby to buy Signor Graf's new volume, *La Danaida*, and he sends us English renderings of two of the sonnets. Here is one—"Girls Dancing":

"On flowery turf that high woods girdle round  
With leafy rustle and shadows dark and dim,  
Lo! maidens dancing—young, short-trussed,  
and slim,  
And each fair brow with bright-leaved laurel  
crowned.

They dance to rhythm of some quaint old-world hymn;

Their soft feet barely press the enamelled ground;

Zephyr and sun make free with golden hair unbound,

And play on bosom white and twinkling limb—

Bosoms untouched else—child-like, pleasure-fraught,

As parted lips and blush-rose cheeks declare,  
And lighted eyes, serenely void of thought.

And holy light pervades the spacious air  
That sea and mountain breathe, and, unbesought,

The shady grove makes music, sweet and rare."

MR. FISHER UNWIN sends us the following note: "Mr. Chamberlain has been reading *Hugh Wynne*, a novel which, in his constituency, has created something like a *furor*. It should gratify Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, and Dr. Weir Mitchell, the author, to know that Mr. Chamberlain agrees entirely in the high praise given to it by the Birmingham press. In his opinion it is a remarkable study of character and history."

A LETTER from Lewis Carroll to a child in America contains a reference of his own to the Snark's significance, on which we have already collected some opinions: "As to the meaning of the Snark? I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I'm very glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best that I've seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to a newspaper)—that the whole book is an allegory on the search after happiness. I think this fits in beautifully in many ways—particularly about the bathing machines: when the people get weary of life, and can't find happiness in town or in books, then they rush off to the seaside, to see what bathing-machines will do for them."

THE *New York Critic* gives an amusing account of the realistic methods resorted to by book agents in America:

"A Yale College professor in his study, hearing his doorbell ring two or three times, unanswered, finally went to the door himself. On the steps outside he found a man doubled up and convulsed and collapsed in a fit of laughter, who at sight of the Professor made a great effort to regain his composure, and speak, but in vain. Finally, after waiting awhile, the Professor demanded, 'What ails you?' To whom, at length, the man, though gasping for breath, and able to get out only a word or two at a time, replied: 'Mark Twain's new book!—I'm selling it—waiting for—your door to open—I just took a look into it—myself—and oh! oh!—and off he went into another paroxysm. Whether or not on this proof of its quality the Professor bought the book, the story does not tell. But when the canvasser left, he followed him stealthily, and, to his intense amusement, saw him go through the same performance at the next house where he called."

The device is, we suppose, capable of variation. With a pathetic book the sobbing agent would deluge the doorstep with tears.

CONCERNING the private letters of M. Zola to Mr. George Moore, which the *Chronicle* discovered for sale in a second-hand bookseller's, Mr. Moore has written to the editor of our contemporary:

"That I did not sell the letters, and that they are being offered for sale without my authorisation, goes without saying. When I return to London I shall ask the bookseller (whose name you will give me) to explain how he came into possession of these letters. At present I can only say that I remember having been asked for M. Zola's autograph, by whom I cannot say; I vaguely remember having given away

letter, remarking that it would be more interesting than a bare signature. To do such a thing may seem scandalous to you; you are evidently a severe moralist, but I hope that there are some who will find my conduct excusable. . . . M. Zola is more careful with his papers than I am with mine, but should he lose what have stolen from him a packet of my letters, and should I afterwards hear of these letters being offered for sale, I should not feel angry even aggrieved."

APPROPOS of the *Daily Chronicle*, we find in an interesting little pamphlet, entitled *The Local Press of London*, by Mr. Walter Wellsman, the following story of its rise. A well-known printer in Clerkenwell being often called upon to print "Wanted" bills, and "Lost" bills, and notices generally, started a small demy sheet, four pages, called the *Cherkecell News*. At first it was entirely advertisements. Time passed on, little bits of news were put in the paper, which was published twice a week at a halfpenny. Later on it was published three times a week, ultimately coming out as a penny daily, with, probably, five out of its eight pages full of "Wants," and other interesting local advertisements. The paper blossomed into a full-grown daily under the title of the *London Daily Chronicle*, and my firm had the pleasure of selling it to Mr. Edward Lloyd. It is now the *Daily Chronicle*, one of the greatest and, probably, one of the most successful of all London dailies."

THE little organ of the English and American art students in Paris, *The Quartier Latin*, prints this month the following neat train by Mr. William Francis Barnard:

"ART.

The tree of life had grown through time untold, and branch and leaf had each fulfilled its part; there came a perfect spring with sun of gold—the tree burst forth in bloom; and that was Art."

A SIXPENNY copy of *The Deemster*, one of Mr. Hall Caine's best stories, has been sent out by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. A glance at the last page arouses in our mind a fugitive thought: Do all Mr. Caine's books end on the word "Amen"? The author, with gladness in his eyes, greets us on the cover.

CORRESPONDENT—C. S. F.—writes in connexion with our paragraph last week on Dean Farrar's wealth of quotation: "I attended—stood through—Dean, then Archdeacon, Farrar's Bampton Lectures at Oxford some twelve years ago. In the first lecture I was gratified to notice that all the quotations which I recognised to be such as were also found in the lecturer's little book *Greek Syntax*—a thrifty prodigality!"

In giving "Dear Heart" as the title of Mr. Breton's forthcoming story we were guilty of a slip. His title is *True Heart; or, Early Passages in the Life of Eberhard Treuherz, Scholar and Craftsman, telling of his Wanderings and Adventures, his Intercourse with the People of Consequence to their Age, and how he came Scatheless through a Time of Strife.*

It is odd that so good a title as *True Heart* should be available at this late stage.

ONLY a few days after Mr. J. G. Frazer's gigantic edition of Pausanias comes also from Messrs. Macmillan Mrs. J. G. Frazer's *Scenes of Child Life in Colloquial French*, one of the most alluring stepping-stones to a knowledge of the French language that we have seen. Mrs. Frazer becomes the entertaining historian of a little naughty French child, whose wilfulness and adventures are told in easy dialogue form, illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock. In the course of her preface Mrs. Frazer says: "This age is the golden age of childhood everywhere, but more so in France than anywhere else. The child has been enthroned by two of our greatest writers. With Rousseau and the fall of Monarchism *Sa Majesté Bébé* became a power. With Victor Hugo he has become an idol." Parents wishing to teach French attractively could hardly have a better ally than Mrs. Frazer.

IF Mr. J. M. Dent is susceptible to flattery, he should wear a pleased smile when he takes in his hand the first volume of the "Library of Devotion," which Messrs. Methuen are beginning to issue. It is a very attractive little book—*The Confessions of St. Augustine*, edited by Dr. Bigg—but it is impossible to believe it would wear quite such an air had Mr. Dent's "Temple Classics" never appeared.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, who was the prime mover in the scheme for sending an appeal on behalf of M. Zola to the French Government, has written to explain its withdrawal. "The promoters," he says, "of the movement have been persuaded that, in the present sensitive condition of the national mind in France, their intended appeal might rather harm than aid the object of their sympathy. . . . Mr. Max O'Rell, who may be supposed to know his countrymen, is of opinion that our voluntary self-effacement would have a more favourable effect upon French feeling than our perseverance. Hundreds of prominent Englishmen share that belief. We efface ourselves, therefore, not because of any lack of numbers or of influence, but in loyalty to the cause we have at heart. One of the purposes we had in mind was to disabuse the French Press of the idea that English feeling is inimical to France. In retiring, we may at least be allowed to reiterate that truth."

ON the presumption that "the ACADEMY is not in the Stevensonian conspiracy," a correspondent in Boston, U.S.A., favours us with a long, long letter concerning Stevenson's famous open letter to Dr. Hyde of Honolulu on the subject of Father Damien. Our correspondent's contention is, that Dr. Hyde was as good a man as Stevenson, if not a better, and that Father Damien was not what Stevenson believed him to be. Furthermore, he states that at the time of the appearance of Stevenson's open letter he and others wrote to the papers in vindication of Dr. Hyde, but, with the exception of

Mr. Arthur Gilman, were given no hearing. Mr. Gilman, however, was attacked from all sides. This being so, says our correspondent, it was unfair on our part to make the comment, as we did a few weeks ago, that any attack on Stevenson's attitude should have been made at the time, during his life. Had we known then what we now learn we should not have said that; but, all the same, we see no advantage in re-opening the question now. There is no need to belong to a Stevensonian conspiracy to come to such a decision.

A Boston publishing firm has made known the fact that of 543 MSS. which it received in the past year 212 were fiction, and 69 poetry. Out of this statement a controversy has risen. One journal maintains that such a proportion of poetry to fiction is a respectable one; another thinks that sixty-nine poetical MSS. in more than 500 are a poor show, indicating that poetry has come to be looked upon as a mere "minor ramification of literature" instead of one of its chief fundaments." But a third journal justly points out that the arithmetical comparison is not a fair one. Prose requires more space than poetry, and the complete works of almost any poet might be packed into one volume. Poetry, the most difficult of all forms of writing, is gaily selected by beginners as the first field for their conquering pen. Fortunately thousands of these writers never get further: they perish like flies stuck in treacle.

WE may remind our readers that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have their biographical edition of Thackeray's complete works in active preparation. This edition will comprise additional material and hitherto unpublished letters, sketches, and drawings. Thackeray's desire that no biography of him should be written has always been respected by his literary executors, but the present edition is not styled "biographical" without cause. The works will be arranged as far as possible in chronological order, and memoirs, forming Introductions to each volume, have been written by the novelist's surviving daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

A STORY of a scholar who has seen better days is told by the *Birmingham Post*. An inmate of a workhouse, out on leave, called at a bookseller's and propounded the following question: "Our chaplain last Sunday spoke of the mother of Achilles dipping him in the river Lethe. Now, if my memory does not fail me, the chaplain was wrong, for it was not the Lethe, but the Styx into which Achilles was dipped, making all but the heel of him invulnerable." The bookseller corroborated his visitor's suspicion, and sent him away in the best of spirits.

THERE is an excellent portrait of Mr. George Gissing, by Mr. Will Rothenstein, in the new number of *English Portraits* (Grant Richards). Meanwhile we observe that in an American review Mr. Gissing is styled the "Good Gray Novelist," which, as a descriptive epithet, might endure.

## TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, that barest me, whose limbs are  
of thine earth!  
Suckled'st me with thine air, milk of heroic  
worth!  
What is this thing I hear? What is this  
thing they tell?  
That save the fallow-visaged gold, thou  
lovest nothing well:  
If thy first-born, Renown, cry: "Mother,  
help, I bleed!"  
Thou falterest thrifty saws of counsel, fear,  
and heed;  
That thou hast put from thee Honour, thy  
plumèd spouse,  
To whom in armèd steel thou took'st the  
glancing vows;  
Wisdom nor wrath can strip thy sword  
against the strong,  
And what once stirred thy blood, now  
stirreth but thy tongue.  
Only thou summonest heart when merchants  
cry to thee,  
And plainly tell'st thy foes—they act un-  
civilly.  
Say that the tale is false, a lie as deep as  
hell!  
How is it not much more than false—  
impossible?

O England, O my mother, Lady of the Earth,  
I thank thee for thy breasts, and thank thee  
for my birth!  
The coward born of thee lacks courage to be  
cowed,  
For thou art proud, and mak'st thy children  
to be proud.  
And with thy great approach, whose steps  
are called Créci,  
Poitiers, Azincour, Seringapatam, Delhi,  
Trafalgar, Waterloo—each an heroic sound—  
Thy halo has prevailed to the earth's utmost  
bound;  
And as beneath the tread o' the sun red  
blossoms rise,  
Whereso thy foot was set it printed victories.  
All things thy hand has wrought to which  
thy hand was put;  
In every clime and soil thy flag has stricken  
root,  
The bannered stars behold thy flickering  
banners stand;  
The leashes of the earth are gathered in thy  
hand.  
Babylon did not know the regions thou dost  
tame,  
Ears that were deaf to Rome are deafened  
with thy name.  
Magnificent is thy state, and august is thy  
rule,  
Thy hand is on the East, thou sett'st the  
West to school;  
Thine awe is in their heart, thy law is in  
their soul,  
All of thy ways found upright, equal thy  
control.  
They whom her shaken locks have held in  
terror, they  
Suck from the lioness's dugs the milk of  
sway.  
They who their ancient kings adored with  
whitened lips,

They that were scourged with scorpions,  
thou dost correct with whips;  
Therefore do all the seas groan scarrèd with  
thy ships,  
The riches of the nations flow to thee like  
sand;  
Thou givest them thy peace, their price is  
in thy hand.  
Thy garners are made full, thy glories  
heaped and pressed,  
Wherefore thou sayest to thy soul: "Come,  
eat, and rest!"  
Thy soul desireth peace, and may desire it  
well;  
In shadow of thy peace all they that buy  
and sell,  
The merchants of the four-nooked world  
their chaffer hold;  
But what was won by iron, thou shalt not  
keep by gold.

If the world's wheels should slack, the  
heavens would part in war,  
Sun march its battle against sun, star  
mounded upon star.  
No less would be the ruin, if thou shouldst  
shirk thy fate,  
Shouldst thou neglect, forget, the gods have  
made thee great.  
O England, slothful, blind! too confident  
and high,  
Who stookest in thyself, and bad'st the  
world go by:  
Saidst—"Go thy ways in peace, and leave  
my ways to me";  
Know'st thou not no man's friend is all  
men's enemy?  
One friend is thine in the East—what! dost  
thou count her cost?  
Dost hesitate, falter? Whilst thou falterest  
she is lost!  
Count, if it please thee count, count what  
thy navies can,  
Poised against Russia, France, Germany—  
and Japan!  
O England, palterer, falterer! again I say  
to thee:  
"Whoso is no man's friend is all men's  
enemy."  
Thou sayst: "The nations hate me; how  
have I earned their hate?"  
Thy sin is heavy, England; thou hast been  
too great,  
The nations hate thee not for these or for  
those faults;  
Nay, thou hast ruled the world, the world it  
is revolts.  
Smitten on either cheek, from one to other  
hurled,  
It is the world 'gainst England, England  
'gainst the world.

On other marts than those where the hoarse  
trader yells,  
There are things bought and sold which not  
the merchant sells.  
The shares thereon are honour, and the  
investment blood,  
And honour's shares must rise at length,  
though all the world withstood.  
A rich estate thou hold'st which thy fore-  
fathers got;  
It is not thine to barter, thine to let it rot.

Thou guard'st it for thy sons, this regal-fair  
estate,  
No jot of land or honour is thine to alienate:  
Wilt thou, for present grant of despicable  
peace,  
Mortgage the greatness, England, held in  
trust for these?  
O keep thou chained the watch-dog War,  
'tis well, in truth;  
But let it not grow old, sluggard, and  
gapped of tooth.  
For in a cause approved and virile, we do  
hold  
The gun's rough lips plead nobler than the  
voice of gold.  
Our England, show 'tis false, thou stoop'st  
unto the vice  
Of palsied years in persons and in peoples—  
avarice!  
Yea, though if thou shouldst fall, it were  
such thunder-clap,  
Have the heavens spatial silence to fill the  
after-gap?  
Though over all the earth thy ruin would be  
hurled,  
And desolate and unguided stand a mother-  
less world;  
Sooner than this, O fall with banner lifted  
high!  
If mightily thou canst not live, take mighty  
ways to die;  
If thou no more canst greatly live, choose—  
thou canst greatly die!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## STEVENSON'S FABLES.

THE fable with Stevenson was an early  
love. "Will-o'-the-Mill" and "Markheim"  
are instances of one type of the form. In the  
collection which he called "Fables," however,  
he keeps nearer to the normal type. About  
the year 1888 the idea of publishing them  
in a little book was strong with him; later  
a crowd of new interests drove the thing  
from his mind, and his death left the project  
uncompleted. There are only a score of  
them altogether, and many of them scarcely  
fill half a page. But they are so perfect in  
their way, finished with so sure a touch,  
their language so jewelled and chosen, that  
the mere exquisiteness of the manner must  
give them claim to life, wholly apart from  
the acuteness and insight in the thought.

The *mise-en-scène* of the fables—and it  
plays as important a part in this form of  
literature as in others—is curiously varied.  
In some the background has a sort of  
legendary and mystical quality akin to that  
of Celtic folk-tales. The use of certain  
archaic words, the perpetual appending of  
the epithet, the recondite imagery, and a  
half-epic form of narration, all combine to  
reproduce much of the flavour of a Gaelic  
legend. In others the names and conven-  
tions of Norse poetry are borrowed with some  
success; and in others, again—and these are  
chiefly the shorter and earlier ones—we have  
the ordinary mixed background that is  
familiar in Æsop. In one sense the best  
atmosphere for the fable is that most remote  
from common life; but certain precautions  
must be taken. Granted the first fantastic  
supposition, the details must be *bona fide* and  
convincing. An eccentric fidelity to itself is

the most necessary characteristic, for in this way alone can the problem be made to have the flavour of drama and some unity preserved in the emotional effect. In this one respect I cannot think that Stevenson ever seriously fails. An artist to his finger-tips, he could feel the slightest clouding of the mirror. He never elaborates the problem to the weakening of the drama, nor lets a purely optional interest obscure the inner framework of thought. If the fables fall short at all, it is because of an over-elaboration in the dancing of the two interests, so that we begin to watch for the author's skill and regret the rest.

Roughly speaking, the fables fall into three classes: those which, for want of a better name, one might call gnomic, which deal with the little moralities, the inconsistencies of speech and conduct, and the sufficiency of proverbs and pocket maxims; those which one might call cosmic fables, the circular counterparts of an essay like *Pulvis et Umbra*, which regard the world from a great distance, and embody the best comic reflections of an alien; and, lastly, those which treat of conventional problems in ethics and metaphysics, *erucis* old as theory. To the first class all the shorter belong. "The Sinking Ship" suggests a word-puzzle of Lewis Carroll's; and, save for a hint somewhere of a moral, does not this smack of "A Mad Tea-party"?

"I beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Spoker, "but what is precisely the difference between shaving in a sinking ship and smoking in a powder magazine?"

"Or doing anything at all in any conceivable circumstance?" cried the Captain.

"Perfectly conclusive. Give me a cigar!"  
"Two minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a glorious detonation."

Of course, the heroic is always just on the verge of farce, but could it have been put more neatly? Most of such fables have for their moral a sort of inversion of the copy-book rule. If we can imagine small boys in some future day spelling over some sixth truth as "Punishment should be proportioned to deserts," we find the inversion in "The Devil and the Innkeeper." Or take the wholesome tale of "The Penitent":

A man met a lad weeping. "What do you weep for?" he asked.

"I am weeping for my sins," said the lad.  
"You must have little to do," said the man.  
The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping:

"Why do you weep now?" asked the man.  
"I am weeping because I have nothing to do," said the lad.

"I thought it would come to that," said the man.

In the second class there is more fancy and more riot, more choice of imagery. The first of all, "The Song of the Morrow," is more fairy-tale than fable, for it is the poetry of it which most impresses—the king's daughter of Duntrine, the fairest between two seas, whose hair was like spun gold and whose eyes were like pools in a river; the "beach of the sea, where it was autumn and the wind blew from the place of rains." "The Distinguished Stranger" is a sort of earlier version of Mr. Wells's *Wonderful Visit*, and "The Poor Thing"

is a queer, subtle little apologue on the doctrine of heredity. This is how the wandering soul speaks to "the man in the islands who fished for his bare bellyful, who was bitter poor in goods and bitter ugly of countenance, and had no wife":

"My name is not yet named, and my nature not yet sure. For I am part of a man; and I was a part of your fathers, and went out to fish and fight with them in the ancient days. But now is my turn not yet come; and I wait until you have a wife, and then shall I be in your son, and have part of him, rejoicing manfully to launch the boat into the surf, skilful to direct the helm, and a man of might where the ring closes and the blows are going."

But most remarkable is the last class of tales. Stevenson at no time professed an interest in metaphysics, but I have heard an authority of some significance call this book the best work in metaphysics published for many years. The old stale formulæ of the schools, the easy solutions which are associated with special creeds, are re-stated and transformed and quickened into life. "The House of Eld" is a very subtle sermon on the worth of convention and, at the same time, on the folly of its defenders. It is the old lesson, again, of "Pulvis et Umbra," how that theories pass but the life remains, a pin-point of truth for the perplexed seeker. In "Something In It," the missionary, who is snatched to the abodes of Akainga, finds every shred lost to him except his honesty. In "Faith, Half-Faith, and No Faith At All," the priest and the virtuous person are found wanting; it is only the uncritical old rover with the axe who is willing to die with Odin. "The sticks may break, the stones crumble, the eternal altars tilt and tumble," but the pin-point remains in the man's plain fidelity to himself. So, too, is the best of them all, the fable of "The Touchstone," which is a sort of *Appearance and Reality* in a nutshell. The Younger Son (it is gratifying to find the much-praised younger son at last shown up) brings a piece of mirror as the touchstone, confirms the old king in the belief of a lifetime, and marries the princess. But the elder goes roaming the world and finds many touchstones which somehow spoil each other, till at last he finds a clear pebble which gives him truth.

"Now in the light of each other, all the touchstones lost their hue and fire, and withered like stars at morning; but in the light of the pebble their beauty remained, only the pebble was the most bright. 'How if this be the truth?' he cried, 'that all are a little true?' And he took it and turned its light upon the heavens, and they deepened about him like the pit; and he turned it on the hills, and the hills were cold and rugged, but life ran in their sides so that his own life bounded; and he turned it on the dust, and he beheld the dust with joy and terror; and he turned it on himself, and knelt down and prayed."

So he returned with the touchstone, only to find that the girl had married his brother and he was left in the cold.

"'Methinks you have a cruel tongue,' said the elder; and he pulled out the clear pebble and turned its light on his brother; and behold the man was lying, his soul was shrunk into the smallness of a pea, and his heart was a bag of little fears like scorpions, and love was

dead in his bosom. And at that the elder cried out aloud, and turned the light of the pebble on the maid, and lo! she was but a mask of a woman, and withinside she was quite dead, and she smiled as a clock ticks and knew not wherefore, 'Oh, well,' said the elder brother, 'I perceive there is both good and bad. So fare ye all as well as ye may in the sun; but I will go forth into the world with my pebble in my pocket.'"

#### A PLEA FOR PURER ENGLISH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the ACADEMY, criticising some recent remarks of mine on the subject of "Newspaper English," expressed the opinion that the living speech of the English people would continue its natural development unwarped by the narrow ideas of the newspaper pedant, whose existence he admitted. I am afraid he underrated the influence of the slipshod or ignorantly pretentious newspaper scribe in moulding popular speech. The extension of newspaper reading in these days creates, it seems to me, a wholly new set of conditions with regard to grammar and idiom, just as the invention of printing itself, in the first instance, checked the natural fluidity of language. As a rule, the newspaper reader is just sufficiently acquainted with the principles of grammar to know that he must keep a guard upon his tongue and his pen, and he naturally takes as his model the printed English which is supplied him with his rolls at breakfast. This would be a happy circumstance if the model English were written by some one whose discretion could be trusted, but unfortunately the bulk of the best newspapers is the work of men who have no sense of style, no acquaintance with philology—in fact, no literary culture whatever. I am not speaking of the leader-writers, the art or book reviewers, or even the special correspondent. Perhaps one requires to know the inside of a newspaper office to appreciate the true dimensions of the evil. The real arbiter of style in a London newspaper is the outside reporter, the "liner," as he is technically called, from his being paid so much a line, whose "copy" is, to some extent, licked into shape by the sub-editor. Few liners can be trusted to write a single sentence grammatically. The sub-editor corrects the grosser inaccuracies of the copy, but he has no time, even if he had the ability, to recast in good English the reports of fires, burglaries, murders, School Board and County Council proceedings, &c., which accordingly go into circulation with all their inherent vices unmodified. A very strange sort of English is that coming into vogue—an English where the interdependence of tenses, the use of the subjunctive, and all the other subtleties of idiom, are played havoc with. Perhaps if the "liner" were left to himself we should not fare so badly; he might be trusted to give us at least the "living English of the people." The real enemy is the sub-editor, whose ideas of style prompt him to cut out every idiomatic expression, every turn of phrase which gives spirit or colour to the language. For the sub-editor himself is by no means a cultured

person; he knows just enough of the rules of grammar to misapply them, as when he makes persons talk "loudly," or flowers smell "sweetly," or say "last week I intended to have written," instead of "to write." He is the newspaper pedant that I have in my eye, and the worst of all pedants is the ignorant one. In newspaper sub-editors, above all, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

It is to this enemy of the English language that we probably owe such a monstrosity as "*an* university," "*an* usage," where the "*an*" is inserted before a vowel to gratify the eye, and in ignorance of the fact that it is the ear that has to be consulted; "*an* university" being, in fact, no more tolerable than "*an* young man." "Very disappointed," "very pleased," "very obliged," are also pet expressions of the newspaper scribe who does not know that the words here qualified are not adjectives but participles, and that the proper qualificative is "much." If he came across the fine old English idiom "Father wants the door shutting," he would change the last word into "shut." He it is, too, who fails to distinguish between the proper and the improper use of the word "party." Of course, one can be a "party" to a law-suit, but there is no excuse for speaking of a "party in black" if a single person is meant, or for calling a bishop a "party in a shovel hat." The printer's reader has faults of his own, but it is the "liner" and the newspaper sub-editor who are responsible for much of the vulgarity and the platitudes of current newspaper English. Have they, either of them, ever heard of the "double genitive"—that construction so peculiarly English? "A speech of Mr. Gladstone" is journalese; but, of course, it is incorrect—it should be "Mr. Gladstone's." "A picture of the king" is not the same thing as a "picture of the king's"; the former being a portrait of the king while the latter is his majesty's property. In the inflections of the pronouns, the existence of this possessive becomes apparent. We say "a book of mine." Not even a newspaper sub-editor would say "a book of me"; but he continues fatuously to repeat—I came across the phrase the other day, and there are few issues of a newspaper where its equivalent is not to be found—"a remark of Mr. Chamberlain." I pass over the vulgarities of style with which nearly every newspaper is disfigured. In journalese a policeman never goes to an appointed spot; he "proceeds" to it. The picturesque reporter seldom talks of a horse, it is a steed or a charger. The sky is the welkin; the valley is the vale; fire is the devouring element. One often wonders how magistrates and other public men stand the bad grammar which is set down for them.

It is much to be wished that a purer style of English were adopted in the daily press; but so long as the newspaper continues to be produced under its present conditions there is little hope of amendment. Meanwhile it is the duty of all English writers who know something of the history of their own language to combat the evil tendencies of the time, to cultivate idiom, to eschew the

foolish Latinisms, which are the newspaper scribe's ideal of style, and to keep to the pith and marrow of our English tongue. Out of the immense store of provincialisms still current in England the literary language might be indefinitely enriched. Many of these provincialisms are unquestionably more graphic and vigorous than their literary equivalents, even when such exist, which is not always the case. "Roky" and "thongy" are expressive terms applied to the weather in the Norfolk dialect, the former meaning thick or foggy, the latter close and oppressive. "Roky" has clearly some affinity with the Scotch "reek" and the German "Rauch"; "thongy" comes from the Swedish. And surely we could do very well with "traping" as applied to a dragging skirt; "winnock," in the sense of to cry or to weep (how is it, by the way, that we have no good word for an act so common?); likewise "fosey," over-ripe or soft (this, too, is Scotch); "cop" in the sense of to catch (the Scotch "kep"), which would at once make "copper," a policeman, respectable. "To hull," again, is a useful East Anglian term evidently related to our "haul," but having a much wider application. A man "hulls" on his coat, a woman her bonnet, and you may even take something to "hull" you into a sweat. Consider how weak is our equivalent word "put." Examples could be indefinitely multiplied. There is not a provincial dialect in England which could not be advantageously drawn upon for words or phrases, and I can suggest no better way of bringing such neglected or despised chips of the old Anglo-Saxon into general use than that good writers should use them discreetly in their compositions. Surely there need be no fear of the reading public resenting it, when we remember how much they have patiently borne at the hands of the "Kailyarders." And the continuous use of dialect in fiction is one thing; the occasional importation into literary English of a happy word like "hull" or "winnock" is another. The need for some such action is the more necessary that the Board School is everywhere killing the local dialect, which, in its way, is just as respectable a growth as the literary language, and sometimes superior to it in graphic power. Already very little remains of some local dialects except accent and intonation.

An inexplicable shamefacedness prevails with regard to the use of provincialisms. They are thought to be vulgar, not to say discreditable. This is unjust, besides being unphilological, because it was only by a fluke that one of the many dialects once current in this country was raised to the dignity of the literary language. It was, I believe, the accident of Chaucer's writing in the South Midland dialect which determined the development of our English speech. But for Chaucer the literary English of to-day might have been the dialect of Lancashire or Devonshire. The Chaucerian dialect was fortunate enough to become the recognised literary medium, by which lucky chance it dwarfed all its kin into insignificance, even the dialect of Lowland Scotch, which, thanks to Burns and other native

poets, still boasts a life of its own. It is not, however, for sentimental reasons that I am making this appeal for a purer style of English. I take my stand on the broad ground of utility. The fact that the provincial dialects have lost caste is no reason why we should not recognise, and, if possible, preserve what is best in them. At present the great source of "new words" in English is Cockney slang, which cannot, like the provincial dialects, be regarded as a well of English undefiled. We are also too fond of going to the French for a new term, or coining it out of Greek or Latin. The Germans are wiser in their generation; their new words even in science, being mostly home-made and, therefore, understood of the people. From our provincial dialects there are scores and hundreds of useful words to cul—words which seem to carry their own meaning with them, and writers of English ought, in my opinion, to draw more freely than they do from these humble sources. In every genuine provincialism you are sure to find the old Scandinavian sap which in another form has made the English race what it is.

J. F. NISBET.

#### ZOLA'S PARIS.

[M. ZOLA's new novel has aroused so much interest in London and on the Continent that we make no apology for printing a second article on this subject by our French correspondent.]

As a study of Paris, the book is without any value whatever. The Paris of M. Zola as little resembles real Paris as his naturalism resembles life. Paris—the city of pleasure; light, brilliant, witty, with the she is; luminous, charming, the eternal *fascinatrice*, is here merely a dull and squalid centre of corruption. We are used to the strange obliquity of M. Zola's glance which, falling on Rome, sees only hideousness; dwelling on Paris, discovers nothing but ulcers, leprosy, a monstrous conglomeration of filth and suffering. It was not such a pen as his that led us to nourish any hope of finding something of the radiance, of the vivid individuality, of the elusive, capricious soul, the delicate sadness, the distinction of the grace—in a word, the supreme and indefinable charm of the "Ville Lumière." If only the instrument he wields were a little lighter, could he be induced to mingle a thimbleful of water with his unconpromising ink, something might have been hoped from his interpretation of his perversity. The arts and graces are excluded from the ruthless literature of M. Zola while sin itself, from grotesque exaggeration ceases to have any intelligent connexion with poor outraged humanity.

Not that *Paris* is obscene—far from it. It contains not a single objectionable scene hardly an *i* is dotted. The long, intolerably long, volume is a justification of anarchy. A rich man himself, Zola professes the most impassioned execration of the rich—an nearly weeps over the mildness, the virtue and heroism of Salvat, the anarchist, who attempts to blow up the banker's hotel. The essential quality of the book is pity and this is finely shown in all its frankness.



l excess. But it misses its effect owing to the writer's defective vision, his lack of any and humour. The poorest devil that ever drew breath has his hours of gaiety. It is not more consistent in his misery than the prosperous in his fortune. All are guided by the April moods of life; sometimes—not often enough, alas!—surprised by joy, oftener crushed by sorrow. Rich or poor, the implacable hand of fate weighs with a like remorseless weight upon all, and we are all alike the inevitable victims of our own temperament, taste and temper, far more even than are we the victims of environment. A gay-hearted cavalier is as often met with along the high-road of life as a morose and melancholy millionaire.

But it is the way of fanatics to lack humour and interpret the universe by the severity of their own convictions. There can no longer be any doubt that M. Zola is a fanatic after Justice. He makes his conviction of faith in *Paris*, and he nobly offers himself in its interest for immolation on the altar of national prejudice. His hero is "fitted for justice." Might not his words be fittingly placed as a motto before the *résumé* of the *procès Zola*: "There is no humanity, there is only justice." What is just is just, in spite of everything, should even the world be divided into pieces. Here the fanatic's cry is reasonable enough, but we are less disposed to accept the development of the idea that condemns the world to the destructive retribution of the bomb in expiation of universal injustice. It is nothing less than insanity to place in the mouth of a virtuous and upright man of science—a man who carries the weight of a long existence filled with labour and accomplished duties, a man of unblemished past, a mingling of sage and layman in easy circumstances, the centre and maintenance of a warm domestic circle—such words as those with which Guillaume declares his intention of blowing up the arch of Montmartre at the hour of retribution, when ten thousand pilgrims are congregated there. Gravely Zola tells us that he had first thought of the Opera, but he relinquished the idea lest it should be regarded as an explosion of socialist envy without any "high significance." Then he thought of the Bourses, to strike at corrupt-gold, and lay in ruins the seat of the capitalists. This he found still too special and insignificant compared with his vast project of renovation and expiation. The Palace of Justice, the Chamber of Assizes, haunted him—it is not at all incredible that we shall have that Chamber of Assizes in all its moral obliquity and devoid of justice, in its recent full glare of public visibility, its monstrous indecency of a packed audience and presidential partiality, a volume that will for long connect its portentous name with that of its latest victim, the man of unflinching pen, for whose candour has no terrors and facts have no evil.

"What a temptation," he exclaims, "to make justice of our German justice, to sweep away the criminal and witnesses, the attorney general who charges, the lawyer who defends, the magistrates who judge, the sightseers who come to look on as if it were a serial novel!

And what a savage irony this summary and superior justice of the volcano sweeping all away without any respect for detail!"

It will be seen that *Paris* is written with all Zola's ferocious sincerity and earnestness. If he sees everything awry, everything through smoked glasses, and marches through experience with an emphatic fist for ever sharing condemnation in the face of Providence, he possesses one virtue his enemies must ever acknowledge—courage. His courage may be a pose, but there it is flagrantly evident, essentially the courage we have been taught to admire in the martyrs. He dares everything—contumely, poverty—for his convictions; and, if money has flowed plentifully into his coffers in his long campaign against reticence and rose haze in literature, it cannot be denied that no writer has ever had a greater load of abuse and hostility to bear. Of course he earned it as the acknowledged prince of pornography; but it needed all the same an uncommon courage to court it: and this lesson of courage he preaches more eagerly now than ever. This new book, the precursor of his splendid sacrifice to principle, is a sermon on the theme that comes straight from the man's heart, the cry of a laborious and indomitable nature. It is the glorification of honest labour in contrast with the iniquitous traffic in money, which sows ruin, discontent, luxury, or corruption. It is a significant fact that this fierce onslaught against the "haute finance," otherwise Jewish bankers, should immediately precede the writer's battle with his entire country on behalf of a Jew. It suffices to establish the perfect disinterestedness, the absolute impartiality of Zola's cause.

But the animosity of the most prejudiced and envenomed press of the world will not be diminished by the severity of his attacks upon its morals. It would indeed be difficult for the average English mind to fathom the astounding and cynical corruption of the Parisian press. There is no attempt to cloak its venality. Every eulogistic article is paid for according to the position of the newspaper. Reviewing is either a question of camaraderie or bribe, with the result that not a single new book is ever criticised. Prompted by friendship or money, it is safe to be a masterpiece anyhow. Not so long ago the *Figaro* furnished us with a glaring example of unscrupulousness. The first to condemn, and that in no measured way, Major Esterhazy, when the shares depreciated, it tranquilly and cynically changed its opinion, and glided to the opposite side. This striking absence of moral conviction, of average honesty or honour in the Parisian press Zola exposes mercilessly, along with that of ministers and deputies. It is possibly an exaggeration to offer us the spectacle of one ministry reversed and another chosen for its greater susceptibility to the charms of a certain courtesan, who, desiring to enter the Comédie Française, and having no other qualification than a virginal profile, was naturally inadmissible. The new minister forces the doors of Molière's house, all Paris applauds the courtesan's *début*, the austere critics, bribed with shares or banquets, delicately hymn her praises in the most literary papers.

If M. Zola only had some notion of style, and did not weigh too disastrously upon his pen, we might be permitted to carry away a pleasing picture of the family of Guillaume Marie, the healthy and good-humoured young woman—Mère Grandes, the wise and silent domestic sovereign, and the three big sons, all affectionate, simple and laborious. But unhappily the writer mars the impression he designs to make. He repeats too frequently the word that designates each one, till it becomes a kind of tie, and consequently in a measure ridiculous and irritating. But, taken broadly, not judged by the narrower limitations of art, the picture is a fine and sensitive one. M. Zola has as little fear of ridicule as of anything else. So he does not hesitate to assure us that the bicycle is one of the instruments of social redemption. He is convinced that women who ride a bicycle can never go wrong or make fools of themselves. If sense and virtue are the result of bicycling, then in heaven's name let every maid and lad wheel to satiety. There can be no doubt that Zola has adequately accomplished his purpose as advocate of the instrument by his contrast of Marie, the brave bicyclist, whom the ex-abbé, Pierre Froment, wins and wears, with the mother and daughter in execrable rivalry below upon the fashionable boulevards, the one vicious, hard, and cruel, the other yielding, voluptuous, and stupid—intelligence of an evil kind in the one counterbalancing beauty in the other, the mother hating the daughter who has robbed her of her lover, the daughter ready to murder the mother who has been the mistress of the man she marries. This delightful family circle is completed by a son, a creature of nameless and insignificant infamy, and a father, a kind of Baron Reinach, who corrupts everybody round him—ministers, nobles, deputies, and journalists—with gold, buys consciences in sheaves, and who knocks down one ministry and builds up another simply to have a Daughter of Joy accepted by the Comédie Française, because it is her last caprice. To achieve this noble end, he buys critics, editors, ministers, and deputies. The President of the Republic alone is not brought into the matter. But in the face of the Panama scandal, in the face of the inexplicable irregularities of the *affaire Esterhazy* and the *procès Zola*, who shall say that this is an overcharged picture of latter-day Paris? We are constrained to admit that such things can be; that Parisian ministers, deputies, critics, and journalists are unhappily all purchasable; that such an abstract thing as honour has scant recognition in public life under the third Republic. As Edmond Rostand, the author of that delicious play, "Cyrano of Bergerac," says with the simplicity of genius, what is needed is a *panache*. To worship something, and be ready to die for it—above gold and sordid success and shabby social recognition! This is the word of comfort, the word of hope, the nation's cure! A nation needs an ideal, just as the human heart needs love. Zola's *panache* is—audacity, courage; no mean one.

## THE WEEK.

NOT a productive week. The issue of a bulky two-volume biography of Audubon, the naturalist, may seem superfluous at this date; but the author of *Audubon and his Journals* must be allowed the privileges of a grand-daughter. Moreover, Miss Audubon writes her biography because she thinks it is needed to counteract the existing one edited by Mr. Robert Buchanan. She writes in her Preface:

"The *Life of Audubon, the Naturalist*, edited by Mr. Robert Buchanan from material supplied by his widow, covers, or is supposed to cover, the same ground I have gone over; that the same journals were used is obvious; and, besides these, others, destroyed by fire in Shelbyville, Ky., were at my grandmother's command, and more than all, her own recollections and voluminous diaries. Her MS., which I never saw, was sent to the English publishers, and was not returned to the author by them or by Mr. Buchanan. How much of it was valuable, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that Mr. Buchanan's book is so mixed up, so interspersed with anecdotes and episodes, and so interlarded with derogatory remarks of his own, as to be practically useless to the world, and very unpleasant to the Audubon family. Moreover, with few exceptions, everything about birds has been left out. Many errors in dates and names are apparent, especially the date of the Missouri River journey, which is ten years later than he states. However, if Mr. Buchanan had done his work better, there would have been no need for mine; so I forgive him, even though he dwells at unnecessary length on Audubon's vanity and selfishness, of which I find no traces."

The biography which Miss Audubon has put forth may claim to have received the *imprimatur* of the Audubon family; but doubtless Mr. Buchanan will have something to say in defence of his own work.

Another biography of the week is inspired by a feeling somewhat similar to Miss Audubon's—the desire to do justice to a character which the author thinks has been misrepresented. In the opening chapter of his book, *Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon*, Mr. R. C. Seaton says:

"No apology . . . is necessary for an attempt to clear the character of one whose name is indissolubly connected with the closing scenes of the Emperor's life, of one who has been so maligned and calumniated that his name has become a byword for peevishness of temper, coarseness of language, and petty persecution. It is scarcely necessary to say that I refer to Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity. French national pride has made it a point of patriotism to cling to charges long after they have been disproved; but something different might have been expected from themselves. Sir Hudson Lowe makes no demand on our generosity; he claims only justice, and it is hard that now that he has been more than half a century in his grave this claim should not be accorded to his memory."

Mr. Seaton's pages, which do not greatly exceed two hundred, contain some matter hitherto unpublished, this having been supplied by Sir Hudson Lowe's only surviving daughter, Miss C. M. S. Lowe.

The late Mr. Samuel Harvey Reynolds has not left a name familiar to the public. Yet the public has often been directly influenced by him in the last twenty years. Mr. Reynolds wrote some 2,000 leaders in the *Times*, between 1873 and 1896; and it was his creed that a journalist ought to be content to be personally unknown. The volume before us is largely composed of Mr. Reynolds's *Times* contributions; but there are longer essays, contributed thirty years ago to the *Westminster Review*. Prof. George Saintsbury has written an introduction to the volume, and he is careful to point out the dates attaching to the various papers. Thus the essay on "Dante and his English Translators" "was written long before the flood of studies in Dante and Dante handbooks, and so forth, which the last quarter of a century has seen." Among these essays we have "The Fathers of Greek Philosophy" (1862), "The Critical Character" (1863), "Thoughts on Homer" (1870), "Smokiana" (1890). The last-named essay is the single paper which represents the lighter side of Mr. Reynolds's talent. Its presence in the volume leads Prof. Saintsbury to remark that Mr. Reynolds was "the only man I ever knew who could play whist holding his cards in both hands, and yet managing to sustain a long 'Broseley straw' in his mouth without breaking or dropping it."

The third volume of the "Library Series" is *Library Administration* by Mr. John Macfarlane. In this book Mr. Macfarlane touches on the salient points of a librarian's duties. In five chapters he deals with: "The Library and its Staff," "The Acquisition of Books," "Cataloguing," "Arrangement," and "Access and Preservation."

## D R A M A.

EVERY now and again the old question arises whether the play makes the actor or the actor the play. Riding on the crest of a success, the actor is prone to believe that it is to himself rather than to the author that credit is due. And examples are not wanting in support of this view. Notoriously, the "Private Secretary," one of the most successful farces of modern times, was only rescued from the limbo of failure by Mr. Penley's appearance in the title-part. On the other hand, "Charley's Aunt," after being successfully launched by the same quaint comedian, was successfully played by scores of actors all over the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and even the continent of Europe. In that case it must have been the play which lifted the actor. The popularity of "Our Boys," again, which ran four years at the Vaudeville, was generally attributed to Mr. Thomas Thorne and the late David James, its principal exponents; but those actors both before and after their historical achievement were associated with failures. Yet he would be a bold man who would assert that it is not Mr. Wyndham who has raised "David Garrick," a comparatively worthless adapta-

tion from the French into one of the most notable plays of the day. The truth is, that the author and the actor act and react upon each other so intimately that it is often impossible to apportion praise or blame with any approach to certainty. In "The Sea Flower," which occupies the bill of the Comedy Theatre, the acting does something to disguise or atone for the shortcomings of authorship. On the other hand, it was powerless at the Garrick to save "22A, Curzon Street" from disaster.

IN connexion with "22A, Curzon Street" there is also this curious fact to be noted that while unquestionably one of the most ineffective, unworkmanlike, and worthless plays ever written, it came from the same hand that wrote "Charley's Aunt," which, a thing considered, is probably entitled to rank as the most successful play of the Victoria era. That the stage was a lottery we have long been aware, but it has been reserved for Mr. Brandon Thomas to show that the extremes of success and failure may be combined in one person. Unlike most plays that receive an emphatic first night condemnation, "22A, Curzon Street" contained a distinctly workable idea.

A NEW and plausible variant of the one famous "Box and Cox" story, and treated lightly and frivolously, it might have formed the groundwork of an excellent one-act farce. Unfortunately it was thought desirable to amplify it into four acts with the criminal element brought into prominence; so that it became a curious compound of melodrama, farce, and burlesque. Such inconsistency of purpose in a dramatist is fatal: the audience never knows how to take him. They are perplexed and disconcerted, and end by "damning" the piece in the forcible language of our forefathers, out of hand. That so experienced a playwright and actor as Mr. Brandon Thomas should have fallen into this error is passing strange. This on broad lines! But inconsistency was not the only fault of "22A, Curzon Street." It exhibited worse—obscurity. "Ce qui n'est pas clair—our Gallic neighbours are fond of saying—"n'est pas français." With equal truth it may be said that what is not clear is not dramatic. The first duty of the dramatist, as of the writer of every kind and degree, is clearness. If that fails, nothing else matters much, unless he happens to be a Meredith or a Browning.

MR. BRANDON THOMAS'S ill-starred play recalls a famous example of comic melodrama on the French stage. "L'Auberge de Adrets" was first presented as a serious play by Frederick Lemaitre. The author's ineptitude amused the public, and the curtain fell amid roars of laughter. The famous actor lost no time in turning the situation to account. At the second performance he frankly accentuated the comic note, and finally turned a stupid drama into a first-class burlesque, which still survives under the title of "Robert Macaire." It is not so many years ago since "Robert Macaire" was revived at the Lyceum by Sir Henry Irving though whether the eminent actor would now dare to enact that colossal ruffian and picture

que tattered malion, with his battered hat, long-tailed coat, his patched breeches, and his creaking snuff-box, which always attended his faithful henchman, Jacques Pop, of the rattling of the gibbet-chains, I do not know. The best chance for "22A, Arzon Street" is, that it should suffer the fate of "L'Anberge des Adrets," and be turned into a burlesque.

To a totally different order of drama belongs "The Sea Flower," an ultra-sensuous play by Mr. Arthur Law, who has won his reputation in farce. "The Sea Flower" bears the same relation to real life or ordinary human motive as the "twopence coloured" fiction of thirty or five and thirty years ago. The play opens in India, where a military officer, one Captain Sherwood, is about to be tried by court-martial for having given the order in the field that savoured of cowardice. He never gave the order, which emanated from his second in command, Lieutenant Trafford. This he could prove. He loves Mrs. Trafford, whom he had married through a misunderstanding, and lest the exposure of her husband's villany should increase her pain, he declines to offer any evidence to his judges, and being found guilty of the charge of cowardice is expelled from the army. This is the sort of motive which makes one despair of the British drama. Has anything even distantly resembling it ever been met with in real life?

For fourteen years the quixotic hero is a wanderer upon the face of the earth under an assumed name. But at length all the characters turn up in a remote fishing village in Cornwall. *Que voulez-vous?* The world is so small. Here Captain Sherwood is in with his daughter, whom he had supposed to be drowned at sea fourteen years before, but who has been picked up nameless waif by an honest fisherman and adopted by him as his daughter. What is more, this daughter has become engaged to the son of Sherwood's old enemy, Trafford, the squire of the neighbourhood; and at the same time, Trafford dying of apoplexy, she becomes the mistress of Trevenna Hall. In the long arm of coincidence has not fate had to exert itself in Captain Sherwood's favour; for, after all these years, that the filial's innocence is duly established by the evidence of a soldier who has been the faithful servant of the deceased squire, and, what is more, he eventually marries his daughter's widow. This, truly, is a case of the whirligig of time bringing round its revenges. Here, too, surely, are all the elements of a capital burlesque. Yet "The Sea Flower" is so well acted by a company of all-round excellence—comprising Mr. Dechamps and Mr. Lovell as Sherwood and Trafford, Mr. Arthur Playfair as the older-servant, Miss Lena Ashwell as the heroine, Miss Eva Moore as the rescued girl (whose pet name forms the title of the play), and Mr. Charles Groves and Miss Laws Homfrey as fisher-folk—that it almost earns conviction with it. The scenes in the fishing village are good, Miss Homfrey, in particular, having the part of a regular Mrs. Pop to play.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## DANTE ROSSETTI AND CHLORAL.

SIR,—In the volume of letters from Dante Rossetti to Mr. Allingham, recently published, there occurs a statement, made less circumstantially once before in William Rossetti's book, to the effect that Dante was led into the habit of taking chloral by me. As the statement thus made is incorrect, and it seems to have some importance in William Rossetti's mind, and may have in those of other friends of Dante, it is worth while to state the facts. They are as follows: During the first year of my intimacy with Dante (1870), and when I was a good deal at Cheyne Walk, he was greatly troubled by insomnia, to such an extent indeed that he had then suspended work, and had fallen into a morbid and despondent mood, with delusions. The efforts of his family to induce him to go into the country, or take any change, were ineffective, and finding him in a really dangerous state of mind, I advised trying chloral, which I had been using under the advice of my physician, and I gave him, of my own supply, twenty grains dissolved in three ounces of water, a tablespoonful to be taken three nights in succession, and then no more until three days had elapsed, when if it had the effect desired I would have repeated the supply. He forgot it until the third day, and then took the three doses at once. The effect was not satisfactory, and he reported that he did not care to repeat it, as it gave him a short fit of profound stupor after which his sleeplessness was worse than before, and he refused to try it again. At that juncture Mme. Bodichon, who was a dear friend of both Dante and myself, had offered me her cottage at Sealands for a few weeks' residence, and with her consent I invited Dante to make me a visit there. He accepted, and we stayed, I think, three months, in which time he entirely recovered his sleep and power of working, making some of his best drawings there, but during the whole time he thought no more of chloral, nor did he need any soporific. I left him, with Mme. Bodichon's consent, at Sealands, and returned to America. At a later date I learned that he had taken to chloral and had fallen into the morbid state in which I had found him in 1870, with delusions still more distressing, intensified by some of the criticisms on his book, which he had finished and published while we were at Sealands. He had taken the chloral by the advice of a physician, whose prescription he had made up at several druggists' simultaneously, as the amount did not satisfy his craving. Between my prescription and his acquiring the habit of misuse of the drug there was no connexion whatever, for a considerable time had elapsed between the two events. Of this fact William Rossetti must have been aware at the time, for I have heard him since deny even that it was I who made Dante acquainted with chloral. It was at some time when I was away from London that the habit began, for the intimacy between us when I was in London was such that he could not have taken it up without my

knowledge, and I was unaware that he had done so till the misuse had become very grave. In any case, I declare in the most positive manner that my recommendation of the drug had only produced peremptory rejection of it as a remedy for his insomnia.—I am, &c., W. J. STILLMAN.

Rome: March 7.

## A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

SIR,—Your review of my *Songs of Love and Empire* raises an interesting point in criticism. I do not desire to discuss your reviewer's estimate of my poems; indeed, his praise afforded me pleasure, and his blame was not given to the quality of my verse; but I am compelled to quote from his review in order to put plainly the point which I desire to bring forward.

Your reviewer, then, remarks that he "begins to doubt the author's sincerity." "Has she a point of view?" he asks. "Has she a personality?" "Miss Nesbit," says he, "is probably too much in the thrall of sentiment, too little disposed to fight against difficulties." How does the reviewer come to this conclusion? He pleads that "the author says so many conflicting things, offers so many changes of mood that he is confused." The very facts that should have guided have confused him. Why? Because he is determined to take all lyrics as the direct revelation of the author's personality. He will pin his author down to one definite point of view, and by the rendering of varied emotions he is bewildered. He shrinks, very properly, from the ill-balanced person who should experience all the sensations which such a book as this seeks to indicate. But the idea that the poems may be dramatic eludes him: he will have it that all and sundry are the expression of the writer's *own sentiments*.

The effort to build up from an author's work an image of his personality is inadmissible. The assumption that the author is himself the subject of all the emotions portrayed in his work is an impertinence. For this assumption denies to your author two of the chief elements of poetry—imagination and the power of dramatic conception. There are not, I submit, dramatic crises enough in any life to occasion the writing of a dozen personal lyrics: but is the poet to express only his own emotions? Have the majority of our lyrics been written to commemorate the experiences of the author? Is not each lyric, rather, the author's idea of the emotions which might be felt by a certain imaginary person in certain imagined surroundings? Does your reviewer really suppose that lyrics must reflect the author's mood—that you cannot write a love-song unless you be in love, or a dirge unless your hat have a black band? that that fascinating adventure in the gondola really happened to Robert Browning, and that he got over the stab, and turned it all into poetry? or that the young men who write hymns to the Blessed Virgin, and sing songs of the White Rose, are, in fact, ready to die bravely for the divine rights of the Stuarts, or to live cleanly for the honour of Our Lady?

It is the lack of the dramatic sense which

makes the poetry of most living women so wearisome. They either cannot or dare not attempt to express any emotions but their own, necessarily limited. But the aim of the artist should be to get beyond his own emotions, to leave the narrow range of feeling incident to his own happy life; to get the dramatic point of view—the point of view of other men—and to express this in the best way possible to his art.

It is quite true that a revelation of personality should be found in an author's work, but not always the crude poster-advertisement of it. Now and then, of course, one finds a man who will write, and publish, elegies on his dead baby before the little coffin has been carried out of the house of mourning—and certainly the personality of such a father is very definitely revealed. But in most cases the real man is shown not in the matter, but by the manner of his work. Despairing lyrics might be written by those whose own happiness kept them trembling and afraid, and many a song of roses and wine has been set down by a man starving in a garret, sick with a desperate longing for twopence to spend in gin.

The question is not at all whether an author really did kiss the dairy-maid in the orchard, actually laid flowers and tears upon the tomb of the beloved, but with what measure of skill he conveys his conception of the feelings of the man to whom life brought this pleasure—this pain. The mass of mankind cannot be expected to understand. But critics surely should see that these things are so.

No one human being could have been in the circumstances and experienced the sensations expressed in the poems of Robert Browning, and I fear, even, that any man who should have known half the simpler moods which I have tried to convey in my own five volumes must have been an actor in far more dramas than could be for his soul's health. Can this not be perceived? Must we label our verse *dramatic*? Will the critics let us off at no less price than explanatory titles: "Sonnet Expressing the Sentiments of James on Beholding Jane in an Omnibus"; or, "Lines Supposed to be Spoken by Miss Smith on Hearing of the Marriage of Mr. Robinson, who formerly Aspired to her Hand"?—I am, &c.,

E. NESBIT.

Grove Park: March 13.

#### MR. GEORGE GISSING AT HOME.

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY* of March 5 appeared an article headed "Mr. George Gissing at Home," consisting for the most part of quotations from an article on the same subject in "the American *Bookbuyer*." Will you permit me to say that the tone adopted by this American writer is not a little offensive to me, that many of his so-called facts are not facts at all, and that he puts into my mouth words that I never uttered, and never could have uttered.

The *Bookbuyer* article is evidently based upon certain autobiographical brevities supplied by me, two years or more ago, to an American journalist. Where the supplementary details came from (unless they are

purely imaginary) I know not. I am not so happy as to have "mastered" five languages, and never led anyone to suppose that I had. I never "spent a year among the peasants of Italy." I produce anything but "a tremendous amount of copy each year." I am not working "on a new novel of London life"; and I never "tried my hand at biography." Worse than all this is the long passage you quote in conclusion, a sort of general confession, which the American writer says that I made "one day, after a conversation on the methods of literary production." Every line of this is distasteful to me, and in no conversation, at any time of my life, did I so express myself. It is monstrous that one should be made to pule about one's "little happiness," about "toiling millions who never see the blue sky," about "toil for *Weib und Kind*," and so on.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE GISSING.

Rome: March 8.

#### THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT.

SIR,—Is it true that Mr. Meredith's popularity dates from 1885 and the publication of *Diana*? *Richard Feverel* was reprinted by Tauchnitz before 1875; and the Baron counted upon a fair measure of popularity for the works he included in the collection of British authors.

Apocryphal of the comparative neglect of the *Shaving of Shagpat*, I may mention that, reviewing, some eleven years ago, a book by the most versatile and omniscient of living writers in English, I introduced a chance reference to Noorna and Shibli Bagarag. By the next post I got a letter asking what on earth I meant. That the *Shaving of Shagpat* is the most perfect English prose masterpiece of the century is a fair contention. One merit it has to which the writer in your last issue does not allude—a merit to be thoroughly appreciated, perhaps, only by a student of popular tales like myself, but none the less a merit in the eyes of the critic. As I wrote in 1890, "Of all modern, consciously-invented fairy tales I know but one which conforms fully to the folk-tale convention—the *Shaving of Shagpat*. It follows the formula as closely and accurately as the best of Grimm's or of Campbell's tales. To divine the nature of a convention, and to use its capabilities to the utmost, is a special mark of genius." The other excellences of *Shagpat*—the richness, the flexibility, the irony, the abiding humanity alike of subject-matter and style—must be apparent to all who have any feeling for the art of words. The capacity to bow to a discipline framed by countless generations of unknown artists, to triumph not in spite of, but because of the willingly donned fetters, is less likely to be recognised.

ALFRED NUTT.

270, Strand: March 12.

#### MARCUS AURELIUS.

SIR,—I read with interest your review of Dr. Rendall's translation of the immortal *Meditations*. In the course of the review reference is made to the work of earlier

translators. Perhaps you will permit me to draw attention to a translation, published in 1792, which, so far as I can discover, has been unaccountably passed over by student of the wise Emperor—"the noblest of pagan teachers," as you fitly say. This translation is entitled "A New Translation from the Greek Original, with a Life, Notes, &c., by R. Graves, M.A., Rector of Claverton, Somerset, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxon, and Chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Chatham." The work is dedicated to the Honourable Edward James Elliot. The preface gives what is called "a slight view of the Stoic philosophy," and is rather quaint and lively bit of writing. In a postscript, reference is made to the translation printed at Glasgow in 1747, and to that of Jeremy Collier at the beginning of the century, which, says Mr. Graves, "abounds with so many vulgarisms, anilities, and even ludicrous expressions; and is in so many places so unlike the original, that one cannot read it with any patience. . . . In short [continues Mr. Graves], I have endeavoured to steer between the loose translation of Collier, who often loses sight of his author, and the dry manner of the Glasgow translator, who generally sticks too close to him. So far as I can judge, comparing Mr. Graves' work with latter-day translators, he did his labour of love carefully and well. Can any of your readers throw light on the personality of this "Rector of Claverton," or say if his translation of the *Meditations* is esteemed worthy one?—I am, &c., D. STEWART.

Dennistoun, Glasgow: March 8.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

In the criticisms of Mr. Wells' story that we have seen there is evidence of the critic's excitement, of the spell not unmingled with terror which this story has produced in minds more apt to alarm novelists than to be alarmed by them. The *Saturday Review's* critic has evidently enjoyed the book thoroughly. It is one of the very few modern books, he thinks, which might with advantage have been extended:

"For instance, after the very spirited battle off Clacton, when the torpedo-boat succeeds in destroying no fewer than three fighting machines, there comes a complete hiatus, as though Mr. Wells's imagination had at this point given out, and he could propose no form not the least idea what would happen next. Nor can we; but then we make pretence to private knowledge of this amazing history."

The same critic points out that in *The War of the Worlds* Mr. Wells has transcended his other efforts in marvellous fiction, inasmuch as he does not exact, at the outset, the reader's acceptance of some wild proposition—a man-eating cephalopod or a tin machine:

"In *The War of the Worlds* he has had the astonishing good fortune to hit upon a subject as far removed from experience, and as completely outside common expectation, as any which he has ever treated, and yet possible. No astronomer, no physicist, can take upon himself to declare that it is absolutely certain

that this planet will never be invaded from a foreign world. The zoologist and the geographer assert of other dreams of Mr. Wells that, interesting and curious as they are as speculations, they cannot have happened, and never will happen. But that no Martians will ever invade this globe is more than the wisest of us can be sure of. It seems excessively improbable—that is the most that we can say. We think this element of remote possibility adds very considerably to the thrilling effect of Mr. Wells's new romance, in which none of those sober and exact details are wanting with which he always knows how to heighten a tale of horror."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic develops the thought in the last sentence of the above:

"Mr. Wells succeeds in impressing most vividly upon the imagination the idea that man is not, after all, the supreme product of a cooling universe. In another world all the sciences may have attained a perfection inconceivable to us. We have patronised Mars, and taken it for granted that, could inter-stellar communication be opened, we should astonish the Martians by our moral virtues and our material potency. Mr. Wells has reversed the current, and shown how the Martians might astonish the 'human ants.'"

The *Speaker's* critic says:

"*The War of the Worlds* strikes us as being the best story Mr. Wells has yet produced. It cannot be described as pleasant reading, for it abounds in horrors of the most gruesome kind, and they are recorded with a vividness which impresses them almost painfully upon the reader's imagination. But the consistency with which the plot is worked out is admirable, and the force with which the story is told maintains the reader's interest at the highest point from first to last."

The *Scotsman* thinks the story is perhaps too fantastic: "It reads like a sort of nightmare."

THE critics do not like Mr. Weyman's hero. Says the *Athenæum*:

Of course it is possible to be interested in a coward and a coward in fiction; but when there would have been just as much point in making the man tolerable as the persistence of his meanness hurts the story."

The same critic says that the "one really dramatic scene—the accusation of the Duke of Shrewsbury] by Sir John Fenwick and Sir Smith, and their confutation by the appearance of the Duke's double . . . does not save the book from dullness."

But the *Speaker* has only one cause of quarrel with the author:

Hitherto he has given us as the leading figures in his delightful romances men of courage and of chivalrous feeling. For some reason known to himself on this occasion he has made the principal actor and narrator of the story a despicable coward, against whom the reader's gorge rises almost constantly. Apart from this flaw, *Shrewsbury* will hold its own beside any of its brilliant predecessors."

Literature complains bitterly of the hero's character:

"When a *sabreur* of noble birth takes us into his confidence and narrates his career, we can listen with sympathy and satisfaction, but to

be buttonholed by a miserable baseborn clerk, who has no object in life but to save his own skin, who is the butt of women and the tool of knaves, is a sore trial to our knightly spirit."

The *Daily News* and *Scotsman's* critics take different views of the book as compared with Mr. Stanley Weyman's other works. Says the first:

"Certainly a more stirring narrative, a story fuller of life, or richer in dramatic colour, has not yet come from the same pen."

The *Scotsman*, on the other hand, says:

"This is not by any means the best story that Mr. Weyman has given us, but perhaps there is hardly another living writer of romance whose reputation would not have been enhanced by it."

And now behold how critics may disagree! The *Daily Chronicle's* critic, emphasising all the foregoing criticisms of *Shrewsbury*, says:

"If Mr. Weyman had wished to draw the true picture of a coward, well and good. We should not say him nay. Scott has done this in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, but his masterly sketch is affectingly human. But this sneaking, grovelling cur of an usher, Master Richard Preece; this paltry, eringing slave, this thing of ass's milk, who sets down every proof of his cowardice in his long and tedious story without shame or demerit, is utterly monstrous, unbelievable, and denaturalised. The meanest cur that ever took a kicking would not have thus proclaimed his nature. The thing is incredible. Humour, and humour only, could have carried the thing off, and made the self-revelation acceptable. But there is no touch of humour in Richard Preece's persistent and monotonous record of his cowardice. The effort is deadening, and irritating too, while never for a moment do we feel the least interest in him. His 'legs tremble under him' (p. 60). He is in a 'dreadful pain' (p. 64). Threatened with a beating he 'screams' and falls on his knees (p. 66), or he is scared at shadows (p. 86). He develops 'an aversion to women that amounted almost to a fear of them' (p. 103). We do not wonder at this, for women mock at him, and the sting of their tongues fails to move him."

Against this view of the book Mr. Weyman can cheerfully put that of the *Spectator*, whose critic finds merit and interest in the very circumstances which arride his brother reviewers.

"Mr. Weyman styles his new book simply a romance, but it is in reality a historical novel, and an uncommonly able and interesting piece of work into the bargain. The author's success is all the more significant because he deliberately discards at the outset all the cut-and-dried passports to popularity familiar to the workers in this domain of fiction. The hero of the story is not brought on the scene until the eighth chapter, and then disappears for another hundred pages, while the central figure and narrator is a social cipher, destitute of personal charm, alternately the dupe and tool of the stormy petrels of that seething age of intrigue—the last decade of the seventeenth century. . . . But the great triumph of the book is really the self-revelation of the narrator. The psychology of cowardice has seldom been more elaborately set forth in a work of fiction, while Preece's supreme and redeeming exhibition of moral courage, at the prompting of his sweetheart, is not only in keeping with the man's true instincts, but it is led up to and narrated in a manner which carries conviction."

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REVIEWS.

A NEW STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

*William Shakespeare: A Critical Study.* By George Brandes. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

HERR GEORGE BRANDES is a Danish scholar of repute, and this book, published a year or two ago in Denmark and in Germany, has already won high praise from continental critics. The English translation is issued under the superintendence of Mr. William Archer, to whose critical ability and facile pen readers in this country already owe some of what is best in Scandinavian literature. The work was thoroughly well worth translating. It is an admirable and exhaustive survey of its subject, carried out in accordance with modern method, and on a level of modern information. Writing, as we may suppose, for professed students rather than for general readers, Herr Brandes does not as a rule burden his pages with detailed references to the sources from which his facts are drawn; but he is for the most part extremely accurate, and whose would go further may supplement him with Mr. Sney Lee's excellent article in the *Actionary of National Biography*.

Herr Brandes begins with the usual lament as to our ignorance of the details of Shakespeare's life; a lament, by the way, which is, as he is careful to point out, a little in excess of what the facts warrant. After all, we probably know as much about Shakespeare as we do about any of his contemporaries who was not, like Bacon, something besides a mere man of letters. Nevertheless, the numerous records and documents which an indefatigable antiquarianism has disinterred do leave us still very much in the dark.

We do not know for certain either when he left Stratford or when he returned to Stratford from London. We do not know for certain whether he ever went abroad, ever visited Italy. We do not know the name of a single woman whom he loved during all his years in London. We do not know for certain to whom his sonnets are addressed. We can see that as he advanced in life his prevailing mood became gloomier, but we do not know the reason. Later on, his temper seems to grow more serene, but we cannot tell why. We can form but tentative conjectures as to the order in which his works were produced, and can only with the greatest difficulty determine their

approximate dates. We do not know what made him so careless of his fame as he seems to have been. We only know that he himself did not publish his dramatic works, and that he does not even mention them in his will."

Like other recent biographers of Shakespeare, Herr Brandes attempts to piece out the meagre records from the internal evidence of the plays themselves, and to reconstruct the history of the poet's "mind and art" as it is reflected in these. The task, only rendered possible at all by the labour of Malone, and of a century of scholars since Malone, in establishing the chronological order in which the plays were written, is a delicate one. The personal and the dramatic in Shakespeare's work are so curiously and subtly interwoven and entangled. Occasionally Herr Brandes seems to us to overstep the limits of permissible conjecture. But as a rule he is discreet, and exercises judgment as well as knowledge in his undertaking. And his wealth of illustrative reading enables him to reproduce very vividly and convincingly the historical and social surroundings in which the plays were written. The excursions on Shakespeare's great contemporaries, Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, the accounts of the Essex rebellion and of the unpleasant career of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, are admirable examples of concise incidental narrative.

Probably the fairest way of estimating the character and value of the book will be briefly to follow Herr Brandes' survey. The facts, ascertained and conjectured, of Shakespeare's parentage and boyhood are somewhat cursorily narrated, and one feels that hardly sufficient justice has been done to the importance of the Warwickshire county life as a factor, an early and vital factor, in the poet's development. Mr. D. H. Madden's delightful *Diary of Mr. William Silence* must be a corrective to Herr Brandes here. There follows a good account of Shakespeare's early years in London, of his journeyman-work at the tinkering up of old plays, of the marked influence upon him of Marlowe and of Lyly, of his first experimental essays in comedy. The period that follows is less satisfactorily treated. Herr Brandes recognises the probability that Shakespeare went to Italy and the influence which Italy exercised upon his impressionable genius; but he does not succeed in bringing out the full importance of this crisis or in giving anything like a reasonably intelligible account of the growth of Shakespeare's art between 1592 and 1596: and this is simply because he has got some of his dates wrong. "The first plays," he says, "in which we seem to find traces of Italian travel are 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' the former written at latest in 1596, the latter almost certainly in that or the following year." Now there can be little doubt that if the Italian journey took place at all, it must have been during the closing of the theatres for the plague in 1592-3. Is it likely that the Italian influence would wait a couple of years to declare itself in the plays? We venture to think that a careful analysis of all the evidence will show that, with the exception of "The

Comedy of Errors," all the early plays in which Shakespeare is not simply re-handling or continuing other men's work are properly dated after and not before this journey. This is not the place to work out this theory in detail; but it may be pointed out that Herr Brandes would make "Venus and Adonis," "Romeo and Juliet," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" all as early as 1591. Now modern scholars are practically unanimous in dating "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1594 or 1595; and to suppose that either of the other two can possibly have been written before Shakespeare's work on "Henry VI.," which the testimony of Greene and Nash enables us to fix pretty definitely in 1592, is surely to give up the problem of Shakespeare's style altogether. The real difficulty lies in "Love's Labour's Lost," but the supposed reasons for putting this in 1589 are quite unconvincing; we feel sure that 1593-4 will turn out to be more nearly the proper date. There are many admirable passages in Herr Brandes' account of Shakespeare's early work, but he seems to us to have failed in getting the proper perspective and unity of the whole period.

With the historical plays he comes into the light again, and all the rest of the book is extremely good and suggestive. Like most critics, Herr Brandes finds in the great group of comedies with which the century closes Shakespeare's time of completest spiritual harmony:

"If the reader would picture to himself Shakespeare's mood during this short space of time at the end of the old century and beginning of the new, let him recall some morning when he has awakened with the sensation of complete physical well-being, not only feeling no definite or indefinite pain or uneasiness, but with a positive consciousness of happy activity in all his organs; when he drew his breath lightly, his head was clear and free, his heart beat peacefully; when the mere act of living was a delight; when the soul dwelt on happy moments in the past and dreamed of joys to come. Recall such a moment, and then conceive it intensified a hundredfold—conceive your memory, imagination, observation, acuteness, and power of expression a hundred times multiplied—and you may divine Shakespeare's prevailing mood in those days, when the brighter and happier sides of his nature were turned to the sun."

Again, speaking of the incomparable types of womanhood which fill these comedies, Herr Brandes says:

"He was doubtless in love at the time—as he had probably been all his life through—but his love was not an overmastering passion like Romeo's, nor did it depress him with that half-despairing feeling of the unworthiness of its object which he betrays in his Sonnets; nor, again, was it the airy ecstasy of youthful imagination that ran riot in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' No, it was a happy love, which filled his head as well as his heart, accompanied with joyous admiration for the wit and vivacity of the beloved one, for her graciousness and distinction. Her coquetry is gay, her heart is excellent, and her intelligence so quick that she seems to be wit incarnate in the form of a woman."

Herr Brandes then proceeds to study the gradual overshadowing of this large Shakespearean serenity, the intrusion of the note

of bitterness and disillusion, the slow unrolling of the long line of tragedies and mirthless comedies, through which the pessimism swells and intensifies itself, until it finally bursts into the tempestuous denunciations of "Timon of Athens." Herr Brandes finds one source of the tragic mood in the fall of Essex and of Shakespeare's earliest patron, Southampton, with whose interests he conceives Shakespeare to have been closely bound up; another in the moral corruption of the English Court under James the First; yet another in the drama of the poet's own life darkly shadowed forth in the Sonnets. Herr Brandes does not, however, suppose that the Sonnets in any way relate to Southampton. On the contrary, as Mr. Tyler has already pointed out in the ACADEMY, he is a warm supporter of the Pembroke-Fitton theory. The value of his adhesion is, however, rather discounted by the fact that he appears to take his version of the evidence wholesale from Mr. Tyler, borrowing, for instance, the mistaken ascription of a copy of Donne's verses to Lord Pembroke. And, of course, the book was written before Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's evidence that Mary Fitton was not "black" was made public.

Finally, Herr Brandes gives an excellent account of Shakespeare's return to Stratford, and of the renewed optimism which characterises his later plays. He concludes with a declaration that, after all, we do know something of the poet's individuality:

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life, from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

We have only been able to follow the main outline of Herr Brandes' book. Upon his copious and interesting digressions into contemporary history, or his penetrating criticisms of individual plays, we have no room to touch. The book is a valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature, and essential to every reader who is competent to distinguish what in it is fact from what is merely a legitimate exercise of reconstructive conjecture. For those not so competent it would, perhaps, be dangerous. The style is capital, full of colour and of life. And a word of praise is due to the fine translation, in which Mr. Archer has been assisted by Miss Diana White and Miss Mary Morison.

#### A HIGHLAND LADY.

*Memoirs of a Highland Lady: the Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant, of Rothiemurchus, 1797 - 1830.* Edited by Lady Strachey. (John Murray.)

THE Grants of Rothiemurchus are a younger branch of that great house of Grant which, by judicious obedience to the powers

that were, succeeded in keeping their lands in the North at times when more hot-headed clans were disinherited. Rothiemurchus itself is a beautiful place among pine woods, and the stock which dwelt there has always been a vigorous one, giving many honest soldiers and less conspicuously honest lawyers to history. This book is the autobiography of a lady of the house, written many years later—a sort of chronicle of youth and childhood and the doings of Highland gentle-folk in England and at home in the far-off days of the early century.

The extraordinary thing about the chronicle is its entire simplicity. One might compare it with the gossip of Dorothy Osborne or the memoirs of another Highland lady of the same clan, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who told the story of the Prince's arrival at Gortuleg after Culloden; but it would be hard to parallel the unadorned veracity. Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus has no care for the figure she cuts in the reader's eye. She confesses to naive tastes in literature with absolute frankness; she never affects interest or knowledge she does not possess; and she is quite open with her dislikes. In its way the chronicle is a very intimate one, for it tells the whole inner history of a respectably important family, tells it, too, with no omission of darker scenes, till one is fairly forced into a lively interest in the whole kin. We hear of the early days in Lincoln's Inn Fields and of the holidays at watering-places; then of the long years in the Highlands, varied with seasons in Edinburgh and occasional jaunts further south; and then, at the last, of the money troubles, consequent upon an injudicious union of Highland hospitality with political ambition, of the Indian judgeship for the father, and of the marriage of the diarist, when "Eliza Grant" takes final leave of us. It is not easy to separate the purely literary qualities of the book from the extraneous interest of the matter. The style is without art, but direct, vivid, and at times fired with a genuine emotion. Parts might have been left out without hurting the book; but, as it was originally published for the family, there is reason for its completeness. But even as it stands there is a certain rough unity of effect in each part of the memoirs, which is the product not of art but of a faithful memory.

By far the best are the Rothiemurchus chapters; but the early days in England were not without interest. The children were brought up on a Spartan plan—up at six, cold water summer and winter, and a breakfast of porridge. But they were a set of little madeaps even in those prim days, and were none the worse for the training. The long journeys between the Highlands and London gave food for child's fancy. What impressed the small Elizabeth in Edinburgh was the "size and brightness and cleanliness of the houses, and the quantity of gooseberries to be bought for a penny." Nowadays the houses are not particularly bright and clean, and the present writer never found gooseberries cheaper there than elsewhere. She meets Lord Lovat, is much impressed, and little wonder, for he was the good man who persisted in believing himself a hen, and sat hatching eggs by the hour in a nest which

he had made in his carriage. In 1810, she went with her sister to Oxford to stay with the Master of University, and a dreary place she found it. "Two facts struck me, young as I was, during our residence in Oxford," she writes, "the ultra-Tory politics and the stupidity and frivolity of the society." She carried on a child's flirtation with a young gentleman who played the French horn; and she was much shocked by young Mr. Shelley:

"The ringleader in every species of mischief within our grave walls was Mr. Shelley, afterwards so celebrated, though I should think to the end half-crazy. He was very insubordinate at University, always infringing some rule, the breaking of which he knew would not be overlooked. He was slovenly in his dress, and when spoken to about these and other irregularities, he was in the habit of making such extraordinary gestures, expressive of his humility under reproof, as to overset first the gravity and then the temper of the tutor."

Soon after, the whole family retired to the Highlands for good, and the next few chapters give a very pleasant account of life at Rothiemurchus, where civilisation had not yet wholly driven away old customs. On the way to the North the father read *Childe Harold* (then newly out) to the children:

"I was not given to poetry generally," says the chronicler; "then, as now, it required 'thoughts that rouse and words that burn' to affect me with aught but weariness; but, when, after a second reading of this passage my father closed the pamphlet for a moment, saying, 'This is poetry!' I felt that he was right and resolved to look the whole poem over some day at leisure."

The whole tale of the journey is excellently and freshly done; and so, too, the account of the simple household and its retainers, among them

"old John Mackintosh who brought in all the wood and peat for the fires, pumped the water, turned the mangle, lighted the oven, brewed the beer, bottled the whiskey, kept the yard tidy, and stood enraptured listening to us playing on the harp 'like Daavid'!"

The Grants were a remarkable clan, for the cotters' and foresters' sons had a queer habit of suddenly leaving home, and generally getting somehow or other to India, whence they returned Generals and Baronets and men of fortune. Nothing, indeed, in the whole book is so extraordinary as the impression given of the vigour of these Highland adventurers, who rarely returned from the great world beyond the hills without some very substantial prize. Distinctions between classes, too, were not rigid in the North. Miss Grant has a deep scorn of the English lower and middle classes, but in Scotland all are gentlefolk—a belief which probably originated in the clan feeling which bound the humblest Grant to his chief. And certainly, we find barefooted Highland girls making great marriages, and every social barrier turned topsy-turvy.

There are many vivid little descriptions of scene and life in these pages, for Miss Grant had a seeing eye and some skill in words. Take this of the Highland kirk:

"The girls had a custom in the spring of washing their beautiful hair with a decoction

of the young buds of the birch trees. I do not know if it improved or hurt the hair, but it agreeably scented the kirk, which at other times was wont to be overpowered by the combined odours of snuff and peat-reek, for the men snuffed immensely during the delivery of the English sermon; they fed their noses with quills fastened by strings to the lids of their mulls; spooning up the snuff in quantities and without waste. The old women snuffed too, and groaned a great deal to express their mental sufferings, their grief for all the blackslidings supposed to be thundered at from the pulpit; lapses from faith was their grand self-accusation, lapses from virtue were, alas! little commented on; temperance and chastity were not in the Highland code of morality."

Both in the Highlands and in Edinburgh, where the family went in the season, there was no lack of great folk to be seen. Across the river at Kinrara the famous Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Burns—entertained large house parties. The writer's comments on people are forcible and plain-spoken. She objected to Lord Tweeddale because "he had that flat Maitland face, which when it once gets into a family, never can be got out of it." The account of the old Edinburgh society is entertaining. She classifies it into sets—the exclusive, the card-playing, the quiet country-gentleman, the fashionable, and the literary. She met all varieties—the Jeffreys; Sir David Brewster; the crazy Lord Buchan, who collected such relics as a tooth of Queen Mary's and the bone of James the Fifth; Harry Erskine; John Clerk of Eldin (about whom she has many stories to tell); and Sir Walter himself. There is also a well-drawn portrait of Ganning, whom she met in Holland. She is most fearless in confessing her opinions. She confesses that she found *Waverley* tolerably dull. Peter the Great she thought only a "lunatic barbarian"; Coleridge, whom she met at Highgate, is "a poor, mad poet, who never held his tongue, but stood pouring out a deluge of words meaning nothing, with eyes on fire and his silver hair streaming down to his waist." The chief thing that impressed her about Edward Irving was that he was "very dirty." She is severe on the two Sobieski quarrels, and is highly scornful about their pedigree; but one might say something on the other side. Her sister Jane goes to Abotsford on a visit:

"Jane was in an ecstasy the whole time. Walter Scott took to her, as who would not? They rode together on two rough ponies with the Ettrick Shepherd and all the dogs, and Sir Walter gave her all the Border legends, and she corrected his mistakes about the Highlands."

We have left ourselves little space to quote any of Miss Grant's stories. The book is not all comedy, for the account of the final parting from Rothermurchus has a pathetic simplicity which cannot fail to give the most casual reader. But the prevailing tone is a cheerful one, and we would take leave of the pleasant company by setting down two out of the many excellent tales:

A coach was started by some enterprising person to run from the "Duke's Arms" at Dalkeld to Blair during the summer season. The announcement read as follows: "Pleasing intelligence. The Duchess of Athol starts

every morning from the "Duke's Arms" at eight o'clock."

The other is told of Lord Eldin:

"Some one having died, a man of birth and fortune in the West Country, celebrated in his life for drawing pretty freely with the long-bow, it was remarked that the heir had buried him with much pomp, and had ordered for his remains a handsome monument; 'wi' an epitaph,' said John Clerk, in his broadest Border dialect; 'he must hae an epitaph, an' appropriate epitaph, an' we'll change the exordium out o' respect. Instead o' the usual *Here lies*, we'll begin his epitaph wi' *Here continues to lie*.'"

### GOSSIP OF THE GREAT.

*Auld Lang Syne*. By the Right Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

*Notes from a Diary—1873-1881*. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE Professor and the Politician of these title-pages are new comrades, but old friends. They have met in social life with frequency, and they have played the part of guest and of host to each other. One wrote his "Recollections" during a time of convalescence; the other kept a "Diary"; and at the end, strange to say, there is nothing in the matter of actuality to choose between the two books. The Diarist's notes are deliberate and set, so far as they go; you have no tension in reading them; no pause, no delay leading to a dramatic climax. It often happens, indeed, that something is set down of which you are not given the bare fact of the sequel. That is the pitfall of the current historian: dealing with familiar things, he is discouraged by the fact of their familiarity, and treats them merely fragmentarily where, if he were an artist, he would treat them sketchily.

Prof. Max Müller's method gives him the chance of appearing as a more or less complete story teller. There is plenty of entertainment to be got out of his book by the casual reader, not always, indeed, consciously provided by the Professor. A man so eminent in his own department of learning has a certain borrowed interest, even when he is telling the story of a sixpence won from the Prince of Wales (a sixpence still carefully preserved), and of the thrilling moment when the Prince laughed, at an Academy banquet, while the Professor was speaking, and, for the moment, put him out of countenance. That pause seems to have been less awful than the Professor feared, and may even rank in history with Macaulay's "flashes of silence," since Browning is quoted for the assurance that it gave life to the speech. The reader who can accustom himself to a large tolerance for a German's attitude towards Royalty, may yet lose patience when music is discussed with a cock-sureness of which one specimen is more than enough. The Professor could "never learn to enjoy Wagner, except now and then in one of his lucid intervals." But he is not

content with the mere confession. "Would Mendelssohn have admired Wagner? Would Beethoven have listened to his music, would Bach have tolerated it? Yet these were musicians too." Of all futilities, that kind of vacant surmise is surely the greatest. The Professor boldly prints the mutt-on-chop story, which has secured for his name a severe omission from the pages of Lord Tennyson's biography; and elsewhere in the book is a candour—sometimes a candour of partisanship—which keeps the Tennyson reminiscences company. The note of "I told you so" prevails; and such interviews as that which he had with Darwin leave the reader's sympathy with the evolutionist, whose blunders about origins of speech the Professor was no doubt fully competent to discover and declare. For one must not forget, however tempted at times, that a serious reputation has been earned by the writer of these Reminiscences. They are readable enough; they deal with men of repute; they range over wide fields; but they have their limitations in the writer's own temperament. His are eyes that do not see below the surface of things, and ears that hear but do not overhear.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has a more understanding heart than his friend the Professor, but perhaps not quite so cool a head. All gentle things in men and women are particularly dear to him. The sentiment of Mrs. Craven's "Sister's Story" has entered his bones: the allusions to it are frequent and are charged with feeling. Sir Mountstuart's literary tastes are given with some iteration—and the critic may wish he was as certain about anything as his Diarist is about everything. At one time he is lamenting that he meets no really good poetry; and one at once recalls what was being done at the time by Tennyson, Browning, and Rossetti. If these did not suffice for the Diarist he had, however, his consolations. He quotes a good deal of the verse of the Earl of Lytton, whose house at Knebworth he hired. Also, one day, he met the Archbishop of Dublin, who "was quite full of a little gipsy song." Archbishops ought to know; and Sir Mountstuart got the song "which deserves," he says, "all that the Archbishop says of it":

"If I were your little baby  
And you were my mother old,  
Would you give me a kiss, my darling?  
'Oh, sir, you are much too bold!'  
'But as you are not my mother,  
And as I am not your son,'—  
'Oh, that is a different matter;  
Maybe I'll give you one.'"

Another glimpse into the poetical preferences of Governors of Madras. "Someone of Tory opinions" read one day the following acrostic:

"G was the great man—mountain of mind,  
L a logician expert and refined;  
A was an adept in rhetoric's art,  
D was the dark spot he had in his heart;  
S was the subtlety led him astray,  
T was the truth which he bartered away;  
O was the cypher his conscience became;  
N the new light which enlightened the same;  
E was the evil one shouting with joy:  
At it, and down with it, Gladstone, my boy!"

A young lady, of Liberal opinions, who heard these lines "went to a table" and wrote a counter-blast:

"G is the genius that governs the nation,  
L is the lords that require education,  
A is the animus raised by the great,  
D is the donkeys who fear for the State,  
S is the standard that Liberals raise;  
T is the Tories who howl in dispraise;  
O's Opposition wanting a head,  
N is the nation, not driven, but led;  
E is old England shouting for joy:  
Stick to the Government, Gladstone, my boy!"

It is this last version, puerile and irrelevant of its own class, that the excellent Liberal Privy Councillor stamps with his approval—"an extremely clever acrostic."

Of another poet the Diarist makes mention at this time, but in his capacity as a journalist. "Among others with us today at Hampden was Edwin Arnold, who told us that the *Daily Telegraph* is at this moment negotiating to buy Babylon." "What next?" asked the amazed Diarist, needlessly as it now seems. That was twenty-five years ago, and the negotiations are not yet completed.

Disraeli not only looked a sphinx, but became one to observers of the Diarist's order. Nevertheless, Sir Mountstuart manages to give a good many anecdotes, though mostly old ones, about "the Chief." Some of the stories currently told are here further authenticated by the naming of the authorities for them. It was to Lord Aberdare that the new Lord Beaconsfield said he felt that he was dead, but in the Elysian fields. Once Sir Mountstuart met Sir William Harcourt on his way to Hughenden, whither Disraeli had invited him, desiring, as he said, to have the countenance of the staunchest Protestant of his acquaintance at the re-opening of his church—with its ritualistic rector. Our Diarist should have seen Sir William after, not before, the visit, about which he told his friends some most excellent stories, some of which we hope may have been taken down; but that is the luck of this Diarist again and again. Plunket, once Solicitor-General for Ireland, sat next Disraeli when Mr. Biggar first rose to address the House. "What is that creature?" asked the Chief, and, on being told, replied: "Oh, I thought it was a Leprehaun, one of the things that come out in the moonlight to dance with the fairies." The old story of Disraeli's early saying that he meant to be Prime Minister of England is given here by Sir Mountstuart on the authority of Venables, who had it from Mrs. Norton, who herself introduced Disraeli to Lord Melbourne, whose query, "What's your ambition?" called forth the reply prophetic. "A political finishing-governess," was Disraeli's first impression of John Stuart Mill. On another page we seem to have the shadow of Robert Orange:

"Dined at the Athenæum with Butler Johnstone. We talked much of Ralph Earle; his joining the Roman Communion upon his death-bed, among other things. Ralph Earle, my sail with whom in his caïque from Therapia to the Simplegades remains among my most poetical recollections, was one of the most interesting Englishmen I have known in public

life. He passed into the Diplomatic service under circumstances peculiarly creditable to himself. He left to become Private Secretary to Disraeli, who had completely fascinated his boyish imagination. Later he came into Parliament, and was made secretary to the Poor Law Board. The year after he quarrelled with Disraeli, under circumstances of which I heard an intelligible account this evening for the first time, and left the Government with Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon. He then took to Financial Diplomacy, by which he made a considerable sum of money. He had statesmanlike abilities of a higher order than almost any man on his side of politics, but he was born in the wrong century; he ought to have been the secretary, the confidential agent, and at length, perhaps, the successful rival of Alberoni."

The real nature of the quarrel between the Chief and his former devotee is, oddly, but characteristically enough, withheld.

Sir Mountstuart's Indian reminiscences are not included in these volumes. But he has notes on various Continental tours, including a stay in Paris, where Mr. John Morley presented him to Gambetta; and he met many Americans and had an apt ear for their good sayings. Lowell, for instance, speaking of English cathedrals at a breakfast party, happily said: "Ely is like a monster which has crawled out of the fens and is sunning itself on the edge. Lichfield is like a swan." It was a Swedish minister, who, when there was gossip about a marriage between the old Duchess of Sutherland and Garibaldi, and when someone said: "Impossible, he has a wife already," retorted, "Put up Gladstone to explain her away." The Diarist had a large acquaintance, not merely among Parliament men, but among authors, ecclesiastics, and particularly botanists, whose business was his pleasure. His acquaintance with royalties is as large as Prof. Max Müller's, but is touched upon more lightly. He should, however, pay the Count de Flandre the compliment of spelling his name correctly in a new edition; where also Schumann's name, instead of Schubert's, should be printed as the composer of music for Heine's "Beiden Grenadiere"; and where a French gender, on p. 272 of the same volume, should have revision.

#### A NOTABLE BOOK.

*Dreamers of the Ghetto.* By Israel Zangwill.  
(William Heinemann.)

So long as the engine of international finance remains under Jewish control; so long as public opinion is medicated by Jewish influence exerted over the Press of Europe; so long as the Ghetto of Poland and the Pale contain the saddest millions on the earth's surface; so long will the Jews continue to be the most interesting race among men. A people who baffled the Pharaohs, foiled Nebuchadnezzar, thwarted Rome, defeated feudalism, circumvented the Romanoffs, financed Columbus in his discovery of America, baulked the Kaiser, and undermined the third French Republic, supplies ample reason for curiosity. Exposed to constant social persecution and

to proselytisation at the hands of opulent fanatics who have not the humour to perceive that the spread of Christianity among Christians would be the more appropriate object for their missionary activities, the Jews are more often brought before the notice of the public by painful incidents than by the charm of a Hebrew personality, or the achievements of a Jewish genius.

Mr. Zangwill has given us an exception to this rule. In a weekly paper he recently informed us that he was the son of an East End Jew. Readers of the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* will become acquainted with a new attraction belonging to the destitute alien and his descendants. How many destitute immigrants from Warsaw or Berdicheff may be set off against Mr. Zangwill's latest contribution to the delight of the reading world, I cannot undertake to say. No one can rise from reading the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* without perceiving that he has been in the presence of a master.

The majority of Mr. Zangwill's fifteen stories are based on history. He has worked the mine of Graetz, the historian of the Jews, to good effect. He has sunk shafts into the bed rock of that dull and industrious writer; and, without changing the material extracted, has imparted to it an element peculiar to himself alone. Mr. Zangwill is the prose poet of atmosphere. He lifts the air from the seventeenth century; he enables us to breathe it. The blue skies of Smyrna, the waters of Venice, the colour and form of mediæval Rome, the aroma of Poland, of Portugal, and of the Hague are reproduced, not by a painstaking and conscientious artist, but with the pencil of one touched with the divine afflatus. How he does it, and under what rules he produces his effects, I do not know, but it is there. Still, the genius is Oriental: Semitic, not Aryan. The fires are lambent; they illuminate, but do not warm. Perhaps one reason is an inexplicable prolixity. In one of the best of these stories, "A Child of the Ghetto," is a paragraph of 252 lines of solid print; but it is a paragraph that the school-boys of 1898 would do well to learn by heart.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. The Jew has always borne adversity with distinction. Prosperity, coupled with his passionate desire to shine and the greed and ignorance of Christians, is his curse, and may yet be his ruin. Prosperity to the Hebrew race seems to have a hereditary and baleful effect in killing spiritual life. The prosperous Jews of England and the Continent look down, for the most part, with contempt upon the yearning of their poorer and persecuted members of their race for the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies and the return to the Holy Land.

Whenever prosperity is alleged against the Jews, the invariable rejoinder is to point out the extreme poverty of the majority of the race. In France the Jews are one eight-hundredth of the population. They own one quarter of the wealth of the land. In England agricultural decay, imported food, industrial inflation, congested cities, and a democracy impotent to provide its own means of subsistence, form the soil

upon which the Jews flourish, and constitute an irresistible attraction to the persecuted Hebrews of other lands. The Huguenot immigrants of 1685 were completely absorbed in the population at the end of the second generation. As much cannot be said of the bulk of the English Jews. A few families, as remarkable for public spirit and refinement as for wealth, have given to Englishmen some idea of what the Jew may become when rooted in the country no less by affection and patriotism than by interest. In Austria-Hungary the Jew, like his brethren all the world over, is an adept in the art of "getting on." An Austrian friend said the other day, "They have certainly all the money and most of the brains." Mr. Sidney Whitman says that were it not for the kindly assistance of Jewish bankers most of the noble manufacturers could not carry on their business at all. The Jews are all powerfully represented in every walk of life that leads to influence and fortune. The great business houses, the banks, such railways as are in private hands, are all controlled by them. Mr. Zangwill himself asked the editor of the Buda-Pesth newspaper, the *Pesther Lloyd*, "Have you any Christians on your staff?" "I think we have one," was the editor's reply.

In Russia and Poland the condition of the Jewish race presents a vivid contrast to the plethoric prosperity they have attained in freer lands. Within the last few days a deputation of Russian Jews have submitted to the Minister of the Interior a memorandum in which it is demonstrated that the present situation cannot be allowed to last much longer. Over five millions of Jews, who are increasing at four times the rate of the Russians—themselves the most prolific of civilised nations—are submerged in hopeless misery from the sheer pressure of existence. Seven years ago the conduct of Russia was arraigned before the public opinion of Europe in terms since applied to Turkey for her treatment of the Armenians. Russia has not altered her ways by a hair's breadth, but there is a conspiracy to suppress the actual state of misery suffered by the Jewish millions imprisoned in the big Ghetto of Central Europe, perhaps because when Russia needed money she obtained it from the Jews—£16,000,000 sterling were guaranteed by Jewish firms. Excellent excuses are advanced why the Jews supply subsidies to the Russian persecutor; but the fact remains that the Jews in Eastern Europe are in a calamitous state of destitution and misery, that their agony attracts no attention, and that they are degenerating morally, physically, and intellectually. Prosperous Jews make no sign.

Under these circumstances the appearance of such a book as the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* is of service, not only to English literature, but also to the suffering majority of a race destined to become predominant in the counsels of the world. Anything that attracts attention to the Jews indirectly a benefit to the suffering millions of the Pale. The silent tragedy that continues year after year is approaching its end, and it cannot be long before Russia herself will be compelled to deal with the

Jewish question on statesmanlike lines. Mr. Zangwill, though a chronicler of dreamers, is too much an artist to be himself the victim of sterile speculation. The Jew hatred of the Russian Government is fructifying: its harvest is at hand. That the ripening process will be assisted by the sunshine of Mr. Zangwill's genius is perhaps the strongest tribute to the value of his *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.

ARNOLD WHITE.

#### PLAYS, ACTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

*The Princess and the Butterfly.* By Arthur Wing Pinero. (Heinemann.)

*Macaire.* By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. (Heinemann.)

*Godefroi and Yolande.* By Laurence Irving. (Lane.)

*Hernani.* By Victor Hugo. Translated into English Verse by R. Farquharson Sharp. (Richards.)

THE accidents of the publishing season have brought it about that four plays, representing widely different dramatic methods and schools, have reached us more or less at the same moment. Two of them—Mr. Pinero's *The Princess and the Butterfly*, and Mr. Laurence Irving's *Godefroi and Yolande*—are now published for the first time. Of the others, Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's *Macaire* is already known to those who are interested in what is called "Literary Drama," while Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, which Mr. R. F. Sharp has attempted to render into English blank verse, is well known alike on the stage and in the study, and must always retain its interest for students of literature, if only as the first-fruits of "1830," and the Romantic movement in French drama.

All who are interested in the revival of dramatic art in England must rejoice at the modern fashion of publishing plays which is now in vogue among our leading playwrights. For almost any dramatist would hesitate to publish a confessedly ill-written play. Time was when very slipshod writing was held to be good enough for the English stage. A harrowing situation or two, or a certain amount of spirited horse-play, were supposed to be all that was required to hold a London audience, and all the more delicate qualities of dramatic work were neglected. In the last few years there has been an undeniable improvement in this respect. Plays are written with greater care, if not always with greater skill. Characters are studied from the life, and delineated with some approach to fidelity, instead of merely following traditional lines, and serving simply as pegs on which to hang well-worn situations. In dialogue a certain literary quality is at least aimed at, though no doubt seldom completely attained; and in general the standard of play-writing in these and similar matters has certainly risen. Even the modern farce is not always the wholly

contemptible thing from the literary standpoint that it was a dozen years ago.

But dramatic critics have not been slow to point out the danger which lies in this modern tendency. In a play, after all, the essential thing is "action," and it is only in so far as it ministers to "action" that dialogue is effective on the stage. If its literary quality is allowed to interfere with this the play fails, and the dialogue, from the dramatic point of view, fails also.

To cast all convention whatsoever to the winds, and try to write dialogue and construct situations without reference to the special needs of the stage must lead to disaster. Mere beauty or profundity or wit of dialogue, or mere fidelity to life, may be effective in a novel. It may be read for its own sake irrespective of its precise bearing on the plot. But on the stage other factors must be taken into account which are not present in the writing of a novel, and none of them can be safely disregarded. What the writer of modern comedy, therefore, has to find, if he takes his art and the stage seriously, and desires to be acted as well as to be read, is a style which shall produce the illusion of ordinary spoken speech to the audience while, at the same time, it retains a certain literary finish which, in actual conversation, is rarely if ever found.

Very often a kind of dialogue which is delightful in a novel—Mr. Henry James's, for example—is quite lost on the stage. There are some people who, realising this, and realising also how effective mere fustian and declamation often are in the theatre, despair altogether of the drama as a literary form, and declare that literary excellence is incompatible with modern theatrical effectiveness; but it by no means follows, because merely literary dialogue is ineffective on the stage, that the dramatist for stage purposes must throw all literary quality to the winds and fall back upon artificial or conventional rant.

Mr. Pinero has realised this, and in many of his plays, most of all, perhaps, in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, his dialogue, while unquestionably effective on the stage, has also a real literary quality. And in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, though it is neither the most dramatic nor the most literary of his dramas, there is still to be found a good deal of writing which combines these qualities. Mr. Pinero, in fact, has hit upon the secret of that *via media* between purely literary and purely theatrical dialogue which satisfies at once the audience in the theatre and the reader in the study. In other respects his most recently published play is hardly so satisfactory. The plot, as he works it out, is not in itself dramatic, and there is next to no action. The construction, for so practised a dramatist, is curiously weak. Moreover, if it be true that the first duty of a comedy is to excite emotion, *The Princess and the Butterfly* must be held to fail, for it calls forth neither laughter nor tears. Its interest is purely intellectual, while it is not sufficiently fantastic to amuse by the mere humour of character and situation, as another of Mr. Pinero's plays, *The Amazons*, succeeded in doing.

Of the Henley-Stevenson *Macaire* it may be said that it has more dramatic possibilities in it than any other play which these two men of letters produced. Indeed, it has more than one scene which even the most practised playwright could not improve upon. But, unhappily, for theatrical purposes, only certain classes of play can be produced with any hope of success, and a "melodramatic farce" is not one of these. Laughter and blood do not combine happily on the stage, and at the theatre death at least must be always serious. The death of *Macaire* at the end of the third act is a very effective stage climax; but it is lead up to by extravaganzas as farcical as even Mr. Gilbert could conceive, and is out of tune with the rest of the play. Much of the dialogue is admirably written, and the character of *Macaire* is conceived in so masterly a fashion that we believe a melodrama might yet be written round him if the surviving author would consent to eliminate the farcical element in his drama.

Mr. Laurence Irving is an interesting figure among the younger dramatists, and his "Medieval Drama in One Act," *Godefroi and Yolande*, though it is by no means a finished work of art, is worth reading. The plot is founded on a story which must be familiar to all English lovers of poetry, from Mr. Swinburne's poem "The Leper." The play is written after the manner of M. Maeterlinck, and is more in the nature of a literary exercise than an original dramatic effort. Mr. Irving has evidently felt the fascination of M. Maeterlinck's dialogue, and he has studied with some success the methods—we may even say the tricks—by which he produces his effects; but that, after all, is not very difficult to do, and though imitation is the sincerest flattery, it is by no means the highest form of art. From a literary point of view, his style is distinctly curious. It is printed as prose, and apparently Mr. Irving means it to be considered as prose, but a considerable part of it might just as well have been printed as blank verse. Here is one passage of many which might be so treated without the alteration of a single word:

"GODEFROI:                   What am I here?  
I am Sir Delorous! Sir Long-visage!  
MEGARDE: Thy father poor he was, but he  
                  was proud!  
GODEFROI: Sad am I here; sadder were I  
                  elsewhere.  
I am one made to suffer and eat out  
My heart in hopeless hope.  
MEGARDE:                   Come hence, come hence!  
GODEFROI: No; leave me, mother, here!  
MEGARDE:                   Son, leave thee here?  
Thou wouldst not stay here. Then—  
GODEFROI:                   I cannot hence.  
MEGARDE: What can thus keep you here?  
                  You love this life?  
GODEFROI: Not I—I hate this life!  
MEGARDE:                   What is it then?  
GODEFROI: Oh, leave me, ask me not!  
MEGARDE:                   I charge thee speak.  
My son, I am thy mother."

One can with difficulty suppose that this is accidental, though it is of course possible that Mr. Irving did not realise how closely his prose followed the rhythm of blank verse, and that his marked preference for the

iambic foot was merely an unconscious echo of Shakespeare's verse structure. But Mr. Irving's prose has other and more serious faults than this tendency to become verse. Its grammar and syntax are not always faultless and its mannerism is apt to lead to very serious obscurity of diction. But the play shows a grasp of dramatic method and a knowledge of how to work up to an effective situation.

Of Mr. Sharp's *Hernani* one can only say that it is a straightforward, fairly competent piece of work. The difficulty of translating Hugo's lines into English blank verse can hardly be exaggerated, and the result cannot be called poetry. When this is said it can be easily understood that the beauty of the original has mainly disappeared in the translation.

#### WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Indian Frontier War: being an Account of the Mohmund and Tirah Expeditions, 1897.*  
By Lienel James. (Heinemann.)

MR. JAMES was Reuter's special war correspondent in the recent Mohmund and Tirah expeditions, and apparently the contents of this book are founded on, if they are not verbal repetitions of, the despatches he sent home in that capacity. We have here, therefore, a very matter-of-fact account of the recent frontier fighting. Mr. James tells the story without subjecting it to any literary process that might enhance its effect. We do not complain of this; the book admirably fulfils its purpose, that of recording in daily detail the events and movements of these expeditions to quell the revolt. But the technicalities which the ordinary man is content to swallow in the newspaper are apt to tire him in a book; and we think that Mr. James's work will be fully appreciated only by soldiers and men with Indian experience. The public wearied of the war while it was yet in progress. In truth, the thrilling story of Dargai was the one event that relieved a daily dribble of small actions and short disheartening death-lists. Instinctively one turns to Mr. James's account of that red rush up hill. Here is part of it:

"The signal was given, the guns boomed out their salvos, and the cliff was crowned with a semi-circle of bursting shrapnel; then the final order came—a momentary pause—and the officers of the Gordons rushed over the nullah. The pipes rolled out the slogan, and with tight-clenched teeth the Highlanders burst into the open. It was an awful two minutes. The length of the exposed zone was swept with a leaden stream, and the dust of the striking bullets half hid the advancing men. The head of the upper column melted away, but a few struggled on, and there were more to take the places of the fallen. Out over the cover came the kilted soldiers, the Sikhs, Dorsets, Derbys, Gurkhas, in spasmodic rushes as the fire slackened, and the cover halfway was won. A moment for breath, and the men were up again. Another terrible rush, another medley of struggling men and writhing figures, and the three companies of Gurkhas were reached."

Mr. James warmly protests against the

charge of incapacity which has been brought against the officers of the Tirah field force. "Inefficient transport," he asserts, was the cause of the weakness, and the blame—the Indian Government's. We cannot say that he proves this; but he demonstrates the enormous difficulties which beset any transport arrangements on the frontier. At one time General Lockhart had a train of no fewer than 71,800 animals under his control! Mr. James elsewhere remarks that in this class of warfare

"it is the wounded who are the cause of disaster. A wounded man at once means six men out of the fighting line, four to carry the casualty, and one to carry the rifles of the carrying party. Five casualties at once reduce a company to so small a number that they become insufficient to keep the enemy's fire down, and then follows one of these deplorable incidents in which our frontier fighting is so prolific."

By the way, Mr. James's use of the word "casualty" in the above passage indicates the rather frozen style in which his book is written. It is Reuter between covers.

*The Story of the Malakand Field Force: an Episode of Frontier War.* By Winston L. Spencer Churchill, Lieut. 4th Queen's Own Hussars. (Longmans.)

THERE is but one fault to find with Lieut. Spencer Churchill's book, and since that is both small and singular it shall be kept till the end. It will be remembered that last July, when the news was flashed abroad that Malakand and Chakdara were invested by the fanatical tribesmen of the Swat Valley, the Indian Government ordered the preparation of a Field Force, under the command of Sir Bindon Blood, for the relief of these posts. Lieut. Churchill was attached to that force—as a non-combatant, it is to be supposed—and wrote letters home to the *Daily Telegraph*, descriptive of the marching and the fighting. These letters have been shuffled, redacted, and added to, and the result is before us, and a very admirable and inspiring result it is. It is plain that Lieut. Churchill has inherited much of the dash and intellectual quality of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He may not be a speaker, as his father was, but he is a writer of more than promise—in fact, of excellent performance. He has manifestly a clear eye in his head, which can observe very swiftly and closely, and a great gift of language with which to express what he sees. From the very first paragraph one is delighted with the exercise of his faculty:

"All along the north and north-west frontiers of India lie the Himalayas, the greatest disturbance of the earth's surface that the convulsions of chaotic periods have produced. . . . The Himalayas are not a line, but a great country of mountains. Standing on some lofty pass or commanding point in Dir, Swat, or Bajaur, range after range is seen as the long surges of an Atlantic swell, and in the distance some glittering snow-peak suggests a white-crested roller yet higher than the rest. . . ."

And so on. That is as good an impressionistic picture in words as need be asked for of one who is not a professional scribe

and it renders the effect of the Himalayas better than any description we can remember. It is little to the point to say (as a querulous purist may) that, in the last sentence quoted, "standing" ought to have another subject than "range" to agree with. Lieut. Churchill is a soldier, not a schoolmaster, and we know what he means; if the present participle "standing" ventures to demand another subject of the sentence than the one given it, then all the worse for the present participle. But it is not over participles and subjects that Lieut. Churchill is so frequently coming to grief, but—of all small things in writing—over the use of commas. Why is he so madly generous in bestowing them? Here is a short sentence, which will serve as well as a long one to illustrate what we mean:

"Here the weapons of the nineteenth century, are in the hands of the savages, of the Stone Age."

In that sentence no commas are needed at all. Can it be that Lieut. Churchill has punctuated with an ear for reading aloud, rather than with an eye for sense and structure? Or, does he think that commas do not matter, and so the more the merrier?

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Story of Perugia.* By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by M. Helen James. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

HERE is a dainty book to lure you to Italy. It comes, the first of a series of "Mediæval Towns." Lavender and gold for the cover. The thin paper is tender to the finger, and the drawings imprison the sunshine of last year. It is written, too, this book; who could, who dare, mar a theme like Perugia? Infinite memories of art and war brood in her streets, caress her torrid walls, and calm the faces of her women. Perched on the limit of a long ridge, Perugia is hardly a city of this world:

All the winds and airs of heaven play and rush round her walls in summer and winter. The sun beats down upon her roofs; one seems to see more stars at night, above her ramparts than one sees in any other town one knows of."

place to grow well, after London. The Umbrian plain, green with corn and "pink with sainfoin flowers," lies below; and far away, each in its setting of verdure, white-walled Assisi, white-walled Spello, white-walled Foligno, twinkle with their own uprightness. At night, the moon on the Tiber draws your fancy down to Rome." And tell may the writer fill the strange silence of this adorable eyrie with the questions:

"Where are the Beccherni, and where are the Raspanti? Are the Baglioni really dead, and the Oddi, where are they? And the Bagellants and the Penitenti—have even their hosts departed? Will not a pope ride in at the gates with his nephews and his cardinals and take up peaceful quarters in the grim Quonica? Will not some war-like Abbot

come and batter down the church towers to build himself a palace? Will no procession pass us with a banner of Bonfigli, and women wailing that the plague should be removed?"

Never, save in the dreams of those who are dreamers born. But for ourselves, we hope soon again to cross the Piazza of Saint Lorenzo, and drink from that fountain that was "ever dear as the apple of their eye to the people of Perugia."

*Triologues.* By William Griffiths. (Kansas: Hudson-Kimberley Publishing Co.)

NOTHING that can give distinction to a book has been omitted by the publishers of this little work. The edition is limited to 250 copies, of which ours is 100; there are more blank end-papers than any volume ought to have; the covers are of warehouse paper; the design thereon has no relation to the contents; and the prefatory note is an exercise in fantastic printing. In it the author speaks of his work as an attempt to introduce the old form of Elizabethan dialogue into America. He might probably more accurately have substituted John Davidsonian for Elizabethan, because *Triologues* instantly strikes one as an American adaptation of the *Fleet-street Eclogues*. Mr. Griffiths, however, has thoughts of his own, and considerable rhyming skill, and his is a pleasant little book, with now and then a really invigorating line. Here is a brisk little snatch:

"The city holds for some, mayhap,  
A jolly life, but O,  
As early Spring forefeels the sap  
Awaken through the snow,  
Give me the sturdy roving foot,  
Then with a shouldered load,  
When Hope brings in an easy boot,  
I sing the open road."

*Cycling.* (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THIS slender volume is a reprint, with some modifications, of the article on "Cycling" in *The Encyclopædia of Sport*. Three authors are concerned in the work: Mr. H. Graves, who takes the general and mechanical section; Mr. Lacy Hillier, who discusses racing; and the Countess of Malmesbury, who has views on cycling for women. Together they make a very practical and informing trio. The story of the first bicycle ride from London to Brighton hath now an antiquated ring, though it occurred less than thirty years ago. Mr. Mayall was hero. He started one morning early in January, 1869, but on reaching Redhill—a distance of 17¾ miles—he had to give up, completely exhausted. "After more practice, he, in company with Rowley Turner and Charles Spencer, made a second attempt in the following February; and though his companions fell by the way, he succeeded in reaching Brighton alone in about sixteen hours. The feat was the subject of some public comment at the time, but as some three weeks later the brothers Chinnery walked to Brighton in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, the advantages of the new steed, as demonstrated by Mr. Mayall's heroic efforts, were considerably discounted." And to-day the ride is within the compass even of rural deans!

*The Royal Household.* By W. A. Lindsay, Q.C., "Windsor Herald." (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THIS sumptuous quarto deals with the sixty years of the present reign, and forms a chronicle, not of the whole of what is technically known as the Royal Household, but of those more intimate members of it who, in the words of the dedication, "have had the honour to wait upon Her Majesty's person." The bulk of the volume consists of biographical notices, alphabetically arranged, of lords, grooms, and equerries-in-waiting, ladies and women of the bed-chamber, maids and pages of honour, and similar Court functionaries. These are preceded by a brief introduction, by a classified list of the successive holders of each office, and by a table showing the tenure of the Parliamentary posts during the various administrations of the reign. The work is done with great elaboration and, on the whole, commendable accuracy. But surely Mr. Arthur Lyttelton cannot have taken orders "on leaving Her Majesty's Household," if, as the compiler states, the pages of honour resign their posts at the age of sixteen years and a half. In the introduction, "Windsor Herald" points out how desirable a thing a complete history of the Royal Household would be. We are almost tempted to wish that his knowledge and industry had been devoted to such a task instead of the present catalogue. A similar account of the succession of Court officials during the reign, say, of Elizabeth would be invaluable to the student of history; whereas much of this treatise merely repeats matter already available in the pages of G. E. C.'s great peerage and the *London Gazette*. From the *Gazette* "Windsor Herald" reprints in an appendix complete accounts of a number of Royal ceremonials, beginning with the Coronation and ending with the wedding of the Duke of York. It is loyal reading.

*Historic New York.* Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, Alice Carrington Royce, and Ruth Putnam. (Putnam's.)

THIS is not a continuous treatise, but a series of monographs, originally published month by month under the title of the "Half-Moon Papers," for the students of that flourishing New York institution—the City History Club. The object of the editors has been to throw light upon the early stages of their City's famous story, upon the period now almost passing into the legendary, the pioneer settlements upon the Manhattan Island, the struggles which preceded the conversion of New Amsterdam into New York. Their method is to isolate individual aspects of that forgotten life, or to trace in detail the fortunes of some particular building or locality now absorbed in the vast parallelograms of the modern metropolis. The writers appear thoroughly competent to their task; they have spared no pains in the unearthing of historic records, and they tell their tales with sympathy and taste. Buncombe is conspicuous by its absence. Where all are good, we have been particularly interested by Miss Alice Morse Earle's study of "The Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam," with its picture of the choleric

overbearing Dutch governor—Peter Stuyvesant. Very excellent, too, is Mr. Durand's narrative of the contest for the supremacy over city finance between Stuyvesant and the burgomasters, in his paper on "The City Chest of New Amsterdam." Other notable contributions are those by Miss Ruth Putnam on "Annetje Jan's Farm," and by Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt on "The Bowery." This savoury quarter was originally the site of a number of Dutch "houweries," or arms, whence the name. The volume is adorned with a number of particularly well reproduced illustrations, most of them showing quaint specimens of Dutch architecture, with fascinating "crow-step" gables. A second series of the "Half-Moon Papers," is promised by the editors, and we shall await it with interest.

*Goldfields and Chrysanthemums.* By Catherine Bond. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THESE notes of travel in Australia and Japan are the outcome of a diary, the wish of friends for its publication, and a consciousness on the part of the writer that an unprinted journal is a violation of the laws of nature. The book is in no sense literature, but its descriptions of journeyings in Western Australia, and its pictures of life in Japan will serve "to while away an hour or so," and thus fulfil the modest ambition of the writer. It is attractively bound, beautifully printed, and well illustrated. The reader is gently led through the monotonous scenery of Western Australia; camps in the Bush; introduced to Coolgardie and the goldfields; meets trains of camels on the march; and suffers the shock of encountering a man on a bicycle in regions sacred to desolation and lack of water. The authoress has an extraordinary partiality for the word "so." It is worked from the beginning to the end of the book with inexorable pertinacity. Thus:

"Our pace is so slow, and the sun so near the horizon, that when we arrive at the Gardens we decide only to take a hurried look round, not staying to see the curator; so we soon turn to jog back again, feeling very disappointed. . . . They are so erect . . . It does not signify so much, . . . so we dismiss the machine."

These extracts are culled from one page.

*Thomas Best Jervis.* By W. P. Jervis. (Eliot Stock.)

This book is "A Centenary Tribute," edited by a son of the subject of the memoir.

"Thomas Best Jervis's estimate of the vital importance of geography to mankind in every possible walk of human activity was one which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass. . . . He viewed geology, botany, ethnography, statistics, and numerous other sciences, as transformed into adjective forms subservient to geography, so as to become geological, botanical, ethnographical, statistical geography."

To a reader consumed by a like passion this book will possess elements of interest. Having passed a brilliant examination at Addiscombe Military College, young Jervis was enrolled as ensign in the Bombay Engineer Corps on June 1, 1813, and from that time to his death, in 1857, the interests of India—geographical, spiritual, moral, and

educational—possessed him. He began his geographical surveys in Southern Konkan in 1823, and the results of his labours met with unstinted praise from his superior officers. In addition to the accounts of the geographic and lithographic undertakings, which constituted his life work, extracts are given from his speeches at Bible Society meetings, and at Exeter Hall gatherings, together with a voluminous correspondence, addressed to Government officials, private friends, and members of his own family. Eminent as Lieutenant-Colonel Jervis was in ability and sterling piety, he was singularly lacking in humour and sense of proportion, as witnessed by his letters to his children. They are indeed didactic! The only humour in the book is unintentional.

*The Fern World.* (New Edition.) By Francis George Heath. (The Imperial Press, Ltd.)

THIS bounteous volume is a storehouse of information on the habits and habitats of each member of the British fern family. It does not come before the reader seeking recognition. It has already "been sold in every English-speaking country in the world." For some time out of print, it is now reissued in an eighth edition at "a popular price." The volume is divided into five parts: "The Fern World"; "Fern Culture," under which head suggestions and practical instruction are given; "Fern Hunting"; "Some Rambles through Fern Land"; and "British Ferns: their Description, Distribution, and Culture." This last division, which comprises the greater part of the book, is illustrated by delicately coloured plates, and the fern collector and would-be cultivator will find herein every assistance. Under the heading of "Rambles through Fern Land," the reader is led through the coombes and over the downs of Devon, the home of so many beautiful specimens of fern life. For the casual student, as well as for the specialist, the book will be found invaluable.

*The History of the Great Northern Railway, 1845-1895.* By Charles H. Grinling. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. GRINLING'S book tells us in almost too minute detail of the early struggles of the London and York Railway (the nucleus of the Great Northern) before Parliamentary Committees. The broad fact is, that owing to the attempts of "King" Hudson and his fellow-monarchs to strangle the infant at its birth, and the seventy days' fight in "one of the smallest of the wooden sheds in which, pending the completion of the new Houses of Parliament, Private Bill Committees were condemned to meet," nearly half a million of money was sunk in preliminary expenses. Fortunately, most of the original shareholders were substantial people, and not mere "stags," like a certain "poor brother of the Charterhouse," who, though his yearly income, derived from pensions, was under £100 a year, had contracted for (and disposed of at a premium) a large quantity of stock.

The obstructiveness of rival companies did not end in the Parliamentary Committee-

rooms, but was exhibited in ways of almost incredible pettiness. The station authorities at Retford refused to supply water there to the Great Northern engines, so as to hamper the through service between Peterborough and Leeds; and at Grimsby blocks were placed across the rails to prevent the Great Northern using the running powers to which it was entitled. On one occasion the Great Northern passengers reached the Humber ferry only to find that the last boat had been purposely sent away without them, and had to spend the night in the railway carriages or on sofas at the station; on another a Great Northern engine which had dared to show its buffers in Nottingham was hunted by a posse of Midland engines, as if it had been a wild elephant, and after a desperate struggle captured, and interned in a disused shed, whence it was not released for seven months. At Manchester the North-Western and Sheffield companies had a station in common. Nevertheless,

"the North-Western authorities began to take people into custody for coming by the Sheffield trains into the Manchester station; they frightened an old lady out of her wits and distracted several feeble people; but at last they got hold of a lawyer, who showed them they had 'caught a tartar'; and so after that no more passengers were apprehended."

It is difficult to realise that these incidents, which might have come out of one of Mr. Gilbert's comic operas, should have taken place in connexion with such a prosaic business as railway-management seems to us nowadays. Fortunately for the Great Northern, it had in these troublous times an exceptionally strong chairman in Mr. Edmund Denison, who, like his son after him (the present Lord Grimthorpe), was a "bonny fighter." The biggest storm he ever weathered was at the half yearly meeting in August, 1857, after the discovery that Leopold Redpath, the registrar of the company, had robbed it of over £200,000 by creating fictitious stock.

After that the most noteworthy occurrences in the life of the Company have been a few bad accidents—notably that at Abbot's Ripton in 1876, when three trains collided and thirteen people were killed, and that at Canonbury in 1881, when no fewer than four trains were in collision in a tunnel and six people were killed; and the races to Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in 1888 and 1895 respectively, which are still fresh in the public memory. The Great Northern has not of late years been the most financially prosperous of railway companies, but it has remained one of the most enterprising. Its history deserved to be written, and it has lost nothing in Mr. Grinling's able hands. Everyone who is interested in railways should read his book.

*An Eton Bibliography.* By L. V. Harcourt. (Swan Sonnenschien.)

THIS has few claims to be considered a scientific bibliography. It is rather a hand-list of *Etoniana*, mainly drawn from the author's own collection. The majority of the items directly concern the college; a few are works of general literature of Eton masters, and should have been omitted.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE POTENTATE. BY FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON.

A steel-bright romance of the Middle Ages. The hero, Everard al Dernement, is introduced as a pretty boy, with a girl's face and man's spirit. A murdered father is ever before his eyes. The overthrow of his murderer, the tyrant Duke of Bresali, is the objective; and this comes by way of postern doors, and flashing blades, and passages of love and adventure, and all the paraphernalia of romance, marshalled by a skilled hand. (A. Constable & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

THE STRENGTH OF TWO. BY ESMÉ STUART.

Miss Stuart's stories are popular favourites, and this should disappoint none of her admirers. It belongs to the temperately sensational class, and is told with the maximum of dialogue. Here are a gambler, and his daughter Joy, and a young squire, and Ivor, and a dwarf, and an eccentric and rich old aunt, and—well, there are all the characters convention can demand. The story is full of spirit. (F. V. White. 296 pp. 6s.)

THE CATTLE MAN. BY G. B. BURGIN.

The adventures of an artist brought up to active misogyny by a Canadian priest. On crossing to England in a cattle-boat he forges his creed. A blending of serious sentiment and humour of the school to which Mr. Burgin belongs. Of Piccadilly Circus at night it is said: "The whole scene required a Whistler to paint it—the Christ to sweep it away." Of a cattle-drover who has been thrown overboard: "It was evident that his system had received a speck, owing to the quantity, and quality, of the unfamiliar beverage which he had just swallowed." A very good-humoured tale. (Grant Richards. 246 pp. 6s.)

BUNTHORNE. BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

Mr. Eden describes his novel as the "Story of a Fool." Bunthorne is certainly a fool as the world judges; but then he is not far from being one of "God's fools." Moreover, he becomes blind, and the author's underlying purpose is to hint at the gratitude which the blind feel towards all who help them in little ways. A sincere piece of work. (Skeffington & Son. 279 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE INDUNA'S WIFE. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

This tale is told to Nkose, by Untúswa, after a strong dose of tyala. Untúswa is an induna who took for principal wife Lalusini, the sorceress, in whose veins ran the full blood of the House of Sezangakona. The consequences of this marriage make the book; which we recommend to all who like excitement wedded to Zulu words, and to none who do not. Mr. Quiller-Couch, who loves dialect, should enjoy it. (F. V. White. 300 pp. 6s.)

THE WIDOW OF GUY'S. BY MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

A medical novel. Mrs. Kernahan, who is the author of *The House of Rimmon* and *A Laggard in Love*, brings Bob Sawyer and Ben Aln up to date. Now and then, indeed, the book is not a little Dickensian, especially in the character of Mrs. Pippin. "They're pidlin' Spanishers," says this lady, "and many a time that Saul has sat down to eat them, and rolled them around his lyn' tongue, a-lyn' to me as there was no one like me for getting things into a pickle sharp." (Bowden. 325 pp. 6s.)

DEEPER THAN HONOUR. BY E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

The author of *Scarlet and Steel*, having done with flogging in the army, now turns his attention to prisons. This is the story of a well-bred man who, with some reason, becomes a thief, and is imprisoned. It is a sad, unrelieved tragedy. Here is the hero's

description: "Ord's head, covered with close, crisp rings of flaxen hair, was big like his body, and solidly set on a solid throat. His features were passably regular, but uninteresting, though a pent-house of yellow moustache, hanging low, softened the stubborn outlines of a long upper lip and square chin," and so on. (Hutchinson & Co. 367 pp. 6s.)

CHIEFLY CONCERNING TWO. BY ALAN SCOTT.

This is the story of a Harley-street doctor who, feeling convinced that there are beneath the surface of society manifold social grades of whose nature and peculiarities he is ignorant, settles down in a village as Robert Crispin, cobbler; and then come love and frustration. The doctor found love a pleasant interlude to a dissertation on the evolution of the streptococci. A quite readable tale. (Digby, Long & Co. 200 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HUMPHRY: A TRADITION. BY E. MENDHAM.

This story is woven out of ignorant beliefs, some of which linger in attenuated forms in remote country districts of England. The hero, Humphry Stoly, is regarded as a wizard with malefic influence. Much of the story turns upon the search by credulous villagers, and a credulous parson, for a fairy hoard of treasure. A clever dramatisation of exploded rural superstitions. (Hutchinson & Co. 368 pp. 6s.)

THE MARQUIS OF VALROSE. BY CHARLES FOLEY.

The story is translated from the French, and it is a thoroughly readable, though not remarkable, romance of the revolutionary times in France. Opens in the little town of Sauges, in La Vendée, in 1799; and lovers, gendarmes, marchionesses, and the like keep the ball rolling. (C. A. Pearson Ltd. 283 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN. BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

A good tale of the conquest of Peru. Mr. Griffith urges that it is curious no historical novelist has done for the Conquest of Peru what Mr. Lew Wallace, in America, and Mr. Rider Haggard, in England, have done for the Conquest of Mexico. To obtain local colour Mr. Griffith went to Peru, and nearly all the characters in his story are historical. A stirring romance in which the marvellous hardly exceeds Prescott. (C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. 306 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*His Fortunate Grace.* By Gertrude Atherton.  
(Bliss, Sands & Co.)

THIS is a strong, well-knit piece of work. It is simple and direct in its full-blooded thoroughly American vitality, just saved from exuberance by the artistic sense. The early chapters, indeed, seem to an European ear somewhat lavishly supplied with extravagant and slangy expression, somewhat strident in tone. But as the story unfolds, the roughnesses and crudities disappear, and the action becomes more tense and living. The centre of it is the family of a millionaire, himself, his wife, and his daughter, all vigorously and effectively characterised. There comes to New York a decrepit English duke, in search of a million to recruit his impoverished acres. With him the millionaire's daughter falls in love; a little incredibly you think, but Mrs. Atherton's point is that the disease is epidemic. Then follows a struggle. The father, a man of sense and character, refuses his consent, furious at the idea of selling his daughter for a title to a pluck-eyed, undersized debauchee. On the other side are the infatuated Augusta and her beautiful mother, acknowledged queen of society in New York, and ambitious for the new laurels to be won by an assured position in London. The result

is a crash to the millionaire's belief in his passionately adored wife. Neither will can bend. He declines to give a dowry, and his wife takes flight to England with her daughter and the duke, sells her personal houses and jewels to provide the price of a coronet, and sets her husband at defiance, trusting to his love for her to bring him round. It does not, and Mrs. Atherton has recourse to a somewhat comical way out of the dilemma. Mrs. Forbes suddenly discovers that she is about, after twenty years, to have a second child. She cables frantically, and her husband comes out by the next mail. There is a reconciliation; Augusta gets her duke, and the duke his dowry. But Mrs. Forbes has lost her husband's, not to speak of the reader's, respect.

"'Tell me,' she said imperiously, 'have you really forgiven me? I have almost been sure at times that you had. I have felt it. But you have not been quite your dear old self. I want to hear you say again that you forgive me, and it is the last time that I shall refer to the subject.'

'Yes,' he said, 'adjusting a lock that had fallen over her ear, 'I have forgiven you, of course. We are to live the rest of our lives together. I am not so unwise, I hope, as to nurse offended pride and resentment.'

The colour left her face. She came closer. 'Tell me,' she said, her voice vibrating, 'won't it ever be quite the same again? Is that what you mean?'

He took her in his arms, and laid his cheek against hers. 'Oh, I don't know,' he said, 'I don't know.'

The story verges perilously at moments on the burlesque, but in the main it is a strong satire on certain developments of American society, which have now for some time been much in evidence. The feeblest specimens of humanity who can boast a title and a line of ancestors may take their pick, if you believe the author, among the wealth, beauty, and intellect of the States. Mrs. Atherton writes with keen insight and a brilliant command of natural dialogue.

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*The Minister of State.* By John A. Steuart.  
(Heinemann.)

In his very pretty dedication Mr. Steuart calls his story "a drama of romance in reality." The description is something clumsy and pleonastic. To call it "a modern fairy tale" might describe it more clearly and more simply; for all forms of fiction must have their roots in reality, just as all plants, from the cabbage (or kail) to the cactus, must be rooted in the earth. Every romance must be a romance in reality, or be nothing; *The Arabian Nights* are as much indebted to reality, in their own way, as are the *Rougon-Macquart* studies of Emile Zola in theirs. Mr. Steuart's fairy tale appears to have been suggested—or rather provoked—in some degree by the performances of the Kailyardists. He may even be said to have invaded the very domain of "Ian Maclaren," and to have dared (a mere mortal!) to steal some fire from the sacred altar tended by the high priest of the Kailyard. Let us declare at once that we prefer the stolen fire (if it be stolen) to the original flame. We are introduced to a glen and a people not unlike those of Drumtochty, and in the very same shire of Perth; we meet farmers and ploughmen, kirk elders and ministers, and even a notable doctor, and a still more notable dominie. They are like unto those of Drumtochty, but yet how different—how differently observed, and how differently rendered. The mind of the true Kailyardist is that of the sentimentalist. When he does not turn his eyes away from facts altogether, he so gloses them that the effect is false both to fact and sentiment. Mr. Steuart, though he has invaded the Kailyard, is no Kailyardist. The creator of Peter Proudfoot, Neil MacGregor, David Kinloch, and the drunken fiddler, Lauchie, has shrewdly observed and lovingly meditated; and his work is truly laid both in fact and sentiment. From this ground of reality he has caused to grow a very agreeable story; and if it be but a fairy tale—why, a fairy tale can be a very delightful, a very suggestive, and a very stimulating kind of literary art, even to adults. This fairy tale concerns a marvellous herd-boy, who was, of course, a prince—that is to say, a Minister of State—in embryo. When a boy he tamed wild bulls, and attempted to tame wild horses. He became a Double First at Edinburgh, and a Double First at Oxford, and he rowed stroke in a winning race for the Dark Blues (his creator wishes him to appear to be "the full, round man of Plato"); he read for the Bar, became a great pleader (with an income of £20,000 a year), a great orator in the Commons, a Judge, and a

Minister of State. But he did *not* marry the lady of his love; and there the fairy tale defies the rules of the game. Last of all, on a visit to his native strath, he fell into talk with a herd-boy who was ignorant of his identity:

"'And would you like to do what Evan Kinloch has done?'

'Yes, sir, awful much,' was the prompt response.

'And if you were to ask him, do you think he'd advise you to go away South, and get all that he has got?'

'I don't know, sir, but it's likely he would.'

'I don't think he'd be so unkind,' said the gentleman, in a tone of uncalled-for sadness. 'No, I'm sure he wouldn't. I think he would advise you to stay among the hills and woods and green fields, and work with the plough and the scythe.'

'Well! he didn't do that himself, sir,' replied the boy, with an astute shake of the head.

'Ah, but he may be wiser now!' remarked the gentleman in that plaintive tone for which the boy could discover no reason."

And thus, with an impression of *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas!* the story sadly ends; which, we submit, is to make a very modern version of the fairy tale. Mr. Steuart writes with vigour and alertness, and occasionally with brilliance, though at the outset he sets a pace and style which he does not well maintain.

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*A Man from the North.* By E. A. Bennett.  
(John Lane.)

SHE took up the book, opened it, read a little, and presently laid it down. Anon she was asked what she thought of it. "There is some pretty phrasing," was the answer. "'Chirruped a phrase ending in *chéri*' is good, don't you think?" The quotation was given from memory; when we came to read the book the phrase was discovered to run, "... twittered a phrase ending in *chéri*." The difference between "chirruped" and "twittered" is significant of the whole book. "Twittered" is not bad, but "chirruped" is the one, the inevitable word in that connexion. So, throughout, the writing is good—exceedingly good, compared with most that is written—but it is not good enough, considering the standard Mr. Bennett has manifestly set himself:

"An inconstant, unrefreshing breeze, sluggish with accumulated impurity, stirred the curtains, and every urban sound—high-pitched voices of children playing, roll of wheels, and rhythmic trot of horses, shouts of newsboys, and querulous barking of dogs—came through the open windows touched with a certain languorous quality that suggested a city fatigued, a city yearning for the moist recesses of woods, the disinfectant breath of mountain tops, and the cleansing sea."

Now that reads well enough; but it is not at once convincingly true. And such writing is worthless, when it does not immediately convince of its truth. Moreover, the passage quoted pleases little upon examination. It is plainly untrue, for instance, to describe the "breeze" as "sluggish with accumulated impurity"; it may be "sluggish," but not for that reason; to say "with impurity," and that "accumulated," is to declare that one has less a perception of the truth of nature and fact than a taste for the elaborate falsehood of M. Zola. But, not to insist too much on such detail, we repeat, the writing is good—irritatingly good—so good that we wish it much better.

The story of *A Man from the North* (surely an awkward and misleading title) is of the kind that M. Zola has set the fashion of calling a "human document." A young man, a shorthand clerk, comes to London from a small Lancashire town, and leads the narrow, harmless, sordid life of such a person—a life which, in this case, is faintly and spasmodically touched with literary ambition. We conceive that the details have been observed quite accurately, and they are quite accurately set down, with that absence of passion or palpitation which that kind of story affects, but which makes it singularly dull and wearisome. The one person in the story who is really well rendered is Jenkins:

"Jenkins was a cockney and the descendant of cockneys: he conversed always volubly in the dialect of Camberwell; but just as he was subject to attacks of modishness, so at times he attempted to rid himself of his accent, of course without success. He swore habitually, and used no reticence whatever. . . . In quick and effective retort he was the peer of cabmen, and nothing could abash him. His favourite subjects of discussion were restaurants, billiards, the turf, and women, whom he usually described as 'tarts.'"

*A Man from the North*, in fine, is the kind of worthlessly clever work which neither touches nor moves the reader, neither interests nor persuades. It has, therefore, little claim to be considered literature; for to produce literature it is as necessary to choose a subject well as it is to write well, and the subject of *A Man from the North* is not well chosen. But Mr. Bennett, it is manifest, has style enough and faculty enough of observation to do admirable work, if he will forego bad models and choose a subject that may worthily engage his best art.

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*Gloria Victis.* By J. A. Mitchell.  
(D. Nutt.)

MR. MITCHELL'S story is too trivial to bear so sounding a title. But it is very readable and it amuses, and three, at least, of the characters are interesting additions to the inhabitants of the world of fiction. The story briefly shows how a boy, Steven Wadsworth, predestined to crime, overcomes his fate and substitutes for the profession of thief that of honest acrobat. But the change convinces no one, for he is described entirely from without. Psychological analysis is not to be beyond Mr. Mitchell's power. In the course of his career the hero—the son of a housebreaking father and a mother possessed of a cataclysmic temper—steals, lies, murders, and attempts murder, without consciousness of evil. He preserves, indeed, throughout the worst deflections from morality, honest grey eyes and a clean heart. When first embarked as a highway robber he encounters Dr. Thorne, an amiable clergyman, and bids him throw up his hands. The doctor does so, but by a strategic movement defeats the assailant. The following scene is then recorded:

'If I let you go will you promise to behave better, and not play with loaded pistols in the future?'

'Yes, I promise.'

'You give me your word of honour?'

'Yes, sir.'

As he released his grip and took a backward step, the boy sprang forward and the pistol, snatched it from the grass, cocked it, and levelled it in toward the figure before him.

'Now, who's ahead?' he exclaimed. 'This time you throw up your hands, or I'll fire it!'

But the hands were not thrown up. The massive head drooped heavily forward, and two calm brown eyes rested mournfully upon the trigger. Reproachfully and without anger he looked into the triumphant face.

'So your promise goes for nothing! You should have been a sneak thief or a pickpocket; not an open robber. I have always understood that famous robbers had some self-respect, some regard for their word of honour.'

Over the villain's face came a flush of colour. Shame and indignation shone in the place of triumph, and the eyes wavered. There was an inward struggle, as easily read by the man before him as from an open book. Holding the revolver, he turned it about, holding the muzzle toward himself, then stepped forward and presented it to his towering rival. In an uneven voice, and with a strong effort to repress the quivering of a lip, he murmured hurriedly—

'I'm not a sneak thief! Take it yourself! I don't want it!'

Dr. Thorne took the weapon and carefully pointed it in another direction as he lowered the trigger, then returned it to the owner, saying—

'As we both are men of honour, it doesn't matter who keeps the pistol.'

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*Rough Justice.* By M. E. Braddon.  
(Simpkin & Co.)

*Rough Justice* is a story which is constructed with the deftness and told with the brightness that we have been taught to expect from Miss Braddon. Murder and mystery are provided; but there is also a problem in ethics to be solved—are you justified in killing a woman to get money wherewith to benefit your fellow creatures? Oliver Greswold is a philanthropist, with big schemes that require money. He discovers that one life stands between him and the fortune he has been led to expect—the life of an obscure woman, whom he believes to be a worthless woman.

"He told himself that there was nothing sordid or selfish in his aspira-

tions. Were the fortune his thousands would share in its benefits. Every sovereign in the yearly income would mean something of comfort for some sufferer—some lightening of the burden under which the weary shoulders and weak knees were daily bending. . . . And how would this woman use the wealth that was to be flung into her lap? Without experience of decent life, without one reputable acquaintance, how could she be expected to deal with a great estate? She would eat it, and drink it, and fling it to the loose company that would gather about her, swift as vultures sighting carrion. . . .

He had often debated that question which modern thought has discussed as bold as ever it was argued by antique philosophy—Is life worth living? And here, he argued, was a case in which the answer was easy and decisive.

Here, in the person of Lisa Rayner, was a life not worth living—a life worthless to its possessor; a life that could only exercise evil influences upon others; a life which for him, Oliver Greswold, meant ruin and despair.

Long days, long nights of harrying thought resulted in a plan of action, which began with daily practice in his grandfather's grounds, and an occasional hour at a shooting-gallery in Soho."

So he shoots Lisa Rayner; and Wildover, her former lover, who has just come back from South Africa and wants to marry someone else, is arrested and tried for the crime. Wildover is acquitted for lack of evidence, but devotes himself to discovering the real criminal. The scene in which he forces a written confession from Greswold is dramatic. We cannot help being rather glad that Greswold is not brought to justice, for he really did good with his money, and, to quote the closing words of the book, "Everywhere, among the people who try to leave the world better than they found it, the name of Oliver Greswold commands admiration and respect."

A SKETCH OF IBSEN.

HE is a man of striking personality [we quote from an article by Mr. F. O. Achorn in the *New England Magazine*], his hair is long and gray, and he wears it combed straight up from his forehead. The forehead itself is high, broad, and prominent. His whiskers are gray and bushy; and he wears large gold-bowed spectacles. The lower part of his face sinks into insignificance beside these more marked characteristics. I can scarcely see his eyes under the beetling brows and behind his spectacles; I make them out to be small and blue, and I have the sensation of being peered at instead of looked at. His nose is small and irregular; his mouth small, firm, and straight. He was dressed in a black broadcloth coat, double-breasted, long and closely buttoned, a white satin tie and dark trousers, while a silk hat, a walking-stick, a pair of brown cotton gloves and his spectacle-case lay near him. He was sipping a glass of Scotch whisky and soda.

He spoke very slowly and with a reserve that was little less than coldness. He drew a long black comb from his inside pocket, and proceeded to set his hair more on end, if possible, than it already was. The feeling took possession of me that, himself so given to studying others, he was the kind of man who would give one very little insight into his own thoughts and feelings unless he chose to.

If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all, and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling his face hardens, colour deepens, and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods. If you catch him at one time, or if you "hit him right," he will do what no persuasion would induce him to do at another. Friends to whom I spoke of my own pleasant meetings with him told me that he is often unapproachable.

He lives a methodical life. He is found at work in his study in the forenoon. At one o'clock he turns up at the Grand Hotel, which he calls his second home, for lunch. Wherever he has lived, Ibsen has always selected some *café* or place of public resort to which he has betaken himself daily, where, free from molestation, he could observe all that was going on about him.

In the window of the hotel over my head it is his wont to sit and study the people, until this watch tower has come by common consent to be recognised as his, and is known as 'Ibsen's window.'

From his vantage ground at the hotel window, a sweep of the eye presents to the poet nearly every phase of human life; royalty, the statesman, the soldier, the actor, the student, the reveller, the traveller from foreign parts, the high and low, the rich and poor—all are included.

Ibsen on the street moves along with his head well thrown back, a favourite attitude being one in which his hands are clasped behind him. Everybody knows him, and he receives the salutations of his acquaintances by raising his hat with a courtliness and dignity which mark the gentleman of the old school.

#### MISS MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME.

THERE is a curious delusion current about Miss Wilkins, says Mr. Chamberlin in the course of an article on "Miss Mary E. Wilkins at Randolph, Mass"—one of the readable series of "Authors at Home" *The Critic* is publishing—which undoubtedly grows out of the determination of most people to make all writers as much as possible like their books. I have heard people who really knew better insist that Miss Wilkins must be a countrified little person, looking and acting as if she had just stepped out of her own stories. This notion may claim to derive some colour, perhaps, from the fact that she lives in the village where she was born, and in an old house of vernacular New England architecture, with its side toward the road and its front door in the middle of this side, with a north parlour and a south parlour, and a flower-garden in front of the house.

On the high mantelshelf in the chimney are Scott's novels, and not another book! I asked Miss Wilkins why she kept them there, and she said it was partly because they filled out the middle of the shelf nicely, and partly because she liked to read them often.

If Miss Wilkins reads Scott, she also reads Hardy, Tolstoi, and even Dostoevsky. She said to me of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*: "I am at odds with the whole thing, but it is a wonderful book. He writes with more concentrated force than Tolstoi. This book seemed to me like one of my own nightmares, and told on my nerves. It belongs to the Laocöon school of literature." So too, she thinks, does *Jude the Obscure*. No one feels more than she the power of such a book as the latter, but she is not inspired to write in the same way.

Miss Wilkins' way of writing is not, usually, to re-write anything once fully written out, but to elaborate a good deal as she goes along, throwing away a great many closely-written sheets which are her trial-lines. And, indeed, though Miss Wilkins says of herself that she does not seem to "compose," but to write out something which she already knows, or else which comes to her from some source outside or inside of her—she scarcely knows which—she nevertheless does work out passages or portions of her stories with great pains.

She does not go about at all looking for "material" for her stories. She never puts Randolph people into them; though she has, indeed, put into them dead and gone people. Barnabas, in *Pembroke*, with the awful will, was a man who had lived. Her creations are mainly drawn purely out of her imagination, and squared to Nature and reality by the exercise of a keen and omnivorous faculty of observation which has grown instinctive, and is as unconscious as it is accurate—like the minutely true eye-measurements with which the Japanese carpenters astonished us at the World's Fair. And for her nature-settings and decorations she depends rather on the sharp recollections of childhood than on more recent observations. She never had a bit of the spirit of the naturalist.

This work of Miss Wilkins' goes on placidly enough, but not in any way that is systematic enough to distress us. She speaks of a stint of a thousand words a day, but she has the artist's susceptibility to times and moods, and her work is really done by spurts. She is not one of those fortunate ones who can say, "Go to! I will sleep from ten until six, and then be fresh for my work." Sleep with her has to be wooed with subtle arts, and will follow no programme.

Naturally, Miss Wilkins is almost as much at home in Boston as she is in Randolph; I think she feels more at home there. Some people may find that hard to believe, because at Boston she goes in

neither for Browning nor Ibsen, and she is without a fad; but it is nevertheless true. You cannot discover about Miss Wilkins' home a vestige of the influence of any hobby—unless it is possibly her chafing-dish; she has a beautiful time with that, and so do her friends. "Views" she has none, in the strenuous Bostonian sense though good, solid principles she has in plenty. As between Boston and Randolph, I am sure that one thing that makes her prefer the latter as a place of residence is the possibility of living there in a way to one side of her literary reputation. She is not at all fond of the strong light that beats upon authorship; but when she is in Boston she is continually getting into it, as a matter of course. In Randolph she lives with a family of excellent people who have known her since she was a child, and to whom, though they rejoice with perfect happiness over her success, she is always the girl whom they knew before she had made that success. She is more like a daughter and a sister in this household than anything else, and she accepts the relation with the completest loyalty and devotion. She has retirement here without solitude, and, with what people call "literary society" well within her reach if she feels the want of it, it certainly need not be too much with her at Randolph.

#### "REALLY A MELODRAMA."

WHEN the cynic was told, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, that *Quo Vadis* was the most popular and had sold the best in this country (America) of all the books of the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, he said, "That is what I should have predicted, for it is his poorest." This judgment needs explanation and qualification. The implication is that the Roman novel was popular because it is poor, and that its popularity implies a want of public discrimination. It is true that *Quo Vadis*, in the view of literary criticism, is the poorest work of this brilliant author, but there are other reasons why it was more popular than the Polish trilogy of great romances. Some of these reasons are found in its subject. Any story about the early Christians and about their persecution is sure to attract wide and alert attention. The public also know about Nero, and like additional reasons for hating that violin-playing monster, who is believed to have sat on a terrace and played on some sort of a musical instrument after he had set Rome on fire. These matters are familiar, and they occurred in our historic line. But the other great romances of the author are on ground unfamiliar to us, and foreign to our sympathies. It was difficult for us to imagine the great wilderness of the Steppes, and to feel the whirlwind of barbaric and semi-Oriental passion that swept over them in the sixteenth century. The author, however, was on his own ground there by inheritance and tradition. He created his world out of materials native to him, and wrote without self-consciousness. In Rome he was under the disadvantage of being in a field foreign to himself; his work smells of the laboratory and the study—in a word, it necessarily becomes somewhat archaeological. That is the common fault of classic novels generally, written by modern novelists. Ebers's Egyptian stories are an extreme illustration of this: they all smelt of bitumen and mummy-wrappings. In order to reproduce his Roman world the writer has to explain too much. We can fancy how encumbered and uninteresting (except to the archaeological student of a later age) a novel about New York would be if the writer were compelled to stop and explain and describe every house, room by room, with all the furniture, every vehicle, every utensil of use or pleasure, every dress and ornament.

Sienkiewicz was under this disadvantage in attempting to reproduce, by books and monuments, the Rome of Nero. But there is something more to be said. He is a genius, and a short story by him, called *Let us Follow Him*, showing the effect of the crucifixion upon the pagan mind, is evidence of his ability to throw himself into the past without committing the fault he has fallen into in *Quo Vadis*. It would seem as if the great novelist had been affected by the modern wave of sensationalism that has swept from their moorings so many writers, and had yielded to it. This is not saying that there are not powerful scenes in *Quo Vadis*, scenes that make the reader hold his breath. It is not saying that the author has abandoned his power of creation—witness the character of Petronius. But *Quo Vadis* is really a melodrama, and not to be compared as a work of art—that means an enduring work—with *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, nor with that intense study, *Without Dogma*.

ATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

Series of the literary week have been  
of Ibsen, and the manner of honour-  
ing. In another column we print a  
May Diary, and between our pages a  
table portrait of the author of *Ghosts*  
been allowed to stalk.

EDOUARD ROD, the French novelist,  
and on the *Novelist's Art* on Wednes-  
afternoon at Stafford House. M. Rod  
his address from MS. in the French  
age. In an interview this week with  
representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, M.  
red off a few of his literary pre-  
ms. Here they are:

Ed has read Mr. Thomas Hardy's  
with pleasure:

The best of his works, in my opinion, is  
the *Obscure Tess*, again, is a masterpiece,  
it betrays, perhaps too clearly, Zolaesque  
here."

Concerning Mr. Kipling:

It strikes me as an entirely fresh and  
in mind. The comparison that is so often  
drawn between him and Maupassant seems to  
be fetched. Each writer deals with alto-  
gether different themes, and it is indeed very  
difficult to establish any parallel between  
them."

Mr. Humphry Ward has captivated M.

I must mention *Robert Elsmere*. The noble  
simplicity with which the spiritual tribulations of  
a scrupulous and intellectual man are treated  
by the authoress cannot be overpraised."

Another English woman writer has M.  
her share of the homage:

The *Story of an African Farm* will always  
be read eagerly to everyone who can think  
of it, but I am convinced that her last  
work, *After Halket*, is the best thing she has

done. Indeed, it is one of the greatest produc-  
tions of the present generation."

And—more compliments:

"How can I forget to mention the name  
of Vernon Lee, whom I had the pleasure of  
seeing only a few weeks ago at Florence,  
and whose charming conversation at once  
reminded me of the subtle, delicate, and  
penetrating literary art of the authoress of  
*Euphorion*? And Mme. James Darmesteter,  
whose lyrics have afforded me such keen delight,  
not to speak of her prose works. Few things  
in my opinion can equal the magical delicacy  
with which she has recalled in her *End of the  
Middle Ages* the fascinating personality of  
Beatrice d'Este."

ONE of Aubrey Beardsley's last drawings  
—"The Death of Pierrot"—bore this legend:  
"As the dawn broke, Pierrot fell into his  
last sleep. Then, upon tip-toe, noiselessly  
up the stair, silently into the room, came the  
comedians, Arlechino, Pantaleone, Colom-  
bina, and Il Dottoro; who, with much love,  
lifted in their arms and bore away upon their  
shoulders the white-froaked clown of Ber-  
gamo. Whither we know not." There can,  
the *Saturday Review* thinks, be no doubt that  
the Pierrot of this drawing and this fasci-  
nating passage was meant by the artist to  
be himself.

THE next volume of the *Dictionary of  
National Biography* will contain a memoir of  
R. L. Stevenson by Mr. Colvin. Meanwhile  
the *Outlook* prints this communication from  
"L. O.," whom we take to be Mr. Lloyd  
Osbourne, in America: "Stevenson has a  
stronger position here amongst teachers, &c.,  
than he has in Britain. On this side of the  
water the Edinburgh edition is unobtainable  
at any price, and it is pleasant to think that  
it has in general been bought by really poor  
men—men who really stinted themselves to  
obtain it." Our contemporary adds that  
the Edinburgh edition was selling in San  
Francisco for £4 a volume in 1895; and the  
price has since risen!

THE literary preferences of the great are  
always interesting. We have just seen M.  
Edouard Rod's. Here are Ian MacLaren's,  
or, rather, they may be found in the *British  
Weekly*, filling three and a half columns.  
The considerate editor prints the following  
synthesis at the top of the first column:  
"The Scottish novelist, clergyman, and  
lecturer picks from the foremost shelf of his  
library of fiction two standard classics—  
*Esmond* and *The Heart of Midlothian*—and  
contrasts them as the highest types of the  
literary art."

THE first number of *The Modern Quarterly  
of Language and Literature* lies before us.  
The editor is Mr. Frank Heath, and among  
his contributors are Dr. Furnivall, Prof.  
Dowden, Prof. York Powell, Prof. Ker,  
and Prof. Herford. The prefatory note by  
the editor is modest and concise:

"Very few words are called for by way of  
prologue to the *Modern Quarterly of Language  
and Literature*. It is hoped that it will speak  
for itself to all those who are interested in  
literature and scholarship, and that in its catho-

licity will be found the best warrant for its  
success. To the smaller circle of students who  
welcomed the *Modern Language Quarterly* of  
last year, this publication will wear a familiar  
face, but it will be recognised as being better  
proportioned and more carefully arranged than  
its prototype. Its aims will be the same in  
spirit, though wider in range, and with the  
added definiteness which is born of experience.  
It will remain broad in sympathy and earnest  
in its endeavour to offer an increasingly efficient  
means of bringing before all who care for the  
study of modern literature and tongues, and  
see their supreme value for our very existence  
as a nation, the best work which is being done  
in this fruitful field of research."

Opposite, we are confronted by the bland  
smile of Dr. Furnivall, beautiful in im-  
perishable photogravure.

So far all is simple. But on the second  
page we are offered a hard nut to crack in  
the shape of the following sonnet:

"To the Onlie Begetter of  
This insuing Sonnet  
Mr. G. J.  
All Happinesse Wisheth  
The Well-Wishing Adventurer  
In Setting Type. —J. M. D."

Whoever ill may wish, I set thy Will,  
No Chapman-pedar, cheapening wares in Hall,  
But sharp-Toothed watchdog, that forewarn  
thee still,

When critic envy on thy rear would fall.  
No more be Lamb, but as a valiant Knight  
Fitt on thy arms, and with a Harry's state,  
Bruising the Herbage, put thy foes to flight,  
That from their Knoll's assail the Temple Gate,  
Ithuriel, let once more thy Gol-den Lance,  
Like Will's, the Will of Archers to defy,  
Be brandished in the face of ignorance  
Against those arrows that Fortnightly fly.  
So doubt shall ne'er prevail my faith to kill;  
No Thomas I, although I publish Will."

It will need the combined intelligence of Mr.  
Sidney Lee, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Tyler,  
and the various other authorities on Shake-  
speare's Sonnets to elucidate this nightmare.  
Mr. Dent, the *Temple Shakespeare*, Mr.  
Gollancz—we see glimmerings of all these,  
but the rest is fog.

THOSE, says the *New York Critic*, who  
know Henryk Sienkiewicz say that he  
would rather go shooting or tramping over  
the mountains, any day, than write. He  
writes his serials from week to week, and  
sometimes in the middle of one, when the  
most exciting situation is reached, he takes  
his gun and disappears. His publishers  
tear their hair, but his readers have to con-  
strain their curiosity till he returns; when  
he takes up the thread of his narrative and  
carries it on to the end, unless another fit of  
restlessness seizes him. Before *Quo Vadis*  
was written, Sienkiewicz was supposed to  
have made 500,000 dols. by his pen. As  
that book has sold into the hundreds of  
thousands, after running as a serial, he must  
be a good many thousands of dollars richer  
to-day.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN has resigned his  
position of Rome correspondent of the *Times*.  
He intends in future to devote himself to  
literature and eschew politics, making his  
home in England. Meanwhile, Mr. Still-  
man is busy on his autobiography.

A LADY who for many years was on close terms of intimacy with George Eliot has sent to the *Westminster Gazette* the following interesting description of her, in reply to a very unfavourable account published in the *British Weekly*:

"How anyone—himself looking out of refined eyes—could call George Eliot's features 'coarse' I cannot for a moment understand. Massive they were, and reminded one in their power of Savonarola; in their sweetness and thought, of Dante. I have seen her face look perfectly beautiful; and once I remember—can I forget?—while talking to me with great earnestness and feeling, there was a light and glory on her face that made me think of the transfigured faces on the Mount, and that held me so spellbound with wonder and admiration, that I was never able to recall one word of what she had been saying. I have grieved over this, for she was speaking of what had been nearest her heart in writing her books.

So very far from being conceited or 'pedantic,' I never knew one more heartily modest, less self-assertive. Self-knowledge, naturally, she had, and great diffidence—very surprising to me in her. Her wide, kindly tolerance, her lovingness, her maternal compassion for the world's sufferings and wrongs, her readiness to be pleased and amused, were to me most helpful and altogether lovely."

AN American critic has been at pains to "place" Miss Corelli accurately. He does it thus: "Miss Corelli, in our judgment, comes a little below Ouida in the scale of authors, and considerably above Miss Julia Edwards." He also says of the *Beauties* recently culled from Miss Corelli's writings: "We think that Corelli students will be glad to have the book lying on the marble-topped tables of their pensive citadels, and that Corelli lovers will give it a prominent place on the *buhl étagères* of their luxurious boudoirs."

THE *Sette* of Odde Volumes' dainty opuscula are well known to collectors of modern rarities. Before us lies an elaborate parody of one of these tiny pamphlets—an obfusculum, as the author calls it—entitled *Tudor Writers on Husbandrie*. And thereby hangs a tale, which runs as follows: Some four years ago Sir Ernest Clarke, the yeoman to the *Sette*, read a paper with the above title, and promised, in accordance with the *Sette's* rules, to present it to them in an opusculum. Time passed, however, and no opusculum appeared. Hence the preparations of this dummy, which consists of notes flanked by chaff of the dilatory yeoman.

HERE, for example, is a stanza from "The Ballade of Impatience":

"Where, where the Book we waited for so long—  
The Book our Yeoman-brother vowed to write?  
Weary we wait, and weary, wail our song  
Yearning an-hungered for the Promised Sight,  
Sad watchers counting, hour by hour, the night,  
And all but hopeless, weeping in the dark—  
(Children who look all-sobbing for the light,  
Where is that Book, that Promised Book, by Clarke?"

The jest has had the desired effect.

THE next performance of the Elizabethan Stage Society will take place at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, April 5, when Middleton and Rowley's romantic comedy, *The Spanish Gipsy*, will be revived after the manner of the sixteenth century. The music will be under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. This comedy was last acted at Whitehall on November 5, 1623.

HERE are the titles of a few of the lectures to be delivered at the Royal Institution after Easter:

April 19, 26, at 3, Mr. T. C. Gotch on "Phases of Art; Past and Present."  
April 29, at 9, Mr. W. H. M. Christie, Astronomer Royal, on "The Recent Eclipse."  
May 20, at 9, Mr. D. H. Madden on "The Early Life and Work of Shakespeare."  
May 31, June 7, at 3, Prof. S. H. Butcher on "Literary Criticism in Greece."  
June 3, at 9, Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie on "The Development of the Tomb in Egypt."

To the announcements which we printed last week under the name of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. the following should be added: a new work on Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, wife of the late English minister to Japan; a posthumous work by the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, with about fifty full-page illustrations; and an important ethnological book by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, entitled *The Human Race*, profusely illustrated.

THIS month Messrs. Cassell & Company again add the word New York to their imprint; which henceforth stands as London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. It will be remembered that some years ago the company disposed of their business in America to a separate concern, known as the Cassell Publishing Company. The agreement under which this arrangement was made has now lapsed, and Messrs. Cassell & Company have appointed to take charge of the branch Mr. W. T. Belding, who held an important position under Messrs. Cassell & Company at New York prior to the transfer to the American Company.

IN view of Dr. Parker's pulpit jubilee, Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son are publishing six volumes of his Sermons, Outlines, and Suggestions, under the general title of *Studies in Texts*.

HERETICAL books are no longer burned; but their writers are still occasionally deposed from their pulpits by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. This was the fate of Mr. Alexander Robinson, formerly minister of Kilmun. The book which cost him his ministerial position was entitled *A Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light*. Persecuted books live long, and Messrs. Williams & Norgate are about to issue a revised and partially re-written edition of Mr. Robinson's work.

IT has hitherto been found impossible to trace the birthplace of Ralph Waldo Emerson's English ancestors. This discovery has just been made by Mr. W. Brigg and Dr. P. H. Emerson. Full particulars concerning it will appear in the elaborate work which

the latter has devoted to the genealogical history of the English Emersons, and which will be published in the spring by Mr. David Nutt.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE proposes to issue second edition of his *Roman Breviary*. It was first published in 1879, and has long been out of print. Copies can only be procured now at a price enhanced to about forty times that at which it was published.

LORD BUTE has also compiled an edition of *The Service for Palm Sunday*, which will be published by the Art and Book Company. Should the experiment be received with sufficient favour, Lord Bute proposes to issue in a similar form the services for every day in Holy Week and Easter Week.

MR. W. CECIL WADE, who has been making a close study of heraldry, finds that other writers have singularly overlooked the symbolical significance which lies at the origin of heraldic arms. In his forthcoming work *The Symbolisms of Heraldry* which Mr. George Redway is to issue, he inquires into the derivation and meanings of armor bearings. The text will be illustrated by numerous cuts.

LAST week, by an inadvertence, we gave Mrs. Atherton's latest story the title "American Wives and Husbands": should have been *American Wives and English Husbands*. We understand that *I Fortunate Grace*, which we review this week, was issued in "paper form" last year.

## IBSEN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

### A DIARY OF PROGRESS.

*Some time in winter.*—Mr. Gosse remembers that Ibsen's seventieth birthday is imminent, and makes a note of it in his Birthday Presentation memorandum book.

*Later.*—Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer prepare plans for birthday present to the playwright.

*Later.*—A chosen few are permitted the privilege of subscribing a guinea to the birthday fund.

*Later.*—An order is given for a silver *ciborium*—an acsimile of one made for George II.—a silver ladle, and a silver cup.

*Tuesday, March 15.*—Appearance of the Jubilee Chronological Edition of Ibsen's works at Copenhagen. Introduction by Ibsen, in which he says, very naturally, "Only by studying and mastering the collected works as a connected, unbroken whole, will the reader receive the intended and right impression. In a word, I would affectionately beg my readers not to temporarily lay aside or skip any single piece, but to master the works—to read and live through them—in the order in which they are composed." Readers begin, without skipping, to master the works.

*Saturday, March 19.*—Publication in *Chronicle* of letter to subscribers, and letter to Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, and list of subscribers. In the first letter Ibsen is complimented on his executive skill and intellectual intrepidity. "Some of us," it continues, "recognised your force and your distinction a quarter of a century ago; some of us have but lately come into the range of your genius; but we all alike rejoice in its vital power, and hope for many fresh manifestations of your versatility." General opinion being that the only English recogniser of Ibsen's force and distinction a quarter of a century ago was Mr. Gosse, readers are disturbed to find the use of the plural.

*Sunday, March 20.*—Ibsen's birthday in Christiania. Arrival of letter from Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, accompanied by their gifts. Ibsen is grateful, but has not the slightest notion what to do with them. Reads letter. Is pleased. Reads list of twenty-one admirers. Is puzzled. Reads that only £53 11s. could be amassed for him. Amused, but feels gratitude to Mr. Gosse for discovering him. Receives hundreds of telegrams and letters from, among others, King Oscar, Queen Sophie, the Norwegian Crown Prince, and Mr. Justin McCarthy. Christiania, Berlin, and other cities *en fête*. Special performances of Ibsen's plays on the Continent. None in London. *Christiania Tidning* announces that Ibsen's next work will be a philosophical review of his writings and life. Fireworks.

*Monday, March 21.*—Continuation of Ibsen's play in Norway. The *Chronicle* prints a poem of 238 lines, addressed to Dr. Ibsen by Mr. Archer. Ibsen is promised that in the futile fray that surges round his name he has died away, Time, the unerring judge, shall arbitrate and hail him Poet first among the great. Ibsen is also called the Baker, the Diviner, the Seer, and the Archmage. The last word supposed to be a misprint for Archmage.)

The *Chronicle* also prints a letter from Miss Dorothy Leighton regretting that the Independent Theatre was not asked to subscribe; and another from the Rev. Percy Dermer laughing at the gift of silver, and offering that a company of vestrymen, giving a presentation to a local politician—a Jubilee commemoration committee—would have done better.

Elsewhere, the *Chronicle* states that great disappointment is felt among devoted admirers of Ibsen in England that they were not afforded an opportunity of subscribing to the bulk of present.

No performance of Ibsen play in London. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

*Tuesday, March 22.*—Conclusion of Ibsen's celebrations in Christiania. Gala performance of "The Master Builder" in presence of the author. Students are refused permission to unhorse and drag Ibsen's carriage. Forming torchlight procession, they call at Ibsen's house. He addresses them from the balcony: "Bilder Solness feared youth, but I do not fear youth. I never feared to think that you would come and knock at

my door. Come, I salute you with the greatest delight. Thanks! A thousand thanks!" No performance of Ibsen play in London.

Appearance, in a letter to the *Chronicle*, of the name of Miss Frances Lord, an early translator of Ibsen. Kindred attempt to win recognition for Mr. William Wilson, translator of *Brand*. The choice of George II.'s *ciborium* supported by another correspondent. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

*Wednesday, March 23.*—Article by Mr. Gosse in the *Sketch* on the "Great Norwegian Master." Reproductions of Ibsen's portrait and Mr. Gosse's autograph. Mr. Gosse tells how, on a burning summer's day in July, 1871, he entered the principal bookshop in Trondhjem and asked the assistant: "Have you got such a thing as a living poet in Norway?" In reply he received a copy of Ibsen's *Digte*. He read it, and was deeply moved; it seemed to him that this was a new planet. Hence he became the apostle of Ibsen. In 1873, Mr. Archer succeeded him.

The *Daily News* prints extracts from the Copenhagen *Politiken*. Herein Mr. Pinero expresses the wish that the great poet and dramatist may continue long in the enjoyment of health and strength, for his own happiness and in the interest of the readers and playgoers of the civilised world. Mr. J. K. Jerome, though friendly to the Archmage, insists that he falls into the error of assuming that beauty is of necessity a cloak, hiding the truth, whereas, in the hands of stronger thinkers, it serves rather as a graceful garment, enhancing her charms. Mr. Walter Crane recalls staying in the same house with the Diviner in Rome in 1882-3. Mr. Zangwill declares that if the function of writers is to stimulate thought, to kindle emotion, and to inspire action, then must Henrik Ibsen be ever counted among the highest; and Mr. Stead pronounces that the Seer has broken for ever with the tradition which denies woman the right to independent existence, and treats her as the mere ancillary of man. Thereby he has made humanity his debtor.

No performance of Ibsen play in London. Threat uttered in the *Chronicle* by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington to write some day the history of the Ibsen want of movement in England. The same writers are scornful of the Philistinism, inadequacy, and irrelevance of the gifts and letters to Ibsen.

Letter (in the same paper) from Miss Frances Lord, adding the name of Arthur Clifton to the list of Ibsen's discoverers, and asking the *Chronicle* to start a rival fund for the Archmage. Refusal of *Chronicle* to do any such thing. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Reflection 1. Presentations should either be very public or quite private. Reflection 2. Signatures to such presentations should not wander into the daily papers. Reflection 3. Persons prevented from joining in concerted schemes should not write to the papers, but send a private present by parcels post. Reflection 4. Bitter are the abuses of advertisement.

## GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

## A SKETCH.

THE author of *The Triumph of Death* was not fortunate enough to be born with a name so euphonious and befitting a poet as "Gabriele d'Annunzio." This is a pseudonym, and the novelist's real name is Rapagnetta. The biographical dictionaries give the date of his birth as 1864, but at first sight it is impossible to believe d'Annunzio to be more than twenty-five, so extremely youthful is his appearance. He has a slender, well-built figure, a pale oval face, large dreamy eyes, and a moustache the ends of which are curled and twisted aggressively skywards after the fashion of the Emperor William's.

He has been said to resemble a fair Pierre Loti, and to have all the nonchalance of bearing, and marked originality in conversation, peculiar to the sailor-Academician. Till last summer, when d'Annunzio came forward as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, he was living in great retirement either in his Florentine villa or at Francavilla—his birthplace—on the shores of the blue Adriatic, far away from engine-whistles and Americans, his pet aversions. Here, when he was writing *L'Innocente*, he worked in peace and sunshine without interruption—often for sixteen hours at a stretch. D'Annunzio's hermit-like tastes have hitherto made him the despair of interviewers; but in 1895 his admirer, M. Ojetti, visited him at Francavilla al Mare, and was allowed to report to the world afterwards some interesting details of his life there. D'Annunzio showed M. Ojetti his study in the ruins of a deserted monastery, where his friend the painter, Paolo Michetti, had also established his studio.

D'Annunzio is a keen sportsman. The sight of "the wheel" in the streets of Florence is as offensive to his artistic eye as are the great blocks of new buildings which for hygienic reasons have replaced the picturesque but unsanitary ghettos in most of the Italian towns. When in Florence, he has given his coachman orders always to take a circuitous route rather than drive him anywhere near the hideous utilitarian Piazza Victor Emmanuel.

A few years ago, when "The Triumph of Death" was running through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in M. Herelle's superb translation, and the other two novels—*L'Innocente* and *Piacere*—which compose the "Trilogy of the Rose," were being devoured in Germany and exciting enthusiasm even in the unemotional Teutonic breast, Italians of culture still ignored their existence. Even now many eminent critics on the Roman press decline to recognise d'Annunzio as a power in the literature of modern Italy. D'Annunzio himself attributes this coldness of attitude on the part of his compatriots to the fact that he bounded into fame too easily and at too early an age.

He was only sixteen, and still at college in Tuscany, training for the diplomatic service, when he showed his father a copy-book of verses written in his spare time. This exceptional parent was so impressed

by their merit that he paid for their publication, and the boy awoke one morning to find himself famous. All the papers discussed, criticised, and admired *Primo Vere*, and prophesied a great future for the poetic prodigy. On the wave of this early success he went as a student to Rome. Then he became the victim of a reaction, and was as unreasonably abused as before he had been extravagantly praised. But abuse made him happy and proud, for, according to d'Annunzio, there is no stimulus to artistic production like hate. "Implacable hate," in his own words, "compels a man to produce if only to exasperate."

It was not in Italy, however, but in adoring Paris that d'Annunzio was arraigned as a plagiarist, and convicted of "lifting" whole passages from De Maupassant, Zola, and others of the naturalist school. Yet he somehow managed to emerge from even this ordeal unscathed and with increased rather than diminished popularity. As a mark of his appreciation of the favour in which the Parisians hold him, he elected to have his tragedy, *La Ville Morte*, performed for the first time at the Renaissance, with Sarah Bernhardt instead of Eleonora Duse in the part of the heroine. Of contemporary Italian authors d'Annunzio has a poor opinion. His favourites among modern Gallic authors are Paul Bourget and Anatole France. He declares that he has never yet achieved the feat of getting through a book of Zola's, having been bored to extinction by the minute and lengthy chronicles of the Rougon Macquarts.

Of the trilogy of the Lily, destined to follow that of the Rose, only *Le Vergini delle Rocce* ("The Maidens of the Rock") has as yet appeared; *La Grazia* and *L'Annunziazione* have probably not yet been written, at any rate, they remain unpublished. D'Annunzio in his last novel, *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, has ceased to be obscenely erotic, but it cannot be said he has become more interesting. Even the sustained musical cadence of his prose, which here reaches its highest pitch of perfection, begins to pall, and the gorgeous word-pictures weary the mental eye with their lusciousness and their frequency.

What d'Annunzio's career as a politician will be is a subject for interesting speculation. The audaciously unconventional oration in which he appealed to the rustics of his birthplace to give him their votes was well calculated to inflame the wrath of the novelist's enemies, for it contained no allusion whatever to any of the vital questions of the hour. It was simply a harangue on the joys of existence, as exemplified in the speaker's own works. It was delivered in a hall decorated with banners, on which, instead of the names of the heroes of Italian Unity, were emblazoned the titles of the eight or ten volumes that d'Annunzio has contributed to the literature of his country. Here is an example of d'Annunzio's electioneering rhetoric:

"Men of my own land, to you I may boast and praise myself. . . . In the solemn stillness of a Sabbath afternoon, I would place in the hands, the gnarled and sun-burnt hands of the peasant sitting beneath the oak tree's shade, instead of his scriptural

texts, that one of my books in which I have depicted with ruthless and unsparring art, the slow death of a human creature unworthy of the gifts of love and life (*The Triumph of Death*). And if the written word could be changed into the tangible thing of which it is symbolical, the man would be bound to feel as if he held in the hollow of his palm the full weight of his country, as in old prints the Kaiser bears the globe. His cottage of clay, his bread and water, the reaping songs of his daughters, all these would be bound to appear more sacred in his eyes than before. And one evening, should I cross his threshold, he would rise with reverence, not as in the presence of his master, but as in the presence of one who had been a great power in his life for good. He would say: 'This man knows me well, and has shown me what is best in me.'"

From this passage one naturally gathers that Signor Rapagnetta dreams of legislating for the needs of the bucolic mind rather than for the necessities of the bucolic stomach. But it is difficult to realise his picture of the Francavilla rustic who lives on bread and water, learning moral lessons from the pages of *The Triumph of Death*, almost as difficult as to imagine a plough boy of Hind Head grappling with the wonders of *The Egoist*.

### THE RECREATIONS OF THE SELF-CONSCIOUS.

THE new edition of *Who's Who* contains 7,000 biographies of more or less eminent people, and of this number 6,000 favoured the editor with the names of their favourite relaxations. Here is an attempt to reduce these recreations of the self-conscious to a statistical form, in order to obtain some indication of the main tendencies of the cultured in their moments of leisure. First, a general summary:

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Exercises of locomotion . . . . . | 1,951 |
| The chase . . . . .               | 1,162 |
| Outdoor ball games . . . . .      | 1,102 |
| Indoor: Games . . . . .           | 176   |
| Handiwork . . . . .               | 295   |
| Fine arts . . . . .               | 633   |
|                                   | <hr/> |
|                                   | 1,104 |
| Agriculture . . . . .             | 254   |
| Science . . . . .                 | 228   |
| Racing . . . . .                  | 43    |
| Antagonistic games . . . . .      | 42    |
| Marksmanship . . . . .            | 29    |
|                                   | <hr/> |
|                                   | 5915  |
|                                   | <hr/> |

In this summary no account is taken of 119 people who profess a general interest in field sports. A specific analysis of each of these general classes will afford food for no little reflection.

| LOCOMOTION.            | INDOOR GAMES.          |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Cycling . . . . . 690  | Chess . . . . . 79     |
| Rowing . . . . . 232   | Billiards . . . . . 50 |
| Travel . . . . . 224   | Whist . . . . . 38     |
| Yachting . . . . . 187 | Cards . . . . . 7      |
| Riding . . . . . 178   | Dominoes . . . . . 1   |
| Walking . . . . . 149  | Draughts . . . . . 1   |
| Climbing . . . . . 100 |                        |
| Swimming . . . . . 55  |                        |
| Driving . . . . . 53   |                        |
|                        | <hr/>                  |
|                        | 176                    |

| LOCOMOTION.—(Cont.)     | HANDIWORK.               |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Gymnastics . . . . . 39 | Painting . . . . . 26    |
| Skating . . . . . 37    | Photography . . . . . 17 |
| Dancing . . . . . 4     | Engineering . . . . . 11 |
| Ballooning . . . . . 2  | Carpentering . . . . . 5 |
| Kiteflying . . . . . 1  | Turning . . . . . 8      |
|                         | Carving . . . . . 6      |
|                         | <hr/>                    |
|                         | 1951                     |
|                         | <hr/>                    |

### THE CHASE.

|                       |       |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Shooting . . . . .    | 503   |
| Angling . . . . .     | 370   |
| Hunting . . . . .     | 252   |
| Stalking . . . . .    | 23    |
| Coursing . . . . .    | 8     |
| Hawking . . . . .     | 4     |
| Pigsticking . . . . . | 2     |
|                       | <hr/> |
|                       | 1162  |

### OUTDOOR BALL GAMES.

|                       |       |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Golf . . . . .        | 473   |
| Cricket . . . . .     | 255   |
| Lawn Tennis . . . . . | 184   |
| Football . . . . .    | 51    |
| Racquets . . . . .    | 40    |
| Curling . . . . .     | 23    |
| Polo . . . . .        | 19    |
| Bowls . . . . .       | 15    |
| Fives . . . . .       | 13    |
| Croquet . . . . .     | 12    |
| Hockey . . . . .      | 7     |
| Badminton . . . . .   | 3     |
| Shuttlecock . . . . . | 3     |
| Quoits . . . . .      | 2     |
| Baseball . . . . .    | 1     |
| Lacrosse . . . . .    | 1     |
|                       | <hr/> |
|                       | 1102  |

### ANTAGONISTIC GAMES.

|                   |       |
|-------------------|-------|
| Fencing . . . . . | 31    |
| Boxing . . . . .  | 11    |
|                   | <hr/> |
|                   | 42    |

### MARKSMANSHIP.

|                              |       |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Volunteering . . . . .       | 21    |
| Archery . . . . .            | 7     |
| Boomerang throwing . . . . . | 1     |
|                              | <hr/> |
|                              | 29    |

Taking the most popular twenty of the recreations in the order of their numerical importance the following table is formed

|                       |     |                           |    |
|-----------------------|-----|---------------------------|----|
| Cycling . . . . .     | 690 | Yachting . . . . .        | 17 |
| Shooting . . . . .    | 503 | Lawn Tennis . . . . .     | 14 |
| Golf . . . . .        | 473 | Riding . . . . .          | 8  |
| Angling . . . . .     | 370 | Music . . . . .           | 8  |
| Hunting . . . . .     | 289 | Natural History . . . . . | 5  |
| Cricket . . . . .     | 255 | Walking . . . . .         | 9  |
| Rowing . . . . .      | 232 | Painting . . . . .        | 6  |
| Travel . . . . .      | 224 | Art Collecting . . . . .  | 3  |
| Agriculture . . . . . | 218 | Climbing . . . . .        | 0  |
| Reading . . . . .     | 211 | Photography . . . . .     | 17 |

The significance of these figures lie in the proof they afford that the brain-work of the land still rely in the main on their relaxation upon physical sports rather



on upon other forms of intellectual activity. A Sir Walter Besant may be said to spend his leisure in "looking" a Bishop of Oxford in "making out figures and correcting proof sheets." It is the typical man of cultivated employment is he who springs into his saddle, picks up his fowling-piece, or shoulders his sticks, after his work is done. In the smaller numbers the comparative sincerity of these self-conscious revelations renders them useless for any purpose of historical study. The composer of "Luxuriant" is not the only kiteflyer in England, there are others besides Mr. James Welch who play lacrosse, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier is alone in the practice of dominoes, nor is Mrs. Sarah Grand the only amateur biologist in our midst. That Mr. Witley Stokes is the only boomerang power in the land might perhaps be exceeded, and the fact that alone among modern women Dorothea Gerard is brave enough to confess to a fondness for poker is not without its instructiveness. Indeed, the revelation that there are no fewer than fifteen Englishwomen of distinction who still not only occasionally practise with a needle but are willing to admit it, is at the least encouraging of the results of inquiry.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT ACT.

PROF. HERSCHELL'S "Act to Consolidate and amend the Law Relating to Copyright" has been read a second time in the House of Commons, and is now before a Select Committee. The Act is a particularly important one, and will probably become law before the close of the year. The following is a short summary of a few of the more important clauses of the Bill. We have purposely omitted all reference to colonial and international copyright. The sections dealing with these questions are particularly ambiguous, and will probably be materially amended in Committee.

*Duration of Copyright.*—For works published during the lifetime of the author, copyright endures until thirty years after his death. For posthumous works, until thirty years after publication. Anonymous works, or works published under a pseudonym, are treated as posthumous works, and as the duration of copyright is confined, unless a declaration of the true author can be made to the Registrar of Copyrights.

*Translation and Dramatised Versions.*—The owner of the copyright has the exclusive right of translating or dramatising.

*Abridgments.*—If an author still retain a proprietary interest in his work—either by reserving royalty or part profits—no abridgment may be made without his consent. If the work is parted with the entire copyright, he cannot prevent abridgment.

*Extracts.*—"Fair and moderate" extracts are allowed for review purposes.

*Articles, &c., in Encyclopaedias, Dictionaries, &c.*—The copyright belongs to the author of the encyclopaedia or dictionary, not to the writer of the article.

(6) *Articles, &c., in Periodicals.*—The copyright belongs to the author. The articles must not be reprinted without the consent of the owner of the periodical until three years after first publication.

(7) *Newspapers.*—The copyright only applies to original contributions and news independently obtained.

(8) *Lectures.*—The first public delivery is publication, and if the lecture be published in book-form the copyright dates from the public delivery. A report of a lecture is an infringement of copyright only when such a report is publicly prohibited by the lecturer. There is no copyright whatever in lectures delivered at universities, public schools, or public foundations, or "by any person in virtue of, or according to, any gift, endowment or foundation."

(9) *Registration.*—Registration at Stationers' Hall is necessary to establish proprietorship of copyright, and no action for infringement can be brought unless the copyright is so registered.

(10) *Delivery of Copies to the British Museum, &c.*—A copy of the best edition of every work published must be delivered at the British Museum. A copy of the ordinary edition must be delivered to the Libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh or Dublin.

THE WEEK.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER is superintending the issue of a collected edition of his writings—the work of more than fifty years. We give an extract from the preface with which Prof. Müller now sends forth his collected works. He writes:

"I hope that this Collected Edition of my principal works, besides being convenient to the student, will also serve to place the chief object of all my literary labours in a clearer light. At first sight books on Language, books on Mythology, books on Religion, and books on the Science of Thought, may seem to have little in common, and yet they were all inspired and directed by one and the same purpose. During the last fifty years I believe I have never lost sight of the pole-star that guided my course from the first, and I hope it will be seen by the attentive reader that I have steered throughout towards one beacon with its revolving light. I wanted to show that with the new materials placed at our disposal during the present century by the discoveries of ancient monuments, both architectural and literary, by the brilliant decipherment of unknown languages and the patient interpretation of ancient literatures, whether in Egypt, Babylonia, India, or Persia, it has become possible to discover what may be called historical evolution, in the earliest history of mankind. This could be done and was done by introducing historical method where formerly we had to be satisfied with mere theories or postulates, so that at the present moment it may truly be said that what is meant by evolution or continuous development has now been proved to exist in the historical growth of the human mind quite as clearly as in any of the realms of objective nature which Darwin chose for the special field of his brilliant labour. Language, mythology, religion—nay, even philosophy can now be proved to be the outcome of a natural growth or development, rather than of intentional efforts or individual genius.

In the early history of mankind, the influence of the many on the few can be shown to have balanced, nay, to have outweighed the influence of the few on the many. Even the founders of the great religions and philosophies of the ancient world have now been recognised as the children rather than as the makers of their time. The so-called *Zeitgeist* is no longer an unmeaning name, but a very solid body of historical facts, leaving their impress on every succeeding generation. There never was a break in the history of the human mind."

An important new book is Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Aristocracy and Evolution: a Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes*. This work is a reply to those who ignore natural inequalities among men in propounding theories of social progress. Mr. Mallock insists on the greatness of great men, and argues that they are the indispensable members of society. Mr. Mallock places on his title-page the following lines of Byron's:

"'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind  
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,  
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection,  
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection  
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual,  
Such is the sway of our great men o'er little.

There was not now a luggage-boy but sought  
Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;  
And why? Because a little—odd—old man,  
Strip to his shirt, was come to lead the van."

THE series of "Tudor Translations" now includes Geoffrey Fenton's rendering in English of Bandello's *Tragicall Discourses*. These fill two volumes of the series, and they are bound in the familiar dark red buckram with the portcullis design on the back. In common with the other volumes in the series they are admirably light in the hand. The translation is edited by Mr. Robert Langton Douglas, who points out that Bandello's novels are typical products of the Renaissance, a movement which sent men not only to antiquity, but to an eager study of the life around them. He writes:

"Full of the inspiration of new ideas, with new senses opened to them, painters and poets, historians and diarists, physiologists and philosophers, dramatists and novelists sought to express what they saw and felt, and to satisfy in some measure the cravings of their fellow-countrymen. Of all these classes of workers, none appealed to a larger audience than the *novellieri*. In every town in Italy there sprang up writers who professed to relate stories of real life; and everywhere their works were eagerly read by the people. . . . Amongst the *novellieri* of the *cinque-cento*, Matteo Bandello stands pre-eminent. No other Italian writer of that age had a wider influence outside his own country; none was more popular amongst Englishmen. All the best stories in the second tome of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* were taken from him; whilst Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses* is entirely composed of translations of his tales. These 'forreine reapportes' were soon known to

all classes of our countrymen. Everyone had heard the tragical histories of Rhomeo and Guiletta, of the Countess of Celant, and of the Duchess of Malfi."

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, the editor of the new Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, has collected and edited the entire existing correspondence between the poet and Mrs. Dunlop. This volume is entitled *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop*, and it includes all the previously published collections of this correspondence. But it also includes what Mr. Wallace calls the Lochryan MSS. These are letters which have been preserved at Lochryan, the estate which Mrs. Dunlop left at her death to her grandson, General Sir John Wallace. In the Dunlop-Wallace family these letters have remained ever since. They number thirty-eight letters and parts of letters from the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, and ninety-seven letters from Mrs. Dunlop to the poet. The new letters throw direct light upon the estrangement between Burns and his friend in the last eighteen months of his life.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE WHITECHAPEL BARROWS.

OUR recent articles on the absence of booksellers' shops in the East End of London appear to have attracted a good deal of attention. The *East London Observer* is needlessly angry with us for having made statements which were instantly corroborated by seven East London clergymen and a lay correspondent. It will be remembered that our representative explored the great artery which stretches from Aldgate to Stratford, and took an inventory of the book-shops. He made it clear that his search was for shops in which new books are sold; and finding none to speak of, he carefully stated the fact, giving chapter and verse as he proceeded. But our representative did not suggest, as the *East End Observer* seems to think, that good books are not read in the East End. On the contrary, it was precisely his conviction that they are read which caused him to exclaim in astonishment on the absence of book-shops. The question he propounded was not whether East London reads books, but where it buys them. He expressly referred to the Free Libraries which are dotted along the route; and the largest of these libraries, that of the People's Palace, had already been the subject of an appreciative article in these columns.

A representative of the ACADEMY writes: "I have just spent a pleasant hour among the book-barrows which line the pavement in High-street, Whitechapel. This spot has an incorrigible cheerfulness. The barrow booksellers are kind to students and tasters; they know that the greater the crowd the higher will be its percentage of buyers. For, indeed, many who come to look remain to purchase. I did not mean buying, yet I bought four books. How

resist? These barrows seem to be prolific in the books one ought to have, that one has always meant to have, but which have somehow never been acquired. Hence I was pleased to pick up the best single-volume edition of Crabbe's complete poetical works for three shillings. It was a clean copy in half-calf, and cheap at the price. A good copy of Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys* in one volume was marked eighteenpence; but the seller, ignoring his own mark, asked, and received, a shilling. For Percy's *Reliques of Old English Poetry*—a book one ought to have, yet may easily be without—I paid another shilling. The edition was the fourth, issued by Templeman in 1839. On a barrow entirely consecrated to fourpenny volumes I chanced on Bulwer Lytton's *Poems* in two volumes. I remembered the descriptions of London in the "New Timon," and for their sake paid my eightpence. All these volumes were in good condition. Indeed, if I wanted to dissipate any unfavourable idea which the reader, untravelling in Whitechapel, might have regarding the condition of the books so cheaply obtainable on the book-seller's barrows, I might instance two volumes of the poems of Mr. John Taylor—not the water-poet, but a theatrical celebrity whose topical poems proclaim him to have been the friend of actors and worldlings in the twenties of this century. His effusions, filling two well-printed volumes, dated 1827, had taken seventy-one years to reach my friend's barrow, yet they were immaculately clean and entirely uncut. The poetry of vanity had but illustrated the vanity of (some) poetry!

The barrow bookseller from whom I bought Bulwer Lytton's *Poems* was very willing to talk. "Are fourpenny volumes your speciality," I said, "or is this a chance lot that you are clearing at the price?"

"Just a fourpenny lot. Next week I shall have a better stock. It is just as it happens."

"And where do you buy, if it is a fair question?"

"Everywhere. Chancery-lane Sale Rooms, of course; but everywhere, wherever books are going cheap."

"Provided the price is right, I suppose you buy whatever books are to be had. Your stock seems to be thoroughly miscellaneous."

"Yes; I can sell all sorts of books, and I like a good mixture."

"Still, there are books on your barrow which I should have supposed were quite hopeless. Take this old botanical work, and these volumes of sermons, and this obsolete dictionary of science; who wants obsolete botany, Blair's sermons, or science-teaching which was rife sixty years before the electric light?"

"Well, people do want them. A book may be on my barrow a day, or it may be on it three months—but the customer for it always seems to come along."

"And who, may I ask, are your best customers?"

"Difficult to say. We are well-known and people come from all over London. West End booksellers often look us up, for they can buy at our prices and sell at profit. City clerks stroll along here in the luncheon hour, and have a look round and, of course, some of them are regular buyers."

"And what about East End people. Do the East End workman buy from you on his way home?"

"Yes, he does; and many and many time has a man said to me, when he was counting out his coppers: 'Well; I shall lose by this, for I shan't go to the public house to-night.' Aye, hundreds of times I've heard it."

"Do you ever have a bit of good luck buying books?"

"No; at least, nothing to speak of. Once had a bit of real bad luck, though. I found in one of my books an old Fleet Prison twopenny bank-note, and I sold it the Guildhall Museum for half-a-crown. I found afterwards that I might have had nearer ten pounds for that bit of paper I'd held on to it."

"Well, in the ordinary way, what affects your business the most?"

"The weather, to be sure. When rains we cover up the books and wait till stops, and if it doesn't look like stopping we go home and lose a day's trade. It's a much of a living."

"Still, taking good and bad together—"

"Oh, yes, I get along."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ROUND TOWERS.

SIR,—As coming from one who has had great experience of books, Mr. Dav Stott's letter in your issue of Mar 12 is disappointing. No disrespect to Mr Stott is implied in reminding him that what he happens to think upon the subject of Round Towers is not of nearly so much importance as his reasons for thinking it, yet that he confines his remarks to mere *egomet dixi*, unsupported by anything in the nature of argument. He begins by stating that O'Brien's work on the Round Towers is "a discredited volume. If by this he means that O'Brien's theory is by general consent rejected, I may point out that it has powerful supporters. If he means that it is questioned by some then it only shares the lot of all theories without exception; whilst if he means that it is utterly undeserving of belief, he is simply begging the question. Next, he takes exception to your reviewer's "suggestions as to the probable need for the towers," on the ground that, as he expresses it, "a close examination of the towers would show that in every case your suggestions are somewhat out of date. Here, again, he is simply postulating. He does he know that close examination of the towers would lead to such a result? If he examined them himself? If not, he is scarcely qualified to speak with su-

confidence; but if, instead, he is relying on inferences drawn by Dr. Petrie or others, then he is assuming the very point in dispute—viz., whether Dr. Petrie and his followers are right. Mr. Marcus Keane, so devoted much care and skill to minute examination of these towers, came to exactly opposite conclusions; the Rev. Canon Burke, on more widely archaeological grounds, has done the same; and does Mr. David Stott consider himself qualified to decide the issue between all these rival authorities? In saying that your reviewer's suggestions are "out of date," Mr. Stott seems to be under the impression that Dr. Petrie and his school represent a more modern view of the case than does O'Brien and those who side with him. If so, he is mistaken. The works of Petrie and of O'Brien appeared simultaneously, both in the form of competitive essays for a prize awarded by the Royal Irish Academy in 1832. Mr. Keane's work on *The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland* appeared in 1867, and Canon Burke's *Pre-Christian Ireland* in 1887—both ought to be sufficiently "up to date" to satisfy even Mr. David Stott. Mr. Stott's next statement is, I confess, one that puzzles me sorely. He assures your readers that

the researches of Dr. Petrie and Mr. Joseph Anderson have shown very conclusively that, taking into consideration the form of these towers, their isolation, and their internal arrangements, as well as by numerous references in the early annals [*sic*], they were solely intended to afford an asylum for the ecclesiastics in a place of security for the relics, such as books, bells, croziers, and shrines under their guardianship. These things were regarded with extraordinary veneration by the Celtic tribes, and they took remarkable care in providing a place for them. The substantial character of the building attests that these towers were not built for any temporary purpose, but to resist the ravages of the Northmen—a constant source of terror."

One more, let me remind Mr. Stott that the conclusiveness of Dr. Petrie's inferences (I say nothing of Mr. Joseph Anderson) is precisely the point at issue; which answers to the following questions might help in leading:

1. Have any relics in the shape of "books, croziers, and shrines" been discovered inside those towers? Or if not, how are the towers conclusively proved to have been used as depositories for the same?

2. If "the ravages of the Northmen" were not confined to Ireland, as we know is the case, why is it that Round Towers are found in Ireland alone, of all places in Western Europe? (N.B.—Mr. Stott must surely be aware that the two which exist in Scotland were built by Irish refugees from the Scythian invasion, and that England does not possess a single authenticated specimen of such towers.)

3. If Mr. Stott wished to hide himself or his valuables from expected marauders, would he elect to do so in a conspicuous tower, 100 feet high, which would be better adapted to invite than to baffle intrusion?

4. Seeing that "the ravages of the Northmen" were necessarily confined to localities

near the sea-coast and the banks of tidal rivers, how does he account for the existence of Round Towers in the remote "hinterland" of central Ireland?

INQUIRER.

March 12, 1898.

SIR,—There is another need for the existence of the tower, round or other form—the architectural or æsthetic one.

The correlative of the round tower exists in all systems of architecture. A spire is a necessity in a building; it gives the aspect of mental rightness to a structure. The harmonies formed by the upright motion with horizontal and oblique motions are readily felt when they occur in a painting. In architecture the same motions are used, but under different conditions; the cause of the upright motion in a building may be the contiguous landscape.

The era of the round towers was an era of architecture invariably right in its motives, and the use of the towers in that time as asylums must be taken to be the secondary use of them.

ARCHIBALD KNOX.

Douglas, Isle of Man:  
St. Patrick's Day.

#### A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

SIR,—Miss E. Nesbit asks: "Have the majority of our lyrics been written to commemorate the experiences of the author?" Surely the right answer is in the affirmative. So vivid is the poet's imagination, that the emotion which the lyric expresses has become his own experience, though the external circumstances of the imagined situation may be very different from his own at the time of composition. On this principle depends the poet's character for sincerity. The living poetesses on whom Miss E. Nesbit animadverts, who "either cannot or dare not attempt to express any emotions but their own," are therefore guided by a true instinct, however limited in its range their imaginative power may be. They will not sacrifice the essential quality of sincerity for a hollow pretence of breadth. And how beautiful poetry so restricted in range may be the late Miss C. Rossetti has given us manifold proof.

A conspicuous instance of the fusion of the imagined and the actual is afforded by Wordsworth's "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the Eve of a New Year," which the poet tells us "arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house." Yet it moves us more deeply than any more fully fancied emotion could.

And, after all, is it not faith in Browning's power actually to feel emotions arising in imagined situations that heartens his devotees for the struggle with the ruggedness and obscurities of his style? The poet's function is to create, and it is from him that his creations must derive their life.

—I am, Sir, &c., ALFRED E. THISELTON.

London: March 19.

#### DIALECT.

SIR,—I have followed with some interest (or shall I say amusement?) the discussion between Mr. Lang and Mr. Quiller-Couch. Being neither a Scot nor a West Countryman, I have viewed the encounter dispassionately; but a little consideration has compelled me to ask myself, not which of the two, but whether either of the two is in the right. For it seems to me that the real question to be put is a broader one than has been put as yet, and that it should be stated thus: "What is the true worth of dialect in general?"

A reference to Mr. Quiller-Couch's last letter shows me that the main points urged by the defenders of dialect are: (1) that dialects preserve large numbers of words and phrases which modern English has lost; and (2)—this chiefly—that to certain kinds of verse dialect adds a peculiar charm, essentially poetical rather than philological. To the former argument I venture to answer that, to my mind, the fitting place for such words would appear to be in a treatise on philology: if words follow—and I imagine they do—the law of "the survival of the fittest," the very departure of words from our normal speech shows that they are no longer required. Why, then, should they not be given honourable burial? Obsolete words are often extremely interesting—in their place. But if the words quoted by Mr. Burrow are examples coming under this head, I may safely appeal not only to Mr. Lang, but to all lovers of poetry and music—to say nothing of the Queen's English—to decide whether, in the case of such expressions as "blooth, tutty, colepexy, hidybuck . . .," that place is in a poem intended for modern readers. To the second argument I would return, that dialect *may* add a charm to certain verse, but that that charm is for native ears, which find a pleasant home-flavour in the familiar sounds, while only under exceptional circumstances does it exist for other ears. Scottish dialect, no doubt, has charm for a Scotchman, Dorset dialect for Dorset folk, but how many of the rest of us, I wonder, appreciate, say, the songs of Burns because of, and not rather in spite of, the dialect? And even then how few of them! What but dialect is the cause of the widely different estimates formed of Burns in Scotland and in England?—dialect, with its attractive home-flavour for the one, its repellent strangeness of flavour for the other.

Dialect, as a fact, has its place in art. As a means of giving the requisite local colouring and of evolving character, it has a right to appear in literature, but it should be sparingly employed. And even here, in proportion as a writer confines himself to one particular dialect, and again in proportion as this is the speech of few or of many, he must look for a restriction of the audience likely to welcome him. Mr. Barnes and others may write, but, unless they be geniuses, they must expect their audience to be scanty; indeed the whole matter becomes one of merely personal interest, and the writings have little or no intrinsic right to command general attention, as have works of merit written in the

national language. If Mr. Lang and Mr. Quiller-Couch are content to view things in this light, we are agreed.

But if authors are justified in their employment of dialect by the fact that it does actually exist, what justification, beyond that of actual existence, has dialect itself? Not very many years ago occurred the death of the Cornish language (*R. I. P.*). This, I grant willingly, may be a matter of regret for the Cornishman, of interest for the student; but let us regard it from a higher standpoint; let us suppose that Cornish, Welsh, Manx, and the rest, existed still as flourishing languages. Then either the inhabitants of the kingdom must be conversant with some half-dozen languages, or intercourse between the various parts must be terribly restricted, for it is obvious to what extent unity of language facilitates mutual intercourse, and tends to produce unity of feeling and thought. This surely is of the first importance. Diversity of dialect is not, of course, diversity of language, but it is a question of degree. So far as a dialect is but a local version of the common tongue, it is bad English; so far as it is more than this, it becomes an obstacle to be regretted and removed. Again, though the language may be musical and pleasing, I have never been able to recognise these qualities in dialect, but in their stead only roughness and bad grammar. And while we may occasionally regret the gradual extinction of the former, we should realise that, with no shame attaching, the weaker must give place to the stronger, that the gain more than balances the loss, and that the tributary tongues may well be proud of their submission to so magnificent an overlord as is our national English. And if this apply to the genuine languages, how much more to those nondescript provincialisms which we call dialect, and which have incomparably less to recommend them; instead of glorying in them, let us hide them, or publish them abroad only in the hope that exposure may bring on consumption and death. There is, perhaps, a certain measure of excuse for the Scotch, but when I read, "heeh, mon, an' havena the braw Scots a'ready stown the cuddie?" (for it's varra guid Scots, ye ken!)-when I hear around me, "when her seed she down along with we back along"-instead of finding pleasure in the homely roughness, I ask myself, with more or less disgust, "Is not our true English sweet enough and strong enough for us all?" Both Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Lang will, I trust, agree with me that our literary English—majestic enough for Milton; strong and rugged enough for Browning; sweet and melodious for Tennyson, yet sonorous and turbulent for Swinburne; calm and clear for Wordsworth and Arnold as passionate for Shelley; flexible to meet every demand—that this standard English of ours, I say, has no need of aid from any provincial archaisms or debasements. Let it rather be the aim of our writers to preserve its purity uncontaminated. Let them make use of dialect when necessary, as of a fact, but beyond that let them show scant sympathy towards it.

And now, having presumed so far upon

your courtesy, I will endeavour, with the help of my friends, the stoic philosophers, to prepare for the storm; for, though I have not the pleasure of Mr. Quiller-Couch's acquaintance, I am, as my address will tell you, a near neighbour of his. May he be merciful!—I am, &c. W. G. FULFORD.  
Fowey: March 15.

#### A PLEA FOR PURER ENGLISH.

SIR,—Most heartily do I agree with Mr. Nesbit both in his criticisms on slipshod English, and in his belief that a great store of forcible expression is to be found in the various provincial dialects, which has not been adopted into the ordinary book-speech. But I should like to say a word as to "hull," which he gives as an example. In my native district (Rutland) "hull" is the word commonly used for "throw." In the cricket-field, one man will call to another to hull up the ball. A man hulls on his clothes when he throws them on hastily; a sudorific hulls (*i.e.* throws) him into a sweat. In all these cases "hull" is simply equivalent to "throw," and I have always taken it to be no more than a variation of hurl. S. C.  
Rochester: March 22.

#### "TREWINNOT OF GUY'S."

SIR,—In your issue of this week, *Trewinnot of Guy's* appears as by "Mr. Coulson Kernahan."

An omitted "s" is a small thing to create a "difference" between husband and wife, but it has done so in this instance, I assure you.

The mistake is very natural, but I should be glad, for my wife's sake, and her publisher's, if you will allow me to relieve the book from the ban under which it might otherwise lie, and to inform your readers that "Mr." should have appeared as "Mrs."—I am, &c., COULSON KERNAHAN.

"Thrums," Westcliff-on Sea:  
March 19.

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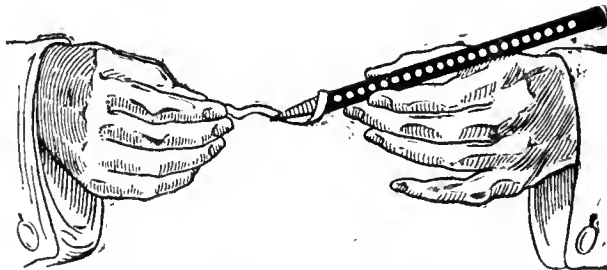
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\* \* \* Next week the ACADEMY will be published on Thursday morning.

REVIEWS.

A GREEK BAEDEKER.

*Pausanias' Description of Greece.* Translated, with a Commentary, by J. G. Frazer, M.A., LL.D. 6 vols. (Macmillan.)

WE are unable, as a rule, to take a very complete account of books which belong rather to the literature of learning than to that literature of commerce which necessarily occupies so much of our space, or to that literature of art which, of all forms of literature, seems to us most worthy of stimulus. But exceptional books demand exceptional treatment; and among such must certainly be reckoned the comprehensive and remarkable work which we owe to the fine scholarship and prolonged industry of the author of *The Golden Bough*. We could desire no better model for writers engaged in the pursuit of the more academic branches of letters to set before themselves. It is conceived and carried out on the lines of the best English tradition, uniting, as it does, the characteristic German thoroughness with a precision and finish of form which is more often found in French than in German treatises. Mr. Frazer is no pedant, piling up undigested learning in tolerable pages; he has the sense of style, and in spite of the vast mass of facts with which he has to wrestle, contrives throughout to be lucid, orderly, even elegant. You may read him for erudition; you may read him also, dipping almost anywhere to his three thousand pages, more or less, for entertainment. And the introduction, in which Mr. Frazer deals with the personality of Pausanias and the scope of his book, is a critical essay of the first water. Judicious and penetrative in its estimate of the writer, it is cast from beginning to end in nervous and scholarly English, and rises at times to heights of considerable eloquence. To the fascination of Greek scenery, and the rich associations of poetry which cling round it, Mr. Frazer is peculiarly sensitive. This is a fine passage of the "storied" land:

Pausanias points out the old plane-tree which Menelaus planted before he went away

to the wars; the great cedar with an image of Artemius hanging among its boughs; the sacred cypresses called the Maidens, tall and dark and stately, in the bleak upland valley of Psophis; the myrtle-tree whose pierced leaves still bore the print of hapless Phædra's bodkin on that fair islanded coast of Troezen, where now the orange and the lemon bloom in winter; the pomegranate with its blood-red fruit growing on the grave of the patriot Menœceus, who shed his blood for his country. If he looks up at the mountains, it is not to mark the snowy peaks glistening in the sunlight against the blue, or the sombre pine-forests that fringe their crests, and are mirrored in the dark lake below; it is to tell you that Zeus or Apello or the Sun-god is worshipped on their tops, that the Thyiad women dance on them above the clouds, or that Pan has been heard piping in their lonely coombs. The gloomy caverns, where the sunbeams hardly penetrate, with their fantastic stalactites and dripping roofs, are to him the haunts of Pan and the nymphs. The awful precipices of the Arcanian mountains, in the sunless crevices of which the snow-drifts never melt, would have been passed by him in silence, were it not that the water that trickles down their dark glistening face is the water of Styx. If he describes the smooth glassy pool which, bordered by reeds and tall grasses, still sleeps under the shadow of the shivering poplars in the Lemæan swamp, it is because the way to hell goes down through its black unfathomed water."

The description of Greece by Pausanias, known as the *Periegete*, is a document of unexampled importance to students of antiquity. Pausanias was a Lydian by birth and a traveller by choice. He had visited Syria, Egypt, Rome itself. About the middle of the second century he set himself down to write a systematic account of the actual condition of the Greece of his day—its peoples, its monuments, its cults, to some extent its manners and customs. His work was executed in great detail and with remarkable accuracy, and remains an authority of the first class for the identification of sites and buildings, preserving in addition the memory of some antiquities and many customs which would otherwise have been lost. Pausanias' aim seems to have been thoroughly practical: he is the prototype of the Baedeker or Murray of to-day. And he wrote at a most happy time. Under the beneficent rule of the Antonines Greece was enjoying an Indian summer of peace and prosperity; her splendid literature was putting forth its last boughs in the youngest of the classics, Plutarch and Lucian. The greatness of the past had yet not quite faded into oblivion; and yet it was the past that was great. The vitality of Greece was exhausted. Pausanias looks backward with a deliberate and melancholy retrospection. He is a careful antiquary, gathering up shreds of custom and fragments of art that may any day be swept clean out of sight. His eyes are fixed on the heroic age from his standpoint in the decadence. His own interests appear to have been mainly religious and archaeological. Now and then he gives you an insight into the daily life, describing, for instance, how the apothecaries distil "balms for the hurts of men" from roses and irises upon the field of Chaeronea, where the last great stand for

Hellenic freedom was made. But for the most part he will turn away alike from daily life and from natural beauty when a monument or a cult is in question. Not to Pausanias, but to the fragments of Dicaearchus, must you turn for that pretty description of the women of Thebes:

"The women are the tallest, prettiest and most graceful in Greece. Their faces are so muffled up that only their eyes are seen. All of them dress in white and wear low purple shoes laced so as to show the bare feet. Their yellow hair is tied up in a knot on the top of the head. In society their manners are Sicilian rather than Bœotian. They have pleasing voices, while the voices of the men are harsh and deep."

Pausanias, alas! had no eyes for the women of Thebes; he is too intent on the Ismenian sanctuary and the career of Epaminondas. And so it is everywhere. Men and women, his contemporaries, are little to him:

"For all the notice he takes of them, Greece might almost have been a wilderness, and its cities uninhabited or peopled only at rare intervals by a motley throng who suddenly appeared as by magic, moved singing through the streets in gay procession with flaring torches and waving censers, dyed the marble pavements with the blood of victims, filled the air with the smoke and savour of their burning flesh, and then melted away as mysteriously as they had come, leaving the deserted streets and temples to echo only to the footstep of some solitary traveller who explored with awe and wonder the monuments of his race."

Pausanias, then, has his limitations. But to the folklorist and the art student he is invaluable. His descriptions of cults and rituals bring you down to strata of Greek religious belief quite distinct and of earlier significance than the familiar mythology which owes so much, after all, to poetic imagination. He discovers some of the actual working observances and superstitions of an Aryan peasantry, with their curious touches of savagery, their curious likeness to customs which lie at the root of the world's fairy tales, and are effective to the present day in lands remote from civilisation. He will tell you, for instance, how at the festival of the Dædala the Plateans will deck fourteen wooden images in bridal array, will drive them upon wagons to the top of Cithæron, and there, at a solemn sacrifice, will burn images and victims together in a mighty blaze. Or he will tell you how at Troezen, when the south-west gales from the Saronic Gulf threaten the tender vine-buds, the husbandmen will tear in half a white-feathered cock, run round the vineyards with the pieces, and then bury them in the earth for the protection of the crops. One thing, alas! he will not tell you—the secret of the mysteries; what it was they did in the great hall at Eleusis, or Andania, when the doors were shut upon the initiated and the *profanum vulgus* left to gape outside. Religious curiosity and love for the historic renown of his country alike led Pausanias to take an interest in the monuments. In such sanctuaries as the graveyard of Athens he loved to linger. And well he might:

"There almost every name was a history as full of proud or mournful memories as the names carved on the tombs in Westminster and St.

Paul's, or stitched on the tattered and blackened banners that droop from the walls of our churches. The annals of Athens were written on these stones—the story of her restless and inspiring activity, her triumphs in art, in eloquence, in arms, her brief noon of glory and her long twilight of decrepitude and decay. No wonder that our traveller paused among monuments which seemed, in the gathering light of barbarism, to catch and reflect some beams of the bright day that was over, like the purple light that lingers on the slopes of Hymettus when the sun has set on Athens."

Theatres, temples, tombs, treasures—these Pausanias rarely passes by without a mention. And of the greater works of art his descriptions are detailed and exact. Modern excavations have confirmed and been confirmed by many of them. And often enough the notes of Pausanias alone preserve the record of vanished splendours. Of the famous paintings of Polygnotus at Delphi only a patch of blue paint on a wall remains; yet from Pausanias' pages archaeologists have made shift to reconstruct the scheme and composition of them all. Moreover, as Mr. Frazer is careful to point out, the taste of Pausanias seems to have been uncommonly good. Like Lucian, the keenest literary intelligence of his day, he selects for admiration precisely what the cultivated modern mind most applauds; Phidias, Alcamenes, and even the more archaic pre-Phidian things are his favourites: most of the work of the decadence, Scopas and Lysippus themselves, he is austere enough to pass by uncommended. This is the more notable, in that Pausanias was by no means on Lucian's level, intellectually. Mr. Frazer defines him for us as rather an average man, "made of common stuff and cast in a common mould." He belongs to the better type of tourist, and has many of the qualities of the class, the somewhat discursive inquisitiveness, the conventional ethical judgment, the ready but not very penetrating verdict. He had literary ambitions, but small literary skill; his style is a halting, clumsy thing, which has lost simplicity without attaining to eloquence. He is no philosopher, but is touched with philosophic rationalism. He accepts the orthodoxy of his day, with exceptions. His disbeliefs are sporadic and arbitrary. Sometimes he will explain away a myth as an allegory, sometimes he permits himself a decent scepticism. That Zeus was changed into a cuckoo, or Narcissus into a flower, he can hardly swallow; or that beasts listened to Orpheus as he sang, or that Orpheus himself went down to hell in search of Eurydice. But of the gods themselves, and their powers, he suggests no doubt. Similarly he is chary in his acceptance of travellers' tales:

"Among the fish in the Arsanius are the so-called spotted fish. They say these spotted fish sing like a thrush. I saw them after they had been caught, but I did not hear them utter a sound, though I tarried by the river till sunset, when they were said to sing most."

"Fish-tales," you observe, are of early origin. This, then, is the manner of man Pausanias was. Mr. Frazer concludes with a defence of his author's veracity and value

as an authority, both of which have been impugned.

The first volume of Mr. Frazer's work contains a translation of the text of Pausanias, and the remarkable introduction to which we have already referred. The sixth is an index. The remaining four are occupied by a commentary, in which are liberally inserted a number of maps and plans, and of other illustrations, mostly reproductions of coins. Mr. Frazer's plan is to follow his author closely, and to supplement his statements on points of topography, folklore and antiquities by all the available modern information at his disposal. This is partly derived from two personal visits to Greece, but mainly from the vast stores of Mr. Frazer's wide illustrative reading. Copious references to innumerable authorities—English, French, and German—are given throughout, and space is often saved, on points of folklore, by reference to the author's *Golden Bough*. Mr. Frazer not only has the learning of the matter at his finger-ends, he has the gift of summarising, briefly and clearly, the essential points of an elaborate investigation; and his commentary becomes practically an encyclopædia of the very extensive archaeological excavations carried out in Greece, mainly by the archaeological schools at Athens during the last quarter of the century. The chief centres of this work have been at Mycenæ and the neighbouring centres of pre-Achæan civilisation, at Athens and Eleusis, at Olympia, at Megalopolis, at Delphi; and in each case the results up to the latest possible date are garnered up by Mr. Frazer. The very latest discoveries of all, those made by the French at Delphi, find a place in the fifth volume. The Delphic remains include, in addition to the great temple of Apollo, a large number of "treasuries," which stand beside the Sacred Way, within the precinct, and contain the offerings of the particular states by whom they were dedicated. The friezes of one of these, variously ascribed to the Siphnians and Cnidians, have recently been unearthed, and prove to be very perfect examples of the best sixth century sculpture. Mr. Frazer gives an excellent heliogravure of portions of this frieze, as well as a full description. It is the most important of recent additions to our knowledge of Greek art.

Adequately to deal with Mr. Frazer's *magnum opus* within the space at our disposal is impossible. We trust that we have said enough to show that it is a work which no scholar or lover of antiquity can afford to neglect. To have produced it is an honour to Cambridge and to England.

#### AUDUBON.

*Audubon and His Journals.* By Maria R. Audubon. With Zoological and other Notes by Elliott Coues. 2 vols. (Nimmo.)

It would not be possible within any reasonable limits even to touch briefly on the immense number of interesting topics raised in these handsome and substantial volumes.

We shall therefore confine our attention to what the naturalist's granddaughter describes as their main object: "I have tried only to put Audubon *the man* before my readers." At this time of day it is by no means easy to form a just estimate of his singular character. The old jealousies of ornithologists—of George Ord and Waterton and Alexander Wilson, for instance—have not ceased to operate. Peeping through the tangle, on one side is the picture of a vain, selfish, unhelpful, jealous rival; on the other is the gay and kind Audubon of family tradition. How are we to decide which is the real man, which the mere emanation of an image of him conjured up either by friendly or hostile minds?

The first step towards some degree of clearness is to remember that, naturalised in America and married to an English wife, Audubon was French, and typical of his nation. To assert after this that he was not vain would be a contradiction in terms. The man is not wanting in what the Scotch call "a guid conceit" of himself who lingers on the idea that he is a Napoleon of his own craft, and sets down with evident pleasure a chance caller's remark that his features resemble those of the great conqueror. Nor if you listen to Audubon comparing his own bird-pictures with those of anyone else will you blame him for excessive modesty. Yet, as is often the case with Frenchmen, his vanity was of the most harmless and natural description, and so free from envy and ill-feeling as to disarm the fault-finder. For the key to the enigma is that a fine simplicity was the basis of his character. Sir Walter Scott—than whom a more acute judge of men never lived—discerned this at the first interview. "His countenance" (we quote from Scott's *Journal*) "acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic." Audubon's graphic description of the great novelist is well worth transcribing:

"Sir Walter came forward, pressed my hand warmly, and said he 'was glad to have the honour of meeting me'; his long, loose silvery locks struck me; he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West; he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I could not forbear looking at him; my eyes feasted on his countenance. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being; his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. His little room was tidy, though it partook of the character of a laboratory. He was wrapped in a quilted morning-gown of light purple silk; he had been at work writing on the *Life of Napoleon*. He writes close lines, rather curved as they go from left to right, and puts an immense deal on very little paper."

Lovers of old Edinburgh will find much to interest them in the "European" Journal, which fills most of the first volume. Audubon had gone to make arrangements for the publication of his great work, and the keen observer graphically describes such celebrities as Lord Jeffreys and Christopher North, the clever old ladies for whom in the old days the modern Athens was famous, the dinners of boiled sheep's head, the potations of smoky whisky that nearly choked him. But there was one occurrence

that moved him with the force of tragedy. He was an Absalom as to his hair, which he wore long, and society ruthlessly decreed that he should be shorn. The dreadful sacrifice was recorded in his journal within a deep black border. The entry, of which a facsimile is given, reads thus :

"March 19, 1827.—This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution, when the same operation was performed on all the victims murdered by the guillotine ; my heart sank low."

He had come to this country imbued with a French hatred of England, natural enough to the time, but was agreeably surprised by the unostentatious kindness and ready appreciation with which he was met. Paris, far richer in professions, was wretched in performance, and he draws his countrymen with a very disappointed pen :

"September 15.—France, my dearest friend, is indeed poor! This day I have attended at the Royal Academy of Sciences, and had all my plates spread over the different large tables and they were viewed by about one hundred persons. 'Beau! bien beau!' issued from every mouth; but 'Quel ouvrage! Quel prix!' as well. I said that I had thirty subscribers at Manchester; they seemed surprised, but acknowledged that England, the little isle of England, alone was able to support poor Audubon. Poor France! thy fine climate, thy rich vineyards, and the wishes of the learned avail nothing; thou art a destitute beggar and not the powerful friend thou wast reputed to be."

We must forbear further quotation, but it would be extremely interesting to reproduce some of his account of the visit to New-castle and meeting with Thomas Bewick, the old engraver being then over seventy but as full of kindness and vigour as ever.

The "Labrador" and "Missouri River" Journals, which end vol. i., are attractive mainly from a zoological point of view. Audubon was not a deeply learned naturalist; it was the solid labour of MacGillivray that gave enduring value to his *Birds of America*. But his writing is the same graphic, animated style that makes the charm of his pictures, and a certain impressionableness enables him to render the atmosphere and felling of wood, river, sea, or swamp with unexcelled force. The second volume is mainly taken up with "episodes," written for his ornithological biography. Derived, they are, from frontier, woodland, and prairie when these were still unsettled, what strikes us most is the romantic material they contain. There is, in particular, one called "The Death of a Pirate," so strange and horrible that it might well have suggested another *Treasure Island* to R. L. S., for the record leaves wide scope to the imagination. The ruffian died after slaying all his pursuers, but he would have none of confession or of spiritual advice, regarding death no more than a jest, were it not for the pain. Only from his broken words do we gain an inkling of his wild and lurid career.

From these fragmentary jottings the reader will perhaps be able to form at least a rough

idea of this remarkable book; and perhaps it will be best to leave him to form his own opinion of its hero—the simple, vain, affectionate man of the woods; musician, artist, writer, naturalist, and hunter; at once Parisian, savage, and man of the world. Whatever else may happen, he shows at least one quality in this book for which we are grateful—he is always entertaining.

#### LITERARY INDIA.

*A Literary History of India.* By R. W. Frazer. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is an excellent, an invaluable book, filling a want which must often have been felt by the reader who, not a specialist, nevertheless wishes to know something of a literature which he dimly understands to be important. The learning and reading which have gone to the compilation of Mr. Frazer's volume are great, yet he handles them with a clearness and order too frequently absent from books of this kind. He fails only where all Europeans fail—in his comments on Hindoo religious beliefs, rites, and philosophies, which are the outside comments of a Western rationalist, misleading rather than helpful. But this we expect, when the West writes of the East. And his account of these things is accurate. It would be a mistake to regard the book solely as a history of Hindoo literature. It more resembles a history of Hindoo thought. Not only are special sections devoted to the exposition of Brahmanism and Buddhism, but the various Hindoo philosophies are dealt with in their historical order. Now the history of philosophy in the East is equivalent to the history of religion in the West. It may be conceived, therefore, how large a task the author has set himself; since he has also to incorporate a certain amount of political history to keep things together, and render them intelligible. We could wish, almost, that the book had been strictly an account of Hindoo literature, in the narrower sense. As it is, the space devoted to individual poets, &c., is so small that the outsider gets but little knowledge of their character; while of the philosophies we doubt whether he will get any knowledge at all. The account of Kapila's teaching, for example, is unintelligible to an outsider without certain necessary explanations; such as that sound and touch, &c., do not signify the senses so-called, but certain modes of substance, analogous to the forces which produce sound and touch on this earth—a very complicated conception, not to be explained or understood in few words. In the same way, to translate *manas* by "mind," and *linga-sarira* by "a subtle body" gives the English reader no notion of Kapila's meaning.

But it is to the literature proper that most readers will turn. Many of us can hardly conceive those swarthy myriads as having a literature at all. In truth, it is a singularly different literature from our own. The great drama of Kalidasa, "Sakuntala," has hardly

any action. It depends almost wholly on the beauty of its verse; and accordingly it is not possible to give any idea of it. Bhavabhuti is the great dramatist usually associated with Kalidasa, and of him Mr. Frazer gives specimens—extracts from an incantation scene—which may be appalling in the original, but certainly are not in the translation. The difficulty here, in fact, as with regard to all foreign literature, is translation. It is seldom that the gift of song is combined with the gift of Sanscrit; and too surely that fortunate union has not been attained by the translators of whose versions Mr. Frazer makes use. The most interesting specimen of drama which he gives is also by far the longest, and is from a play with the euphonious title of "The Mud Cart." It is exceedingly singular to the Western reader. The heroine, who is devoted to the hero, a pious Brahman, and is pursued by the villain, the king's brother-in-law, is a girl whom Mr. Frazer euphemistically calls a "wanton," and the Brahman's wife apparently assents to the connexion. Of the two great Hindoo epics, the "Ramayana" and the "Mahābhārata," we have only the stories given us. Of the "Kural," the "masterpiece of South Indian genius," we have specimen couplets in the version of Dr. Pope, which, we are assured, preserves "in an unrivalled manner the form of the Eastern setting." They are like this :

"The pangs that evening brings I never know,  
Till he, my wedded spouse, from me withdrew."

"Though free from fault, from loved one's  
tender arms  
To be estranged a while hath its own special  
charms."

No, it will not do. The joys of reading such poetry we leave to others. We are content to know that the "Kural" is a very fine poem, and to wait till we can read Tamil. The one thing which comes alive out of the ordeal of translation is the Vedic hymns. These, doubtless, depend more upon ideas and less upon cunning language, hence the way in which they retain their force. Take this line or two from the "Rig-Veda" :

"Goddess of wild and forest who seemest to  
vanish from the sight,  
How is it thou seekest not the village? Art  
thou afraid?"

Here one is calling to the cows, another there  
has felled a tree.  
At eve the dweller in the wood fancies that  
somebody hath screamed."

There is conveyed a sudden sense and picture of the "spirit in the woods."

It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Frazer's object is to present a history of literary development, not to give a series of specimens. And the book, though difficult to quote, is most interesting to read. Very remarkable is the extent to which the mystical loves of Krishna and Radha became the almost exclusive theme of the later Indian poems, from Jaya Deva to Sūr Dās. Under this symbol was signified the desire of the Soul for the Over-Soul; and the same theme, in a narrative rather than

lyric form, was sung by Tulsi Das (whom Mr. Frazer calls the "great master-poet of Northern India"), Rama and Sita taking the place of Krishna and Radha. In the Middle Ages this *cultus* even had its female poet, commentator, and prophetess in the person of Mira Bai. Mr. Frazer has brought his book down to modern times, and concludes with a survey of the writers who are endeavouring to unite Eastern and Western ideas in literature; the novels of Bankim Chatterji, the poems of Toru Dutt, are things singularly interesting to the English mind. Whether the experiment of writing novels in a country where that form is not native, and suchlike Western innovations, will really produce a revival of national literature, remains to be seen. But whatever may be the new literature, here is an excellent book on the old.

### THE LATER RENAISSANCE.

*The Later Renaissance.* By David Hannay. "Periods of European Literature." (Blackwood.)

THIS instalment of literary history begins with Spain, and Spain is the interest of the book. There is perhaps some injustice to other countries which might claim to represent the *Later Renaissance* more properly than Spain, but this is of little importance. The proper test for a literary history of this scale is whether it encourages the reader to learn more of the books and the authors that it treats of; and Mr. Hannay's history is one that quickens curiosity in the right way. It leaves the reader properly discontented with his own ignorance and want of spirit, and in a mood for exploration. There can be no doubt where his course will lie, if he follows this director: not to the Italians of the age of Tasse, not even by preference to watch the adventures and experiments of the French poets, and the rising of the *Pleiad*; but to the South-West, to the stage of Lope and Calderon, to the Sierra Morona, even (though here Mr. Hannay is not quite so encouraging) to look for the humours of the market-place in the confessions of Lazarillo and his kin.

On one point an objection must be entered, without hesitation. It is scarcely comprehensible that Mr. Hannay, with his love of the language, and his ear for the fluent rhythms of the natural Castilian verse, should apologise for the ballads, and deprecate comparison with Lockhart's rendering. It may be admitted that the two things are very unlike; there is a wide difference between the Spanish simplicity and the clinking smartness of the translation. There may still be some fortunate people in this country who, knowing the *romancero*, are ignorant of the English imitations. They may be warned, if they have any respect or gratitude for the biographer of Scott, to leave his Spanish ballads alone, and believe that those, in their turn, are at their best in the cheerful minstrelsy of Bon Gaultier.

Mr. Hannay quotes from Lockhart:

"I ride from land to land,  
I sail from sea to sea;  
Some day more kind I fate may find,  
Some night kiss thee."

"What can be more pretty or more fit?" asks Mr. Hannay; and then he repeats, and condemns as bathos, the stanza that begins:

"Andando de Sierra en Sierra  
Por orillas de la mar"—

a ballad measure that certainly has a different kind of fitness from the *staccato* monosyllables of Lockhart's song. Mercifully, he forbears to quote Lockhart's dull defacement of the *Rime of the Count Arnaldos*. This is the only serious blemish in Mr. Hannay's criticism; the drama, the books of chivalry, the *gusto picaresco*, and more besides of the great classes of Spanish literature are represented shortly, yet in no perfunctory manner. In the dramatic part one essential thing is brought out, namely, the true dramatic life of the comedies of "Cloak and Sword," some of which are to this day among the liveliest of all old plays. Concealments and surprises have never been better managed than in those comedies. It is perhaps to be regretted that the plan and limits of the book seem to have left out the French dramatists who did so much to make "Spanish plays" the fashion; they gave those plots a vogue in England that lasted at any rate to the days of Mrs. Jordan, who played Beatrice in Kemble's *Pannel*, a comedy derived from Calderon. Some things, it is true, were incommunicable and untranslatable in the Spanish comedies—the grace of the language, the dignity of manner, the harmony of honour and levity, in the *Fairy Lady* of Calderon and all her numerous sisters.

The literature to which the title of "Later Renaissance" is most applicable, the Italian, is not treated here with equal zest. Perhaps the title is not taken quite seriously enough, though the concluding chapter does a good deal to give a summary and commanding view of the changes which are called by the worshipful name of *Renaissance*. In the treatment of French literature, as has been already remarked, there is some want of congruity with the Spanish chapter. Alexandre Hardy is left for the next volume: it would be interesting to see his romantic experiments in drama set against their contemporaries in Spain, and even to have the archaic arrangement of his stage referred to, in comparison with the Autos of Calderon, and their adherence to the old customs of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays. But these points are unimportant; the great thing is to have written a new guide book for some of the brightest regions of literature, which will bear the test of actual travel in those countries. It is, perhaps, unavoidable that the more familiar history of Elizabethan literature in this volume should be a little put out of countenance by the foreign glories of Spain and France with which it is here allied.

### MR. GREGORY'S LETTER-BOX.

*Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box, 1813-1830.* Edited by Lady Gregory. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS volume will be of interest to students rather of politics than of letters. William Gregory became Under-Secretary for Ireland in 1813. His post made him head of the permanent administration of Irish affairs, the much debated Dublin Castle, as well as bear-leader to successive Viceroys and Chief Secretaries. He served under Lord Talbot, Lord Wellesley, and Lord Anglesey, and lost his office shortly after the passing of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. The letters now published by Lady Gregory are drawn from the correspondence of her husband's grandfather during those years, now in the hands of his descendants. They are mostly official or semi-official in character, and though many of them are merely applications for tide-waiterships and other places of emolument, others throw a good deal of light on the troublous times that preceded Emancipation and on the opposition of Gregory and his like to that measure. Lady Gregory appears to be by no means in sympathy with the "Castle" attitude towards Irish politics; nevertheless, she naturally tries to put her central figure in as favourable a light as may be. And indeed he was evidently a man of great personal popularity and even merit—amiable, courteous, desirous up to his very imperfect lights to do his duty to the country. But it is very obvious that his dismissal was inevitable if Peel's policy of conciliation was to have any chance of success. He had neither the imagination nor the sympathy necessary for the understanding of the Irish temperament. The letters that passed between him and that kindred spirit, Lord Talbot, show a determination to thwart in every way the growth of more liberal ideas than had hitherto prevailed at Dublin. The maintenance of Protestant ascendancy—that is their war-cry. At conciliators such as Grant or Lord Anglesey, who had at least the right spirit in them, even if they were occasionally wanting in official tact, the Castle makes a dead set. Lady Anne Gregory is instructed not to call on Lady Anglesey.

Gregory, himself an Englishman, was but little in contact with real Irishry, and, therefore, the reader's expectation of a budget of Hibernian humour must needs be disappointed. Such good stories as there are do not, as a rule, come from the letters, but have been worked in in the process of editing. The best is one told by Lord Cloncurry of a "barony constable" of the ante-Peel period. The only qualification of these guardians of the peace was a certificate of having taken the Sacrament at the parish church. Lord Cloncurry, in swearing in one of them, and expounding his official duties, came to that of preventing the straying or grazing of cattle on the public roads, and was interrupted with: "And where am I to keep my own little cow, my Lord?" There is a touch of humour, too, in the account of the Dublin Beef-steak Club,

which began as a musical, but afterwards became a Tory place of meeting. It was here that, when Lord Wollesley's removal from the post of Viceroy was announced, "The Exports of Ireland" was to his great indignation, given as a toast. Of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland in 1821 Lady Gregory tells us:

"He arrived after a good passage, during which much goose pie and whisky had been consumed. Word had just come of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. The story goes that 'Sire, your enemy is dead,' were the words he was greeted with. 'When did she die?' was his response. But the Queen was indeed also dead, and his Majesty was persuaded to wear a piece of crape round his arm during the festivities, which were in no way curtailed."

It is somewhat touching to learn that, although the Dublin crowds shouted for the King, they did not know how to cheer, as "they had not had much practice in the expression of public joy."

A prominent figure in the correspondence is old Lord Talbot of Ingestre, who had been Lord Lieutenant, but, like Gregory, though at an earlier date, was ousted by the spirit of conciliation. The two remained cronies, and wrote despairing letters to each other on the prospect of emancipation. Lord Talbot was a worthy old gentleman, but he could only speak of the Bill as "the horrible evil which is now hanging over us"; and when he saw that its passing had become inevitable, he writes to Gregory: "Depressed in spirits, deprived of hope, I wandered about London like one possessed with an Evil Spirit."

#### A TWELFTH-CENTURY SINGER.

*L'Estoire de la Sainte Guerre.* Par Ambroise. Publiée d'après le MS. unique du Vatican par Gaston Paris. (Paris, 1897.)

For nearly twenty-five years English mediævalists have been looking forward to the publication of the poem before us—a poem which, so far as its matter and its form are concerned, is worthy to take its place by the side of those two other rhyming products of the early French historical muse, Garnier's *Vie de St. Thomas de Cantorbere* and the anonymous *Life of the Great Earl Marshal*, so lately given to the world by M. Paul Meyer. It is singular, and perhaps not altogether to the credit of English scholarship, that these three works—each in its way of such capital importance for our early history—should be presented to the English-speaking public by foreign scholars. The "Song of Ambrose," now published for the first time in its entirety, is nothing less than a history of the Third Crusade, told from an English point of view in rhyming octosyllabic Old-French verse by an Anglo-Norman poet who was one of Richard Cœur-de-Lion's companions in that great enterprise from the moment of his leaving England in December, 1189, till

the day of his finally quitting Palestine in October, 1192. Like Garnier de Pont Ste Maxence, the author of the *Chanson de la Guerre Sainte* was a minstrel by profession. The *caehet* of his occupation is on every page. Does he wish to praise the valour of Geoffrey de Lusignan at the barricades of Acre—he tells us that the hero dealt blows of which a "Roland" or an "Oliver" might be proud; and the later songs of Tristran, and of Aspremont; those of the "Saisnes," of "Arthur," and of Pepin, were as familiar to him as was the "Chanson de Roland" itself. But he prides himself on having something better to give his audience than doubtful history or palpable fable.

"Of these old *chansons de geste*," he writes, "those of which minstrels make so great a to-do—I cannot tell you whether they be false or no, nor could I ever find a man who would go warrant for their truth; but all that I tell you of the heat and cold and sufferings endured before Acre is truth, aye and a right good story it is to listen to."

It is with something of a minstrel's disappointment that he tells us that in the hurried Christmas feast at Lion-sur-Mer in 1189 there was little time for singing *chansons de geste*—doubtless a record of his own disappointment. And when, at the very close of the expedition, he makes his way into the Holy City to pay his reverence to our Lord's tomb, it is under the wardship of Raoul Tesson, "a great lover of song and music": "Raols Tesson qui mult amoit notes et sons." He was present when Richard Cœur-de-Lion took Messina, "quicker," to borrow his own striking phrase, "than a priest could sing matins"; he was a guest at the great banquet which the same king gave to Philip and his French lords in his wooden castle of "Matte-Griffon" on Christmas Day, 1190; and he breaks out into an ingenuous rapture over the splendour of the scene, taking special care to note amidst all the glory of silver plate and richly carved goblets the homely English point that *the table linen was of a spotless purity*.

The "Song of Ambrose" does not contain so much absolutely new historical information as might have been expected. And this for a simple reason. Ambrose is one of those unfortunate authors whose legitimate fame has been stolen from them by a plagiarist. He had hardly given his poem to the world when an unscrupulous contemporary laid his hands upon it, and, after cancelling every passage in which the true author mentioned his name, turned it into Latin with a pompous introductory letter in which he, the translator, claimed to have written the whole work. This plagiarist had the assurance to go further still, and apologise to his readers for any deficiencies in style on the plea that his work had been written during the course of the Crusade itself. For nearly 700 years the laurels of this really great work—for such, judged from a twelfth-century standpoint, Ambrose's poem is—have been resting on an impostor's brow; and now, at last, M. Gaston Paris has come forward to restore his proper honours to a long-defrauded man.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Life Work of Edward White Benson, D.D.* By J. A. Carr, LL.D.

THIS is an unpretentious biography of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Much of it might have been compiled from the files of the *Times*; and much use has been made of the Archbishop's own sermons and writings. But the quantity of intimate and special matter is not contemptible; and the book will stand good as a biography till a better and a fuller one is written. Benson was a born Churchman. As a child he was called the "little bishop," and his early passion for sermonising was such that he often harangued the silent machinery in his father's chemical factory. One is again and again impressed by a certain sweetness, freshness, and *naïveté* in the man. When he was appointed to the headmastership of Wellington College, then rising on its brown and breezy plateau, he said: "Who am I that I should be privileged to see Ambarrow every day of my life?" The Archbishop was an antiquarian. He was steeped in Church lore; and, reading his life, we come very near to the heart of the Anglican Church. When Archbishop

"he possessed a master key, which would open all the doors and gates in the cathedral; and sometimes when staying in Canterbury he would steal away from the Deanery, and shut himself up alone for a long while in the place known as 'Becket's Crown,' where is the marble chair of Augustine."

While this book does not alter or even raise our estimate of the late Archbishop as an ecclesiastical statesman, it familiarises and endears him as a man.

*Andrée and his Balloon.* By Henri Lachambre and Alexis Machuron. (Constable.)

NORMAN could be more precise and definite, or more clearly intelligible, than the portions of this book which deal with the scientific side of Andrée's expedition—the construction of the balloon, and the devices for overcoming the difficulties and averting the dangers which beset his attempt—and so far it is of the utmost interest; but, on the other hand, nothing could be less inspiring than the dismal sprightliness and spurious heroics by means of which the authors have sought to win popular interest and to excite the enthusiasm of the general reader. It was Andrée's misfortune that the initiation of his adventure was too nearly synchronous with Nansen's triumphant return. Besides, his method—whether because of its seeming crankishness or because it suggested a base evasion of the difficulties which traditionally beset the adventure—failed to win any considerable measure of popular sympathy. But the probability, which day by day grows stronger, that the expedition has already succumbed to the rigour of the ruthless North should by this time have rehabilitated the expedition in the public esteem.

It was on July 11 of last year that Andrée's

balloon made its start from Spitzbergen. Two days afterwards came the last winged rumour of it that the world of men has received; it had then made 187½ miles. The machine might be expected to remain afloat not more than sixty days. After that the little company of three must take to their feet and the toy boat they carried with them, and for food must trust largely to powder and shot. It is certain, therefore, that if the members of the expedition are yet alive they have already been for some months reduced to the plane of earth and to circumstances which justify keen anxiety on the part of their friends and of all who are open to the appeal of a splendid courage. But English hearts would warm so much more readily to "the hardy explorers" if the narrative were not interspersed with such hydras of sentimentality as this:

"When will he see again that charming Swedish girl, whose photograph which he has so often shown me, and carries next his heart. . . ."

" . . . What anxiety, what suspense, await that poor young girl?"

"But what joy will follow the glorious return of her beloved! What firm bonds of affection will bind them together after this long, hard separation!"

Oh! how I wish them this happiness with all my heart!"

So do we, but we should have expressed it otherwise.

*Legends of the Wheel.* By Arthur Waugh. (Arrowsmith.)

In this little book Mr. Waugh would do for cyclists what Mr. Norman Gale has done for cricketers. All the philosophy of the Ripley-road is here, and some of the humour, introduced by this motto:

"The legend comes full cycle now,  
And in our Age of Steel  
The New Ixion bends his brow  
Above the deathless wheel."

Considering how little the cycle does for literature or human nature, Mr. Waugh has made (for the cyclist) an interesting book, and has shown dexterity enough in rhyme and metre to merit the title of Laureate of the wheel. Best, we think, of his verses is the parody of Mr. Henley's "Song of the Sword":

"Winger of woman,  
Banishing petticoats,  
Bringing the female  
(Long since irrational)  
Rational dress.  
Ho! then, the polish  
And pride of my ministry.  
Ho! then, the gleam  
Of my glittering nickel-plate.  
Ho! then, the Park  
And the pleasure of Battersea.  
Ho! then, the hose  
Of my deftly-shod womankind.  
I, the ubiquitous  
Angel of Exercise,  
I am the Bike."

A man, however, must have more catholicity of taste than we possess before he can extend his approval of the Angel of Exercise to reading about it, except in makers' catalogues.

*Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello.*  
Translated by Geffraie Fenton. Edited  
by Robert Langton Douglas. Tudor  
Translations. 2 vols. (D. Nutt.)

THESE little novels of Matteo Bandello, in the luscious euphuistic English of Geoffrey Fenton, are so rarely to be met with that Mr. Henley is to be thanked for including them in his admirable series. They are so suave, so simple and particular, so innocent of guile, yet at the same time marked by so pleasant an impropriety, as to make them most refreshing reading. Hardly any Elizabethan book could be named more foreign to Victorian literary methods. Take any passage:

"And albeit she was neither fyne in attire, set out in robes of riche arraye, nor deckte with apparell for the decoration of her naturall beaute, yet appeared she no lesse precious in the eye of this gallande than if she had bene trimmed for the nonste in the same order that the poetes faine of the browne Egepeiane, when she was broughte to lye wyth the Romaine capteine, Marcus Anthoninus. He fayled not to reiterate his haunte with an ordinarie trade to the streete of Janiquette, resolynghe his common abode or place of stage righte over againste her lodginge, whiche increased her doubtte of that mistereye, till nature, that discusseith the darknes of such doubttes and bringes the most rude creatures of the worlde to be capable in the argumentes of love, revealed unto her the meanyng of that riddle, sayinge that the roundes and often tornes with vaylinge of bonnett, whiche the proude pirott made upon the dore of her fortresse, was no other thyng then the intisynghe harmonie of the *Syrenes*, or other state, to allure or make her plyable to th' appetite of his will."

What leisurely times these lengthy periods imply! What hours of idleness to beguile! Thus do Bandello's stories wind their gentle, deliberate way through a world of appetites and dolours.

To Fenton's edition, which was published in 1567, and is one of the few instances where we feel the translator to be the equal of the original author, Mr. Douglas prefixes a serviceable preface. The reprint is dedicated to Mr. Meredith—"To George Meredith, these essays in an art wherein his achievement has made him illustrious." But it is a far cry from the superficiality of the *Tragical Discourses* to the profundity of *The Egoist*.

*Hints on the Management of Hawks, and Practical Falconry.* By J. E. Harting. (H. Cox).

It will probably be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that falconry is still practised at all; but not only will Mr. Harting's book convince them to the contrary, but so zealous a partisan of the sport is he that it may even make converts of them. Look at this glowing passage:

"Few persons, except those who have experienced it, can realise the feelings of a falconer when flying a hawk which he has tamed and trained himself. To see a brace of well-trained pointers or setters quarter their ground, stand, back, and drop to shot, returning from a distance obedient to their owner's whistle, is, undoubtedly, a grand sight, and one to gladden the heart of any man who has the faintest love of sport in his nature; but to see a falcon leave

its owner's hand, take the air, and mounting with the greatest ease, fly straight at the rate of a mile a minute, and then at a whistle, or a whoop, and a toss of the lure, turn in its flight and come out of the clouds to his hand, is to see a triumph of man's art in subduing the lower animals, and making them obedient to his will."

One rubs one's eyes on reading such a passage as that, in a volume dated 1898.

*The Monroe Doctrine.* By W. F. Reddaway. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE history of the Monroe doctrine from its first suggestion by Canning to its final development in the hands of President Cleveland is carefully and accurately told in this treatise. The author agrees with those who believe that the mind at the back of Monroe's famous message was that of J. Quincey Adams, and states the argument with much clearness. But he contends with unnecessary earnestness that this purely unilateral declaration of the American Government has not the force of international law. It comes within the sphere of the law of nations, only in this way, that while admittedly a nation may intervene between two others when its own integrity or peace or welfare is threatened, the world now has the advantage of knowing beforehand that the United States will regard certain acts as equivalent to such a menace. The American people, with unarmed hands sheltering the peace of a hemisphere, cannot help contrasting the lot of the New World with that of the Old. The result of that contrast is a passionate resolve to keep the blood tax from the Americas, and to see that the New World is not made a scene for the repetition of the feuds and the ambitions of Europe. They have seen how another continent has been parcelled out; how the doctrine of the *hinterland* has been pressed; and how certain it is that in a little while all the Old World quarrels, the dynastic bickerings, the race rivalries, the frontier disputes, and the standing armies of Europe will be mimicked and reproduced upon the soil of Africa, from Alexandria to the Cape. With this tremendous object-lesson before them, the Americans cling with redoubled faith to the policy formulated by Monroe. It is interesting and important to note how the language of the American Presidents has grown stronger with the growing strength of the States. Intervention, which Monroe spoke of as "the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition," Mr. Cleveland roundly denounces as a "wilful aggression upon the rights and interests" of America. But then Monroe spoke for eleven millions of people, and Cleveland for seventy.

*The Statesman's Year-Book, 1898.* By J. Scott Keltie, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE thirty-fifth issue of this annual contains several additions and improvements. For example, Mr. Keltie has introduced diagrams showing the rise and fall in imports and exports for the past twenty-five years in the British empire and in many of the countries with which we have large commercial relations. A map of West Africa, illustrating the Niger question, is another useful addition.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE LONDONERS.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

Here we have the "Society" Mr. Hichens pure and simple. The drawing-room occultism and brilliant tawdriness of *Flames* is forsworn. *The Londoners* is a very modern novel, and the characters are "smart." It is the merry, superficial, witty story of Mrs. Verulam, a pretty and charming widow who thought she was tired of Society, of her dainty struggles to escape, and her efforts to get Mrs. Van Adam (masquerading as a man) into the whirl. As Mr. Van Adam has divorced Mrs. Van Adam the task is difficult. But Mrs. Verulam is not deterred by trifles: "I hope your husband divorced you," she says, "for something American, such as wearing your hair the wrong colour, or talking without an accent." (W. Heinemann. 338 pp. 6s.)

#### COMEDIES AND ERRORS.

By HENRY HARLAND.

Twelve short stories by the author of *Grey Roses*, who has won his spurs as a teller—adroit and delightful—of little tales. Most or all of these appeared in the "Yellow Book," of which Mr. Harland was editor. The writer of *Comedies and Errors* has style, and a method all his own. (John Lane. 344 pp. 6s.)

#### YOUNG BLOOD.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

In this, his first book since that excellent story *My Lord Duke*, Mr. Hornung employs some of the methods of Charles Reade. One is reminded of *Hard Cash* again and again. The tale deals with the disappearance of an ironmaster, and his son's endeavours to make a living and track his father's enemies. The chief value of the book resides in Gordon Lowndes, a Micawber-like company-promoter; but Mr. Hornung is nowhere at his best. Even here, however, he has many merits above the average novelist, and his enthusiasm never flags. (Cassell & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

#### BETWEEN SUN AND LAND.

By W. D. SCULLY.

Mr. Scully's *Kaffir Stories* were a year or so ago welcomed as good work. Here he returns to his *koppies* and *treks*, with which, having been Civil Commissioner for Namaqualand, and special magistrate for Cape Colony, he is familiar enough. His book is strong meat. The first story shows the vicissitudes through which Max, a young Jew, had to pass before he could marry Susannah. The second is an epic of cattle. Mr. Scully has both cynicism and power of vivid writing. (Methuen & Co. 294 pp. 6s.)

#### SECOND LIEUTENANT CELIA.

By LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

This is a very heavy book to hold, but, none the less, it offers light reading. It is modern and flippant and amusing. Celia is a tin-boy, who so loves her officer brother that she rides a bicycle in his flannels, and cuts her hair short, military fashion, and earns the nick-name which gives the story its title. Those who like ties of garrison life, and all the frivolities and heart-aches appertaining thereto, will like this book a good deal. And John Strange Winter, if she reads it, will realise that she has a capable rival. There are several smart illustrations. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 318 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A WOMAN WORTH WINNING.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

Mr. George Manville Fenn's latest story is about a jealous husband whose feelings carry him to the point of injuring his suspected rival. The results are tragic. The supposed lover loses his reason and is sent to a private lunatic asylum by the remorseful husband. The disappearance of the wife is also explained. Though gruesome enough in its plot, the story is written with a light hand, and much of it is an amusing reflex of Scotty. (Chatto & Windus. 377 pp. 6s.)

#### BIJLI, THE DANCER.

By J. B. PATTON.

A romance of India by one who has an intimate knowledge of the native character. The love of a Pathan nobleman for a dancing girl is the central motive—indeed, the only motive. The subject is treated with dignity, the scene is laid at Ronáki, in Northern India, and the characters are all natives. A book for Anglo-Indians. (Methuen & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

#### A STOLEN LIFE.

By MATTHIAS McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C.

Dr. Vivian Ardol is cycling along the Embankment. Casually, he dives into the river to save a beautiful girl who throws herself over the parapet (see frontispiece). At the Hotel Cecil the Doctor "tosses" the cabman a sovereign. "The smartest man in London!" says a clean-shaven Yankee, as the dripping girl-laden doctor flashes through the vestibule. "And the richest!" adds his wife. "And the handsomest!"—his daughter. The hero resuscitates the angel, orders the hotel about, plunges into his bath, and, emerging therefrom, hastily pencils "a luncheon menu at once, costly and substantial." And so on. (Ward, Lock & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LUST OF HATE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

A hot melodrama, compact of murders, hypnotism, hansoms, and gold dust. The hero's hatred toward a gold digger who had stolen from him the secret of a mine is fanned by our old friend Dr. Nikola, the villain of the story; and Gilbert Pennethorne is led to believe that he has actually murdered his old enemy. Things are righted, and Dr. Nikola discomfited; but a series of murders of peers of the realm, each of whom is asphyxiated and denuded (each time in italics) of his left eyebrow, is among the preliminary horrors. When we leave the hero he is rapturously assessing the virtues of his wife—forgetting our fatigue. (Ward, Lock & Co. 283 pp. 6s.)

#### MISS BETTY'S MISTAKE.

By ADELINÉ SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant describes her novel as simply "A Story." It is just that and no more; it reminds us of certain tricks with a piece of string, wherein a vast tangle is made to disappear like magic. Miss Betty's is not the only mistake. A daughter loves a father who is not her father, and a mad mother who is not her mother. Miss Betty is betrayed. Love is tossed about on a sea of misunderstanding. And the result is only "a story": not a criticism of life. (Hurst & Blackott. 325 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN SHIP, MARINER.

By KNARF ELIVAS.

"In this, the autumn of my life, my dear children have many times urged me to set down, in such order as may be, the relation of those adventures, hardships, and mishaps through which it has pleased a gracious Providence to bring me scatheless." So it begins; and so—following familiar and honourable lines—it continues until the end, when he at last possesses "a wife beyond compare, tenderest of helpmates, sweetest of companions, dearest and truest of all women in the wide world." On the way there are, among other matters, the tortures of the Inquisition. (Sampson, Low & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### ACROSS THE SALT SEAS.

By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

The author of *The Hispaniola Plate* and *The Clash of Arms* is safe for a good story of adventure and fray. Here he offers yet another. The hero, who relates the tale, fought in the Netherlands in the reign of William III., and subsequently, under Anne, took part in the siege of Vigo and saw the death of many Spaniards. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's chapter headings are earnest enough of his brave methods: "Secret Service"; "The Taking of the Galleons"; "The Cowl does not always make the Monk"; "The Dead Man's Eyes—the Dead Man's Hands," and so on. (Methuen & Co. 333 pp. 6s.)

THE REV. ANNABEL LEE.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan casts his story in the future, at a time when healthy men need to eat only once a week, and the religion of humanity has taken the place of Christianity. Then arises Annabel Lee, who has nothing to do with Poe's poem, and preaches the old creed, assisted in her crusade by Uriel Rose the musician. And in the end Uriel Rose is condemned to death and is thus the first martyr in the revival. A hectic, hysterical romance of the type called "spiritual." (C. Arthur Pearson. 255 pp. 6s.)

STORIES SWORN TO BE TRUE (SERIES II.)

By A BARRISTER.

Here are seven stories in all, and truth now and then is stranger than fiction. The author's method has been to delve in old law reports for the skeleton of his work, and then fill in. The filling in might have been more generously done. (Horace Cox. 104 pp. 1s.)

ALL THEY WENT THROUGH.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

A collection of very readable short stories and sketches. We selected "Thomas Jones's Trouble," and found it to be a description, by Thomas Jones, of the inconveniences he suffered in living near Timothy Jones. "T. Jones, of Hatchingdon Green," might be either the needy poet or the prosperous solicitor—hence the mistakes made by tallymen and butchers' boys and "hire system" collectors. When the local paper announced the "Mysterious Disappearance of Mr. S. T. Jones," and Chips—young Chips of the War Office—offered misplaced sympathy, then Thomas Jones's "Trouble" culminated. A more serious tone marks other stories in the book. (John Long. 316 pp. 6s.)

A BRIDE OF JAPAN.

By CARLTON DAWES.

This is the story of an Englishman marrying—despite the sneers of his friends—a beautiful Japanese girl, daughter of a market-gardener. Briefly, it is a study of a mixed marriage and its tragic consequences. Daidai, the ugly old rice-grower, whom Tresilian had forestalled in the affections of Sasa-San, is a striking figure, prophesying woe and shame to Tresilian. Woe and shame come; but Tresilian proves that he can play the man as well as the fool. A very readable story. (Hutchinson & Co. 293 pp. 6s.)

YOUTH AT THE PROW.

By E. RENTOUL ESLER.

This book contains ten short stories. The first and longest is called "The Philanderer." The philanderer is Roderick Weston, a barrister, who uses a poor but high spirited girl as his plaything while negotiating an advantageous marriage. His discomfiture when, fifteen years later, he offers himself as a widower to the girl he had disappointed is a good passage in a story which, as a whole, is well written. (John Long. 234 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF LOIS.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

This story, by the author of *Patty, The Red Glove, &c.*, is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. It is the story of Lois Ercott's determination to become an actress. Her father, an old Indian chaplain, is terror-stricken at the thought, but Lois and fate are too strong for him. Yet his fears for his daughter are well grounded; Lois meets success and a husband, only when she has met failure and a scoundrel. (John Long. 310 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Poor Max.* By the Author of *The Yellow Aster.*  
(Hutchinson.)

THE author of *The Yellow Aster* has in her new novel attempted a difficult and exacting piece of work, and it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate her on her striking success. Max Morland is one of those characters who cannot be measured by the ordinary standards. He is an original; one of those personages whom the world likes to sum up in the word—"impossible." In writing the every-day history

of such a man, in treating him as a mere mortal, an author is in great danger of becoming either dull or hysterical, and it is no mean tribute to Mrs. Caffyn's (we drop a moaningless anonymity) art to say that *Poor Max* is readable from cover to cover, and that the "impossible" hero of the book is not only possible, but convincing.

When Judith married Max Morland she was completely under the spell of his charming personality. It was, after all, no wonder, for we, too, though we have only met him in cold print, have seldom come across a more attractive and altogether delightful man. When he talked—and he talked incessantly on every subject under the sun—she listened to the voice of a god. She placed him on such a high pedestal that a very little shake brought him down with a crash at her feet—a fallen idol. In one moment she discovered that she had never known him; at a single stroke she was called upon to revise all her estimates of his character. "For an hour did Judith sit without a move or an emotion, patiently forging on to the truth, her intelligence minute by minute expanding steadily and strangely."

It was a very bitter awakening, but it made a woman of her, and we like Judith better as a woman than as an unthinking, worshipping machine. Max was, she discovered after all, a child, which comes very near to being a god. He demanded and received from Judith continual watching, continual care, continual forgiveness. He was reckless and thoughtless; one of those perverse men of genius who deluge the world at large with brilliant epigrams, always forgetting that conversation, however sparkling, does not go far towards paying butchers' bills. He was a bundle of contradictory emotions, hopeless and beaten when brought face to face with life's realities, cringing helplessly before the cruelty of existence. And in spite, and a little on account, of all his manifest weakness, he was always charming, always attractive. Mrs. Caffyn has realised her hero most thoroughly, he is true to himself right down to his heroic death, and to readers of her book "poor Max" will be for a long time to come a very pleasant and refreshing memory.

The other characters in the novel are, without exception, well drawn. Judith strikes us as being the least consistent figure, and we are quite unreconciled to her conduct after her husband's death; but Lady Grindal, Graves, Sandy, and the boys are all excellent. There is not a dull page in *Poor Max*, and this in spite of the fact that the action is very limited. The book is packed with smart sayings and delightful conversations, and it is altogether far above the common run of fiction. It is one of the few really clever psychological novels that can be read with uninterrupted pleasure.

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*Sunlight and Limelight.* By Francis Gribble.  
(A. D. Innes & Co.)

MANY books have made their market of that curious attraction which the middle-class public feels towards the naughty unknown of stage Bohemia. This is one of the least pleasant. "Sunlight" in the book there is none, or anything fresh and natural. It is all limelight, and limelight by no means of the first quality. Even when the characters begin to talk grandiloquently about "real life" and "pure art" you feel that it is all pose, and that they will swing back to their melodrama in the next sentence. If Mr. Gribble wrote with an idea of repelling the stage-struck, he should surely attain his end, for a more repellent, unwholesome world than the stage-world as he presents it can hardly be conceived. Mr. Clement Scott himself could paint the thing no blacker. The heroine, Angela Clifton, is a leading lady, run after by society and the newspapers, but fulfilled of vanity, and bereft alike of idealism and of the sense of honour:

"Whispers of the Master's assiduous attentions got abroad, but did not harm Angela in the world's opinion. There was no open scandal; nothing was known for certain. The fact that she always appeared in society without her husband caused no censorious comment. Not every one knew that she had a husband, and to those who did know it never occurred to include him in their invitations. For the rest, she was an actress, and actresses were allowed a certain license, so that it was only properly piquant that such reports, always provided that they were not too definite, should hover round her name. As Lady Breul said: 'If one believed everything that one heard about actresses it would be impossible to invite them to one's house, and so many men who hate parties can be got to come to Harley Street to meet them.'

Moreover, Angela had at least laid the solid foundation of a virtuous renown by her attitude towards the Earl of Richborough. This white-haired veteran of gallant adventure had begun by offering



ellery as a tribute to her talents. She had accepted the jewellery, the spirit in which a queen will accept a present from her humblest object; but when the donor explained, with all possible delicacy and courteous consideration for her feelings, to what proposals the presents were the prelude, she turned upon him, and declaimed her indignation in the manner of an injured heroine of tragedy."

The seamy side of the theatre is kept to the front throughout. Playwrights, actors, managers, patrons, and hangers-on, all alike, according to Mr. Gribble, are made up of all that is sordid, artificial, and sensual. Kisses and caresses are as common as "cues," and every man neighs after his friend's wife. We are given the outline of two or three plays, said to be the work of men of genius, the smacking most distinctly of the *Adelphi*; and the rest of the story circles around stage-doors and green-rooms, with a brief episode in the *Engadine*, where the engaging Angela seduces an Alpine climber in a snow-hut.

Mr. Gribble has undoubted talent. We trust he will see his way to exercising it on some more worthy subject.

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*Plain Living.* By Rolf Boldrewood.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

The improbability which is inherent in the plot of this tale is no obstacle to its enjoyment. Harold Stamford, of Windāghil, is embarrassed. A dry season has depleted the sheep on his station. A banker has sent him an ultimatum. But when the night is darkest the dawn is nearest. Harold Stamford comes in for a huge fortune. But with his intense relief comes intense anxiety lest wealth should corrupt his home, lest luxury should sap the growing vitality and sweetness of his boys and girls. He therefore conceals his good fortune through long years, until his children have passed the age of danger. Then comes the happy revelation. But in the meanwhile Stamford does not find it too easy to play his quaint game of a needy man:

"He often smiled to himself as he found what an amount of conscientious reluctance to accept the unwonted plenty he was compelled to combat. Did he effect a surprise of a few rare plants for his flower-loving wife, she would calculate the railway charges, and ask gravely if he was sure he could afford it. Did he order a new riding-habit for Linda, a hat or a summer dress for Linda, they were sure they could do as the old ones do for another season. It was interesting to watch the conflict between the natural, girlish eagerness for the new and desirable and the inner voice which had so long cried 'refrain, refrain!' that sorely tried household."

This story is a piece of pleasant quixotism. It is a book to read and that merrily.

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*A Chapter of Accidents.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

We are grateful to Mrs. Hugh Fraser for her amusing chronicle of mishaps. Two smart people go down to a country house in Devon bent on their own schemes, and the result is so disastrous that both at the end become more reasonable and goodnatured. The plot is a delightful madcap, and the whole tale goes rattling through the probable and the unlikely with a very pleasant spirit. The book makes no pretence to be serious fiction. The two characters, indeed, are drawn with much insight; but the other members of the house—even the adorable Kitty—are mere trait d'union, with a gentle tinge somewhere of caricature. The style is neat and attractive; sometimes it even takes on the colour of a pigmy, as in the description of Alicia Marston—"a creature of small faults made unbearable by large patent virtues." High spirits in fiction are always welcome; and when these are joined, as here, with something of art and a very kindly humour, the result is acceptable to every reader.

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*Josiah's Wife.* By Norma Lorimer.  
(Methuen.)

"You married a devil, Josiah," said Josiah's wife, Camela. Nor was she far wrong. For, as appears in the opening chapter of the story, Camela was a perfect whirlwind of a woman, with the artistic temperament, an enormous capacity for discontent, and an uncontrollable desire to squeeze life dry. Camela's husband, Josiah

Skidmore, was a man whose best qualities did not strike the eye first. He was a teetotaler, a Seventh-day Baptist, and kept a ready-made clothes store, which was lucrative, but did not conduce to refinement of manner. One could scarcely imagine a worse matched pair. It is the task of the author to show how Josiah and his wife, after bickerings which led them to the eve of divorce, discovered that they were really very fond of each other. It is a difficult task to render credible the mingling of natures so antagonistic, and it is a proof of Miss Lorimer's skill that when we saw Camela in Josiah's arms we believed our eyes. Miss Lorimer prescribes foreign travel as the remedy for square-toed American storekeepers who cannot hit it off with wives of artistic temperament. First, Camela goes off for a year in Europe. She spends some time in Sicily, flirting—quite decorously—with Walter Norreys, an Englishman who is horribly afraid of compromising himself. There are some pretty pictures of Sicilian life and ways. When she returns, Josiah irritates her more than ever, and Cousin Mamie, who has been looking after the deserted husband's dinners, introduces a further complication. Then Walter Norreys, who has come to Boston on business, carries off Josiah to England, gives him a round of country-house visits, and teaches him a thing or two; while the American Courts are haggling over the divorce. On his return he meets his wife, dramatically. But instead of an ill-dressed man of admirable character, but no manners, she finds a man who has been fitted out by a West-End tailor, and knows how to behave. So she does not want to be divorced any more. Josiah has loved his wife all along; and that is how they reach one another's arms. It is a well-told story, with a good idea at the back of it.

\* \* \* \*

*Devil's Apples.* By Mrs. Lovett Cameron.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

LONG experience always means something in the making of fiction. Here is this story with a thin and threadbare plot, and with no characterisation worth speaking about; and yet, inasmuch as Mrs. Lovett Cameron has written many tales, she manages to keep our interest alive in the puppets to the end. To be sure, it is rather a mechanical sort of interest. We want to know what happens to the people, and see how the writer works out a climax which we are morally sure of from the beginning. The book is full of glaring faults. Blanche's progress from extreme healthiness of body and mind to homicidal mania is not made credible; Angus is an ugly little caricature; the hero is conventional beyond words; and the sentiment is always just on the verge of silliness. But to talk like this is to judge the work by a standard which it does not aim at. The average novel reader seeks a clear and well-developed plot, and does not trouble about originality; and if you add a facile grace of writing and plenty of wholesome reflections, he asks for nothing more.

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## AFTER THE TOUR.

### REMONSTRANCES FROM MR. ANTHONY HOPE AND MR. ANDREW LANG.

ONLY a week ago (remarks *The New York Critic*) we published a letter from Mr. H. G. Wells, in which he complained that his latest story, *The War of the Worlds*, had been grossly garbled, to meet the sensational needs of two American newspapers. To-day we print a card from Mr. Anthony Hope, protesting against the publication in this country of bogus interviews in which he was made to ridicule and decry the American people. We appreciate the compliment of being asked to set these gentlemen right in the eyes of the reading public, but regret that they should have been made the object of such gratuitous discourtesy.

#### "TO THE EDITORS OF *The Critic*."

"The American people need not, and, presumably, do not, care what I say about them; but I do care what they say about me, since I have received from them infinite kindness and an appreciation too generous. The reports of my utterances about America since my return are, so far as they have come to my notice, entirely inaccurate—I may say untrue. To the best of my recollection I have said nothing of what is attributed to me, and it in no way represents my thoughts; even if I had such thoughts, I trust that my manners would not be so bad as to allow me

to express them. Let me thank you, then, for refusing to 'believe that Mr. Hope is a cad' on the strength of these silly inventions; perhaps you will also be kind enough to refuse to believe, on the same evidence, that I am an ass.

I suppose it is not customary to attempt to sift paragraphs of this description in any way before publishing them as facts. If some such process is not altogether impossible in a newspaper office, it would seem to be desirable. In the present state of affairs a wise man treats all paragraphs as more or less amusing fiction; probably this is only taking them in the spirit in which they are offered by their ingenious authors.

London, March 2, 1898."

ANTHONY HOPE.

It will be seen from the following letter (the *Critic* continues) that Mr. Lang is more loyal than the king, resenting, in Mr. Hope's behalf, an expression which Mr. Hope himself takes in good part, as it was intended to be taken. He is disloyal, however, in assuming the possibility of Mr. Hope's having spoken as he was reported to have done—an assumption which we ourselves expressly repudiated.

"TO THE EDITORS OF *The Critic*.

The delicate question as to whether Mr. Anthony Hope is, or is not, a cad is raised by the *Longer* (19th February). It is not for me to offer an opinion about *nuances* of manners, and 'cad' may be a desirable term to use in a journal of literature. But 'cad' carries certain school-boy associations which, in the land of its birth, rather unfit the term for critical employments.

Censures of this kind are usually in the air, when a foreign man-of-letters has paid a public visit to the United States. M. Paul Bourget did not wholly escape; Mr. Nansen was 'said to have abused us,' now Mr. Hope is a possible 'cad,' and but dubiously 'gentlemanly,' because he is reported to have said things about interviewers and feminine *gaucheries*. Whether he said such things in public or private, or not, I know not, but I do know that he was certain to be said to have said them, just like Mr. Nansen. And then there was sure to be excitement.

Foreign men-of-letters must know that these and similar amenities almost inevitably follow a public tour in the United States. It is easy to see why *they* make such tours—namely, for money; but not so easy to understand why the practice is encouraged on your side of the water. What has your side to gain? You can read Mr. Hope's books or any Briton's books at a moderate price, without leaving your firesides, and his books are the best things that the British or any other author has to give you. As an orator he is seldom distinguished. His personal beauty does not often warrant you in laying out money for the purpose of brooding fondly on his charms. Then what do you want with the foreign author—in the flesh? His strong point, believe me, is in the spirit.

We are so convinced of this that neither British nor foreign men-of-letters are run after in England, except occasionally by ladies who have not read their books—or any books. That kind of lady always loves to see a 'celebrity,' and, from some strange impulse of conscience, she generally tells an author that she has read none of his works, or she pays him a compliment on a book by some other person. These, at least, are the engaging *gaucheries* of the British woman who finds herself in company with a literary 'celebrity.' She thinks she must converse about his books, concerning which she is exhaustively ignorant. Conceivably this kind may also exist in America. There is a great flutter about an author, his moustache, boots, manners, and future performances, among people who have not opened any of his volumes. Do people of this kind make literary tours in America profitable? As to money derived from such exhibitions, *ohet*. I wish British writers would 'swear oath and keep it with an equal mind,' never to visit your hospitable country as readers or lecturers. But, even so, do you think that they would escape the odium of being said to have said things?

'In the name of the Bodleian,' as Mr. Birrell impressively asks, what has all this tattle to do with literature?

St. Andrews, Fife: March 4."

A. LANG.

#### HAROLD FREDERIC.

For a recent number of the *Chap-Book* Mr. Stephen Crane wrote an appreciation of his elder brother in the art of fiction, from which we have extracted the following passages:

"It was my fault to conclude beforehand that, since Frederic had lived intimately so long in England, he would present some kind of austere and impressive variation on one of our national types, and I was secretly not quite prepared to subscribe to the change. It was a bit of mistaken speculation. There was a tall, heavy man, moustached and straight-glanced, seated in a leather

chair in the smoking-room of a club, telling a story to a circle of intent people with all the skill of one trained in an American newspaper school. At a distance he might have been even then the editor of the *Albany Journal*.

The same man does not live amid another people without seeking to adopt whatever he recognises as better; without seeking to choose from the new material some advantage, even if it be only a trick of grilling oysters. Accordingly, Frederic was to be to me a cosmopolitan figure, representing many ways of many peoples; and, behold, he was still the familiar figure, with no gilding, no varnish, a great reminiscent panorama of the Mohawk Valley!

It was in Central New York that Frederic was born, and it is there he passed his childish days and his young manhood. He enjoys greatly to tell how he gained his first opinions of the alphabet from a strenuous and enduring study of the letters on an empty soap-box. At an early age he was induced by his parents to rise at 5.30 a.m., and distribute supplies of milk among the worthy populace.

In his clubs, details of this story are well known. He pitilessly describes the grey shine of the dawn that makes the snow appear the hue of lead, and, moreover, his boyish pain at the task of throwing the stiff harness over the sleepy horse, and then the long and circuitous sledding among the customers of the milk route. There is no pretence in these accounts; many self-made men portray their early hardships in a spirit of purest vanity. 'And now look!' But there is none of this in Frederic. He simply feels a most absorbed interest in that part of his career which made him so closely acquainted with the voluminous life of rural America. His boyhood extended through that time when the North was sending its thousands to the war, and the lists of dead and wounded were returning in due course. The great country back of the line of fight—the waiting women, the lightless windows, the tables set for three instead of five—was a land elate or forlorn, triumphant or despairing, always strained, eager listening, tragic in attitude, trembling and quivering like a vas mass of nerves from the shock of the far-away conflicts in the South.

Those were supreme years, and yet for the great palpitating regions it seems that the mind of this lad was the only sensitive plate exposed to the sunlight of '61-'65. The book, *In the Sixties* which contains *The Copperhead*, *Mansena*, *The War Widow*, *The Eve of the Fourth*, and *My Aunt Susan*, breathes the spirit of Titanic conflict as felt and endured at the homes. One would think that such a book would have taken the American people by storm, but it is true that an earlier edition of *The Copperhead* sold less than a thousand copies in America.

*In the Valley* is easily the best historical novel that our country has borne. Perhaps it is the only good one. *Seth's Brother's Wife* and *The Lawton Girl* are rimmed with fine portrayals. There are writing men who, in some stories, dash over three miles at a headlong pace, and in an adjacent story move like a boat being sailed over ploughed fields; but in Frederic one feels at once the perfect evenness of craft, the undeviating worth of the workmanship. The excellence is always sustained, and these books form, with *In the Sixties*, a row of big American novels.

But if we knew it we made no emphatic sign, and it was not until the appearance of *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (called *Illumination* in England) that the book audience really said, 'Here is a writer.' If I make my moan too strong over this phrase of the matter, I have only the excuse that I believe the *In the Sixties* stories to form a most notable achievement in writing times in America.

It is natural that since Frederic has lived so long in England he should turn toward English life. One does not look upon the fact with unmixed joy. It is mournful to lose his work even for a time. It is for this reason that I have made myself disagreeable upon several occasions by my expressed views of *March Hares*. It is a worthy book, but one has a sense of desertion. We cannot afford a loss of this kind. But at any rate he has grasped English life with a precision of hand that is only equalled by the precision with which he grasped our life, and his new book will shine out for English eyes in a way with which they are not too familiar. It is a strong and striking delineation, free, bold, and straight.

In the meantime he is a prodigious labourer. Knowing the man and his methods, one can conceive him doing anything, unless it be writing a poor book, and, mind you, this is an important point."

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN another column will be found the letters which, quite independently of each other, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Andrew Lang have addressed to the *New York Critic* on the subject of irresponsible and misleading newspaper tattle about literary visitors to America. Both speak wrongly, but whereas Mr. Hope confines himself in the main to his own grievance, Mr. Lang treats the scandal in the abstract. Feeling that Mr. Hope's views on the matter would be interesting to our readers, we asked him for some expression of them. He replies:

In regard to the matter on which you courteously offer me the opportunity of expressing my views, I have really very little to add. My letter to the *Critic*, although, I fear, a trifle irritable in tone, remains a true statement of the case.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that, with all respect, I differ from the opinion expressed in Mr. Lang's letter. If I had agreed with it, I should not have gone on my expedition; if I had been converted to it, I should not look back on my expedition with the satisfaction and pleasure that I now feel.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
ANTHONY HOPE."

Mr. Lang, by the way, might have remarked upon the cordial hospitality and courteous public treatment that has always been extended to American writers privately visiting this country.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN, having finished other work which had more immediate claims upon his attention, is now able to devote his leisure to the completion of his biography of R. L. Stevenson. It will be published, we understand, in three volumes some time next year. Mr. Colvin purposes keeping the biography and letters distinct.

Volume I. will contain the Life, Volumes II. and III. the Letters. The article on Stevenson referred to below, which Mr. Colvin has written for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, does not anticipate the longer work. Owing to the exigencies of space Mr. Colvin's contribution to the *Dictionary* is little more than a sketch of Stevenson's career.

BUT, though only a sketch, it contains excellent reading. Mr. Colvin thus describes Stevenson's moods as an Edinburgh law-student:

"With high social spirits, and a brilliant, somewhat fantastic, gaiety of learning, Stevenson was no stranger to the storms and perplexities of youth. A restless and inquiring conscience, perhaps inherited from Covenanting ancestors, kept him inwardly calling in question the grounds of conduct and the accepted codes of society. At the same time, his reading had shaken his belief in Christian dogma; the harsher forms of Scottish Calvinistic Christianity being indeed at all times repugnant to his nature. From the last circumstance rose for a time troubles with his father, the more trying while they lasted because of the deep attachment and pride in each other which had always subsisted between father and son. He loved the aspects of his native city; but neither its physical nor its social atmosphere was congenial to him. Amid the biting winds and rigid social conventions of Edinburgh he craved for Bohemian freedom and the joy of life, and for a while seemed in danger of a fate like that of the boy poet, Robert Fergusson, with whom he always owned a strong sense of spiritual affinity."

MR. COLVIN has the following note on Stevenson's personal appearance:

"Stevenson was of good stature (about 5 ft. 10 in.) and activity, but very slender, his leanness of body and limb (not of face) having been throughout life abnormal. The head was small; the eyes dark hazel, very wide-set, intent, and beaming; the face of a long oval shape; the expression rich and animated. He had a free and picturesque play of gesture, and a voice of full and manly fibre, in which his pulmonary weakness was not at all betrayed."

CONCERNING Stevenson's life in Samoa, we read:

"In health he seemed to have become a new man. Frail in comparison with the strong, he was yet able to ride and boat with little restriction, and to take part freely in local festivities, both white and native. . . . His literary industry during these years was more strenuous than ever. His habit was to begin work at six in the morning, or earlier, continue without interruption until the mid-day meal, and often to resume again until four or five in the afternoon."

It is interesting to note that sixteen Stevensons are included in this volume, and that to Robert Louis Stevenson nineteen columns are allotted, as against twenty-nine to his fifteen namesakes. Mr. Colvin's article makes us eager for the biography of which it is a foretaste.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is represented in the papers this week by an official poem on the alleged disposition recently shown by America to co-operate with England against the old country's enemies. Here are four stanzas, which, though they may not be

very distinguished poetry, are the mellifluous statement of a very desirable condition of international amity:

"What is the Voice I hear  
On the wind of the Western Sea?  
Sentinel! listen from out Cape Clear,  
An! say what the Voice may be.  
'Tis a proud free People calling loud to a  
People proud and free."

'And it says to them, "Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long:  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as Love doth last,  
and be stronger than Death is Strong."

Answer them, Sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan,  
Let us speak with each other, face to face,  
And answer, as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other, as  
none but free men can.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For, wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the Tyrant shall rock and quake,  
And his menace be void and vain;  
For you are lords of a strong young land,  
and we are lords of the main."

DEMOCRATIC followers of the Muse must have been glad to see that Mr. Alfred Austin did not favour the *Times* exclusively, but scattered these lines broadcast through the London papers. Yet not all the papers printed the poem. Does this mean that the Laureate did not submit his verse to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle*, or can it be that the editors of those papers — ?

IN the late James Payn has passed away a nimble wit, a fluent, optimistic novelist, and one of the kindest and most popular men of his time. In no sense was he precisely great; but he knew his powers and limitations, and he wrote nothing all his life that did not add to the world's store of good-humour and sunshine. His novels amounted to upwards of half a hundred; and these by no means represent the sum of his literary activity, for he had contributed "Our Note Book" to the *Illustrated London News* since the discontinuance of Mr. Sala's "Echoes of the Week," he edited for many years *Chambers's Journal* and *Cornhill*, he acted as literary adviser both to Messrs. Smith & Elder and Baron Tauchnitz, and he reviewed many books for the *Times*. Mr. Payn's connexion with that paper was, by the way, peculiar, for the present editor, Mr. Buckle, was his son-in-law.

MR. PAYN'S novels have vivacity and sentiment: to-day they are read probably only by people of an older generation—the young require stronger meat—but as stories, rather than "documents," studies in impressionism, and what not, such as it is the fashion now to prefer, they are excellent. *By Proxy* is enthralling; and *Lost Sir Masingberd* is not easily laid aside. As some proof of how entertaining his pen could be, there is the story of Mr. Payn (who was an excellent critic) offering a book to a friend at a club with the remark that it was one of the most interesting novels he had picked up for some time. The other, taking the volume, saw that it was an early effort of Mr. Payn's

own, a fact which the author himself had entirely overlooked!

In *Some Literary Recollections*, published in 1884, and *Gleams of Memory*, ten years later, Mr. Payn has told the story of his literary life as fully as need be. Both are delightful exercises in urbane garrulity and pleasant, cultivated humour—models of their kind. But the following story, told by Mr. Payn to a *Daily News* interviewer, does not occur in either, and is so dramatic as to be well worth repeating here. It refers to an experience when he was editing *Chambers's Journal*:

"The editorial room he occupied during his long connexion with the popular Edinburgh publication had long before the Chambers's time been a bedroom in which one or the other of two partners of a firm had for many years made a rule of sleeping. It was, in fact, a stipulation of the deed of partnership that one of them should sleep on the premises. In course of years, however, it became rather an irksome restriction upon their liberty, and in order to free themselves from it they agreed to take into partnership their manager, an old servant of the house, on condition that he would occupy the bedroom and so fulfil the requirements of the deed. The old servant was naturally very much moved by this recognition of his services, but pleaded that he had not the necessary capital to qualify him for partnership. As to that, it was only £500 that was necessary, and this the firm had decided to give him. And so the matter was settled. The trusty servant became a partner, and took possession of the room, in which he was found next morning with his brains blown out. He left behind him a letter in which he explained that all those years during which he had been so trusted he had been robbing his employers, and their great kindness had so filled him with remorse that he couldn't live under it."

MR. LANG'S letter concerning William Barnes, which will be found in another place, will be a pleasant surprise to those of our readers who love the Dorsetshire poet, and were grieved to find so acute a critic as Mr. Lang depreciating him. But Mr. Lang has now "burned his faggot," and all is well. By the way, this would not be an ill time for Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. to prepare a selection of William Barnes's poems in a volume more portable, and therefore more companionable, than the considerable one that now holds his three series. Barnes is too homely for a library edition only; his best might well be offered in smaller compass. Would not his daughter, the accomplished lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," make such a selection?

WE have received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—My attention has only just been drawn to a recent review in your columns in which your critic demolishes twenty-two minor poets at a meal, or rather in one article. Among the victims of this voracious appetite is a poor little volume of mine entitled *Rip Van Winkle, and other Poems*. As your representative has probably digested all of us by this time, and as your readers have probably done the same, I will only trespass on your space for a moment. Your critic states that he only discovered one savoury morsel upon my platter, a lyric entitled 'The Viking's Song,' which he

is good enough to quote four verses of. Curiously enough this poem was written when I was a boy of fourteen at the Charterhouse. It was sent to the school paper, and I was informed by our school editor, who had also a voracious appetite, that I had better desist from writing poetry since 'Poeta nascitur non fit.' In no wise daunted by contemporary criticism, for I never am, I forwarded the poem to the editor of the *Graphic*, who published it. The distressing part of this narrative, however, is to follow. The above incident happened twenty years ago. By induction nothing I have written since approaches my juvenile efforts, and twenty valuable years of my life have been wasted. Shall I throw up the unequal task of combating critics, Mr. Editor, or shall I pray for the time when I may have the privilege of demolishing twenty-two minor reviewers at a meal, I should say in a column? Trusting to your courtesy to insert this.—  
Yours obediently,  
WILLIAM AKERMAN.  
March 23, 1898."

MR. AKERMAN has our sympathy, but he does not state the case quite accurately. Our critic did not say that "The Viking's Song" was the only savoury morsel in the dish. He remarked that it was "among the best." Hence Mr. Akerman's exercise in inductive reasoning fails, and his twenty years of poetic assiduity are not a blank, and the minor reviewers are for a while safe.

To the new papers now in course of preparation—and it is safe to assume that some dozen are at this moment being planned—must be added the American *Judge*, an English edition of which is about to be issued. *Judge* is chiefly notable for its comic scenes of American-Irish and American-Jewish life, signed, if we remember aright, "Zim," which to some are quite the funniest humorous drawings on either side of the Atlantic. Its cartoon, though a powerful factor in American politics, is not likely to be much appreciated here.

CONCERNING Stevenson as fabulist a contributor to the ACADEMY had something to say last week, and now, in the revolutionary and progressive pages of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, we find further testimony to R. L. S.'s merits in that line, in the form of imitation. The experiments, which are by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, are so good that we quote two:

#### "MASTER AND MAN.

'Sir,' quoth the man, 'you treat me less mercifully than you would treat your dog.'  
'Doubtless,' replied the master; 'but then I have an affection for my dog.'

#### "THE NEW POET.

The new poet sat on a green hill.  
And they brought him tidings of the death of the King's cousin.  
'Quite so,' quoth the poet. 'Here is a threnody.'  
'Also,' said they, 'a princess hath been happily delivered of a male child.'  
'I shall felicitate her highness in sweet verses,' said the poet.  
'And,' they continued, 'it is now the time of the year for the putting forward of rythmical trifles wherefrom the delicate few may derive delectation.'  
'There is a bundle of such trifles,' the poet answered.

'And the people, the common people, that dwell in the shadows and are eaten up of penury and squalor and the cupidity of the mighty; it were meet that thou had'st some word for them.'

'Ab,' mused the poet, '... the dear people!; ... I have nothing for the people!'

Mr. Crosland has a pretty gift of satire.

THE motor-car has found its laureate early. In the current *Cornhill* is a ballad by Mr. Conan Doyle, if not in honour, at any rate in celebration, of that new invention, which is spirited enough to give the art of recitation a brisk fillip. The story, which purports to be told by a groom, tells how his master, a true sportsman, bought, in a moment of aberration, a motor-car:

"I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—  
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.  
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,  
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop."

One day the car refused to budge, and a horse had to be brought from the stable to drag it home. The horse had long been a problem to the ostlers:

"We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part,  
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'cart;  
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,  
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;  
For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of wot 'e 'ad to do,  
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.  
'E looked a puffeduck pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,  
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away."

No sooner was this animal harnessed to the car than it began to move:

"And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,  
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;  
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,  
And in less than 'arf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong."

And then "somethin' else went fizzywig, and in a flash, or less, that blessed car was goin' like a limited express"; while as for the horse:

"'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew  
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;  
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on ahead,  
Till 'e broke the ten mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.  
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.  
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,  
But 'e broke the ten mile record, and that's good enough for us.

u see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more do we, which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see; at engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop, and all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop."

comic verse is so rare that we offer Conan Doyle cordial congratulations on new accomplishment. He has provided a precedent to the "One Hoss Shay."

R. E. T. REED, continuing his researches in "Animal Land," in *Punch*, comes this time to his editor. Under the title of "The PUNCHIBOSS, or Ephsee Bee," Mr. Reed is thus happily hit off:

"This humrous little Creature has a most logical brain—full of happy thoughts. He is on everything directly you put it in his mind. He is awful kind to children, and gives me great enkurygment when I do my work nice enough, which is almost always so."

He does buzz round you though and you up. He likes to get a good run on boards sometimes. He has a skillful little of knocking off a piece if it comes in his hand and he is very strong in the wings. He got a awful clever lot of drawers and tips together—all of them genyusses and tipes English beauty. (I must get this put in my time when he is away—he might not like to berlesk him after his politeness and eight in letting me beggin so young.)"

While the report reaches us that the PUNCHIBOSS is fairly on the road to recovery from his recent illness.

Mrs. LAURENCE BINYON's volume of verse, titled *Porphyryon, and Other Poems*, comes out in a dainty format. The dedication to the book—"To Joy"—is rather puzzling. Is it a lady, or the feeling we experience in seeking in closing the correspondence on our Towors? The title-poem fills the first sixty-eight pages, and for the benefit of country gentlemen who wish to know what a "Porphyryon" is about, we quote the first line of the poem. It reads:

"A young man of Antioch, flying from the world in that enthusiasm for the ascetic life, is fascinated early Christendom, dwells in a cave, wears a hermit in the Syrian desert; till, an apparition of magical loveliness, his life is broken up, and his nature changed: returning to the world, he embraces every vicissitude, and strives to find and win the lost vision of that ideal beauty."

Mr. Binyon explains that the poem is founded on a story of Rufinus told in the first chapter of *Historia Monachorum*, produced by Mr. Lecky in his *History of European Morals*. But Mr. Binyon has adapted the legend to his own uses with perfect freedom.

An excellent bull is put on record by the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; the first bull that we have ever met which touches reviewing. "I sent," says the correspondent, "a review of a volume of an eminent Irishman to the editor of a Dublin paper. He replied that he had published my article, but could not pay me for it, as he wrote all the reviews in his own name! I considered the bull a fair substitute for the usual cheque."

THE Great Tongue of the Public has been wagging all this year on the subject—"Did Bacon write Shakespeare's plays?" The controversy has raged in back parlours as if it were a brand new heresy. We ourselves have felt the kick of it, and our readers would be grateful if they know how many Shakespeare *v.* Bacon letters we have excluded from our columns. Of course this recrudescence is due to the anti-Shakespeare article published by a popular magazine last Christmas.

Now, on the eve of Easter, we are glad to give publicity to the following statement by Mr. Sidney Lee, which he calls, "Shakespeare and Bacon." May it calm the troubled waters!

"During the past eight months I have been the recipient of numerous communications directing my attention to the crazy theory that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. This morning an obviously *bona fide* appeal is made to me for detailed direction as to how the question may best be studied. A serious treatment of the subject is difficult for one who has closely studied the authentic records of Shakespeare's life, the scantiness of which, as I hope I have made clear in my memoir of Shakespeare in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is a popular fallacy. Most of those who have pressed the question on my notice are men of acknowledged intelligence and reputation in their own walks of life both at home and abroad. I therefore desire as respectfully, but also as emphatically and as publicly as I can, to put on record the fact, as one admitting to my mind of no rational ground for dispute, that there exists every manner of contemporary evidence to prove that Shakespeare, the householder of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote, with his own hand, and exclusively by the light of his own genius—merely to paraphrase the contemporary inscription on his tomb in Stratford-on-Avon Church—those dramatic works which form the supreme achievement in English literature.

The defective knowledge and casuistical argumentation, which alone render another conclusion possible, seem to me to find their closest parallel in our own day in the ever popular delusion that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne. I once heard how a poor and ignorant champion of the well-known claimant declared that his unfortunate hero had been arbitrarily kept out of the baronetcy because he was a poor butcher's son. Very similar is the attitude of mind of those who assert that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays because Bacon was a great contemporary philosopher and prose writer. The argument for the Baconian authorship, when stripped of its irrelevances, amounts to nothing more than this."

MR. MEREDITH's influence would seem to be increasing. A founding recently discovered in North London and carried to the Islington Workhouse has been named by the *Guardians* "Clara Middleton." Can this be a belated birthday compliment to the author of *The Egoist*?

SWEET are the uses of adversity: "By Commercial Company's Cables: New York, Monday, March 28. Probably if the French Court of Appeal grants M. Zola a new trial he will come to America to give fifteen lectures at 20,000 francs each. A telegram

was received here this morning from him accepting these terms."

WHILE America is offering M. Zola francs, England continues to offer sympathy. A number of English women, who are perhaps somewhat rashly described as "representative," are putting their signatures to a letter intended to console M. Zola. The letter lies for signature at the house of Mrs. Edwin Collins, 12, Albert-road, Regent's Park, N.W.

M. HANOTAUX is no longer merely the French Foreign Minister, he is an Academician. One finds a new interest, therefore, in the facts of his life and his daily habits. M. Hanotau is a bachelor, and a retiring one. He has chambers at No. 258 the Boulevard Saint-Germain—a busy thoroughfare, but pleasant, near the Sorbonne and Latin quarter, and convenient enough for the Chamber. M. Hanotau's flat is on the fifth floor. "Eh bien!" he will exclaim, "one might do worse." Fresh air, sunshine, and silence are to be had best in cities on a fifth floor. M. Hanotau has them. He prefers his cosy den to drawing-rooms and cafés. In its appointments it proclaims the pensive disposition of its owner. The bookshelves are well laden, and include the books of Daudet, Bourget, Pierre Loti, Maupassant, and others. Poetry, philosophy, and travel are represented; and besides these modern books there are, in a second room, old and rare ones of which M. Hanotau is very proud.

M. HANOTAUX's reception into the Academy has, doubtless, a political aspect; but it is interesting to learn that he owes his rise in life to his pen. The story is thus told by a contemporary:

"Fifteen years ago the modest salary of three pounds a week tempted a youthful schoolmaster in one of the educational establishments of Paris to scribble for the newspapers to alleviate an existence more honourable than prosperous. Fortunately the lynx-eyed Gambetta was the editor of the paper chiefly chosen for these effusions, which were striking, and the writer was placed on one of the bottom rungs of the ladder at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The young man was Gabriel Hanotau, born in a notary's office in Picardy. For the next ten years little was heard of him outside of Ministerial circles. There, indeed, his quality was known and expectations formed. It only wanted the given moment to bring out the silent worker into the glare of public life. That moment came when M. Charles Dupuy looked everywhere about him for a capable Foreign Minister, and could find none. By a happy inspiration his eyes turned towards the man who, by force of sheer toil and perseverance, had mastered all the mysteries of the Quai d'Orsay, and was known to be as ambitious and masterful as the great Richelieu, whom he had taken as his guide, counsellor, and friend."

A VERY interesting autobiographical sketch of Mr. Walter Crane—a work of true modesty, enriched by illustrations of his very various artistic accomplishments, painting, drawing for books, designing pottery, designing wall paper—constitutes the Easter Art Annual for 1898, that being the new extra number of the *Art Journal*.

Some of the pictures are in colours, some in photogravure.

HARD upon our reference last week to *The Heart of Midlothian* come vols. xii. and xiii. of the charming Temple edition of the Waverley Novels, which are filled by that story. The volumes have an excellent biographical note by Mr. Clement Shorter, and a reproduction of the portrait of Scott in the uniform of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons. At the same time we have received *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe* in Mr. Fisher Unwin's new edition. Its chief merit lies in completing each novel in one volume, but the reader's eyes have to suffer for the concession.

THE fact that the whole of the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Murray's definitive edition of Byron—250 copies—has been over subscribed is proof of the interest still taken in the poet, for it must be remembered that Mr. Heinemann's edition has also many followers.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* correspondence on our prison system was enlivened by a candid and amusing letter from one gentleman who described his experiences as a debtor committed to Holloway. Literature may be a hard task-mistress, but she reserves consolations for her votaries in the hour of their distress. Hear this:

"I was escorted by a policeman to Hammer-smith, and there deposited in an evil-smelling cell, where I was left for five hours. I beguiled the time by reciting Shakespeare, some of whose plays I know by heart. Beginning with 'Hamlet,' I went through 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and was half through 'Othello' when the key turned in the door, and I was marched out with several others to the police-van."

ARRIVED at Holloway this literary debtor was asked his occupation:

"As I am addicted to writing verse, I replied, 'a poet.' I thought this would both fully account for my inability to pay the poor rates, be a veiled satire on society agreeable to my own cynicism, and illumine with a grim humour that melancholy company of recruits to the ranks of criminals. In the latter expectation I was not disappointed. A ripple of weird laughter passed along the line."

We should think so. But beneath the humour of the incident—which seems to have been enjoyed by no one more than the incarcerated author—there is a sad suggestion of the old *régime* of authorship—Dr. Johnson's "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."

PROF. SCHENK, of Vienna, has concluded his work upon sex, in which he explains his method of determining sex before birth. Precautions have been taken to prevent any possibility of the nature of the discovery leaking out before the publication of his book. We have not yet seen any announcement as to an English translation.

THE arrangement of the two volumes of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*, will be somewhat different from that which has always been followed here-

tofore in collected plays, for Mr. Shaw has his own views about the printing of work intended for the stage: he holds that the mere printing of the prompt copy is insufficient, and that the institution of a new art is necessary. In accordance with this idea Mr. Shaw has replaced the customary meagre stage directions and scenic specifications by finished descriptions, physiological notes and comments of considerable length.

THE publication of Mrs. Craigie's "sentimental comedy" in four acts—"The Ambassador"—has been postponed until the autumn, when Mr. George Alexander will produce the play. He will appear in the title-rôle. The play was not read to Mr. Alexander, or submitted to him, till it was quite complete and ready for the printers. He has secured all the dramatic rights. The book rights have already been arranged for in England, the Colonies, and the United States.

THE Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., has consented to preside at the Booksellers' annual dinner, which will be held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, May 7.

GREAT things are expected of the International Art Exhibition which will be opened at Prince's Skating Rink on May 7. Mr. Whistler will be responsible for the arrangement and decoration of the galleries. Many distinguished artists have promised to contribute.

ON Saturday, April 30, at four o'clock, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, will read from his poems in the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. The selections will be "A Dialogue at Fiesole" and the third and fourth scenes of the first act of "Savonarola."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have just received the following interesting letter from Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B.: "I am greatly obliged to you for the copies you were so good as to send me of your excellent book, *Scarlet and Blue; or, Songs for Soldiers and Sailors*. They seem to be extremely well adapted for the purpose, and I shall not fail to put them into use. . . . I earnestly hope that by united exertions we may succeed in inducing the British soldier to take to singing on the march, and to teach him some sensible songs for the purpose. We are a century behind Russia, Turkey, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Spain in this matter. I am strongly of opinion that the man who leads a song on the march should be let off 'guard,' or given some indulgence, when a regiment arrives in camp." Yet we believe it to be the fact that English soldiers do sing a little. If they do not sing much, it is because the national temperament is against it.

THE proprietors of the Unicorn Press have arranged to publish, under the name of "The Unicorn Quartos," a series of books, each containing new and hitherto unedited work by some one artist. *A Book of Giants*, drawn, engraved, and written by Mr. William Strang, will form the first volume. *The Dome* is about to enter on its second year.

## IN APPRECIATIVE MOOD.

I.—MR. J. G. FRAZER.

MR. FRAZER'S monumental work on *Paganism* must give him an assured position throughout Europe in the ranks of classic scholars. The history of the book is curious one. Originally it was undertaken for Messrs. Macmillan, soon after Mr. Frazer took his degree, and was planned on a comparatively small scale. The Mr. Frazer fell under the influence of that pioneer in the scientific study of religious conceptions, Prof. Robertson Smith and began the wide course of anthropological reading which bore such magnificent fruit in *The Golden Bough*. This was published in 1891, and Mr. Frazer turned to the earlier scheme, which had now become something of a burden upon his conscience. He set to work with characteristic thoroughness, but had not reckoned with the immense mass of material that fell to be dealt with. The book grew under his hands, and time went on until, as the author himself tells us, he had spent upon it "well or ill, some of the best years of my life." Two journeys to Greece were necessary to get the local colour and to verify archaeological details and the result is another masterpiece and second distinct reputation.

Nevertheless, folklore was Mr. Frazer's first love, and to folklore it may be conjectured that he will now return. Possible a new edition of *The Golden Bough* may now be called for, and in the background there lies the comprehensive study of religious ideas to which the preface of the work hopefully alludes. A stupendous task, but of all men living Mr. Frazer, with his firm grasp of far-reaching ideas and his voracious appetite for facts, is perhaps the most likely to achieve it. *The Golden Bough*, indeed, was an epoch-making book. It has been ransacked, alike for theories and for illustrations of theories, by a score of followers. And it has set the model for such admirable work as Mr. Sidney Hartland's *Legends of Perseus*, in which, as in *The Golden Bough*, the method adopted is that of analysing the constituent elements of particular myth or custom, and explaining the psychological state of mind in which these originated by a comparison, not only with other survivals of them in mythology but also with savage states of society in which they may be still vital and effective. The particular custom which served as starting-point for Mr. Frazer was a local cult at Aricia in Italy. Its object was a "golden bough" that hung on a tree in a sacred wood, and was guarded by a priest who had won his place by the surprise and murder of his predecessor, and was himself liable at any moment to a similar fate. The explanation of this curious institution carried Mr. Frazer over a wide field. The nature of priesthood, the nature of sacrifice, the nature of taboo, the various forms taken by tree-worship and by the worship of the vegetable world generally, all fell to be discussed; and all were handled with a remarkable lucidity and an unusual power of throwing masses of unwieldy material into a logical and attractive form. Over

tain parts of his survey Mr. Frazer had able predecessors. Mannhardt had collected and correlated many facts with regard to the religious ideas connected with trees and crops. Prof. Robertson Smith, in his great book on *The Religion of the Semites*, had thrown a flood of light upon the nature of sacrifice and the primitive conceptions of deity which it implied. But it was left for Mr. Frazer to give the first complete picture of what may roughly be called the Agricultural religion, the group of customs and beliefs to which men who live mainly by tilling the soil seem everywhere naturally to give scope. Such a method of study as is employed in *The Golden Bough* implies, of course, something of an abstraction. As he has passed out of the hunting or pastoral to the agricultural stage, they did not naturally lay down one set of religious ideas to take up another. But, as in geology the study of individual strata must precede the study of the changes by which strata in nature supersede each other, so must such work as Mr. Frazer's on particular phases of the world's religious history precede the reconstruction by which the whole process of that vast development may ultimately be revealed.

Besides *The Golden Bough* and *Pausanias*, Mr. Frazer has published a little book on *Animism*, which is really an expansion of an article on the subject contributed to Prof. Robertson Smith's *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Until now he has held a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been some times extended to allow the enterprise to be completed to proceed unchecked. Mr. Frazer does not intend to leave Cambridge; but he has recently married, and will, therefore, pursue his unwearied labours at some other home than that "tranquil port of an ancient college" to which he refers in an eloquent passage, quoted recently in the ACADEMY, at the close of his preface to *Pausanias*.

## II.—MR. ARTHUR SYMONS.

This writer, born in 1865, is the author of some half-dozen books, including *Days and Nights*, *Silhouettes*, *London Nights*, and *Amoris Vena* in verse, with a *Study of Browning* and *Studies in Two Literatures* in prose. As he is always dexterous, neat, adroit, and celebrating trifles, either elegant or quaint, in an accomplished and highly refined manner. His is entirely emotional, unconnected with the loftier sides of the fine art: he gives us lyric notes upon æsthetic, evanescent things of a day, and at a moment. His technical ability and he often invest the comparative nothings of his muse with a true charm, and his touch upon inanimate nature is often of the finest. Yet, for the most part, he writes upon the life and scenery of the streets, the ragged Bohemias and Alsacias of the day, with too little humour and humanity to be a set-off of fine distinction. The themes of Rossetti's "Jenny" and of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Une Marquise," with many a similar theme, appeal to him; but his treatment seldom rises above a graceful and ingenious prettiness of an elaborate trifling, somewhat subtle and cold. "Inventions" is the word for this verse:

the execution, the emotion, are alike equally clever, often of an astonishing cleverness; but when we have enjoyed and admired once, we are apt to have done with it for ever. And that is a strange truth to have to confess about a disciple of Browning and Verlaine, each, in his intensely living way, so personal, human, fascinating.

But what we miss in Mr. Symons's verse we find plentiful in his prose. He possesses, in a degree uncommon among English critics, the personal vision and apprehension of books, men, places, which makes French criticism so fresh and vivid a thing. His reader need not agree with him; but when he has read Mr. Symons's account of the West of Ireland or of Moscow, his view of an Elizabethan English or of a contemporary French writer, even his personal impressions of the slightest, least positive kind, the reader feels that Mr. Symons could not have taken him more completely and effectively into confidence. Books, men, places, affect Mr. Symons both strongly and sincerely; he will not write of them with loose phrase and vague æstheticism, but always with anxious pains to find words commensurate with his precise feelings. There is probably no French master of style in modern times unknown to him; and French masters have been of greater service to him in the *ars pedestris* than in the *ars poetica*. For good writing he has an absolute enthusiasm and a prompt discernment, and he loves to write well about it. Certainly, he is one of the critics whose writings about others' writings are, so to say, dramatic and creative, true confessions and a piece of personal history; and that, with no self-intrusion nor preciosity. He should go far in this field of literature; he is the very man to give us a series of essays upon literary movements in France, from the romantics to the naturalists, the naturalists to the symbolists. Flaubert, Baudelaire, Gautier are figures "made to his hand." And though poetry should be to him but a pleasing *parergon*, let us not, in our preference for his prose, forget how pleasing it can be at times. For example, this "Wanderer's Song," which Mr. Symons published in last week's *Outlook*:

"I have had enough of women, and enough of love,  
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and  
day and night is enough;  
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.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold  
for strife?  
I have loved much and wept much, but tears  
and love are not life;  
The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to  
my blood cries up,  
And the sun shines and the road shines, and  
the wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough  
of mirth,  
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's  
soon to the ends of the earth;  
And it's then good-night and to bed, and if  
heels or heart ache,  
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and  
sleep too deep to wake."

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### XII.—AN AUNT.

"I HAD no idea that Ibsen was seventy," said my aunt. "I always thought he was a young man. Certainly I was always given to understand that he was quite a new writer."

My aunt prides herself on keeping abreast of the times, though she is verging upon her seventieth year. Every three months or so she comes up to London from a small provincial town, mainly with the object of discovering what books a woman of culture should be reading.

"I have never seen any of his plays," she continued. "Why is that? I have seen Pinero's plays, and Henry Arthur Jones's, at Canterbury. Don't the touring companies act Ibsen's plays?"

"I don't believe they do," I said. "But you can read them. They're published."

"I shouldn't dream of reading a play," said my aunt, drawing her skirts away from the fire. "I can't read Shakespeare. You might just as well" (here she looked round the room over her spectacles for a simile)—"you might just as well smell a picture as read a play. But from all I hear, this Ibsen is rather a—a—an improper old man, isn't he? Still, at my age—"

"Well, you don't look it," I said.

"Ah, but I feel it," she said. "It isn't that I can't get about nearly as well as ever, because I can. But every time I come up to London now I find people are talking about some fresh writer that I've never heard of, and when I get his book and read it, well, I don't understand it. I really don't. There!"

She looked at me over her spectacles.

"Now who is this Mr. Phillips they're talking about?" she asked. "He's very young, I suppose."

"Quite young. I sent you his poems," I said.

"You did," she replied. "And I read them. But I don't think—I don't think you want any *new* poetry when you are growing old. I haven't really liked anything since 'Crossing the Bar,' and I think I shall stick to Tennyson. One doesn't quite realise how beautiful 'In Memoriam' is until one begins to grow old. And I am growing old."

She looked thoughtfully into the fire a few moments, and then continued more cheerfully.

"Tell me, who is this foreign person people are writing about—Omar something or other?"

"Omar Khayyam. Well, he was a Persian, and he is dead, and he has been much translated. He is very pessimistic and very soothing."

"A black man," said my aunt. "I don't want to be soothed in my old age by a black man."

"Not black," I said. "A Persian, a member of the Aryan—"

"It's the same thing," said my aunt.

"Well, what about novels?" I asked. "There are lots of good novels written nowadays."

"Oh, I don't mean to say," said my aunt, "that I can't appreciate the younger writers."

Crockett, for instance, I love; and that book of Barrie's about his mother made me—well, it made me want to kiss him. But what has become of Rhoda Broughton? I think *Red as a Rose is She* was one of the sweetest books I ever read. So was *Belinda*."

"And what did you think of *The War of the Worlds*?"

"Oh, it's too absurd. I can't think what people see in that Mr. Wells. I know I'm getting an old woman, and I dare say I'm behind the times; but fancy people coming here from another planet. Fancy! It's too ridiculous. Why, it's not possible."

My aunt leaned back in her chair and set her feet upon the fender, looking at me with some severity through her glasses.

"There never has and there never will be a novelist like Dickens," she said. "How well I remember him putting up at the inn opposite our house—you know the place. It must have been some time in the sixties, because Edmund was in knickerbockers, and I remember he had torn them horribly. And Dickens came out while they were feeding the horses in the stable, and sat on the shafts of the carriage, and I ran and got the opera-glasses and looked at him through them at the window, and he noticed me, and put up his two hands—just like opera-glasses, and looked at me through them. Ah, well, I don't suppose there will ever be a novelist like Dickens again. *David Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*—ah! but I am an old woman now. Let me see, what was the name of the new man you said I must read? George Gissing? Well, put the book in my bag."

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THIS new volume of Victor Hugo's correspondence throws no fresh light upon the man's character, and can hardly be described as an added glory to his name. The letters are interesting to read, but they only tell us what we already knew of Victor Hugo: that he was a hard worker, an admirable husband and father, an indefatigable letter-writer, and an adept courtier of that capricious sovereign, popularity; a trifle histrionic in his attitude to his friends, who cover the whole of Europe almost; wholly Napoleonic towards the rest of his literary brothers. Whenever a young man sends him a volume of verse or prose, he at once writes back to him: "Young man, you have a great talent, a generous heart, a noble mind. Give me your hand." When it is a lady who courts his approval, he thus addresses her: "Madame, you are all grace and charm; that is to say, you are a woman. Permit me to kiss the charming hands that have written such beautiful things, and behold me respectfully at your feet." Or he tells her that he fears he is in love with her, but takes refuge in contemplation of his grey hairs. He never writes to anyone outside his domestic circle (where he is always delightfully tender and affectionate) as a simple mortal. We are never permitted to see the poet otherwise than athwart the shadow of his reputation. He

always seems to address us in front of his own statue, and cannot forget for five precious minutes that he is "the greatest poet of the century." There is nothing extraordinary in this, for it would require a simplicity and modesty Victor Hugo was far from possessing to have forgotten for an instant such a flamboyant reputation as his. Intellectual kingship is the most difficult to wear, and the sublime attitude inevitably touches the ridiculous.

Are we nearer than we dared to hope to the happy period foretold, when the poet of the future is to be an amiable young man hymning the joys and sorrows of guileless love? My faith! I begin to think so, and that it is the novelists who are starting the pleasant movement. This week I receive two fresh and charming novels, as clean as dew, as honest as laughter, where the men have no mistresses, the wives no lovers, and where nice innocent youths fall blithely and honourably in love with sweet, innocent maids, marry or mourn as fate may permit, and remain beautifully faithful even in the most hopeless separation. *Le Refuge*, by André Theuriet, is a refreshment and a delight. It is not a strong or an original novel, but it is most charming, with a fresh and delicate sentimentality that makes us, at this hour of the day, gratefully rub our eyes, to assure ourselves that it is really written in elegant French and wears the familiar yellow cover. What will be thought of a French aristocrat, a lad of twenty-one, handsome, wealthy, who is as pure as a child, and utters to the girl he loves these naïve and un-French sentiments:

"The old priest who was my tutor used to say that we should marry young, and a girl of our own age. That, he said, was the best method of loving long and religiously. It is my opinion too. Only I mean to marry to please myself. I am not ambitious; I care neither for fortune nor rank; I should choose an honest and pretty girl of my own age, with my own illusions, and I should say to her: 'Let us begin life together; let us love one another, and remain closely united to the end, both in the good and in the bad days'"

This the ingenuous lad does in the pleasantest manner possible. The girl is not his social equal; she is poor into the bargain, and is saddled with an objectionable father. But nothing is of any consequence to Feli except his love. He is even ready to wait four years, as the French law only recognises the son's right to marry to please himself at twenty-five. Then comes the intrigue. Pretty Catherine gave her hand to Feli's father before the radiant vision of this Prince Charming, believing that friendship is enough in marriage. Her favourite novel is *Jane Eyre*, and she naturally regards her middle-aged lover as a modified Rochester, with whom, however, the *blasé* and elegant nobleman has nothing in common. When he broaches his declaration, she asks herself with a shudder of terrified joy: "Is he going to speak to me as Rochester spoke to Jane?" Happily not. He woos delicately, but most unintelligently. He goes off to Turin on his son's business without revealing his engagement, leaving Catherine in

the hands of a resplendent and romantic youth, with April in his eyes and sunshine in his smile. The result is inevitable, and, to dispose of the jealous and reluctant nobleman, the author remembers the ending of the *Mill on the Floss*. The father rises near Catherine's house. Feli is beforehand in rescuing the beloved, and the disappointed father is washed into eternity, thus removing the obstacle to the lover's happiness. The scenery and local atmosphere are very prettily handled, and the style sober and finished. Not a great deal assuredly, but like the air of the woods breathe is M. Theuriet, perfumed, fresh, a little wild, with a gratifying taste of innocence.

More interesting as a story, resembling more our English novel, *La Forêt d'Argentan*, by Alfred du Pradeix, with whose name I am not familiar. Here, too, the mistress and the French lover are absent. The hero is a viscount in reduced circumstances, who earns his bread as an *employé* on a Parisian railway. He is a nice, melancholy young man, highly-bred and sentimental. It is proposed to marry his dearest friend, a scientific sage, to a young lady of fortune in the provinces. The viscount, on the pretext of shooting, goes down to the country and is invited to the castle by the girl's father, a resplendent admiral, who keeps open house, and at his table mingles the luxuries of the far North with those of the South and the remote East. His daughter is an exquisite beauty, brilliant and bewildering, who nourishes a secret passion for the villain of this novel. The villain is overcharged with a hint of melodrama, and mars rather than adds to the interest of the tale. But it is so brightly told, so vivid and light and so sentimental, that in these harsh times we are disposed to swallow even the villain with a murmur. The viscount, of course, secretly loves the maiden, but breaks his heart in silence while his friend marries her. The friend dies of distracted love; and the beautiful widow and the faithful viscount are united "after long years of grief and pain." One of the prettiest light novels I have read for a long while.

H. I.

## THE WEEK.

THE shadow of Easter is on the publishing world. Books are few and miscellaneous. Booksellers, we learn, are busier in taking stock than in selling. Reviewers are sending in their holiday addresses on post-cards. The printing presses are slowing down.

BUT—there appears to be always room for a new dictionary. Messrs. W. & A. Chambers have just put forth their *Chambers's English Dictionary*. The volume is in imperial octavo, and contains over 1,250 pages arranged in double columns. This dictionary is distinguished by clearness and largeness of the type, which it is printed. It is claimed to



evocably is "exceptionally copious." In addition to ordinary words, phrases such as the following are included and named: *Argon, power of the keys, top-song, Mrs. Leo Hunter, log-rolling, pledged securities, and new woman*; also idiomatic phrases, such as *to find one's self to knock into a cocked hat, to know the top,* &c. The editor, Mr. Thomas Davidson, thinks the Dictionary "will satisfy the man, and supply some answer to the hand and one questions that arise before as he threads his way through the bewildered wilderness of words." The Preface concludes:

"His [Mr. Davidson's] aim has been to include all the common terms of the sciences and arts of life—of astronomy, physiology, and medicine, as well as of photography, printing, and heraldry. Obsolete words imperishable in Spenser, Shakespeare, the Authorised Version of the Bible, and Milton; the Scotch of Burns and Scott—of the heather, if the kailyard; the slang words of Dickens the man in the street; the honest Americanisms of Lowell and Mark Twain; the sayings of word-masters like Carlyle, Brown, and Meredith; provincial and dialect words that have attained to immortality in the pages of the Brontës and George Eliot—to all these the editor has opened his doors. It is his duty to judge whether a word is, or is not, to be added to the treasury of English, but to register such words as have been spoken or written, and to give an honest and unbiassed explanation of their meaning, if possible, of their origin."

SOCIOLOGY is a vast and pressing subject, therefore, Mr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg's *Introduction to the Study of Sociology* ought to be a useful work. Mr. Stuckenberg is the author of an *Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, a Life of Immanuel Kant,* and other books. His present work answers to its title: "an elaborated system of sociology is not attempted; but the purposes to lay the basis for sociological study and to designate the study involved—and to aid the beginner in the solution of these problems." Three classes of readers have been in the author's mind:

First, that large class of professional men and other persons of culture who have had no instruction in sociology, but are desirous of pursuing its study privately. . . . Second, students who have no sociology in their present course, but realise that without it their education and their preparation for life are incomplete. Third, teachers of social science who desire a compend as the basis of instruction, or who, while lecturing on sociology, want a manual in the hands of their pupils."

Stuckenberg has arranged his book on a very definite plan. He gives ten chapters, and the problem to be solved is stated at the beginning of each.

THE old angler is Harry Druidale, who relates his angling experiences for the twenty years in an illustrated volume entitled *Harry Druidale, Fisherman from the Coast to England.* The book is chiefly concerned with trout-fishing in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Isle of Man.

In *A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India*, Mr. F. H. G. Merewether "has, as far as possible, merely hinted at the awful and gruesome sights and scenes which it was his lot to witness, and which certainly any word-painting of his would fail to accurately portray." These sad spectacles are, however, brought to the reader's eye by means of photographs.

MR. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS's laborious translation of Wagner's prose works has reached its sixth volume. This contains Wagner's essay on "Religion and Art."

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### HALFPENNY HUMOUR.

THERE is just now a "boom"—the word can be useful—in cheap humorous papers. They are multiplying like flies in August. One wonders who reads them, but the wonder vanishes when one sees a street of small houses. They percolate into these. The boys and girls buy them and loudly dispute their merits. The tired father condescends to look at them after tea, and is amused. These halfpenny sheets are masses of funny or would-be funny pictures. Their humour is brief and broad, and turns mainly on personal injuries. Before we examine a budget of these papers we will give a list of some we have been able to collect within twenty-four hours. These are:

- Funny Cuts.*
- The Funny Wonder.*
- Larks!*
- Dan Leno's Comic Journal.*
- The Monster Comic.*
- Comic Cuts.*
- Jokes.*
- The Comic Home Journal.*
- Illustrated Chips.*
- The Halfpenny Comic.*
- Comic Bits.*
- The World's Comic.*

Need we apologise for drawing attention to a literary demand which, however remote from our readers' tastes, can only be satisfied by such an array of prints as the above? Unquestionably many of these papers have large circulations. They are seen in the train and the tram-car. Their blatant contents—bills and advertisements grin and jibber in the street. To seek any variations in them would be absurd. They are as similar as their names. Burglars and wild-beasts, dynamite, bicycles, and automatic machines are responsible for the more boisterous humour; and the regulation pretty girl and high-collared snob for the inanities. *Larks* gives its readers a sequence of pictures illustrating an elephant adventure at Barnum's. We spare our readers the pictures, but here are the "legends" to them:

"(1) Our three lodgers went to Barnum's Show last Saturday, and got among the elephants. 'Don't this one like 'aving his trunk

smoothed down, neither?' said Snoddy; 'see—he sorter curls it up when I strokes it.'

(2) Well, Tuppy and Winky left Snoddy still cuddling that trunk, and whatever do you think they did? They went and bought a dozen buns, and then, in a quiet spot, peppered 'em like winking till the very look of 'em made you sneeze.

(3) Then placing one or two unpeppered ones on top, they hied them back to Snoddy. 'Ere, Snod,' said Winkle, 'give the s'elephant a few buns. I should like ter see 'ow they ketches 'old of anything with them trunk affairs.'

(4) 'Why, I do believe you're 'arf afraid of the animile,' gurgled Snoddy, as he came to the first doctored bun; 'come closer, you sillies, 'e won't 'urt yer. Why, I never—'

(5) But just then there came a wild shriek from the snout of the angered elephant, the ground shook, the fat lady trembled, the skeleton fell through his trousers, the freaks freaked, and Snoddy felt himself raised mountains high—

(6) And that elephant—oh, the game he had! He was just like a blessed whirligig, with poor Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle for the 'osses "

Meanwhile *Funny Cuts* regales its readers with a mad bull sequence, and *Jokes* makes the eyes of the groundlings twinkle with the story of a traveller who brings the butt of his musket down on a lion's tail, thinking it to be a snake, with results which are only temporarily disagreeable to the lion. In *Comic Cuts* one is faintly amused by a couple of burglars who bring every instrument known to their craft to the exploitation of a safe. Their indignation is complete when they discover that they have brought dynamite and jemmies to open a safe which proclaims on its front that it was "made in Germany." We accordingly behold the senior practitioner opening the "biscuit-tin" with an ordinary tin-opener held in one hand. One is amazed by the brutality of halfpenny humour. Collisions, duckings, scrimmages, and attacks by bull-dogs are of its essence, and the cat on the tiles is its symbol for ever and ever.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BURNS SUPERSTITION.

SIR,—In the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of the 23rd instant there is a short report of what appears to have been a very interesting lecture of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers's on the story of the publishing firm of which he is the present head. In that report I find the following statement: "In connexion with the *Life of Burns* he had the diary of Robert Chambers in his tour of the Burns localities; but he would be afraid to publish it now. It would excite a controversy, and it would be a pity to disturb the romance that encircled a great name."

Now, Mr. Chambers has said either too much or too little. For Mr. Wallace, to whom he entrusted the revision of Chambers's *Burns*, has so thoroughly revised Robert Chambers's estimate of Burns that he has revised it out of existence: the statements which he has preferred being utterly in the teeth of those of Robert Chambers. Robert Chambers tells you, indeed,

that the charges of intemperance have been "greatly exaggerated." But he can do nothing except deplore "one serious frailty"; he affirms that "there was a defect in Burns which no number of years would have ever enabled him to remedy, and this was his want of a vigorous will"; and, notwithstanding every desire to qualify and excuse, he is compelled to own that Burns "was unable to exercise a control upon his own passions in the smallest thing." Finally, he remarks that "it must ever be a fearful problem, how such a being is to stand towards the rest of society, how he is to get his living, and how he is to observe one half of the sober maxims of conventional life." In other terms, Robert Chambers's opinion of Burns is, in substance, very much my own: that he was a sort "of inspired faun" and a "lewd, amazing peasant of genius." With Chambers, as with Lockhart, "I am glad," as I have said elsewhere, "to agree that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes"; only that somewhere is not put by me so hopelessly near to moral ruin as it is put by Robert Chambers.

But when you turn to the new issue of Chambers you find that, without scruple, without apology, without the smallest explanation, without even the faintest hint that such a thing is being done, Robert Chambers's deliberate and careful estimate is blotted out of history, and you are introduced in its stead to the "figmentary Burns" of Mr. Wallace: a Burns so impossible that of him Robert Chambers, with everyone else who knows anything of human nature and has any belief in what he knows, would pronounce that his like never walked the streets of Dumfries, and (in effect) is not to be found out of Mme. Tussaud's. It is, in fact, quite impossible (so entirely unregulated by reason is Mr. Wallace's estimate of Burns) to give an analysis of that estimate, and it must suffice to state that it results in this final inference: "Time only was wanting to realise his design, and Time was denied him. But, though lack of time stopped achievement, it could not alter the noble basis of character on which Burns was working when the night came in which no man can work"—which, of course, means—what?

Of course, too, Mr. Wallace, in his preface to the *Dunlop Correspondence*, affirms that in a certain letter Burns "effectually disposes in advance of the modern theory that he was 'an inspired faun' and a 'lewd peasant of genius.'" Does this letter, then, also dispose of Robert Chambers's statements and Robert Chambers's diary, which Mr. C. E. S. Chambers tells you he is "afraid to publish"? Or was he also afraid to show it to Mr. Wallace? And if Mr. Wallace has seen it, and has rejected its statements, is it fair, either to the public or to Robert Chambers, to allow such a stain to rest on Robert Chambers's memory as is implied in the inference that his estimate of Burns, which Mr. Wallace is allowed to suppress, and which is virtually to be excluded from all subsequent editions of his book, was founded on untrustworthy information?—I am, &c.,

March 28.

W. E. HENLEY.

## DIALECT.

SIR,—When I wrote a letter on dialect in poetry, in reply to some observations of Mr. Quiller-Couch, I had not read more of those observations than was quoted in the *ACADEMY*. All the Scottish lion was stirred in a bosom usually tranquil, and I ventured to defend the literature of Alban against that of the Somersætas. But Mr. Quiller-Couch quoted, in his article, such a beautiful poem of Mr. Barnes, in the Somerset dialect, that I must ask leave to withdraw my remarks. Mr. Barnes, in those, and doubtless in other verses, put dialect to its proper use, and, though I still think the literature of Scotland richer than that of Somerset, I burn my faggot as far as Mr. Barnes is concerned.—Faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

## ROUND TOWERS.

SIR,—“Inquirer” has conferred too much honour on my brief communication to you. He has used a sledge hammer to drive home a tin tack.

The fact is, some of my early years were spent under the shadow of the Round Tower at Brechin; and I have naturally ever since taken some amount of interest in the subject of Round Towers, both in reading and inspecting a few of them in Ireland. It therefore appeared somewhat singular to me that your reviewer, when noticing O'Brien's book, had not given some prominence to a very probable surmise as to the use of these towers.

I am not an archaeologist by any means, but possessing in some slight degree the bookseller's faculty of remembering all he reads, I recalled to mind the chapter dealing with the subject in Joseph Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times* (1881), where he endorses Dr. Petrie's views; and the absence by your reviewer to any reference to his conjectures was my sole reason for writing you.

I do not now propose taking up the cudgels on behalf of his theory—which, all the same, I believe in—but will leave the matter to be settled by “Inquirer” and others, who know far more about the subject than I do.—I am, &c.,

March 28.

DAVID STOTT.

SIR,—Referring to the correspondence on this interesting subject, it is a matter of regret that, like many other questions of historical importance, the “Round Tower” controversy has never yet been satisfactorily cleared up. We may or may not be the losers by the absence of any definite information, and it would, therefore, be better perhaps for all disputants to endorse the words of the writer of an article that appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1835, and which is quoted at the commencement of the introduction to a new reprint of this book just issued:

“When all is dark, who would object to a ray of light merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if those Round Towers have hitherto been a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare

away O'Brien because he approaches with rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern”—I am, &c.,  
R. A. E.  
March 28.

[This correspondence, which, judging the letters we continue to receive, might last till Lammastide, must now cease.—E]

## NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

SIR,—A good deal is written in denunciation of what is called “Newspaper English.” Some of it would be more to the point there were no such thing as progress, elasticity, as growth, in a living language, distinguishing it from the majestic immobility of the dead tongues. The following quotation is not an example of “newspaper English” (an ill phrase, that, itself by the way), but it is a sweet example of the way in which the most censorious may go astray:

“An understanding with Russia; that would be a policy. An insistence upon the open door that would also be a policy, though, according to our view, a dangerous one. But to harp with ‘Keep open, Sesame,’ when Sesame being barred and bolted; that is mere futility!”

The influential London journal from which the above is taken evidently thinks that “Sesame,” in some language or another signifies a door! Yet it needn't so much have gone to that neglected compilation the *Arabian Nights* to correct its quite idyllic ignorance. The encyclopaedic Brewer would have steered it off the rocks: so, more likely, could any average school-girl, than to Mr. Ruskin!—I am, &c.,

Dulwich: March 26.

T. B. R.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

“Simon Dale.” MR. ANTHONY HOPE's late novel is recognised as a departure from his usual genre and, on the whole, he is credited with doubtful success. The *Athenæum's* critic the most lavish of praise. He prefaces his review by a column and a half of remark on the difficulties of writing a good historic novel. It is after stating these difficulties that this critic writes:

“Anthony Hope has very nearly obtained a complete triumph in his *Simon Dale*. I have chosen an excellent period for the action—the time of Charles II., known to us by Mr. Pepys and Comte de Grammont, an audacious in itself deserving of success; and the audacious is all the greater and all the more successful inasmuch as he obviously imitates Dumas' method in his narrative, and actually brings Louis XIV. himself, as Dumas did in *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. Charles II. is excellent: he is witty, good-humoured, and, at the same time, a king, even when he allows himself to be mocked by Rochester or Buckingham. Rochester and Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York, all live in our writer's pages, and the more vividly for his narrative. . . . As for the hero, he is a perfect hero of romance—he is brave, witty, adventurous, and a good lover, and he succeeds in the difficult task of narrating his own prowess without a suspicion of priggishness. . . . Perhaps the least convincing part of it

rative is the hero's calf love for Nell Gwynne. does not ring quite true, but it serves as an use for a great deal of Nell, who is the st charming coquette imaginable. For the t, the story is rapid and most excellently l."

From the *Athenæum* to the *Referee* may n a far cry; but the *Referee*, though not literary organ, prints careful reviews; in this instance its critic is at war with brother of the *Athenæum*.

Is it possible to fix a standard of comparison the criticism of novels? I think not. en I say that Mr. Anthony Hope's new story ot so good as one might expect, I mean to pare Mr. Hope with himself, for *Simon Dale* (then) is better at any rate than the erality of novels. To begin with, the or's wit is as nimble as ever, so you may ure that this is not a dull book. The story, ever, is not so animated as it should be; although Mr. Hope, in introducing hisal personages into his narrative, is innocent ny literary offence, his romance of the oration has not the sense of lifelikeness. ously enough, it has not the plausibility h is characteristic even of the most fan- e of Mr. Hope's novels. This is dis- inting, for one would say that a writer so nguished for imagination and elegance and ery could hardly have hit upon a period e agreeable to his fancy; yet his Charles II., ouis XIV., and his Nell Gwynne, who are prominent characters in the intrigue of *Simon Dale*, are but the historical personages tancy dress ball."

The *Westminster Gazette's* critic also dges in rather lengthy remarks on the tions of the historical novel. He thinks a Mr. Anthony Hope, while not departing eily from these, makes the most of them :

"His model is Dumas, and none could be t. He has one qualification for following e master which many of his competitors have t. He writes admirable dialogue and can vop his story out of it. The dialogue of *Simon Dale* is a delight to read, pointed, witty, ilant, and from a literary point of view faining in dexterity and finish."

the review has a mild sting in its tail. t describing the story, the critic becomes nitory :

"We will tell no more of the story, but send eader to the book, which he will find full tudent and invention. In short, it is done tinely well, and a vast deal of literary skill employed on it. Yet, without being in the t ingrateful, we are not quite sure whether e could not rather in future that Mr. Hope ved himself to something else. The histori- l novel does not give him scope for those e early original gifts which made his mark e again of his earlier books, and which are as t exhausted. We look to him yet for that lit comedy of modern life which he seemed rprise us a year or two back. Meanwhile, *Simon Dale* has great merits, and cannot fail to pular."

The *Daily News's* critic is laudatory. Re- arking on the excellence of Mr. Hope's alone, he writes :

"Few good, for instance, is this bit of talk tween Simon and Nell Gwynne, when the tter has to tell her friend and half-lover of e scheme that has been made for getting rba Quinton away from Dover Castle. 'Do you carry a message from him' (that is,

the Duke of Monmouth) 'to me?' Simon asks Nell Gwynne.

'I did but say that I knew a gentleman who might supply his needs. They are four: a heart, a head, a hand, and perhaps a sword.'

'All men have them, then.'

'The first true, the second long, the third strong, the fourth ready.'

'I fear, then, that I haven't all of them.'

'And for a reward —'

'I know. His life, if he can come off with it.' Nell burst out laughing.

'He didn't say that, but it may well reckon up to much that figure,' she admitted.

'You'll think of it, Simon?'

'Think of it? I? Not I!'

'You won't?'

'Or I mightn't attempt it.'

'Ah! You will attempt it?'

'Of a certainty.'

"William Shakespeare: a Critical Study." By Dr. George Brandes. THE importance of Dr. Brandes' contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare is not disputed.

The *Times's* critic makes out a list of the qualifications which go to the making of a Shakespearean critic :

"It is of no use for anyone to attempt to write comprehensively on such a theme as Shakespeare unless he possesses several endowments which are uncommon when taken singly, very rare indeed in combination. He must in the first place, if he is to satisfy the demands of the modern historical spirit, have a very exact and full knowledge of Shakespeare's life and times, of the literature which was then coming into being, of the books which the poet must be supposed to have read, and of the plays which he had probably seen. He must, of course, know his text, and have mastered the best results of modern chronological study as applied to it. Lastly, he must be a man of sound critical sense, which, after all, in such a case differs very little from common sense; he must eschew metaphysics, and have no moral *parti pris* — which is as much as to say that he must be a very different person from the eminent Germans who, forty or fifty years ago, led the fashion among the Shakespearean critics. Whether it is equally necessary for our modern scholar to be steeped in the writings of these gentlemen and of the other commentators is much less certain; in fact, he may afford to neglect the vast majority of them, and to regard at least three-quarters of existing Shakespearean literature as a negligible quantity. Dr. George Brandes has all or nearly all these qualifications."

The *Daily Telegraph's* reviewer amplifies Dr. Brandes' qualifications as follows :

"Dr. George Brandes, of Copenhagen, is no mere German scholar. We know that he has devoted a life-time to the study of English literature, and has understood with rare critical insight the extraordinary combination of antagonistic elements which goes to make up our character. 'Norman and Saxon and Dane are we'; we have taken lessons from the Renaissance, we have understood the Pagan attitude towards nature, we have tried to copy classical ideals, we have caught some of the languor and fervour of the South, we have pondered life's problems with the German, and we have laughed and been sceptical with Rabelais and Voltaire. When Dr. George Brandes writes about Shakespeare he seems to understand better than any foreign commentator of recent times how all these discordant trains of thought and feeling were united in our great representative poet."

The *Standard's* critic finishes the portrait. He thus describes Dr. Brandes' method :

"No one takes in at once the entire meaning and significance of a Shakespearean play. To be able to do so in the fullest possible manner it would be necessary to possess the insight, the power of appreciation, the information, and the desire for further knowledge which distinguish Dr. Brandes. When was the play produced, what is it made of, whence do the materials come, what sort of man was the author of these materials—thus in his critical mind, one inquiry leads to another, so that in considering 'Julius Cæsar' and the character of Cæsar, Dr. Brandes takes us from Shakespeare to Plutarch and the three *Lives* on which the play is founded; from Plutarch's writings to Plutarch himself, and the difficulty which this thorough Greek (who not only was ignorant of Latin literature and the Latin language, but ignored them) would feel in doing justice to Cæsar's high qualities; from Plutarch to Mommsen, who judged Cæsar from the Roman point of view; and, finally, from Mommsen back to Shakespeare."

This critic concludes with an effective compliment to Dr. Brandes simply as a literary artist :

"In addition to his other merits Dr. Brandes is a wonderfully attractive writer. At the beginning of his first volume, the striking manner in which he gives Shakespeare his historical place in literature—born in the year of Michael Angelo's death and of Cervantes' birth—will at once arrest the reader's attention; and every reader will thank him for placing at his disposal, in so orderly a manner and so agreeable a style, the treasures of his vast erudition."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 31.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

STUDIES IN TEXTS FOR FAMILY, CHURCH, AND SCHOOL. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Horace Marshall & Son. 3s. 6d.

SERMONS PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. Elliot Stock.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS IN SYRIAC. Edited from the MSS. by the late Wm. Wright, LL.D., and Norman McLean, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

A STUDY OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE NEWER LIGHT; OR, A PRESENT-DAY STUDY OF JESUS CHRIST. By Alexander Robinson. Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.

THE KING OF THE JEWS: A POEM. By George Stewart Hitchcock. W. Hutchinson (Chatham).

COMPANIONS OF THE SORROWFUL WAY. By John Watson, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HARRY DRUIDALE, FISHERMAN FROM MANXLAND TO ENGLAND. By Henry Cadman. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. VI.: RELIGION AND ART. Kegan Paul.

THE POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Wyndham. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

PORPHYRION, AND OTHER POEMS. By Laurence Binyon. Grant Richards.

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. VI.: RELIGION AND ART. Kegan Paul.

NIGHTSHADE AND POPPIES: VERSES OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR. By Dugald Moore. John Long. 3s. 6d.

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A TOUR THROUGH THE FAMINE DISTRICTS OF INDIA. By F. H. S. Mercwether. A. D. Innes & Co.

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

OUTLINES OF DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY: A TEXT-BOOK OF MENTAL SCIENCE. By George Trumbull Ladd. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.

THE PROCESS OF CREATION DISCOVERED; OR, THE SELF-EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH AND UNIVERSE BY NATURAL CAUSES. By James Dunbar. Watts & Co. 7s. 6d.

A TEXT-BOOK OF BOTANY. By Drs. E. Strasburger, Fritz Noll, H. Schenck, and A. F. W. Schimper. Translated from the German by H. C. Porter, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 18s.

PURE ECONOMICS. By Prof. Maffeo Pantaleoni. Translated by T. Boston Bruce, Esq. Macmillan & Co. 10s.

AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE. By Edward Carpenter. A. & H. B. Bonner. 6d.

#### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

AMONG THE MEADOW PEOPLE. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. J. M. Dent & Co.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. By J. H. W. Stuckenberg. Hodder & Stoughton. 9s.

GIANT-LAND: THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF TIM PIPPIN. By "Roland Quiz." James Henderson.

TOURIST'S VADE MECUM OF GERMAN COLLOQUIAL CONVERSATION. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

MADGE'S LETTERS: GERMAN AND ENGLISH ON OPPOSITE PAGES. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 6d.

COMIC HISTORY OF GREECE. By Charles M. Snyder. J. B. Lippincott Co.

AN ARABIC VOCABULARY FOR EGYPT. By F. E. Robertson. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

CHAMBERS'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY: PRONOUNCING, EXPLANATORY, ETYMOLOGICAL. Edited by Thomas Davidson. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

THE WORKERS: AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY. By Walter A. Wyckoff. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

#### NEW EDITION.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Service and Paton. 2s. 6d.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IN the April number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Charles Whibley reviews Mr. Frazer's monumental edition of Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, under the title of "The Oldest Guide-Book in the World." In the same issue a Scotch gentleman, who conceals himself under initials, gives some recollections of the days, now long distant, when he wore the black uniform with the silver death's head and cross-bones of the Brunswick Hussars, "Les Chasseurs de la Mort," as Napoleon's soldiers called them.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a romance of adventure, by Mr. Victor Waite, entitled *Cross Trails*. The story is a sketch of the "Remittance Man" of our colonies, and the motive the tradition of the loss of a Spanish treasure-ship.

THE world has been, and must be, without an authorised life of Thackeray, owing to the novelist's expressed distaste for a biography. But his life is in his books, and of each book a memoir has been written by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, his surviving daughter. These memoirs will form the introduction to the Biographical Edition which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in preparation. This edition, containing additional material and hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, will be issued in thirteen monthly volumes, beginning with *Vanity Fair* on April 15.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON, K.C.S.I., who was at the time British Agent at Gilgit, has written a story of Chitral from the point of view of one actually besieged in the fort. The book is of considerable length, and is a connected narrative of the stirring episodes on the Chitral Frontier in 1895. It will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the autumn.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. will publish, towards the end of April, T. Nash's *A Spring Song* (1600), with illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke, printed in colours by Edmund Evans.

MESSRS. LUZAC & Co. have bought the library of the late Dr. J. Legge, Professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford.

THE April number of the *Antiquary* will contain articles on "Ancient Wall Paintings," by George Bailey; and on "Old Sussex Farmhouses and their Furniture," by J. L. André.

THE publisher of *Trewinnot of Guy's* is Mr. John Long, not Mr. James Bowden, as we stated last week.

MISS ANNA KATHARINE GREEN's new novel is called *Lost Man's Lane*. It presents a second episode in the life of Amelia Butterworth, some of whose experiences have been already told in *That Affair Next Door*.

A SECOND edition of Dr. Whyte's appreciation of *Father John of the Greek Church* is now in the press, and a translation into Russian has been undertaken by Col. E. E. Goulaeff.

THE *Portfolio Monograph on Greek Bronzes*, to be published by Messrs. Seeley & Co. in the middle of April, is written by Mr. Alexander

Stewart Murray, keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, author of *Greek Sculpture under Pheidias* &c. The number will be illustrated mainly from the collection of Bronzes in the British Museum, and will contain several that have not been previously reproduced.

*The Honourable Peter Stirling* is the title of a novel by Paul Leicester Ford, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish immediately. It deals largely with political life in New York, and is attracting considerable attention there.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have projected another series of books. It will deal with country life, and be called the *Haddon Library*. There will be works on angling, gardening, and similar subjects.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will issue in the course of the next few days *Two Hundred Years: the History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1698-1898*, by Rev. W. O. F. Allen and Rev. Edmund McClure, the secretaries of the society. The work is largely based on the records, letter-books, reports and minutes of the society since its foundation. The early history of the plantation in America, the beginnings of missionary work in India, the emigration of the Salzburg exiles, the early steps taken to provide education for the masses and religious instruction for the seamen of the English Navy and merchant marine, and the first attempts at prison reform made by it, are fully dealt with.

THE Guild of Handicraft (Essex House Bow) announce that they are about to publish a translation of Benvenuto Cellini's treatises on goldsmiths' work and sculpture by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. This work, which has never yet been translated into English is intended to serve as a companion volume to John Addington Symonds's translation of Cellini's Autobiography. The translation is based upon the Marcian Codex, the being the original version of the treatises as Cellini dictated them to his amanuensis but which he withdrew from publication and which did not appear till the middle of the present century.

THE first edition of *The Book of Genesis in Basque*, translated by Pierre d'Urte, who was in England in the reign of George the First, was published at the Clarendon Press on June 1, 1894. A new edition, for the pocket, will shortly be issued at a nominal price by the Trinitarian Bible Society. Being intended for popular reading, its orthography has been modernised; and the few textual improvements, which will be seen to be absolutely necessary, have been made—that is to say, some slight alterations, omissions, or additions—to bring the version into conformity with the French of Calvin and the general style of the Basque author himself. The MS. at Shirburn Castle evidently never benefited by his personal revision.

*Saunterings in France*, a new artistic and practical guide-book, will shortly be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

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REVIEWS.

AN AMATEUR BIOGRAPHER.

*Brief Lives,*" chiefly of Contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey between the years 1669 and 1696. Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A. 2 vols. (Clarendon Press.)

WHEN that learned and voluminous, but most inaccurate writer, Anthony Wood, was engaged, about 1667, upon his *History of Oxford*, he received much assistance from Mr. John Aubrey, of Trinity College. Aubrey, with far less industry, was a scholar, or, rather, antiquarian, of Wood's own kidney. He was a Fellow of the newly established Royal Society, and inclinately proud of it. He was curious in all matters of scientific invention and of hæological research, and also in those personalia about writers great and small, which, according to the point of view, may be set down as literary history or as gossip. His own career had been a chequered one. The son of a good Wiltshire family, he had entered away his estate in idleness and unprofitable schemes. Broken down in purse and health, he retained his lively interest in men and books and passed his life in the familiar companionship alike of the grave scholars and of fashionable wits. Differently he haunted libraries and coffee-houses, scribbling a little, drinking more, and eating most. His head and his note-books were crammed with reminiscences of the men he had known or seen, generally trivial, and often scandalous. The *History of Oxford* finished, Anthony Wood turned to the very more considerable *Athene Oxonienses*. Aubrey seemed the very man for his purpose. He begged him to commit to writing anything that might be suitable for the projected series of biographical notices of Oxford writers and bishops" since 1500, of which the work was to consist. Aubrey jumped at the proposal. He purchased some MS. books, wrote a famous name at the top of each page, and jotted down facts or what he could recall them or gather them from the conversation of his friends. These memoranda he presently sent to Anthony Wood, and to them the *Athene* certainly

owes much of its life and colour, and not a little of its untrustworthiness. The thing led to a pretty quarrel between Wood and Aubrey. Aubrey meant to have his papers back, and to deposit them as a collection of importance in the Bodleian. They were freely written, and Wood was to make discreet use of them. Aubrey complained bitterly of the state in which they were returned, mutilated for the printer, and with libellous passages missing.

"Ingratitude!" he cries. "This part Mr. Wood hath gelded from p. 1 to p. 44. There are several papers that may cut my throat. He hath also embezill'd the index of it. It was stitch't up when I sent it to him."

We regret to add that Wood added insult to injury by speaking very slightingly of Aubrey in the preface to the *Athene*.

Aubrey is not, of course, a serious biographer. With the exception of the long account of his friend Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, which was written under different circumstances from the rest of the *Lives*, he has left nothing but brief fragments, a few pages, or even a few lines long. They are, moreover, hastily scribbled, disconnected, full of erasures, and of gaps which he intended to fill up when he could ask the man who knew. Moreover, he made it a principle not to write down what was already, so far as he knew, in print. What he does record is often demonstrably untrue, and the rest is, therefore, where it cannot be verified, unreliable. Nevertheless, with the exception, perhaps, of the singularly candid self-revelations left us by such naïve men as Benvenuto Cellini, Konelm Digby, Herbert of Cherbury, there are few biographical works more interesting. Aubrey is interested in precisely those points which the serious biographer dismisses as not worth mention. He delights in quaint personal habits and eccentricities of character. He loves a racy story. He never forgets to tell you what a man looked like, what he wore, what he preferred to eat and drink. Of personal description he has the gift, though one may suspect here and there the satirical intention in the selection of features. "Raleigh" he says, "had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sore eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie." And here is his vignette of Sir John Denham :

"He was of the tallest, but a little incurvetting at his shoulders, not very robust. His haire was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curl. His gate was slow, and was rather a stalking (he had long legges). His eie was a kind of goose-grey, not big; but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a momus) when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts."

Of course Aubrey is as scurrilous as he can be. If you believe him you must condemn "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother" as a very wanton. In his cynical reflections you behold scandals, as it were in the making. "Ben Jonson," he says, "had one eie lower than t'other, and bigger, like Clun, the player; perhaps he begott Clun." Of this quality in his gossip he seems to have been himself fully aware. "I here lay down to you," he tells Wood, "the naked and plain truth, which affords many

passages that would raise a blush in a young virgin's cheek. So that after your perusal, I must desire you to make a castration, and to sowe-on some figge-leaves—i.e., to be my *Index expurgatorius*." Nor are his remarks always free from ill-nature. Speaking of his cousin, Harry Vaughan the poet, he observes that his father was "a cox-combe and no honeste then he should be—he coscened me of 50<sup>s</sup> once." And some personal rancour must surely underlie the following comprehensive comment on the manners of a gentleman curtly denominated as "Gwyn":

"A better instance of a squeamish and disobligeing, slighting, insolent, proud, fellow, perhaps cant be found then in . . . Gwyn, the earl of Oxford's secretary. No reason satisfies him, but he overweenes and cuts some sower faces that would turne the milke in a faire ladie's breast."

Aubrey may fail in decency or in temper, but he rarely fails to be entertaining. Indeed, your gossip of parts generally does amuse. And Aubrey goes to his work with such gusto; he is so much interested himself in his little tit-bits of information, that, perforce, he carries you along with him. His task is a joy to him. "Twill be a pretty thing," he writes to Wood, "and I am glad you putt me on to it. I doe it playingly"; and again, "After I had began it, I had such an impulse on my spirit that I could not be at quiet till I had donne it." His chief difficulty, indeed, was the morning headache consequent on his mode of life. "If I had but either one to come to me in a morning with a good scourge, or did not sitt-up till one or two with Mr. Wyld, I could doe a great deal of businesse." And for the social life of the seventeenth century, for the undress manners of the Caroline and Restoration writers, for the seamy side of a London against which the Puritan outcry was not unjustified, no better mirror than Aubrey's note-books can be desired. His facts may be distorted enough, but like the impressionist painters, he catches the atmosphere. Nor, of course, is the picture without its more pleasant passages. Aubrey has no wish to exaggerate his shadows or to leave out the high lights. He has much that is pleasant to record of his poets and scholars, generousities, genialities, devotions to causes and ideals, sweet tempers, honours bravely maintained. His very artlessness led him to depict the varied web of humanity truly as he saw it.

In the space of a brief review, to garner a tithe of Aubrey's good stories would be an impossible thing. Two or three specimens may serve to illustrate his manner and to send readers to the fountain-head. Jovial Bishop Corbet was a famous Oxford character, and the common-rooms supplied Aubrey with many a jest of him.

"His conversation was extreme pleasaut. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies: he was a jolly fatt Dr. and a very good house-keeper; parson of Ambroseden in Oxfordshire. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane in wett weather ('tis an extraordinary deepe dirty lane) the coach fell, and Dr. Corbet sayd that Dr. Stubbins was up to the elbowes in mud, he was up to the elbowes in Stubbins.

One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, sayd

he, 'Beare-off there, or I'll confirme yee with my staffe.' Another time having to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine (Lushington) and sayd, 'Some dust, Lushington' (to keep his hand from slipping). There was a man with a great venerable beard; sayd the bishop, 'You, behind the beard.'

His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingeniose man, and they loved one another. The bishop sometimes would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would goe and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes downe his episcopall hat—'There goes the Dr.' Then he putts of his gowne—'There lyes the Bishop.' Then 'twas 'Here's to thee, Corbet,' and 'Here's to thee, Lushington.'

Aubrey's MSS., or what Wood had left of them, were deposited in the Bodleian. From them a portion of the Lives were printed by Philip Bliss in 1813. The present handsome edition is the first complete one that has appeared. Those who know Mr. Clark's work for the Oxford Historical Society will not need to be told that it is a model of what a well-edited book of the kind should be. With the exception of a few quite impossible passages, Mr. Clark has printed the MSS. just as they stand, only re-arranging them so as to get the names into alphabetical order and to collect all the passages that refer to the same name together. A comparison with Dr. Bliss's edition shows not only that many of the Lives are altogether new, but also that to those previously printed many corrections and additions have been made. Much of the new material—for instance, the Key to Sidney's Arcadia, sent to Aubrey by a correspondent and inserted as it stood among his papers—well deserves the attention of biographers and literary historians.

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I am personally unknown to you, yet I venture to address you in this letter because you were one of my earliest enthusiasms. As the author of *The New Republic* you seemed to my youthful imagination the most brilliant, the most trenchant of satirists, and, looking back down the vista of years, I can still find, in this your earliest volume, the promise of a keen observer, a sound thinker, and a writer of much polish and brilliancy. I am not sure whether that promise has been altogether fulfilled, but it was certainly there. There is a story, probably untrue, that the late Prof. Jowett said of you, disparagingly, that you would never do anything more than write a second-rate novel. You replied with *The New Republic*, in which, under the name of Dr. Jenkinson, you so happily ridiculed the late Master of Balliol and his foibles, the man who could not be offered a bishopric because, "though it would be a great compliment to learning, it would be a grievous insult to God." Nothing that you have done since in fiction has come up to that book in merit. You have attempted greater things, and no doubt

the attempt must always count for something; but the world, after all, can only judge by achievement, and in no other book have you achieved the same indisputable and startling triumph. Other men have written similar satirical sketches in which contemporary characters have been held up to ridicule. The name of Thomas Love Peacock at once suggests itself. Mr. Hichens, to take a modern example, had a considerable success with his *Green Carnation*, and it would be easy to recall other instances, but in this particular line your *New Republic* seems to me easily first. Every character in it, Matthew Arnold, Pater, Jowett, Huxley, Tyndal, Pusey, Clifford (but especially the first three), is sketched with a master hand,—

"All his faults observed  
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,"

as Cassius says, and that surely, though not in itself a very good-natured proceeding, is a valuable accomplishment in a writer in this genre. At the same time I cannot wonder that the friends of these gentlemen nourished considerable resentment toward you for so admirably pillorying their follies and vanities.

But *The New Republic*, you may say, was a youthful indiscretion, brilliant, no doubt, but in its nature essentially impermanent. And you will probably prefer to be judged by your later and more ambitious writings. Leaving out of account, then, that rather amusing skit, *The New Paul and Virginia*, which followed your first success, your work falls into three divisions. First of all there are the novels—*A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, *A Human Document*, and the rest. These have, I know, many readers, and, I am willing to believe, many admirers. But I, alas! am unable to avow myself an admirer too. I admit their cleverness. Indeed, it would be impossible to deny it. Your work, even at its least successful, is always clever. I admit that they may fairly claim to rank, artistically, in a different category from the mass of merely successful Circulating Library fiction. But—the murder must out—I find them dull. This is, I fear, the besetting sin of the psychological novel, and you, as it seems to me, have been unable to escape it. Even your wit has failed to save you.

After your novels your poems. I remember some years ago seeing a volume of these advertised at the preposterous price (was it not?) of eight shillings and promptly ordering them. You see, I was still hypnotised by the glamour of *The New Republic*. I remembered one or two passages of occasional verse contained in it which displayed distinct ability, if no great inspiration, while the parody of Matthew Arnold's dreamy rhymeless verse displayed at least some mastery over technique. But your poems were disappointing. There was no "stuff" in them. They were full of echoes of things which I seemed to have read elsewhere. "By many a name, in many a creed, they had called upon me," as Mr. Swinburne sings, and their vellum cover and sumptuous amplitude of margin could not atone for the want of originality and force they enshrined. The poems were

the "thin keen sounds of dead men speech." They had nothing new to offer, nothing save a fair standard of metric excellence, and a fair discrimination in the use of language. In a word, they were "minor" poetry, and minor poets, alas! a not uncommon.

You will say that it is very rude of your unknown correspondent, to damn your novels (except *The New Republic*) and to converse with this faint praise, but there is still another department of your work which remains to be spoken of, and of that I will write with very much greater favour. After the powder, the jam; after the *Human Document* and the poems, I come to those sociological and philosophical writings of yours which I always read with pleasure for their clearness of thought and precision of statement. The earliest of these is, of course, *Is Life Worth Living?*—a suggestive and, at times, brilliant re-handling of an old question. That it provides a conclusive answer to the pessimist, who is always with us, should be sorry to assert; but while it speaks forth with strict fairness the strength of the pessimist position, it, at the same time, points out where those who wish may find an escape from it. But I must really hasten to your latest work—*Aristocracy and Evolution*\*—or if I do not, this letter will have come to a close before I reach it. And there would be to omit all mention of one of your most successful and, at the same time, most characteristic works. As an attack on the blunders of the modern Socialist—his want of intellectual clarity and his inability to grasp the stern facts of practical life—it is quite admirable. Its title, I fear, is somewhat misleading. By aristocracy, the vulgar are apt to understand merely what are called the "upper classes"—to wit, the House of Lords and perhaps the baronetage. Your "aristocracy," on the contrary, is what you may call the Aristocracy of Intellect and the Aristocracy of Energy—in other words, those persons who, by pre-eminent mental gifts, or pre-eminent organising or stimulating or business faculties, become the leaders of their fellow-men. You christen your theory, in fact, "The Great M Theory"; and your position is, that the real causes of progress in the world are the intellectual, social and industrial masterminds who alone are able to lead the masses of their fellow-men in the way they should go. The Socialists, on the contrary, as we all know, love to speak of these "leaders" of ours as created by society rather than as creating it. According to their creed the capitalists are not men who have been the cause of great advances in industry and commerce, and incidentally have reaped their reward for this, but robbers who, by superior astuteness, have contrived to appropriate to themselves the major part of the benefits of achievements which are due solely to the working classes. In this book you have no difficulty in showing that, far from this being the case, the working classes might have gone on toiling through the centuries without materially hastening the march of progress were it not for the

\* *Aristocracy and Evolution*. By W. Mallock. (A. & C. Black.)

"leaders," the "great men," the "Aristocracy" of industry who directed their labours. This is the main thesis of your book, and you have expounded it most luminously. And in these days we hear so much of the Man being the product of his Age that it is as well that we should be reminded, as you remind us, in clear language, that the Age is in at least as true a sense the product of the Man. Shakespeare was, in a sense, the product of the age of Elizabeth with its triumphs and adventures, its stimulating moral and intellectual atmosphere. But have not subsequent ages been, in some of their aspects, the product of Shakespeare? The great man is influenced by his age, but he moves his age also, and any social philosophy which ignores this, and pretends that social and intellectual progress springs from the multitude, and not from those who lead the multitude, is demonstrably fallacious. Men are infinitely various, and it is absurd to treat them, even for the sake of argument, as all alike.

I have only touched upon what seems to me the chief point in your book, but there are many other matters which I would speak of did space allow. In particular, I would refer, with admiration, to the vivid illustrations with which you accompany your argument, and the flashes of wit with which you lighten up your subject. But of these things there is no time to speak now, and your readers must discover them for themselves.—Believe me, your sincere admirer,  
Y.

### THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

*The Life of Napoleon III.* By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. With 37 Illustrations. (Chatto & Windus.)

IT is difficult to believe that any man, save a flunkey, should find the career of the second Napoleon, commonly called the Third, of an inspiring quality; and the wonted riskiness and *brío* of the style of Mr. Archibald Forbes have not been proof against the radical meanness and squalor of his subject. Never before have we encountered Mr. Forbes in so wordy, so politic, so portentously solemn a mood as in this *Life*; and never before have we found him failing to write with whole-hearted vigour and nervous snap, and to hit straight from the shoulder. It may be that years have taught him tediousness and circumlocution; but we refer to believe it is a temporary effect imposed by the dead-weight of his subject. From the outset we are sadly oppressed with the phenomenon. We come upon such crab-like, cumbersome, and ineffectual sentences as this: Queen Hortense "dreaded a repetition in the Eternality of those bloody tragedies which near the close of the previous century had made Paris a human shambles," which, of course, simply means "a repetition in some of the horrors of the French Revolution." By the former mode of expression there is no gain save in portentiousness and a sham kind of rhetorical

dignity—as when one would call a "spade" an "implement of husbandry." There is, indeed, not only so much of the "implement of husbandry" style in the earlier chapters, but also so careful and gingerly a step among debatable matters, and withal so deferential an air of impressment and courtliness (as when, in the episode of escape from Italy, we are told with astonishment and admiration that "Prince Louis, the future Emperor of the French, in the dress of a flunkey, slept on a stone bench out in the open until at length horses were procured") that we are tempted to wonder whether Mr. Forbes had not undertaken to write this *Life of Napoleon III.* under lofty and distinguished patronage. But that impression wears off; and, although Mr. Forbes continues tedious and portentous until near the end, when he treats of familiar matters of military action, we are convinced he has done his utmost to compile a true history of the little Emperor, and not merely to achieve an apology for his life.

It must be admitted that it is difficult to be both fair and effective in writing of Louis Napoleon, who was at the same time so much less and so much better than he seemed, so much less a hero or personage and so much better a man. Mr. Forbes most conscientiously chooses the way of entire fairness, so far as it can be attained. He contemns equally the vehement and vitriolic abuse of Kinglake, and the turgid panegyric of Blanchard Jerrold, while he utterly ignores the windy anathemas and predictions of Victor Hugo. He chooses early to endorse the opinion of Louis Blanc. This is what he says on p. 61:

"Louis Blanc, with rare perspicuity, has thus described the character of the Prince at the opening of his active career: 'To be insensible and patient; to care for nothing but the end in view; to dissemble; not to expend one's daring on mere projects, but to reserve it for action; to urge men to devotedness without putting implicit faith in them; to seem strong in order to be so; such, in the egotistical and vulgar meaning of the phrase, is the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis possessed scarcely any of the constituent elements of that genius, whether good or evil. His easily moved sensibility exposed him unarmed to the spurious officiousness of subalterns. Through haste or good nature he often erred in his judgment of men. The impetuosity of his aspirations deceived him or hurried him away. Endowed with a natural straightforwardness injurious to his designs, he exhibited in curious combination the elevation of soul that loves the truth and the weakness of which flatterers take advantage. He was prodigal of himself to augment the number of his partisans. In a word, he possessed neither the art of husbanding his resources nor that of dexterously exaggerating their importance.'"

That must seem to-day a very generous estimate, for the sole remarkable thing about "Prince Louis" was his belief in the Napoleonic ideas. (Was not his favourite phrase "*les idées Napoléoniennes*"? and did he not write a book about them?) That belief made him not only respectable but formidable; for he held to it as salvation both for France and for himself with the tenacity and fervour of a religious enthusiast. Without it he would have been merely a completely amiable, undistinguished, and

innocuous little man, with a languorous interest in art and literature, and an active pursuit of strange women and obscure superstitions, as befitted his origin—half Italian, half Creole. It is hard now to believe that for years he was known as "The Man of Mystery," and was the puzzle and the terror of European cabinets, and that the dread of him provoked our Volunteer movement.

The two unsuccessful attempts of Prince Louis to impose himself upon France as the heir and agent of the Napoleonic Ideas made him the laughing-stock of Europe; and no wonder. The first attempt—that on Strasburg in 1836—was conceived and carried out in the spirit of comic opera; indeed, a comic opera for stage production, if as fantastic, must be something more feasible and coherent. Mr. Forbes, in narrating it, forgets the dignity he has imposed upon himself, is compelled to write with a kind of reluctance, and rudely describes the Prince's proclamation as "bunkum." Concerning this predestined fiasco Kinglake, "the virulent enemy [says Mr. Forbes] of Louis Napoleon," remarks:

"In some of its features this attempt was a graver business than was generally supposed. At that time Louis Napoleon was twenty-eight years old." [And, therefore, presumably beyond the age of mere fantasy and comic opera.] . . . "The men [of the 46th regiment], taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver" [why weaver?]—"a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop, and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Marengo and Austerlitz. . . . But by and by Tallaudier, the colonel of the regiment, having been at length apprised of what was going on, came into the yard. . . . In a moment the Prince succumbed to the Colonel. . . . One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet without striking a blow he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and of all his other decorations. . . . Louis Napoleon could not alter his nature, and his nature was to be venturesome beforehand, but to be so violently awakened and shocked by the actual contact of danger as to be left without the spirit and, seemingly, without the wish or motives for going on any further with the part of a desperado. . . . The moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself to the first firm man who touched him."

"These be very bitter words," but there is a point of view from which they are fully justified, and that is the point of view of the average insular Englishman, who neither understands nor cares to understand the nature and phenomena of a "foreigner"—the point of view, in short, of Mr. Kinglake, "the virulent enemy of Louis Napoleon." These (and many more) are the words concerning the Strasburg episode of one who was a "virulent enemy," according to Mr. Forbes's own accusation, and yet all he can find to say in rebuke of them is, "The diagnosis is actually vitriolic in its bitterness, but it loses much of its venom because

of its obvious and, indeed, undisguised animus." And the voice is neither that of a partisan nor of a good advocate. The second attempt, that on Boulogne in 1840, was perhaps more extravagantly and fantastically contrived and conducted than the first. Concerning it Mr. Forbes makes no comment at all. He contents himself with a full narrative of the episode, and adds the criticism of Kinglake, with the bare remark that it is "very biting."

It is thus plain that Mr. Forbes is no thick-and-thin apologist and admirer of Napoleon III., though he palpably dislikes to be forced to confess, now and then, that he stood in a mean or a ridiculous situation. On the other hand, he defends him where defence has been rare and condemnation general. In this country in 1851 there was scarcely a man of repute or knowledge to be found who would excuse the *coup d'état* that changed Louis Napoleon from Prince-President of the French Republic into absolute monarch of France: the insult to representative assemblies seemed so gross and the destruction of life and deprivation of freedom in the "days of December" seemed so wanton. But at this time of day the point of view is somewhat changed. Even in the land of "the Mother of Parliaments" we no longer have the old respect for talking-shops, nor the old patience with vain and tedious gentlemen who drown in floods of babble the precious hours that should be devoted to necessary matters of order and government; nor do we think that the persons of factious parliamentarians, who were ready if they got the chance to play a similar game to Louis Napoleon's, were especially sacred. We cannot but agree with Mr. Forbes that the French Assembly deserved the treatment it received—to be turned out as Cromwell turned out the Long Parliament; and we cannot pretend any sympathy with the self-seeking notable gentlemen who were arrested and kept a while in durance; least of all with the contemptible little Thiers, who, twenty years later, became President of the Republic. Louis Napoleon was no Cromwell; but it was with him as has been said of a well-known actor-manager of to-day: "He is not much, but he knows how to surround himself." Louis Napoleon had the faculty, in those early and more alert days, of surrounding himself; and of those by whom he was surrounded there was no abler nor more astute counsellor and agent than his half-brother, the Duc de Morny, the first patron of the late Alphonse Daudet, and the De Mora of *Le Nabab*.

Some critics have made it a reproach against Mr. Archibald Forbes that this *Life of Napoleon III.* is but a compilation. Yet it is hard to guess what else it should be, for recent French research has not been so rewarded with discovery as to tempt a foreigner to grub in original archives, even if they were accessible. Moreover, it is impossible that there is now anything to discover which can either raise or depress Napoleon III. from his recognised position as a well-meaning and amiable man, but a weak, timid, and ineffectual monarch. His kind has been common enough even in our own country; it has

been loved and cherished at the fireside, but hooted and hustled from the throne. Mr. Forbes, as we have said, has not written this history of his public life with any enthusiasm, nor even (it seems to us) with much liking, but, all the same, his volume is such a useful compendium as has not been hitherto accessible.

#### A POET THEORIST.

*Another Sheaf.* By R. Warwick Bond.  
(Elkin Mathews.)

It is an audacious thing to preface your verses. Yet in Mr. Warwick Bond's case we hold the audacity justified. The score of admirably written pages which stand as an introduction to *Another Sheaf* are packed with acute criticism and wise comment upon some of the conditions which at present govern the production of poetry. Mr. Bond's instincts are alarmed, not so much by the lack of popular interest in poetry, as by the free scope given in the absence of control which such interest would supply to certain tendencies which may result, he thinks, in the disintegration of poetry itself. He finds in our latest rhymers a striving after originality which leads them in extravagance, a worship of "sound, and colour, or merely metrical effects," to the exclusion of "thought and imagination, of clear sense and definite invention." Against "crude, indecent, or silly productions" he would set up "quiet work, rooted in the past and striving to base itself on immutable principles." In our own judgment Mr. Bond exaggerates the extent of the spirit which he condemns, and underestimates the real value of experiment in verse. Nevertheless his modestly and sensibly expressed protest is worth weighing, and his own achievement is an excellent illustration of the methods he would extol. He is in the classical tradition, and has caught much of its stately manner and dignified felicities. His verse is intellectualised, yet his elaborate stanzas have nothing rugged about them; they unroll a serene and melodious length. In the most considerable poem of the volume, "At Stratford Festival," there is fine thought, fine feeling, and fine music; we have read it with pleasure and shall do so again. Here are two stanzas on Shakespeare's return to Stratford Puritanism:

"He, too, confessed the auroral sympathies:  
Afar through mist of triumph and of tears  
He caught their paradisaic gleam, and saved  
A quiet remnant from his strenuous years:  
To Nature, wife, and child returning  
braved  
The petty calumnies,  
The peevish scorns, the looks precise that freeze  
A wandering heart come back to wonted ways.  
But witlessly ye raise,  
Dear fools! your eyebrow of contempt, for these

Do but enlarge their empire by your ban!  
Think of those stormy spirits as reeds of choice  
Plucked by a fictive Deity that wrought  
Tumultuous pipes for his great organ-voice,  
Teasing life's every fibre to the thought.  
Ye, whose mechanic plan  
Would mend the bungling of this Ar'isan,  
Con these last leaves; and, as blessed eyes discern  
The all-conquering sunshine, learn,  
The poet yet may purify the man?"

"The auroral sympathies" is a phrase that lingers, and the only thing we do not quite like is the running over of the sense from the first to the second stanza. Surely so long and elaborate a stanza-form may claim its progression by unities!

There is some fine austere writing in "The Ordered House," of which the larger part is a Stoic monologue by Brutus after Philippi. Here, too, Mr. Bond prefers an elaborate metre, and handles it with skill and distinction. This stanza, for instance, has its authentic dignity, and there are many as good:

"Hast thou not oft from some disastrous hour  
Plucked such an issue as redeemed the field?  
Can't thou not fashion from defeat a power  
That mocks the victory of spear and shield?  
If to our rude assault shall never yield  
The fortress of thine unascended sky,  
In sorrow shall the conquest be revealed,  
In sacrifice the race their bliss descry,  
And catch through mist of tears the blaze of Deity."

And finally, these beautiful lines were written as a "Swan Song" for Webster's noble and intimate tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi":

"Pass gently, Life!  
As one that takes farewell of a dear friend:  
For ne'er till now were thou and I at strife,  
Nor shall the sequel lend  
The rich succession of thy smile and tear,  
The conquering pride of love that tramples fear  
And vaunts itself a rapture without end!  
But mine is weariness thou can't not mend.

Come, kindly Death!  
Unweave for tired hands the tangled plot!  
To thy forgetful palace entereth  
None to ask heriot  
No hope and no regret—but ever, there,  
Passes the slumbrous waft of popped air  
O'er happy multitudes that have forgot:  
Angel, I would be sleeping—tarry not!"

It is scholarly poetry, you see; meditative, interpretative, by no means strident. Mr. Bond defers legitimately to great masters: there is an Elizabethan note here, a note of Shelley there. The strongest individual influence is probably that of Matthew Arnold, and for the perpetuation of the Arnoldian tradition in English poetry we must always confess gratitude.

## FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

*Stamp Collector.* By W. J. Hardy and J. D. Bacon. (George Redway.)

This volume follows Mr. Hazlitt's *The Coin Collector* and Mr. Wedmore's *Fine Prints in a Collector Series*. Taken together these three books are a guarantee of the worth of the series. In one respect Messrs. Hardy and Bacon's book introduces a new note; its subject is acutely modern. Coins and stamps have been collected for ages; but the postage stamp was struck less than twenty years ago, and many of the first philatelists are living. Mr. E. von der Meek, the Russian collector, who has a right to be the father of the hobby, began collecting in 1854, and is still at work on his stamps. On the whole, it is clear that stamp collecting had its wayward beginnings about 1835. In 1860 Mme. Nicolas's shop in the Rue Tarbout, Paris, became a rendezvous for dealers; in 1862 the first English guide to stamp-collecting was published in London; and a few years later stamp-dealing became general enough to be ridiculed in the press and recognised in the Directory. Messrs. Hardy and Bacon scarcely trust themselves to write about those languid sixties. To have been a collector then!—that is the dream of every collector now. After 1866 the mania lessened. It was but gathering its force for an astonishing advance. From 1870 stamp-collecting has become the basis of a trade, the hobby of princes and millionaires, and the solace of tens of thousands of pettier men.

London, indeed, the world could not revolve so smoothly on its axis for the philatelist. The chapter of this book is devoted to "Stamps for Collectors"—stamps, that is to say, which have been called into being, not only useful, but to be gummied into albums. The industry still flourishes; and our authors give the following precious letter, written from Borneo by the agent of a stamp-collecting firm, and dated "Labuan, March 30, 1895":

"I have just come back from Brunei, having had the pleasure to see the Sultan and Postmaster about business principally. Let me explain that I am the only one who suggested to the Sultan that he should issue stamps, and I have arranged the whole thing. He and his Postmaster have no other way of the way to conduct any business. I can assure you that the delay in sending the stamps is caused by the illness of the Postmaster's wife—at least one of his wives. In the meantime the post-office is shut."

Stamp-making of this kind is now generally effectually discouraged.

We cannot trace the march of stamp-collecting as it is detailed by Messrs. Hardy and Bacon. Our authors are very bright; and the chapters entitled "Art in Postage Stamps," "Stamps with Stories," "Local Stamps," and "The Stamp Market" are all of interest. The book is hardly a guide to stamp collecting. Messrs. Hardy and Bacon greet the would-be collector with a friendly and weary smile. They do, indeed, descend to the plodding, *interested* collector (the less opulent collector," they call him), and give us descriptions of the collections of a child and a prince of the blood.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Some Welsh Children.* By the Author of *Fraternity*. (Elkin Mathews.)

It would not be easy for the least impressionable to read the ten sketches comprised in this pretty volume without submitting to their fascination. Perfumed with humour and melancholy, they proceed from a mind in retreat from a world that has grown dull and stale. The nursery myths of Jack Frost and Betty Snow, of Morris the wind (perhaps), and of the monstrous house sprite, Evanrodenacw; the persistent inexplicable impressions derived from the nursery book-shelf; the mysterious properties of nursery toys and nursery furniture—all these are explored with such delicacy and sincerity that the sympathetic reader lives for some brief moments in the child's world of make-believe. Perhaps the most charming chapter of all is that which treats of "The Little Brothers." There had been born into this family of girls a little brother, but "God had taken him away from us because we were not 'worthy,' our mother had given us to understand."

"It was impossible to feel much warmth of sisterly affection for this spotless being. And while we felt the slight implied to ourselves, we fully concurred in our secret hearts with the wisdom which had ordained his removal from our midst. We knew well enough that we were no fit companions for immaculate purity. But we liked the distinction conferred by an angel brother, and heaven was the right place for him."

At last there came a little brother who did succeed in developing, from a disappointing stage of mottles, wrinkles, and baldness, into a very human and charming child. He occasionally had a difficulty in squaring matters with his father:

"Master Richard consoled himself for his defeat by making special mention of papa in his evening prayer in loud and unctuous tones. 'Grant, O Lord, that my dear father may be forgiven for his sinful temper this day, and give him grace to control his passion; soften his heart, O Lord,' &c."

Imagine the feelings of this same parent when, being introduced to the bedside of a relative sick unto death, the child broke eagerly forth: "May I go to your funeral, please? Do ask papa to promise to take me to your funeral." But this attraction towards the more solemn rites of religious service, unhappily, was not accompanied by such rigid orthodoxy as you might expect:

"When Richard heard of the terrible fate which overtook the laughing children who mocked Elisha's baldness, he hesitated long between incredulity and indignation.

His sympathies were naturally entirely with the children. 'It was too bad!' he declared with great disgust.

And the history of Ananias and Sapphira . . . only seemed to anger him against the Apostles.

'Peter hadn't been so very good himself,' he gloomily remarked. Then going to the root of the matter, after a moment's reflection: 'Jesus would never have done that!'"

One cannot but rejoice to learn that this prematurely critical habit in no way troubled

his confidence as to the allotment of his own sempiternal mansion; for the child never grew up:

"He knew no fear.

'It does seem strange that I should die when there were so many old people in the village,' he said half-wonderingly; 'I should think they will be surprised to see me in heaven before Papa. You had better send down to the village to ask if anyone has any message they would like me to take for them. It's a good thing I can speak Welsh.'

We have quoted enough, we hope, to engage interest in a book which has real charm.

*The Women of Homer.* By Walter Copeland Perry. (Heinemann.)

MR. PERRY addresses himself primarily to those ignorant of Greek. After a brief general discussion of the "Homeric question," he describes the position of woman in Homeric civilisation, and proceeds to a study of the individual female types—divine, semi-divine, and human—painted in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is a good subject, more especially in view of the recent paradoxical theory put forward by Mr. Samuel Butler, that the very author of the *Odyssey* was a woman. But we cannot profess to be pleased with the way in which Mr. Perry has treated it. To rehaudle the criticism of Homer, after what has already been written, requires some subtlety of touch, and this Mr. Perry has not got. He means well, but he fails to catch the right accent. Instead of being simple, he is banal and commonplace, and his attempts to write brightly, and even humorously, only succeed in setting our teeth on edge. It is suburban, surely, to speak of Hecuba as turned into a "female dog," or, after stating that Homeric "marriage was a matter of arrangement and barter between the suitor and his intended father-in-law," to comment in a footnote, "How different from our own matrimonial arrangements, in which love and merit alone decide!" But for the infelicity of its manner, the book would be useful. Mr. Perry knows his archaeology, and explains it carefully. The English reader will not, however, understand why Ibycus sneered at the Spartan women as *φαινομυρπιδες* without a translation. There are numerous illustrations, not all remarkable for their relevance; and in an appendix Mr. Perry adopts the ingenious, but untrustworthy, views of the late Mr. Bonecke on the treatment of women in later Greek literature.

*Side Lights on Siberia.* By James Young Simpson. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. SIMPSON journeyed in Siberia in the summer of 1896 with a quick eye; and he has made a book of nearly four hundred pages out of his experiences. The note of it is the imminence of the great Siberian iron road from Russia to Vladivostok. It is clear that in this country we have not formed a just conception of this stupendous engineering work. But Mr. Simpson has come, seen, and — been conquered. He writes:

"When in the years to come men review the greater undertakings of the nineteenth century,

it will be hard to find a rival to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Winding across the illimitable plains of Orenburg, traversing the broad Urals, spanning the widest rivers, like the Irtysh, Ob, and Yenisei, it creeps round the southern end of Lake Baikal, and mounts the plateau of far Trans-Baikalia. Thereafter, leaving behind it the Yablonovoi Mountains, the line descends into the valley of the Amur, exchanges it presently for that of the Ussuri, and ends at last in Vladivostok."

Such is the inspiring route of a railway which is twice as long as that which joins New York and San Francisco, and traverses a country inhabited by peoples that know not each other. All the more interesting by reason of the coming change is the account given of the well organised Siberian post system. Mr. Simpson describes its working in detail. Here is a part of the picture:

"Among ordinary passengers, the claim to horses at any station is decided by the order of arrival. The passage of the post is the one great hindrance to the eager traveller, as it leaves so many empty stalls behind it, and everyone must give precedence to it. Tables are hung upon the station wall showing when it is timed to reach that particular halting-place; hence the postmasters know exactly when to expect it, and for three hours before reserve the required number of horses. Moreover, the complement of horses kept at each station averages twenty-one, so the feelings of the traveller may be imagined when he sees the post drive in, consisting, as it often does, of five *turandasses* in charge of one or two armed officials. This means fifteen at least of the available stock swept away at once, and, if the station is crowded, there are heartburnings as one or two favoured individuals drive off with the remaining teams."

We have not space to follow Mr. Simpson into the penal settlements. He traversed the convicts' country and examined the convict life thoroughly. What we wish to note is that Mr. Simpson was led to the definite conclusion, on evidence supplied by the convicts themselves, that "the present condition of the political exiles is not so bad as many would have us believe."

*Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology.*  
By E. P. Evans. (Heinemann.)

The interest of this book is primarily an ethical, rather than a psychological one. Mr. Evans desires to combat the view taken by scholastic philosophy, that as animals have no "souls" there cannot be, strictly, any moral duties towards them. The theory is not so paradoxical as it seems, because there may be a duty to act kindly towards animals without its being precisely a duty "to" the animal. Mr. Evans seems to have somewhat imperfectly grasped this distinction, and no doubt it is true that the belief that animals were made solely "for the use of man" has had its corollaries of practical brutality. Surely, however, Mr. Evans is overstating his case when he says of kindness to animals, that "no treatise or pastoral theology ever touches this topic, nor is it ever made the theme of a discourse from the pulpit, or of systematic instruction in the Sunday-school." We cannot answer for the Sunday-schools, but the following passage from a circular issued by the Education Department with regard to the instruction

of day-schools lies before us as we write: "Good object-teaching develops a love of nature and an interest in living things, and corrects the tendency which exists in many children to destructiveness and thoughtless unkindness to animals, and shows the ignorance and cruelty of such conduct." It is, of course, true that the exclusion of animals from moral rights is inconsistent with the more extreme evolutionary psychology, for which the human consciousness does not differ in kind from the types of animal consciousness out of which it is conceived as being evolved. The bulk of Mr. Evans's book consists of a survey of animal consciousness from this point of view. He attempts to minimise the barrier between the animal and human self, criticises Prof. Max Müller's theory that this barrier is to be found in the capacity for articulate speech, and searches among animals for rudiments of æsthetic and even religious sentiment. Animals, he says, "are amenable to rewards and punishments, doing the will and seeking to win the favour of superior beings, on whom they are dependent, propitiating and fawning upon them, creeping and grovelling on the ground in abject adoration, in order to assuage their anger or to secure their kind regard." Well, if this is the religious sentiment, no doubt animals have it: to us it reads like a parody. Granted the general standpoint of his psychology, in our opinion a thoroughly false one, Mr. Evans has written an interesting and, on the whole, a well-reasoned book, and a book not devoid of entertainment. Some of his examples of the excess of sentiment towards animals are delightful: the lady, for instance, who advertised for "well-mannered and well-dressed children to be employed for several hours each day to amuse a sickly cat"; and Cardinal Bellarmine, who used to let bugs and other insects bite him undisturbed, on the plea that "we shall have heaven to reward us for our temporal sufferings, but these poor creatures have nothing to look forward to except the enjoyment of the present life." For some of Mr. Evans's animal stories we should ourselves desire very exact verification before using them for argumentative purposes: they have a suspicious resemblance to those which Balliol undergraduates used to send, and for all we know, still send to the *Spectator*. And Mr. Evans ought not to have quoted the statements of Mr. R. L. Garner, since he shows in a note that he is perfectly well aware of the probability that Mr. R. L. Garner is not in authority.

*The Highlands of Scotland in 1750.* From MS. 104 in the King's Library, British Museum. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Blackwood.)

THAT convenient abstraction, the general reader, in spite of tourist-tickets, yachting cruises, and deer forests, still views the Western Islands and the Hill Country through the glamour of time and poetry. For he has trodden those showery solitudes with Vich Ian Vohr, Rob Roy, and Alan Breck Stewart, and trudged many a mountain mile beside the stirrup of Dr. Johnson, high chief of Island Isa. But the author of *The Highlands of Scotland in 1750*

went on his way unaccompanied by even an imagination. Indeed, an imagination was not required of him, for Mr. Lang, in a learned critical Introduction, tells us that he was probably a "Court Trusty," named Bruce, who was employed in 1749 to survey the forfeited and other estates, and to suggest schemes of reform in the interests of the Black Cockade. In a word, "the dog was a Whig," and, of course, performed his task in a violently congenial fashion. Here are no intimate pictures of manners, such as are to be enjoyed in Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*, or in Johnson, Scott, and Boswell; but an ordered array of plain statements, relating principally to the localities of the tribes, the names and characters of their chiefs, their disposition towards the Hanoverian Government, and the numbers of their fighting men. On most of these points the writer appears to be well-informed; but his estimate of the Highland strength on a war-footing at 220,000 claymores is, as Mr. Lang notes, enormously above that of the Gartmore MS., which places it at 57,500 men, a figure which Scott, who owned the MS., puts into the mouth of Bailie Nichol Jarvie. On the whole, the book is certainly one to be possessed by those especially interested in its subject, and it may be usefully compared with the volumes of Browne and Skene. But it is curious to observe that Bruce is so utterly prejudiced against the military spirit when it is displayed by the Hill-men that he finds no better word than "madness" to describe the heroism of the Macleans at Inverkeithing. He adds that, "tho' none but the Refuse and Gleanings of them went to the Battle of Culloden, yet no Clan lost near their Proportion, for of 240, most of their officers and above 160 of their men were left Dead upon the Field." Upon which one says with Boswell: "The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage."

*Cassell's Family Lawyer.* By a Barrister-at-Law. (Cassell & Co.)

This is a reference book of more than 1,100 pages. The author's aim, however has been to make the book readable and informing, even to the man who has no anxious need to consult its pages. What he very properly does not aim at is to instruct laymen how to conduct actions. The functions of the book are precisely analogous to those of a household medical book, with the difference that whereas the study of a book of medicine is apt to generate imaginary ailments, the study of this *Family Lawyer* will scarcely rouse the spirit of litigation. Cromwell described the law as "an ungodly jumble." Here it appears by no means a jumble, but as an everyday mentor and philosopher. We have chapters devoted to "Husband and Wife," "Parent and Child," "The Householder," "The Landlord," "Wills," "The Franchise," "The Law of the Workman," "Agents," "Bills, Notes, and Cheques," and so on *ad infinitum*. A bland introduction and a copious index complete a work of undoubted usefulness.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### CROSS TRAILS.

BY VICTOR WAITE.

"Mad with pain, he caught one man by the arm and swung him round, dashing his head against the wall with a sickening crunch. At the same time he hurled the second man from him with a kick. Then, with a bellow like that of an angry bull, he picked up a tile one-legged table that stood by the bed, and fell upon his assailants. The first man dropped with a fractured skull." Such is Mr. Waite's happy way. The story is of adventurous men, in South America and Australia, and of hidden treasure, and treachery and assassination, and love and strength, and every page is thrilling. A godsend to a schoolboy. (Methuen. 456 pp. 6s.)

#### THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

This is the novel of Transatlantic politics which Americans have been buying to the extent of thirty-five thousand copies. We might quote the reply given by the editor of the *New York Times* Literary Supplement to the reader who asks if it is true that the character of Peter Stirling is based on that of Mr. Grover Cleveland: Mr. Ford was appealed to and asked if the character of Senator McGuire was not taken from Senator Hill and that of Peter Stirling from that of Mr. Cleveland, but Mr. Ford remains non-committal." (Hutchinson & Co. 417 pp. 6s.)

#### THE IRISH CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

Twelve short stories by the author of that clever novel, *The Man of Straw*. Gathered from various magazines and newspapers, they do not all conspicuously reflect Mr. Pugh's studies of London life, many of the stories being rural in their setting; but this is not the case with "Bottles: a Cockney Ishmael," which opens in a downy public-house, where the smell of Thames mud is perceptible. "The Inevitable Thing" is another story of low London life. (Leinemann. 303 pp. 6s.)

#### THE BELICAN HOUSE, E.C.

BY B. B. WEST.

Open this story where one will, amounts of money greet the eye. The story is satirical of City doings, and particularly of the Hon. Mr. Qui Mal y Pense Company, Limited. Turning the pages in some bewilderment (for we are not financiers), we spy such sentences as these: "If he wanted £600, part in fruity port, he could have it at the usual rate." "The remaining £32 6s. 10d. . . was to be handed, less omnibus and other charges, to the Professor for greasing the palm of the Pontifical Prime Curser." "The total sum, some £78 odd, she poured into her brother's lap." "Mrs. Henry Palmerstown must in any case have her £750." In the City the story should find readers, or, at least—auditors. (Fisher Unwin. 276 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FORTUNE'S GATE.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

The author of *A Fellow of Trinity*, and other stories over which undergraduates sometimes dare to make merry, is here again on the familiar ground. He is still, to adapt an old joke, calling up spirits from the 'Varsity deep. In the first sentence of the first chapter Andrew Clay goes to Cambridge. Subsequently we come to the larger life, but the story, in the main, is of the colleges and Downham, and Andrew's debts and idleness. "Fortune's Gate" is a pill, with the assistance of which Andrew hoped to make vast riches. (Chatto & Windus. 306 pp. 6s.)

#### THE KEEPERS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY EDOAR JEPSON.

Herein the author of *A Passion for Romance* blends two civilisations and three nationalities. Part of the story is laid in England, part in Russia, and part in Varandaleel, which lies east of Russia

and hates it. Prince Ralph of Varandaleel, Prince Melinsky (his foe), Lord Lisdor, Althea, Ruth, Vashti, the Reverend Peter Stucker—these are sufficiently bizarre characters; and there is war, and a tiger fight, and love in plenty. A barbaric romance of the present time, with such a passage as this in it: "'No,' said Althea, 'I am sharpening this sword for you. If we get the worst of it, I am to kill you. That was Prince Ralph's orders; and he has my promise.'" (C. Arthur Pearson. 358 pp. 6s.)

#### LUCKY BARGEE.

BY HARRY LANDER.

Let us quote the dedication: "To the silent companions of many wasted hours, my bulldogs Boss and Spider, this book is dedicated without permission, as an acknowledgment of their grave contempt for such follies." The book, one sees, is humorous. It dealeth with the lower river, and hath a plethora of slang. (C. Arthur Pearson. 286 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE ROMANCE OF A NAUTCH GIRL.

BY MRS. FRANK PENNY.

Another of those Indian stories which are proclaimed in a preface to be concerned with hidden mysteries. At once we are hypnotised by motionless air, busy cicadas, and the soft moan of the casuarina's needles. Also there are devil dances and nautch dances, and when things are not pulsing wildly, sweetmeats and betel nut are handed round. The atmosphere of the temple and the demon-haunted grove mingles with that of the cantonment; nor is it surprising that Minachee finally "took wing to other scenes where the drumming of the tomtom and the orgy of the heathen poojah filled her wild heart with a gladness that made her life complete." (Swan Sonnenschein. 369 pp. 6s.)

#### A SECRET OF WYVERN TOWERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight's hand is cunning in devising and unravelling mysteries, as readers of *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke* know. In the new book, the first wife of Mr. Drelincourt of Wyvern Towers is murdered, by whom no one knows, no one even suspects, until p. 289, when the clearing up begins. An old-fashioned and quite readable romance of the kind perfected by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus. 301 pp. 6s.)

#### A SOUL ON FIRE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

"His hands wandered about the soft-cushioned velvet, and he spoke to himself, until they rested on the top of a man's head—the head of a man who, apparently, still occupied the seat he had vacated." "His" hands were the Professor's ghost's hands. For the Professor, who was blue-eyed and brutal, was dead, and was just finding it out. Subsequently he met a number of persons whom he had known in the flesh and had not treated over well. A fantastic idea not too well carried out, but readable as everything of Miss Marryat's is. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 260 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### FIGHTING FOR FAVOUR.

BY W. G. TARBET.

A kailyard romance of the seventeenth century, written in the first person. It concerns an attack by English pirates on a Scottish bark, and the subsequent capture, by the brave men of Anstruther, of the pirates, "whereof twa [writes the Anstruther minister in his diary] were hang'd on our pier-end, the rest in St. Andrews; with nae hurt at all to any of our folks, wha ever since syne have been free from English pirates. All praise to God for ever. Amen." (Arrowsmith. 318 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE VICAR.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

Mr. Hatton has ere now found the material for stirring romances in Italy and Russia; here we have a story of English life. In the opening chapters the vicar's scapegrace son, Tom Hussington, is revolving desperate measures of raising money with his friend

Jim Renshaw. In the last chapter Jim is in the hands of the police, and Tom is saved only by the kindness of a rival in love. The story is thoroughly interesting, and the character of Lady Barwick, the intriguing widow, who bids the maid hide the *Sporting Life* and *Tipster* and spread forth the *Guardian*, when she is expecting visitors, is well realised. (Hutchinson & Co. 403 pp. 6s.)

## MISTRESS BRIDGET.

BY E. YOLLAND.

"To this day the spirit walks: no one will pass alone between the box-tree paths of the Rectory garden; the weathercock turns in the wind with all the initials in view, and fragrant apples strongly scent the dormer chamber, always called 'Madam's Zimmer,' wherein no doubt to those whose ears are listening to it, the hum of a wheel can be heard in the stillness of the summer night, and were there eyes to see—a slender form, and delicate fingers spinning the web of fate. None of the old family remain." This formula is worked out in the old way. (F. V. White & Co. 264 pp.)

## AN EGYPTIAN COQUETTE.

BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

Behold the story of Evan Grant, a young scientific journalist and the most brilliant contributor to the *Torch*, and Ethel Vallance, who being hypnotised at a *séance* by Spinoza—not the philosopher, but a mesmerist—straightway fetched a knife and stuck one of her suitors in the shoulder; and the consequence was that Evan Grant dreamed a dream, and went to Egypt and brought back a hypnotised female mummy and a papyrus. The latter was translated, and the former, in an attempt to de-hypnotise her, fell to dust. A very unreal piece of sensationalism. (C. Arthur Pearson. 232 pp. 2s. 6d.)

## FOR LIBERTY.

BY HUME NISBET.

The author says that these "Chronicles of a Jacobin" are founded on a collection of autobiographical MSS. relating to Major-General George Martel, which have long been in his possession. The story takes us to Paris during the Revolution, and is carried down "to the downfall of those gore-grimed monsters who crushed Liberty, and made France the trembling home of Terror." (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

## BETWEEN TWO WIVES.

BY WILLIAM TURVILLE.

This is a very long story, divided into three books. We permit the reader to divine its contents by such chapter headings as: "The Motive and the One for Passion," "Haw, haw!" "Asperities," "Gall and Nettles," "The Garden Party," "Washing Day," "A Dinner Pill," "A-weary of the Sun," "Claimed," and "After Me the Deluge." Four hundred and fifty-one pages of love and talk. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 451 pp. 6s.)

## IN THE PROMISED LAND.

BY MARY ANDERSON.

The story of Rahab, who dwelt on the city wall of Jericho, re-written and elaborated. Joshua is introduced as one of the characters, and the King of Ai as another; and the destruction of Achan and his family is a leading incident. The story concludes with a suggestion of Rahab's repentance and happier life. (Downey & Co. 288 pp. 6s.)

## A POINT OF VIEW.

BY CAROLINE FOTHERGILL.

We have here one of those stories which may be said to have several heroes and heroines; and their difficulty is to sort themselves out into married couples. The sorting process entails mistakes and heart-burnings. A quiet country setting is sufficient for such a story, and we have it. For the rest, the characters are carefully drawn. (Arrowsmith. 312 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## A TWO-FOLD SIN.

BY M. BRAZIER.

The mansion is "noble" and "castellated"; and a "young man about seven-and-twenty" (a stranger) exclaims: "How fair a scene; can I ever hope to aspire to such a home, or will it only come when youth and energy have fled? Ah, well! a truce to sad thoughts, I will not be disenchanting on this lonely evening, but let yonder setting sun be the harbinger of bright days to come." The story that opens like this is ever with us. We admire its—persistence. (Digby, Long & Co. 188 pp. 2s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

*American Wives and English Husbands.* By Gertrude Atherton. (Service & Paton.)

This is a stronger piece of work than *His Fortunate Grace*: more ambitious, and achieving more. The somewhat clumsy title strikes a keynote. This story, like the last, deals with the theory or practice of Anglo-American intermarriage. Mrs. Atherton would protest, one gathers, against the blunt judgment which lumps all American wives into a single unflattering category. After all, she points out to us, there is a world of difference between, say, your raw Western heiress and the Southern woman of good Californian family with a century or two of delicate breeding behind her. The former does not beseech a coronet; the latter may meet an English noble with a pride of race equal to his own. Such a one is Lee Tarlton, Mrs. Atherton's heroine. Her personality dominates the book. She is well conceived and thoroughly alive. We rejoice that she is beautiful, for heroines with lank drab hair and squat figures pall on the reviewer; but when to beauty she adds brains, courage, and a high sense of honour, we feel that Lord Maundrell is a lucky man. He, too, is well drawn, though with a touch of Transatlantic scurr for the impressive "set" Englishman. The plot is not much; the interest centres in Lee's development as a Californian girl and an English bride. Over against her is set her husband's stepmother, also an American, of rank extraction, who brings Lord Barnstable's fortune and good name to ruin. He learns at last that the expenses of Maundrell Abbey are being paid out of her lover's purse, and a strong scene between him and the true-hearted Lee follows:

"He was sitting at his desk writing; and as he lifted his hand at her abrupt entrance, and laid it on an object beside his papers, she received no shock of surprise. She went forward and lifted his hand from the revolver.

"Must you?" she asked.

"Of course I must. Do you think I could live with myself another day?"

"Perhaps no one need ever know."

"Everybody in England will know before a week is over. She gave me to understand that people guessed it already."

"This seems such a terrible alternative to a woman—but—"

"But you have race in you. You understand perfectly. My honour has been sold, and my pride is dead: there is no place among men for what is left of me. And to face my son again! Good God!"

"Can nothing be done to keep it from Cecil?"

"Nothing. It is the only heritage I leave him, and he'll have to stand it as best he can. It won't kill him, nor his courage; he's made of stronger stuff than that. And if I've brought the family honour to the dust, he has it in him to raise it higher than it has ever been. Never let him forget that. You've played your part well all along, but you've a great deal more to do yet. You'll find that Fate didn't steer you into this family to play the pretty rôle of countess—"

"I am equal to my part."

"Yes, I think you are. Now, I have an hour's work before me. I can't let you go till I've finished. You are a strong creature—but you are a woman all the same. You must stay here until I am ready to let you go."

"I want to stay with you."

"Thank you. Sit down."

He handed her a chair, and returned to his writing.

\* \* \* \*

Lord Barnstable laid down his pen and sealed his letters. He stood up and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said.

They shook hands closely and in silence. Then she went out and he closed the door behind her. She stood still, waiting for the signal. She could not carry the news of his death to his son until he was gone beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was so long coming that she wondered if his courage had failed him, or if he were praying before the picture of his wife. It came at last."

Lord Barnstable dies, but the atmosphere remains electric. We somehow expect that Lord Maundrell will follow in his father's footsteps, and that Lee will fall into the hands of a "magerful" compatriot who has encompassed her with vows since childhood. And then—there is no ending: Lee seeks her husband's study in trepidation; "Cecil was writing quietly."



*A Voyage of Consolation.* By Sara Jeannette Duncan.  
(Methuen & Co.)

THIS is an amusing story, with a love motive strong enough to set it going and finish it off. The heroine, Mamie Wicks, writes in the first person, and we are at once made acquainted with the fact and the manner of her broken engagement with Mr. Arthur Greenleaf Page, of Yale College. Mamie has been to England and has returned to Chicago with an English accent and a new view of the American twang. Mr. Page, to whom attachment to the American accent is the alpha of patriotism, is so shocked that the engagement is broken; and Mamie instantly arranges a trip to Europe with her parents by telephone. It is with the travel adventures of these three that the book is concerned. Poppa, who is a Senator, is consistently dry and amusing; Momma cautious and absurd; and Mamie holds the pen.

In Rome Mamie is approached with a proposal of marriage by a very but nearly destitute Italian Count, to whom Poppa had inquisitively talked about his soda business in the train from Genoa. Here is Mamie's story of the Count's offer:

"If I must speak of myself, believe me it is not a nobody, the Count Filgiatti," he went on at last. "Two Cardinals I have had in my family and one is second cousin to the Pope."

"Fancy the Pope's having relations!" I said; "but I suppose there is nothing to prevent it."

"Nothing at all. In my family I have had many ambassadors, but that was a little formerly. Once a Filgiatti married with a Medici—but these things are better for Mistra and Madame Wiek to inquire."

"Poppa is very much interested in antiquities, but I'm afraid there will hardly be time, Count Filgiatti."

"Listen, I will say all! Always they have been much too large, the families Filgiatti. So now perhaps we are a little reduce. But there is still some things—ah, signorina, can you pardon that I speak these things, but the time is so small—there is fifteen hundred lire yearly revenue to my pocket."

"About three hundred dollars," I observed sympathetically. Count Filgiatti nodded with the smile of a conscious capitalist. "Then, of course," I said, "you won't marry for money." I'm afraid this was a little unkind, but I was quite sure the Count would perceive no irony, and said it for my own amusement.

"*Jamais!* In Italy you will find that never! The Italian gives always to heart before—before—"

"The arrangement," I suggested softly.

"Indeed, yes. There is also the seat of the family."

"The seat of the family," I repeated. "Oh—the family seat. Of course, being a Count, you have a castle. They always go together. I shall be forgotten."

"A castle I cannot say, but for the country it is very well. It is not so amusing there, in Tuscany. It is a little out of repairs. Twice a year I go to see my mother and all those brothers and sisters—it is enough! And the Countess, my mother, has said to me two hundred times, "Marry with an Americaine, Nicco, it is my command." "Nicco," she calls me—its what you call jackname."

The Count smiled deprecatingly, and looked at me with a great deal of sentiment, twisting his moustache. Another pause ensued. It's all very well to say I should have dismissed him long before this, but I should like to know on what grounds?

"I wish very much to write my mother that I have found the American lady for a new Countess Filgiatti," he said at last with emotion.

"Well," I said awkwardly, "I hope you will find her."

"Ah, Moes Wick," exclaimed the Count recklessly, "you are that American lady. When I saw you in the railway I said, "It is my vision!" At once I desired to embrace the papa. And he was not cold to me—he told me of the soda. I had courage, I had hope. At first when I see you to-day I am a little derange. In the Italian way I speak first with the papa. Then came a little thought in my heart—what is propitious! In America the daughter make always her own arrangement. So I am spoken."

"But this I rose immediately. I would not have it on my conscience that I toyed with the matrimonial proposition of even an Italian Count. I mentioned the matter to my parents, thinking it might amuse them, and it did. From a business point of view, however, papa could not help feeling a certain amount of sympathy for the Count."

"I hope, daughter," he said, "you didn't give him the ha-ha to his face."

The author's aim is to be amusing; and in this she succeeds. Her keen observation is turned quite as much on the American tourist as on European sights and customs; and the result is a very clear novel of travel.

*The Scourge-Stick.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed.  
(William Heinemann.)

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED has struck out in this volume into a vein new to her, and fortunately for her readers she has produced a story of much more than her usual significance and power. One cannot but shrink occasionally from the excessive morbidness of the book. It deals with a girl of sensitive and introspective temperament who, failing as an actress, hastily accepts an offer of marriage from a wealthy admirer, Hector Vassal, whose cold and ruthless character the author, with a *motif*-like persistence, likens to the type of the Roman Emperors. "Agatha Greste, who had odd fancies, used to say that he was a reincarnation of the Roman period." Of course they are unhappy—their tastes conflict in every interest, their ideas in every aspect of life. And one day the inevitable happens. The story is not to be told apart from the context; but it may be said that the final development of the plot is a very clever and ingenious display of mechanism. The psychology and soul-stirring of *The Scourge-Stick* are not its strongest point. The writing is too much in gasps. Dots and dashes take the place which, under the old dispensation of feminine literature, would have been filled by italics. Open the book at random, and your eye lights on a paragraph like this:

"Anything—anything but that. I should feel it was the offence against the Holy Ghost. . . . I know that I have sinned against you and against the law, in breaking my marriage oath. . . . I know it now. . . . But there's just this excuse for me. . . . I *did* love, with my whole heart and soul. . . . I made a religion of my love. . . . I *can't* dishonour it."

This method gives emphasis at the expense of disjointedness; and when it is pointed out that nearly the whole book, certainly all the heroine's part of it, is conducted on this system of spasms and jerks, it will be clear that restraint is the one consummate quality which is absent from it. Nor is Mrs. Campbell Praed above a certain preference for the needlessly unpleasant, not from the moral, but from the artistic point of view. The closing scenes of the life of Mr. Vassal, the worn-out debauchee clinging with frantic eagerness to the dregs of vitality, ordering his wife, when no longer able to stir himself, to read indecent French novels to him, throwing off his life-time's mask of respectability more and more as his senses dull, may not be untrue, but are they art? Was not this one little picture of the dying man enough without over-elaborating it?

"Only Bunchy, attracted by the litter of flowers, peeped furtively in at the outer vestibule and, catching sight of the dread-inspiring figure in the chair, ran swiftly away. Somehow, Mr. Vassal, as he sat there with his fierce eyes gleaming from over his book or paper at any sound that caught his attention, made one think of one of those old, bloated, uncannily marked spiders one sees lying in wait for unsuspecting flies. His limbs had a shrunken look owing to his huddled position in the great chair; and his head seemed to have grown larger, while his face was yellow and more deeply lined and broader about the jaws, giving the effect of a faint leer."

Mrs. Campbell Praed uses a larger canvas and a freer brush in *The Scourge-Stick* than she has done before, but she should tone down the crudeness of her colours. There is too much red and yellow about the story of Esther Vrintz.

#### THE CONFESSION OF A DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

A REMARKABLE "human document" is printed in the current *New Century Review* above the signature of "Julian Croskey"—a name not unfamiliar in connexion with the "Pseudonym Library," where it appeared on the title-page of a story entitled *The Shen's Pigtail*. The writer bids a disgusted farewell to literature; and his article claims to be an absolutely frank statement of how he has fared in authorship. The value, though not the interest, of his article is somewhat discounted by the fact that he has used literature merely as a stepping-stone. "Julian Croskey" has spent some years in China. He held a position in the Chinese Customs, but becoming discontented made a wild attempt to get up a rebellion, was arrested,

and being handed over to the British Government was then under the Foreign Enlistment Act sent to prison. In prison he revolved a quixotic scheme of raising a body of gentlemen-adventurers in English society to exploit China. The first thing was to get into society. While therefore keeping up his knowledge of Chinese, studying military tactics, and keeping in touch with his native confederates, "Julian Croskey," embarked on a two-years' attempt to win fame as an author. His hardships seem to have been many and severe; but, again, it is necessary to point out that they have not been of the kind which are inseparable from literary aspirations. After the first three months—during which period he wrote twenty-six magazine articles and two books—"Julian Croskey" went into the London Hospital, having broken down from "starvation, fever, and isolation." Thence emerging, he borrowed fifty pounds. "On this fifty pounds," he writes:

"I took a small room near Hampstead Heath for four shillings and sixpence a week, living on tinned meat and opium. I was here for a year, and, although full of creativeness, wasted the year in what I thought the more important duty, the composition of my bible and military scheme of conquest. I joined the Volunteers as a private, and made an exhaustive study of tactics and armament by the book. I was already beginning to feel the pleasure of writing fiction, and suppressed my eagerness in order to finish my technical work with a constant effort. My invention was so abundant that I thought it would easily stand the postponement of a year. Fatal postponement!

I now began to send out my slum work, and, for the first time, to court the agonies of refusal. On the whole, I was successful for a beginner, although I thought I was a terrible failure. I placed three or four articles with *Temple Bar*, two tales, and *The Shen's Pigtail* in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library. My agreement with Mr. Unwin specified two or three other books which I was to supply, so that if I had taken to literature then I should at once have been launched. I, however, neglected my part of the agreement, and let my opportunity slide. During that year I made fifty pounds out of my first three months' work. Messrs. Bentley have still a typed MS. of mine, consisting of articles on China, which may or may not have appeared. I have changed my address often, and do not read magazines. I had intended adding to my labours by illustrating my own tales. The first half of *The Shen's Pigtail* went to the *Strand Magazine*, with several illustrations, at least correct in local colour, and came back after two or three months without them. I gave up sending illustrations.

During the year '93, then, I wrote little for publication. I certainly sent out my military book, *The Army of the Naturals*, a sort of Spartan Utopia, to several military publishers, who admired it, but said it would not pay; Messrs. Kegan Paul also offered to accept it if I would bear part of the cost. I consequently withdrew it, feeling that it would be time enough to publish it when I had made my *entrée* into society by fiction. This was on a par with the rest of my folly, for the book is now useless, as my heart is no longer in its tenets. I wrote also during this year my *Recollections of a Prisoner*, and it was accepted by Messrs. Chapman & Hall on the condition that I should tone down the style. In my youthful conceit I did not like the reader's honest brutality, and let that opportunity also go by. I have found since that he was right, and the style was abominable. I found such good stuff in the book that I thought it worth re-writing; and now I know that the MS. is doomed, for I never finish a revision. That, then, was the third labour wasted; my biography (*The Strange Affair of Mr. M— in China*), my Utopia (*The Army of the Naturals*), and my prison recollections (*In Gaol*). These MSS. are now in an inchoate state, and useless for publication. After ten or twenty years I might possibly be equal to reviving them, for want of better copy.

However, I was prepared to make good use of my third year ('94), the year in which *The Shen's Pigtail* appeared, when a catastrophe happened. I accepted a clerkship. My people insisted on my earning a reasonable living, and I weakly consented, because they had been at great pains to find me a place. It was against all my better judgment. I had enough still to live on with great economy, and brains ready and willing to do good work. My office was in Pall Mall, and I moved my 'diggings' to Bloomsbury. I endeavoured to make my first attempt at fiction by working after office hours. It was the book I had had in my mind during the previous year of technical work, and foreshadowed, in the form of piratical novel, my schemes for the subversion of the world—an appendix to the 'gospel' for the guidance of 'my gentlemen-adventurers' still to be sought. In spite of its purpose there was some astonishing literary work in the book (a safe boast, for it will never appear now). I sent the first part to Mr. Unwin, who said it appeared to him too realistic for a 'boy's book.' My absurd folly took offence at the expression 'boy's book,' and I never sent Mr. Unwin the remainder, which he wished to read. When the book was finished I had lost self-confidence, and was afraid it was far too audacious. The next year

several books appeared on the same lines, and met with great success. *The Great War of '97*, for instance. My book accurately anticipated the China-Japan War and the invasion of Corea, but when the war came I felt that I had lost my opportunity of being a prophet. I was also timid to issue, as history, the imaginary success of an English adventure in China; it seemed like libel. There was some local colour in it, which I presume, is seldom likely to be repeated, because I am the only novelist who has belonged to the Kolao Revolutionary Society and held council with Chinese rebels. However, it is all dead now; it seems to banal to me who am familiar with it. I have, too, unfortunately cast the book up beyond repair for use in magazine stories and short book. Fourth labour, and second year wasted!

Feeling that my work was spoiled by the office, and clinging still to the faith in my ability to conquer a profession which I used contemptuously as a jumping-off place, I gave up my clerkship at the end of the year determined to face poverty and work again. It was a good resolution and might still have borne fruit. During the first few months of '95 I wrote *Max*, a tremendous biographical work of the length and form of *Pendennis*, narrating my adventures from early youth. It was over 200,000 words long. In this I again incorporated my China experiences, but with the conviction that it was the last time I could touch that sickening record. Resolved to begin at the bottom, in order to get it accepted once, I sent it to the Tower Company, whose reader suggested that should be cut in half, and accepted the half. I made the necessary alterations, relegating my China experiences ultimately to the waste-paper box, and by the time I had done it the Tower Company wound up its affairs. A domestic interruption then occurred which quite split up my tranquillity for some months. I again borrowed money, and took a holiday by myself, believing that I was going to be married. . . .

From this time, the spring of '95 onward, I have drifted from my ambitions and knocked myself to pieces. During the year I was unable to plan anything, and despaired of literature. . . . I went round in a continuing circle of desperate plans, impotence, refuge in creative work, and revived ambition again. . . . In the intervals of literary impulse I wrote *Merlin* and *The Chest of Opium*, which appeared that autumn ('96); but they were mere pot-boilers, and I had no heart in the works beyond pecuniary need. I also placed *Max* with Mr. John Lane. In this way I earned £70 during 1896. I also wrote a novel called *Clon* for Mr. Lane, in two months, and it proved to be too 'thick.' I wrote also the first of a series of detective stories, called 'Craft and the Criminal,' for a magazine, and the magazine never appeared. And I placed two tales with the *English Illustrated*, neglecting again a lucrative opening for a series. My opportunities were excellent for a professional scribbler, but I would not make it my profession. . . .

If I ever resume the pen it will be my third start in the one profession which is unusual. I began with *The Shen's Pigtail*, under the pseudonym of 'Mr. M—.' I used this name from '93 to '96, with the exception of two magazine tales under the name of C. W. Mason, the China articles by M. Jones, two 'threepenny dreadful' pot-boilers by M. Cricklewood, and two tales which I gave to other young authors. Being tired of these pseudonyms I made a fresh *début* in '97 under the name of 'Julian Croskey,' with a long novel *Max*, and forthcoming issue of *Merlin*. Now, with this record of failure, and the possibility of publication of one or two MSS. which are out, I have forgotten where I drop the name of 'Julian Croskey.' I believe I have five tales accepted somewhere which are yet to appear, but I have burnt my records and cannot recall them. I have asked one editor if he would pay me in advance, but have had no reply. I have absolutely wasted six years, have wasted, indeed, the first thirty years of my life.

And now, *vale*. I am afraid my promise of writing a true chapter of humanity has miscarried. I have done nothing but advertise my own *inédits*. There is, nevertheless, one moral to my tale, and that is that if you would succeed as an author, be one and nothing else. If you beg, borrow, or steal as much as £50 a year, cut yourself off from everything and write. . . ."

We hope that 'Julian Croskey,' having disburdened his mind, will see his career in a more favourable light. We do not believe that his last six years have been so "wasted" as he imagines, and we should say that his chance of doing creditably in literature is a respectable one. And, as if to confirm our view, we notice that Mr. Lane advertises this week that Mr. 'Croskey's' *Max* is in its second edition.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

"Cannon his name,  
Cannon his voice, he came."

THESE are the first two of the eight hundred odd lines of Mr. Meredith's second contribution of Napoleonic verse to *Cosmopolis*. Some might say, borrowing from the Douglas Jerrold mint, that these are the only understandable lines, but that would be unjust, as there are many illuminative passages in the whirl of imagery and gymnastic thought that go to the making of this feat in verse. We can place our hand upon our heart and say we have read it through from "Cannon his name" to "Hull down, with mast against the Western hues," and, if we say that it is our intention never to renew the escalade, it is because this is not the kind of poetry we read for pleasure. At the same time, we offer our humble tribute of admiration to the splendid vigour of a mind that could conceive and bring forth such a giant exercise in the art of ode-making.

Our first stumble occurred on the second age:

That Soliform made featureless beside  
His brilliancy who neighboured: vapour they;  
Vapour what postured statutes barred his tread."

et against that the vivid imagery of these two lines:

Kind to her ear as quiring Cherubim,  
And trampling earth like scornful mastodons."

and these:

Like foam-heads of a loosened freshet bursting banks,  
By mount and fort they thread to swamp the sluggish plains."

In the passage that follows it was "the hydrocephalic aërolite" that pleaded for quotation:

"Now had the Seaman's volvent sprite,  
Lean from the chase that barked his contraband,  
A beggared applicant at every port,  
To strew the profitless deeps and rot beneath,  
Slung northward, for a hunted beast's retort  
On sovereign power; there his final stand,  
Among the perjured Scythian's shaggy horde,  
The hydrocephalic aërolite  
Had taken; flashing thence repellent teeth,  
Though Europe's Master Europe's Rebel banned  
To be earth's outcast, ocean's lord and sport."

HERE, finally, is a characteristic Meredithian passage:

"He would not fall, while falling; would not be taught,  
While learning; would not relax his grasp on aught  
He held in hand, while losing it; pressed advance,  
Pricked for her lees the veins of wasted France;  
Who, had he stayed to husband her, had spun  
The strength he taxed unripened for his throw,  
In repercussent casts calamitous,  
On fields where palsyng Pyrrhic laurels grow,  
The luminous the ruinous.  
An incalcescent scorpion,  
And fierier for the mounded cirque  
That narrowed at him thick and murk,  
This gambler with his genius  
Flung lives in angry volleys, bloody lightnings, flung  
His fortunes to the hosts he stung.  
With victories clipped his eagle's wings."

Yet one more quotation: one line in the Ode which aptly describes the effect upon the ordinary reader after grappling with the 800 lines:

"The innumerable whelmed him, and he fell."

APROPOS of a second edition of the Ode, we notice, by the way, that a flippant critic commenting upon the phrase "incalcescent scorpion" suggests that some editor of the future, more intent upon fact than imagination, will probably alter it to "incandescent Corsican."

It was almost a relief to come back to earth and Mr. Andrew Lang on p. 69 of the same issue of *Cosmopolis*—to such a morsel of natural happy-go-lucky criticism as this: "One would be glad to lie on a sofa, like Gray, and read dozens of novels by Miss Coleridge, if they were all as good as *The King with Two Faces*." Half way down the same page we found something which, as Archdeacon Farrar said of Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian*, "made us think." There Mr. Lang is allowed by the editor and the printer's reader of *Cosmopolis* to speak of *The Master of Ballantyne*. If such a misprint is possible in "Notes on New Books," then misprints are also possible in Mr. Meredith's "Napoleon." Can it be that —? We await a second edition of the Ode with anxiety.

As a matter of fact, if Ballantyne were to come into the question at all it would be as master, with R. L. S. for pupil. Most boys of the last generation date their first desire to write stories from reading Ballantyne; and Stevenson, in some charming verses, was glad to call that worthy writer "Ballantyne the brave."

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN, we observe, who writes in the *Fortnightly* of Stevenson's posthumous works, is disposed to think little of the *Fables*. "They are," he says, "interesting reading, but people who like a meaning made quite plain will not take kindly to the more elaborate among them, and, upon the whole, they must be reckoned among his failures." "Posterity," says Mr. Gwynn farther on, "will probably regret the time spent upon these things, if it thinks that it might have had in exchange a few more chapters, let us say, of *Heathercat*." It is, of course, a matter of temperament. Mr. Gwynn finds fault with Mr. Gosse and Mr. Strachey for preferring Stevenson's essays to his stories; and we are tempted equally to object to Mr. Gwynn's depreciation of such exquisite work as "The Poor Thing" and "The House of Eld." But it is not worth while—these are matters to be settled for oneself. Mr. Gwynn's article, we might add, is extremely interesting and well knit.

By the way, Mr. Crossland, who wrote the two amusing fables which were quoted in these columns last week, is a little disturbed that we suggested Mr. Stevenson as his inspiration, since he began to play with this form of literature some time before *Longman's* gave R. L. S.'s experiments to the world. As his ambitions, he assures us, "do not run to 'sedulous' or other 'apishness,' imitation is a bit severe. A fabulist might put the matter as follows:

An injudicious bird fluttered unwittingly into a garden where there was a nightingale. And, as had been his wont in other situations, he endeavoured to chirp his best and chastest.

And the rose, hearing sounds, was minded of the nightingale, and said, 'Ah! an imitation—an experiment, good!'

And that injudicious bird, though flattered and obliged, somehow wished he hadn't come."

THE Elizabethan Stage Society's representation of Middleton's *Spanish Gipsy*, on Tuesday night, was prefaced by the delivery of a resonant prologue, written for the occasion by Mr. Swinburne. The poet's mouthpiece was Mr. Gosse. He came on the stage accompanied by a blue-coat boy, who carried a lantern. Mr. Gosse wore the costume of to-day, but the blue-coat dates, of course, from Edward the Sixth, and was no anachronism. The boy held the lantern so that the light shone upon the paper, and Mr. Gosse then read the poem, which we print in full:

"The wind that brings us from the springtide south  
Strange music as from love's or life's own mouth

Blew hither, when the blast of battle ceased  
That swept back southward Spanish prince  
and priest,  
A sound more sweet than April's flower-sweet  
rain,  
And bade bright England smile on pardoned  
Spain.

The land that cast out Philip and his God  
Grew gladly subject where Cervantes trod.  
Even he whose name above all names on earth  
Crowns England queen by grace of Shake-  
speare's birth  
Might scarce have scorned to smile in God's  
wile down  
And gild with praise from heaven an earthlier  
crown.  
And he whose hand bade live down lengthen-  
ing years

Quixote, a name lit up with smiles and tears,  
Gave the glad watchword of the gipsies' life,  
Where fear took hope and grief took joy to  
wife.

Times change, and fame is fitful as the sea:  
But sunset bids not darkness always be,  
And still some light from Shakespeare and  
the sun

Burns back the cloud that masks not Middleton.  
With strong, swift strokes of love and wrath  
he drew

Shakespearean London's loud and lusty crew:  
No plainer might the likeness rise and stand  
When Hogarth took his living world in hand.  
No surer than his fire-fledged shafts could hit,  
Winged with as forceful and as faithful wit:  
No truer a tragic depth and heat of heart  
Glowed through the painter's than the poet's  
art.

He lit and hung in heaven the wan fierce moon  
Whose glance kept time with witchcraft's  
air-struck tune:

He watched the doors where loveless love let in  
The pageant hailed and crowned by death  
and sin:

He bared the souls where love, twin-born  
with hate,

Made wide the way for passion-fostered fate.  
All England-hearted, all his heart arose  
To scourge with scorn his England's cowering  
foes:

And Rome and Spain, who bade their scorner  
be

Their prisoner, left his heart as England's free.  
Now give we all we may of all his due  
To one long since thus tried and found thus  
true."

Two American books about to be published are *A Confident To-morrow*, by Prof. Brander Matthews, and *Cheerful Yesterdays*, by Colonel Higginson. The similarity of the titles is not accidental. Each has its origin in a phrase which one of the authors used in conversation. He described himself as "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." This origin is interesting; but it would be appalling if every happy phrase used by an author produced a brace of books.

ACCORDING to the American *Bookman* the best selling books in America are at present the following:

1. *Quo Vadis*.
2. *Shrewsbury*.
3. *Hugh Wynne*.
4. *The Choir Invisible*.
5. *The Story of an Untold Love*.
6. *Simon Dale*.

The popularity of *Quo Vadis* has become wearisome.

It is therefore almost a relief to learn that the American Mrs. Grundy does not like *Quo Vadis*. Her belated objections to the book occupy nearly two columns of the *New York Times*, where they appear in the form of a letter signed J. W. H. Here Sienkiewicz's novel is declared to be only an exalted form of the yellow-backed species. We read:

"It is safe to say that this book of Sienkiewicz's has been read the past year or two more extensively than any other paper issued from the press and chiefly by the young. That it should not have called forth stronger protests from the purist and moralist indicates a blunted sensibility as to the fitness of things on the part of those interested in the education of the mind that seems to the writer both amazing and deplorable. Other books are tabooed by those discriminating in their reading, and yet it could easily be shown that the descriptions of the life in Nero's palace by the author of *Quo Vadis* are far more sensuous and revolting than any other volume shut from our homes; indeed, it is not too much to say that *Quo Vadis* is but the advanced type of the yellow novel, and by reason of its literary excellence is finding a wider and higher circle of readers."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS begins in the April *Scribner's* a new serial story entitled *The King's Jackal*. The first instalment is somewhat niggardly in bulk, but there is enough to tell that the readers of the magazine have good entertainment in store. The deposed King of Messina, *incognito* in Tangier; the Baron Barrat, diplomatist; Prince Kalonay; Colonel Erhaupt; the Countess Zara, a spy; Father Paul, an adamantine priest; Miss Carson, an American heiress—these are some of the characters; and over all is the electric air of impending struggle for the re-establishment of the King on his throne. But does Mr. Davis seriously spell necklace "neckless"?

MR. RIDER HAGGARD's *King Solomon's Mines* receives the honour of a sixpenny edition this week, and it will probably find many new readers, although the lines are longer than they ought to be for comfort in reading: full four and a-half inches of closely-printed type. Since its first appearance, thirteen years ago, more than one new generation of schoolboys has sprung up. Mr. Haggard prefixes the following note to the cheap reprint: "The author ventures to take this opportunity to thank his readers in all parts of the world for the kind reception that they have accorded to the successive editions of this tale during the last thirteen years. He hopes that in its present form it will fall into the hands of an even wider public, and that, in years to come it may continue to afford amusement to those who are still young enough at heart to love a story of treasure, war, and wild adventure."

MEANWHILE, in Hungary, a ballet has appeared based upon Mr. Haggard's *She*, concerning which the *Bookman* tells a good story. Mr. Haggard, it seems, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programmes and photographs, and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was

much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he for months had believed that Mr. Haggard was dead. Long obituary notices he continued, had appeared in some of the most important papers. Mr. Haggard wrote again that if the obituary notices were in any more translatable language than Magyar he would be glad to see a few of them, and at the same time he begged that a paragraph might be circulated amongst the newspapers to the effect that he was alive. The last news is that the manager reports that no newspaper will insert his paragraphs, that they decline to credit his statement, and look upon his request as a clever but somewhat unscrupulous attempt to obtain fine advertisements for the ballet.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT, the American writer who is making a long stay in this country says something of what he calls "Preciousness" in a recent letter to *Collier's Weekly* and during his remarks tells the following story of the Brownings:

"They were living in 'Casa Guidi,' a Florence—that big, ugly, yellow house, which stares at the feudal gravity of the Pitti Palace through rows of high, square, green-shuttered windows, and which has been lugged into so many Browning biographies with an idealising indulgence quite disproportionate to its architectural deserts. A guest, at one of their 'evenings,' chanced to find in some bookshelf or on some table, a volume of Gray. Dipping into the *Elegy*, he became absorbed (half-memorially, perhaps) by its mesmeric beauties. Presently Robert Browning tapped him on the shoulder. 'Oh, are you reading that thing?' he asked. 'We've quite outgrown it here. . . . Yes, indeed; he was wholly right 'they' had quite outgrown it. If 'they' hadn't, all that sickly affectation which marks so much of Mrs. Browning's verse would have ceased to appear there, and from her husband such horrors of tedium as *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and *Ferishtah's Fancies* would never have sprung."

We should like to have authority for Mr. Fawcett's story. As it stands it reveals a facet of Robert Browning too new for immediate acceptance.

In a brief critical note, interesting in its inverse ratio to its bulk, Mr. Henry James, in the *Fortnightly*, pays a tribute of praise to the narrative gifts of his friend Mr. Harland, with special insistence upon his cosmopolitan character, his citizenship of the world, the absence in his work of any "clean sound of the fundamental, the native note." Instead, Mr. James finds therein an "intensity of that mark of the imagination that may best be described as the acute sense of the 'Europe'—synthetic symbol!—of the American mind," and the discovery has led him to certain subtle reflections:

"It is a very wonderful thing [he says], this Europe of the American in general and of the author of *Comedies and Errors* in particular—in particular, I say, because Mr. Harland tends, in a degree quite his own, to give it the romantic and tender voice, the voice of fancy pure and simple, without the disturbance of other elements, such as comparison and reaction, either violent or merciful. He is not even 'international,' which is, after all, but another way, perhaps, of being a slave to the 'countries,' possibly twice or even three times a

ngo. It is a complete surrender of that province of the mind with which registration and subscription have to do. Thus is presented a disencumbered, sensitive surface for the wonderful Europe to play on."

It is pleasant, and reminiscent of old times, to find Mr. Bret Harte continuing in the *Century* the story of "Her Letter" and His Answer to Her Letter." In this third instalment—"Her Last Letter"—that hitherto incomplete romance is finished symmetrically; but we have had to wait a very long time for the curtain. To say what happened would not be fair; but a stanza or two, to show that Mr. Bret Harte as poet is still what he was, may not be out of place. The "Lily" is telling of the changes that have come in the old township:

There's the rustle of silk on the sidewalk;  
Just now there passed by a tall hat;  
But there's gloom in this 'boom' and this wild talk  
Of the 'future' of Poverty Flat.  
There's a delicious chill in the air, Joe,  
Where once we were simple and free;  
And I hear they've been making a mayor, Joe,  
Of the man who shot Sandy McGee.  
But there's still the 'lap, lap' of the river;  
There's the song of the pines, deep and low.  
(How my longing for them made me quiver  
In the park that they call Fontainebleau!)  
There's the snow-peak that looked on our dances,  
And blushed when the morning said, 'Go!'  
There's a lot that remains which one fauces—  
But somehow there's never a Joe!"

Before coming to the new poem, it would be well to refer back to the two pieces that so long ago preceded it.

An extraordinary "feast of language" is spread before us by the S.P.C.K. in the shape of readers and prayer-books, Communion services and hymn-books, in Swahili, Nama, Xosa, and Chino. The Swahili readers deal with the history, not of England, but of Rome, according to Dr. Keighton. We imagine that, learned as he is, the Bishop of London would be not a little dismayed were he confronted with the following sentence and told that he wrote it: "Mji huu mpya ulikvitwa Rumi, na kwa sababu uliwekwa kando ya mto kubwa wa upande ule wa Italia, ulikuwa mpira wenye nguvu kwa biashara na tena kwa kawaziwa Waturuski." Which means, of course, "This colony was called Rome, and as it was founded upon the great river of that part of Italy, it soon became of importance for trade as well as for keeping off the Etruscans."

HERE, also in Swahili, is the first stanza of the old carol, "The First Nowell":

"Mbele Kheri" kapelekwa  
Kwa Walisha-k'ondoo ni malaika:  
Walikilinda kundi lao  
Nao usiku uzizimao.  
'Zaidi Kheri! Zaidi Kheri!  
Manludu malik Israeli."

THE writer of the humorous items in Messrs. Hatchards' *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* continues his "Child's Guide to Literature" in the vein of refreshing impudence he has already adopted.

This month we have the following catechism on Ibsen:

"Q. What is Ibsen?  
A. Ah, there you have me.  
Q. Do you mean that you don't know?  
A. Well, opinions differ. Some say he isn't a person at all, but just a thing. Every now and then all kinds of little bits from police reports, and accounts of lunatics, and divorce cases, in the Norwegian papers, are gathered together, and they call it Ibsen. Just as we call chopped meat Mince.  
Q. I call it beastly. Yes, and the others?  
A. Others say Ibsen is Mr. Archer.  
Q. Not 'W. A.'?  
A. Yes, there is a theory that Mr. Archer, when he is tired of criticising other people's, writes plays himself under the name of Ibsen.  
Q. Then what is the meaning of all this talk about Ibsen's seventieth birthday?  
A. O, that's blague.  
Q. But England sent him a fifty-pound present?  
A. Yes, it went to a man named Ibsen whom Mr. Archer employs to act the part—a dummy.  
Q. But why doesn't Mr. Archer confess to it?  
A. Because he's afraid of Clement Scott.  
Q. And how about Mr. Gosse? He says he discovered Ibsen.  
A. Ah, that's the joke. Mr. Gosse thought he discovered Ibsen: really it was only the dummy."

In a review last week of Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Legends of the Wheel* we ventured upon a remark which has impelled Mr. Waugh to the following remonstrance:

"CONSIDERING—HOW LITTLE?"

["Considering how little the cycle does for literature or human nature." — THE ACADEMY, April 2, 1898.]

"Green memories of breezy meadowland,  
Crowned by torn wreaths of sea,  
White apple-blossom blown above the sand  
In fields of faery.  
Brave lessons of the white road's brotherhood—  
The hourly give-and-take;  
The hardship shared, the well-divided good,  
For Sport's insurgent sake,  
Still whispers, in the twilight and the shade,  
Of heroisms divine—  
Where Arthur fought, where Merlin's self is laid—  
By good St. Alban's shrine.  
Remembering these—and who that knows forsakes?—  
One vague, unlettered creature  
Hails in the 'wheel' the spirit that re-awakes  
His tired human nature."

In the current *Chap-Book* there is a summing up of the achievements of Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the author of *The King in Yellow*, *A King and a Few Dukes*, and other stories which have fluttered critical dove-cotes by their strangeness and extravagance. Mr. Chambers has fulfilled at least one condition of being interesting in his books: he has lived an interesting life himself. In his greener youth he studied art at Julien's and other Paris studios. He exhibited at the Salon nine years ago. But Parisian life attracted more than his artist's eye. He hob-nobbed with anarchists at the Chateau Rouge, where Louise Michel held her court. He studied

the French military organisation, and had the history of the Commune at his fingertips; while "time to be spared from the cafés, the studios, and the shrines of Paris, and from the barracks and drill ground, Mr. Chambers spent in the woods, whipping every available trout stream and chasing moths and butterflies with scientific ardour."

Thus equipped, Mr. Chambers wrote his book, *The King in Yellow*. This was a volume of grotesque stories, written in the most Lutetian fantastic manner, and published in Chicago. *The Red Republic*, a romance of the Commune, followed. Then Mr. Chambers wrote a fantasy about Chinese sorcerers who make gold on the Canadian prairies—*The Maker of Moons*. This was succeeded in the spring of last year by *A King and a Few Dukes*; and last autumn by *The Mystery of Choice*, a volume of short stories, and *Lorraine*, a story of the Franco-German war. The *Chap-Book* writer says of Mr. Chambers's treatment of war: "Late studies of campaigning have made much of the problem of individual courage or cowardice, of the psychology of a trembling recruit. For Mr. Chambers the great sweep, the overwhelming magnitude of the thing, is what has been worthy his attention. It is a view of war as true as the other, and yet more romantic."

THE renewed interest in the family of Shore, aroused by the recent publication of *Poems by A. and J.*, is responsible for the new edition of *The Journal of Emily Shore*, which Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. announce. It will contain a series of reproductions of pencil drawings by Emily Shore, mostly portraits.

THE annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society will be opened on May 11 by Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, at No. 1, Belgrave-square. The Loan Annex will consist of drawings in pencil and water-colours by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and water-colour portrait sketches by the late George Richmond, R.A., also of curious old fans, old shagreen and piqué work. Owners of drawings by Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Richmond who are willing to lend them are invited to communicate with the Lady Newton, 20, Belgrave-square.

MR. BENJAMIN SWIFT'S new novel, *The Destroyer*, is in the press. The "destroyer" is love: and we understand that the closing scene takes place in the Cathedral at Milan.

HEINRICH HEINE'S sister, Frau Charlotte Embden, has conveyed, through her son, the Baron L. Von Embden, her thanks to Prof. Buchheim for a copy of his edition of Heine's *Lieder und Gedichte*, recently published in the "Golden Treasury Series." Frau Embden expressed at the same time her fervent wish that the Professor's efforts to make her brother's poems more generally known and appreciated in this country may be crowned with success.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is due in England again, from the Cape, next month.

## "THE SUNKEN BELL."

THAT good books, like good wine, improve by keeping, and that the literary vintage of Christmas, 1896, should first be broached at Easter, 1898, are refinements of taste which the modern palate would reject. In the instance of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke*, which has reached its thirtieth edition in the fifteenth month of its existence, and has been played at the rate of ten times a month to the fickle public of Berlin, I venture respectfully to believe that the modern palate is wrong, and that the literary Aladdin, with his cry of "old books for new," and the Transatlantic sage who lets a year intervene between the printing-press and the paper-knife, would alike be justified of their maxims.

This belief is supported by the following confession. I was staying in Berlin when the *Versunkene Glocke* was first published. I overheard the confused murmur of baby-worship which accompanied the early weeks of its life. I counted its endless reproductions, both in book-form and upon the stage. I watched the ecstasy of the gray-beard scholars, who issued pamphlet after pamphlet discussing the significance of the new-born play. A Royal infant, the sole hope of a nation, could not have been teased with more flattering attentions. The drawing-rooms echoed with its praises, and a critic who had been trusted to nurse the *Versunkene Glocke* achieved a reputation on the strength of it. More seriously speaking, the bibliography of the play is a formidable item in the booksellers' catalogues, and Gerhart Hauptmann has undoubtedly scored the most notable literary success of recent times in Germany. And yet—here comes the confession—while the heady properties of this strong wine were in the ascendant, I refrained from broaching my particular bottle. For more than a year the book lay uncut upon my shelf, and its third jubilee had been celebrated in the theatre before I saw it performed. Tried by this practical test, the value of Emerson's recommendation becomes abundantly clear. The froth and bubbles caused by this mystic bell when it first sank to the bottom have since had leisure to grow still; the broken waters have closed over it at last, and there it lies in the crystal depths beyond the plumb-lines of the critics.

It is, after all, so simple a matter, this world-old allegory which it embodies, that one wonders a little at the babel of readings it provoked. It is, in all literalness, as old as the hills themselves, which guard the secret of their peace. When Moses came down from the mountain, we are told, "the skin of his face shone," and all Zipporah's embraces, we remember, never succeeded in finally quenching the after-glow. Rather it drove him forth again, led by that perilous light,

"from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar."

And

"the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. . . . His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days."

Translate the Pisgah of historical fact into the Pisgah of every man's yearning; substitute a less perfect revelation for the knowledge of the Lord face to face; make the tugging of the valley at his heart-strings more imperious, as the vision dwindles in brightness, and does every prophet, whether of art, or ethics, or any other form of truth, come down some time to Zipporah with a shining face? Does he not waver as the glow departs, and the claims of the valley press more closely upon him? And will he not finally go forth again to refresh his eyes, while they are not dim, with the lands whose names are music, and to spend his force, while it is not abated, upon the peace which is guarded by the hills? For the source of his inspiration is eternal, but the mourning in the plains is a thirty days' matter at the most.

This, at any rate, was the experience of Heinrich, the master bell-founder, who was kissed by Rautendelein, the elfin maiden of the hills, and conceived at her touch a vision of the Perfect Bell, the Platonic *idéal* of musical peals, so that for its sake and hers he left his Magda in the valley, and followed Rautendelein to a mountain fastness, where she bent the forces of nature to his will. This was his experience when the village priest came up and rebuked him for living in adultery. "If your bell is so perfect," said the Church, "and demands such tremendous sacrifices, who is going to pay you for it?" And Heinrich met his questioner with a fine speech of passion, some lines of which I attempt to represent:

"Who pays me for my work? O Priest, good Priest,

Does bliss crave blessing? Shall the crown be crowned?

For though you call my work, as I have called it,

A chime of bells, yet is it such a chime

As never belfry-tower of minster yet

Enclosed, and in the crashing of its peal

Echoes the thunder of the earliest spring,

Which drove across the furrows like a

flame.

With silken banners rustling in the breeze,  
The hosts of worshippers draw nigh my temple,

And lo! the chiming of my wonder-bells

Peals forth in tones of mingled sweet and fire

Till every bosom pants with long desire.

It sings a song, forgotten and forlorn,

Fresh-drawn from crystal depths of faery

streams,

Telling of homely things, and children's love,

Known unto all, but never heard before.

And as it sinks, in dear, consuming strains,

Like plaintive nightingale or laughing

doves,

It breaks the ice in every human heart,

And hate and scorn and rage and pain and

grief

Melt into burning, burning, burning tears."

The glow was still strong upon him when he defended Rautendelein from some bold climbers from the village below, who had scaled his fastness and thrown stones:

"Not though an angel, sped direct from heaven  
With lily beckonings and pleading words  
Bade me be steadfast in my chosen way,  
Should I be swifter to obey,  
Better convinced of my pure work and merit  
Than by these voices that would howl me  
down."

And when he returns triumphant from the conflict, and Rautendelein offers him draught of her potent wine, he exclaims that he is "again athirst for wine, and high and love, and thee." And this, I take it was Heinrich's experience to the end, though the glow of his ideal departed for a while when his children brought him from the plains the full vessel of their mother's tears. He withstood the priest and repulsed the villagers, but almost on the top of these scenes, which seemed to draw him nearer to Rautendelein came the last trial of all, when the spirit of his two little boys appeared to Heinrich to tell him that Magda had drowned herself. For a moment—the irrevocable moment—the artist reverted to the man. The master craftsman, who had been confirmed in his faith by the reproaches of parish and church, became the conscience-stricken husband and father. He cast off Rautendelein, and a the wonders to which she had opened his eyes. His peal of bells was forgotten; like the Prophet in the valley, "he put a veil on his face," and the plains dragged him down from the heights.

That the moment passed, though its fatality remained; that Heinrich repented and sought the light again; that Rautendelein, the shadow of his lost love, now the water-sprite's bride with her human experience blotted out, should hand him the third of the witch's cups, and watch him till the morning broke, this is the logical conclusion of the drama, as Hauptmann tells in the fifth act. For us, who have read the recital, refined by the charm of German poetic diction and drenched in the colours of old-world German romance, there is no need to follow the critics into the maze of their discussion. We may take for granted the Moral Philosophers' debate whether Heinrich was nobler on his artist's height or in his descent to the plain. Every man must explore his Moab and Pisgah for himself; there is no common ordnance survey, and valley and hill become hopeless mixed when pegged out by stay-at-home map-makers. Even more readily may we dismiss the curious ingenuity of the biographers, who would explain the play by the facts of the author's life, and translate into a plea for celibacy. Hauptmann speaking in the "categorical imperative," and, like all great messengers of universal import, his sympathy leaves something to the initiative of his audience. "Many are the reed-carriers, but the Bacchantes are few"—this *märchendrama* but repeats the old familiar theme; and the story of Heinrich and Rautendelein and Magda should remind us again that the gleam is not false, nor the music out of tune, though lights still fail and bells still sink.

L. M.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

## VII.—DON JUAN IN LONDON.

RD BYRON left London, never to return, in 1816. He wrote the London passages in *Don Juan* at Genoa in 1823. It is at the close of the tenth canto of that poem that we discover Don Juan approaching London. His retinue is considerable, as befits one sent by Catharine of Russia to negotiate a treaty of hides and train-oil with England. A bull-dog and a bull-finch and an "urn" go with him, and valets and seeresses occupy other vehicles. By his side is little Leila. Canterbury passed, they went along the turnpike road, and at last reached Shooter's Hill. Here occurs the famous single-stanza view of London. One has seen it quoted by saintly critics along with Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet: "See," they have exclaimed, "how London affected a noble and an ignoble air." This is not criticism, nor justice. The Byronic sneer does not mar, it merely distinguishes, Byron's picture; and it fixes the mood to which, perhaps, no lover of London is wholly a stranger. Topping the hill, Don Juan's party enjoyed the spectacle which had moved Drayton and Johnson to verse, and had lured the brush of Turner:

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just  
 skipping  
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
 On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;  
 A huge, dun cupola, like foolscap crown  
 On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

That verse will always please robust minds. What immensity is conveyed in Byron's stanza! "A wilderness of steeples peeping on tip-toe"; the sail "lost amidst the forestry of masts"! Yet London in 1814 was but beginning to be a giant. Don Juan saw a broad carpet of meadows encircling the town. Toll-gates and cottage gardens gay with hollyhocks dotted the white road before him. The summer "boxes" of the "cits," with their toy temples and pagodas, alone signified the richness of London. True, houses were creeping across the Lambeth Marshes, congealing as they crept. Horace Smith had not bewailed the fact that:

St George's Fields are fields no more,  
 The trowel supersedes the plough;  
 Huge inundated swamps of yore,  
 Are changed to civic villas now;"

But David Cox had snatched in the same fields the last rural view of St. Paul's, the last cow-pond unpolluted by lime and brick-dirt.

Onward rolled Don Juan. His sanguinary adventure with the highwayman on approaching the city of freedom and virtue need not be lingered on here; but the death of the robber, who, at his last gasp, untied his neckchief, exclaiming, "Give Sal that!" is as well done in its way as the death of the gladiator in "Childe Harold." The progress through the villages and turnpikes, through Kennington and all the other

tons," is described with Byron's dash as a sketcher:

"Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees  
 (Like *lucus*, from *no* light); through prospects named  
 Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,  
 Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed  
 Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease  
 With 'To be let' upon their doors proclaimed;  
 Through 'Rows' most modestly called 'Paradise,'  
 Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes,  
 and a whirl

Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion!  
 Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl':

There mails fast flying off like a delusion:

There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl  
 In windows: here the lamplighter's infusion

Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass  
 (For in those days we had not got to gas);—

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach

Of travellers to mighty Babylon:

Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,

With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.

I could say more, but do not choose to encroach

Upon the guide-book's privilege. The sun  
 Had set some time, and night was on the ridge

Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge."

The "bridge" was old Westminster Bridge, built by Charles Labelye, the Swiss, and first opened to the public in 1750. It had inspired Wordsworth's sonnet in 1803. And Gibbon, one remembers, wrote, when leaving London for Lausanne and literature: "As my post-chaise moved over Westminster Bridge, I bade a long farewell to the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*."

Over this bridge Don Juan now rolled into the well-lit crowded streets of London. The gas-lamps dazzled him. The bridge had been lit with gas in 1814, and on Christmas Day of that year the general lighting of London by gas had been inaugurated. Hence he notes:

"The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,"

and continues:

"The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,  
 Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation

Like gold as in comparison to dross,

Matched with the Continent's illumination,  
 Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss:

The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation;

And when they grew so—on their new found lantern,

Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn."

Even the English became "a gas-lighting nation" unwillingly. Sir Humphry Davy's scoffing suggestion that the dome of St. Paul's should be used as a gasometer was typical; and the dwellers in Grosvenor-square haughtily burned oil for twenty years after the rest of London had adopted gas. Mean-

while, Don Juan rattles up Pall Mall, and past "St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells," to "one of the sweetest of hotels."

From his desk in Genoa Byron could guide his hero through the West End with a perfect knowledge of his subject. All his London homes had been located there. He had lived in Piccadilly and in Jermyn-street. He had written "Childe Harold" in St. James's-street. New Bond-street and Albemarle-street and the Albany had given him shelter. Watier's Club, and the Alfred, and the Cocoa Tree had been his haunts; and at Rogers' breakfast table and in Mr. Murray's drawing-room he had met Moore and Scott and the wits, orators, and social leaders of the day. He knew every fashionable street. In a note to Moore on April 9, 1814, he had written before his exile: "There was a night for you! without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home [to the Albany], which I did alone, and in utter contempt for a hackney coach, and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance." The recollection of this night [he had been drinking "a kind of Regency punch" at the "Cocoa Tree"] might well have moved Byron's pen when, on the Mediterranean, he wrote of Don Juan's reception:

"In the Great World—which, being interpreted,

Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,  
 And about twice two thousand people, bred

By no means to be very wise or witty,

Bur to sit up while others lie in bed,

And look down on the universe with pity—

Juan, as an inveterate patrician,

Was well received by persons of condition."

We have a rollicking Byronic picture of West-End life in the season, much of which can be quoted as true to-day. Take three stanzas out of thirty:

"His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,  
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour

In riding round those vegetable puncheons

Call'd 'Parks,' where there is neither fruit nor flower

Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;

But after all it is the only 'bower'

(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair

Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

Then dress, then dimer, then awakes the world;

Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar

Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurl'd

Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor

Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirl'd;

Then all the brazen thunders of the door,

Which opens to the thousand happy few

An earthly Paradise of 'Or Molu.'

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink

With the three thousandth curtsey; there the waltz,

The only dance which teaches girls to think,

Makes one in love even with its very faults.

Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,

And long the latest of arrivals halts,

'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,  
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time."

Moralising these scenes, Byron does not forget to exclaim on the transitoriness of the social drama, and the entrances and exits of the actors. "Where is the world of eight years past?" he exclaims.

"Where's Brummel? Dish'd. Where's Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled.  
Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George the Third?  
Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled)  
And where is 'Fum' the Fourth, our 'royal bird'?  
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be fiddled  
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:  
'Caw me, caw thee'—for six months hath been hatching  
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.  
Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?  
The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?  
Some laid aside, like an old opera hat,  
Married, unmarried, and re-married (this is  
An evolution oft performed of late):  
Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?  
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd, as usual.  
Where  
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.  
Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?  
Divorced, or doing there aenut. Ye annals  
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is—  
Thou *Morning Post*, sole record of the panels  
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies  
Of fashion—say what streams now fill those channels?  
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,  
Because the times have hardly left them *one tenant*."

These were sights and reflections which Don Juan could have enjoyed in Russia. There were spectacles, nobler than gas-lamps, that he could enjoy only in England; and at one of these Byron does not permit his hero to scoff:

"He also had been busy seeing sights—  
The Parliament and all the other houses;  
Had sate beneath the gallery at nights,  
To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not rouses)  
The world to gaze upon those northern lights  
Which floated as far as where the musk-bull browses:  
He had also stood at times behind the throne—  
But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.  
He saw, however, at the closing session  
That noble sight, when really free the nation,  
A king in constitutional possession  
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,  
Though despots know it not—till the progression  
Of freedom shall complete their education.  
'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august  
To eyes or hearts—it is the people's trust."

On this note we may end. The descriptions of London in "Don Juan" are a medley within a medley; but they are mordant and graphic, and therefore memorable.

## LIGHT VERSE.

### A PLEA FOR ITS REVIVAL.

LIGHT verse—to use a title convenient, if something inept—is the Cinderella of English literature, regarded by most readers and many critics with a frigid indifference or, at best, with good-humoured tolerance. Your fifth-rate "poet," your writer of sonnets doleful and threnodies lugubrious, however scant his success in execution, in aspiration at least is reckoned deserving of sympathetic praise. But the versifier of a gayer mood finds himself accounted but a literary buffoon, and learns that, by a cruel irony of fortune, the better his work, the more careful his polish, the greater his art in concealing artifice, so much the more will the average reader believe that no real labour can have gone to the making of it.

Worse still, the critics, as their highest meed of praise, will advise him to forswear forthwith his especial art—an art so rare, so delicate, so hard of mastery—and to enrol himself in that nameless legion of melancholy poetasters who bewail existence in the ears of an unheeding world. Who does not know the run of the glib sentence penned by the "indolent reviewer" with a volume of good light verse on his desk? "Delightfully fluent," he writes; "composed evidently with remarkable ease and facility; qualities, however, which make one wish that the writer would devote his evident powers to serious poetry. There is little in the present volume that calls for serious notice. . . ."

Once more, your critic commonly believes that the only light verse of any real merit has been written by Calverley, Praed, Locker-Lampson, and Austin Dobson; any others he eyes with suspicion as rash trespassers upon the demesne appropriated for all time by this quartette. Scarce could there be a judgment more misleading. Mr. Dobson, in his especial field, is *hors concours*. None can hope to rival his treatment of eighteenth century themes, to unite his exact historical knowledge with his mastery of verse graceful and refined. Yet other subjects there are ready to the hand of the verse-writer; he needs not to dress his characters in powder and patch; in a word, his work is not of necessity inferior if its inspiration be drawn from the present rather than the past. Turn to the other three; we may not endorse Mr. Swinburne's verdict that "Calverley has been preposterously overpraised," we may value to the full the smoothness of Praed, the deftness of Locker-Lampson, but is it heresy to suggest that—to give a single modern instance—their equal in dexterity and humour is to be found in the person of Mr. Owen Seaman?

There is, indeed, a striking difference between "light verse" as we know it to-day and the ragged stuff which was once in vogue. The older mode was that of Theodore Hook, that of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, wherein a few extra syllables in a line mattered little, a clumsy inversion or a false rhyme still less. We have learnt better things; we have been taught that good light verse must be polished *ad unguem*, that the humour may be subtle

and refined, and even blended with a delicate pathos. Best of all, to emend a celebrated dictum, "Puns have had their day," to write light verse well you must needs unite a sense of humour to a sensitive ear, intolerant of jarring lines and slovenly finish.

In some degree the art of writing serious poetry is easier of attainment. True, in that latter pursuit, your chance of great achievement is remote. On the other hand, you may acquit yourself creditably with small natural gift or expenditure of toil; you may be—as the great bulk of "serious" verse writers are—you may be mediocre, no man forbidding you; but that saving middle term exists not for light verse. Either it succeeds—it "comes off," to use a slang phrase—or it fails, fails hopelessly, irremediably. Perhaps of no art may it be said with more truthfulness that only he who himself has attempted it can rightly estimate its difficulties, can guess how much "labour of the file" has gone to the perfecting of those lines which fall so pat, which seem so effortless, so inevitable.

Partly, no doubt, through this lack of appreciation—for the work is so hard to do well, so lightly regarded when done—and partly, to be frankly mercantile, because hers is the worst paid service into which the man of letters can enter, the gayer Muse has but few devotees in this country, fading reader honour across the Channel. Some who paid her assiduous court in their youth—Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Gilbert, and, alas! Mr. Dobson—have deserted her in later years. Yet she can claim some worthy followers. Mr. Seaman's name has been mentioned above; nor can we forget the skill of Mr. C. L. Graves, of Mr. Alfred Cochrane, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. A. Godley and Mr. R. C. Lehmann; authors whose work, widely though it differ in manner and matter, can yet be classed with some fitness under the common title of good light verse. This brief catalogue makes no pretence of completeness, other names could be added to it without impropriety. But, when all is said, writers of good light verse are few, and the bulk of the rhymes which figure in the "comic" journals are of a quality so contemptible that it were otiose to waste criticism upon them.

We have been bidden of late to welcome a growing taste for serious poetry; some glimmering of appreciation is to be discerned, they tell us, in the mind of "the average reader"; no longer a drug in the market, poetry is to be a joy to the man in the street. Perhaps, then, it is not quite idle to hope that at some future time the "average reader" will gain an insight into the true worth of light verse, when he will perceive that, at its best, it is no mere vagrant of the outer courts, but can fitly claim a place, humble yet honourable, within the temple of the Muses.



## PURE FABLES.

I.

## THE TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

Two men of letters met in the workhouse. "My friend," cried one of them, "what all brought you to this?" "Sloth!" replied the other. "And you how came you here?" "Alas, sir! Have you forgotten that I a stylist?"

II.

## NEWVERSE AND THE EDITOR.

Newverse brought an editor to task for noticing his book. "Quoth the editor: "Sir, the verses were foolish that it would have been impossible for me justly to praise them, and I had no say." "Knave!" cried Newverse, "knowest thou not that I had rather be flayed alive than perish reviewless?"

III.

## THE CAPABLE PLAGIARIST.

The stars accused the moon of plagiarism. And they sent word to the nightingale to commend her, saying, "She deceiveth thee, and borroweth this beauty." "Even so," answered the nightingale. "Let which of you will tell me that she borroweth not to advantage?"

IV.

## THE KING AND THE VILLA.

A king, making a progress through his dominions, came suddenly on a glittering villa, the like of which, with its gables and turrets, and palm-house and gorgeous front garden, he did not remember to have seen before. And he enquired of his equerry to what person of rank and fortune such magnificence might belong. "That, sir," answered the equerry, "is one of the residences of Mister Brilliant, the great story-writer." "Bless my soul!" gasped the king.

T. W. H. C.

## THE WEEK.

WE do not always understand the ways of publishers; but at holiday-time they are made plain. Hardly any serious literature has appeared, for instance, during the past week; but there has been a rush of fiction (see our "Guide to Novel Readers"). It does not, we trust, mean a wet Easter.

In justification of a new prose rendering of the *Odes and Epodes of Horace*, Mr. A. D. Gilley writes:

After all, *Horace* in prose need not be more obviously inadequate than *Horace* in verse. Efforts in translating him metrically have never been crowned with any real success. When

the humbler aim is merely to convey some idea of the exact meaning and not to attempt a *tour de force*, the translator, if he wishes to be taken seriously, had better keep to prose, which is less repellent to the reader than bad poetry; at least, he will not be obscuring the correctness of his interpretation by the inferiority of his versification."

We will give Mr. Godley's rendering of Horace's most famous Ode as a specimen of his method.

"Posthumus, Posthumus, the flying years, alas! glide on, nor shall piety delay wrinkles and hastening old and unconquered death; no, my friend, not if every day thou shouldst offer three hundred bulls to appease tearless Pluto, who enchain Geryon's triple bulk, and Tityus with that gloomy wave which all we who live by earth's bounty must traverse, be we kings or poor husbandmen. 'Tis vain to shun bloody war and the hoarse Adriatic's breaking surf; vain to guard against autumn's unhealthy south winds; still must we behold black Cocytus' dull meandering stream, and Danaus' accursed kin, and Sisyphus, Æolus' son, doomed to an eternity of toil. Thy lands, thy house, thy loved wife—all must thou leave; nor of all you trees that thou tendest shall any, save the hated cypress, follow their short-lived lord. Thy worthier heir shall drain the Cæcuban thou guardest with a hundred keys, and stain thy floors with royal wine that e'en priestly banquets cannot match."

A HANDSOME volume is Mr. Ernest Law's *The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court*. It takes the form of an annotated catalogue, interspersed with numerous reproductions of paintings. The aims of the author have been comprehensive. The book is

"an attempt towards tracing the history of the pictures in the collection of Her Majesty the Queen at Hampton Court, seeking to discriminate between the valuable and worthless; to verify or disprove their claims to authenticity; to assign them, as far as possible, to their real painters; and at the same time to present, by means of descriptive, biographical, and critical commentary and notes, some idea of the circumstances in which the pictures were painted and the place they occupy in history or in art. To this end researches, in the first place, have been made among the old inventories of Henry VIII., Charles I., the Commonwealth, James II., Queen Anne, &c., and in the State Papers and other ancient records, which have resulted in fixing the time when most of the pictures came into the royal collection, and in determining the painters to whom they were originally ascribed."

Mr. Law has had assistance from the highest sources, and, outwardly, his book is as complete as it is comely.

*Studies in Brown Humanity*, by Hugh Clifford, the author of *In Court and Kampong*, deals with native life in the Malay Peninsula. Many of the sketches wear the garb of fiction, but the author declares that

"they are studies of things as they are—drawn from the life. . . . I can only claim these stories as my own in that I have filled in the pictures from my knowledge of the localities in which the various events happened, and have generally told my tales in the fashion which appealed to me as the most appropriate. Umât, who is the subject of one of the sketches, is a very real person indeed, and as I write these lines he is sleeping peacefully over the *punkah* cord, with which he has

become inextricably entangled. The purely descriptive chapters are the result of personal observation in a land which has become very dear to me, which I know intimately, and where the best years of my life have hitherto been spent."

THE "Fur and Feather Series" has become the "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series," and it now includes a work on *The Salmon*, by the Hon. A. E. Gatherne-Hardy.

To the "Story of the Empire Series" is added *New Zealand*, by Mr. William Pember Reeves.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL is not much heard of in England; but a Glasgow firm of publishers has just sent south an imposing *Book of Glasgow Cathedral*. This work has been edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd, and contains contributions by a number of writers. It is nobly printed and illustrated, four of the illustrations being full-page photogravures. The book aims to be a complete historical and pictorial survey of Glasgow Cathedral.

ANOTHER part (H—Haversian) of the *New English Dictionary* is issued.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## PENNY DOMESTICITY.

IT is profitable, like all adjuncts of the chapel. Brixton battens on it; the maidens of Holloway absorb it in the long tram ride to the City; by its aid a railway journey becomes a glow of virtue. But we will not seem to mock—penny domesticity has its place, and a big place it is, in modern journalism. Mr. Pearson set the model in his *Home Notes*; Mr. Harmsworth pursued him with *Home Chat*; and now with ease we count:

*Home Notes.*  
*Home Chat.*  
*Our Home.*  
*The Happy Home.*  
*The Home Companion.*  
*Woman's Life.*  
*The Lady's Gazette.*  
*Etc., etc.*

They are all unimpeachable; they are nearly all extremely well edited; and as to contents, they are as like as pins. Each is intensely parental and affectionate. Readers are emphatically *our* readers, more often *my* readers. The "Assistant Editress" of one paper writes:

"It is brave and good of you, Bessie, not to mind having to be a lady-clerk. . . ."

The poem you send me, *Hernia*, I am glad to tell you, shows a promise of such poetic feeling and real talent as I have seldom. . . ."

Again we read:

"ALONE.—You should certainly bow. The gentleman evidently knows what is correct. He is right not to take any notice unless you do. It is yours, as it is every other lady's privilege to indicate her wish for recognition."

But the profane eye finds most amusement in the advice given to such a correspondent as Esperanza. Wild editresses shall not prevent us from quoting it in full:

"Esperanza tells me that some months ago she was staying at a hydropathic establishment and there met a young gentleman who paid her a great deal of attention, so that she thought he really cared for her. Indeed, when he left, a few days before he did, she asked if he might write to her, and begged her to call him by his Christian name. Since then she has heard nothing of him, and she wants to know whether she might write to him, as she thinks he may have lost her address.—I certainly advise Esperanza to do nothing, but to try to forget this young man as soon as possible. 'Men were deceivers ever,' and idle young men at hydropathies are very apt to make the time pass pleasantly for themselves by a flirtation, never troubling to think that their sport may be another's pain. You have evidently been victimised by a selfish and unscrupulous young man, for he had no business to have gone so far unless he meant to go farther, and had he been really in love with you he would have written to you at once. When a man loses a girl's address he takes care to find it if he wants to, for 'where there's a will there's a way.'"

No one can deny that this is interesting "copy"—in its place.

Two papers refuse to mix questions of the heart with questions of wall paper and the removal of grease spots. The first has opened a "Courtship Column." Here forlorn letters of inquiry (they are always forlorn) are printed, as well as "Amor's" answers; hence we read:

"Lizzie writes thus: 'About four months ago a young man paid me a great deal of attention. He was very kind to me, and always came to see me according to his appointment. I was very fond of him, and very sorry to part from him. We have been corresponding with each other, and he has also given me presents and appeared to be greatly attached to me. He has promised me marriage, but of late he failed to see me according to his promise. Can you kindly give me any advice on the matter? We are not engaged, but he has promised to send me an engagement ring for my birthday. I have written to him to know why he has behaved so meanly, but I have received no answer. Should I be doing right in sending back his presents or not? I am nineteen years of age, and my lover is the same age.'

Answer: 'Amor' fears Lizzie has been too hasty, and offended her lover by terming his conduct mean. Lovers, above all people, should remember that things written sound so very much different to things said. 'Amor' thinks Lizzie had better try and see the young man, and have an explanation, and hopes this may turn out nothing more serious than a lover's quarrel."

Another paper dedicates a page frankly to "Sweethearts and Lovers" ('Envelopes to be marked 'Lovers' Difficulties'). The following precious morsel is a revelation of the trivial issues which not only achieve print, but become the basis of a whole class of journals:

"Here is a letter from a married lady. She admits to being curious, and she tells me that her husband has a very annoying and irritating way of bringing home newspapers at night with certain little paragraphs cut out of them. It sets her wondering what these paragraphs

originally were, and on one or two occasions she has gone to the trouble and bother of buying duplicate copies of the paper, and found that there was no harm in the paragraphs at all. Can I tell her why I think he does it?—Well, I will give you a perfectly frank answer. Seeing that you have tested this, and found that these all-important paragraphs which your husband cuts out amounted to absolutely nothing at all, you can only come to the conclusion that he simply does it for a bit of fun. Probably he knows what you have admitted to me, that one of the principle ingredients which go to make up your constitution is curiosity. I daresay that he is quietly chuckling all the time, and does not intend to cause you five minutes' anxiety. Take my advice, let the whole matter slide. Do not let him see that you notice anything, and depend upon it, it will soon be stopped, and you will be relieved of all your anxiety."

We violate these confidences with some misgivings. But they appear to embody the vital principle of penny domestic journalism. These papers are read by maidens who are willing to be wives; and courtship being the basis of their hopes, the ethics of courtship and brideals receive prominence. And the day of general dissertations is over. The "You and Me" note is all important.

"Boudoir Chat," "Side Talks with Girls," "Our At Home," "Five O'clock Tea with the Editor"—these are the cues. In this spirit the whole making of a home is discussed; and every good thing is recommended, from a bicycle lamp to a forgiving spirit. Great are the treatises on furniture (*vide* "How I Furnished my Sweetheart's Room"); great the articles of guidance (*vide* "The Etiquette of a Wedding" and "How to Answer Advertisements"); great the character-sketches (*vide* "Clever Wives of Well-known Men" and "Men whom Women Admire"); great the moral philosophy (*vide* "The Restlessness of the Age" and "Characters as Shown by the Mouth"); great the verses and versicles which flow into every cranny (*vide* "Only a Little Pink Baby Shoe" and "Voices of the Tender Past."). The genre of penny home papers is definitely formed; and, like most products of compulsory education, it bewilders.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. •

Sir,—Jean-Jacques' life has always been a favourite theme with French essayists. His name evokes a unique past made of strange doings and imperishable doctrines having left their mark upon society at large. This great man proved his own enemy in many ways. His "Confessions," published after his death, supplied posterity with a weapon wherewith to scourge his memory. His critics complacently dwell upon his morose character, and find no excuse for it except his own natural perversity, forgetting that the cruel internal complaint from which he suffered almost invariably leads to mental gloom and depression. An early martyr to melancholia, Rousseau must have stood more

than once on the brink of self-destruction. It is to woman he owed his salvation. These fair enthusiasts whom *Julie's* love-story has enthralled, were all up in arms in his defence, shielding him from the outer world, soothing him in his distress, leading him by the hand, so to say, like a child in need of protection. Indeed, the ladies of France had every cause to be grateful to the man who, whatever his crochets and vagaries had meant well by them, teaching them above all things, to be good wives and mothers. He preached to them a gospel that went straight to their hearts. We might Victor Cousin, who felt so keenly of the question of female education (see his *Jacqueline Pascal*) deplore the neglect into which Rousseau's writings had fallen nowadays. That question, according to Cousin, was understood by none better than by the author of *Emile*, and he more particularly refers to the fifth and concluding part of that remarkable treatise which concerns woman alone and the noble part assigned to her by nature at the side of her companion, man. The "New Woman," I am afraid, will think but poorly of these eloquent pages so completely at variance with her own bold theories, for Jean-Jacques held it as his firm belief, and all his arguments are based upon that belief, that equality between the two sexes was neither possible nor desirable for woman's own sake, who would thereby lose all moral influence and the respect due to her. *Altri tempi, altri costumi.*

One of the more recent contributors to the "Rousseau literature" is M. Léo Claretie, the son, I presume, of the distinguished director of the French comedy. Under the attractive title, *J.-J. Rousseau et ses Amies*, M. Claretie presents to the reader a series of biographic sketches, the place of honour in the series being given to Mme. d'Houdetot, the most sympathetic of all Rousseau's "friends," and the one he loved best; but to this purpose, for the sprightly Countess has already an admirer, the famous Saint Lambert, to whom she was devoted. As customary in those times among the upper classes, the Count, her husband, lived on the best terms possible with his wife's paramour. The prevailing fashion was, not to stick at such trifles as fidelity in wedlock and respect for one's own name. M. Claretie tells us all this in that light, easy style which the French language lends itself so well, but he is not very careful as to date. For instance, after having stated that Saint Lambert died in 1803, and the husband in 1806, he would have us believe that the two met at the Countess's table in 1811 to celebrate an anniversary. It speaks well for the old lady's nerves that she could sit down to dinner with a couple of ghosts without being upset.

Armed with Jean-Jacques' "Confessions," the most startling monument of self-revelation ever conceived, the author has not a word to say in exculpation of that poor monomaniac, racked by disease, who saw an enemy in every fellow-creature. M. Claretie is particularly indignant with Rousseau for having forsaken his children. The curious part of the affair is that no one ever saw them. There is not a particle of

dependent evidence to show that those children have ever existed. There is no better proof extant than Thérèse Lovasseur, supposed mother, who survived her strait-laced husband upwards of twenty years, never been questioned upon that moot point. That poor woman may not have been a paragon of virtue, but she was a good and faithful nurse, and the tears of gratitude with which Rousseau spoke of her in his declining years are a testimony in favour that no sneers can obliterate.

Claretie's sarcasms are out of place concerning her. His associating her name with that of Omphale by way of making ridicule of her "who sat at her feet" is in worse taste still. M. Claretie seems to forget what he owes to the author of the *Le Contrat Social*. The very French he writes of is Rousseau's, the father and creator of such modern prose. The judicious, always accurate, Sainte-Beuve calls him a "générateur de la langue," and he points to the sources from whence he drew his inspiration: Rousseau is the first French writer who introduced nature into the arid literature of the eighteenth century, who spoke in melodious and hitherto unknown tones of blue skies, green fields and the tranquil majesty of forests. Those were the delights to the readers of Voltaire's *La Pucelle* and Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, and they charmed them. No wonder the French liked him so well and stuck to him to the last.

March 14.

THOMAS DELTA.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* critic of "The Dreamers of the Ghetto," by Mr. Zangwill, finds an affinity between Mr. Zangwill's book and the works of the late Mr. Pater:

"As in Pater, we are carried up and down centuries to various parts of Europe, and are shown glimpses of life and strange phases of thought, snatched, as it were, from the oblivion which, when the brief scene is over, lies again on either side, whilst that one point of life with its living hopes and thoughts, and its varied colours, remains to us vivid and memorable. We have a vision of the years presented to us in typical souls. We live again through crises of human thought, and are compelled by the writer's art to regard them, not as a catalogue of errors or hopes dead and of with, but under the vital forms in which at some time or another they confronted the minds of actual men like ourselves."

Coming to the work itself, this critic gives it enthusiastic praise. We quote a passage near the end of his review:

"It will be seen that the author has courage. He does not flatter or spare. He shows us all that is unequal, the sordid narrowness, the perverted ingenuity of his people. Those are the things, indeed, which give him his artistic opportunity. For, in pathetic contrast to them, he reveals to us the peculiar glory of Israel—the obstinate patience, the undying hope, the strange beauty of an immemorial ritual, the reason of a despised kinship, and somewhere in the heart of the race that unsatisfied hunger for God. Had not the author himself passed through the phases of emotion and thought represented, for instance, in the 'Chad

Gadya,' he could not have accomplished that fine study in dramatic meditation without exaggeration, sentimentality or bathos. Yet he achieves the difficult task without a slip, and as his world-weary and disillusioned Jew sinks in a Venetian canal, and with his last breath tries to utter the ancient words, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one,' we feel that the common use of the word artist falls short of the truth."

From an acute and informing notice in the *St. James's Gazette* by Mr. W. P. James, we quote the following fragments:

"Mr. Zangwill continues to interpret Israel to the Gentiles. It is a work well worthy to be done, and a work urgently needed to be done, if one is to judge by the rapidity with which modern European nations drop back into a blind mediæval hatred of the Chosen People. *The Dreamers of the Ghetto* is a thoughtful and, both in form and substance, a singularly interesting contribution both to the work of interpretation and to the literature of fiction. . . .

Mr. Zangwill, as readers of his first Jewish novel will remember, has a pitiless eye for the pinchbeck glitter of the parvenu Jew. He detects it even in the great English Earl, the 'Primrose Sphynx,' perhaps not forgetting, besides the glitter of the novels, some little indications in Disraeli's private letters to his sister written in early manhood, in 'the days of the dandies.' And it is precisely because he thinks the world is only too familiar with the external aspect of the prosperous Jewish parvenu that he is anxious to interpret the 'dreamers' of the ghetto, the creators of religions and religious revivals, the people of 'longings that cannot be uttered,' who yet have given Europe, in Spinoza, its most profound philosophy; in Heine its most perfect and most poignant love-lyrics as well as its most biting wit. 'The Jews,' said Heine, 'were a wonderful people. They invented Christianity and loans: Christendom highly appreciated loans; it had not made trial of Christianity. If Christendom ceases to appreciate loans when the Christians are not the creditors, and the usurer charges sixty per cent., never was Nemesis clearer. Christendom, which drove the Jews from the general street into its ghettos, drove the Jews likewise into the practice of usury. . . .'

It is rather amusing, by the way, now to recall Mr. Zangwill's *début* as a 'new humorist.' Happily, when mirth was required of him, he remembered Jerusalem; and his tongue, instead of cleaving to the roof of his mouth, became eloquent in her service. The seriousness of the present book is notable. It is an earnest plea for the spirit of religion against the tyranny of the letter. And a comparison of *Joseph the Dreamer* with *Uriel Acosta* will prove how impartially in this matter Judaism and Christianity are treated by Mr. Zangwill."

The *Spectator* devotes an article to Mr. Zangwill. The writer begins by recalling Mr. Zangwill's earlier work, *The Children of the Ghetto*, which he thinks was "a book of the truly revealing kind." He then compares *The Dreamers of the Ghetto* with it—but unfavourably:

"We expected it, perhaps unreasonably, to explain something of the central fact of all Jewish history, the marvellous, the almost miraculous, disparity and distance between their highest minds and their average minds, between Isaiah and the Rabbis, between St. Paul and the traders in the market-place, and found nothing that made the facts in any degree more clear. The book is a collection of

sketches of men who are often striking and always interesting, but does not, so far as we see, suggest any thread of connexion between the minds of those men, or any, even the most insufficient, explanation of their lives.

If Mr. Zangwill really wishes to make his people clearer to the world, and so remove a mist of unjust prejudice, he should tell us his views, through tales if he will, though we think he might do the work more convincingly through a graver statement of all that in his judgment differentiates the Hebrew from the European intellect. The former intellect has, as we conceive, another *kind* of intuition, one that pierces the veil of life more sharply, and sees more clearly the rightful dominance of that which is beyond. And he should answer three questions, which are all of them just now, though unimportant here, of terrible importance to his kinsmen on the Continent. The first is—*are Hebrews capable of being patriots?* . . . Mr. Zangwill in this very book sings a sort of prelude to England as the country which has caught the Hebraic inspiration, and is heiress, as it were, of the Hebrew spirit. Still, the Continent is fuller of Jews than England is, and the Continent denies patriotism to Jews with terrible results for the persecuted people. What is the precise truth as a fair-minded Jew understands it, and in what way does the feeling for their race slide into the feeling for their adopted country? What, again, is the true Jewish feeling among the thoughtful as well as the ordinary as to the acquisition of wealth? Do they look upon it as the mediæval Jews did, as a defence, or as a means of obtaining luxury, or as an instrument for obtaining the power for which they are believed to thirst? And, finally, what is the depth and what are the limits of that spirit of mockery which all their enemies of to-day attribute to Jews, which is so singularly absent from the Old Testament—there is only one mocking sentence in it—but which inspires the genius of Heine, is believed on the Continent to be ingrained in the character of the race, and is, we incline to think, revealed as really existing by their special tastes in jests? No Jew, we fancy, not even Mr. Zangwill, quite understands how completely sealed a book the modern Jew character is to the Gentile communities, or how much dangerous prejudice would disappear if it were thoroughly understood. It is the unknown, not the known, before which modern men recoil."

From a well-written review of this comedy, signed H. F., in the *Westminster Gazette* we take leave to quote the following passages:

"Fortunately M. Rostand is no decadent. Whether he build us up a delicate fairyland structure, breathing, like 'La Princesse Loaintaine,' the spirit of mediæval romance, or give us a bold, heroic comedy, full of life and colour and movement, like 'Cyrano,' he is always poetically sane and vigorously dramatic. It may be old-fashioned to feel grateful to him for this, and for his choice of subjects among things pleasant and of good report; but there are many of us who, like Mr. Hardcastle, still love some old fashions better than the new, and the brilliant success of 'Cyrano' in Paris shows that, even there, such a taste has not altogether lost its influence.

Cyrano, the Gascon hero with the huge nose:

'Un nez! Ah! messeigneurs, quel nez que ce nez-là!

On ne peut voir passer un pareil nasigère Sans s'écrier "Oh! non, vraiment il exagère!" Puis on sourit, on dit "Il va l'enlever," mais Monsieur de Bergerac ne l'enlève jamais."

Cyrano is played at the Porte St. Martin by Coquelin, and is, of course, the part Sir Henry Irving had in his eye when he bought the English rights of the play. So much as to look at Cyrano's nose is dangerous; to mock at it is to face his steel. Thus he saves his ugliness from ridicule among his fellow-men, but, alas! he has no spell to cast over women, and he—the famous poet and fighter, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form for every Gascon youth—loves in vain the beautiful Roxane, whose affections are set on young Christian de Neuville. The irony of mocking Cupid makes Roxane, all unconscious of Cyrano's passion, demand his protection for her lover, and nobly Cyrano discharges his trust. When the foolish Christian tries to pick a quarrel, Cyrano refuses to be provoked by the most insulting references to his nose and takes the boy to his arms. They become inseparables, and Cyrano even writes Christian's love-letters and sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, putting into them his whole soul, and pleading for another as he would fain have pleaded for himself. So well does he succeed that at last Roxane declares, in a fervour of poetic admiration, that she loves Christian for his verses alone:

'Je t'aimerais encore  
Si toute ta beauté tout d'un coup s'envolait!'

She would love Christian *même laid, affreux, défiguré, grotesque*. Here, then, is a strange situation. The only solution is Christian's death. He is killed in battle a moment after Roxane has made this avowal to him and to Cyrano, and so the fourth act closes. The fifth shows us in infinitely pathetic scenes the long-delayed discovery by Roxane, who for fifteen years has mourned Christian as her poet-lover, of Cyrano's noble deception. But it is made too late. Cyrano is death-stricken, and Roxane, broken-hearted, can only cry:

'Je n'aimais qu'un seul être et je le perds  
deux fois.'

Of the large humanity, the humour, the pathos, and the dramatic effectiveness of the play, such a brief and bald summary of the plot can convey but a hint. The scenes in the private theatre at the Duke of Burgundy's; in the shop of the pastrycook Ragueneau, whose adoration of poetic genius makes every needy poetaster of Paris his debtor; in the French camp before Arras; and in the peaceful convent garden whither Roxane has taken her woes of widowhood—each is full of life and poetry and wit."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 7.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- A TREATISE ON THE PREPARATION AND DELIVERY OF SERMONS. By John A. Broadus, D.D. New (twenty-third) edition. Hodder & Stoughton.
- DIVINE IMMANENCE: AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MATTER. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THOUGHTS ON THE CHURCH. By the Rev. Vernon Staley. Thos. Hibberd.
- THE PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By R. M. Wenley. A. & C. Black.
- A HARVEST OF MYRRH AND SPICES GATHERED FROM THE MYSTERIES OF THE LORD'S PASSION. By William H. Draper, M.A. Henry Frowde.

THE CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By W. T. Davison, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 4s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HOLY LANCE: AN EPISODE OF THE CRUSADES, AND OTHER MONOGRAPHS. By W. Stewart Ross. W. Stewart & Co.

HENRY OF GUISE, AND OTHER PORTRAITS. By A. C. Macdowall. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE SERIES: NEW ZEALAND. By William Pember Reeves. 1s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL: A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Morison Bros. (Glasgow).

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

PROLEGOMENA TO "IN MEMORIAM." By Thomas Davidson. Isbister & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Service & Paton. 2s. 6d.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated by A. D. Godley. Methuen & Co.

### ART.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF HAMPTON COURT. Illustrated by Ernest Law. George Bell & Sons.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

STUDIES IN BROWN HUMANITY: BEING SCRAWLS AND SMUDGES IN SEPIA, WHITE, AND YELLOW. By Hugh Clifford. Grant Richards. 6s.

WEALTH AND WILD CATS: TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN THE GOLD-FIELDS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. By Raymond Radclyffe. Downey & Co. 1s.

### EDUCATIONAL.

BLACK'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: KING LEAR. By William Shakespeare. Edited by P. Sheavyn, M.A. A. & C. Black. 1s.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. W. B. Clive. 2s. 6d.

SELECTIONS FROM PARADISE LOST. Edited by Albert Perry Walker. Isbister & Co.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES: THE SALMON. By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. Longmans, Green & Co. 5s.

SANITARY ENGINEERING. By Wm. Paul Gerhard, C.E. Published by the Author (New York).

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IN our last issue we inadvertently gave the price of Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, *The Lust of Hate*, as six shillings. It should have been five shillings.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish on 18th April a new romance, by Mr. Crockett, entitled *The Standard Bearer*. The hero is

the minister of a Galloway parish. The story opens with the persecution of the Covenanters in 1685.

THE third volume of Messrs. Service Paton's "Popular Biblical Library" will be published immediately. It is entitled *The History of Early Christianity*, and is from the pen of the Rev. Leighton Pullan, of St John's College, Oxford.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. will issue this month a large paper edition of *The History of the Holy Grail*, limited to 1000 copies, printed on hand-made paper, with proofs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations on India paper.

THE Rev. R. T. Mylne is about to publish a volume of sermons preached in Bangor Cathedral, entitled *The Abiding Strength of the Church*. Mr. Mylne is a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and some of the sermons are on antiquarian subjects. The work will be illustrated by four photographs of antiquities, will have a preface by the head master of Rugby, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN writes to say that the play, "The Master," about to be produced by Mr. John Hare, has no connexion with the novel by Mr. I. Zangwill who has in no way sanctioned the use of the title, though unable in the present state of the copyright law to substantiate his claim to a title duly copyrighted as a book.

THE concluding part of Mr. Will Rothenstein's series of *English Portraits* is announced for publication by Mr. Grant Richards early in April, and will contain drawings of Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Henry James. The portraits will then be issued in one volume with cover and title-page by Mr. Rothenstein. It has been generally understood that the notices which accompany the portraits have been the work of the artist but a note to the volume expresses Mr. Rothenstein's thanks to "Messrs. Grant Allen, William Archer, L. F. Austin, Max Beerbohm, Laurence Binyon, Vernon Blackburn, Edward Clodd, Canon Dixon, Edmund Gosse, C. L. Graves, John Gray, Laurence Housman, Lionel Johnson, Clement Shorter and Prof. York Powell for the biographical notices which accompany the portraits."

MR. GRANT RICHARDS announces the immediate publication of a new edition of a poetical drama by the late Louisa Shore. This is *Hannibal*, a book which in its day attracted a considerable amount of attention.

THE portfolio monograph on Greek bronzes, to be published by Messrs. Seeley & Co. in the middle of April, is written by Mr. Alexander Stewart Murray, keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, author of *Greek Sculpture under Pheidias*, &c. The number will be illustrated mainly from the collection of bronzes in the British Museum, and will contain several that have not previously been reproduced.

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REVIEWS.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROCK.

*Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, Bart.* By Canon George Rawlinson. (Longmans & Co.)

THE subject of this memoir went to India as a cadet at the age of seventeen, six years later became staff-officer to a small band of Englishmen sent by the Company to Persia to instruct the Shah's army in European drill. He returned to Persia in time to take part in the Afghan war of 1839, and as political officer helped successfully defend Candahar against Uza Ahmed's troops. At the end of the war, he was appointed by Lord Ellenborough British Resident at Bagdad, holding that post till 1855. On resigning the Company's service, he was nominated a private director, and soon after entered Parliament, returning to Persia for a few months in 1859 as Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary. He resigned this post when Lord John Russell transferred the control of our relations with Persia from the India to the Foreign Office, and remained in England to marry and settle down until he died, full of years and honours, in 1895.

So far, there is nothing to distinguish Sir Henry Rawlinson from the hundreds of acts of good family whose services have always been, happily for us, at the disposal of the Queen in building up our great empire in the East. To most newspaper readers of the present day he will be remembered only as the constant attendant on Shah Nasr-ed-din during his first visit to England, and as one of the most strenuous advocates of a policy of resistance to Russia's advance toward India. Yet his most famous achievement is quite unconnected with either war or diplomacy, and may make his name immortal when our squabbles with Persian, Afghan, and Russian—nay, even our occupation of India—have ceased to be remembered. The story is so romantic that one is tempted in telling it to travel a long way from the sober narrative of the volume before us.

Young Rawlinson had, from the outset of his career, a taste for the history

and antiquities of Persia, a leaning which he himself attributed to his conversations with Sir John Malcolm on his first passage to India, and when with the Shah's army he chanced to be quartered at Kirmanshah in Persian Kurdistan. Close to this stands the Rock of Behistun, bearing on its face a trilingual inscription which we now know to be due to Darius Hystaspis, the restorer of Cyrus' empire. The cuneiform or wedge-shaped letters in which it is written had long baffled all attempts to decipher them, Prof. Grotefend, of Copenhagen, having perhaps come nearest to their solution. Some part of this difficulty was no doubt due to imperfect transcription; but about 1836 Rawlinson contrived—as his brother says, at the risk of life and limb—to climb the almost inaccessible face of the rock, and to copy the easiest of the three versions of the inscription. A prolonged study of it enabled him to pronounce it to be in the Persian language, and in 1838 he succeeded in discovering the system by which the Persian words were reproduced in cuneiform characters. The publication of the result in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society brought him the honorary membership of half the learned societies in Europe, together with the assistance from older Orientalists which men of science do not always bestow upon their younger brethren. This success spurred him on to fresh endeavours, and eleven years later he paid another visit to Behistun, and managed, with native help, to obtain a cast of another text which had hitherto been supposed to be out of human reach. This turned out to be a translation of the first, still in cuneiform characters, but in the Babylonian language; and the insight into the Babylonian syllabary thus obtained enabled the discoverer to translate most of the inscriptions which his friend Layard had even then commenced to dig up on the site of the ancient Nineveh. The consequences reached further than either explorer could have expected. Cuneiform texts came to the surface in ever-increasing numbers, and as they were deciphered, historical documents of an antiquity of which no one had till then ventured to dream sprang to light. Archaeologists had hardly managed to digest the evidence of a high civilisation among the Semitic races of Assyria and Babylonia, when it became plain that this was but a legacy from the Sumerian (or, as they were at first called, the "Akkadian") inhabitants of Mongoloid stock, with whom the Semites had early intermingled. Every fresh excavation pushed the ascertainable dates of history further back, until the recent American expedition to Babylonia (see the *ACADEMY* of September 15, 1897) obtained tablets relating to historical events occurring in 6000 B.C., or 1,000 years before the highest date to which Egyptian history has ever been guessed to extend. To a generation which had been taught to believe that the Jews, or perhaps the Chinese, were the first nation to emerge from the savage state, such discoveries may well have seemed incredible.

This, however, may be thought at first sight to be an academic matter which can only affect university professors or curators

of museums; but almost the exact contrary is the case. In theology alone the Assyriological discoveries have worked a change so profound that had it not taken place almost silently, it would long ago have been hailed as a revolution. There is no need to recapitulate all the theories of Biblical inspiration which have been held, from the position of the enlightened Catholic who held, like Philo, that the religious value of the Pentateuch was chiefly allegorical, down to that of the sturdy Protestant who believed, like Akiba, that every word of it was in a special way dictated by God, and written down in his own hand by Moses himself. It is sufficient to say that, before the decipherment of the cuneiform texts, the legends of the Creation, the institution of the Sabbath, the Garden of Eden, the Fall of man, and the Deluge were considered by Christians of every sect to be parts of a history revealed only to the Jewish nation and preserved among them by supernatural means. But now that it has been shown that all these stories, with many accompaniments derived from their polytheistic religion, were inscribed on clay tablets by the early inhabitants of Babylonia thousands of years before Moses could have existed, it is impossible, in the words of one of the most determined opponents of the Higher Criticism, to blind ourselves to the fact that "the narrative is ultimately of Babylonian origin." So, too, the recovery of the annals of the kings who reigned at Nineveh and Babylon during the period covered by the Historical Books have proved the Old Testament—not, indeed, to be untrue (for, in fact, all late discoveries have abundantly verified its substantial accuracy)—but to contain errors and omissions which make it impossible for anyone acquainted with the facts any longer to uphold the doctrine of verbal inspiration. While, if this is the case with theology, quite as sweeping a change has taken place in the historical sciences. So far from the history of the ancient world beginning with Herodotus, we can now produce the chronicles of empires more highly organised than was ever any Greek state—extending from the Tigris to the Mediterranean, and going back to dates millennia before that which our fathers used to assign for the earliest appearance of man upon the earth. In the presence of such facts, we feel as the pre-Copernican astronomers would have done had they learned that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but only a tiny and unimportant speck in it. Yet all these changes of thought are directly due to Rawlinson's climb up the face of the Behistun rock.

No pains seem to have been spared to make Canon Rawlinson's *Memoir* of his great brother a worthy record, and, while Lord Roberts prefixes to it an introduction in which, as may be expected, the late Afridi rising and Sir Henry's warnings as to the future of Afghanistan figure largely, the present Baronet contributes a chapter of reminiscences of his father's private life. The task of compilation has not been an easy one, for Sir Henry seems to have kept diaries only in a spasmodic and disjointed fashion, and to have been a bad hand at

preserving correspondence, but in the result he stands out clearly as one of the best types of the English soldier-statesman. Carrying into his abstruse studies the dash which had distinguished him in the field, he was yet too much a man of the world to allow himself to become absorbed by them; and it is recorded that his greatest work, *The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, became, before it left the press, almost intolerably irksome to its editor. As an official he was both active and conscientious, never hesitating to resign a post directly he thought he could not fill it efficiently, and never sacrificing what he considered to be the public interest to party convenience. He seems, too, to have borne his honours with grace, and to have been popular with all classes of society; while himself scrupulously just and honourable, nothing ruffled him but some trace of meanness or dishonour in those he had to deal with.

All this and much more can be found in the present memoir, and Sir Henry Rawlinson seems to have been as lucky in his biographer as in everything else. Luck was, indeed, the never-failing attendant of his life; and though lucky in his career, in his marriage, and in all his undertakings, he was never more lucky than in seeing the science of which he laid the foundation spring into vigorous life. Almost alone among the pioneers of science, he had not to leave the care of his fame to posterity, but reaped its full reward during his own life.

"Happier than our own 'Champoleon,'" said M. Maspero in pronouncing his elegy to the *Académie des Inscriptions*, "he had the good fortune to live long enough to assist at the full blossoming of the science he created. If he had a long and hard struggle before being certain of victory, at least he was able to enjoy for a long time the glory which it gave him, and which was his due."

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to find fault with. Certainly, there is no trace at all in his despatches of the angry unhappiness which made Arthur Young cry out against "the glittering beings" whose neglect and oppression was answerable for the misery he saw through miles of country. While Young was exclaiming, "Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day I would make the great lords skip again," Jefferson was expressing his surprise at finding the people so comparatively well off. It was only when he was thinking, not of the condition of French agriculture, but of the French Monarchy, that he would record that the nation was "ground to powder by the vices of the form of government." From first to last he took an optimistic view of the changes which were taking place before his eyes, and leaving France within a few weeks of the taking of the Bastille, believed that the transfer of supreme power from king to people would be happily effected without bloodshed. Some of his letters are written with considerable pungency of style. Speaking of the edict emancipating the Protestants, he writes:

"The long delayed edict of the Protestants at length appears here. It is an acknowledgment that Protestants may beget children, and that they can die and be offensive, unless buried. It does not give them permission to think, to speak, or to worship. What are we to think of the condition of the human mind in a country where such a wretched thing as this has thrown the State into convulsions, and how must we bless our own situation in a country, the most illiterate peasant of which is a Solon compared with the authors of this law."

In view of Jefferson's tremendous denunciations of Marie Antoinette in his biography written thirty years' later, it is interesting to note what he had to say at the time. In May, 1788, he writes: "The king, long in the habit of drowning his cares in wine, plunges deeper and deeper, the queen cries, but sins on." On another occasion, he says, "The queen and the princes are infatuated enough to hazard almost anything." Certainly his letters contain very little to support the opinion of his old age, that if the queen could have been shut up in a convent there would have been no revolution. Of the king, he always speaks as of a man meaning very well, but too weak to be trusted of anyone. It is noticeable that Jefferson, in spite of his somewhat violent Republican theories, was always ready in practice to counsel moderation and caution, and, early in 1779, was of opinion that the people had "had as full a measure of liberty dealt out to them as they could bear."

Jefferson was succeeded by a man of a very different temperament. Governor Morris was essentially conservative in his bias, and his letters to Washington show a very clear appreciation of the political situation. He was a friend to monarchy as an institution, believing that it was the form of government most in harmony with the traditions of the French people. This view was certainly not determined by any excessive regard for the king. Writing to Washington, in 1790, he declares that the royal cause might still be retrieved if Louis

were not "the small-beer character he is." "But what will you have from a creature who, situated as he is, eat and drinks and sleeps well, and laugh and is as merry a grig as lives." Morris gives graphic descriptions of the proceedings of the Assembly, and numerous instances of the theatrical dilettantism which marked its debates. Some of these are sufficiently comic. On one occasion, when the subject of discussion was a proposal by Necker for a national bank, a deputy "took it into his head to move that every member should give his silver buckle which was agreed to at once, and the honourable member laid his upon the table after which the business went on again. It is difficult to guess whereabouts the floor will settle when it flies so wild. . . . Writing just before the trial of the king, Morris foretells the result correctly, and bases his prediction upon the fact that all parties desire the death of the king. I explain that all the monarchical and aristocratic parties join with the Jacobins on this point, believing "that such a catastrophe would shock the national feeling awaken their hereditary attachment, and turn into channels of loyalty the impetuous tide of opinion." Shrewd as Morris shows himself in his observation of political events he shared the common illusion of the time to the weakness of the armies of the Republic and expected the speedy success of the allied kings.

The appointment of James Monroe Morris's successor in Paris, shortly after the fall of Robespierre, represents a famous passage in the history of American diplomacy which need not detain us here. Monroe was a wild admirer of the Revolution, and the apologist for some of its worst excesses, and watched the early triumphs of Napoleon without a suspicion of what the end was to be. His indiscretions caused him to recall within less than two years. When he took his leave in 1796 the President of the Directory exclaimed, "The French Republic expects that the successors of Columbus, Raleigh and Penn, always proud of their liberty, will never forget that they owe to France." And to this half-truth the American might have replied with another, that the debt was already repaid, that was the alliance with the revolted colonies which had undone the foundations of the monarchy of France.

### THE RIFLE AND THE PEN.

*Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa.*  
By Arthur H. Neumann. (Rowland Ward.)

IT is a sign of these literary times that a man who has hunted and shot elephants should think it necessary to write a book about it. One would suppose that of persons he might be excused. Yet apparently it is not so; and here we have a volume of 456 spacious pages, and many illustrations devoted entirely to the account of the author's career as a slaughterer. It matters

nothing that, however well he may be able to pull a trigger, he cannot write anything but ordinary commercial English, that he has no eyes for the curious, no interest in social problems. Here is the book all the same. There are, of course, hunters of big game whose records are to be treasured—Mr. Selous, for example, a keen observer of men and nature, a student of politics and customs; but not such is Mr. Neumann, who is a hunter pure and simple. He seems, moreover, to be a hunter attended by extraordinary luck. It is true that in the part of Africa in which he travelled—among the Ndorobo savages of the Lorogi mountains, which lie north of Uganda, midway between Lake Rudolph and Mount Kenia—he was among the first to pursue his trade; but the impression left by his volume is that game was both plentiful, easily found, and easily killed.

When a man has nothing to offer his readers but the story of how he shot his big game, his book must necessarily become monotonous. Mr. Neumann's book is one of the most monotonous that we have ever read. A schoolboy's diary—"Got up, washed, had breakfast," and so on, day after day—is hardly less coloured. How many rhinoceroses and elephants Mr. Neumann slew we cannot say, but he must have been responsible for ridding Africa of some scores. The contest was horribly one-sided. Mr. Neumann carried a double .577, a single .50, a .250 rook rifle, a shot-gun, a Martini-Henry, which he called his "cripple-stopper," and a Lee-Metford, and his aim was deadly. Once, indeed, Mr. Neumann was in danger of his life; but he escaped comparatively unhurt. Against that single misadventure he put the photographs of his stores of skins, and register the opinion that, although every hunter may be the most estimable class of men, they should not be called upon to magnify their prowess in print. This is how the first elephant of the trip was killed:

"She was, however, facing me, her great ears stretched out or slowly flapping. I could only see her head and my object was to get a triple shot. I waited, I think not less than a quarter of an hour for her to turn her head. Once I tried to sneak round farther, but she had another next to her started and I slunk back. I suppose an eddy of wind gave them a slight whiff of me, or they may have heard me moving; probably the latter, as they were not sufficiently alarmed to move when I kept still again. I was not more than ten paces from the elephant in front of me, I should say, and meditated the advisability of putting my bullet right into her eye (which I felt sure I could do), but being uncertain whether such a shot would be fatal from my position, and feeling that my reputation as a hunter, both with my own men and the natives of the country, would be blasted at outset should I make a failure of my first success at elephants, I waited till my arms ached in with holding my heavy gun at the ready. At last, however, she did give me the longed-for chance, and I instantly put a ball between her eye and the ear, dropping her like a tree."

Mr. Neumann, although nominally an elephant hunter, was not bigoted. He never saw a rhinoceros pass without trying for it, and zobras and gazelles, lions and giraffes

were all considered fair game. Here is a taste of his unofficial manner:

"Another day I came back to this plain to try to get a shot at the ostriches. I failed to get near them, but, while trying, a giraffe came towards me—apparently not seeing me, or mistaking me for something harmless, so I sat still till it had walked a little past, some 150 yards off, so that the solid bullet I sent into its ribs from my little Gibbs .450 might travel forward. It galloped violently for about 200 yards, and then, after staggering a little, plunged head first, its hind-quarters curiously standing up for a second or two after its neck was on the ground. It is not often one has the chance of seeing a giraffe fall plainly, as they are generally shot among bush. More often they, like most animals, fall backwards when mortally wounded."

On another occasion, Mr. Neumann shot two lionesses, after having been banked off one in the following inconsiderate manner: "I tried to get a shot, but it would not wait, and with an irritable swing or two round and up of its tail, and sulky growls, made off into the bush before I could get near enough." However, the sportsman soon after found two others and slew them. While he was examining one of his victims, he heard a growl and, looking round, saw that the other was not yet actually dead. "I at once gave her a raking shot from in front of and above her, finishing her tough life; but before going right up to her and kicking her, I chucked a stone on to her head as a test." To have killed the creature was enough. She might have been spared this further indignity of description.

Just at the end of his book, Mr. Neumann bethought him that possibly the Ndorobo might have interest for some readers, and he offers a page or so describing their characteristics. There is a pleasant hint of irony in the following passage:

"In contrast with the natives of Southern Africa, who cannot be said to have any notion of a Supreme Being, these have a distinct belief in God, and ascribe all events to His ordering. Asked what they know of Him, they told me: 'We only know that He made all things. If it rains, we say it is God; when the wind blows, we say here, too, is God; and when the white man comes, we say this again is God's doing.'"

Here let us leave our gallant hunter.

## ROME AND CANTERBURY.

*A Vindication of the Bull "Apostolica Cura."*  
By the Archbishop and Bishops of the Diocese of Westminster. (Longmans.)

It may be surmised that, for the present at least, this controversy is laid to rest. What has happened has been this: Representatives of the High Church party made indirect overtures to Rome for the reconsideration of the question of Anglican orders. Are the orders of the Anglican Church orders in the sense of the Roman Catholic Church? Do they, that is, imprint an ineffaceable character upon the soul of the recipient, and invest him with a supernatural power of effecting the change of bread and wine into the body

and blood of Christ in which consists the sacrifice of the New Law?—or is the ordination service merely a formal commission to read the Book of Common Prayer in the congregation? These were the questions laid before the Papal tribunal. Rome took the matter in hand, considered and weighed, finally gave her decision. Said the Pope in the Bull *Apostolica Cura*: The immutable principles of the Church's theological science do not permit us to regard your orders as a sacramental thing. Setting aside the controversy as to a breach in the line of the succession—granting, if you will, that Parker was consecrated according to some rite, since the controversy upon that point seems infinite—we find that the changes by which the Anglican ordinal was evolved from the Catholic rite, which it superseded, were all in one direction. They all tended to eliminate every expression which implied the power of sacrifice as inherent in the priestly office. The published writings of your founders, and the construction of your office for the celebration of Holy Communion, are in harmony with this change in the ordination services. It is clear to us, then, that the intention of the Anglican Church in the bestowal of (what it calls) orders positively excludes the sacrificial notion, which to us is the whole *raison d'être* of the priesthood. Therefore Anglican ordinations are (according to the principles of our theology—principles which must be taken as established) absolutely null and void from the beginning.

The Anglican Primates of England undertook to reply, and they set before themselves a difficult task. They had to convince the Catholic Bishops of Christendom, to whom their letter was addressed, that the Pope was mistaken in his estimate of the Anglican teaching upon the Eucharist—that their Church does in fact teach, and has ever taught, the real presence and the mystical unbloody sacrifice. At the same time they must make it clear to the evangelical and latitudinarian sections of their own communion that they stand fast by the traditional principles of the Reformation. And this is what we mean when we say that the controversy has a comic side. The attempt seems all of a piece with the policy popularly called "jesuitry", and here you have the popish disputants sweeping away sophistries and demanding a plain answer (though, surely, not simple enough to expect one) to a straightforward question. After quoting certain of the Archbishops' equivocal words, "These phrases," they say,

"which are somewhat inaccurately quoted from your First Prayer-book, you seem to be using in Cranmer's sense [receptionalism]. . . . No doubt both these phrases might be understood in a more catholic sense. But it appears to us inconceivable that, if you had really wished to ascribe to your Church belief in a Real Objective Presence, you would have failed to say so with the utmost distinctness, for this is the very turning-point of the question. . . . If, then, we have mistaken your meaning in the passage referred to, will you frankly say so?"

That the Archbishops should give a direct reply to this question while their communion

notoriously embraces men of every shade of opinion between Zuinglianism and the Tridentine definition, was, of course, not to be expected. There was scope for speculation only as to the device by which the Metropolitans might pluck their feet out of the net. In their subsequent brief letter to the Archbishop of Westminster, "The Church of England," they write, "has clearly stated her position with respect to this doctrine [transubstantiation], and it is unnecessary to say that we heartily and firmly concur in the judgment which she has pronounced." Of course, the evasion lies in the use of the word transubstantiation, which in the main line of their argument the Roman bishops had been careful to avoid. For from the days of Tract XC. it has been open to members of the Church of England to hold that the Transubstantiation condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles connotes something else than the notion for which the Council of Trent adopted the word as the most fitting name. Thus the snare is broken and the Archbishops are delivered; and the scandal of an internal rupture is once more procrastinated. By a series of accidents the two communions have been brought as near as they are ever likely to approach each other. Henceforward they will go on their several ways: the older still piling up fresh consequences upon its old-world lore; the younger shaking off more and more the ties by which it is bound to a pre-scientific era, and assimilating with more and more alacrity the wisdom of the passing moment—the one growing stiffer in the assurance of a divine mission and the possession of final truth; the other relying always for continued life upon racial ties and its indefinite adaptability.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE EMPIRE.

*The Building of the Empire.* By Alfred Thomas Story. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

To the task of adequately telling the story of England's growth from Elizabeth to Victoria the historian must bring a universal knowledge of modern history, a comprehensive grasp of detail, and a wide and statesmanlike insight into the past, the present, and the future. It would be exaggeration to say that Mr. Story has these qualifications; but, at any rate, he has written two very interesting volumes, and has sketched the lines which the historian of the empire will follow.

The primary cause of England's worldwide expansion is, of course, her island position in the spot most convenient for the departure of the trade routes from the Old World to the New; but only after the discovery of America did England's true mission in the world become apparent, and even then it was some time before she accidentally discovered her destiny. It was the loss of Calais which really turned England from a continental to a worldwide power. Mr. Story begins his book with the England of Elizabeth, and with

the splendid tale of the Queen's semi-authorised adventurers, who gradually broke the power of Spain, till then mistress of the sea. The Spaniards were the first adversaries of the empire-makers along the shores of America. Then we came into collision with the Portuguese in the Indies, where we gained a footing in 1611 by Captain Best's naval victory near Surat. After the Portuguese came the Dutch, whose interference with our trade among the islands forced us back on the mainland of India, where we took up the struggle with the French, with whom we fought out the race for empire, also, in America and the West Indies, until at the close of the Napoleonic wars the country had grasped its destiny and was supreme at sea.

Mr. Story has been overmastered by the very magnitude of his subject, which has rather depressed than inspired him. But Mr. Story gets entangled in the threads and smothered in a mass of detail. He has no steady grasp of his subject; the descriptions of the Elizabethan voyages are too full, and the reader is left to find out for himself their connexion with the growth of the empire. The same thing may be said of the first settlements in America, whose history is given without much regard to its reference to the great central idea.

Another defect of the work is that Mr. Story writes not as one who has had a share in the doing of great deeds, but from a sheltered and home-keeping point of view; and as empires are not made by squirting rose-water, this is not the attitude which will be taken up by the ideal historian when he appears. Drake and his fellow seamen were rough-and-ready men, living in rough-and-ready times, and many of their actions were not those of the drawing-room, but they hardly justify Mr. Story uttering such platitudes as:

"There is no need at this time of day for any apology for the motives and actions of the seamen of Elizabeth's age. They lived and fought as seemed to them best, and according to their lights and the circumstances in which they lived. . . . They might have done otherwise than they did if they had had our wisdom to guide them. But they were the rough children of a rude age, for the most part coarse and uncultured; nevertheless, they had that within them which made our later England possible."

Or a little later on, about Clive and Omichund:

"This is an attitude which has been too common in the past in the dealings of the English with subject races. In short, in the building up of the British Empire as it is to-day they have often enough sunk right in expediency; but if that Empire is to continue to stand, it will only be by buttressing it on every side with justice."

This is what the maiden aunt of the mid-Victorian period would have called "quite nice," and is evidently a salve to Mr. Story's conscience for having to write about such rude people. But while empire-making at a distance is to be gently reprobated, at close quarters it is evidently positively shocking. It will scarcely be believed that though Mr. Story professes to bring his work up to the present day, he does not even mention the

name of Mr. Rhodes, the greatest empire-maker of modern times, who has added territories as large as France to the British Empire. This will give the measure of Mr. Story's qualifications for dealing with so vast a subject. But in spite of his limitations he has produced a useful and suggestive book, which will fill the gap till the imperial historian comes. The volumes are well-illustrated with reproductions of old prints, which give, as nearly as possible, a contemporary representation of the event and scenes referred to.

#### A BABOO'S JEST.

*The Stylography of the English Language.* By Dr. Brojonath Shaha, I.M.S. (Calcutta Patrick Press Co.)

DR. BROJONATH SHAHA is a learned pundit in the Indian Medical Service who has written books upon various subjects palpating with actuality, such as "The Lush Language," "Dehatmic Tattva," "Materic Spiritualism," and "Capillary Bruit." In the midst of all this he has found time to make a jest. In a conversation between him and the head master of a Government boarding school at Rangamati, the latter expressed a very natural opinion that you cannot teach parsing and analysis to students who have not a previous knowledge of the meaning of the words of a sentence. Thereupon Dr. Brojonath Shaha went away and wrote a book to prove that you can. That is the jest. It is very funny. You do it by turning sentences into quasi-mathematical formulæ. The whole theory depends upon observation "and scarcely any deeper intellectual consideration has been its scope." The elements of structure are two bricks or stones—Noun-stone and the Verb-stone—and the first type of arrangement consists of the mono-simple sentence, which is "the alternate juxtaposition of the N and V bricks to the extent of the 9th Term—i.e., four and half pairs of them—unless increased by the same alternate arrangements by the addition of IV or IV | N and PV or PV | N—i.e., 10th, or 10th and 11th terms." From the easy beginning you work up with the "joiners" and "sub-joiners" to Symmetrical Mono-grouped Conjunction, and Complex of P by C' C' Subordinate Conjunction. Ultimately—until, it would appear, without a previous knowledge of the meaning of words in a sentence—you are able to express the first ten lines of the *Paradise Lost* as  $P_2 \frac{3}{2} R_2 - 2 C_3 \frac{1}{2} N \frac{1}{2} 1 R_3 \ 3 R_2 \ 2 C$  and to answer an examination paper containing such questions as these:

"Write down from your book a compound C' P C' substitutive subordination, a Di-comp with C' P C' substitutive subordination. Give an example of a Mono-simple with increase in the 1st, 3rd, or any odd term. N<sub>2</sub> of Capacity intervened by a comma-connective with G and R formulæ. Illustrate mono-simple sentences each with increased terms, joiners, or sub-joiners respectively with intervention of mono-grouped conjunction connectives and punctual

mmas if necessary. Give their G F and F."

keeping up the humour of the thing to the st. Dr. Brojonath Shaha writes with making sides a solemn introduction in which expounds the theory and value of stylography, and ends up with the following ally at the expense of his mathematical leagues:

"The chief utility of this work, besides the conspicuousness on points of philology, is a help to memory, recitation, and composition by showing forth gradual landmarks in each. This, I may venture to say, be a great gain to students; while the teachers will derive the same amount of relief in their works during the hours of literature as they do now when engaged in teaching mathematics. How far I have succeeded in giving mathematical reasoning, or philological demonstration of any writing, remains for the student to grasp or the teacher to impress upon the student, but all I desire is that they should not desert this method of scientific demonstration till they find it practically useless or beyond juvenile comprehension, or if the teacher cannot invent modification and addition more intelligible."

is a noble jest. Excellent Baboo!

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Drake and the Tudor Navy.* By Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SOME six-and-thirty years ago, the late James Anthony Froude wrote an article in the *Westminster Review* which he entitled "England's Forgotten Worthies." And among those worthies which were forgotten in the fifties were Hawkins, Frobisher, Sir Richard Grenville, and Drake. It must be admitted that later years have done something to atone for such forgetfulness. Both Sir Richard Grenville and Drake have had a Homer; nor has there been any lack of writers to celebrate the exploits of that gallant gentlemen whom commerce, religion, or politics, drove forth to the Spanish Main, to the East Indies, or the North-West Passage. It was Froude, with his enthusiasm for Tudor England, who rose from oblivion those merchant venturers not conscious of their own rectitude, gave them the glory when a Spanish treasure ship captured their bows; and for this, if for nothing else, his memory should be blessed. Froude, as we have been so often told, is accurate. His style continually got the better of his facts. And we are almost sorry that the same accusation cannot be brought against Mr. Corbett, who, evidently without any purpose labour, has gathered together from every available source all that is known of Drake.

In the third chapter of the first of these bulky volumes you may compare the methods of Mr. Froude and Mr. Corbett. The first of the expedition which led to the death at San Juan de Ulua, Froude says in *English Seamen: The Judith* was fought in "by his [Hawkins's] young cousin Francis Drake, who was now to make his first appearance on the stage. . . . Enough

now to say he was a relation of Hawkins, the owner of a small smart sloop or brigantine, ambitious of a share in a stirring business." Mr. Corbett relentlessly points out that this is a bit of impressionism, for it was not Drake's first appearance, the ship was neither a sloop nor a brigantine, but a bark, it was probably owned by Hawkins, and Drake had no idea of any stirring business, because Hawkins kept his destination a dead secret. Mr. Corbett is no doubt accurate, but of his accuracy in matters of naval technique we do not presume to judge. We are as ignorant as Mr. Froude of the difference between a bark and a brigantine, nor does it appear to be of much importance whether the *Judith* was owned by Drake or by Hawkins. What is of importance—we are looking at the book from a literary point of view—is that our blood should be stirred and our pulse quickened as we read. Take the coming of the Armada, to which Mr. Corbett devotes several chapters. Here is a prose epic to be written. But our pulse drops, our blood congeals, as we are stopped short in mid-story to contemplate lists of ships, and learn that the Spanish method of calculating tonnage was different from the English. It is true that there is a catalogue of ships in another epic; but the *Iliad* would be better reading without it. If you read those chapters of Mr. Corbett's, skipping judiciously, and then sit back in your chair and think, you will have a pretty good picture of that running fight up the Channel; but Mr. Corbett should have drawn that picture, and shovelled his paint and brushes and mahl-stick into an appendix.

The threads of the story are all there, and Mr. Corbett is entitled to praise for his industry in collecting them. It is in the last step that he disappoints us—in the weaving of the threads together into a texture. He has composed an excellent Admiralty minute on the Tudor fleet—its organisation, its tonnage, its manning, its victualling, and so forth. He has collected all the materials for a book; but he has not written it.

*Twelve Naval Captains.* With Portraits. By Molly Elliot Seawell. (Kegan Paul.)

WE venture to assure Mrs. (?) Seawell that her hope that "English youth will not resent the fact that many of these worthies earned their reputations in conflict with the mother country" has a fair chance of being realised. She tells the stories of her heroes in an admirable tone of impartiality; she has a serviceable command of nautical language, and for anything smacking of the heroic a bright enthusiasm that is quite contagious. Nothing can come of her revelation of the American seaman—for to the human boy of these islands a revelation it will be—but increased respect and goodwill; just as his respect for the Australian colonies has been increased by the misfortunes of Mr. Stoddart's eleven. Take this, for instance:

"Captain Dacres, of the *Guerrière* [a French-built frigate in the British service], and Hull were personal friends . . . and there was a standing bet of a hat between them on the re-

sult in case their two ships ever came to exchanging broadsides."

They came to close quarters at last, and the *Guerrière* was hopelessly worsted.

The mainmast soon followed the other masts, and in thirty minutes from the time the *Constitution's* first broadside had been fired the *Guerrière* lay, a helpless hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea. . . ."

The jack had been nailed to the stump of the mizzen mast, and the men refused to loose it, but the signal of surrender was made by a gun to leeward:

"As Captain Dacres came over the side of the *Constitution*, Hull . . . gave the British captain a hand, saying with great friendliness, 'Dacres, I see you are hurt. Let me help you.' As soon as Captain Dacres reached the *Constitution's* deck, he attempted to hand his sword to Hull, who said: 'No, no; I cannot take the sword of a man who knows so well how to use it; but—I'll thank you for that hat!'"

And this in spite of the fact that, in the heat of the engagement, his breeches (he was unnecessarily stout) had split from knee to hip. You cannot bear malice against an enemy of that sort, you know. A capital collection of yarns.

*Thomas Cranmer.* By Arthur James Mason, D.D. "Leaders of Religion." (Methuen.)

THIS is a study rather than a biography; but it is a study based upon a first-hand acquaintance with Archbishop Cranmer's own letters and writings, as well as upon such trustworthy and exhaustive works as Mr. R. W. Dixon's *History of the Reformation*. Canon Mason writes of Cranmer in a far more appreciative spirit than has frequently been observed in modern so-called "High" Churchmen in dealing with the great Reformers. He goes far towards making a hero of his subject. Yet the book is by no means uncritical, and it seems to us to draw a very fair picture of Cranmer alike in his personal and his public relations. It is written in a lucid and an interesting fashion. The summary of Cranmer's character given in the last chapter is singularly penetrative and just. Canon Mason breaks a lance on behalf of the Archbishop's *bona fides*:

"Whatever else he was, Cranmer was no crafty dissembler. He was as artless as a child. Even those actions of his which have brought upon him the accusation of double-dealing—the reservation with which he took the oath at his consecration, the acknowledgment that he should not have withdrawn his recantation if he had been allowed to live—are instances of his naive simplicity. He may sometimes have deceived himself; he never had any intention to deceive another. Trustful towards others, even to a fault, he had little confidence in himself. His humility amounted almost to a vice. His judgment was too easily swayed by those who surrounded him—especially by those in authority. In this way he frequently yielded or consented to things imposed upon him by others which he would never have thought of by himself. He sheltered himself under the notion that he was a subordinate, when by virtue of his position he was necessarily a principal, and was surprised, and sometimes even irritated, that others did not see things in the same light."

There is a strain of special pleading in this;

but, on the whole, it strikes us as a true estimate of an honest but not very strong man. Canon Mason's book quite sustains the high reputation of the series in which it appears.

*The Records of the Borough of Northampton.*  
Edited by Christopher A. Markham and Rev. Charles J. Cox. (Elliot Stock.)

THE Corporation of Northampton decreed, some years ago, the publication of the records of their borough. These now come to us in two substantial volumes, buckram bound, and bearing the arms of the town, and the motto, *Castello Fortior Concordia*. The Bishop of London has contributed a preface; the title-pages are printed in black and red; and the volumes, in short, lack no element of dignity. An introduction by Mr. W. Ryland D. Adkins prepares the ground for the reader, who is reminded that Northampton became important only at the Norman Conquest. Halfway between Winchester and York, halfway also between the Welsh Marches and the East Coast, Northampton was the predestined stronghold of Norman and Plantagenet kings. Between the arrival of the Conqueror and the completion of his Domesday Book, the town increased from 60 to 330 houses. Thenceforward its progress was steady. One fact in Northampton's early history arrests the reader. During the Barons' War the students of both Oxford and Cambridge fled thither, and a university was founded under royal sanction. It might have been there to this day, but Oxford was strong enough to crush the arrangement in 1262. We can do no more than point out that these volumes display, in orderly sequence, every record of importance pertaining to the civic progress of Northampton. They will be of real service to students of English municipal history. One is glad to find the corporation of a comparatively small town carrying to a successful issue a project so enlightened.

*Library Administration.* By John Macfarlane. "Library Series." (George Allen.)

THIS is a useful work upon a technical and highly difficult subject, written by an expert. It deals with the organisation of the staff of a library, with the methods of acquiring, preserving and issuing books, and with the various competing systems of cataloguing and shelf-arrangement. It is, of course, as Dr. Garnett points out in the brief introduction which he contributes, "a disseminator of information" and "a stimulus to reflection," rather than a "code." And this is necessarily so, for many of the topics treated of, the best way to draw up a subject-index, for instance, are still debatable and hotly debated. Necessarily also, it embodies largely the views and experience of the British Museum, of which Mr. Macfarlane is an active official. But he has taken great pains to supplement his knowledge of the methods more immediately familiar to him by careful inquiries into the practice of the Bodleian and of the great foreign libraries. The laymen, whose ignorance of library administration is

generally profound, may learn much from so comprehensive and lucid a survey; and the manual, together with the companion volume by Mr. Burgoyne on *Library Construction*, should be in the hands of every practical librarian, and of every municipal body which contemplates a free library.

*Lincoln.* By the Rev. A. Clark, M.A.  
"College Histories." (F. E. Robinson.)

Two or three Oxford colleges—Corpus, Merton, Pembroke come to mind—have already adequate histories issued by the Oxford Historical Society. In the rest, although as a rule there are ample materials for a record of the past, these remain in the obscurity of archives, and are not put to their proper purpose of stimulating the piety of the present. Mr. Robinson proposes in a series of twenty-one volumes to remove this reproach. Each college will now have its monograph, entrusted to a competent hand, if possible a member of the foundation, and liberally illustrated with views and plans. A similar series will deal with the sister University. The enterprise opens well, for no more competent writer of a college history could well be imagined than Mr. Clark, who, through his long work on Anthony à Wood and Aubrey, and on the University Register, must be thoroughly steeped in Oxford sentiment and Oxford tradition. He has produced a most excellent and interesting narrative, popular in the sense that it is only a narrative, and that the documents on which it is founded are not printed, or even, as a rule, referred to, but by no means merely popular if that implies anything shallow or superficial in the treatment. Lincoln was originally founded, early in the fifteenth century, by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, who intended it to be a bulwark of the true faith against the heresies of the Wycliffites. It has never been a college of the first rank, but during the greater portion of its career has, nevertheless, borne an honourable reputation. Mr. Clark traces the fortunes of the foundation down to the present day, noting its occasional appearances upon the stage of history, its notable men, the growth and architectural peculiarities of its buildings. He finds its golden age in the middle of the eighteenth century, when its wealth had been increased by the benefactions of Lord Crewe, while its common-room was illustrated by the commanding intellect of John Wesley. Over the troublous days of the present century, the period covered by that extraordinary autobiography of Mark Pattison, Mr. Clark passes very gingerly. Of Pattison himself he tells two characteristic stories. One is given in the words of an old Lincoln parson:

"Coming to Oxford on some business I took the opportunity of looking up Pattison in the evening. He received me very cheerfully, offered me a cigar, and lit one for himself. He was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the grate, chatting away, when there came a timid knock at the door, and an undergraduate entered with a sheet of paper in his hand, theme or composition of some sort. Pattison beckoned the man to come forward, took the sheet, and looked over it, puffing slowly at his cigar. Then he crumpled the paper up in his

hand, threw it in the man's face, and pointed to the door."

The other story is of a youth whom Pattison invited to accompany him on walk:

"A timid undergraduate waited at the lodgings at the appointed hour, followed the rector across the quadrangle, and then, when the tutor had stepped out through the wicket, essayed literary opening to the conversation by volunteering 'the irony of Sophocles is greater than the irony of Euripides.' Pattison seemed lost in thought over the statement and made no answer till the two turned at Iffley to come back. Then he said, 'Quote.' Quotations not being forthcoming, the return and the party took place in silence."

But surely the historian of the future will have to beware of the contamination of the *Pattison mythos* by the *Jowett mythos*, *vice versa*.

We recommend Mr. Clark's volume to the patriotic purses of all Lincoln men.

*Islands of the Southern Seas.* By Mich Myers Shoemaker. (Putnam's Sons.)

"So—if you are minded for such a jaunt let us be off, for the ship is ready." The jaunt alluded to in Mr. Shoemaker's too, too sprightly preface starts from San Francisco. The traveller touched at Molokai, and reflected in terms of unimpeachable commendation upon the career of Father Damien; of course he photographed the tomb and a lot of other things. He did Hawaii's Honolulu, saw the lions and photographed them; was "very glad to get back to hotel." He visited Samoa; a photograph of Stevenson's tomb is evidence. The jaunt presently interested itself in New Zealand in the Maories and their tattooing—most interesting subjects of the kodak. The prisons of Port Arthur are gruesome to treat. The horrid traditions of the prisoners are perpetuated—the tradition, for instance, of the men who to ward off insanity occupied the hours of the confinement in the dark cells in searching for a pin flung at random upon the floor; and several excellent photographs illustrate the scenes of these horrors. Australia, poetically described as "the Land of the Never Never"—but why?—is found to be a place of extreme interest. As to its political condition and its relation to the mother country, here is what Mr. Shoemaker had time to find out:

"The different sections of the Continent govern themselves, England merely sending out a Governor-General for each, but his little more than a figure-head. . . . In my thinking, Australia is a collection of republics. There is no military rule in England, and I saw no British soldiers in the land. England does not demand soldiers from Australia, but Australia has once twice sent her men to the assistance of the Mother Country in times of war. The provinces have their own navies, though I did see a British ships of war."

Extraordinarily observant person, Mr. Shoemaker! Much of his time was spent in Java, and some admirable photographs came of it. The book is one of those of which an impatient reviewer is wont to say in haste that it has not a dull page from cover to cover.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

**THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA.**

BY ELLA D'ARCY.

Readers of the *Yellow Book* will remember that Miss D'Arcy's name is usually accompanied a clever story, hence they may be prepared here for something better than common. The Bishop in question controlled the Roman Catholic diocese of West London. He was worldly and his name was Wise, and his dilemma was whether to marry her Fayler, a conscientious young priest. To learn the fortunes of the Bishop and her Fayler it will be necessary to read this brief novel, but we may just hint here that Mary Deane played her part in them. Roman Catholics will not like the story over much. (John Lane. pp. 3s. 6d.)

**THE WOMAN IN GREY.**

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A long novel by the author of *The Barn-Stormers*. The story is set at Lorn Abbey, and is replete with clock-towers, and corridors, and ghostly manifestations, and supposed murder: in the end a ghastly mystery is unravelled, and the woman in grey, revealed as a young woman with a sad story, elects to wear other colours than grey, and indulges other than morbid moods. (Routledge & Sons. pp. 6s.)

**THE COAT ROMANCES.**

BY E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

Seven short stories of Army life, by the author of *Searlet and Snow*. The first tells how Tommy Robins of the White Guards, a scapegrace, but an excellent soldier at bottom, was promoted to a major by sheer mistake, and made good his appointment by fighting. "Judgment by Default," "Sentry-Go," and "The Blue-Eyed Babe: a Romance of a Junior Subaltern," are all readable stories. (F. Warne & Co. 288 pp. 3s. 6d.)

**THE DOCTOR'S EXILE.**

BY GEORGE BOURNE.

George Bourne, we should guess, is, like many Georges, a cynic. The novel is of the private life of medical men, and is bitter and cynical. How Dr. Mitchell loved a patient's wife, and how he set out to poison the patient and so remove an awkward obstacle, but repented — with this a large portion of the book is devoted to. But there is much more beside, and many reflections on the art which are well worth reading, and some good characterisation. (John Lane. 230 pp. 3s. 6d.)

**THE LITTLE BILL OF SALE.**

BY ELLIS J. DAVIS.

The money-lender is having a bad time just now. Select committees and novelists are bent on curbing him. In this book the author endeavours "to expose some of the tricks of the money-lending fraternity, who thrive upon bills of sale under those wonderful pieces of legislative incompetency known as the Bills of Sale Acts of 1878 and 1882." The writhings of poor Tomkins in the hands of Sleimy, from whom he has borrowed £30 on a bill of sale, and Sleimy's ultimate discomfiture, are described with spirit and clearness. (John Long. 229 pp. 3s. 6d.)

**THE BACHELOR GIRL IN LONDON.**

BY S. E. MITTON.

This story of the fortunes of Judith Danville, a struggling young journalist, is a careful representation of a phase of modern London which is not yet staged in fiction. The story is wholly laid in London, and the policeman, and the cabman, and the 'bus-conductor, and the Embankment lights, are ever present; while the hero is by no means unspotted from the London world. (Hutchinson & Co. 19 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Tales of Unrest.* By Joseph Conrad. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MR. CONRAD has seen strange things in strange lands, and he can describe what he has seen impersonally, incuriously, without sentimentality, and without wailing. He is not eloquent, and hysteria is unknown to him; but he has grit, and the epithets "nervous, artful, buxom," also describe his English. These tales, like his last fine book, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, march straight on: where they are tragic the tragedy was inevitable. The artist selects and tells. That selection is his concern and his alone. Things horrid and inexplicable may happen, and it is not his affair to suggest why heaven remains sealed and unanswering any more than it is his business to explain why illusions are often better aids to living than the naked truth. He tells, and the critic's business is with the sincerity and method of presentment, not with the choice of subject. We rise from the reading of these *Tales of Unrest* strengthened, not depressed. For the work is sincere, and it deals with realities.

Mr. Conrad is a writer's writer. He is for those who joy in a good sentence, a deft characterisation, or the way the knots of an exposition are tied. But these tales must not be taken with a hop, skip, and a jump. Those who want brisk dialogue and breathless action must go elsewhere. You must assimilate his background, if you would grasp the significance of the figures that dot his middle distance. Mr. Conrad is a painter in landscape who could have worked entirely in *genre*, but he chose the other. Like the great landscape artists, he brings equal facility to a sunset or to a man working in a field, and the man is real, part of the harmony, not a lay figure dumped down as a sop to those who clamour for "human interest." For example, let us take a passage from the story called "The Lagoon."

"Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash; while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing up-stream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had for ever departed. . . . The men poled in the shading water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate colouring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance.

"The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, 'Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles.'

Three of the stories treat of life in the Eastern Archipelago, where "green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel." Of these "Karain: a Memory" is the longest and the most ambitious. It is the story of a noble and masterful Malay, and how he was cured by a young Englishman of a terrible illusion on the principle that like things are cured by like. The ruse is quite successful. "He left us, and seemed straightway to step into the glorious splendour of his stage, to wrap himself in the illusion of unavoidable success." Here is a picture of a Dutch trader. It is Karain who is speaking:

"He traded and planted. He despised our joys, our thoughts, and our sorrows. His face was red, his hair like flame, and his eyes pale, like a river mist; he moved heavily and spoke with a deep voice; he laughed aloud like a fool, and knew no courtesy in his speech. He was a big, scornful man, who looked into women's faces and put his hand on the shoulders of free men as though he had been a noble-born chief."

The story called "The Idiots" brings us nearer home—to

France. It is a terrible little tale about a peasant proud of himself, proud of his wife, proud of the bit of land he owned, proud of the thought that sons will be born to him who will grow up by his side, and carry on his name when he is laid away. Children are born to him—but one and all are idiots. The end is the murder of the husband, and the suicide of the wife. That is how things happened in this unfortunate family. And the world went on much the same. Strangers even became used to the idiot children shouting from the hedgerows.

"There are unfortunate people on the earth," says the mother of the murderess and suicide. "I had only one child. Only one! And they won't bury her in consecrated ground."

"It is very sad," replies the Marquis of Chavanes. "You have all my sympathy. I shall speak to the *curé*. . . . "Good day, Madame."

Here is a final taste of Mr. Conrad's quality :

"That child, like the other two, never smiled, never stretched its hands to her, never spoke; never had a glance of recognition for her in its big black eyes, which could only stare fixedly at any glitter, but failed hopelessly to follow the brilliance of a sun-ray slipping slowly along the floor. When the men were at work she spent long days between her three idiot children and the childish grandfather, who sat grim, angular, and immovable, with his feet near the warm ashes of the fire. The feeble old fellow seemed to suspect that there was something wrong with his grandsons. Only once, moved either by affection or by the sense of proprieties, he attempted to nurse the youngest. He took the boy up from the floor, clicked his tongue at him, and essayed a shaky gallop of his bony knees. Then he looked closely with his misty eyes at the child's face and deposited him down gently on the floor again; and he sat, his lean shanks crossed, nodding at the steam escaping from the cooking-pot with a gaze senile and worried."

Well observed, is it not?

One of the tales in this volume, "The Return," treats a modern subject, such a subject as has obsessed Mr. Marriot Watson more than once. To this study of a conjugal fatality Mr. Conrad brings the same vivid observation, the same restraint, the same artful choice of words, and the same sincerity of expression. He has written some half-dozen volumes, but it is by *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and these *Tales of Unrest* that he becomes a writer to be reckoned with. His full achievement, we believe, is still in the making.

\* \* \* \*

*Comedies and Errors.* By Henry Harland.  
(John Lane.)

THE short story is an odd and wondrous thing. Publishers tell us that commercially it has little value, while (according to an enthusiastic "literary agent") the demand for it by magazine editors is enormous and increasing—and, indeed, anyone may see for himself that this is so. What strange quality has it that people will devour it when sandwiched between advertisements and an illustrated interview, and turn away when it is offered to them bound up with its fellows in a book? We ought all to be full of useful information concerning the short story, for it has been much discussed; one expert has lectured amiably upon its idiosyncrasy; another, with the nicest skill, has written round and round it in reviews; the drawing-rooms of culture have echoed to its panegyric. And now, we know of it—precisely nothing. It is the most difficult form of fiction, some say; but these do not happen to be novelists—not even novelists who have written good short stories. It must be the record of either an incident or a mood: a pretty-sounding definition, which would exclude several of the very best short stories ever accomplished. But surely the short story must be short? It need not be: look at *Captains Courageous*. If only a master had analysed it for us, laid bare the essentials of the form! De Maupassant wrote with absolute vision about style, and expressed clear ideas, too, on the true nature of fiction in general; but as to the subject of his own special craft he was silent. And other masters keep the same silence.

Mr. Harland has his limitations, and may not be what is commonly called a virile writer; but indubitably he has given to the short-story form a shapeliness, a distinction of contour, a delicacy in detail, an effective value, and, above all, an economic simplicity, beyond the performance of others. He has carried the technique of a particular art further than any of his contemporaries.

Regarding *Comedies and Errors*, it chiefly contains stories which appeared in the *Yellow Book*, stories which one has savoured before and is eager to savour again. One of the most typical—and to our own mind easily the best—is "The Friend of Man." Herein are shown Mr. Harland's qualities at their brightest: his skill in evoking character from trifles, his *finesse* in making beautiful curves towards a climax, his wonderful power to group incidents, and that selective, pictorial faculty which enables him to set down so briefly a complicated and polychromatic effect. Take, for an example of the last, the description of the scene at the Casino:

"Thanks to the heat, the windows were open wide; and through them one could see, first, a vivid company of men and women, strolling backwards and forwards, and chattering busily in the electric glare of the terrace; and then, beyond them, the sea—smooth, motionless, sombre; silent, despite its perpetual whisper; inscrutable, sinister, merging itself into the vast blackness of space. Here and there the black was punctured by a pin-point of fire, a tiny vacillating pin-point of fire; and a landsman's heart quailed for a moment at the thought of lonely vessels braving the mysteries and terrors and the awful solitude of the sea at night. . . ."

So that the voice of the croupier, perfunctory, machine-like, had almost a human, almost a genial effect, as it rapped out suddenly, calling upon the players to mark their play."

With what sharp, astringent effectiveness comes the last sentence "The Friend of Man" offers an excellent instance of the short story which victoriously tramples on laws laid down for its conduct, thus making all generalisations futile. If there could be any rule applying universally to the form, it would be that introductions, prologues, are inadmissible. The actual action must commence at once. Now "The Friend of Man" has twenty-four pages introduction and six pages story proper; and it happens to be completely successful. The story proper is a significant perhaps conclusive, incident in the history of a character. The introduction discloses the history itself, through the recollection of a young man whose memories go back to his infancy. It is done well, with mastery of material, and a highly complex subtle pathos. Moreover, it has real pathos. Mr. Harland seldom attempts a sort of deep feeling. He is all for half-tones, tranquil loves, mixed pleasures, regrets not entirely bitter. Most of his persons are highly civilised and too cosmopolitan for the simplicities of great passion. He does not deal with children of nature. And there, some time, will count against him: that he is never elemental, so that he cannot see one thing at a time. To catch him at the height of his virtuosity you must choose a very light theme—say, "The Invisible Prince," in which a gossamer trifle of an intrigue is contrived and managed, wholly by means of dialogue, after a fashion which must simply dazzle those who have tried to do the same sort of feat.

Each of the twelve tales in the book has its special interest, its peculiar technique; but they are all expressions of one artistic individuality—an individuality which demands from itself a delicate perfection and gets it, though at some cost of bigness in enterprise undertaken. The term "distinguished literary artist" is sadly misused. In the authentic, the only sense, not many distinguished literary artists arise in twenty years; but limit the phrase as strictly as you will, it must include Mr. Harland.

## ANTHOLOGIES IN LITTLE.

### III.—THOMAS CAMPION.

THOMAS CAMPION is one of the boons which the modern reader owes to the scholarly labours of Mr. A. H. Bullen, and now that we have him we marvel that we could have spared him so long. Until Mr. Bullen issued his fine edition, the best of Campion's work lay mouldering in forgotten century song-books, unknown to the public and neglected even by professed antiquaries. Yet among the lyrists of our tongue he must rank, for pure singing quality, second only to Herrick, if to him. A practical musician, he was deliberately for the accompaniment of flute and viol, and it is only to such an accompaniment that his songs render up their full charm. Merely read, they lose something of their dainty melody, their unexpected turns and lingering repetitions. Taught to music, Campion introduced into English lyric a grace which it had not before, and has hardly recovered since.



Campion's personal history is obscure. He was born quite in the middle of the sixteenth century, and died in 1620. Like his better-known, though by no means so great, contemporary, Thomas Lodge, he was by profession a physician. He was mixed up, not particularly to his discredit, in the mysterious murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He wrote some Latin epigrams, and a treatise on *English Poesie*, in which, echoing from afar the defunct theories of Gabriel Harvey's *Areopagus*, he sought to discredit that habit of English rhyming which became him so well. He wrote some court masques, which the courtiers had not quite the sense to appreciate. The series of music-books for which he wrote words, sometimes to his own tunes, sometimes to those of other men, began in 1601, and lasted to his death. The burden of his songs is occasionally devout, more often amorous. He has a happy touch for the jubilant notes of love, as well as on love's pathos; runs the whole gamut of the passion, with unailing melody and a distinction of manner rare among Jacobean :

"A FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?  
It is a flowery garden place,  
Where knots of beauties have such grace  
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,  
Where day is breeding, never born:  
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,  
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,  
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:  
It is th' Idea of her sex,  
Envy of whom doth worlds perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,  
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles:  
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles  
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,  
It is the feign'd Elysium's truth:  
The spring, that winter'd hearts renew'th;  
And this is that my soul pursu'th."

"JUSTVM ET TENACEM.

The man of life upright  
Whose cheerful mind is free  
From weight of impious deeds,  
And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days,  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes can not delude  
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud  
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
With unafrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
His book the heaven he makes,  
His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his surest friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage."

"WHEN THOU MUST HOME.

When thou must home to shades of underground,  
And, there arrived, a new admirèd guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell eau move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,  
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O, tell, how thou didst murder me."

"CHERRY RIPE.

There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There cherries grow which none may buy,  
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enlose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows  
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;  
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,  
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry."

"FOLLOW YOUR SAINT.

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!  
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:  
But, if she scorns my never ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,  
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;  
Yet she my love and music doth both fly,  
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight."

MR. I. ZANGWILL.

A SKETCH AND INTERVIEW.

THE child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances [says a writer in the *New York Bookman*], Mr. Israel Zangwill was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those East-end scenes which he has portrayed in *The Children of the Ghetto*. Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing 100 per cent. in the sixth standard. It was a *tour de force* that he set himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to *sub rosa*. He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character" the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the Union of Teachers recognised by a special vote of thanks, the *régime* has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three or four, *The Premier and the Painter* attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics. He had also at this time written several of his *Ghetto Tragedies*. The editor who in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful.

He lives in a London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student. They have been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion.

As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

Asked by his interviewer about his future plans, Mr. Zangwill gave the interesting information that he intends to drop the Ghetto for a time. "I shall alternate my Jewish work with an ordinary novel. One very distinguished man said to me: 'Zangwill, you can write the play of my life.' But I don't want to write the play of his life. Richard Mansfield in America has been at me for years; he wants to play *The King of the Schnorrer's*, and once offered me a *carte blanche* commission to write no less than four plays for him."

"What other plans?"

"One day I shall collect my verses; and some day my more important criticisms or essays, preceded by that article on Criticism which I purposely excluded from *Without Prejudice*, when it appeared in volume form."

Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world.

Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland and Ireland. I asked him when he was going to America on a lecturing tour. "Major Pond," he answered, "has made up his mind that I am going next year, but I have no such intention at present. I rather shrink from the publicity and glare of it all. Lecturing in a small country like Holland or Ireland is a recreation. If ever I do go to the States, it will be an old promise to an intimate friend that will primarily take me there."

## APHORISMS AND EPIGRAMS.

### VII.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

RESUMING our series of Aphorisms and Epigrams, we give below a selection of the latter from the "MS. Book," known to every student of William Blake.

In their recent work on Blake Messrs. E. J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats describe this MS. book as a little volume of about a hundred pages, each measuring six and a half inches wide by eight inches high, having for its title "Ideas of Good and Evil." Each page contains a drawing in the middle; and some of these drawings were used as first sketches of certain of the poet-artist's published designs. In the margins epigrams run riot: "These are generally on artistic subjects, and contain hits at Hayley (the 'H.' of the following epigrams), Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stothard, Cromek, and all Blake's pet aversions." The reader will see that they have an unmistakable flavour of their own:

The angel that presided o'er my birth  
Said, "Little creature formed for joy and mirth,  
Go! live without the help of anything on earth."

To God.

If you have formed a circle to go into,  
Go into it yourself and see what you would do.

If on earth you do forgive  
You shall not find where to live.

### A PITIFUL CASE.

The villain at the gallows tree,  
When he is doomed to die,  
To assuage his bitter misery  
In virtue's praise does cry.  
So Reynolds, when he came to die,  
To assuage his bitter woe,  
Thus aloud did howl and cry:  
"Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo!"

Can there be anything more mean,  
More malice in disguise,  
Than praise a man for doing what  
That man does most despise?  
Reynolds lectures exactly so  
When he praises Michael Angelo.

Raphael, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise,  
His executive powers must I despise?  
Rubens, low, vulgar, stupid, ignorant,  
His powers of execution I must grant.

As the ignorant savage will sell his own wife  
For a button, a buckle, a bead, or a knife,  
So the wise, savage Englishman spends his whole fortune  
For a smear or a squall that is not picture or tune.

The Sussex men are noted fools,  
And weak in their brain pan,  
I wonder if H—the painter  
Is not a Sussex man.

To H—.

You think Fuseli's not a great painter. I'm glad.  
This is one of the best compliments he ever had.

To H—.

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:  
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake.

My title as a genius thus is proved,  
Not praised by Hayley or by Flaxman loved.

P— loved me not as he loved his friends,  
For he loved them for gain to serve his ends.  
He loved me for no gain at all,  
But to rejoice and triumph at my fall.

STOTHARD.

S—, in childhood, upon the nursery floor,  
Was extremely old and most extremely poor.  
He has grown old, and rich, and what he will,  
He is extreme old, and extreme poor still.

Columbus discovered America, but Americus Vesputius finished  
and smoothed it over, like an English engraver, or Correggio  
Titian.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

A NEW edition of the *Letters to A. P. Watt* the annual reminder of his enterprise which the chief literary agent of this country sets forth, lies before us. Not being Mr. Watt, we can read it without blushing; but he— we must grow ruddier than the cherry. The new collection has eight new letters, among them one from Mr. Guy Boothby, the young Australian writer, who, on the threshold of his career, was counselled by Mr. Kipling to work hard and put his trust in Watt. That he has been assiduous the publishers' letters prove; and here, in this letter, is further proof of his fidelity to Mr. Kipling's agent. But Mr. Watt might have returned the compliment by seeing that the title of Mr. Boothby's *Bushigrams* was correctly given.

THE other new letters include one from Mr. Morley Roberts, in which he says: "I think I ought to tell you that I have come to the conclusion that a man who writes cannot really be said to exist without an agent, and his opinion is the result of great experience in mismanaging my own affairs." There are publishers that think otherwise.

THE Looker-on in *Blackwood* is exercised in the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips. He has admiration for the new poet, but he has fears too. Thus begins the examination: "Since then a book of poems by a writer little known heretofore has made more noise than any similar publication since Alexander Smith fired his rocket skyward. Here, however, the genius is no illusion. There are passages in this small book of a hundred pages that march with the footfall of the immortals; stately lines with all the musical meaning of the highest poesy; and when that can be truthfully said of any

new-comer into a land bereaved of poetic grandeur, it may be denied that his welcome can be too extravagantly grateful."

BUT the reviewer is very severe upon Mr. Phillips's faults. These he divides into faults of permission and commission. Among the former is a too ready acceptance of a phrase that "will do" instead of searching further for the phrase that is best. Thus, "when Apollo warns Marpessa that if she marries Idas a time will come when her eyes will be 'of all illusion cured,' 'cured' is the wrong word precisely (seeing that the illusion was her happiness), and a hack word too." Among Mr. Phillips's faults of commission is the trick of tagging his verse with lines and half-lines that have no purpose but to fill out the measure or supply a rhyme.

THE Looker-on then turns to the "Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," and disapproves of both. "The truth about both is, that beautiful as they are in form, in movement, in accent (with strange lapses, however, such as recall the whilom flower-girl in the Duchess), their beauty is not equal to their offences, and does not atone for them." And so on. Finally, the reviewer gives a number of reasons why he has entered so fully into Mr. Phillips's case. These are two of them: "Because, if Mr. Phillips's poetic faculty is a full and lasting fund, it will be a grave misfortune if the author of 'Marpessa' is confirmed in the practice of his morbidities. Because, in the fact, that 'Marpessa' is a far finer, more spacious, more noble piece of work than the rest, there is hope that its author can be turned from his errors."

St. George, the organ of the Ruskin Society at Birmingham, announces that the Trustees of St. George's Guild are issuing a series of photographs of the examples of Art contained in the Ruskin Museum collection. They comprise reproductions of original drawings by Mr. Ruskin himself, and by the artists whom he specially employed for the purpose. The examples will serve either as extra illustrations to *The Principles of Art*, as expounded by Mr. Ruskin, and in which volume they are fully described, or for the purpose of being framed; and they are therefore to be obtained either mounted or unmounted.

THE private soldier who greeted Mr. Kipling so felicitously on his arrival at Cape Town has now "obliged again." He has sent to the *Chronicle* from the Cape a Barrack-room Ballad of his own, which has merit enough to stand alone. The subject, oddly enough overlooked by Mr. Kipling, is the death of a soldier, and his regiment's sudden change of attitude towards him. Here are two stanzas:

"'E'd little brains, I'll swear,  
Beneath 'is ginger 'air,  
'Is personal attractions, well, they wasn't  
very large;  
'E was fust in ev'ry mill,  
An' a foul-mouthed cur, but still  
We'll forgive 'im all 'is drawbacks—'e' as  
taken 'is discharge.

'E once got fourteen days,  
For drunken, idle ways,  
An' the Colonel said the nasty things that  
colonels sometimes say;  
'E called him to 'is face  
The regiment's disgrace—  
But the Colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed  
'im by to-day."

The little poem, which is called "Ginger James," has the true note.

IS this a maxim among Johnsonian students: "Here's a man devoting his life to editing *Bozzy*; let us leave a brick at him"? John Wilson Croker did useful and patient work on *Boswell's Life*, and then Macaulay pronounced his notes a tissue of errors. And now Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, having quarried the Johnsonian field for years, is formally arraigned by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald's indictment comes to us in a quarto volume containing eighty-six double-column pages filled with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "mistakes, misapprehensions, wild flounderings, and speculations."

WE have looked through the volume. The dust of editorial fisticuffs rises on every page, and we weary of the spectacle of one editor pummeling another. Many of Mr. Fitzgerald's corrections may be just. But his criticisms, as a whole, strike us as vexatious. Here is the sort of thing:

"The editor [Mr. Birkbeck Hill] gravely discusses all these matters. 'He [Johnson] might have returned either by the Oxford coach, which left at 8 a.m.—fare 15s.'; and, mark this: 'There were no outside passengers.' Here we touch firm ground, for, of course, Johnson must have travelled inside—that is, if he did travel by this vehicle. Or did he take "'The Machine," which left the "Dear Inn" every Monday, Wednesday, &c., at 6 a.m.'? 'The Machine' or Oxford coach? Who can tell? The editor adds resignedly: 'What time these coaches neared London we are not told.' Johnson would prefer knowing what time they reached London.

But there is a further important point—viz., that "'The Machine" was not licensed by the Vice-Chancellor.' Then more details about 'The Machine': It carried six inside passengers. And the serious point of luggage: 'Each inside passenger was allowed six pounds of luggage; beyond that weight a penny a pound was charged.' Bradshaw is not 'in it' with all this. Still the point is left unsettled: *Had Johnson luggage?* and how much? In default of evidence, the editor does the next best thing—he speculates. '*Had Johnson sent heavy luggage?*—and how likely that was!—'he might have sent it by the University old stage waggon, which left'—and so on. And thus, bewildered by 'The Machine,' the 'Oxford coach,' the 'heavy waggon,' &c., we are left no wiser. I repeat, it seems incredible that any one could bring himself to write such things."

WE are not impressed by Mr. Fitzgerald's ridicule of Dr. Hill's method, as shown in this passage. Dr. Hill's speculations about the coach, and the Doctor's luggage, strike us as amusing. To Mr. Fitzgerald they seem dull and superfluous. Well, Mr. Fitzgerald is not Dr. Hill, and within the covers of *Boswell* there ought to be room for individual editing. On the whole, Dr. Hill's silence under this attack strikes us as being more admirable than Mr. Fitzgerald's garrulity.

In an address read at a meeting of the New York Branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship: International, Mr. Le Gallienne has been delivering his true opinion of his fellow-members of the Omar Khayyam Club with a frankness that is not likely to be too pleasing to that body. Thus was the reference introduced: "Now look here, you Whitmanites, all I want to say is this—and I hope you won't think it impolite of me—you are, of course, delightful people, delightful hosts, but what I am chiefly concerned to know is—are you all real Whitmanites? . . . It means something to call ourselves Whitmanites—or it means nothing. If it means nothing, why not call ourselves by one of the many other immemorial names that mean nothing? Why not, for example, join the Respectables?" Such was Mr. Le Gallienne's spirited outburst.

AND then, by way of pointing his criticisms, he added:

"We have a club in London dedicated to the worship of Omar Khayyam. Think of the roses and raptures which that name suggests! But should you ever part the *portière* of vine-leaves and roses that screens with gaudy paganism the proprieties of its banqueting hall, what do you find? Forms slim as the cypress and wine-glad faces fair as the moon? No doubt there are members who would be Omar Khayyamites if they dared, members, indeed, who are Omar Khayyamites strictly under the rose; but all that the visiting eye beholds is a company of respectable middle-aged gentlemen over their claret. They look for all the world like old-maidish officials of the Board of Trade, and if you look for vine-leaves in their hair, you will for the most part find neither vine-leaves nor hair."

This is criticism from within, with a vengeance.

AND here we might quote the very free adaptation of "Persicos Odi" which some one has recently made with reference to Persian poetry:

"Boy, I dislike a paraphrase of Omar  
Done into English second-hand from  
Persian;  
Roses distilled with patchouli's aroma  
Are my aversion.  
Give me instead the feast one faithful drew to,  
Trumpeted forth by neither 'Star' nor  
herald;  
That loaf of bread, that jug of wine, and  
you, too,  
Rare old FitzGerald."

WHEN Mr Schofield, who describes Björnson and Ibsen in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, told Björnson that he had seen "John Gabriel Borkmann," this was the emphatic answer of the author of *In God's Way*. "Oh, that's a piece I can't stand: entirely pessimistic and useless; not the kind of thing we want at all. It won't do anybody any good." Subsequently, in talking of another matter, Björnson repeated his article of faith: "What we want in the future is a literature which will make men better."

A STORY of Ibsen told in the same article is a little puzzling to us. It is to the effect that Ibsen, being strongly averse from talking of his own work, and occasionally

having to rebuke inquisitive persons, once replied to a stranger who asked him what he had meant by *Peer Gynt*, "Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote *Peer Gynt* only our Lord and I knew what was meant; and as for me, I have forgotten." It is a good story, but has been told so often and so long of Browning that we know not how to receive it. Is it true? And if true, did Ibsen remember Browning's reply? Or did Browning remember Ibsen's? Or did both men arrive at their wit independently?

MR. SCHOFIELD records one important conversation: "One morning when I was sitting in his study, on the sofa (the place of honour in Norway as in Germany), he became delightfully talkative. He spoke freely of his plays, and explained why he thought 'The Emperor and the Galilean' the best and most enduring of them all. He seemed for once to be off his guard, and expressed opinions on various subjects. Suddenly he fell into a reverie. Unwilling to interrupt it, I was forced to listen for some time—rather uneasy, I admit—to the passing trolley cars, which kept up their incessant hissing in the street below. Finally, he said slowly, almost unconscious of my presence, 'Yes, I have tried always to live my own life—and I think I have been right.'"

THE quaint and simple description of "A London Sabbath Morn," which Stevenson wrote in the Burns stanza for the Scots section of his *Underwoods*, has been illustrated by a fellow Scot, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and published by Chatto & Windus. The result is an attractive book. Mr. Boyd's manner is a little harsh, but he has humour, and his admiration for the poem, and interest in the scenes it records, have lent his pencil sympathy. Most persons would be grateful for a glossary.

A NEW illustrated edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* has been added by Messrs. Service & Paton to their standard novels. The artist, Mr. C. E. Brock, has made some charming pictures, one or two of them having a true Goldsmithian character. In the meeting of the Vicar and Olivia in the inn, the same incident as played at the Lyceum Theatre is distinctly recalled, which leads to the suggestion that the stage might be used by illustrators more than it is. Some of the scenery in "Olivia" was beautiful enough for reproduction as background in any book, and Sir Henry Irving's Dr. Primrose, Miss Terry's Olivia, and the late William Terriss's Squire Thornhill could hardly have been more picturesque. Perhaps in the illustrated edition of *The Little Minister*, which some day is certain to come, the artist will take hints from the Haymarket production.

APROPOS of illustrations, the frontispiece to *Beauchamp's Career*, in the new edition of Mr. Meredith's novels, seems to us singularly unnecessary. The fact that there is yachting in the book has led to the inclusion of a photogravure plate, after a picture in the manner of Copley Fielding, entitled

"Off the Needles." Good novels are not so badly in need of pictorial aid as this suggests

It is fortunate, perhaps, that more books are projected than ever come to be written, and more written than are published; but now and then one hears of a scheme which one would like to see completed. "Temple Scott," who contributes a letter on English literary affairs to the *Chicago Dial*, says: "An author, unknown to fame, is writing a pamphlet with the following title: 'A Proposal Humbly offered to the Ch-n-c-ll-r of the Exch-q-r, For the better regulation of the Publication of Books, and for bringing within modest bounds the pride and vanity of authors, as well as the arrogance of publishers.' He has taken his text from Horace: 'Insani sanas nomen ferat, æquas iniqui, Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.' I cannot tell you whether the tract will ever be published or not." We hope that it will

THE May number of the *Idler* will contain an authoritative article upon the career and influence of the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, by Mr. Max Beerbohm, illustrated by drawings that are little known, and some that have never before been published.

THE Council of University College, London, have appointed Mr. H. L. Callendar, M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Professor of Physics in the McGill University, Montreal, to the Quain Chair of Physics in University College about to be vacated by Prof. Carey Foster.

IT has been arranged to hold the Booksellers' Dinner, under the auspices of the above institution, at the Holborn Restaurant, in the King's Hall, on Saturday, May 7. The committee have pleasure in stating that the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P., has kindly consented to occupy the chair, and Mr. Sydney S. Pawling the vice-chair.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN announces a work, in two volumes, of interest to collectors of Japanese art, entitled *A Japanese Collection*, by Mr. Michael Tomkinson. It will be illustrated with about 125 photogravure plates of inros, swords, ivories, tsuba, pouches, pipes, fakusa, netsuke, embroideries, brocades, and lacquer.

MR. ALLEN also announces a new volume by M. Maeterlinck, entitled *Wisdom and Destiny*. For the appearance of Mr. Phil May's illustrated edition of *David Copperfield* October has been fixed.

MR. JOHN LONG will publish at once a volume of bizarre stories, to be called *The Sea of Looe*, by Walter Phelps Dodge, the author of *A Strong Man Armed*.

MISS CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE is about to publish, through Mr. Elliot Stock, a study on *Dante at Ravenna*. It will treat of the less known part of Dante's life, and will show how much the poet was influenced by the place of his residence during the closing years of his life. Several illustrations from local photographs are included in the volume.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN a preface to the first collected edition of Swift's works, published in 1762, the editor fortifies himself against omitting one piece, or even a single sentence, of his author by adducing the opinion of the most learned men in Europe that "all his Weeds were Flowers in the best Gardens, and all the Trash, the Chippings of the richest brilliant Diamonds." But, good lack, if you turn over the leaves of those thirteen substantial volumes how much now appears obsolete and superfluous! For much is pure journalism, done, according to the fashion of the time, in pamphlets; and nothing is more changeable than the aspect of public affairs. It is true the keen historical student may force himself to wade through the political disquisitions, but it would be mere affectation to pretend that they possess any literary interest. His moral essays, whether they took the shape of letters or of sermons, belong to the same category. Had Dean Swift left only these behind, he and his works would have been long ago whelmed in oblivion. Yet even among them one is constantly meeting something to recall the fact that they were composed by the most brilliant writer of a brilliant age. For instance, sandwiched between the "Contests and Dissensions at Rome and the "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" is the delightful paper, scarce covering two pages, called "A Meditation upon a Broomstick," an inimitable parody of the Honourable Robert Boyle. Further on, we come to the dream of the lion and the virgins and the famous *Tatler* on *les petites morales*, with its vivid picture of squiredom in the days of Queen Anne. They are, it is true, only trifles, yet such trifles as genius alone is able to produce. It is the same throughout the other volumes. Swift as a controversialist is no longer readable, even as a writer of letters he is not attractive, but the moment he touches upon any theme that gives play to his invention, his observation and his satirical humour, he stands out as the man of his age.

Thackeray is less successful with Dean Swift than with any of the other wits he tried to present in *Esmond*, and this was the more remarkable inasmuch as there is a certain kinship of genius between the two. Each, as it were, stood on a height, and observed life and character, but neither to any great extent had the gift of sympathetic creation. The world of *Henry Esmond* is coloured by the personality of Thackeray, and so it is with Swift; but the Victorian novelist, loving elegance and refinement, and caring little for the boisterous, burly force characteristic of the days of Anne, ever lends a softening tint to his picture. He leaves an impression of fine women as delicate in their manners as the ladies of our own day. If he ventures to carry them over the borders of gentility it is only to show

"two pairs of the finest and roundest arms to be seen in England (my lady Castlewood was remarkable for this beauty of her person) covered with flour up above the elbows, and

preparing paste and turning rolling pins in the housekeeper's closet."

His society is all like this. The men are in large periwigs and beautiful waistcoats and gold-hilted swords. Their conversation is gay and gallant and witty, as becomes beaux and fops, and a gentlemanly "Damme" does not detract from its general character. Who would guess from this evidence alone that the country described was that of the Yahoos! Let us change the spectacles of Thackeray for the bright, sharp eyes of the Dean, and how the glory of the time begins to fade. We take up the *Guide to Polite Conversation*, and find what is evidently a realistic picture of the manners of the time, imbedded though it be in a scathing burlesque of society small-talk. The most characteristic bits are unfit for the polite ears of the present day. Among other items of information we learn that a beauty and fortune was accustomed to spit at a dinner party, that there was nothing unusual in a fashionable young gentleman pulling her on his lap when occasion presented, that noble lords jested broadly before their hostess, and ladies talked in a manner hoydens would be ashamed of now. Here is a short specimen of the manners of the time, which has the additional merit of illustrating the cleverness with which Swift satirised the proverbs and, as we call them now, the *dichés* that formed the conversational stock-in-trade of the great.

"[All is taken away and the wine set down. Miss gives *Neverout* a smart pinch.]

NEV.: Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I've no feeling?

MISS: I'm forced to pinch, for the Times are hard.

NEV. (Giving Miss a Pinch): Take that, Miss; what's Sawce for a Gousse is Sawce for a Gander.

MISS (Screaming): Well, Mr. *Neverout*, if I live that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

NEV. (Takes Miss's Hand): Come, Miss, let us lay all Quarrels aside and be Friends.

MISS: Don't be mauning and gauming a Body so. Can't you keep your filthy Hands to yourself?"

The savage pleasure Dean Swift took in unmasking the Yahoo-ism of fine ladies is still more strikingly exemplified in the unfinished *Directions to Servants*, which in coarseness, vigour, and irony are unexcelled by anything the author did, and in the poems which, valueless as they are as poetry, are of priceless value as documents illustrative of the age. Almost alone among his contemporaries, the Dean prized the homely virtues of cleanliness and decency, carrying them to an excess in his own person, and he is never tired of showing that under the brave outward show of wigs, and laced hats and ruffles, of paint and powder and furbelows, the national habits could as yet only be described as filthy. His animadversions gain in strength even by his limitations. He had little appreciation of those eternal beauties that encompass human life in every age, be it in Ithaca or the London of Queen Anne: witness the vivid description of morning in the city. There are all the everyday and sordid figures—the immoral Betty stealing from

her master's bed "to discompose her own," "the slipshod Prentice" cleaning up and opening his master's shop, the housemaid with her mop, the youth seeking old nails in the kennel, the voices of the small-coal man, the chimney-sweep and the brick-dust woman, the duns meeting at his lordship's gate, the bailiffs taking their stand, and school-boys with satchels in their hand. It is keen and cynically observant; it lacks only "the light that never was," a touch of that glory of the morning which falls on city and on field alike, to have been poetry in essence as well as in form. And he was equally blind to what of passion and pathos and romance lay behind the ugly exterior facts of human life.

Yet it would be a false estimate of Dean Swift that dismissed him as a realist and nothing more. The work of his that bears the unmistakable impress of immortality, *Gulliver's Travels*, is born of an imagination as romantic as that of Scott, as close and firm as Defoe's. Their moral or allegory has long ceased to interest anyone but the pedant, and the only *longueurs* in them consist of the disquisitions in which are set forth the wickedness of self-complacent England. Not to amuse, but to find machinery for his preaching, he invented worlds as strange and delightful as the scenery of the *Arabian Nights*. By concentrating his imagination on detail, by stroke upon stroke of realistic description, he makes his Lilliputs, his Brobdingnagians, his Houhynms, as real to us as Crusoe's man Friday or the Old Man of the Sea. England has greatly changed, and the moral is no longer applicable, but new generations find these histories as fresh and readable as the story of Cinderella is to every new occupant of the nursery. But even here his success is not won by any command over character. The Brobdingnagian maid who set Gulliver astride on her nipple, the Lilliputian nobles who held a tournament on his handkerchief, and the white mare-servant of the wise Houhynm lord are but so many figures and mouthpieces. Like Thackeray, Dean Swift painted life as seen from his own eminence, vigilantly and, in a deep sense, truly; yet never in a way to make you feel that the company of shadows have assumed flesh and blood, that we no longer listen to one man speaking through many masks, that every man and woman of the troop is uttering his own deepest thoughts, is animated by her own passions. This supreme gift belongs to another type of artist, the type to which Shakespeare and Walter Scott belonged. But there is not a more searching test of imagination than the creation of a fairyland, one that for the time being imposes itself on the mind as vividly as Dante's Hell, or the enchanted island of the *Tempest*; and by so much as imagination is greater than wit, and irony, and all the other mental gifts, so do *Gulliver's Travels* excel all else in Swift.

In this writer, however, the manner is of equal importance with the matter, and the briefest notice would be incomplete without some word about his great and unique style. He lived when English prose was at its high-water mark. It is true that everybody who wrote at all tried to write verse, but an utterly false taste in verse prevailed. The majestic harmonies of Milton and the sweep-

ing energy of the Elizabethans were alike unrivalled by Dryden and Pope, who, with undeniable gifts, worked under a bad convention. It was the day when *Cato* became the rage and Colley Cibber was in his glory, and people thought much of verse no man can read now.

But it was an era rich in prose, the richest in our history. Over and over again it has happened that the prose of a whole period has been ruined by the worship of a bad ideal. Someone with an inherently defective style arises and wins success despite his weakness. Then that great, good-natured, ill-judging British public assumes that the manner is the best, and lends a cold ear to those who do not adopt it, and so a period of bad English sets in. Lyly was the first conspicuous sinner with his *Euphuës*. Sir Thomas Browne set a bad example to Dr. Johnson, who, in his turn, led hosts of successors astray. The bad models of our own day—I speak of them only as models, not as passing judgment on their merits—have been Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin. That one and all of them could write noble English is altogether outside the question. The assertion simply is, that whoever tries to imitate the mechanical cadences and antitheses of Macaulay, Carlyle's licentious disregard of form, or Ruskin's love of ornament, is meeting failure—artistic failure, at any rate—more than half-way.

But the strength of the great prose-writing of Queen Anne's time is that it belonged to no school. Fielding fashioned a style that exactly suited the expression of his own frank, ironical, sunny-natured self. His novels may be searched in vain for an affected word—for a word, that is, which does not seem the most natural for the occasion. It was the method Addison pursued, with a very different temperament; and it was the method of Jonathan Swift. We have been admitted to his workshop in a passage that deserves to be conned by everyone who would write well. It occurs in the preface afore-mentioned.

"The Author [writes the editor] consented to the printing on the following conditions: 'That no Jobb should be made but full Value given for the money; that the Editor should attend him early every Morning, or when most convenient, to read to him, that the Sound might strike the Ear as well as the Sense the Understanding, and had always two Men Servants present for the purpose; and when he had any Doubt, he would ask them the meaning of what he heard? Which, if they did not comprehend, he would alter and amend, until they understood it perfectly well, and then he would say, *This will do; for I write to the Vulgar more than to the Learned.*'"

The story reminds us of Molière and his housekeeper; of Dante and his resolve to forsake Latin and write his epic in the common tongue, that the unlearned might understand; and of Homer and the rich folk-songs of many lands, which, without exception, were addressed to the rude bulk of humanity. To be clear is the first merit of prose, and Swift has this merit to the highest degree. Yet it is obvious that plain speech is not of itself a means to salvation. Where there is mental poverty it only advertises the barrenness of the land, which is the reason why so many are driven

to be complicated and obscure, so as to obtain the show of a distinction not really belonging to them. The question, then, to be decided is, whether a writer is strong enough to appear without borrowed plumage, and with his shortcomings bare. M. Sainte-Beuve, in his introduction to the works of Molière, relates with approval Tieck's story of Lord Southampton despatching his servant to the inn where the young Shakespeare listened silently while Marlowe harangued the company, and asked him to give a message to him who had the most human face. But Swift's bore not the impress of all that humanity feels, and his writing is marked by one or two strongly developed characteristics rather than by a multitude of emotions. The passion of love he may have felt, though we cannot here enter upon the pitiful stories of Vanessa and Stella; it is not at all in his writing. And how far his contempt of women was balanced by mercy and charity no one but himself knew. It belonged to his nature to cloak and hide whatever was most pure and devout in his character, and he consistently showed his worst to the world. His writing has few, if any, of the great and masterly phrases that embellish the pages of Browne. He did not strive after the limpid purity of Addison. You find no suggestion of that union of pathos, sentiment, and humour invented by Laurence Sterne, and so often attempted in our own day. Even his irony lacks the genial polish that lends unbounded charm to Fielding. It is, indeed, irony of an entirely different kind, begotten, perhaps, in mercy and compassion, but born in wrath and bitterness. Not unseldom it has the effect of an ingrained habit of mind, but oftener still it is edged by the very deepest feeling. His writing is certainly no milk for babes, but is strong, coarse meat for men.

It seems to me a pity that there should be a rage for the complete works of an author much of whose writing had only a passing interest. The best alone is worth preserving, and in the Dean's case there can be little dispute about what the best is. His masterpieces are undoubtedly the various travels and adventures of Lemuel Gulliver. With these should be included the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Journal to Stella*, perhaps also the *Battle of the Books*. Some of the briefer essays are so excellently written and preserve so vivid a picture of the times that a volume might be made of them. The *Polite Conversation* as a literary curiosity is worth preserving, and so are the *Directions to Servants*. A number of the poems deserve preservation for the sake of their local colour and their picture of manners; certainly "the humble petition of Frances Harris" is so perfect a transcript of the eighteenth century chamber-maid that the humorist will not let it die. Thus, few of our writers have left behind a larger body of strong and vital work; but there is almost an equal amount of controversy and sermon that should be tossed to oblivion: things that but cumber the writer's fame.

P.

## THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH.

I.—HENRY LAWSON.

NEARLY eight years have passed since Lamb reviewed Barron Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* in the *Examiner*, and now Australia counts her poets by the score. Her papers are filled with song—rough and ready, it is true, far removed from the Sydney Judge's echoes of Andrew Marvell and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but song none the less.

"I first adventure; follow me who list:  
And be the second Austral harmonist."

Such was the couplet at the head of Lamb's quaint and savoury little article. With three Austral harmonists who have listed to follow we are now concerned—with Mr. Henry Lawson, Mr. Edward Dyson, and Mr. A. B. Paterson—all young men, not far advanced in their careers, and each with something to say and a direct way of saying it. This is not, perhaps, their order of merit, but it is the order in which it seems best to take them: beginning with Mr. Lawson's *In the Days when the World was Wide*, passing on to Mr. Dyson's *Rhymes from the Mines*, and ending with Mr. Paterson's *The Man from Snowy River*.

There are living Australian writers—settlers or natives—who may be able to do better work. Mr. Brunton Stephens, for example, has a high reputation, but from this triad we get the genuine outlook of men who have done things first and have written of them afterwards. They give us Australian life, whether of the station or the mines, of the bush or the city, from within: matter before manner. Manner will, of course, come later; art for art's sake, and all the rest of it; just now Australia is still too young, too busy, to be bothered with it.

Mr. Lawson, whose prose volume, *While the Billy Boils*, was reviewed in these columns last year, has much of the poet's dower of scorn. He rages at the inequality of the world, at pretence and self-righteousness, at the encroachments of civilisation. His is the temperament that is for ever looking back—both to his own and the world's early days. Thus he sings:

"They tried to live as a freeman should—they  
were happier men than we,  
In the glorious days of wine and blood, when  
Liberty crossed the sea;  
'Twas a comrade true or a foeman then, and  
a trusty sword well tried—  
They faced each other and fought like men  
in the days when the world was wide.

\* \* \* \* \*  
We fight like women, and feel as such; the  
thoughts of our hearts we guard;  
Where scarcely the scorn of a god could  
touch, the sneer of a sneak hits hard;  
The treacherous tongue and cowardly pen,  
the weapons of curs, decide—  
They faced each other and fought like men  
in the days when the world was wide."

Mr. Lawson, like all those who pit the past against the present, probably argues on insufficient data; but he is entitled to his standpoint, and he is true to it too. His intolerance, moreover, never extends to the unfortunate. Cynical he certainly

is, and an impatient censor of pettiness, but let there be a touch of generosity, a hint of picturesqueness, in a scoundrel and his smile is won. He has the Colonial's hatred of circumscribed spaces and social ordinances. He wants to be allowed to do as he likes, to wear what he likes—in short, to be free. Hence his poetry is the poetry of the emancipated, the poetry of the wayfarer under broad skies, whether by land or sea. Here is Mr. Lawson on shipboard :

“A god-like ride on a thundering sea,  
When all but the stars are blind,  
A desperate race from Eternity  
With a gale-and-a-half behind.  
A jovial spree in the cabin at night,  
A song on the rolling deck,  
A lark ashore with the ships in sight,  
Till—a wreck goes down with a wreck.

A smoke and a yarn on the deck by day,  
When life is a waking dream,  
And care and trouble so far away  
That out of your life they seem.  
A roving spirit in sympathy,  
Who has travelled the whole world o'er—  
My heart forgets, in a week at sea,  
The trouble of years on shore.”

The “simplifying sea” has not had many more vigorous tributes.

One cannot help wishing that Mr. Lawson would always write his poetry at sea ; then he might keep bitterness out of it. As it is, his bitterness is against him. In his prose it rarely asserts itself, but in his poetry it is always showing through the lines. We cannot but regret it. A man with so keen an eye for character, so vigilant an observer, so sound a humorist as Mr. Lawson proves himself to be in *While the Billy Boats*, is wasting time in reiterating trite attacks on society. We would give all his reflections on mankind in the abstract for another lyric as good as this commentary on Salvation Army persistence :

“When the kindly hours of darkness, save for  
light of moon and star,  
Hide the picture on the signboard over  
Doughty's Horse Bazaar ;  
When the last rose-tint is fading on the  
distant mulga scrub,  
Then the ‘Army’ prays for Watty at the  
entrance of his pub.

Now, I often sit at Watty's when the night  
is very near,  
With a head that's full of jingles and the  
fumes of bottled beer,  
For I always have a fancy that, if I am over  
there,  
When the ‘Army’ prays for Watty, I'm  
included in the prayer.

Watty lounges in his armchair, in its old  
accustomed place,  
With a fatherly expression on his round and  
passive face ;  
And his arms are clasped before him, in a  
calm, contented way,  
And he nods his head and dozes when he  
hears the ‘Army’ pray.

And I wonder does he ponder on the distant  
years and dim,  
Or his chances over yonder, when the  
‘Army’ prays for him ?  
Has he not a fear connected with the war-  
place down below,  
Where, according to good Christians, all  
the publicans should go ?

But his features give no token of a feeling in  
his breast,  
Save of peace that is unbroken and a  
conscience well at rest ;  
And we guzzle as we guzzled long before the  
‘Army’ came,  
And the loafers wait for ‘shouters,’ and—  
they get there just the same.

It would take a lot of praying—lots of  
thumpiug on the drum—  
To prepare our sinful, straying, erring souls  
for Kingdom Come ;  
But I love my fellow-sinners, and I hope,  
upon the whole,  
That the ‘Army’ gets a hearing when it  
prays for Watty's soul.”

That is a piece of true humour, and we look to Mr. Lawson for more of the same character.

Messrs. Turner & Sutherland, in their work on *The Development of Australian Literature* (Longmans & Co.), are severe upon Mr. Lawson's reply to his critics under the Byronic title “Australian Bards and Bush Reviewers” ; but it seems to us he has reason. It is annoying to have one's name continually linked with a predecessor, and Mr. Lawson has individuality of his own which should have been recognised and respected. This is his retaliation :

“While you use your best endeavour to immor-  
talise in verse  
The gambling and the drink which are your  
country's greatest curse,  
While you glorify the bully and take the  
spieler's part—  
You're a clever Southern writer, scarce inferior  
to Bret Harte.

If you sing of waving grasses when the plains  
are dry as bricks,  
And discover shining rivers where there's only  
mud and sticks ;  
If you picture ‘mighty forests’ where the  
mulga spoils the view—  
You're superior to Kendall, and ahead of  
Gordon too.

If you swear there's not a country like the  
land that gave you birth,  
And its sons are just the noblest and most  
glorious chaps on earth ;  
If in every girl a Venus your poetic eye  
discerns,  
You are gracefully referred to as the ‘Young  
Australian Burns.’

But if you should find that bushmen—spite  
of all the poets say—  
Are just common brother-sinners, and you're  
quite as good as they—  
You're a drunkard and a liar, a cynic and a  
sneak,  
Your grammar's simply awful and your intel-  
lect is weak.”

We like this. It has spirit. And Mr. Lawson is too true to himself to care so much for hostile opinion as to forswear his own beliefs. Let him continue to find the bushmen common brother-sinners, and to write about their sinning and repenting, and we, at any rate, will gladly read him. Besides he has, what the Bush Reviewers would seem to have overlooked, love of country. A poet with love of country has at least one asset which must not be disregarded. Mr. Lawson's patriotic poem, “The Star of Australasia,” is one of the best things Australia has done.

PURE FABLES.

I.

CLASSIFICATION.

The morning stars sang together.  
And a person of delicate ear and nice  
judgment discussed the singing at length,  
and showed how and wherein one star  
differed from another, and which was great  
and which was not.

And still the morning stars sang together.

II.

THE UNTAMEABLE.

Fate forgot to clip a poet's wings. So  
that there was no holding him, and his  
friends despaired.

And then a book he had written began to  
sell. And within the lapsing of a moon  
you might have seen him eat sugar out of  
ladies' hands.

III.

MEDIUM.

A worker in verse made a book upon  
Love, and got nothing for it. And a worker  
in prose made a book upon the same matter,  
and was able to take his family to Bexhill  
for a week.

“It is a mundane world,” said the  
verseman.

“But it suits *me* very well,” said the  
proseman.

IV.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

“Eheu!” sighed a poet, “The people  
will *not* be moved ; and I have shown them  
my heart !”

“*Thy* heart,” quoth his friend “is noth-  
ing. . . . Show them *their own* !”

V.

BODLEY.

A Bodley poet died, and passed unto the  
country which hath been for the souls of  
poets from the beginning.

And while he was yet newly arrived, a  
company of souls waited upon him with a  
greeting, and inquired if he would be kind  
enough to inform them how he chanced to  
fare thither.

And he smiled and said, “I am the  
author of certain slight verses.”

“What name ?” demanded they.

And he told them his name.

“We have heard of you,” they answered.  
“Sixty-four heavy-leaded pages triennially !  
Now, everybody here hath written *tomcs*—  
few, or many, according to the number of  
his mortal years.”

“Ah,” remarked the Bodley poet, “and  
everybody in the world of the flesh is saying  
how badly all you fellows want editing  
down.”

VI.

SUGGESTION.

A man ranged cowslips on a stall, and  
wondered how many he should give for a  
penny.

And another man, passing, caught the  
gleam and the odour of them, and had a  
vision of a blue valley touched with gold,  
and April scattering desultory rains.

T. W. H. C.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

NEVER was a published correspondence so badly, so injudiciously edited as that of Ernest Renan and M. Berthelot. A man of science may have attained all possible glory in his special department, but that is insufficient reason to regard himself as a delightful or even an interesting letter-writer. Never was a duller, a more insignificant correspondent than the eminent M. Berthelot; and yet, with an inexcusable vanity, he publishes his thousand and one mediocre and passably trivial letters to Renan, while the public only wanted those of the immortal dead. One reads the mighty tome to the bitter end, asking in vain the word of the riddle. Who on earth sighed for the letters of M. Berthelot, of even Mme. Berthelot, of whom the world has never heard, any more than we have heard of hundreds of respectable Mesdames Chose, excellent housekeepers, faithful guardians of the bourgeois home, with nothing to say, but who have the fortune *not* to say it? Among those of Renan at least half of the letters might have been suppressed. Those relating to his family, to his private affairs, have not the slightest value. The public has nothing to learn from the domestic side of Renan's character, while the family, still living, has much to resent and deplore in this futile desecration of a much too recent existence. After several centuries it is of the deepest interest to humanity to read Philip II.'s most charming domestic correspondence, because here we are fronted with a psychological problem. But poor Renan, writing about whooping-cough and scarlatina, says nothing the man across the way might not have said, expresses in our common language sentiments common to the costermonger, the grocer, and the peer.

The evil of this indiscriminate publication lies in the fact that really important letters, letters that here in Paris created a sensation, and whose value will increase and not diminish with posterity, are lost in a heap of rubbish. Renan's letters on Rome ought to have been published apart, so impressive, so fresh, so original are they. Here is a Rome new to us: Renan's Rome—a lucid creation. No poet's dream this, no startling impressionism, no revised Wincklemannism, but a point of view solidly individual. "I had not understood the meaning of a popular religion, accepted naively, without criticism by a people; I had not understood a people ceaselessly creating in religion, taking its dogmas in a true and breathing fashion. Make no illusion, this race is as Catholic as the Arabs of the Mosque are Moslem. Its religion is the religion, and to speak against it is to speak against its interest, as it feels it, just as real as every other need of nature." "I have found in this people, in their faith, their civilisation, an incomparable loftiness, poetry and ideality." He went to Rome to sneer, and remained to admire. There he found nothing cheap, nothing vulgar, the ideal everywhere. Paris, London, are centres of comfort and profanity; Rome is the home of the soul, the spirit, and the Madonna has

conquered Renan. Here to dwell, renouncing action, thought, criticism, nourished upon soft impressions, adoring in spirit, living the noble life of the soul. Hitherto he had interpreted Catholicism through the abhorred caste of priests and prelates; now he recognises it as a spontaneous and simple faith of the people. "You would never believe how much this race lives in the world of imagination." All these letters on Rome are of the highest value. The pity they are lost among so many of no value whatever.

Daudet's posthumous novel, *Soutien de Famille*, is, like most of Daudet's recent work, dull and heavy. Daudet mistook his vocation, to our eternal regret. He was meant to teach us the lesson of life through laughter, with the fine point of irony imperceptibly blunted by tenderness. He was a "little-son" (as a more significant term than our own grandson) of Cervantes; a very little son, it is true, but family resemblance was strong enough to ensure our gratitude and admiration. He was never meant to preach, or to reform; but the latter-day morosity of fiction entered his system like a fatal poison, and instead of telling us, with his delicate Southern smile, life for sure is a miserable farce, but let us agree to outwit destiny, and by our gaiety turn it into a pleasantry, he took it into his head to mount the pulpit, and there detonate against modern vices and exhort us to the practice of old-fashioned virtues. Good enough, doubtless, for a Tolstoi, an Ibsen, whose genius is fashioned for this magnificent, but gloomy task. But Daudet! With *Les Contes Choisis*, *Le Petit Chose*, *Tartarin*—the sublime, the delicious, the unforgettable Tartarin behind him! The radiant, tender, ironical Alphonse Daudet, with a severely buttoned coat and high collar, a pair of spectacles instead of the interrogative and impertinent eyeglass, the Merovingian mane plastered into clerical order, voice toneless and severe, vanished the sunny smile, the inapproachable delicacy of touch, the magic charm, vanished the grace and wit. This is the Daudet of *Soutien de Famille*. A notable novel of a surety; a scathing satire upon the theatrical pomposity of the French attitude in public and private life. A big businessman, unable to meet his liabilities, commits suicide, and orators and friends gather round his eldest son, a vain and feeble lad, and gloriously address him as the family breadwinner. The boy is at once crushed by the importance of his rôle. At school he confides to a comrade his resemblance to Hamlet. Both have a part to play beyond their power. From dint of dwelling on his ruthless destiny, the boy is for ever incapacitated for earning even his own bread. He is supported first by his mother, then by his younger brother, then by his mistress, and, terrified by the unexpected responsibility of fatherhood, becomes a soldier. Here he has no bread to earn, nothing to think of but the automaton march to "One, two; One, two," and here he finds his insignificant destiny.

The *Revue de Paris* this month publishes the political manifestoes of the four brilliant leaders of Parliament. Brilliant is, of course, a relative term applied to a French Parliamentarian. Heaven only knows

what French politics mean. Whatever each party may have at heart, it certainly is not the dignity of the nation, the respect of law, of justice, of humanity. A Socialist deputy defies the Government, qualifies the magistrature as infamous, casts mud in handfuls at constituted authority. The gratified Chamber at once orders that the speech shall be posted on the walls outside the House, all over the city, and all over the country. One wonders why. M. Poincaré, whose manifesto is certainly the most remarkable of the four, may be regarded as the spokesman of the Constitutional Republicans. He believes, incorrigible pessimist that he is, that the future is sufficiently obscure to justify the darkest apprehensions. M. Denys Cochin clamours for monarchy, which is not particularly promising with nothing better than a Duke of Orleans in view. Alas! poor France. H. L.

## THE WEEK.

IT may be many years before the world receives all that can be given to it of the writings of Sir Richard F. Burton. It was Burton's habit to work at several books at a time. Books, or partly executed works, were apt to accumulate on his hands, and on his death, in addition to forty-eight published works, there remained twenty MSS. in different stages of completion. Lady Burton was arranging for the successive publication of these books when she died; and now the task of dealing with them has been entrusted by her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald, to Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who, as is well known, enjoyed the confidence of Lady Burton. Mr. Wilkins gives interesting accounts in his preface to *The Jew, The Gypsy, and El Islam*, just issued. "The first part—'The Jew,'" writes Mr. Wilkins, "has a somewhat curious history. Burton collected most of the materials for writing it from 1869 to 1871, when he was Consul at Damascus. His intimate knowledge of Eastern races and languages, and his sympathy with Oriental habits and lines of thought, gave him exceptional facilities for ethnological studies of this kind. Disguised as a native, and unknown to any living soul except his wife, the British Consul mingled freely with the motley populations of Damascus, and inspected every quarter of the city—Muslim, Christian, and Jewish. His inquiries bore fruit in material, not only for this general essay on the Jew, but for an appendix dealing with the alleged rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardim or Eastern Jews, and more especially the mysterious murder of Padre Tomaso at Damascus in 1840. There is little doubt that his inquiry into these subjects was one of the reasons which aroused the hostility of the Damascus Jews against him; and that hostility was a powerful factor, though by no means the only one, in his recall by Lord Granville in 1871."

Burton several times thought of publishing his work on "The Jew"; but the advice of friends, and considerations of self-interest, deterred him. He fully intended, however, to issue the book when he had retired from the Consular Service. He died five months before his term of office (at Trieste) had expired. Mr. Wilkins is therefore fully



justified in publishing the book now; but he still withholds the startling appendix on the alleged rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardim and the murder of Padre Tomaso.

Concerning the second sketch, "The Gypsy," Mr. Wilkins writes:

"Burton's interest in the Gypsies was lifelong; and when he was a lieutenant in the Bombay army and quartered in Sindh, he began his investigations concerning the affinity between the Jats and the Gypsies. During his many travels in different parts of the world, whenever he had the opportunity, he collected fresh materials with a view to putting them together some day. In 1875 his controversy with Bataillard provoked him into compiling his long contemplated work on the Gypsies. Unfortunately other interests intervened, and the work was never completed. It was one of the many unfinished things Burton intended to complete when he should have quitted the Consular Service. . . . Even as it stands, however, 'The Gypsy' is a valuable addition to ethnology; for apart from Burton's rare knowledge of strange peoples and tongues, his connexion with the Gypsies lends to the subject a unique interest. There is no doubt that he was affiliated to this strange people by nature, if not by descent."

The third paper, "El Islam; or, The Rank of Muhammadanism among the Religions of the World," is one of the oldest of the Burton MSS. Mr. Wilkins judges it to have been written soon after Burton's pilgrimage to Mecca in 1853.

THE new biographical edition of the Complete Works of W. M. Thackeray, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have projected, is inaugurated this week by the publication of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray wished that no biography of him should appear. It is certain that the world has never ceased to desire one. Hence the compromise effected in this edition of his works. Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter, will contribute to each volume in this edition her memories of the circumstances under which her father produced it. Such memoirs, when complete, cannot fall far short of being an actual biography. For example, we have a biographical introduction to *Vanity Fair* forty pages in length, and in it Mrs. Ritchie contrives to give much information about its author, beginning—not in 1845, the date of the book—but in 1817, "when the little boy, so lately come from India, found himself shut in behind those filigree iron gates at Chiswick of which he writes when he describes Miss Pinkerton's establishment." We select for quotation the following passage in Mrs. Ritchie's sketch, relating to the launching of *Vanity Fair*:

"I still remember going along Kensington Gardens, with my sister and our nurse-maid, carrying a parcel of yellow numbers, which she had given us to take to some friend who lived across the Park; and as we walked along, somewhere near the gates of the Gardens, we met my father, who asked us what we were carrying. Then, somehow, he seemed vexed and troubled, told us not to go on, and to take the parcel home. Then he changed his mind, saying that if his grandmother wished it, the books had best be conveyed; but we guessed, as children do, that something was seriously amiss. The sale of *Vanity Fair* was so small

that it was a question at that time whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether. I have always been told that it was *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* which played the part of pilot or steam-tug to that great line-of-battle ship *Vanity Fair*, and which brought it safely off the shoals. In later days I have heard my father speak of those times, and say that besides *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* a review in the *Edinburgh Review* by Mr. S. Hayward greatly helped the sale of *Vanity Fair*. We have still one or two of the early designs of the *Vanity Fair* drawings—Jos holding Becky's skein; old Sedley in his coffee-house, with his head in his hands, waiting for prosperity to come back to him; and, among the rest, Becky at the fancy fair selling to Dobbin with two or three hats fitted on to his head and shoulders. There is also a little sepia suggestion for the picture of Becky's first introduction to a baronet, and a first rough suggestion for the cover, two little pencil warriors with a flying pennant, on which are inscribed the titles of the book."

Mrs. Ritchie has this tantalising note about Miss Becky Sharp:

"I may as well also state here, that one morning a hansom drove up to the door, and out of it emerged a most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black, who greeted my father with great affection and brilliancy, and who, departing presently, gave him a large bunch of fresh violets. This was the only time I ever saw the fascinating little person, who was by many supposed to be the original of Becky."

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have selected a simple red binding for the series, with Thackeray's initials in monogram on the front cover, and the illustrations are Thackeray's own. The edition has real importance.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### AMERICAN PRICES FOR ENGLISH BOOKS.

THAT America is draining the Old Country of her books is a commonplace of book-selling. One wonders how long it will be before English collectors will have to send to New York for treasures which are becoming every year fewer in their own country. Doubtless, such a day is still far off. But how formidable the American collector has become may be gathered from a long and elaborate list of prices fetched by books in New York since 1856, which the *New York Times* has just published. The year 1856 was selected as the starting-point of the list, because in that year, for the first time, a book was sold in New York for 200 dols. (about £40). The list includes the most significant prices obtained on all the important sales held in New York since that date. As showing, therefore, the growth of book-collecting in America, it has historical interest. We cannot print an eight part of it; but we have thought it interesting to give a list of prices (in English money) paid in New York during the last seven years for English standard works in rare editions. We reproduce, also, the *New York Times'* bibliographical notes:

Milton's "Comus," dark blue morocco, by Matthews ... .. £85 0 0

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Milton's "Lycidas," dark blue morocco, by Bedford ... ..  | £63 0 0 |
| (The only copies of "Comus" and "Lycidas," that have come into an American auction room. Now in the possession of Marshall C. Lefferts. They were once Mr. Kalbfleisch's, and later Mr. Foote's, both of whom disposed of them at private sale.)  |         |
| Milton's "Paradise Lost" ... ..   | 43 0 0  |
| (First edition, and the issue with the author's name in large capitals. Corner of last leaf mended. Turner's copy, which brought £33.)  |         |
| Barclay's "Ship of Fools," London, printed by Pynson, 1509, brown morocco, by Bedford ... ..  | 165 0 0 |
| (Now in library of Marshall C. Lefferts.)   |         |
| Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, James Roberts, red morocco, by Haday ... ..  | 145 0 0 |
| Shakespeare's "Lear," 1603, Nathaniel Butler, short imprint ... ..  | 85 0 0  |
| Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," n. d. ... ..  | 105 0 0 |
| (Utterson's copy, which brought £19.)   |         |
| Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressid," 1609, red morocco, by Bedford ... ..   | 158 0 0 |
| Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," 1619, original covers ... ..   | 150 0 0 |
| Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," 1622 ... ..  | 54 0 0  |
| Shakespeare's "Poems," red morocco, by Bedford ... ..   | 100 0 0 |
| (Shakespeare.) "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600 ... ..  | 50 0 0  |
| Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," 1636, blue morocco, by Bedford ... ..   | 230 0 0 |
| (One of two known perfect copies, the other being in the British Museum. Brought £49 10s. in London in 1856; rebound by Bedford, was sold in 1857 for £56. Later passed into the possession of Almon W. Griswold; purchased at Ives sale by Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, R. I.; at Cerser sale it had brought £55.) |         |
| (Hieronymus.) "Vitas Patrum," printed by De Worde ... ..  | 72 0 0  |
| (The Perkins copy, which brought £180. Now in library of Marshall C. Lefferts.)   |         |
| "Laws of Virginia," 1662 ... ..   | 41 0 0  |
| (Title-page torn slightly.)   |         |
| Allot's "England's Parnassus," purple morocco, by Bedford ... ..  | 42 0 0  |
| Braithwaite's "Barnabae Itinerarium," blue morocco, by Ramage. ... ..   | 40 0 0  |
| E. B. Browning's "Battle of Marathen," uncut, morocco, by Riviere ... ..  | 66 0 0  |
| (8 by 5½. Cost Mr. Foote in London £14.)  |         |
| Browning's "Pauline," uncut, original boards ... ..   | 42 0 0  |
| Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms," blue morocco, by Walker ... ..  | 44 0 0  |

|  |     |   |   |
|--|-----|---|---|
| De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," three volumes, red morocco, by Bedford. (Now in library of H. C. Sturges.)   | 62  | 0 | 0 |
| Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," two volumes, levant morocco, by Riviere ... ..   | 68  | 0 | 0 |
| (Cost Mr. Foote, in New York, 75 dols. Now in Boston Public Library.)  |     |   |   |
| Gray's "Elegy," morocco, by Riviere ... ..   | 54  | 0 | 0 |
| Herbert's "Temple," Cambridge, Thos. Buck and Roger Daniel, n.d.   | 210 | 0 | 0 |
| (6 by 3 3-16. One of two known copies of the undated edition of "The Temple," the other being in the Huth library. At the Brand sale in 1807 it was bought by Richard Heber for £3, and was resold at his sale in 1834 for £10. At Pickering sale, 1854, was resold for £19 15s., and again at Daniel sale, 1864, for £30 10s. About twenty years later Mr. Foote paid 250 dols. for it in this city. It is now in the Hoe library.) |     |   |   |
| Lamb's "Rosamond Gray," uncut, blue morocco, by Ruban... ..  | 70  | 0 | 0 |
| (6½ by 4½. Cost Mr. Foote, in London, £5.)   |     |   |   |
| Lamb's "Poetry for Children," two volumes, original calf ... ..  | 84  | 0 | 0 |
| (Now in library of E. D. Church.)  |     |   |   |
| Lamb's "Prince Dorus," uncut, original covers ... ..   | 48  | 0 | 0 |
| (Now in library of Dean Sage.)   |     |   |   |
| Lovelace's "Lucasta," morocco, by Stikeman ... ..  | 44  | 0 | 0 |
| Milton's "Poems," morocco, by Ruban ... ..   | 74  | 0 | 0 |
| Milton's "Paradise Lost," morocco, by Alfred Matthews ... ..   | 105 | 0 | 0 |
| (First edition and the issue with the author's name in small capitals 7½ by 5¼. Cost Mr. Foote, in New York, 65 dollars. Now in library of W. A. White.)   |     |   |   |
| Tennyson's "Idylls," morocco, by Ruban ... ..  | 45  | 0 | 0 |
| (Proof sheets, with Tennyson's corrections, of "Enoch Arden." Cost Mr. Foote, in London, £10. Now in library of Harry B. Smith.)   |     |   |   |
| Caxton's "Chronicle of England," 1480 ... ..   | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| (110 leaves between signatures C and S. Gardner's copy.)   |     |   |   |
| Milton's "Paradise Lost" ... ..  | 79  | 0 | 0 |
| (First edition, and the issue with the author's name in small capitals.)   |     |   |   |
| Shakespeare: First Folio, red morocco, by Stamper ... ..   | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| (11½ by 7½. Verses, title-page, except portrait, preliminary leaves, and last four leaves of Cymbeline in facsimile.)  |     |   |   |
| Shakespeare: Third Folio ... ..  | 75  | 0 | 0 |
| (Title-page, first preliminary leaf, and last leaf in facsimile.)  |     |   |   |

|  |    |   |   |
|--|----|---|---|
| Shakespeare's "King John," 1611  | 46 | 0 | 0 |
| (The Steevens and Roxburghe copy. At Steevens sale, £1 18s.; at Roxburghe sale, £1 3s.)  |    |   |   |
| Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," 1634, morocco, by Hammond ... ..   | 42 | 0 | 0 |
| Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," 1586 ... ..   | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| (The Roxburghe, Sykes, and Heber copy. At Roxburghe sale, £21; at Sykes sale, £9; at Heber sale, £3 3s.; resold in 1854 for £4 10s.) |    |   |   |

A significant thing in the above list is the high prices which the American collector is willing to give for the rare editions of such modern writers as Lamb, Browning, and Tennyson. The list is, indeed, suggestive reading; how ripe and English must be some bookshelves in the palaces of New York and Boston. Yet, who knows?—the wind of fashion veers strangely, and perhaps English collectors will ere long be keen buyers of Mather's *Wussukwhonk en Christianene*, Dickinson's *God Protecting Providence*, Williams's *Bloody Tenant yet more Bloody*, Alsop's *Character of the Province of Maryland*, and other American tit-bits.

## DRAMA.

### TWO AMERICAN PLAYS.

"PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose," said Alphonse Karr on one occasion of French Ministries. The remark might very properly be applied to melodrama apropos of the annual visits paid us by the American companies under the control of the Frohman management. Outwardly there is little resemblance between "The Heart of Maryland," now being presented at the Adelphi, and the class of entertainment with which the theatre has so long been identified. "The Heart of Maryland," like its immediate predecessor, "Secret Service," is a story of the American Civil War. Almost without exception the male characters wear the uniform of the North or the South; the female interest, such as it is, is wholly identified with the combatants on one side or the other; questions of military movements, tactics, treatment of prisoners, espionage, and other incidentals of campaigning constitute the burden of the action. But at bottom the story is identical with that of the conventional melodrama associated with the names of Pettitt, Sims, and other popular purveyors. The villain basely plots against the heroine's honour and the hero's life, and after all but succeeding is duly foiled and handed over to justice, so that the curtain falls upon a happy ending. Nothing is really changed but the clothes and the names of the *dramatis personee*. As usual, the action works up to a sensational device in the third act; but even this exhibits no novelty, being reproduced from a melodrama of fifty years ago, written by a once well-known, but now forgotten, journeyman of letters, Albert Smith.

What, then, is the literary value of Mr. David Belasco's latest handiwork? I am afraid the answer must be "nil." Mr. Belasco enjoys a certain reputation in the United States as a dramatist, but it is that of a "nailer-up"—as the Americans graphically express it—rather than an inventor of dramatic effects. One looks in vain in this latest Adelphi production for any freshness of idea or any originality of treatment, though we are given to understand that "The Heart of Maryland" has, during the past two years, enjoyed a considerable degree of success in its own country. That this should be so augurs ill for the success of the American invasion of the London West End theatres, which the Frohman management is now so energetically conducting. "Secret Service" was, no doubt, a play of exceptional merit; but, generally speaking, the American drama occupies a lower level than the English. The proper home of such a piece as "The Heart of Maryland" is not the Adelphi, but the Surrey. American invention exhausts itself in mechanical pursuits; it has none left for the stage.

Such interest as "The Heart of Maryland" may inspire depends solely upon its somewhat opportune presentment of the features of grim-visaged war. Fighting is supposed to be going on in the wings in every act; the noise of artillery is unceasing; files of prisoners and wounded men cross the stage at intervals; laconic messages are constantly being received and despatched; the stage resounds with hoarse and unintelligible words of command. If this is not war up-to-date, it sufficiently fulfils the public notion of war. Drama, however, it is not. The first two acts convey no coherent idea to the spectator; it is impossible to tell in what relation the five-and-twenty or thirty characters, an army in themselves, stand to each other. From first to last, indeed, the author never succeeds in interesting us in the fate or fortunes of any particular set of characters. A Southern lady is understood to be in love with an officer on the opposite side, but the latter proves a very mediocre sort of hero, who is not called upon to do anything more heroic than to fold his arms and scowl when, being caught within the enemy's lines, he is accused of being a spy. More sympathetic is the character of a Southern general, who, recognising in this same suspected spy his own son, promptly orders him to be court-martialled. Meanwhile an undoubted traitor is an officer high up in the Southern service, who is in secret communication with the enemy; and at the very headquarters of the Southern forces sympathy with the North is manifested in a practical form. The greater part of the action, in short, is confusing, very like war possibly, but not in the least like a well-made drama, with issues clearly and unmistakably standing out.

WHETHER the author's plans are tending one does not perceive till half the play is over. Then it begins to be seen that the villain, one Colonel Thorpe, in the Southern

service, is not only false to his own side but has designs upon the heroine also, to whose lover, Colonel Kendrick, of the Federal army, he bears a deadly grudge; and the situation thus created reaches its climax when, Thorpe having refused to save Kendrick from execution as a supposed spy, the heroine secures her lover's escape, and then hangs on to the clapper of a huge bell to prevent its being rung to alarm the guard. This is the device which Mr. Belasco has borrowed from Albert Smith, and it may be regarded as at least not less effective than Mr. Vincent Crummies's real pump and water. The length and the extreme insignificance of the cast render it difficult to identify half the performers whose names are set forth in the programme. What is still more unfortunate, the acting, in the case of the handful of characters who bear the story on their shoulders, does not rise above the transpentine or East End standard, though this may be mainly the author's fault. Mrs. Leslie Carter, a society actress, who has taken to the stage rather late in life, exhibits a certain degree of power as the heroine, and Mr. Maurice Barrymore as the hero, Mr. E. J. Morgan as the villain, and Mr. Harry Harwood as a bustling Southern general, stand out creditably from the mass of their associates.

A MUCH more successful American venture is the importation to the Shaftesbury of the company of the Casino Theatre—the Gaiety of New York—who bring with them an *olla podrida* of the sort popularised in this country by the late Fred. Leslie and Mr. Arthur Roberts, an omnibus piece run by clever music-hall comedians, singers and dancers, on go-as-you-please lines. *The Belle of New York*, as this mixture is called, is scarcely so coherent in plan as the "musical comedy" of the day—it belongs more to the extravaganza or burlesque which flourished in this country ten years ago—but there is no reason why it should not appeal to the public who support "The Circus Girl" and "The Geisha," and the still more numerous patrons of the music-hall. At the head of the Casino Company there is an eccentric actor of considerable originality, Mr. Dan Daly, quaint, drily humorous and resourceful, who helps largely to make the performance the success it is. But there are at least half-a-dozen other members of the company who on the English variety stage would attract attention and command popularity. Among these may be mentioned Miss Edna May, a sweet singer and graceful actress, well-qualified to play the part of "the belle" for which she is cast; Miss Phyllis Rankin, who also sings attractively; Mr. J. E. Sullivan, an unctuous low comedian; and various eccentrics of one kind and another, including a whistler and a male dancer, both of whom bring down the house by their respective *tours de force*. In fact, the performance is remarkably rich in music-hall "turns" and in grotesque odds and ends of characterisation. The "book," which is by Mr. Hugh Morton, is of a well-contrived omnibus character, while the score, by Mr. Gustave Kerker, is always lively, and embraces one or

two pretty songs. The whole performance is pervaded by a characteristically American flavour which ought to prove agreeable to the frivolous-minded public.

J. F. N.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"American Wives and English Husbands." By Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. A treatise, in the form of a novel, on international marriages has been widely and favourably reviewed. The *Saturday Review's* critic prefaces his praise by recalling the "crude vulgarity of *Patience Sparhawk*," a work which, he thinks, in no wise indicated the advent of that first-rate woman-novelist which America "has long wanted." But *American Wives and English Husbands* shows a great advance. He writes:

"The plot might easily have been stronger, especially in its final catastrophe; at least four or five subsidiary characters could well be spared, and Mrs. Atherton's narrative style lapses from its usual lucid correctness frequently enough to exasperate the English reader. These things, however, should count but small obstacles in the way of Mrs. Atherton's progress towards the distinction we believe to be waiting for her, and we base our belief much less on her present power to tell clearly an interesting story and to draw credible characters than on her very singular comprehension of the two widely sundered families of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The final catastrophe to which the critic takes objection does not, he thinks, seriously mar the story:

"After all, the real interest of the story inheres in her relations with her husband. The shock of the conflict of two temperaments so wholly antagonistic could not fail, even with less competent treatment, to be of interest; and in Mrs. Atherton's hands the quiet, unobtrusive drama of character becomes of the highest significance. The principal merit of the book resides not merely in picturesque description, not merely in vivacious dialogue and graphic story-telling, but above all in Mrs. Atherton's power to deal broadly and strongly with the broad and strong passions of life as they are visible in acute racial conflicts."

The *Spectator's* critic is not so enthusiastic as some of his brothers. He writes:

"The book is a strange compound of extravagance and intuition. Mrs. Atherton is, on the whole, a far severer critic of her compatriots than of us, though she certainly does not spare the venal aristocrats of the Old Country. Her sympathies, again, are much more with the South and the West than with the North or East. New England does not appeal to her, and Chicago excites her antipathy. The *dénouement* strikes us as rather strained, the betrothal of the children absurd, and the admirable Cecil a decided prig. But the American women are drawn from the life; and in depicting their love of life and pleasure and admiration, as well as their capacity for hatred, Mrs. Atherton writes with a sort of fierceness that is curiously impressive."

"Claudius Clear," of the *British Weekly*, thinks this story should place Mrs. Atherton in the front rank of women novelists. He concludes by drawing its moral:

"As for the lessons, they are plain enough. If a man marries an American woman for her

money, and for her money only, without respect and without love, he will suffer for it, and probably suffer more than he would if he married an English wife under similar circumstances. On the other hand, if a man marries an American woman for love, the condition of happiness is that one or the other should be willing to merge individuality. It is hard for the woman to do so. If she is brilliant and beautiful, she has experienced such courtship and reverence as English girls know nothing of. It will be very hard for her to lay this aside and to be satisfied with a share in the life of her husband. Even if she does it for a while she may not do it always. It is pretty clear that things in the happy marriage of this book might very easily have gone wrong. If the wife had gone to California her married life would have been wrecked. On the other hand, things being as they were, the husband had the superior brightness of America, and the loss was all the wife's. But I suppose Mrs. Atherton would say that if an English husband could be found to merge his individuality in that of an American wife, the marriage in that case also would be happy. That, however, would be a far more difficult thing, and probably the authoress intends to tell us that the marriage of an American wife with an English husband is in all cases a great risk, but that if it is happy it may be the most happy of all marriages. However, these are considerations with which most of us are not troubled, being contented in our own country. What will win readers to this volume is, as I have said, the extreme freshness, relish, vivacity, and grace of the treatment. What the typical American girl is among women, that *American Wives and English Husbands* is among novels."

"There is not a dull page in the book; it is informed throughout with that most fascinating quality, in all works of art—the point of view": thus the critic of the *Daily News*.

"The Sundering Flood." By William Morris.

THE *Times* critic is, to say the least, cold. His opinion of Mr. Morris's prose romances is thus briefly expressed:

"These attempts to re-create an imaginary past are more fit for poetry than for prose, however archaic; and whereas William Morris, in the *Earthly Paradise*, succeeded in producing an extraordinary illusion of reality, the same cannot be said of his prose romances: *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, *The Sundering Flood*, and the rest of them. At best they are good imitations of *The Four Sons of Aymon* and similar old friends; though William Morris had so steeped himself in mediæval literature and art, and was himself so true a poet, that his imitations are a very different thing from those of anybody else. We notice that this comely volume, though published by Messrs. Longman, bears the ominous statement, 'Printed by John Wilson and Son at the University Press in Cambridge, U.S.A.' Is this to be a common result of the American Copyright Act? Are English publishers, in order to save the expense of double printing, going habitually to have their books set up in America?"

The *Standard* critic is much of the same mind. He thinks that the late Mr. Morris's prose romances are very hard to classify: he would call them "affectations, fumes, literary *bric-a-brac*." The anachronisms in the story are acutely dealt with, regard being had to the fact that the story is put into the mouth of a friar of Abingdon:

"At p. 6 we read that 'there was no

great man amongst them, neither king, nor earl, nor alderman.' The terms give a date at once, which is not seriously disturbed by words like 'kenspeckle,' 'graithly,' 'birdalone,' nor by such surnames as Wulfgrinsson and Thomason. All this is near enough for romance. But at p. 76 we find 'bever' used for meat and drink, a good fourteenth-century word, but of very ill-accord with the others; soon afterwards we have a baron to fit in with our alderman as best we may; he is 'preux,' this baron. We read of 'rascaile' used collectively of the 'Aunturs of King Arthur and Sir Gawaine'; more than all, at p. 359, we come plump upon a House of Friars! Now, to speak of friars is to speak of a date as certain as that of the Diamond Jubilee. There were assuredly no aldermen when the Minorites landed in England. Of course, Mr. Morris, in his pose of fourteenth-century clerk, might anachronise to any extent; he might throw friars back as far as he chose; but then he should not drag Anglo-Saxon terms (which the fourteenth-century could not know) forward to meet them. Sir Walter Scott introduced a friar into *Ivanhoe* at an age when friars were not; and he talked in the *Fair Maid of Perth* of 'evening mass'; but Sir Walter never tried to be a mediæval clerk. He was himself, wrote his own language, and became immortal. This also is just what Chaucer did, and this Mr. Morris did when for once he wrote *News from Nowhere*, and succeeded in being far more truly of Chaucer's company than ever before or since."

The critic of the *Outlook* philosophises on Mr. Morris's mission as a writer of Early English as follows:

"To know why this book is penned so curiously, you have to learn that there was once a period when the English people had Latinised their language into dulness; and (with that swing of the pendulum by which all things are worked among the violent and incontinent sons of men) there forthwith arose a number of young writers who discovered that Saxon was pictorial, and went headlong to Saxonise the language, and thrust out Latin with a pitchfork. Amongst these wielders of the pitchfork none was more eager than Mr. Morris, none so uncompromising with the evil thing, nor so sedulous in setting his gardens with slips from Early English. For a time the movement triumphed exceedingly, to the great ultimate good of our tongue; simple and Saxon English was preached to the young *littérateur*—even by *Tit-Bits*—while the extremer spirits began to write something as near Early English as gods and publishers would stand. Alas! *tamen usque recurret!* And this is why this waif of the Saxon movement comes like a last year's leaf into a day which knows it not—a relic of the day when *les jeunes* were Saxonising, in a day when *les jeunes* are Latinising and the pendulum is swinging slowly and surely to the other side again. For *les jeunes* are always on the side of depressed causes, and we have to redress the balance by bearing the Latin standard, because they advanced too exterminatingly the Saxon standard. It is a strange lesson on the durability of schools and movements, this book. Even Rossetti scarce remained faithful to the cause in its sternness; witness the elaborate Latinisms of his sonnets. But Mr. Morris, no less an Abdiel in literature than Mr. Holman Hunt in painting, even from the grave sends forth this testimony to a cause lost through the extremity of its triumph; being dead, he yet speaketh—Early English. It is so short a while ago that movement, yet already we have to be reminded why he talks this tongue."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic once more indulges in good-natured mimicry of the author's Saxon:

"The book, though not by any means the noblest piece of the Master's work, is a worthy conclusion to it. The story is much clearer and more direct than the *Wondrous Isles*, and it is entirely free from any puzzling suggestions of allegory of which that romance had plenty. At the same time, it loses perhaps in the sense of mystery which fairy romance demands. There is nothing really unked or henspeckle about it; and furthermore, we had liefer be in love with Birdalone of the *Isles* than with Elfhild, gracious and loving though she is. The story is indeed the life of a man, as the *Isles* was of a woman, and as such there is little to wyte in it. For in sooth if one called it a right good book, us seemeth he were not over big-wordy, and we should yeasay him. Moreover, if some humble clerk at the hour of bever goes to a cheaping-shop, and louting low to the drudgling giveth him the sele of the day, and asketh for this book, nor is debt-tough but draweth from his pouch the half of one silver mark, we do him to wit that belike he will make good catch; for it is the Master's voidee-cup."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 14.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

ORDER OF DIVINE SERVICE FOR PALM SUNDAY, ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. London and Leamington Art and Book Co.

PILATE'S GIFT, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Right Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D. Religious Tract Society. 5s.

THE SERVICE OF THE MASS IN THE GREEK AND ROMAN CHURCHES. By the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., Ph.D. The Religious Tract Society. 1s.

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES: THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH, CHAPTERS XL.—LXVI. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. Skinner, D.D. Cambridge University Press. 4s.

HYMNS FROM EAST AND WEST: BEING TRANSLATIONS FROM THE POETRY OF THE LATIN AND GREEK CHURCHES, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By the Rev. John Brownlie. James Nisbet & Co.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND EL ISLAM. By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Edited, with a Preface and Brief Notes, by W. Wilkins. Hutchinson & Co.

SYRIA AND EGYPT FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA LETTERS. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM MOON AND HIS WORK FOR THE BLIND. By John Rutherford. Hodder & Stoughton.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

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NOTES ON OBSERVATIONS: BEING AN OUTLINE OF THE METHODS USED FOR DETERMINING THE MEANING AND VALUE OF QUANTITATIVE OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY, AND FOR REDUCING THE RESULTS OBTAINED. By Sydney Lupton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FORMATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF RICHES. By Turgot, 1770. The Macmillan Co. 3s.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL. By T. A. Cheetham, F.C.S. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

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### NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE JEALOUSIES OF A COUNTRY TOWN (LES RIVALITÉS). By H. de Balzac. Translated by Ellen Marriage. With a Preface by George Saintsbury. J. M. Dent & Co.

THE FROZEN PIRATE. By W. Clark Russell. Sampson Low. 6d.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA: REVISED LISTS OF ANTIQUARIAN REMAINS IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY. Vol. VIII. THE QUEEN'S EMPIRE: A PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE RECORD. Vol. I. Cassell & Co. 9s.

THROUGH PERSIA ON A SIDE-SADDLE. By Ella C. Sykes. A. D. Innes & Co.

### EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: A HISTORY OF ROME. By W. F. Mason, M.A., and W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: LUCRETIUS; PINDAR. (Cheap re-issue.) 1s. each.

### JUVENILE.

BULBS AND BLOSSOMS. By Amy Le Feuvre. Religious Tract Society.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRAND TACTICS OF CHESS: AN EXPOSITION OF THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF CHESS STRATEGICS. By Franklin K. Young. Roberts Brothers (Boston, U.S.A.).

THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT: A PAPER BY HUOH BONNER, CHIEF OFFICER. C. & E. Layton. 1s.

EGYPTIAN SELF-TAUGHT (ARABIC): WITH ENGLISH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION. By C. A. Thimm, F.R.G.S. E. Marlborough & Co. 2s.

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## REVIEWS.

## A WOMAN AND BURNS.

*Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop.* Correspondence now Published in Full for the First Time. With Elucidations by William Wallace. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WE congratulate Mr. Wallace, at any rate, on his creative use of language. To have subscribed himself editor of this correspondence would have been a hackneyed and waybeaten mode; but as its elucidator he makes his bow before the curtain with a decided novelty and swagger. In one respect his commentary answers the title: it is brief and businesslike, avoiding the amplitude to which the modern editor is given, and needing the *verve* of Mr. Henley to render fascinating.

But there our praise must mainly end. The letter of Mr. Ewing (librarian of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow), in the *Scotsman* of March 31, has established, we fear, numerous sins of omission and commission against Mr. Wallace. He is convicted of several errors in bibliographical statement—one particularly, in which he has undertaken to correct the editors of the *Centenary Burns* with more zeal than prudence. What is worse, though in his preface he loses no chance of gibing at the *Centenary* editors, he is shown by Mr. Ewing calmly to have adopted the results of their labours without a word of acknowledgment. The correspondence was placed in the hands of those editors, who not only paved the way for the present publication by calling attention to it after it had been forgotten, but drew on it largely for their edition of Burns, both in notes, we believe, and text: yet Mr. Wallace writes as if he were the first to make use of its valuable new matter in regard to early draughts of poems and bibliographical detail. A still heavier sin is that it is *not* "published in full." The source on which both he and the *Centenary* editors have drawn is the Lochryan MSS. now in America. From these he has, indeed, tolerably completed Mrs. Dunlop's letters. But of Burns only four new letters are given, though many (Mr. Ewing shows) still remain to be found,

and are quite possible to search for. Finally, with the exception of these four, none of Burns's letters—Mr. Ewing avers—are given more completely than when they were published, twenty years ago, by Scott Douglas.

Still, there is considerable gain in having this correspondence for the first time even so far complete. It sheds light on several points of Burns's bibliography, and gives us a detailed picture of the most disinterested among Burns's numerous connexions with women. Mrs. Dunlop is by far the most presentable of his female correspondents. The dreary specimens we have hitherto had of the poet's *inamoratas* have created an anticipatory shudder at the forthcoming of a new batch of letters between the Scots Bard and any of the Scots Bard's feminine admirers. Happily, in the first place, Mrs. Dunlop was not an *inamorata*. She was a staunch and tender friend. There is none of the stilted sentimentality which has already sickened us in the egregious Maclehose; the lady does not pule as "Clarinda," the Bard does not rant as "Sylvander." It is honest Robert Burns and Frances Dunlop. And good reason; the lady was in her sixties, complains of her deafness, confesses incipient blindness. The more to Burns's credit—it is a new light on his character that he could maintain a loyal and affectionate correspondence with a woman old enough to be his mother, who could appeal neither to his senses nor even community of age. At first, while Burns is in the heyday of his early Edinburgh triumph, there is more than a suspicion that the warmth is on the lady's side. But he returns to his Ayrshire home, the fine friends forget him, as fine friends forget a new toy which is no more a new toy, and is also a toy out of sight; and then he opens his heart to the lady who is unforgetful. His letters grow long, habitual, confidential, affectionate; and the connexion endures to within eighteen months of his death. Why it gave way then must be sought, we think, to some extent in a review of Mrs. Dunlop's character.

The main interest of this book lies, to our mind, in her letters. Beyond the pleasing picture of affection, constancy, and forbearance towards a lady so advanced in years, there is no particular addition to our knowledge of the poet in Burns's letters. Nor are her letters brilliant: not very witty, not very cultivated, not models of style, not very wise. But they are the untutored display of a character; a character clamantly feminine, belonging to a marked order, such as we may any of us meet, regard, love, and smile at in our life-experience. They are human, and touch the human in us after a fashion rare in that eighteenth century. It is a type sufficiently frequent, as we have said. A woman warm-hearted, voluble, clinging, exacting, with bridling vanity (yet a vanity frank and forgivable), impulsive, wanting tact (yet by flashes and fits tactful), half-read, with half-taste (yet firmly convinced of her judgment), at once uneasily fearful of her deficiencies and comfortably self-complacent. A harmony of incongruities lovable withal, and often maternally wise towards her way-

ward poet; being by no means a fool, nor by any means a sage.

And all this is set in a situation which Englishmen have agreed to think ridiculous: the situation of an elderly woman retaining a youthful heart, and fixing an engrossing affection on a young man. It is a standing dish for laughter in Mr. Gilbert's operas; and the English public laughs *con amore* at every jeer. We fail to find it ridiculous, though we find it abundantly piteous. The youthfulness of her letters is remarkable; their playfulness, their warmth, their quite girlish sentiment and sentimentality. She writes perpetually, at the most garrulous length; she demands perpetual answers; she tortures herself if the poet lets a month pass without an answer; nay, when she can find no misery on that score, she torments herself because he does not complain and expostulate if she leaves him without a letter! Does it mean that he is indifferent to her letters? He once published a poetical address to her. Thenceforward she is continually pluming herself on it, with childlike openness; and now and again hints ("hint" is too weak a word!) that she thinks it full time for another. With her insatiable exactingness, one may lawfully surmise that the poor poet found her at times d—d troublesome! She lectures him very deservedly on his indecencies; with wisdom and independence, but with little of the tact necessary for so touchy and independent a man. The climax comes when she impetuously charges with indelicacy "Tam o' Shanter." Burns evidently resents it bitterly. He ceases to write. Thereupon she sends him a note on a scrap of paper; a lovely example of the offended female icily marking her displeasure, yet secretly and tentatively fishing for a reconciliation, on the verge of climbing down, but trying whether an assumption of dignity will enable her to escape without it: a note all in the frigid third person, "Mrs. Dunlop," and "Mr. Burns," with a variety of other beautifully characteristic touches. Burns forgives her the climbing down, responding with a brief note in which the friendliness is an obvious effort. But then he falls silent again; and finally she virtually does climb down, in a letter imploring him to write, and torturing herself in wonted manner. When we consider that Burns himself was a by no means immaculate man; and that the lady heard more evil of him than good, it is little cause for wonder, between the woman's exactions and the man's faults, if there was a breach at the last. There is much cause for wonder that the breach was postponed to the very end of the poet's life.

We have said enough to show that this book is worth reading by those to whom human nature is always fraternally interesting. Mrs. Dunlop's style is ungrammatical, disjointed, impetuously piled up to a degree. But this very deficiency is itself characteristic and harmonious, and to the lover of flesh and blood letter-writing has its own charm of nature. And many things shall be forgiven to her and Burns, because she is not Clarinda, and he is not Sylvander.

As for Burns's own letters, we hardly find them an interesting picture of the poet.

They are sentimental, sentimental as his beloved "Man of Feeling," Henry Mackenzie; there is far too much rant about "manly independence," and discontented railing on the rich in the best Hyde Park manner. Mr. Wallace quotes a certain "defence" of the "practice of making Fescennine verse." It amounts to a statement that such things are the thoughtless product of men's convivial hours, and should not be repeated to women. Weak enough, surely, seeing that Burns not only deliberately published such verse in a book circulating among all sorts and conditions of men—and women—but obstinately refused to omit them from a second edition at the lady's request—nay, even flung in a few extra, by way of makeweight! Burns himself would hardly have styled this feeble palliation a "defence." And he would certainly have scorned Mr. Wallace's manner of seeming to abate the offence by a disingenuous euphemism. When a blackguard scrawls obscene lines on a public place we call it indecent rhyme; when a poet scrawls licentious lines on a public page we call it, forsooth, "Fescennine verse!" Burns himself, who, at any rate, like Dryden, was no hypocrite, called his performances in this sort by a very plain name, which would shock Mr. Wallace's Burnsian delicacy if we repeated it. Mr. Wallace also mentions a letter by which, it appears, the poet disposes in advance of the modern view that he was "a lewd peasant of genius." We confess our unassisted dulness has not been able to identify the letter intended.

As to the question of whether, and why, Mrs. Dunlop deserted Burns, we have already implied our opinion, which is not Mr. Wallace's. It is plain to us that she did, and the reason obvious from the internal evidence of the letters themselves. Her exactingness, her Sahara of words (her letters are of enormous length), her failures in tact, wearied the poet. His letters fell off; she tore her hair, implored, humbled herself, in vain. At last he sends a brief apology, with a poem. Bitterly offended, she takes most feminine revenge by criticising the poem in such a purposefully irritating fashion as might sting a meeker poet than Burns. Result, another long silence. Thereafter the lady's own letters begin to languish, while Burns still offends by silence, and she comments on it with every sign of hurt dignity. She goes to London, and her previous remark is very curious. She observes that few of her friends have returned from London the friends they were before, and wonders whether such will be the case with her. She immediately rebuts the idea; yet—was she already meditating the end? In any case, so it happened. She writes from London one by no means fervid letter, and then ceases. Burns writes, assumes too late the attitude of remonstrance and regretful suit on *his* side; but she answers not. He had wounded her pride, bitterly scarified her vanity; and she would not have been the woman she clearly was if she had not rejoiced to inflict on the poet what he had inflicted on her—and with feminine interest. Moreover, she was now among a fresh circle and fresh interests, no longer so

dependent on Burns's letters as when she was in a Scotch country district. London buried what was really dead before. As for Burns's previous neglect, in addition to the reasons mentioned, he was full of anxiety, trouble, depression, and whiskey—and he was a poet. Is it not enough? Let those answer who know something of poets and anything of women.

#### PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE JEWS.

*The Jew, the Gypsy, and el Islam.* By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson.)

THE late Sir Richard Burton was like that Synesius whom Charles Kingsley describes as combining a strong practical faculty with a very muddy speculative one, and especially proud of his weakest side. Gifted with a force of character which enabled him to dominate Orientals as a shepherd-dog rules sheep, with a perhaps unequalled readiness of resource, and with a vast colloquial knowledge of most living languages, he yet often turned aside from the adventures wherein his soul rejoiced to plunge into questions of doctrine or linguistics for which he was fitted neither by nature nor training. But such excursions into the unaccustomed are seldom profitable, and although Burton's indomitable will made him overcome in some measure the difficulties which attend the beginner, he brought to such studies a full share of the defects to which the Greeks thought all self-taught and late learners liable. In the three essays which make up the volume before us we find much hasty judgment, much misconception of evidence, much looseness of statement. Yet such is the charm of Burton's strong and original personality that it cannot be denied that they are extremely interesting.

Nowhere are Burton's limitations more clearly to be seen than in the essay on the Jew. One could not be in the essayist's company for two minutes without perceiving that the Jews were of all races the one with which he was least in sympathy. He despised alike their solid virtues and their squalid vices, and it is not therefore surprising to find him—*à propos* of their re-settlement in Palestine—thus including the whole nation in one sweeping condemnation:

"A people whose highest idea of religious existence are the superstitious sanctification of the Sabbath, the washing of hands, the blowing of ram's horns, the saving rite of circumcision, and the thousand external functions compensating for moral delinquencies, with Abraham sitting at the gate of Hell to keep it closed for Jews; a community which would declare marriage impossible to some twelve millions of Gentiles, forbid them the Sabbath, and sentence to death every 'stranger' reading an Old Testament; which would have all the Ger who are not idolaters without religion, whilst forbidding those whom it calls 'idolaters' (the Christians) to exercise the commonest feelings of humanity; which would degrade and insult one half of humanity, the weakest sex, and which would sanction slavery, and at the same time oppress and vilify its slaves by placing them on a level with oxen and asses; a faith which, abounding in heathen practices,

would encourage the study of the Black Art, would loosen every moral obligation, would grant dispensations to men's oaths, and would sanction the murder of the unlearned; a system of injustice, whose Sanhedrins, at once heathenish and unlawful, have distinguished themselves only for force and fraud, for superabundant self-conceit, for cold-blooded cruelty, and for unrelenting enmity to all human nature—such conditions, it is evident, are not calculated to create or to preserve national life. The civilised world would never endure the presence of a creed which says to man, 'Hate thy neighbour unless he be one of ye,' or of a code written in blood, not in ink, which visits the least infractions of the Rabbinical laws with exorcism and excommunication, with stoning and flogging to death. A year of such spectacles would more than suffice to excite the wrath and revenge of outraged humanity; the race, cruel, fierce, dogged, and desperate as in the days of Titus and Hadrian, would defend itself to the last; the result would be another siege and capture of Jerusalem, and the 'Chosen People' would once more be prostrate in their blood, and be stamped out of the Holy Land."

We do not go to Bois-Guilbert for the true character of Isaac of York, nor can we wonder that the Jews of Damascus, in which city Burton was consul at the time these lines were written, made things so unpleasant that Lord Granville was in some measure compelled to recall him.

This, however, would now matter little if Burton had known how to support his indictment by scientific proof; but this is exactly what he could not do. With the rapid glance of a man of action, he seized upon the facts as they presented themselves to his eye, and knew nothing of what he would doubtless have considered the tedious and useless labour of verification. Nearly the whole of his essay is inspired by an attack of Judæophobia brought on by his misconception of the rate at which he supposed the Jewish nation to be increasing. Yet his own book proves the negative. In 1853, we read, the Jews of Great Britain numbered 30,000, and in 1890 90,000. When we consider the vast Jewish immigration which recent events in Russia have poured in upon us, the greater part of this increase may appear to be due to immigration alone. In the same space of time, our whole population has leapt from twenty millions to thirty-three, so that the increase of the Jews has hardly kept pace with that of the rest of the inhabitants. Or, let us take the statement (probably much exaggerated) which Burton quotes from Dio Cassius, that nearly two millions of Jews perished in the wars against Trajan and Hadrian. This would suppose, by the usual rule, a population of twelve millions, while *Whitaker's Almanack* gives the total number of Jews now in the world at seven. It hardly needs Dr. Jacobs' recently collected evidence to prove that the Jews are both in fertility and bodily vigour inferior to the Western races.

Can we say anything better of Burton's evidence as to Jewish "ferocity"? In his chapter on the continuity of Jewish tradition, he gives a sort of calendar of Jewish outrages against Christians, from which we give a few excerpts:

"A.D. 1255.—Jappen, one of the chief Jews of Lincoln, and others of his faith, kidnapped a

lad eleven years old, beat him with rods, cut off his nose and upper lip, broke some of his teeth, and pierced his side.

A.D. 1336.—The Jews of Gustow, in Vandalia [Pomerania], insulted a Host.

A.D. 1348.—The Jews were accused of poisoning the wells and men, and of causing the plague which then devastated Europe. Many wereslain, and thousands driven away from Germany. . . .

A.D. 1518.—The Jews ill-treated consecrated Hosts, and murdered Christian children in the Electorate of Brandenburg.

A.D. 1811.—A Christian woman disappeared in the Jewish quarter of Aleppo.

A.D. 1839.—A flask of blood passed through the Custom-house of Beyrout."

And so on. Between 1518 and 1811 only one set of outrages is reported, in other cases there is nothing to connect the Jews with the crimes recorded by tradition; in yet others the author thinks it sufficient to observe that the Jews were rabbled or expelled on suspicion. Would even a modern atrocity-monger condemn on such evidence a people who have, after all, produced a Spinoza, a Herschell, and a Beaconsfield?

This apart, there is much in the essay which will be read with interest by the general reader, and which he would probably find a difficulty in obtaining elsewhere in so digestible a form. The account of the Sephardim, Ashkenazim, and other sects into which the Jews of the Holy Land are divided is most instructive, and, as Burton here gives us facts collected by himself, it is doubtless to be depended upon. It will, too, astonish many to find that the Talmud commands that all Gentiles found reading the Law of Moses should be put to death; that in it Jews are forbidden to speak well of Gentiles, or to make them presents; that alms given to God by Gentiles are "so many sins"; that it is the duty of the Jew to cheat and rob the Gentile, "when not in fear of the authorities"; and that a Jewish physician is recommended to treat Gentile patients only for practice, and to kill them if possible. It is true that such ordinances were, for the most part, the *dicta* of the Rabbis of Jabneh at a time when they were smarting under the hooks and scourges of Hadrian, and that they receive the same regard from modern Jews as the Levitical Law does from ourselves; but the fact that they should ever have been drawn up at all goes far to justify Tacitus' theory that the Jew of his time was "the enemy of the human race."

We do not propose to dwell long upon the essay on the Gypsy, which arose, curiously enough, out of a controversy in the ACADEMY of 1875-1876 between Burton and M. Paul Bataillard as to which of the two had been the first to point out the resemblance—they each called it the identity—of the Gypsies with the Jats of India. Burton was as fluent in Romany as in most tongues, and was even thought by his wife, with the faith in the unproven common to the Burton household, to have gypsy blood in his own veins. His theories about the gypsies would, therefore, be entitled to much respect, but we look in vain here for information about gypsy magic and the like which is not taken from earlier writers. In the one exception to this that we have discovered—to wit, his statement that gypsy

chiromancy is the same as that in use all over the world—he is in direct conflict with the late Lord Lytton, who in his youth spent nine months in a gypsy encampment, and declared that the whole system of gypsy divination differed in every respect from that practised by more civilised "occultists."

And so we come to the essay on el Islam, written immediately after Burton's daring pilgrimage to Mecca, and, therefore, considerably earlier than those which precede it in the book. Burton's admiration of Islam is well known, and he here gives reason for it:

"The recurring purpose which runs through the world is chiefly manifested by the higher esteem in which man holds man. David made him little lower than the angels. Christianity, a system of ascetism, confirms this estimate. We are fallen beings, fallen not through our own fault; condemned to eternal death, not by our own demerits; ransomed by a Divine Being not through our own merits. El Islam, on the contrary, raised men from this debased status, and with the sound good sense which characterises the creed, inspired and raised him in the scale of creation by teaching him the dignity of human nature."

Yet he confesses that Islam has found itself powerless against Western races; and while he praises the wise rule which compels every Moslem, whether preacher or layman, to live by "some honest secular calling" (even the Sultan, he says, makes and sells toothpicks), he has no condemnation for the fanaticism, the cruelty, and the hatred of learning which has too often accompanied its propagation. Perhaps he saw in these last but the innate defects of the Semitic race, in which he was not, it may be, far wrong. How he would have enjoyed the smashing of the Mahdi!

Thus we leave with regret a book which, although in no sense a contribution to science, is yet a fitting memorial of one of the most wonderful men of our century. Though the essays are well printed, we are afraid that we cannot congratulate Mr. Wilkins on his editing. Burton was no academic scholar, but he would never have written "*passima*" for "*pessima*," "*didascalica*" for "*didascalica*," nor "*Helispotes*" for "*Heliopolis*." Neither would he have called the Spanish minister *Mendizalel*, nor have spoken of the gypsies as making road-signs out of fur-twigs. Mr. Wilkins also makes the statement that Anna Commena was "Empress of Constantinople"—a mistake from which a perusal of *Count Robert of Paris* might have saved him.

#### MR. WYNDHAM'S SHAKESPEARE.

*The Poems of Shakespeare.* Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Wyndham. (Methuen.)

*Ecce iterum* the Sonnets! And with the Sonnets this time the too often neglected narrative poems. And not a mere essay, or study, or bellicose pamphlet, but a goodly volume, set forth in Messrs. Constable's best type, rich with Introduction and Text and

Notes, all the complete paraphernalia of the library edition. The book is pleasant to the eyes and light to the hand. Certainly no one could wish to read his Shakespeare in more desirable form. From Mr. Wyndham, after that admirable introduction to the "Tudor Translations" reprint of North's *Plutarch*, one is sure of honest workmanship and criticism at once thorough and fine. Nevertheless we must confess to approaching his edition with some trepidation. Under which king will this Bezonian serve? And whether it be Pembroke or Southampton, can he possibly have anything to say about the question which has not already been said, well said and said to iteration, either by Mr. Tyler on the one side, or by Mr. Sidney Lee on the other? It is distinctly relieving to find that the Personal Question does not loom so large in Mr. Wyndham's eyes as to hopelessly obscure the many more important issues which the Sonnets raise. On the contrary, he relegates it remorselessly to its proper place in the background:

"The controversy," he says, "has its own interest; but that interest, I submit, is alien from, and even antagonistic to, an appreciation of lyrical excellence. I do not mean that the Sonnets are 'mere exercises' written to 'rival' or to 'parody' the efforts of other poets. Such curiosities of criticism are born of a nervous revulsion from conclusions reached by the more confident champions of a 'personal theory,' and their very eccentricity measures the amount of damage done, not by those who endeavour, laudably enough, to retrieve a great lost life, but by those who allow such attempts at biography to bias their consideration of poems which we possess intact. If, indeed, we must choose between critics who discover an autobiography in the Sonnets, and critics who find in them a train of poetic exhalations whose airy iridescence never reflects the passionate colours of this earth, then the first are preferable."

But given the fact of personal experience, of an intimate and passionate kind, underlying the composition of the poems, can we not be content with that? Would added details really help us to understand, when the experience has been so universalised, so idealised, by the poet's genius, so shot about with fancy and so shaped by the subtle operation of the speculative intellect, as to be almost cut away from the frail cords that bind it to earth?

"In Shakespeare's Poems, as in every great work of art, single experiences have been generalised, or, rather, merged in the passion which they rouse to a height and a pitch of sensitiveness immeasurable in contrast with its puny origins. The volume and intensity of an artist's passion have led many to believe that great artists speak for all mankind of joy and sorrow. But to great artists the bliss and martyrdom of man are of less import, so it seems, than to others. The griefs and tragedies that bulk so largely in the lives of the inept and the inarticulate are—so far as we may divine the secrets of an alien race—but a small part of the great artist's experience: hardly more, perhaps, than stimulants of his general sense of the whole world's infinite appeal to sensation and consciousness."

We do not quite go all the way with Mr. Wyndham. You cannot, after all, except by a dangerous abstraction, isolate the

personality of the artist from the personality of the man. Nor are artists really such a race apart as they are here represented; they have "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," as we have; their intuitions and idealisms, different in degree rather than in kind, slide insensibly into those of ordinary humanity. Whatever, then, vitally affects our conception of Shakespeare's personality is not insignificant for the study of his art. We cannot pretend to think that it does not matter whether the relations shadowed forth in the Sonnets were with a petty sensualist like Pembroke, or a man like Southampton, who, though often "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden," had at least his touches of heroism in him. We do not feel sure that Mr. Wyndham has quite appreciated the moral distance between the two men. Southampton braved disgrace by marrying Elizabeth Vernon in defiance of the queen. Pembroke had a secret intrigue with Mary Fitton. Trouble ensued. She whined to him to marry her; and he refused. A sordid story enough! Yet Mr. Wyndham, apparently under the influence of the "gospel of strength," merely comments, "In truth 'twas a dare-devil age of large morals and high spirits."

Surely, then, the Personal Question is not unimportant, although we believe it to be insoluble, or, at least, unsolved. Nevertheless, like Mr. Wyndham, we are a little weary of it; we feel that it has bulked larger in the discussion of the Sonnets than it deserves, and we gladly acquiesce in Mr. Wyndham's decision not to treat it with any elaboration of detail. His own judgment is briefly given as follows. After assigning the composition of the Sonnets on general grounds to the years 1599-1602, he adds:

"Further confirmation of an almost decisive character has been adduced by Mr. Tyler. But I pass his arguments, since they are based, in part, on the assumption that the youth in question was William Herbert; and although Mr. Tyler would, as I think, win a verdict from any jury composed and deciding after the model of Scots procedure, his case is one which cannot be argued without the broaching of many issues outside the sphere of artistic appreciation."

In certain dissertations which find a place in his unusually full and interesting notes, Mr. Wyndham does, however, contribute something to the unravelling of one or two of the problems connected with the literary history of the Sonnets. He has taken the trouble to analyse the use of capital and italic letters in the First Quarto; and has come to the conclusion that this is not, as Mr. Sidney Lee seems to think, due to purely arbitrary whims on the part of the printer, but is rather based upon principles perfectly intelligible in their day, and now obsolete. And he has found a new clue for the dating of the Sonnets in the lines:

"From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud pite April (drest in all his trim)  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:  
That heauie Saturne laught and leapt with him."

This must mean, thinks Mr. Wyndham, that the planet Saturn was a conspicuous feature in the sky during the April referred

to, and he has astronomical authority for the statement that the only available years during which this could have been the case were 1601, 1602, and, possibly, 1600. The argument is ingenious, but not quite convincing. That other astronomical passage: "The mortall Moore hath her eclipse in-dur'de,"

Mr. Wyndham would explain by reference to an actual eclipse, that of May 24, 1603, for choice. "Mortall," he says, "can mean in deadly case." Possibly it can; but the obvious meaning of a "mortall Moore" is surely not an immortal planet, but a woman, and that woman Elizabeth. On the other hand, it cannot be Elizabeth's "death" that is referred to, for to "endure" an eclipse is precisely not to die. It is rather some sickness or notable but surmounted danger to State and throne that must be in question.

For the brief summary of Shakespeare's career contained in Mr. Wyndham's introduction we have nothing but praise; the section on the "Poetomachia," or war of the theatres, is particularly clear and good. But the golden merit of the book is in its sheer critical quality. Inevitable, in writing of Shakespeare, not to feel and say much that has been felt and said before; yet, with the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece" criticism has often dealt but perfunctorily, and we do not remember to have read anywhere quite such a fine analysis of their magnificent art as Mr. Wyndham gives us, an analysis rendered the more pleasurable by his own very acute sense of and control over the beauty of prose style. Let us take, for an example, what Mr. Wyndham says on the contrasting imagery of the two poems. Of the "Venus and Adonis"—

"The laughter and sorrow of the poem . . . are rendered by images, clean-cut as in antique gems, brilliantly enamelled as in mediæval chalices, numerous and interwoven as in Moorish arabesques; so that their incision, colour, and rapidity of development, apart even from the intricate melodies of the verbal medium in which they live, tax the faculty of artistic appreciation to a point at which it begins to participate in the asceticism of artistic creation."

Then, of the "Lucrece":

"If the 'Venus' be a pageant of gesture, the 'Lucrece' is a drama of emotion. You have the same wealth of imagery, but the images are no longer sun-lit and sharply defined. They seem, rather, created by the reflex action of a sleepless brain—as it were fantastic symbols shaped from the lying report of tired eyes staring into darkness; and they are no longer used to decorate the outward play of natural desire and reluctance, but to project the shadows of abnormal passion and acute mental distress. The poem is full of nameless terror, of 'ghastly shadows' and 'quick-shifting antics.'"

The treatment of the imagery, and the verbal melody of the Sonnets, is equally fine. And even finer is the discussion of certain large imaginative ideas which are the very root and centre of that acutely personal, and yet splendidly generalised, body of verse. In some passages of subtle and interpretative criticism Mr. Wyndham

shows the Sonnets "steeped in Renaissance Platonism," full of notions of Ideal Beauty, and of a Love and Constancy for which the terrene limitations of time and space have no longer their significance. He concludes with an eloquent passage, in which he sums up his theory of the relations of Shakespeare's art to the experience which served as its material:

"It matters nothing to Art that Titian may have painted his Venus from the Medici's wife: Antinous gave the world a Type of Beauty to be gazed at without a thought of Hadrian. But the case is not altered when the man who rejoices or suffers is also the man who labours and achieves. It matters nothing to Art that Luca Signorelli painted the corpse of his beloved son; and it is an open question if Dante loved, indeed, a living Beatrice. Works of perfect Art are the tombs in which artists lay to rest the passions they would fain make immortal. The more perfect their execution, the longer does the sepulchre endure, the sooner does the passion perish. Only where the hand has faltered do ghosts of love and anguish still complain. In the most of his Sonnets Shakespeare's hand does not falter. The wonder of them lies in the art of his poetry, not in the accidents of his life; and, within that art, not so much in his choice of poetic themes as in the wealth of his IMAGERY, which grows and shines and changes: above all, in the perfect execution of his VERBAL MELODY. That is the body of which his IMAGERY is the soul, and the two make one creation so beautiful that we are not concerned with anything but its beauty."

Mr. Wyndham impresses us as likely to take a high place in the ranks of contemporary criticism. He is not entirely emancipated from the domination of the paradox and the phrase; but he has a clear head and a stately way of expressing himself; he is willing, in a hurried age, to write leisurely and serenely, out of an acquaintance with his subject which is far more than merely superficial; and, above all, he has shown that his studies and his enthusiasms are by preference directed to the best things.

#### MR. BINYON'S POEMS.

*Porphyryon: and Other Poems.* By Laurence Binyon. (Grant Richards.)

MR. LAURENCE BINYON has essayed a poem of greater compass than the modern versifier generally ventures to launch himself upon. *Porphyryon*, a narrative in five books, occupies some fifteen hundred lines. And this is in itself satisfactory. There is one glory of the lyric, and another of the epic, indeed; but an ambitious young poet is well advised not to shirk the challenge to his staying powers, which the effort of continuous composition implies. The idea of the poem, borrowed from Rufinus' *Historia Monachorum*, is briefly this. A young ascetic is visited in his desert cell by a vision of ideal beauty, which as suddenly quits him. He pursues her into the world, hoping once again to recover that rapture. But the cities yield her not, neither Antioch with its pomp of wanton luxury, nor the shock of arms in the breach of a beleaguered fortress. She who came in solitude may

not be found amid the greater solitude of the homes and haunts of men. Only in the agony of tragic death does the beatific vision gleam once more upon the exalted senses of the youth. In *Porphyriion* there are many things to charm, things delicately apprehended and delicately said, touches of a mind uncommonly sensitive to the glory and loveliness of the world. Certain passages linger in the memory; this description of the first faint perturbations in the lad's hermit soul:

"Now, at calm evening, the just-waving boughs

Of the lone tree began to trouble him:  
Almost he had arisen, following swift  
As after beckoning hands. Now every dawn  
At once disrobed him of tranquillity.  
Fever had taken him; and he was wrought  
Into perpetual strangeness, visited  
By rumours and bright hauntings from the world.

And now the noon intolerable grew:  
The very rock, hanging about him, seemed  
To listen for his footfall, and the stream  
Commented, whispering to the rushes. Ah,  
The little lizard, blinking in the sun,  
Was spying on his soul!"

Or again, this fine realisation of the moment when *Porphyriion* has surmounted the last mountain-ridge which bars him from the world, and stands looking through the night towards the great Syrian plain:

"When on the infinite horizon, lo!  
Sending an herald clearness, upward stole  
Tranquil and vast, over the world, the moon.

Delicately as when a sculptor charms  
The ignorant clay to liberate his dream,  
Out of the yielding dark with subtle ray  
And imperceptible touch she moulded hill  
And valley, beauteous undulation mild,  
Inlaid with silver estuary and stream,  
Until her solid world created shines  
Before her, and the hearts of men with peace,  
That is not theirs, disquiets: peopled now  
Is her dominion; she in far-off towns  
Has lighted clear a long-awaited lamp  
For many a lover, or set an end to toil,  
Or terribly invokes the brazen lip  
Of trumpets blown to Fate, where men  
besieged

For desperate sally buckle their bright arms.  
All these, that the cheered wanderer on his height

In fancy sees, the lover's secret kiss,  
The mirth-flushed faces thronging through  
the streets,

And ships upon the glimmering wave, and flowers

In sleeping gardens, and encounters fierce,  
And revellers with lifted cups, and men  
In prison bowed, that move not for their chains,

And sacred faces of the newly dead;  
All with a mystery of gentle light  
She visits, and in her deep charm includes."

Mr. Binyon has mastered many of the mysteries of modern blank verse, so soft and various with its artfully disposed accents and resolved feet and distributed pause. Yet we are bound to say that, for all its grace, the poem fails as a whole to stimulate or to satisfy. It lacks fibre, strenuousness, the dramatic instinct. The theme suggests its moments of tragedy, but the tragic handling is absent. The emotion does not thrill; it is without breadth and simplicity—above all, without strength of treatment. The very abundance of beauty in the poem

wars against its effectiveness; the outlines are blurred in indistinct prettiness; you cannot, so to speak, see the wood for the trees. To take an instance. *Porphyriion* bursts into a hall of revel at Antioch, and is enslaved by a woman, not her whom he sought. Mr. Binyon was bound to use the utmost resources of his art to make this woman vivid, convincing. Actually, of three women described, she is the least visualised, the least defined. The two women whom *Porphyriion* passes by allure more; and so the scene is robbed of its climax.

Our feeling as regards "*Porphyriion*" extends also to the other poems printed with it. We recognise the refinement, the scholarship, the poetic intention of all that Mr. Binyon writes. But there is so little of it that appears really inevitable, that impresses us with an immediate intuition of something necessary to be said. This, however, arrests us, as a more than usually authentic utterance:

#### "MAY EVENING.

So late the rustling shower was heard:  
Yet now the æry west is still.  
The wet leaves flash, and lightly stirred  
Great drops out of the lilac spill.  
Peacefully blown, the ashen clouds  
Uncertain height on height of sky.  
Here, as I wander, beauty crowds  
In freshness keen upon my eye.

Now the shorn turf a glowing green  
Takes in the mossy cedar's shade;  
And through the poplar's trembling screen  
Fires of the evening blush and fade.  
Each way my marvelling senses feel  
Swift odour, light, and luminous hue  
Of leaf and flower upon them steal:  
The songs of birds pierce my heart through.

The tulip clear, like yellow flame,  
Burns upward from the gloomy mould:  
As though for passion forth they came.  
Red hearts of peonies unfold:  
And perfumes tender, sweet, intense,  
Enter me, delicate as a blade.  
The lilac odour wounds my sense,  
Of the rich rose I am afraid."

That is felt; and it has atmosphere. Yet has not another written:

"The winds that in the garden toss  
The Guelder-roses give me pain,  
Alarm me with the dread of loss,  
Exhaust me with the dream of gain"?

Must we select another poem for especial mention, it should be "*Martha*"—a fantastic London tragedy, beautifully imagined and powerfully rendered, with precisely that directness, that grip of the essential and exclusion of the superfluous, the absence of which we have regretted in "*Porphyriion*."

#### AN OBSERVER IN MALAY.

*Studies in Brown Humanity.* By Hugh Clifford. (Grant Richards.)

IN his new volume, Mr. Clifford, at the beginning of the sketch entitled "*At the Heels of White Man*," expresses his anxiety as to the state of England's account in the Day-book of the Recording Angel "for the

good and the bad we have done—both with the most excellent intentions." The intentions will, no doubt, count for something, though, of course, every nation's conquests are paved with good intentions; or it may be that the Recording Angel, looking compassionately at the strife of hearts, may disdain to enter into the Eternal Book the facts of a struggle which has the reward of its righteousness even on this earth—in victory and lasting greatness, or in defeat and humiliation.

And, also, love will count for much. If the opinion of a looker-on from afar is worth anything, Mr. Clifford's anxiety about his country's record is needless. To the Malays whom he governs, instructs, and guides he is the embodiment of the intentions, of the conscience and might of his race. And of all the nations conquering distant territories in the name of the most excellent intentions, England alone sends out men who, with such a transparent sincerity of feeling, can speak, as Mr. Clifford does, of the place of toil and exile as "the land which is very dear to me, where the best years of my life have been spent"—and where (I would stake my right hand on it) his name is pronounced with respect and affection by those brown men about whom he writes.

All these studies are on a high level of interest, though not all on the same level. The descriptive chapters, results of personal observation, seem to me the most interesting. And, indeed, in a book of this kind it is the author's personality which awakens the greatest interest; it shapes itself before one in the ring of sentences, it is seen between the lines—like the progress of a traveller in the jungle that may be traced by the sound of the *parang* chopping the swaying creepers, while the man himself is glimpsed, now and then, indistinct and passing between the trees. Thus in his very vagueness of appearance, the writer seen through the leaves of his book becomes a fascinating companion in a land of fascination.

It is when dealing with the aspects of nature that Mr. Clifford is most convincing. He looks upon them lovingly, for the land is "very dear to him," and he records his cherished impressions so that the forest, the great flood, the jungle, the rapid river, and the menacing rock dwell in the memory of the reader long after the book is closed. He does not say anything, in so many words, of his affection for those who live amid the scenes he describes so well, but his humanity is large enough to pardon us if we suspect him of such a rare weakness. In his preface he expresses his regret at not having the gifts (whatever they may be) of the kailyard school, or—looking up to a very different plane—the genius of Mr. Barrie. He has, however, gifts of his own, and his genius has served his country and his fortunes in another direction. Yet it is when attempting what he professes himself unable to do, in telling us the simple story of *Umat* the punkah-puller, with unaffected simplicity and with half-concealed tenderness, that he comes nearest to artistic achievement.

Each study in this volume presents some idea, illustrated by a fact told without

artifice, but with an effective sureness of knowledge. The story of Tukang Burok's love, related in the old man's own words, conveys the very breath of Malay thought and speech. In "His Little Bill" the coolie, Lim Teng Wah, facing his debtor, stands very distinct before us, an insignificant and tragic victim of fate with whom he had quarrelled to the death over a matter of seven dollars and sixty-eight cents. The story of the "Schooner with a Past" may be heard, from the Straits eastward, with many variations. Out in the Pacific the schooner becomes a cutter, and the pearl-divers are replaced by the Black-birds of the Labour Trade. But Mr. Clifford's variation is very good. There is a passage in it—a trifle—just the diver as seen coming up from the depths, that in its dozen lines or so attains to distinct artistic value. And, scattered through the book, there are many other passages of almost equal descriptive excellence.

Nevertheless, to apply artistic standards to this book would be a fundamental error in appreciation. Like faith, enthusiasm, or heroism, art veils part of the truth of life to make the rest appear more splendid, inspiring, or sinister. And this book is only truth, interesting and futile, truth unadorned, simple and straightforward. The Resident of Pahang has the devoted friendship of Umat, the punkah-puller, he has an individual faculty of vision, a large sympathy, and the scrupulous consciousness of the good and evil in his hands. He may well rest content with such gifts. One cannot expect to be, at the same time, a ruler of men and an irreproachable player on the flute.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Points of View, and Other Poems.* By G. Colmore. (Gay & Bird.)

"THESE soliloquies," says the author, "deal mostly with one particular moral offence considered from the stand-points of those who sin and those who sit in judgment." They do; and, which is worse, they deal with this offence not tragically, but casuistically, in the fashion for which Browning will have to answer at the last day. They are less poems than studies in ethical pathology. Mrs. Colmore muses in a garden:

"But my thoughts still circle, wheel-like,  
Round the thing I want to know,  
What the other women feel like  
When the paths they follow go  
From the sunlight of the hillside  
To the valley down below."

The theme is a thoroughly morbid one, and the quality of sheer poetic force displayed in the handling is not sufficient to raise it into the spheres of art. Nine-tenths of the matter is not fused or illumined at all. This is not poetry:

"For 'owever bad I seems,  
And 'owever much to blame,  
It's 'eavingly vot a woman dreams,  
Before she comes to shame."

No more is this:

"And later on I said I'd go  
And fetch my husband from his club,  
And drive him to a flower-show  
To see some bulbs he wants to grow,  
And some new foreign shrub."

It is not all quite as bald as this, but to this level it constantly tends to sink; and at the best the verse is rhetorical merely, untouched by beauty and vexing the spirit. We think it a pity, for Mrs. Colmore has shown in an earlier volume that she has an undeniable, if slender, lyric and elegiac gift.

*Egypt in the Nineteenth Century; or, Mehemet Ali and his Successors until the British Occupation of 1882.* By D. A. Cameron. (Smith, Elder.)

EGYPT is a land with a future. It is also a land about which, at the present moment, clusters a multitude of conflicting imperial interests of a very practical kind. Any book, therefore, which sets the mind of the every-day person upon the right line of outlook and retrospect is of importance. Such a book is Mr. Cameron's; for its straightforward arrangement, its clear method, its lucid style, and for the businesslike atmosphere of practical common sense which pervades it, it would not be easy to praise it overmuch. The story begins with the domination of that unique body the Mamelukes—but here are the landmarks as Mr. Cameron discerns them:

"... Nelson and Napoleon, Mehemet Ali's massacre of the Mamelukes, Ibrahim's victory at Konia, Napier at Acre; Waghorn's Overland Route, De Lesseps' Canal, the revolt of Arâbi, and Lord Wolseley's triumph at Tel-el-Kebir. These, again, cluster into one fact, the long struggle between England and France for the control of the Egyptian route to India."

And meanwhile what of the Egyptians, the legitimate owners of the soil? Through the story of rival claimants for sovereignty, told with the aplomb of the excited imperialist, the patriotic Briton, enthusiastic for law, order, and punctual dividends, you catch glimpses of a Helot race toiling first for one master then for another, drained of their life-blood to supply the luxury of the Mamelukes, digging canals with their fingernails to forward the ambition of Mehemet Ali, oppressed and despised by whoever for the moment might be their master—the sons of the men who, when Europe was sparsely inhabited by savage tribes and the Tartars were barbarous nomads, upreared the pyramids and read the skies.

*The Life of the Rev. James Morison, D.D. With Six Portraits.* By William Adamson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

PRINCIPAL MORISON was a favourable specimen of what is probably an almost extinct school of Scotch divines. He was a man of first-rate abilities, which he had cultivated strenuously; of spirituality, and he made of it a social force; of natural eloquence, and he used it to the highest ends he knew. So far as the wider questions of the century—indeed, so far as the great literature of the world was con-

cerned, he does not count. Fate cast his lot in a provincial sphere. His school was Edinburgh University in its darkest hour; his career was determined by circumstances and his own predilection: a Presbyterian pulpit and a place among the preachers of a secession from a sect. Within the narrow limits of such a career he gave evidence of magnanimity. He set himself early to work to modify the more tigerish aspect of Calvin's doctrine of election, and manfully stood to his guns when he was arraigned before the assembly of his peers, and was formally excommunicated. But he was probably the one man of first-rate ability among them, and by his ejection the outcast gained rather than lost. A useful and honourable career came to an end in 1893. Here are the last words of Mr. Gladstone's oration on the occasion of his funeral:

"Our hearts are sore with sense of loss, and sometimes we think it cannot be that he has gone, and that we shall never hear his gentle word or see his kindly face again on earth. Yet as we recall alike his life and death, his warfare and his victory, his splendid service here and his rest now with Christ, we, looking up to his Lord and ours, sum up all we think and all we feel in the one word—Hallelujah."

Dr. Adamson has done his work admirably. The most indifferent reader will hardly fail to catch the contagion of his earnestness and enthusiasm.

*Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major-General, United States Volunteers, 1820-1887.* By his Son, Walter George Smith. (Putnam's Sons.)

GENERAL SMITH was a busy man, an enthusiastic soldier, and from his youth upwards accustomed to do things on a large scale. Especially was he accustomed during the evil days and nights of the Civil War to write to his mother, his wife, and his other friends and relatives at a length which fills the thoughtful reviewer with astonishment. Everything he had to say was necessarily of interest. He was in the thick of things, he was no end of an excellent officer; but he was cursed by fate with a pen of electrical agility, and a style that scintillated with the cheapest glitter of colonial rhetoric. Here is a passage taken quite by hazard; it occurs in a familiar letter written to his mother:

"The North-western Indians are up in arms to renew the massacres that chilled us with horror in the annals of the early pioneers. Again is the reeking scalp torn from the living victim's head. Again is the unborn child torn quivering from its mother's womb, and cast quivering upon her pulseless heart; again is the torch applied to the settler's cabin, the forts and blockhouse besieged by the ruthless savage, the tomahawk and rifle ever busied in their murderous work."

However, Mr. Smith has been well advised in publishing these letters. They furnish valuable landmarks of the course of events, they abound in interesting touches to illustrate the characters of men prominent in affairs, and between their lines may be discerned the notes of a strong and amiable character.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE DESTROYER.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

This remarkable book, the third novel by the author of *Nancy Noon* and *The Tormentor*, is dedicated to Maurice Maeterlinck in these words: "Sir, I offer these rude Northern chapters, not because they are fit to be offered, but because even a rude gift may be allowed to express a sincere admiration." Here is a fragment of dialogue which explains the title of this powerful study. A girl (later she marries a wreck of a man who goes mad on his wedding night) has asked Dr. Bode, who owns a private asylum, "what mostly helps to fill a place like this?"

"Ah, what interest have you in that?"

"I'm not a baby, and I don't shudder like mamma."

"I'm glad, then," he said. "Your sex is generally cowardly in face of scientific truths. . . . It's the war god who most fills our home here."

"The war god?"

"Yes. There are so many of them! But I mean Love. Love is a war god, not easy-going at all, as weak novelists make out, but terrible, he. Hundreds here are all shot through by his arrows."

"Love is a Destroyer, then?"

"Yes, he may become a Destroyer in two ways. I mean if you obey him to excess, and also if you *disobey* him altogether."

Mr. Swift has brain and a point of view. (T. Fisher Unwin. 266 pp. 6s.)

#### THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

In *The Quest of the Golden Girl* Mr. Le Gallienne was gay; here for the most part he is sad. The manner is, however, the same, the admixture of Prose Fancies, and human nature as he would like it to be; and there is the same appeal to the teens. The story tells of the Rev. Theophilus Londonderry, minister of New Zion Chapel, Coalchester, and his love for Jenny, his landlady's daughter, and after of the arrival of Isabel Strong, reciter, and his love for her. And once he kissed Isabel on the vestry stairs, and Jenny saw it, and straightway she sickened, and in time, after many chapters, died. Whereupon Theophilus Londonderry mourned for a while, and then found solace, first in a prima donna, and then in Isabel Strong once more; finally falling sick of consumption himself. And the end of it all was that Isabel opened a sealed packet and produced a phial containing a green liquid, and pouring some into two glasses of port, Theophilus and she each drank one, and thus passed away together. And "Whoso would say of these two lives, 'How sad!' let him consider the quality of his own happiness; and whoso would regard the life of Theophilus Londonderry as a failure, let him, too, consider the value of his own success." A juvenile book with some pretty writing in it. (John Lane. 297 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### MRS. DE LA RUE SMYTHE.

BY RICCARDO STEPHENS.

Mr. Anthony Hope having written the *Dolly Dialogues*, Mr. Stephens was stirred to produce this work—or so we imagine. The narrator of these conversations is one Dr. Tregenna, and the topics are diversified and very modern, such as Governesses and Simplicity, Duty and the Classes, Manners and the Masses. Here is a specimen: "'I am a firm believer,' Mrs. Smythe said, 'in Providence.' This generous admission, an unsolicited testimonial, would, I was sure, be of the greatest use to Providence, when applying for any situations where the highest references were required." The book weighs more than any work of frivolity ought to do, and the cover is disfigured by a positively atrocious design, which, on the evidence of the title-page, we learn to be the work of Mr. Charles Robinson. May there be some mistake! (Bliss, Sands & Co. 292 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LOST LAIRD.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK.

Another Jacobite story. The leaves in—where was it?—Vallombrosa did not fall thicklier than the glib products of historical romancers. "Some months had passed since the hopes of the Stuarts and of the Jacobites alike had been for ever extinguished on the fatal field of Culloden, though the Highland glens were still being scoured for rebels, and no one who valued his life and his liberty dare express sympathy with the hunted Prince." That is the beginning. And there's plenty of it to follow. Mr. Muddock is no believer in ellipses, he tells everything. (Digby & Long. 323 pp. 6s.)

#### HOW I DISHED THE DON.

BY JO VANNY.

A book with such a title should be popular just now in America. Mr. Jo Vanny tells his stories from the standpoint of a bagman. All are Spanish in character, the last a description of a bull fight in the historic present. There is a certain jauntiness in the book which may be found attractive by some. (Digby & Long. 236 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### MARS.

BY S. DARLING BARKER.

Mars is one of those heroines whom an author allows to smoke cigarettes, and talk slang, and do twenty "shocking" things under cover of the often-repeated adjectives "wayward," "original," "impulsive." When Lord Bewdley—proposing—says, "There is no reason why we should not hit it off together," Mars replies, "So we can; come into the forest and let us shy at bottles; it will do you more good than stumbling through this love-making." But there came a time when "most of the day was occupied with dressmakers." A pleasant, amusing, unimportant, love-story. (Hutchinson & Co. 340 pp. 6s.)

#### A GALAXY GIRL, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

The "Galaxy Girl," the first of these four stories, is a pleasant tale of a wicked baronet who fells his wife to the ground, killing her. He takes her body away in an actress's dress-basket and throws it into a well. The rest is detectives, and false accusation, and suicide. (W. Thacker & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

#### SEÑORITA MONTENAR.

BY ARCHER P. CROUCH.

A stirring romance of the War of Chilian Independence. The hero, John Wildash, an ex-lieutenant of the English navy, has been cashiered for striking a superior officer, but is now given a commission on the Chilian ship *O'Higgins*, which sails under Lord Cochrane against the frigates of Spain. There is plenty of fighting and adventure, and Wildash's love of a haughty Spanish girl is not so hopeless as it looks at first. (Smith, Elder & Co. 376 pp. 6s.)

#### UP FOR THE GREEN.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

A rattling story of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, by the author of *Golden Lads and Girls*. The author has founded several of his incidents on the personal recollections of one Samuel Riley, a Cork man, who was captured by the rebels while on his way to Dublin in September, 1798. There is the usual love match, uniting loyalist and rebel families. (Lawrence & Bullen. 327 pp. 6s.)

#### PAUL BECK.

BY M. McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C.

Paul Beck is described as "the rule-of-thumb detective," and we have here a number of smartly told stories of his exploits. These concern a diamond robbery, a murder by poisoning, a case of swindling at cards, and other crimes. Each story ends with a snap like this: "'I will hang the man,' interposed Mr. Beck with a touch of returning cheerfulness. And he did." (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 204 pp. 3s. 6d.)

BY VIRTUE OF HIS OFFICE.

This is the type of love-story in which the failure of two people to marry each other is compensated—after lifelong bitterness—by the marriage of their children. "His soul winged its way into the unknown land. . . . And so the two plighted their troth for ever." It is an old recipe, and it has been worked out here in the old way. (Jarrold & Sons. 317 pp. 3s. 6d.)

LADY JEZEBEL.

An unpleasant story laid in a lone fen country, where Mrs. Grant, or "Lady Jezebel," as the country side calls her, dwells under suspicion of having murdered two husbands. The first husband turns out to be alive and to be confined in her dreary "haunted" house—a leper. "Give me some brandy, I feel weak," says one of the characters on whom the duty falls of revealing the unholy mystery. The reader wants it too. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 267 pp. 6s.)

BY ROWLAND GREY.

The whole thing passed quickly and silently. Then Diego quietly lifted the twitching body from the chair, and placed it on the floor. 'Now we can divide more conveniently,' he said."

It is strong meat, but if such matters are to come into fiction, Mr. Waite's is a good way to introduce them.

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*A Soldier of Manhattan, and his Adventures at Ticonderoga and Quebec.*  
By Joseph A. Altsheler. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE home supply of historical novels is so large that we cannot see any reason why it should be reinforced from abroad—particularly if the novel is of indifferent quality. Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler, we take it, is a native of the United States of America, and his *Soldier of Manhattan* is of very indifferent quality indeed—nay, more, it may be justly described in common parlance as "pretty bad." His story covers about the same ground as Robert Louis Stevenson's fine ballad about Ticonderoga—like that it even introduces a Highland officer—and Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*, and by comparison even with the latter his performance is not worth mention. But there is a point of view from which it may well be taken note of, though only to be condemned. Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler would seem to have told his story for no other purpose than to prove that the American soldier was in those troublous times of George III. not only as good as the British, but "a darned sight" better—the which is supererogatory at this time of day, and altogether beside any purpose of art. There is a British officer named Culverhouse, who is clearly meant to be good-natured, stupid, conceited, and entirely typical of his country. Here is a passage concerning an adventure of a scouting party in the backwoods, of which Culverhouse is one, and Zebedee, a backwoods "boy," is another:

"We paused again by a little brook that whispered a song as it threw coils of silver over the pebbles.

'I suggest that we go no further,' said Culverhouse, as he gasped for breath. 'It is not becoming in an officer in His Majesty's service to fly thus from any danger at all, far less from any danger that he cannot see, and that he does not even know to exist.'

'The danger's real enough, I tell you,' said Zebedee. 'Them woods behind you are swarming with the Hurons, an' they mean to have us.'

'I suppose it's as you say,' said Culverhouse. 'I'm willing to admit I do not know much about this manner of making war.'

'What queer people these red fellows are!' said Culverhouse again, meditatively. 'And how they violate all the rules of war!' . . . 'And what a sanguinary desire they evince to obtain our scalps!' continued Culverhouse. He felt for his hair, which was very abundant, and then said ruefully to me, 'To think I should be threatened with such a fate. I, who have danced with a princess of the blood royal!'

There is a good deal more of such skimble-skamble stuff, which sets forth no possible person at all, but a creature of mere farce, and of farce with an animus.

\* \* \* \*

*Niobe.* By Jonas Lie.  
(W. Heinemann.)

## REVIEWS.

*Cross Trails.* By Victor Waite.  
(Methuen & Co.)

MR. WAITE is a stalwart recruit to the ranks of romance makers. We can say that at the outset emphatically and without qualification. He has a vigorous gift of narrative, and his sympathies are with action and mystery. Nature is not more careless of the single life than he. In the first few chapters of this very lengthy—too lengthy—story men die like flies, brained and poignarded and shot; yet every death is all in the reader's interest. The mortality is less frequent later in the book, but only because occasion does not demand it, not because Mr. Waite has repented. We are glad to say that such repentance is not in him.

As for the story itself, it is, for 180 pages, absorbing: to get the eyes from the paper requires a physical wrench; but at p. 181 the second part begins, and we have for ever left South America and its murderous Gauchos for the uninspiring sheep farms of New Zealand, and thenceforward the interest is partly submerged, and a man and woman of no value whatever to the main idea are introduced, and there are the beginnings of an injury to the seventh commandment, together with other unnecessary accessories; and a corresponding prolixity of style makes it possible for our eyes to leave the paper again and again of their own accord. The book, by the way, does not end until p. 456, so that there is some work in store for these eyes if they are conscientious.

The story is of three roving Englishmen in the Argentine, one of whom possesses a chart of hidden treasure, dating from the days of Drake's pursuit of the Spanish galleons. This paper is the objective of a Gaucho named Pedro Diaz: and how one of the Englishmen is killed in a magnificent fight against odds, and how the others escape, and how they quarrel and Edwards alone remains, and how he is followed hot foot, leaving murder continuously in his wake, until he at last escapes on board a Yankee skipper's ship and Pedro Diaz again possesses the chart, it is the business of Part 1 to relate, and Part 1 does so with splendid spirit and force; Part 2 shows the deterioration of Edwards and the subsequent search for treasure and frustration all round, and most heartily we wish it were better. Let us quote from Part 1 a cold-blooded scene:

"'Now to business,' the landlord said, when they had drunk. 'Certainly,' said Pedro, with a glance at Diego; 'we will proceed to business.'

He took from under his poncho a small roll of Argentine paper money and a heavy belt and flung them on the table. As he emptied out the glittering contents of the belt, the landlord's eyes sparkled more brightly than the gold, and he glanced cautiously at Pedro with an expectant expression.

'Is that window safe?' asked Diego. He rose to close the shutter. When he had made it fast, he had to pass behind the landlord's seat to go back to his own; as he did so, something glistened in his hand. With a swift movement he placed his left hand over the landlord's mouth and bent back his head, while, with the right, he drew the 'facou' quickly across the man's throat with an upward turn. There was a stifled cry and a gurgle.

*Niobe* is throughout reminiscent of Ibsen's last drama and there can be no longer any hesitation in adding Jonas Lie's name to the roll of Northern pessimists. In *Niobe* and in *John Gabriel Borkman* there is the same central idea of the utter unrelenting selfishness of mankind. Every character in the novel, as in the play, lives, moves, and has his being without the slightest regard for those around him. Moreover, both Borkman and Kjel (who might be called the hero of Lie's novel) are the victims of the same tragedy: speculation ruins both. It is against this modern spirit of speculation that Lie, who now always writes with a most clearly defined purpose, is preaching. He is no humorist—Schulteiss, who might have relieved the gloom somewhat, is a sorrowful and grotesque figure—and *Niobe* does not make pleasant reading by any means. It is, as it is evidently meant to be, "all tears." The last scene is rather too melodramatic, and just lacks the touch of the inevitable. Kjel, by his wild speculation, has killed his father and dragged the whole family into ruin. His mother

"stood as if paralysed—her face pale with despair. A shadow of madness came over her face.

She heard again the 'woe, woe'—long wailings in the air, like a supernatural shriek.

She saw Minka sitting talking, and striking out with her arms like an automatic puppet, distorted—creaking of emptiness.

And there was Endre, with no future before him, walking about preaching dynamite.

Then suddenly she saw Kjel before her with the convict's collar of iron round his neck.

Her rigid face became ashy grey, corpse-like, as she glided into the lumber-room.

She quietly searched among Arnt's things for his tin box with the dynamite cartridges, which he had hidden away, then seized the axe, and, with a wild cry of terror, struck the fatal blow. . . ."

No, *Niobe* is certainly not an exhilarating book.

\* \* \* \*

*A Departure from Tradition.* By Rosaline Masson.  
(Bliss, Sands & Co.)

THE title-story is the best. Authors of short stories do generally manage to put the best foot foremost in a volume. It is of a young wedded couple, whereof the grey mare considers herself, not without reason, the better horse, and proposes to her husband that he shall keep house while she pursues her studies in literature and science. Naturally he makes a hash of it, but, under the advice of an ingenious friend, proposes to replace all the servants by young and pretty lady-helps, thus bringing about a rapid reversion to the normal order of domestic things. The story borders on farce, but it is told with some humour.

"My wife got up. 'I am now going to my study, dear,' she said sweetly. 'I must ask you to see that I am not interrupted till luncheon.' At the door she turned and gave me one look.

I took down a list of all the things the cook wanted, and promised to telegraph to London for them. I told her there was a man there who got my cigars and everything for me, and he would see to it; but still I left her looking unsatisfied.

But the cook was not all. The housemaid waylaid me in the passage. She wanted to know about the thorough-cleaning, and if James (so his name wasn't William) was to blacken the boots. I said that certainly James was to blacken the boots: he seemed an idle fellow; and I told her I strongly objected to the process of thorough-cleaning, and would never sanction it. She might get up in the night, if she liked, and 'thorough-clean'; but the rooms were always to present their normal aspect during the day. Then I tried to escape; but the smart table-maid was waiting for me at the front door. She wanted to know about 'Sundays out,' and if James was to carry up her coals for her. I told her that I was sure James would carry anything she wanted, and that she must settle about her Sundays herself: I never interfered with people's religious observances. She was the only one who looked pleased."

The remaining contents of the book are unequal in merit: some of them are mere padding, and, what padding should not be, thin. "Not Tender, but True" has more matter in it than some of its fellows. A collier, grieving grimly for the loss of his first wife, is bidden by his master to take a second. He proposes to a widow, who relates the event:

"'Deed, ma'am, I never kent the man, the ill-faced chiel that he is! I canna mind that I ever spoke wi' him in all my life. And he came in and threw two rings on to my knee, and, says he, 'They're Annie's rings, ye can tak' them or leave them,' says he. 'Then I'll leave them!' says I, 'and will you please to leave me, John Forbes!' says I."

Miss Masson writes tolerably good English; but that is becoming really a common trick. How grateful should we be if some of these ready writers would but restrain their pens until they have made sure that there really is something that they want, and need, to say.

#### "MAINLY ABOUT MYSELF."

To the two volumes of his *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*, published this week, Mr. Bernard Shaw contributes lengthy and very readable prefaces. We shall notice these remarkable plays (seven in all) at length on another occasion: in the meantime we quote from one of the prefaces the following little essay in autobiography:

"There is an old saying that if a man has not fallen in love before forty, he had better not fall in love after. I long ago perceived that this rule applied to many other matters as well: for example, to the

writing of plays; and I made a rough memorandum for my own guidance that unless I could produce at least half a dozen plays before I was forty, I had better let playwriting alone. It was not so easy to comply with this provision as might be supposed. Not that I lacked the dramatist's gift. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and finding pretexts for theatrical scenes between them. But to obtain a livelihood by this insane gift I must have conjured so as to interest not only my own imagination, but that of at least some seventy or a hundred thousand contemporary London playgoers. To fulfil this condition was hopelessly out of my power. I had no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics. As an Irishman I could pretend to patriotism neither for the country I had abandoned nor the country that had ruined it. As a humane person I detested violence and slaughter, whether in war, sport, or the butcher's yard. I was a Socialist, detesting our anarchical scramble for money, and believing in equality as the only possible permanent basis of social organization, discipline, subordination, good manners, and selection of fit persons for high functions. Fashionable life, open on indulgent terms to unencumbered 'brilliant' persons, I could not endure, even if I had not feared its demoralizing effect on a character which required looking after as much as my own. I was neither a sceptic nor a cynic in these matters: I simply understood life differently from the average respectable man; and as I certainly enjoyed myself more—mostly in ways which would have made him unbearably miserable—I was not splenetic over our variance.

Judge, then, how impossible it was for me to write fiction that should delight the public. In my nonage I had tried to obtain a foothold in literature by writing novels, and had actually produced five long works in that form without getting further than an encouraging compliment or two from the most dignified of the London and American publishers, who unanimously declined to venture their capital upon me. Now it is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing, provided it is a novel at all, and not merely an ineptitude. It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing; but I doubt if this was the case with mine. I might indeed have consoled myself by saying with Whately, 'These silly people don't know their own silly business'; for when these novels of mine did subsequently blunder into type to fill up gaps in Socialist magazines financed by generous friends, one or two specimens took shallow root like weeds, and trip me up from time to time to this day. But I was convinced that the publishers' view was commercially sound by getting just then a clue to my real condition from a friend of mine, a physician who had devoted himself specially to ophthalmic surgery. He tested my eyesight one evening, and informed me that it was quite uninteresting to him because it was 'normal.' I naturally took this to mean that it was like everybody else's; but he rejected this construction as paradoxical, and hastened to explain to me that I was an exceptional and highly fortunate person optically, 'normal' sight conferring the power of seeing things accurately, and being enjoyed by only about ten per cent. of the population, the remaining ninety per cent. being abnormal. I immediately perceived the explanation of my want of success in fiction. My mind's eye, like my body's, was 'normal': it saw things differently from other people's eyes, and saw them better.

This revelation produced a considerable effect on me. At first it struck me that I might live by selling my works to the ten per cent. who were like myself; but a moment's reflection showed me that these must all be as penniless as I, and that we could not live by, so to speak, taking in one another's washing. How to earn daily bread by my pen was then the problem. Had I been a practical common-sense money-loving Englishman, the matter would have been easy enough: I should have put on a pair of abnormal spectacles and aberrated my vision to the liking of the ninety per cent. of potential bookbuyers. But I was so prodigiously self-satisfied with my superiority, so flattered by my abnormal normality, that the resource of hypocrisy never occurred to me. Better see rightly on a pound a week than squint on a million. The question was, how to get the pound a week. The matter, once I gave up writing novels, was not so very difficult. Every despot must have one disloyal subject to keep him sane. Even Louis the Eleventh had to tolerate his confessor, standing for the eternal against the temporal throne. Democracy has now handed the sceptre of the despot to the sovereign

people; but they, too, must have their confessor, whom they call Critic. Criticism is not only medicinally salutary: it has positive popular attractions in its cruelty, its gladiatorship, and the gratification given to envy by its attacks on the great, and to enthusiasm by its praises. It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not, and indeed for want of skill could not even if they durst. Its iconoclasms, seditious, and blasphemous, if well turned, tickle those whom they shock; so that the critic adds the privileges of the court jester to those of the confessor. Garrick, had he called Dr. Johnson Punch, would have spoken profoundly and wittingly; whereas Dr. Johnson, in hurling that epithet at him, was but picking up the cheapest sneer an actor is subject to.

It was as Punch, then, that I emerged from obscurity. All I had to do was to open my normal eyes, and with my utmost literary skill put the case exactly as it struck me, or describe the thing exactly as I saw it, to be applauded as the most humorously extravagant paradoxer in London. The only reproach with which I became familiar was the everlasting 'Why can you not be serious?' Soon my privileges were enormous and my wealth immense. I had a prominent place reserved for me on a prominent journal every week to say my say as if I were the most important person in the kingdom. My pleasing toil was to report upon all the works of fine art the capital of the world can attract to its exhibitions, its opera house, its concerts and its theatres. The classes eagerly read my essays: the masses patiently listened to my harangues. I enjoyed the immunities of impecuniosity with the opportunities of a millionaire. If ever there was a man without a grievance, I was that man.

But alas! the world grew younger as I grew older: its vision cleared as mine dimmed: it began to read with the naked eye the writing on the wall which now began to remind me that the age of spectacles was at hand. My opportunities were still there; nay, they multiplied tenfold; but the strength and youth to cope with them began to fail, and to need eking out with the shifty cunning of experience. I had to shirk the platform; to economize my health; even to take holidays. In my weekly columns, which I once filled full from a magic well that never ran dry or lost its sparkle provided I pumped hard enough, I began to repeat myself; to fall into a style which, to my great peril, was recognized as at least partly serious; to find the pump tiring me and the water lower in the well; and, worst symptom of all, to reflect with little tremors on the fact that my mystic wealth could not, like the money for which other men threw it away, be stored up against my second childhood. The younger generation, reared in an enlightenment unknown to my schooldays, came knocking at the door too: I glanced back at my old columns and realized that I had timidly botched at thirty what newer men do now with gay confidence in their cradles. I listened to their vigorous knocks with exultation for the race, with penurious alarm for my own old age. When I talked to this generation, it called me Mister, and with its frank, charming humanity, respected me as one who had done good work in my time. Mr. Pinero wrote a long play to shew that people of my age were on the shelf; and I laughed at him with the wrong side of my mouth.

It was at this bitter moment that my fellow citizens, who had previously repudiated all my offers of political service, contemptuously allowed me to become a vestryman—*me*, the author of *Widowers' Houses*! Then, like any other harmless useful creature, I took the first step rearward. Up to that fateful day I had never stopped pumping to spoon up the spilt drops of my well into bottles. Time enough for that when the well was empty. But now I listened to the voice of the publisher for the first time since he had refused to listen to mine. I turned over my articles again; but to serve up the weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty!—no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming before me as an agricultural labourer sees the workhouse. So I said 'I will begin with small sins: I will publish my plays.'

## APHORISMS AND EPIGRAMS.

### VIII.—Joubert.

"INSPIRE, but don't write," was Le Brun's maxim, and Joubert added: "This is what should be urged upon the professors of the present day. But they *will* write, and will not resemble the Muses." "Ah, well!" exclaimed Sainte-Beuve, after quoting them both, "he [Joubert] followed his own counsel. Among his friends he

was audience, orchestra, and conductor." Here are some of the literary maxims which earned for Joubert this praise from Sainte-Beuve:

Before employing a fine word, find a place for it.

Liquid, flowing words are the choicest and the best, if language is regarded as music. But when it is considered as a picture, then there are rough words which are very telling—they make their mark.

Every perfectly appropriate expression strikes a chord in the mind; and if the mind is satisfied, it cares little whether the ear be pleased.

Ideas never lack words: it is the words that lack ideas. As soon as an idea is fully perfected, the word discovers and presents itself, and clothes the idea.

With some writers the style grows out of the thoughts; with others the thoughts grow out of the style.

The art of saying well what one thinks, is different from the faculty of thinking. The latter may be very deep and lofty and far-reaching, while the former is altogether wanting. The gift of expression is not the same as that of conception: the first makes great writers, the second great minds. And, further, there are those who, while fully endowed with both qualities, cannot always give them play, and often find that the one acts without the other. How many people have a pen and no ink! How many others have pen and ink but no paper—no matter upon which to exercise their style!

Thoughts there are that need no embodying, no form, no expression. It is enough to hint at them vaguely: a word, and they are heard and seen.

Every author has his dictionary and his manner. He is fond of words of a certain tone and colour and form, of certain turns he gives his style, of a characteristic phraseology which has become customary to him. He has, in a measure, his own grammar, and pronunciation and *genre*, his own foibles and oddities.

All styles are good if only they are employed with taste. There are countless expressions which are faults in some writers and beauties in others.

The true mark of the epistolary style is cheerfulness and urbanity.

The mind must rest as well as work. To write too much ruins it; to leave off writing rusts it.

Three things are necessary to the producing of a good book: talent, art, and a practised hand—in other words, nature, industry, and habit.

The end of a book should always call to mind its beginning.

The last word should be the last word. It is like a finishing touch given to colour; there is nothing more to add. But what precaution is needed in order not to put the last word first!

A good literary judgment is a faculty that attains its full growth very slowly.

The pleasure of comedy lies in laughter; that of tragedy in tears. But the laughter must be agreeable, and the tears comely, if they are to honour the poet. In other words, tragedy and comedy must make us laugh and weep decently. Nothing that forces a laugh or compels a tear is commendable.

It does not suffice so to write as to catch and hold the reader's attention: it has also to be satisfied.

That cannot be called polite literature which affords no pleasure, and is ill at ease. Criticism, even, should not be without its charms. When quite devoid of all amenities it is no longer literary.

It is not enough for a book to be good; it must be the work of a good author. We must see in it not only its own beauties, but also the excellence of the master's hand. It is always the idea of the workman that causes admiration. The traces of his work, the impression of his special skill, give the book, when in other respects carefully finished, an additional attraction. Talent ought so to treat whatever it handles, and so to place its works before us, that it may be able, without affectation, to reflect itself in them: *Simul denique eluceat opus et artifex.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is quite a question whether an author ought to be allowed to spring seven distinct plays on the public in the way that Mr. Bernard Shaw has just done. A play is as complete a thing as a novel, though it mercifully leaves more to the reader's imagination. Yet whereas novels come out one by one, Mr. Shaw's plays come out seven at a blow. What is the critic to do? Already, we observe, the two volumes have been reviewed at considerable length in various places, and the spectacle of the critics struggling to get a firm hold of their author has afforded some entertainment. Probably it has afforded Mr. Shaw more: his pleasure in the embarrassment of his critics is, we believe, intense.

MEANWHILE, in spite of our remonstrances, we express the opinion that the publication of Mr. Shaw's plays is a remarkable occurrence in literature. But what will the dramatist do now? Age, he asserts in his preface, is upon him; he has collected his works; his career as a novelist ended years ago; he frolics as a musical critic no more; his critical work on the drama must begin soon to pall upon him. What is the next step? Parliament?

MR. MURRAY's new edition of Byron is to extend to twelve volumes, and to include some thirty new poems. The first volume, which has just appeared, is portly. It is bound in grey-blue cloth studded with B's beneath coronets; and a miniature of Byron dated 1815 forms the frontispiece. The poems have been edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who is the son of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and grandson of the poet. Mr. Coleridge is the editor of the edition of his grandfather's letters which Mr. Heinemann published a year or so ago.

FOR a large collection of Shakespeare lore our readers are referred to the *Birmingham Weekly Post* of April 16. Among other matters is a letter which has cunningly been extracted by the editor from Sir Henry Irving. The Lyceum actor-manager writes:

"The popularity of Shakespeare on the stage is pretty well attested by the fact that at the present moment he is being played at three theatres in London. There are superior persons, I believe, who say that he is popular only with playgoers who never read him. My experience is that a Shakespearean production is always a stimulus to the reading as well as the playgoing public. There is no symptom that the double interest in Shakespeare is likely to decline within any calculable period."

MEANWHILE, further proof of the Bard's popularity comes from Bliss, Sands & Co., whose business premises, by the way, are almost in the shadow of the Lyceum. They send us an early volume in a new edition of Shakespeare's Plays, intended, we presume, to combat the Temple series. The price is sixpence net for the cloth, and a shilling net for the leather; and the form is quite simple and attractive, although we could wish the ink were darker. The title of the new edition is, however, a little difficult—the "Pocket Falstaff." "Pocket Falstaff" is rather like a contradiction in terms. Our imagination cannot conceive it.

THE fabulist, "T. W. H. C.," whose gift for inventing parables has already been exercised very entertainingly in these columns, sends the following:

"THE ETERNAL BOOK.

Quoth the miller's wife to the miller: 'An thou visit this fair, thou shalt buy us all a fairing; as, a top for Jack, ribands and a necklet of bugle for Marian, and combs for each of the maids.'

'And for thyself?'

'For myself, good luck, I desire a sweet love-tale stuffed with piteous words.'

"RÉCHAUFFÉ.

A piper stood in the market-place and piped a tune so villainous that the people assailed him with blows.

And next year he came again with a new tune that set them all a-dancing.

And they filled his hat with ha'pence, and said 'Excellent!—now play something else!'

And being more or less put to it for matter, the piper ventured on the tune for which, a twelvemonth back, he had suffered blows.

And the people were ravished."

"SHOCKING.

'Go carefully with young So-and-So.'

'Ah, why?'

'He brought me his first story: and as it was pretty good, I told him that we might deal. And then he asked me what sum I intended to pay him on account of royalties.'

'Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear!'

MR. HARRY FURNISS's new satirical magazine, *Fair Game*, made its appearance this

week. It is, for a monthly, novel in size, approximating to that of the *Illustrated London News*. Within the covers Mr. Furniss and his associates combine the functions of censor and humorist. Mr. Furniss's own drawings have all the spirit and ingenuity that we expect from him; the literary contents are bright and various; and paper and print excellent.

THE Diamond Jubilee impulse still stirs among the larger publishing firms. There are at this moment several gigantic publications in progress whose sole purpose is the magnification of the Empire—its army, its ramifications, its navy, and its diversity. Its diversity is perhaps more insisted upon than any other characteristic in Messrs. Cassell's contribution to patriotism which lies before us—*The Queen's Empire*. In this remarkable album of pictures, some of which are, by the way, miracles of photographic art, extremes are continually meeting. A scene of chess players in Ludgate Circus faces one of snake charmers in India; Boulter's Lock comes next to a regatta at Malta, which is followed by the boat club at Rangoon; a Skye crofter's home is contrasted with a Burmese village; ice-boat sailing on the St. Lawrence with "glorious Goodwood"; and so on. To this extraordinary, yet fascinating and instructive, jumble of scenes Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P., puts a preface.

ANOTHER Diamond Jubilee work is the volume entitled *Nelson and His Times* which Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode have printed for Messrs. Harmsworth. The authors are Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. H. W. Wilson, and we can conceive of nothing more patriotic. A free distribution of this book in our villages, and the Navy would be overstocked. The history is illustrated with almost unparalleled completeness.

WRITING in the *British Weekly* a Man of Kent gives the following information concerning the new *Cornish Magazine*: "The credit of the idea belongs to Mr. Joseph Pollard, of Truro, who has bookshops in no fewer than three Cornish towns—successful bookshops too, I am glad to say, and especially glad at a time when booksellers are everywhere complaining. Mr. Pollard is raising a capital of from £1,500 to £2,000, a large part of which has been already subscribed by patriotic Cornishmen. Mr. Quiller Couch, the most eminent of living Cornish writers, and a devoted lover of his county, on being approached by Mr. Pollard, undertook the editorship. The periodical will be planned on the newest lines, will give stories by Cornish authors, biographies of eminent Cornishmen, accounts of famous buildings in Cornwall, and will give special attention to the doings of Cornishmen abroad."

IN the preface which Mr. Barrie has written for Mr. G. W. Cable's novel, *The Grandissimes*, a new edition of which is promised, he will be found to describe his own adventures in New Orleans. Mr. Barrie has also written an introduction to a work by Mrs. Oliphant.

THINGS rarely happen singly. Hard upon Mr. Laurence Housman's *Spikenard* comes a slender volume of devotional poetry entitled *The Little Christian Year*, which proceeds from the Unicorn Press. The author, who remains anonymous, has set forth to provide the Holy Days and Seasons of the year with a suitable thought. This, for example, is pretty. The period is After Easter, and the companion passage: "He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days"—

"IN THE WOOD.

I spied a flower on Easter Day,  
Though soil'd snow under hedges lay,  
And fields were brown and skys were grey.

And, each day since, some herald thing,  
A bursting bud, or whirring wing,  
Bears witness to the waxing Spring."

Epiphany has this:

"IN THE FIELDS.

A hundred stars, a thousand stars  
Begem to-night the splendid skies;  
A thousand stars, a million stars,  
And, 'neath each one, He lies, He lies!"

Ascension Day this:

"AT SUNSET.

A sounding rain at dawn to-day  
In silver flashes earthward rang:  
Then slow, huge clouds, distressful, grey,  
Hid all the laughing blue away,  
And draggled birds no longer sang.

But now at eve the sounding rain,  
Which fell at dawn, like silver ringing,  
Returns in pomp to heaven again;  
Purple and gold adorn its train,  
And all the happy birds are singing."

And this quatrain accompanies The Transfiguration:

"ON THE MOUNTAIN AFTER VESPERS.

The Preacher was so harsh and loud,  
His Christ so far, his God so grim:  
The voice is sweet from yon soft cloud,  
'This is My Son; O, hear ye Him!'"

BETWEEN "five shillings net" and "six shillings subject to discount" there is, we presume, sixpence to choose. Hence the public may be gratified that Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy*, which appeared last year at the former price, has now been added to the new edition of Mr. Meredith's works at the latter. We prefer it in the former.

A SUGGESTION made to us last November by a correspondent, that an Academy of forty women writers should be formed in England, in addition to an Academy of forty male writers, may have seemed merely whimsical; but at this moment the same idea is being broached in Paris. Indeed, a list of forty women writers has been drawn up, and it includes members so widely separated as Gyp and Louise Michel. A woman's Academy would be a curious experiment; and in one particular it might work more satisfactorily than the Academy already in existence: the formal calls which male candidates find so trying and humiliating would be, to the ladies, merely "part of the fun."

MR. CLIVE HOLLAND writes: "In your issue of April 9, a short notice of my recent

novel, *An Egyptian Coquette*, appeared, in which your reviewer described it as 'a piece of very unreal sensationalism.' From this verdict I have no intention of here dissenting. But, as I presume it was the finding of Taosiri's body in a state of perfect preservation although not embalmed that gave rise at least in part to this opinion of the book, the publication of the enclosed account (of a *Times* correspondent writing from Cairo two days after my book appeared) of the finding of bodies in a tomb under almost precisely, and certainly under most strangely, similar circumstances may prove of interest, with parallel passages from the book. Thanking you in anticipation for the insertion of this letter and enclosure in your paper:

*The Times Correspondent.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

"Cairo: April 4.

As a sequel to his discovery of the tomb of King Thothmes III. at Thebes, M. Loret has discovered and opened the tomb of Amenophis II., a king of the XVIIIth Dynasty, who reigned some 1,500 years B.C. The find is among the most interesting ever made in Egypt.

The tomb is entered by a steep, inclined gallery, which terminates in a well of some 26 ft. in depth. . . .

None of the four bodies has been embalmed, but, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, they are all in a most complete state of preservation, with the features perfect. . . . they have the appearance of being asleep. . . .

The . . . tomb is a chamber of magnificent proportions in perfect preservation. The roof supported by massive square columns. . . the walls are entirely covered with paintings, the colours of which are as vivid as if laid on only yesterday. . . . and contains the mummy intact, with chaplets of flowers. . . ."

"THEN you're going home to tell the public all about us in 'Plain Tales from the Veldt'?" So spake an interviewer to Mr. Rudyard Kipling at Buluwayo. "No, no," said Mr. Kipling, as the conversation is reported in the *Pall Mall*, "nothing of the kind, so don't you run away with the idea! Mine is only a flying visit. I'm not up here

for work, and am fairly at sea in these parts. Besides, the town will have grown out of all knowledge in another twelve months." "So on the whole you've been favourably impressed, Mr. Kipling?" "Impressed! I have never been so impressed with any community in the whole world."

MRS. HARRIET M. M. HALL sends us the following commentary on Mr. Stephen Phillips's poem, "Christ in Hades":

Pagan is thy conception of that stay  
Which Christ, the Lord of Life, made in full sway

Of power gained o'er Death, and to reclaim  
Spirits imprisoned—who then in His name,  
And to His call attentive, were set free!  
He went into their dreary midst to speak;  
Not the cold Shade thou pictured Him to be,  
In words magniloquent. No treach'rous fame  
Was His—vain hopes to raise amongst the dead  
Passing as false elusive gleams that streak  
Their darkness—never bringing dawn. He sped  
Throughout those regions misty to give light  
By words Divine—and His alone that might:  
Thy Christ is *dumb*—he is not God our Head.

*The Crook of the Bough*, the new novel by the author of *A Girl in the Karpathians*, is the result of a long journey through the Balkan States, where Miss Menie Muriel Dowie (Mrs. Henry Norman) found the motive and a great part of the environment. The hero and heroine embody the strange relation, half attraction, half repulsion, of East and West, and the story is concerned with the development of the character of an English girl, the sister of a prominent young politician, in Constantinople, and of a Turk, a member of the Young Turkey party, in London.

*When War Breaks Out* is the title of a little paper-backed booklet containing a forecast of Britain's next great naval struggle. Mr. H. W. Wilson and Mr. Arnold White are the joint authors. The plan of the book is simple: Andrew D. Jones receives his instructions as war correspondent to *Cable's Weekly*, a New York journal, on September 10, 1900. He is asked to "concisely describe," in his letters, "the strategic, naval, industrial, and financial condition of Britain during the war with Russia and France"; and his letters follow. The lessons enforced after a thrilling narrative of Britain's hard won victory are these: that for a generation or two we must be less patient with petty encroachments, and that we must organise a food supply against war-time.

EDITORS of literary reviews are liable to odd requests. Accompanying a set of unrhymed lines comes, from Cyprus, this letter: "I have the honour to inform you I am able to contribute with original poetry, translated into simple English phrases, poetry being the ideas and not the verses. In many books I saw verses turned into prosaic style and presented to readers as poetry equally well. Moreover, you could easily get my poems versified." The poet who cheerfully suggests that one may easily get his raw material versified is a new kind.

## PRIMROSES.

A MAN of feeling whom I knew used to wear his ties according to the colour of the days. On Sundays he would beam in cloth of gold; on Mondays, in a moony whiteness, Tuesdays were sacred to the red of war, and Wednesdays to Wodin's blue; Thursday's token I forget, but the green badge of liberty on Friday and the saturnine hues which closed the cycle of the week made, I remember, an impressive contrast. Without following this precedent to the letter—for a man cannot hang his sentiments round his neck—there are yet some time-relations in nature and art which call for sympathetic recognition. If the days have no fixed colours, at least the seasons have their poets. No man, it may be presumed, would recite Gray's *Elegy* in front of Niagara Falls; but it needs a subtler sense of harmony to discover the conditions of time and place in which each poet may be most appropriately read, and the signs are apt to escape a generation which has deserted its *Shepherd's Calendar* for the *Citizen's Diary*. A recent *Quarterly* reviewer, for instance, wrote Mr. William Watson down at the voice of blustering March. The selection was a little hasty, perhaps, for Mr. Watson's elegiac musings suggest to a sensitive ear more of November's torpor at the back of the "wild west wind." But if this method be pursued, it should be possible to present poetic incumbents to most of the seasons of the year. June is Tennyson's, by right indefeasible of music as deep-chested as her own. Milton should be read in August, when nature seems to move in blank verse. February's short days of quickening life I reserve for Mrs. Alice Meynell, whose fabric and texture of mind compel her to brevity and self-repression, to restrained emotions and reticent epithets, to thoughts which stretch into the future, and blossom beneath another sun. Mrs. Meynell's *Sonnet in February* is the *locus classicus* for the language of the month. It enlarges that vocabulary of silence which a recent writer on *Style* has dwelt upon, and the "procession of negatives," out of which the summer is fashioned, is brought visibly before our eyes by the seventeen words or phrases of denial in the course of its fourteen lines.

Some months in my calendar are still vacant; but when April is opening the heart, and Peter Bell's primrose points in great shining patches the modest moral of its being, I take down Wordsworth from the shelf. He belongs to April by every right which nature and sympathy can confer. He was born in April, and he died in April, and the mild, caressing fragrance of the month seems to have settled on his senses. At no other season of the year does man come nearer to nature than when the mysterious thrill of spring is moving all created things, and no poet confessed less consciously to his sympathy with this manifestation than the singer of the primrose and its month. His very faults were April follies, sins against tact and worldliness in art, impossible to the measured experience and stately rhythm of the year's maturity. His faults were his virtues in excess, the qualities of April rendered too literally.

On April 20, 1798, Wordsworth began "Peter Bell," and the hundredth anniversary of this event may well be utilised, in an age when centenaries are popular, to mark the lesson of the Wordsworthian primrose. It may even help us to understand the problem of the "Primrose Sphinx," whose statue was heaped the day before with bunches of this humble flower. What was it, then, that Peter Bell missed, when

"In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did Nature lead him as before;  
A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more"?

What more should the yellow primrose be to the countless Peter Bells of this world, to whom no miraculous revelation is vouchsafed, even by so modest an instrument as the faithful ass in Wordsworth's parable? The poet has answered our question himself, both directly and by implication. When he tells us that

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears,"

he is stating a literal truth of his experience. When he writes that

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can,"

he is recording a fixed article of creed by which he regulated his conduct. And these aphorisms lead us to the stanzas on "The Primrose of the Rock," where Wordsworth categorically describes the precepts which the flower reveals. The stanzas were written at Rydal in 1831, but the poet "first spied that primrose tuft, and marked it for his own," on an April day in 1802, four years after the composition of the story about Peter's primrose on the river's brim. Prof. Knight quotes the following note from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Grasmere Journal*:

"April 24, 1802.—We walked in the evening to Rydal. Coleridge and I lingered behind. We all stood to look at Glow-worm Rock—a primrose that grew there, and just looked out on the road from its own sheltered bower."

It helps us to realise how deeply the meaning of the yellow primrose was graven on Wordsworth's mind, when we remember that nearly twenty years elapsed between this grave adventure and its poetic record. In this centenary week of the inception of "Peter Bell" we may duly pause for a moment to respect the April flower. Wordsworth calls it in all seriousness:

"A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down!"

And he defines the association as follows:

"The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew;  
The stems are faithful to the root  
That worketh out of view;  
And to the rock the root adheres  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
Though threatening still to fall;  
The earth is constant to her sphere;  
And God upholds them all:  
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain;  
But air breathed soft that day, . . .  
And to the Primrose of the Rock  
I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like Thee, in field and grove  
Revive unenvied; mightier far  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
Is God's redeeming love. . . .

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning Sons of Men,  
From one oblivious winter called  
Shall rise and breathe again;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our three-score years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
This prescience from on high,  
The faith that elevates the just  
Before and when they die;  
And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
A court for Deity."

Faith, hope, and love—while April is painting our woods and copses with tufts of this green-gold flower, it is not seemly to add a word to this prescient vision from on high. The promise is abundantly fulfilled, from a single impulse of spring to teach more morality than all the sages can, and we can better appreciate the genuine ring of the rest of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" which Wordsworth wrote a hundred years ago.

But one word in conclusion. If it is the function of the primrose to convert Peter Bell by an "hour of feeling"; if Wordsworth's poems are to help us to realise our capacity for perfection as a primrose is perfect in April, is there anything so intrinsically inappropriate in the choice of that flower for Disraeli's honour? To many people the Primrose League seems a kind of sentimental monster, born of bad grammar and bred by snobs. But though it be true that Disraeli's sole mention of the primrose was as a possible flavouring for a salad, yet the Wordsworthian primrose may well have been his favourite flower. The man who professed himself on the side of the angels against the apes, who cast ridicule, in *Tancred*, on the "fish" theory of derivation, was surely of the faith which makes each soul a court for Deity. The "something more" which the primrose revealed to Wordsworth was familiar to Disraeli too, and he would be rash who should say that the emblem of April's awakening is inappropriate to either.

L. M.

## THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH.

## II.—EDWARD DYSON.

"We specked as boys o'er worked-out ground,  
By littered flat and muddy stream,  
We watched the whim horse trudging round,  
And rode upon the circling beam,  
Within the old uproarious mill,  
Fed mad, insatiable stamps,  
Mined peaceful gorge and gusty hill  
With pau, and pick, and gad, and drill,  
And knew the stir of sudden camps.  
By yellow dams in summer days  
We paddled at the tow; for weeks  
Went seeking up the tortuous ways  
Of gullies deep and hidden creeks.

We worked the shallow leads in style,  
And hunted fortune down the drives,  
And missed her, mostly by a mile—  
Once by a yard or so. The while  
We lived untrammelled, easy lives

Through blazing days upon the brace  
We laboured, and when night had passed  
Beheld the glory and the grace  
Of wondrous dawns in bushlands vast.  
We heard the burdened timbers groan  
In deep mines murmurous as the seas  
On long, lone shores by drear winds blown,  
We've seen heroic deeds, and known  
The diggers' joys and tragedies."

Such is Mr. Dyson's experience. And having all the time—superimposed upon his love of the untrammelled easy life of the miner—a sense of romance (which helped him to those excellent lines :

" We heard the burdened timbers groan  
In deep mines murmurous of the seas  
On long, lone shores by drear winds blown")

he has been able on leaving behind him the old life to remember and perpetuate some of its best impressions.

Mr. Lawson gives us the outlook of the somewhat saturnine, yet clear-sighted, Sun-downer; Mr. Paterson, as we shall see, is the stockman's and rough rider's bard—a galloping, dare-devil muse is his; Mr. Dyson rounds off the types with the miner.

Here from within we have the Australian miner complete: the young miner, the old miner, the miner in luck and the miner out of it, the miner in love and the miner in peril. Mr. Dyson knows it all. We do not care particularly for his descriptive ballads of accident, somewhat in the manner of our own "Dagonet"; nor for his deliberately comic efforts, the most ambitious of which is the story of the emu with such a passion for sitting that it sat on the bald head of its drunken owner until he died; nor for the realistic studies of improvident and vicious settlers. What we prize in Mr. Dyson, as in Mr. Lawson, is the presentation of some observed oddity of human nature. We like, for example, the pathetic case of Old Ben, in whom, despite his years and decrepitude, the old gold fever still burned, no matter how often rebuffs chilled it:

" 'I'm off on the Wallaby!' cries Old Ben,  
And his pipe is lit, and his swag is rolled;  
'There is nothing here for us old-time men,  
But up north, I hear, they are on the gold.'  
And he shuffles off with a feeble stride,  
With his ragged swag and his billy black;  
He is making tracks for the other side,  
O'er the river deep, on the Great Divide;  
But at night, dead beat, he travels back."

'Are you bound out back, Ben?' the children cry,  
And they peer at him through the fence,  
and shout.

'Well, it's so long, Ben,' as he hobbles by,  
With his 'Ay, ay, sonny lad—tramping  
out!'

On his back he's bearing his house and bed,  
As he bore them both in his manhood's  
pride,

Pressing on each day till his strength has  
fled,

By the force of a dauntless spirit led—  
There's a rush somewhere on the Sydney  
side."

And here is a little piece of quiet, humorous observation from Mr. Dyson:

" There's a fresh track down the paddock  
Through the light woods to the creek,  
And I notice Billy Craddock  
And Maloney do not speak,  
And The Snag is slyly bitter  
When he's criticising Bill,  
And there's quite a foreign glitter  
On the fellows at the mill.

Sid M'Mahou's turned out a dandy,  
With a masher coat and tie,  
And the engine-driver, Sandy,  
Curls his whiskers on the sly:  
All the boys wear paper collars,  
And their tombstone shirts of nights,  
So it's ten to one in dollars  
There's a new girl up at White's."

The poet goes on to bemoan the consequences of Miss Kitty's attractions:

" With the gloves we have no battle;  
Now they sneak away and moon  
Round with White, discussing cattle  
All the Sunday afternoon.  
There's a want of old uprightness,  
Too, has come upon the push,  
And a sort of cold politeness  
That's not called for in the bush.

They're all off, too, in that quarter;  
Kate goes several times a week  
Seeing Andy Kelly's daughter,  
Jimmy's sister, up the creek;  
And this difference seems a pity,  
Since their chances are so slim—  
While they're running after Kitty,  
She is running after Jim."

This is capitally done. Mr. Dyson has described the immemorial impingement of fresh femininity on the rough camp, with much freshness. We wish he had oftener enjoyed this mood.

It is the kind of thing we want from him. To describe mining life even in rattling verse, with much diversity of metre, is for us, at any rate, not enough. The poet must keep one eye on his fellow-men: he must be very vigilant for the human interest. These *Sydney Bulletin* bards—for it is to the stimulating encouragement of Mr. J. F. Archibald, the editor of that paper, that the three volumes before us probably are due—will, we trust, come to understand this even more than they now do. The great poet's endowment of beauty and penetration is not theirs; but they have a power of words; they know how to present their observations attractively; they live in a country where human nature is far less complex than with us, and therefore more easily studied; and they have clear eyes and quick sympathies. What we want from them is human documents. We want their eyes to take the line of least resistance, and their invention to be taxed only in the composition of stirring verse. Few men can be makers; but it is within the compass of all to be recorders, and those that are humble enough can record faithfully.

## THE WEEK.

THE event of the week has been the inauguration of Mr. Murray's new and exhaustive edition of Lord Byron's Poetical Works. The first volume contains just over 500 octavo pages. The frontispiece portrait is from a miniature painted in 1815 by James Holmes. We refer in our "Notes and News" column to Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's editorship; and in our "Book Market" column we give the opinions of a number of leading booksellers on the possibility of a revival of interest in Byron's poetry. The feature of Mr. Murray's edition is admittedly the completeness and correctness of its text; and in the following passage Mr. Coleridge explains the results he has arrived at in this direction:

"The text of the present issue of Lord Byron's Poetical Works is based on that of *The Works of Lord Byron*, in six volumes, 12mo, which was published by John Murray in 1831. That edition followed the text of the successive issues of plays and poems which appeared in the author's lifetime, and were subject to his own revision, or that of Gifford and other accredited readers. A more or less thorough collation of the printed volumes with the MSS. which were at Moore's disposal, yielded a number of variorum readings which have appeared in subsequent editions published by John Murray. Fresh collations of the text of individual poems with the original MSS. have been made from time to time, with the result that the text of the latest edition (one-vol. 8vo, 1891) includes some emendations, and has been supplemented by additional variants. Textual errors of more or less importance, which had crept into the numerous editions which succeeded the seventeen-volume edition of 1832, were in some instances corrected, but in others passed over. For the purposes of the present edition the printed text has been collated with all the MSS. which passed through Moore's hands, and, also, for the first time, with MSS. of the following plays and poems, viz., *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers; Childe Harold, Canto IV.; Don Juan, Cantos VI.-XVI.; Werner; The Deformed Transformed; Lara; Parisina; The Prophecy of Dante; The Vision of Judgment; The Age of Bronze; The Island*. The only works of any importance which have been printed direct from the text of the first edition, without reference to the MSS., are the following, which appeared in *The Liberal* (1822-23), viz.: *Heaven and Earth, The Blues, and Morgante Maggiore*.

A new and, it is believed, an improved punctuation has been adopted. In this respect Byron did not profess to prepare his MSS. for the press, and the punctuation, for which Gifford is mainly responsible, has been reconsidered with reference solely to the meaning and interpretation of the sentences as they occur.

In the *Hours of Idleness and other Early Poems*, the typography of the first four editions, as a rule, has been preserved. A uniform typography in accordance with modern use has been adopted for all poems of later date. Variants, being the readings of one or more MSS. or of successive editions, are printed in italics immediately below the text. They are marked by Roman numerals. Words and lines through which the author has drawn his pen in the MSS. or Revises are marked *MS. erased*.



Poems and plays are given, so far as possible, in chronological order. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, which were written and published in parts, are printed continuously; and minor poems, including the first four satires, have been arranged in groups according to the date of composition. Epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* have been placed together, in chronological order, towards the end of the sixth volume. A Bibliography of the poems will immediately precede the Index at the close of the sixth volume.

The edition contains at least thirty hitherto unpublished poems, including fifteen stanzas of the unfinished seventeenth canto of *Don Juan*, and a considerable fragment of the third part of *The Deformed Transformed*. The eleven unpublished poems from MSS. preserved at Newstead, which appear in the first volume, are of slight if any literary value, but they reflect with singular clearness and sincerity the temper and aspirations of the tumultuous and moody stripling to whom 'the numbers came,' but who wisely abstained from printing them himself."

The first volume contains those poems, to which Byron appended the note: "The only Apology necessary to be adduced, in extenuation of any errors in the following collection, is, that the Author has not yet completed his nineteenth year." It also contains the *Hours in Idleness* and the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

The first volume is issued of a *Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists, and Artists of Foreign Origin Working in Great Britain*. This work is being compiled by Mr. Laurence Binyon, and will be completed in five or six volumes. The catalogue is arranged in alphabetical order of the artists' names, and owing to the fact that the Museum collection contains so many drawings by artists whose names fall very early in the alphabet, the first volume carries us no farther than the letter C. Of the 353 pages in the volume, the larger number is appropriated to John Wykeham Archer, Thomas Bewick, William Blake, Randolph Caldecott, Edward Calvert, George Chinnery, John Constable, and David Cox. But George Cruikshank exceeds all these. The collection of his sketches is Brobdingnagian; it numbers 3,869 pieces, and occupies 73 pages of the catalogue. Subject to various over-representations of this kind, the collection is fairly proportionate throughout; but the drawings vary greatly in their artistic merit and in the kind of interest they excite. Mr. Binyon writes:

"At one end of the scale the interest is one purely of record, curiosity, and research, as in the case of the topographical sketches or fancy compositions of amateurs like Lady Calcott, Dr. Crotch, the musician, or the famous surgeon, Sir Charles Bell; at the other end it is the interest of fine art in some of its purest forms, as in the accomplished work of early or later masters of water-colour like J. R. Cozens or David Cox, or the exquisite pastoral dreams and harmonies of Edward Calvert."

Mr. Binyon reminds us that besides the drawings actually in its keeping, others of great interest are the property of the Museum by reversion, as, for instance, those bequeathed to the trustees by the Rev. C. J. Sale in 1896, subject to the life-interest of his widow.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### IS BYRON READ NOW?

#### THE VIEWS OF BOOKSELLERS.

TWO new and important editions of Byron's Poetical Works, published by Mr. Murray and Mr. Heinemann, and edited respectively by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and Mr. William Ernest Henley, are now being offered to the public, after years of comparative inactivity in the issuing of Byron's poetry. Are we to infer that these new editions are produced to meet an ascertained demand? Is Byron's decline in favour—so often alleged—real or imaginary? and if real, is it about to be arrested and to be followed by a reaction? These questions, prompted by the enterprises of Mr. Murray and Mr. Heinemann, are answered below by a number of booksellers to whom we have submitted them. We arrange the replies under the localities from which they come.

#### LONDON (CITY).

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS write:

"Byron has certainly not sold largely of late years. This is perhaps attributable to the fact that no good edition was available, the current ones being anything but desirable for really good buyers. The present exhaustive editions are certainly called for urgently, if Byron is to be reckoned as a living poet worthy of a permanent edition in good taste, and of proper editing.

No 'boom' need be expected, but a more steady demand than for many years ought decidedly to be looked for, now thoroughly good editions are obtainable. We have many customers who still buy, and, therefore, presumably read and praise Byron, and now we can offer these handsome and valuable reprints we shall hope to make more customers still.

The great drawback is that two editions, so thoroughly well done, are in the market together. Competition of this sort is not a desirable thing when the dignity of letters is considered and the pockets and shelf room of the book-buying public is also considered. Lovers of Byron would have liked to have seen these editions amalgamated. Mr. Murray has the advantage over Mr. Heinemann because of his unrivalled mass of material, but the notes Mr. Henley furnished to his first volume for Mr. Heinemann prove him to be the editor one most desired to see at this work, and if his work could only have been added to the definitive text Mr. Murray alone can give us, the result might have approached perfection. It will be a nice point for the critics to decide, when the two sets are complete, which shall have the permanent place—Mr. Murray's for text, or Mr. Heinemann's for quality of editing and commentary."

#### LONDON (STRAND).

MESSRS. A. & F. DENNY write:

"In reply to your inquiry, we think there is room for a good edition of Lord Byron's works, but we should hardly think there would be sufficient demand for two such. The sale of library editions has declined of late years on account of the very indifferent choice for buyers. But there is still a very large public for the cheap editions, the sale of which shows no falling off. We should hardly like to

prophesy a great Byron stir, although the large paper edition issued by John Murray has been entirely taken up.

Much interest at present centres in the 'Letters,' which are being made such a special feature in these new editions, and great disappointment has been felt by Mr. Henley's admirers at the restrictions which have been placed upon him by the owners of the copyrights of them. To summarise, we think that what one edition loses in editing it gains in completeness, and *vice versa*."

#### LONDON (LEICESTER-SQUARE).

MESSRS. BICKERS & SONS write:

"We certainly believe that an exhaustive edition is necessary, and we do not think any decline in sales has happened during recent years. We always have a very steady demand, but we do not anticipate a 'boom.'

We are inclined to believe that great interest in Byron will be revived owing to the new matter which is promised both in the poems and letters."

#### LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

MESSRS. TRUSLOVE & HANSON write:

"There is a steady but constant demand for Byron's poems, and, we think, room for one good complete edition. The format of Mr. Murray's new edition is so excellent in every respect that its success is ensured. Book-lovers will not be able to resist it. We are anticipating a good demand for it, but do not think there is likely to be a new Byron reign."

#### DUBLIN.

MESSRS. HODGES, FIGGIS & Co. write:

"Although not anticipating a great revival of interest in Lord Byron's works, we think that a really good and exhaustive edition would meet with favour at the present time. Many of our customers are keenly interested in the edition about to be issued by Mr. Murray, and we anticipate a good demand for it. We cannot say much about Mr. Henley's edition, as the great delay in publishing the second volume discourages intending purchasers.

On the whole Byron sells fairly well here, and has not shown signs of diminishing popularity during recent years. We find it necessary to keep a good stock of the one-volume editions in both cloth and leather bindings; and the 'Selections,' in the 'Golden Treasury Series,' is constantly inquired for."

#### BIRMINGHAM.

MR. C. COMBRIDGE writes:

"I do not think there will be an adequate demand for the two expensive new editions.

The demand for Byron's poems the last few years has undoubtedly been gradually decreasing. I think a great increase of Byron's readers most improbable. The demand for Byron with me is very small, and for the past ten years at least I have kept only a small stock of his poetry, for which there has been a very slight demand."

#### BRISTOL.

MESSRS. GEORGE'S SONS write:

"One good edition of Byron was wanted, and Mr. Murray should have produced it several years ago.

There has not, in our judgment, been a decline of interest in Byron's poetry, as is often asserted. Looking at the saleable poets of

twenty years ago, he sells still; many of them do not.

But we see no reason to expect an extraordinary demand for other editions because at last a good one appears."

#### DARLINGTON.

MESSRS. BAILEY & Co. write:

We do not think the two new editions of Byron's works called for, nor do we expect a new demand for his works—although, to our surprise, we have received one order for Mr. Murray's issue. We rarely hear Byron's name mentioned, and it is our experience that it does not pay to keep his poetry in stock."

#### BRIGHTON.

MESSRS. D. B. FRIEND & Co. write:

"We do not think the exhaustive editions of Lord Byron's work now in course of preparation for the press are called for. The popularity of Byron's poetry has considerably declined of late years. We do not think there is at all likely to be a new Byron rage. We have still a few customers who read Byron, but they are very limited. The sale of his works has been very for many years."

#### CHELTENHAM.

MR. JOHN BANKS writes:

"Byron's poems are certainly not so much in demand as they were a few years ago, and they have lost ground compared with some of his contemporaries—Shelley, for instance. I should think a revival in Byron is very uncertain, but it is difficult to predict how the British public will or will not catch on to a new effort."

### DRAMA.

THE Americanisation of the London stage proceeds apace. At the present moment three American companies are acting in London—at the Adelphi, the Shaftesbury, and the Garrick—while a play of American origin holds the St. James's. This is a wholly unprecedented state of things. It can hardly be expected to last, though the Frohman management of New York, a very powerful organisation, is making a determined effort to bring London within its sphere of influence. So far, this American invasion is not exempt from the usual fortune of war—that is to say, it has its failures and its successes, neither of which occur exactly according to anticipation. Last week I pointed out that the weakness of "The Heart of Maryland" found an agreeable set-off in the attractiveness of "The Belle of New York." This week's report is hardly so favourable to American interests. "The Conquerors," given at the St. James's, from the pen of Mr. Paul M. Potter, is an extremely disagreeable play so far as theme is concerned—the most grating to the nerves that I remember—and I do not imagine it can enjoy in London anything but a *succès de scandale*; while "Too Much Johnson," at the Garrick, proves to be a rather commonplace French farce, overlaid with a veneer of American mannerism and a coating of American humour that dries the moment the actors lay it on.

"THE CONQUERORS" has been compounded for the most part out of incidents of the Franco-German War, recorded or invented by Guy de Maupassant, opening with a well-known scene in "Mlle. Fifi," in which a party of German officers billeted in an old Breton *chateau* entertain at dinner a number of French *cocottes*. The Germans behave as unspeakable cad, particularly a young lieutenant, one Von Rodeck, who, before sitting down at table, amuses himself by firing his revolver at works of art on the walls, and at dinner proposes a toast to German victories—victories over French men and French women alike. It is a riotous party, in which some semblance of patriotism and protest is aroused even in the hearts of the abandoned women. On the first night a foreign voice from the stalls protested against the scene as "disgraceful." It is said to have been that of a German financier, who immediately left the theatre; but it might with equal reason have been a Frenchman's or even an Englishman's. The author himself relieves the feelings of the house by a protest which he assigns to the youthful *châteline*, Mlle. de Grandpré, who, coming upon the scene, dashes a glass of wine in Von Rodeck's face. It is Mr. George Alexander who appears as Von Rodeck, and Miss Julia Neilson as Mlle. de Grandpré, surely the strangest relationship in which hero and heroine were ever placed on the stage. Nor does the unsympathetic character of the story cease with the first act. It is continued in a still more odious form in the second. Von Rodeck does not tamely accept his rebuke. He plots a despicable revenge, which is nothing less than to rob the heroine of her honour, a project which he arranges to carry out in a deserted tavern whither the lady has betaken herself in the hope of meeting with her brother, a spy and a fugitive. Of course, the villain, for such one is bound to call this soldier hero, does not proceed to extremities, though he goes far enough to accentuate the already sufficiently disagreeable character of the story. Once the hapless woman is in his power, pleading for mercy, he relents and leaves her. But she is not, as he supposes, alone. The rascally *cabaretier*, a Frenchman, pops out of the cellar, and proceeds to strangle her in order to rob her of her money. At that moment Von Rodeck, attracted by the noise, returns, kills the would-be murderer, and again leaves the woman unconscious.

At this stage of the story the author's dramatic scheme begins to be perceived, and it is assuredly one of the most audacious that a dramatist could undertake. He actually hopes to claim our sympathy for that heretofore unmitigated cub, Von Rodeck, and finally to unite him in matrimony with the object of his foul desires. In so doing, it has been said that he "bites off more than he can chew," and this graphic saying of Mr. Potter's countrymen to my mind exactly expresses the situation. Love is the touchstone with which the attempt is made to transform the despicable creature into an acceptable hero, and the author has a powerful coadjutor in Mr. Alexander, one of the

most sympathetic of *jeunes premiers*. But Von Rodeck's offences against good breeding, good manners, and common manliness are too odious to be condoned in a last act—or so at least I feel them to be. With Miss Julia Neilson's assistance, the same *revirement* is attempted in the case of the heroine, and with just as little success. The influence of love is supposed to operate even more quickly in her case. In the middle of the third act Mlle. de Grandpré still believes in the lieutenant's turpitudes and avenges her lost honour as she supposes by trying to plunge a dagger into his back. But eventually she gathers that he abstained at the last moment from carrying his vile project against herself into effect, and not only so, but that he murdered the *cabaretier* in her defence, and the fourth and last act is devoted to a tardy but unsatisfactory reconciliation between the strangely incongruous couple. Mr. Potter fails to realise how completely his would-be happy ending conflicts not only with the rules, but even with the exceptions of human nature. He has more promising material to work upon in arranging a union between another German officer and a younger sister of the heroine's—parts played by Mr. Esmond and Miss Fay Davis; but even here probability, despite the tact and skill of the performers, is severely strained. War is not a plausible foster-mother of the tender passion. Like "The Heart of Maryland," this drama opportunely sets forth the horrors of campaigning. A German general callously orders a couple of unoffending French tradesmen to be taken out and shot as spies, the incident only momentarily interrupting his game of cards; and a band of comic opera French peasants render themselves despicable by dancing the *Carmagnole* in celebration of unfounded French victories. Most of the acting is excellent. Among other performers deserving mention are Mr. Fred Terry as a French spy wearing German uniform, Mr. H. B. Irving as a French cut-throat, and Mr. W. H. Vernon as a grizzled German general. But, frankly, "The Conquerors" is not a piece that I would care to see again.

"TOO MUCH JOHNSON," an adaptation from the French by Mr. Gillette, who also enacts the principal character, is couched in the frivolous vein, being, in fact, a version of a story that has done duty in French farce under many forms for fifty years or more. The immediate source of Mr. Gillette's inspiration is a farce by M. Maurice Ordonneau, entitled "La Plantation Thomassin" already known to the English stage under the name of "The Planter." It is a variant of the theme of "La Flamboyante," by Hennequin, recently seen at the Comedy Theatre as "The Saucy Sally"; and in the latest Parisian success M. Bisson has worked it up afresh under the title of "Le Controleur des Wagons-lits." Broadly speaking, the idea consists in a flighty husband excusing his frequent absences from home on the ground that he is pursuing some occupation elsewhere, as the captain of a ship, as a travelling railway official, and so on. Mr. Gillette's hero, one Billings, is a New Yorker, who professes to

own a plantation in Cuba. In all cases the inquisitiveness of a mother-in-law leads to the discovery of the *pot-aux-roses*. Billings is compelled to conduct his wife and mother-in-law to Cuba to show them his famous plantation; but guards himself against discovery, as he fondly imagines, by writing to a Cuban friend to ask to be allowed to play the part of planter for a week or two. Unfortunately, by the time the party arrive in Cuba, the plantation has changed hands, being in the possession of a stranger of the name of Johnson, who knows nothing of Billings's little scheme. Whence it will be seen a pretty game of cross-purposes and misunderstandings.

To add to the mystification, Billings has been in the habit of carrying on his flirtations as a Mr. Johnson, and has otherwise accumulated peccadilloes without number upon the head of this mythical personage, little dreaming that upon his Cuban plantation he would meet a Mr. Johnson in the flesh. It is the time-honoured formula of the *genre*, and Mr. Gillette is scarcely frank enough in owning to have borrowed merely "an idea" from the French. The character he plays, that of Billings, is the regulation flighty husband, the *mari garçon* of the French stage, confronted with unexpected difficulties but cool and resourceful throughout, as Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Hawtrey have so often shown us. Mr. Gillette, who played so impressively as the spy in "Secret Service," imports into the part of Billings exactly the same imperturbability of manner. He never turns a hair, but placidly smokes a cigar with everybody in a state of turmoil and hurry-scurry around him. Combined with his pronounced American drawl, the method is effective for a time, but it tends to monotony and leaves the auditor with an uneasy feeling that the actor possesses little or no versatility. The only other character of note is that of Johnson, the real Johnson, depicted by Mr. Brennan as a brutal, drunken savage of the Legree type—not a person to trifle with, by any means. There is grim humour in this conception. But while the remaining characters are conventional in type, and dramatically insignificant, they convey a pleasing and palatable flavour of Americanism. The commonplace French story has acquired a quaint exoticism in coming to us *via* New York. J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MR. MALLOCK'S "CONTEMPORARY SUPERSTITION."

SIR,—The letter to Mr. W. H. Mallock in the *ACADEMY* of April 9 "has doubtless been read with much interest by many of those who admire his writings. As one of these, I should like to add something to the criticism. It is strange that while mentioning, at least by name, most of his works—novels, poems, &c.—the writer should have omitted any notice of one of the most characteristic productions—the volume entitled *Studies of Contemporary Superstition*."

Probably it was meant to be included in the third division of Mr. Mallock's writings, those "sociological and philosophical" essays which the critic admits he "always reads with pleasure for their clearness of thought and precision of statement."

The volume in question is a collection of papers previously contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*. To anyone who has felt the peculiar spell of *The New Republic* it will appear in all essentials very much like its predecessor. There is the same masterly grasp of the subject, and the same light touch in the handling of it, as if the writer were so familiar with the problem before him that he could afford—in a well-known phrase—to play with it.

Like *The New Republic*, too, it is a satire on the prevailing thought of the day as represented in its various propounders.

Instead of Matthew Arnold, Jowett, Pater, we have Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is true that here they are attacked openly and face to face, while in *The New Republic* the personalities were disguised—or supposed to be—under a veil of fiction. But throughout the essays there is the same delightful satire, the same irresistible humour. In the first of these the author examines the "scientific basis of optimism," a rather alarming title to the uninitiated. He explains with great care and precision the so-called religion of humanity, and the emotions it is supposed to inspire. Chief among these is gratitude—nay, adoration, towards those who have contributed to the welfare of mankind; and contentment in the reflection how largely the benefit has been enjoyed. Then he writes:

"To some of the remotest of our contemporaries we owe some of our homeliest comforts. To take one instance out of many, we owe tea to the Chinese. Now does any English tea-drinker feel any worshipping gratitude to the Chinese? or, supposing we were to discover on some Egyptian papyrus a receipt for making a certain delicious tart, the pleasure we might take in the eating of it would have nothing to do with any gratification it gave Sesostris."

Could even the gravest professor of the "Creed of Optimism" read passages like these without laughing?

Both in the *Studies* and in *The New Republic* there are endless short and witty sayings which have become, like much of Arnold's prose, part of the language of the day. It would be difficult to find a more scathing criticism of a certain class of thinker than that famous passage describing the unlucky Dr. Jenkinson, whose mental attitude consisted of "a few fragments of science imperfectly understood, obscured by a few fragments of Christianity imperfectly remembered."

It is true that the *Studies* are cast in a less popular form than *The New Republic*. They require a certain application to render them intelligible. It would be, I think, an excellent mental tonic to read them in conjunction with Mr. Leslie Stephens's *Agnostic's Apology* and Mr. John Morley's *Studies in Literature*.—I am, &c.,

E. FORSTER.

Ashburton, Devon.

## A CORRECTION.

SIR,—Allow me to say that M. Maspero did not alter Champollion le jeune's name into "Champoleon," as the review of Canon Rawlinson's book in last week's *ACADEMY* makes him do. I know it is as difficult to get English compositors to spell French names correctly as it is to get French ones to spell English; but it will seem cruel to many that the Father of Egyptology should thus be slighted by his most distinguished successor. The meaning of the third inverted comma would puzzle even his ingenuity.—I am, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam." Edited by W. H. Wilkins. THE question whether Sir Richard Burton had gypsy blood in his veins has been raised by this book, and it has interested the critics. The *Daily Chronicle's* critic finds corroboration of this idea in a circumstance connected with the inception of Burton's paper on "The Gypsy":

"In 1875 he was drawn into a discussion with M. Paul Bataillard, who had challenged him on the score of priority in a letter to the *ACADEMY*; and the 150 pleasant and valuable pages now printed by Mr. Wilkins grew out of, or were made to rest upon, this discussion. They were well worth rescuing from his posthumous papers. If the author had lived he would have added several chapters on the European gypsies, and he might have recast the whole treatise in a more systematic form. Whether or no he would have satisfied the curiosity of those who imagined that he had gypsy blood in his veins it is impossible to say. Probably not, since Lady Burton had nothing definite to tell us on the subject in her *Life*. But there is a curious note in his MS., appended to a remark by M. Bataillard, that 'he ought, perhaps, to have been better acquainted with the gypsies.' 'What,' says Burton, 'does the author know about my acquaintance with the gypsies, especially the Burton gypsies?' To our mind, the last four words are all but conclusive. At any rate, they show that Sir Richard was not unwilling to have it supposed that he was descended from the gypsy Burtons. As, however, in that case it would appear that candour required him to make a profession of his descent, especially in connexion with his ethnographic and literary study of the tribe, it may be more natural to suppose that he was uncertain as to his gypsy origin, though his sympathies and his name made him very willing to entertain the idea. He would certainly not have thought that there was any necessary degradation in such an origin."

In the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. W. L. Courtney dwells on the same interesting suggestion:

"There is some reason for supposing that he was a gypsy himself, for Burton is one of the half-dozen distinctively Romany names, and there were many characteristics in the man which seemed to betray his ancestry. He was incurably restless, and this is, of course, a badge of the gypsy tribe; but, more than this, he had the gypsy 'eye.' Whatever other things may change in the long peregrinations of the Romany race, throughout all the ages of their history they have possessed a peculiar eye, which looks through you and beyond you, bright one moment, and then glazing over as though it perceived something behind the

immediate presentments of sense. This is why the gypsies have made such very good fortune-tellers, mesmerists, and hypnotists; and because he too possessed a like characteristic Sir Richard Burton was always claimed by the gypsies themselves. 'We never entered a gypsy camp,' says Lady Burton, in her life of her husband, 'without a remark from our hosts, "What are you doing with a black coat on? Why don't you join us and be our King?"' I do not know whether John Bunyan also possessed the gypsy eye, but he is often supposed to have belonged to the race. So, too, Masaniello, and, though it may not add much credit to the blood, the pugilist Jem Mace."

While the foregoing critics select the paper on the gypsies as the most interesting of the three, the *Standard* critic thinks Burton's paper on "The Jew" is the best in the volume. Mr. Wilkins's statement that he is holding over certain appendices in which Burton attempts to prove the existence of the rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardin or Eastern Jews (especially in connexion with the murder of Padre Tomaso at Damascus in 1840), is not satisfying to the *Standard* critic, who replies:

"In regard to this matter, we think he has said either too much or too little. The general purport of the former document can be gathered from the essay. The mention of its existence to a certain extent gives strength to the charge therein implied. Either the subject should not have been named, or the editor should have said, if that were his reason for not publishing the MS., that its statements needed substantiation, and might be held to be libellous. Burton, as we have said, evidently disliked the Jew. Nowhere is that more obvious than in referring to this matter. In the last chapter, under the title of 'The Continuity of Tradition in the East,' he gives a long list of charges against the Jews of having murdered, often by crucifixion, Christians, more especially children. That a downtrodden race, itself often cruelly treated, may now and again, especially either in uncivilised countries or in darker ages, have secretly taken savage vengeance on representatives of their tyrants, is too possible; but do they stand alone in this? and has there never been miscarriage of justice in such cases, even in the present century? But Burton's objection to the Jew rests on a broader basis than this. It may be summed up in the one word that the Jew is a Separatist. He is among the nations, but not of them. He will deal with them, but, where he is most truly the Jew, will not mingle with them. . . . He suffers from the distrust which sooner or later must attach itself to every caste, whether it be dignified by religion or degraded by greed; for to be tolerant of the intolerant is never easy, and, as Burton held, it is not always wise."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 21.

### THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

SCIENCE IN RELATION TO MIRACLES, SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, AND PRAYERS. By Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. James Nisbet & Co.

A HANDY BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, D.D. S.P.C.K.

THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY: A PLEA FOR FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE SERVICE OF FAITH. By Vindex. George Redway.

THE MISSIONARY EXPANSION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES. By the Rev. J. A. Graham, M.A. R. & R. Clark (Edinburgh).

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF HEREFORD: A DESCRIPTION OF ITS FABRIC AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE EPISCOPAL SEE. By A. Hugh Fisher. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

THE CHURCH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: THE ENGLISH REFORMATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. Four Lectures. By William Edward Collins, M.A. S.P.C.K.

THE ELECTOR KING AND PRIEST. By Andrew Simon Lamb. James Nisbet & Co. 1s.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. POETRY: Vol. I. John Murray.

TENTATIVES. By David B. Mungo. Alexander Gardner.

STORIES FROM THE CLASSIC LITERATURE OF MANY NATIONS. Edited by Bertha Palmer. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

THE SPECTATOR. Vol. VI. Edited by G. Gregory Smith. J. M. Dent & Co. 3s.

HANNIBAL: A DRAMA. By Louisa Shore. Grant Richards.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A STUDENT'S TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By Adam Sidgwick, M.A., F.R.S. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

WITH PEARY NEAR THE POLE. By Eivind Astrup. Translated from the Norwegian by H. J. Bull. C. A. Pearson, Ltd.

### EDUCATIONAL.

SAPPHO VON FRANZ GRILLPARZER. Edited by Walter Rippmann, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s.

SACS ET PARCHEMINS. Par Jules Sandeau. Edited by Eugène Pellissier. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

L'ABBÉ DANIEL. Par André Theuriet. Edited by P. Desargès. Macmillan & Co.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: EURIPIDES; HIPPLYTUS. Edited by John Thompson, M.A., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE LAWS OF LANGUAGE BY THE INDUCTIVE METHOD. By Herbert J. Davenport and Anna M. Emerson. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

ZWISCHEN DEN SCHLACHTEN VON OTTO ELSTER. Adapted and edited by L. Hirsch, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

### JUVENILE.

PRINCE PATRICK: A FAIRY TALE. By Arnold Graves. Downey & Co.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM? By Scotsburn. Isbister & Co. 7s. 6d.

FLOWER FAVOURITES: THEIR LEGENDS, SYMBOLISM, AND SIGNIFICANCE. By Lizzie Deas. George Allen. 3s. 6d.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. November 1897, to April, 1898. The Century Co. (New York).

ST. NICHOLAS. November, 1897, to April, 1898. The Century Co. (New York).

AN EIGHT-HOURS DAY: THE CASE AGAINST TRADE UNION AND LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE. By W. J. Shaxby. "The Liberty Review" Publishing Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d.

THE FIRST COLLEGE OPEN TO WOMEN—QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON: MEMORIES AND RECORDS OF WORK DONE, 1848-1898. Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Queen's College.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THREE novels are promised by Messrs. Innes about the end of the month, the writers being all ladies: *Prisoners of Hope*, by Miss Constance Smith; *The Island of Seven Shadows*, by Miss Roma White; and *A Woman's Privilege*, by Miss Marguerite Bryant.

THE Rev. G. St. Clair, for many years lecturer to the Palestine Exploration Fund, will issue almost immediately, through Mr. David Nutt, an elaborate study on the beginnings of mythology and its relation to early astronomical theories, entitled "Creation Records—Studies in the Book of the Dead."

MESSRS. W. THACKER & Co. will have ready the first week in May a new (illustrated) edition of Boulger's *History of China*.

THE first edition of Mr. William O'Brien's new novel, *A Queen of Men*, has been subscribed prior to publication. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will have a second ready in a few days.

A NEW edition of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's *Remarks on the Use and Abuse of some Political Terms* is in preparation at the Clarendon Press. It is edited, with notes and introduction, by Thomas Raleigh, D.C.L., Fellow of All Souls.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish immediately an account of the campaign in Mashonaland, by Lieut.-Col. Alderson, who was in command of the mounted infantry during the outbreak. The book is entitled *With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force*, 1896, and contains a large number of plans and illustrations.

MR. F. E. ROBINSON has arranged for the following volumes, which are now in course of preparation, and will be uniform with those of his Oxford and Cambridge series: *University of St. Andrews*, by J. Maitland Anderson; *University of Glasgow*, by Prof. W. Stewart, D.D.; *University of Aberdeen*, by Robert S. Rait, M.A.; *University of Edinburgh*, by Sir Ludovic J. Grant, Bart.; *University of Dublin*, by W. Macneile Dixon; *University of Wales and its Constituent Colleges*, by W. Cadwaladr Davies.

THE first edition of *The Naval Pocket Book* for 1898, by Messrs. Laird Clowes and Carr Laughton, is exhausted. A second edition is in the press and will be ready shortly.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN is just publishing a New Novel by BENJAMIN SWIFT, the Author of "Nanoy Noon," entitled **THE DESTROYER** (6s.). In reviewing this work *The Daily Chronicle* says, "Mr. Swift is a clever man. . . . There is always a pleasant flavour of originality about him. . . . There are no dolls in the story. The drama is vibrant with life all through."

Mr. UNWIN is also publishing a biography by F. REGINALD STATHAM, entitled **PAUL KRUGER AND HIS TIMES**, with Photogravure Portrait and Map (7s. 6d.). *The Daily Chronicle* says "It is a portrait of Kruger at his best, and that kind of portrait is in reality likely to be the truest in the end."

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MR. BERNARD SHAW is so far a disciple in the school of that ardent romanticist, Shelley, that he is clearly eaten up by a passion for reforming the world. It would be, perhaps, difficult, and, perhaps, also a trifle impertinent, to analyse how far this passion is due to a sincere anxiety to see the world grow better according to Shaw ideals, and how far it is due to the desire to impress the Shaw ideals upon the world. There is a large distinction between the two motives, and the curious mingling of them does partly account for the peculiar restlessness of mood by which Mr. Shaw's prefaces and plays are distinguished. But here Mr. Shaw will interpose: "What," he will ask, with all that dramatic amazement which is one of the most engrossing facets of his histrionic capabilities, "what are the Shaw ideals? I have none, none upon earth. It is the idealist who is ruining the world, and the world has to push through the obstacles which he lays in the path of progress. To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history."

We will tell Mr. Shaw whereabouts his ideal lies; it lies in the destruction of one of the most potent forces that are seated in human nature, the tendency of desire as opposed to fulfilment. He will call our distinction a quibble of terms, and willingly accept this position on the condition that it is thoroughly established that his ideal is different entirely from the ideal of the idealist. Yet though that be the case, his ideal is none the less a true ideal, inasmuch as, from the other side of the line, it has every essential element of the idealist's ideal. The idealist conceives the world upon what he imagines to be a more heroic scale than it really is, and entreats men to

hurry up towards the level of his ideal; Mr. Shaw also, from his point of view, conceives a world upon what he imagines to be a more heroic scale than it really is—heroic for ten thousand reasons which he would reel off on one leg—and also entreats men to hurry along to his level. Note that neither Mr. Shaw nor the idealist would claim for one moment that the world of today is the world as he wishes it to be; all that each can do is to set up—an ideal world. The strength of Mr. Shaw's position—and it is one which gives him the opportunity of exercising a marvellous gift of humour, fancy, satire and dramatic vision—lies in the fact that, so far, the old idealist has had the arrangement of the modern world's institutions, and that the corruptions of the modern world are therefore laid at the door of that old idealist. We have never yet had an opportunity of working the world upon Mr. Shaw's somewhat vague principle of a "genuinely scientific history," and for that reason alone the reformer may claim with the greatest plausibility that his world would see the removal of all modern corruption. Well, it is a hard matter to judge, and if men come to guide their institutions by the destruction of the codes of the world as regulated according to the old idealist, and by the erection of another code by which the demand, made by law, upon each creature was graduated by the minutest scientific application of principles to every individual, we shall have to wait for the new corruptions and vanities which, of a totally different description from the elder variety, would inevitably invade the new society. That, at all events, seems certain from experimental scientific principles. Then let our posterity look for a future Socrates or Bernard Shaw of another order who, with splendid satire, will expose the evils of contemporary institutions, and will preach the elder Idealism as the New Gospel that has never been tried.

Thus much partly by way of introduction. Whether or not Mr. Shaw regards his dramas as important separate works in the art of imaginative literature, or as merely a fragment in his general scheme of reform, it is as a dramatist that he is to be considered here. It was pre-eminently necessary, however, to refer to the philosophic position taken up by the writer of these plays, because he vehemently demands that this should be done.

"I must warn my readers," he writes, "that my attacks are directed against themselves, not against my stage figures. They cannot too thoroughly understand that the guilt of defective social organisation does not lie alone on the people who actually work the commercial makeshifts which the defects make inevitable."

And, again:

"In spite of a liberal revolution or two, I can no longer be satisfied with fictitious morals and fictitious good conduct, shedding fictitious glory on robbery, starvation, disease, crime, drink, war, cruelty, cupidity, and all the other commonplaces of civilisation which drive men to the theatre to make foolish pretences that such things are progress, science, morals, religion, patriotism, imperial supremacy, national greatness, and all the other names the newspapers call them."

Mr. William Archer has recently inquired with a good deal of condescension if there is any likelihood of Mr. Shaw's attaining to "years of discretion" in the early period of the coming century. If any man, so far as the acute conviction of his opinions go, now writing the English language, has not attained the years of discretion, that man is assuredly not Mr. Shaw. He is as terribly in earnest, despite his reputation for the other thing (in which none rejoices more heartily than he), about his philosophy and his ideal of reform as ever Socrates was; and that philosopher has been reckoned as a pretty serious person, even though to many of his contemporaries he seemed, in his resolute war for reality as opposed to the idealism of his day, an extremely witty buffoon and nothing more. Mr. Shaw's methods, too, are not unlike those of the old Greek. That their fates will be widely different, however; that there is not the least likelihood of a cup of hemlock awaiting the close of Mr. Shaw's career; is entirely due to those benevolent institutions so disliked by him, which are content to look upon his philosophic aims through the same idealist glasses as upon their own progress, science, morals, religion, patriotism, imperial supremacy, and national greatness.

It is imperative, therefore, to consider Mr. Shaw as a combination of philosopher and playwright. Quite naturally enough—and this is a point which he will specially appreciate, since he has too often arraigned Shakespeare upon the same charge—the playwright is at his best when the philosopher is least visible. Take "Widowers' Houses," for example, which Mr. Archer has dismissed with the phrase, "apprentice work." (And so it is apprentice work from the dramatist's point of view, full of weakness, of hitches, and of mere literary exploitation; yet in the two volumes there is not a play which contains so tense an emotion, so keen a passion, so white a wrath.) Take an example or two:

"TRENCH: I hope Mr. Sartorius hasn't much of that sort of property, however it may pay.

LICKCHEESE: He has nothing else, sir; and he shows his sense in it, too. Every few hundred pounds he could scrape together he bought old houses with—houses that you wouldn't hardly look at without holding your nose. He has 'em in St. Giles's; he has 'em in Marylebone; he has 'em in Bethnal Green. Just look how he lives himself, and you'll see the good of it to him. He likes a low death-rate and a gravel soil, he does. You come down with me to Robbin's Row, and I'll show you a soil and death-rate, so I will! And, mind you, it's me that makes it pay him so well. Catch him going down to collect his own rents! Not likely!

TRENCH: Do you mean to say that all his property—all his means—come from this sort of thing?

LICKCHEESE: Every penny of it, sir. [Trench, overwhelmed, has to sit down.]

And almost immediately after:

"LICKCHEESE: I have my children looking to me.

COKANE: True; I admit it. So has our friend Sartorius. His affection for his daughter is a redeeming point—a redeeming point, certainly.

LICKCHEESE: She's a lucky daughter, sir. Many another daughter has been turned out

upon the streets to gratify his affection for her. That's what business is, sir, you see. Come, sir, I think your friend will say a word for me now he knows I'm not in fault.

TRENCH [*rising angrily*]: I will not. It's a damnable business from beginning to end; and you deserve no better luck for helping in it. I've seen it all among the out-patients at the hospital; and it used to make my blood boil to think that such things couldn't be prevented."

However much that may remind one of the humorous lady who recently wrote to a contemporary, "My blood boiled as it has not boiled for many years," there can be no doubt about the sincerity of these passages. Neither Lickcheese nor Trench is anything very much to the purpose; these are the words, this is the preaching of Mr. Bernard Shaw. And therewith one must decide "Widowers' Houses" to be an exceedingly poor play. He lets his passion at every point run away with his imagination. Conceive, if you can, a typical case in life of this kind. Blanche, be it stated, is the daughter of the millionaire who makes his pile out of London slums:

"THE PARLOUR MAID [*plaintively*]: You speak so brutal to me, Miss Blanche; and I do love you so, I'm sure no one else would stay and put up with what I have to put up with.

BLANCHE: Then go. I don't want you. Do you hear? Go.

THE PARLOUR MAID [*piteously, falling on her knees*]: Oh, no, Miss Blanche. Don't send me away from you; don't—

BLANCHE [*with fierce disgust*]: Agh! I hate the sight of you. [*The maid, wounded to the heart, cries bitterly.*] Hold your tongue. Are those two gentlemen gone?

THE PARLOUR MAID [*weeping*]: Oh, how could you say such a thing to me, Miss Blanche? Me that—

BLANCHE [*seizing her by the hair and throat*]: Stop that noise, I tell you, unless you want me to kill you.

THE PARLOUR MAID [*protesting and imploring, but in a carefully subdued voice*]: Let me go, Miss Blanche; you know you'll be sorry; you always are. Remember how dreadfully my head was cut last time!"

Is not that hideous? Did such a scene ever deserve to secure a free passage from brain to paper? By all the rules of instinct, of refinement, and of that realism to which Mr. Shaw himself appeals so constantly as the principle which he enthrones in the place of authority—as though the destruction of one authority did not necessarily mean the setting up of another!—you would answer in the true Adelphi spirit, "No, a thousand times no." And yet you see that the reason why it is so bad, so thin, so violent from the dramatic standpoint, is precisely because in this play the angry philosopher and reformer has come in at the door, and the imaginative dramatist has flown out of the window. We have the profoundest sympathy possible with Mr. Shaw's benevolent purpose, but let it be remembered that, at the present moment, we are discussing him from a dramatic and literary point of view.

Throughout "Widowers' Houses," then, we see Mr. Shaw in a dual aspect, much after the fashion of those composite photographs which were so popular two or three years ago in the cheaper illustrated magazines; but in that dual aspect the features of the philanthropic Socialist are obviously predominant. That was the beginning of

things, however; and as one examines carefully play after play, this predominance slowly fades—the comedian, the character-monger, the humorist, even the sentimentalist, come out more and more with striking distinction, while the philosopher just hangs a little in the background, rather restlessly, a little sulkily, but with occasionally audacious intrusions as if to assert, even with a struggle, his independence of thought and the persistent consistency of his position. In the second play on Mr. Shaw's list, however, the balance is somewhat more even than at the extreme end of the line.

"The Philanderer" really needs a word of serious introduction on the part of any reviewer who does not wish at the outset to stultify himself by a domineering assertion of first principles. There are passages—we shall note one out of many—which you will, perchance, read with indignant shame; any average human being could not help it; but if you at once proceed to set down those too customary adjectives—"coarse," "vulgar," "ill-bred," "dehumanising," and the rest, you will be forthwith pulled up by a certain subtle humour on the part of the dramatist, through which you are made perfectly aware that he does not care a brass farthing for such a judgment, seeing that he could not possibly have been such a fool as not to anticipate it. And having recognised so much, you are immediately rewarded by a vision of Shaw the philosopher—we speak familiarly because he explains in one of his prefaces that it pains him to hear the younger generation addressing him as "Mister," "as though I had done good work in my time"—fretting, fuming, unhappy for that the world is out of joint, and mischievously intent upon calling in Shaw the humorist and the satirist to hide his earnestness, his ill-temper, and his amazing disgust with the idealist condition of the world. The result is, indeed, a play far more really dramatic than "Widowers' Houses," largely owing to the easier handling of his tools. It is also, we suppose—but that is a difficult matter to judge—a better acting play. But it never succeeds in getting at one's humanity, simply because the philosopher is too angry and the satirist too brilliant to think of humanity. These puppets are swayed by no real passions of sorrow and desire, despite a vigorous show of each emotion; they are as remote from anything real as any set plucked from the Restoration Comedy. In proof of which, read this single extract, where a dozen might be cited:

"GRACE: I will tell you the truth.

CHARTERIS [*unfolding his arms in terror*]: No, please don't. As a philosopher, it's my business to tell other people the truth; but it's not their business to tell it to me. I don't like it: it hurts.

GRACE [*quietly*]: It's only that I love you.

CHARTERIS: Ah! that's not a philosophic truth. You may tell me that as often as you like. [*He takes her in his arms.*]

GRACE: Yes, Leonard; but I'm an advanced woman. [*He checks himself and looks at her in some consternation.*] I'm what my father calls the New Woman. [*He lets her go and stares at her.*] I quite agree with all your ideas.

CHARTERIS [*scandalised*]: That's a nice thing for a respectable woman to say. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

GRACE: I am quite in earnest about them, too, though you are not; and I will never marry a man I love too much. It would give him a terrible advantage over me; I should be utterly in his power. That's what the New Woman is like. Isn't she right, Mr. Philosopher?

CHARTERIS: The struggle between the Philosopher and the Man is fearful, Grace. But the Philosopher says you are right.

GRACE: I know I am right, and so we must part.

CHARTERIS: Not at all. You must marry someone else; and then I'll come and philander with you."

That, as it stands, is as grotesque a piece of pseudo-realism, and of what is commonly known as bad taste, as can well be imagined. But supposing a philosopher-satirist to be angry with the marriage institution, supposing that he wishes to show its unreasonableness with the greatest bitterness and keenness, would he not invent just that situation, these words, to discover and unveil the absurdities as he conceives them to exist? Let us forgive this philosopher his romantic instincts from which he cannot get away, and especially when he stands upon his preaching-stool.

These are two of the "unpleasant" plays. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is the third and last of them, and is by far the best; for, as we have said, the philosopher, beginning to love his material more for its own sake, grows less angry and less obtrusive in his personal assertion. It is true that Mr. Shaw here goes deliberately to a hideous social corruption for his theme, but, at the same time, he is content with that selection. The preacher disappears to a very considerable extent, and the writer begins to prove himself a master of character and of the theatrical situation. We have said a master of character: with the exception of Vivie, who is the mouthpiece of Mr. Shaw's philosophical convictions, and is accordingly sacrificed upon the altar of verisimilitude in immediate homage to Minerva, every character of this extraordinary work is alive and vital with human activities. The tiresome Vivie is absolutely necessary for coherence, development, and fulfilment; but once you have faced her as a necessary evil the others fall into their places with the most perfect ease and completeness: the "booming" clergyman and his splendidly amusing son; Mrs. Warren, pathetically horrible, but quite convincing; Crofts, the conscienceless man, less compact of actual wickedness than of native corruption; and Praed, the nervous ass, anxious to please, but really a very nice fellow. The whole thing goes like flashing light, without a flicker or a cloud. For an example of the dialogue take this. Frank, the clergyman's son, proposes to marry Mrs. Warren's daughter:

"REV. S.: Frank, once for all, it's out of the question. Mrs. Warren will tell you that it's not to be thought of.

CROFTS: Of course not.

FRANK [*With enchanting placidity*]: Is that so, Mrs. Warren?

MRS. WARREN [*reflectively*]: Well, Sam, I don't know. If the girl wants to get married, no good can come of keeping her unmarried.

REV. S. [*astounded*]: But married to him! Your daughter to my son! Only think, it's impossible!

CROFTS: Of course it's impossible. Don't be a fool, Kitty.

MRS. WARREN [*nettled*]: Why not? Isn't my daughter good enough for your son?

REV. S.: But surely, my dear Mrs. Warren, you know the reason—

MRS. WARREN [*defiantly*]: I know no reasons. If you know any, you can tell them to the lad, or to the girl, or to your congregation if you like.

REV. S. [*helplessly*]: You know very well that I couldn't tell anyone the reasons. But my boy will believe me when I tell him there are reasons.

FRANK: Quite right, Dad: he will. But has your boy's conduct ever been influenced by your reasons?"

The thing is all infinitely quick, intensely interesting, and profoundly true. The clash of force against force and the resultant line of action are admirably seen and realised. With this play we come to the end of Mr. Shaw's first volume. He reserves for his second volume the explanation from his point of view of how he came, later on, "to write plays which, dealing less with the crimes of society, and more with its romantic follies, and with the struggles of individuals against those follies, may be called by contrast Pleasant." We, too, have an explanation *in petto*, which perforce we must reserve, with a consideration of those plays, for another article.

## THE REPUTATION OF THACKERAY.

*The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. With Biographical Introductions by his Daughter, Anne Ritchie. Vol. I.: Vanity Fair.* (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THACKERAY has not been fortunate in the purple and fine linen of his books. The current popular editions are by no means joys for ever, and we do not honestly think that the new "Biographical" edition is, in this respect, much of an improvement. The red cloth is not altogether pleasant in hue; the title-page and back are conceived without much sense of proportion, while the use of gilt in straight bars and misplaced monograms testifies to a too venerable conception of the nature and use of ornament. These things are generally managed better nowadays. Moreover, *Vanity Fair* is a great deal too big for one pair of covers; two slender volumes and liberally spaced type would have made a book far more desirable alike to handle and to read. We are grateful, on the other hand, for the author's illustrations, reproduced from the *édition de luxe*, and supplemented by some additional unpublished drawings in the introduction. Thackeray is said to have given up the intention of becoming an artist, because he could not learn to draw. Nevertheless, his *Vanity Fair* designs, however technically incorrect, are wonderfully spirited and wonderfully in keeping with the humour of the scenes they accompany. They are, at least, genuine illustrations.

An important feature of the new edition is, of course, the set of biographical pre-

faces which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie proposes to contribute to each volume. As is well known, Thackeray requested that no formal or official biography of him might be written. Most modest of men, he had been offended by the singularly indiscreet memoirs of some other contemporary writers, and was inclined to put down the whole proceeding as "snobbery." Whether he would have persisted in this view if he had quite realised the alternative may be doubted. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie faithfully respected the prohibition, but the great impertinent public was not going to be balked of its privilege in poking and prying into the personal affairs of the dead, and, as a natural result, unauthorised and inaccurate statements got abroad. Now Mrs. Ritchie has decided to give to the world just so much as she thinks it is really entitled to know; the material facts, that is to say, about the writing of the books, and, as regards the man, enough to put the popular impression of him into truer proportions. "It is only after a quarter of a century," she says, "that I have determined to publish memories which chiefly concern his books." And again: "So much has been forgotten, so much that is ephemeral has been recorded, that it is my desire to mark down some of the truer chords to which his life was habitually set." A score of pages of very interesting reminiscences follow, in which Mrs. Ritchie traces some episodes in Thackeray's childhood and youth which seem to have found their reflection in *Vanity Fair*, and also gives some details as to the conditions under which that novel was written, and some extracts from letters to his mother describing its progress and completion. Thackeray was then living with his grandmother and his daughters at 13, Young-street, an old-fashioned London house hard by Kensington-square. The book hung fire at first after its publication in yellow-covered parts by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans began. Mrs. Ritchie describes an interesting episode in its career:

"I still remember going along Kensington-gardens with my sister and our nursemaid carrying a parcel of yellow numbers, which my great-grandmother had given us to take to some friend who lived across the Park; and as we walked along, somewhere near the gates of the gardens, we met my father, who asked us what we were carrying. Then somehow he seemed vexed and troubled, told us not to go on, and to take the parcel home. Then he changed his mind, saying that if his grandmother wished it, the books had best be conveyed; but we guessed, as children do, that something was seriously amiss. Something was seriously amiss. The sale of *Vanity Fair* was so small that it was a question at that time whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether."

Mrs. Ritchie reprints the letter to the Duke of Devonshire with regard to the future destiny of the *Vanity Fair* characters, which has already been discussed in the ACADEMY. It is clear from the dates now given that this must not be regarded as a supplement to the story itself, but as a first draft of the conclusion which was afterwards modified. The letter was written on May 1, 1848; the closing pages of *Vanity*

*Fair* itself were not finished until July 2 in the same year. Thus the ending of Becky's career given in the novel is the final and authoritative one.

Thackeray died in 1863, and it begins to be possible to discern how his work will endure the wear and tear of time. Far less than a quarter of a century has proved fatal to the reputation of more than one writer, whose popularity, at one time or another, must have rivalled his. Where is now the Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton of our grandmothers and are not even the Anthony Trollope and the Charlotte Yonge of our mothers fast hurrying to join him in those oblivious fields? Even George Eliot, it is whispered, hardly maintains her hold upon the rising generation. What, then, of Thackeray? Does he, too, suffer eclipse, as the newer lights of the literary world rise into prominence? Do the young men and maidens who read George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Louis Stevenson still find a place upon their shelves for *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, *Esmond* and *The Newcomes*? Our own impression is that they do; that of the early Victorian reputations, the two which tend to survive, to become classic, are those, firstly, of Thackeray, and secondly, of the obscure ex-governess whose dedication of *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray in the very year of *Vanity Fair* caused him such profound perplexity. If this be so, 1848, significant already for very different reasons, should be a noted date in the annals of literature. We have not forgotten that inquiries made by the ACADEMY among booksellers last autumn elicited the opinion that while in many parts of the country the sale of Thackeray's books remained good, it showed a falling off in precisely those towns—Oxford and Cambridge to wit—where a falling off would mean most. But we do not think that the evidence proves much. University men probably do not buy Thackeray, because he is on their shelves or their fathers' shelves already; and, after all, the number of copies bought of a book is not a fair test of the number of times a book is read. The ephemeral work of fiction is bought, read, and done with; to the worn volumes of your classics one returns year after year with renewed affection.

In many respects Thackeray makes a greater appeal to the modern mind than he did to the first generation of his readers. We have seen that the indifference of the public nearly converted *Vanity Fair* into a torso, and in how many ways must not the author of *Vanity Fair* have knocked up against the prejudices of an age whose ideals of fiction were founded upon the romance of Scott and the sentimentality of Dickens? For, since the tradition of Jane Austen had faded away, Thackeray was the first of the realists; and our mothers fought a little shy of realism: the best of them were idealists, and the bulk were sentimentalists. Here is Thackeray's literary manifesto, from the preface to *Pendennis*:

"Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not

tolerate the natural in our art. Many ladies have remonstrated, and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation. My object was to say that he had the passions to feel, and the manliness and generosity to overcome them. You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world, what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, mess-rooms—what is the life and talk of your sons. A little more frankness than is customary has been attempted in this story; with no bad desire on the writer's part, it is hoped, and with no ill consequence to any reader."

Because, then, Thackeray saw and painted life as it was, and not as men or women wished it to be, or liked to think that it was; and because, hating pettiness, vanities, and snobbery of every kind, he smote the sham with a bludgeon wherever he came across it—because of this, he was called a cynic. A cynic, of course, he was not; he never painted the shadows darker than they really were, never left out the high lights. The epithet was a retort, the wild parry of the snobs stung by the merciless lash of his satire. Well, largely owing to Thackeray himself, literary ideals have changed. We no longer fear to look on things as they are, no longer wish them enveloped in the sentimentalist's rosy mist. And, therefore, Thackeray's realism no longer offends: he speaks to us with our own tongue. If anything has lost savour, it is rather the moments when he, too, appears to approach the sentimental; when the kind, shrewd eyes behind the round spectacles grow suspiciously dim. We do not, of course, speak of the great crowning passage in *The Newcomes*, which we cannot refrain from transcribing once more:

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time, and, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum'—and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Master."

That is one of the immortal pathetic bits in literature, and there are few who read it unmoved. But there are other passages, the death of George Osborne on the field of Waterloo, for instance, conceived in the same vein, but without the same felicity; and from some of these the charm, if they once had charm, seems to have evaporated. Nor, one thinks, do those pale heroines, Amelia Sedley and Helen Pendennis, quite retain their old authority.

One other consideration may confirm our belief in Thackeray's endurance. He is, of course, very largely a painter of manners. And the manners he paints are curiously obsolete. Major Pendennis no longer walks Pall Mall; the vogue of the Fotheringay is forgotten. There is folly and snobbery still in Vanity Fair, but its outward manifestations have been metamorphosed. Yet this makes no difference at all to Thackeray's appeal. You accept his manners historically, as you accept the manners of Eastcheap when the riotous prince and the fat knight

kept revel there, as you always, indeed, had to accept the manners of "Esmond." For, after all, it is not in the ephemeral merely, but in the essential that Thackeray's power lies, in his hold on the central facts of human nature, in the gift of the mage, projecting real men and women on the consciousness of all time.

### SOME HUGUENOTS AND A GUISE.

*Henry of Guise, and Other Portraits.* By H. C. MacDowall. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE historical studies, or "monographs," which Mr. MacDowall has here bound together are three; and they are closely related, as will be evident from the mere recital of their titles—"Henry of Guise," "Agrippa D'Aubigné," "Catherine of Navarre." The first bulks the largest, but the second is far and away the most interesting, while the third is almost a thing of naught. Henry of Guise is, of course, an exceedingly difficult subject to treat sufficiently in a comparatively short space: his connexions and his pretensions were so great and so many, and the part he played so lofty, that his history is almost the history of his time, and that the most complicated with intrigue and disaster in the long and varied experience of France. The difficulties are great, but Mr. MacDowall has contrived to give a lively and sympathetic rendering of the most notable and most handsome of the Guises—who had so much of the temper and colour of his ancestress, the most infamous of the Borgias, who "spoke ill of no one, and never refused a favour," who "asked nothing better than (with one exception) to be friends with all the world," and with whom "all the world (with one exception) was ready to be friends." The first exception was Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots and the reputed assassin of Guise's father, and the second was Henry of Anjou, King of France. Another might be added, a subtle middle third, Catherine de' Medici, the mother of the king. The history of the time is presented with accuracy—that, of course—but also with measured precision and vigour. It is instructive to note—and Mr. MacDowall might have noted—that the articles of union of the famous Catholic League, of which Guise was the head, are almost identical with those of the Scottish Covenant of sixty years later; and it is no secret to the intimate student of Scottish history that this was no coincidence, but that Argyll and the ultra-Presbyterian party quite consciously and cynically adopted the Catholic model. That is doubly instructive, as tending also to show how quick and tense was the interest of one country of Europe in another, and of the several religious parties in each other—quicker and tenser, indeed, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than to-day.

But it is with Agrippa D'Aubigné, the soldier-poet of the Huguenots, and the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon, that Mr. MacDowall is at his best—at his freest and most sympathetic. Henry of Guise he

admires and, we may allow, coldly comprehends; but Agrippa D'Aubigné he loves, and sets forth with all the glow and charm of complete affection and understanding. Take his admirable summary of D'Aubigné's character and career on p. 200:

"All Henry's [of Navarre] fine tact and temper were needed to hold his party together, and no one tested them more severely than D'Aubigné. From the hour when they rode westward together through the frosty night, 'with death and shame behind them,' till the day, eighteen years after, when Henry IV. made his triumphal entry into his capital, D'Aubigné's fortunes were bound up with those of his prince; but their relations, though always intimate, were never harmonious. D'Aubigné did not possess one of the qualities which make a man easy to live with. He was as quick to take offence as he was careless of giving it, he was cursed with an ironical humour which neither interest nor discretion ever restrained, and he prided himself on the savage sincerity which disdained to consider time, place, or person. Yet, though he often quarrelled with his master, Navarre never allowed the parting to be final; for with that unerring knowledge of character which helped to make Henry IV. one of the first diplomatists of his time, he recognised in his intractable equerry one virtue which in the day of adversity outweighed many defects. D'Aubigné was not always to be loved, but he was always to be trusted; he was not often amiable, but he was invariably loyal; there was no bribe in the Treasury of France that could affect his fidelity for a moment, and Henry, bred in the cynical pessimism of the Florentine's school, knew better than most men what fidelity was worth."

Yet there is a phase of D'Aubigné which Mr. MacDowall fails to understand, which, we suppose, it is impossible for any Englishman to understand—especially if he be of the precise and academic sort. He recognises—or says so, at least—that D'Aubigné "was before everything a soldier," and he quotes with approval Biron's saying, that vanity is the fifth element, and the one in which soldiers live. Mr. MacDowall recognises, or allows, that kind of thing, and yet in his excellent chapter on D'Aubigné's distinction as poet, historian, and satirist, he is able to express himself thus:

"It would indeed be difficult to find a greater contrast than that presented by his *Meditations on the Psalms* . . . and the volume [*The Adventures of Baron Foëneste*] whose 'blasphemies and impieties' justly scandalised the writer's kind hosts [the Puritans of Geneva]. . . . Whether the talk turns upon the court, the church, or the camp, it overflows with that profane and scurrilous raillery to whose coarse licence the sixteenth century satirist sets no bounds. . . . The wit of the *Confession* [of the *Sieur de Saucy*] is more malevolent than that of the Gascon dialogue [the *Foëneste*], the satire more ruthless, the coarseness more outrageous; it is difficult to comprehend how the pen which wrote the 'Evening Hymn' and the beautiful little verses on the Lord's Supper could have been guilty of producing it."

To write like that is surely to proclaim oneself a precisian of the narrowest, most insular, and most academic sort. Why is it "difficult to comprehend" that a man may be of a very devout, religious temper, and yet be able to talk, and so to write—for in the sixteenth century and in the seventeenth, and even later, men did not fear to write as they might talk—freely, and to the modern

## AN AMERICAN LAYARD.

*Nippur. The Narrative of the University of Pennsylvania's Expedition to Babylonia in the Years 1888-1890. By John Punnett Peters, Ph.D., &c. Vol. II. (G. B. Putnam's Sons.)*

At the end of Dr. Peters's first volume (reviewed in the ACADEMY of Sept. 11, 1897), we left the expedition straggling back to America, much out of spirits and not a little inclined to quarrel among themselves. After nearly a year's work, executed under circumstances of great hardship, their camp had been burned and looted by the Arabs, and save for the antiquities bought in London, they took back hardly anything to exhibit to the public-spirited subscribers who had found the money for the first campaign. But good Americans do not so easily accept defeat; and, in spite of his own forebodings to the contrary, the committee insisted on Dr. Peters's immediate return to Constantinople, with increased funds and more ample powers. How this wise confidence and liberality was rewarded by discoveries richer, perhaps, than have yet fallen to the lot of any explorer in Western Asia, is told in the present volume.

The success which attended this second effort seems to have been due in the first place to the indomitable energy and tact of Dr. Peters himself, and in the next to the use which he made of the resources of civilisation. On his first campaign, he made friends with politicians and savants alike, so that not only did Hamdi Bey and the British Consulate at Bagdad do their best for him, but the great French explorers M. de Sarzec and M. Pognon gave him valuable help. Yet there remained the nomad Arab tribes among whom he had to work, and these at first sight appeared an insuperable obstacle. The year before their perpetual feuds with each other and the Turks had kept the expedition in a constant state of unrest; and it was the shooting of an Arab thief by one of the Turkish guard supplied by the Porte which had brought about Dr. Peters's precipitate retreat from the country. This time, however, he resolved to attack the Arabs on their weakest side: he had before noticed their superstitious reverence for anything like magic, and had gathered from a conversation overheard between his interpreter and some Arab chiefs that he was himself credited by them with the possession of magical powers. Determined to live up to this reputation, he supplied himself through a Greek at Beyrout with rockets and other fireworks, including "some indescribable inventions of his [*i.e.*, the Greek's] own made in old tomato-cans." Arrived at Nippur, the Arabs began their former practices by stealing a donkey, and Dr. Peters solemnly warned them of the mysterious punishment likely to follow the offence. After a little conjuring with a measuring tape, believed by the Arabs (as in Layard's time) to be a sort of snake, he concealed himself on a dark night in a neighbouring trench, and played off his pyrotechnics with startling effect:

"The first rocket had hardly gone off when we could hear a buzz of excited

voices below us. When the second and third followed, the cry arose that we were making the stars fall from heaven. The women screamed and hid themselves in the tents, and the more timid of the men followed suit. As Roman candles and Bengal lights followed, the excitement grew more intense. At last we came to our *pièce de résistance*, the tomato-can firework. At first this fizzled and bade fair to ruin our whole performance. Then, just as we despaired of success, it exploded with a great noise, knocking us backward in the trench behind a wall in which we were hidden, and filling the air with fiery serpents hissing and spluttering in every direction. The effect was indescribably diabolical, and every man, woman, and child, guards included, fled screaming to seek for hiding-places overcome with terror."

After this there were no more petty thefts, and it only needed a second display to rout an attack in force upon the camp planned by a hostile tribe.

Thanks to the fireworks, an awful medicine administered by Dr. Peters to the Arabs, and the occasional use of the stick, the expedition was allowed to work in peace, and very good work it was they did. They thoroughly excavated the old temple of Bel of Nippur, shifting more earth, as Dr. Peters proudly says, than any scientific expedition before or since; and this time they reaped the benefit of the careful surveys they had made the year before. Digging not at haphazard, but in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, they found, like Schliemann at Troy, several cities buried one under the other, and at every level succeeded in obtaining statues, pottery, seals, and dated tablets establishing the main facts of Babylonian history as worked out by Assyriologists. Cutting through the remains of a Jewish settlement of the seventh century A.D.—distinguished, curiously enough, by the number of magic cups or incantation bowls found in it—they came upon the restored buildings of Assur-bani-pal, King of Assyria, in 650 B.C., then, under a regularly graded series of monuments ascribed to other well-known kings, upon bricks and tablets bearing the inscriptions of the famous conqueror, Sargon of Accad, whose date is now accepted as 3800 B.C., and finally upon those of Alusharsid, a king hitherto unknown to us, whose date cannot be made later than 4000 B.C. Mr. Haynes, who took up in 1893-1896 the completion of Dr. Peters's work, went further still, and obtained results which have drawn from so cautious an Assyriologist as Dr. Hilprecht the statement: "I do not hesitate to date the founding of the temple of Bel and the first settlements in Nippur somewhere between 6000 and 7000 B.C., and possibly earlier." As the date of Menes, the legendary king who is said to have introduced civilisation into Egypt, cannot safely be put higher than 5000 B.C., the American Expedition can fairly claim to have discovered the records of the earliest civilisation which has yet come to light.

This is a very important discovery, because it brings us at once many steps nearer to the solution of the wide-reaching problem, How did the civilisation of the Old World arise? Dr. Peters's explorations go to confirm the conclusion, arrived at by Prof. Fritz Hommel on linguistic grounds, that

ear coarsely, of such matters of human interest as are to-day commonly reserved for smoking-room conversation? To our anæmic, bleached sense of life, in these latter days and in this country, it may be something of a shock to find such a combination in the same person, but surely it should not be "difficult to comprehend." The combination has been familiar in all ages and in all countries, save our own; it marked alike such opposites as St. Augustine and the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, and Protestant and Puritan, as well as Catholic; and it is a point of much doubt whether our greater reticence tends either to greater devoutness in religion, more genuine purity, or truer refinement of life.

As for Catherine of Navarre, spite of Mr. MacDowall's evident admiration of her character and conduct, spite, too, of her brother Henry's tribute to her in a letter to his ambassador in England—

"I loved my sister dearly; no greater loss could have befallen me. She was the companion of all my adventures, good or bad, and she endured the ill more constantly than she had leisure to share the good"

—spite of that affectionate tribute when she was dead, the king, her brother, found her a great embarrassment and obstruction in his political exigencies, and her story provokes in us no sympathy for her misfortunes, but only a great impatience with the obstinacy which brought these misfortunes upon her. And regarding the position of the Huguenots, which Catherine so completely illustrated in her own person, and in particular their attitude towards the State, the last words are not uttered when their firm faith to their principles is commended and the slaughter of St. Bartholomew's Day is spoken of with reprobation. "According to *ces mômiers*—these Puritans"—wrote Balzac in *Le Martyre Calviniste*, "good conduct lay in renouncing the arts and graces of life, in eating well but without luxury, and in silently amassing money without enjoying it otherwise than as Calvin enjoyed his power—in imagination." And into Calvin's own mouth he put these words of shrewd Calvinistic, that is to say, Huguenot, wisdom, "There are bodies in great States; I will have only individuals: bodies are too resistant; they see clearly when individuals are blind." But no stronger condemnation was ever written of the Huguenot position than that set down some years ago by Dr. Martineau, himself of Huguenot ancestry, in an historical essay on the English Puritans. There he declared, in effect, that no State could endure with safety the Puritan ideal either in religion or in politics, because it contemplated a state within a state, an *imperium in imperio*; it was destructive of all true patriotism—that sense of unity of purpose and community of interest which should bind the citizens of a state together; and it made more of those who held a common faith than of those who were of the same blood and the same speech, under the same laws and the same government. These reflections are made because Mr. MacDowall's book provokes thought and something of opposition. It needs a book of substance and character to do that.

the Egyptian civilisation was derived from the Babylonian. Terrien de Lacouperie and others have long said the same thing about the Chinese, and although the proof is not very cogent to uninitiated eyes, it seems to have satisfied such high authorities as Prof. Douglas. As for India, her earliest records do not go anything like so far back as the Babylonian, and she was well known to some of the earliest Babylonian kings whom Dr. Peters has made known to us, they having imported Indian teak for the construction of their temples. It was no doubt the tradition of their rule over, at any rate, the Punjab which inspired Alexander's invasion of that province. There remains only Greece, from whom we derive our own culture, but that hers was derived from Babylon, either directly or through the Phœnicians, has long been known to scholars, and the identification of Greek art and Greek mythology with their Babylonian prototypes is going on every day. Everything, therefore, seems to point to Babylonia as the centre whence the civilisation of the Old World spread, and the Biblical legend of the Garden of Eden may thus have an historical foundation hitherto unsuspected. Whether we can get yet further back depends in part on the decipherment of the 32,000 cuneiform tablets which formed the "bag" of the Philadelphian Expedition, and of the almost equal number now lying unread in the different museums of Europe. Meanwhile, we can recommend all who are interested in the matter to read the work on *Old Babylonian Inscriptions, Chiefly from Nippur*, published by Prof. Hilprecht, which should certainly be taken in conjunction with Dr. Peters's book.

There is much, however, in the present volume to interest the reader who is not an archæologist. Dr. Peters writes easily, and the opinions of a shrewd and observant traveller without prejudices arising from too close an acquaintance with European politics have a value of their own, apart from the dry American humour with which he generally expresses them. After leaving Nippur, he returned to Constantinople by way of Palestine and the Syrian coast, and, therefore, had a good chance of comparing the state of the different parts of the Turkish dominions. It may surprise some among us to hear that in his opinion the Sick Man is by no means so moribund as they would wish, and that in Asia the Sultan's authority was reviving. The Arabs, he thinks, may yet be a source of trouble in Mesopotamia, whither they are slowly being pushed from the deserts bordering Arabia. Yet they know their masters, and an ambush of both horse and foot, laying in wait for the Expedition, "rode sullenly back" at the bidding of a single Circassian *zaptieh*, who represented the authority of the Porte. In Palestine, too, he tells us, the Circassian colony planted by the Turks, "although few in number, had so handled the Arabs in the neighbourhood that none ventured to molest or interfere with them." And in the Lebanon, he says:

"Although the Turks do not seem to conduct their military operations with much skill, and their wars usually result in a draw; neverthe-

less they have been, and still are, slowly pressing southward on the Eastern side of the Jordan, establishing military stations, extending the telegraph, and bringing the country into actual and not merely nominal subjection to the Porte."

On the other hand, Dr. Peters has few compliments for English diplomacy, which he considers to have been outwitted in Armenia by the Russians, and to have pursued "a weak and futile policy, occasionally protesting against Turkish outrages, but taking no active steps to enforce its protestations." He admits, however, that we have sometimes interfered effectively to prevent massacres of the Syrian Jews.

This volume, like its predecessor, is well got up, and furnished with all necessary plans and appendices. The illustrations, as before, are a failure, partly owing to a camera having been tampered with by "someone acquainted with photography." The few photographs which Dr. Peters has succeeded in reproducing are too small, indistinct, and wanting in detail, to make us regret the absence of the others. One good woodcut would be worth a dozen of them.

#### A LEADER-WRITER'S ESSAYS.

*Studies on many Subjects.* By Samuel Harvey Reynolds. (Edward Arnold.)

THIS book, to which Prof. Saintsbury contributes a preface, is, with one exception, a collection of reviews by the late Mr. Harvey Reynolds, contributed either to the *Westminster* or the *Times*. Mr. Reynolds is interesting as a typical example of the *Times* contributor: a clergyman and a Fellow of Oxford, living in his quiet vicarage, unheard of by the public, and yet more widely read by the public than all but the most popular authors. For he wrote, as his widow tells us, some two thousand leaders for the great, unchanging organ of the solid and stolid English moneyed classes; as permanent and tenacious as Downing-street itself. Mr. Harvey is the thorough journalist of the old class. His wife quoted from his papers his conception of the journalist's vocation:

"He must be content to be counted as nothing, in the future as in the present, to be unknown or set aside, and never to take rank among the real influences of his time. His labours will be rewarded, but not as men ordinarily count reward. He will have a real power—his work will be deep and lasting, but his name will be obscure or evanescent. He will affect the tone of the nation for which he writes, and will thus be the indirect cause of its most noble after-growth. . . . To those who are dissatisfied with such a position among the unrecognised forces of the world we will say only that they must try some other line, for they have not the temper of journalists."

It is a fair and dignified defence of the old steady-going journalism. The work of the journalist is deep and lasting, like the work of the coral-insect, which is also among the nameless forces of the world. He powerfully affects the tone of the nation for which he writes, but whether the result be "noble after-growth" manifestly depends

on how he affects the tone of the nation. As to whether England's noble after-growths are the product of *Times* journalism, one may make some dram of a scruple. To be among the unrecognised forces of the world one must plainly be unambitious. And unambitious is, perhaps, the first adjective we should apply to Mr. Harvey's *Studies*. An absence of ambition must clearly have been a note of his character. To be unambitious—and a *Times* journalist—one must be unimaginative. And unimaginative is perhaps the second adjective we should apply to these *Studies*. The imagination of Shakespeare would turn a jade, a very Dobbin, after hauling a couple of thousand leaders for the *Times*. Even the style has we know not what which breathes of sound commercial principles and solid mahogany. It is an honest-suited style enough, a durable article made of the best material, but—shall we say?—bagging a little with much wear. A style constructed to work if you turn the key; a trudging style, insensitive, with seasoned sole, built for heavy going. Yet you cannot say why. You cannot lay your finger here or there and fix a defect: the sentences are scholarly enough in structure, not involved or ponderous; direct, clear; yet their impression is heavy. Perhaps faults would be a relief. Perhaps it is the flavourless unimpeachability, as of distilled water, which jades our palate. It is an able specimen of that journalistic style which still has its fortress in the *Times*, while the movement begun, shall we say, by Mr. Stead, has infected other papers with vivacity and character.

Mr. Harvey is distinctly at his best when he is not dealing with literature. His master-quality is temperance and judiciality applied to matters of fact or theory rather than of taste. In dealing with Louis Blanc's *French Revolution*, with Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Man versus the State*, or with *Bimetallism*, his calm, clear, commonsense judgment shows to advantage. He is on his own ground, also, in discussing Bacon's political career and true relation towards the philosophy which goes under his name. It is an excellent piece of work. In the essay, *On the Critical Character*, he has the merit (as Prof. Saintsbury points out) of recognising the value of Matthew Arnold's criticism when Arnold had not attained his present undisputed place. It must be granted, also, that his essay on Dante pleaded for the study of that poet in a day when Dante was neglected by Englishmen; but it would be impossible to call it an adequate criticism on Dante. He does his best to be judicial; but half of Dante is beyond his range. His hatred for metaphysics (most characteristic in a *Times* reviewer of Mr. Harvey's period) and his defective imagination lead him into a hopelessly narrowed estimate of the great Florentine's genius; while to the *Paradiso* in particular he shows lamentable obtuseness. And what shall we say of an essay on *The Fathers of Greek Philosophy*, which opens with the statement:

"It is not probable that any, who have not either a pecuniary or theological interest in the matter, will contend in the present day that metaphysics are of any value";



and who further refuses to waste his time on the discussion of such "elaborate nonsense." An estimate of Plato and Aristotle by a man who has thus candidly stated his degree of competence can only be a literary curiosity. It serves, at any rate, to show how far we have since come. What would have been Mr. Harvey's amazement to behold a Leader of the Commons putting forth a more or less metaphysical book amid public applause, can but dimly be conjectured. We spoke of one essay not before published. It is the final essay on Dr. Samuel Parr, and is perhaps the best in the volume. Here Mr. Harvey has manifestly followed Macaulay in style, with considerable gain of life; and he attempts to clear the Doctor from the aspersion cast on him in De Quincey's brilliant essay. His statement is excellently impartial, and the last word that need be said on a by no means important person. For ourselves, we think rather worse of Parr after reading Mr. Harvey's essay than after reading De Quincey's. We are glad to part with this word of cordial praise from a book which is the work of an undoubtedly able man, and has the interest of a type disappearing and a day disappeared. But that it contains the seed of life we cannot pretend.

#### THE NEW BIBLICAL DICTIONARY.

*A Dictionary of the Bible.* Edited by James Hastings, D.D., and Others. (T. & T. Clark.)

BOTH the editors and the publishers are to be congratulated upon the appearance of the first volume of this most excellent work. In form it is larger than Smith and Fuller's, while an ingenious system of abbreviating references gives more space to the writers without imposing much additional labour on the readers. On the title-page appear the names of Profs. Davidson (Aberdeen), Driver (Oxford), and Swete (Cambridge); while the list of contributors includes nearly every school of Christian thought, with the notable exception of the extreme High Church or Anglo-Catholic. Every attempt, with the exception afterwards mentioned, seems to have been made to exclude matters of controversy, while scientific questions have been entrusted to the best known and most capable hands; and, though much space has been allotted to subjects demanding lengthy treatment, such as the Chronology of the Old and New Testaments, due notice has been taken of such matters as the explanation of obsolete words which may be supposed to present difficulties to less advanced students. If the other volumes keep up to the high level of this one, the editors will have produced the best Biblical Dictionary which has yet appeared.

To say that such a book is entirely free from fault would, of course, be to say that its contributors were more than human. We think, for instance, that it would have been well had Prof. Ira Price (Chicago) not been allowed to air, in the article "Accad," his adhesion to the wild theory of M. Halévy on the Semitic

origin of the Sumerian texts. As M. Halévy's opinions on this point are gaining no ground in Europe, we do not see why the editors should have admitted an article which has necessitated an editorial note of disclaimer, and is, besides, in direct contradiction to the full and authoritative articles of Prof. Hommel (Munich) on "Assyria" and "Babylonia." We may protest, too, against Mr. Crum's disfigurement of his own most useful and complete article on "Egypt" by the adoption of the latest vagary in the transliteration of Egyptian hieroglyphics, of which the spelling of King Mycerinus' name as "Mnk'wr" is the only instance quotable in ordinary type. Such strictly local fashions in pedantry—for the French Egyptologists have always stoutly resisted this German system of transcription—are as certainly doomed to disappear as the fancy which prevailed in the fifties for spelling Clovis as Hlodowig, and can besides convey no information to the readers for whom the Dictionary is intended. But these are but spots in the sun which in no way detract from the real merit of most of the other articles. If we were to make a choice where nearly all are good, we should perhaps take Mr. Forbes Robinson's "Apocrypha" and Prof. Ramsay's "Ephesus" as perfect models of what such articles should be.

Not the least interesting feature in the Dictionary is the evidence it affords of the change in opinion as to the date of the different books in the Old Testament, brought about by the increasing diffusion of archaeological knowledge and more rational views of the inspiration of Scripture than formerly prevailed. Although among the contributors are numbered such determined opponents of the higher criticism as Profs. Sayce and Hommel, the Book of Job is quietly relegated to the age of the Captivity and the Book of Daniel to that of Antiochus Epiphanes in apparent confidence that such assertions are in accordance with the best religious opinion of the time. Yet Renan made the late date of the Book of Job, which he assigned to the reign of Hezekiah, an argument for supposing that the Jews were not acquainted with the Mosaic law until its re-discovery by Josiah; and if Daniel were not written till 170 B.C., it is plain that what were formerly regarded as his prophecies were merely a poetical narrative of current events. It is true that neither theory is incompatible with the most orthodox view of Scripture; yet we can fancy what a storm their promulgation in a work of this kind would have raised among the orthodox even ten years ago. That it will not do so now seems to be clear gain.

#### AFTER BUNYAN.

*The New Guest.* By Angus Rotherham. (David Nutt.)

MACAULAY was properly severe on all attempts to "improve and to imitate" the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Rotherham, perhaps, would have escaped his censure, for he takes little from Bunyan except the general idea of the book. His pilgrim sets out after an

interview with the Wandering Jew and passes a night in the Castle of the Crown of Thorns; he meets with Faith, Hope, and Charity, and is accepted as the Pilgrim of Faith; he falls into the clutches of Circe, is taken prisoner by the Giant of the Milling District, and passes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; at last he embarks on the Sea of Self-Mistrust and lands on an island which sinks under him, when he swims to the Hill Country and meets the Wandering Jew grown young again. The moral of it all is, apparently, that each must work out his salvation for himself, and that it is best to do one's duty without bothering too much about creeds. The following is a sample of Mr. Rotherham's not ungraceful style, the subject being the apparition of the Golden Helen in the Castle of the Crown of Thorns.

"Now as I was sitting listening, I heard a rustle of garments, and looked round. Then I saw at one side of the hall a phantom more exquisitely lovely than desire itself could mould of earth. It cast a glance of startled wonder at the place and the people, and bearkened with amazement to the music. Then it took two or three steps and looked and listened again. None of the others marked anything, only myself was rapt with the entrancing vision. She moved on and gathered her robe close around her, as if fearing somewhat, yet her carriage was queenly. When she came near I knew the spirit could tell that I alone of the company was aware of her—such a wonderful soul came into her eyes. She passed by the Crown of Thorns, paused a moment to look at it, and shuddered. Then she ventured nearer to the seats, and looked at the men and women there; but they saw nothing, and gave no heed. At last she put forth a lovely hand and touched one and another, but they marked nothing. Then she glided near to me and touched me too, but neither could I feel it, and when I put out my hand to touch her, lo! it was nothing again. Then drawing back a step she bent her head, letting fall her wreath of flowers, while the golden hair shed itself over her shoulders; and below the music I heard her sigh and utter these words in a whisper: 'Greece gave her swiftest and fairest for me, and forgave me; in windy Troy they loved the face that brought their ruin. Was not great Agamemnon my husband's brother, or do I dream? For sure he was—absent, dishonoured, I still held sway in that husband's palace, and he hated the blind grace of the statues when he thought of me. But this hall, these faces, that strange crown. Why do the men not look at me? Why do they not speak? What is the blood upon their foreheads? The phantom on the palace couch, the evening shadow from the hills of Lacedæmon have more being than I. Nothing, nothing for evermore, I pass across the fields of sleep.' And with that she drew to the further side of the hall, and growing thinner and thinner presently vanished away."

It cannot be said that Mr. Rotherham handles the allegorical method like a master. He might, indeed, plead Bunyan's example as an excuse for sometimes allegorising and sometimes not, and the lyrics with which his pages are strewn are certainly not worse than Bunyan's own; but he shows an alternate distrust and confidence in the discernment of his readers which his great example was far from professing. Thus, he tells us by a marginal note that the burden borne by his pilgrim is "the burden of the unsatisfied soul," and that the sink-

ing island is the Roman Catholic Church, both of which facts "every schoolboy" could make out for himself. But what in the world is the Milling District with its thrown-down walls, its people who cannot say yea and nay, and its three-headed giant with a captious wife and an army of slaves? At one time it seems to be Capital with some reference to Free Trade, though such a theory is rather at variance with the tone of the rest of the book. Then it looks like Education and the scepticism it is supposed to engender. But the author gives us no hint: which is to behave not like an imitator of the inspired tinker, but like the commentators, of whom it is said:

"The commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing rushlight to the sun."

Can it be that Mr. Rotherham has at one time meditated a commentary on Bunyan, and now confuses his earlier with his later method?

Spite of this, the book has much to recommend it. It is beautifully printed in antique type and on hand-made paper, though—the pity of it!—in "Boston, U.S.A."; it is too short to be tedious; and it contains by way of incidental piece as good an original fairy story as the reader is likely to meet with. With more of the same sort, we shall be glad to greet Mr. Rotherham again.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*History of England under Henry the Fourth.*  
By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. Vol. IV.  
(Longmans.)

THIS volume completes Mr. Wylie's laborious task. During a quarter of a century he has written the history of fourteen years, with a scrupulous minuteness and a painful determination to dig to the sources which have won him the respect of every scholar. And if the very abundance of detail, no less than that wilful archaism of manner for which Mr. Wylie professes himself still impenitent, does something to repel the easy reader and obscure the broad outlines of historical portraiture, the book will nevertheless endure as a vast storehouse of facts, invaluable, essential to anyone who would comprehend that difficult, complicated thing, the fifteenth century. Of direct narrative there is but little left for this closing volume. A chapter or two on the relations of England to Burgundians and Armagnacs, and on the battle of St. Cloud; a chapter on the myth of madcap Prince Hal and on the strained relations between father and son; and then the end. The narrative of Henry's death and burial and the summary of his personality and character are written in Mr. Wylie's best manner, with even more than his usual lavish apparatus of confirmative and illustrative references. Thus he describes the last honours paid to the mortal usurper.

"The king's body was washed, brained, bowelled, and embalmed in a mixture of myrrh,

aloes, laurel flower, and saffron, and wound in cerements of waxed Rheims linen, leaving the face alone exposed. They then clothed it in a long robe reaching to the heels, with a royal mantle over it. The thick brown beard was smoothed over the throat and chin, the crown was placed upon the head, the hands were strapped with cerecloth sewed about each thumb and finger, and dressed in gloves richly brodered with orphreys. The right middle finger wore a gold ring. The right hand held a golden orb with the cross resting on the breast, while the left hand lay at his side, grasping a sceptre of gold which reached to the left ear. The legs were cased in silken galogs or buskins, and the feet were shod with sandals. Dressed in this guise, the body lay in state for a time at Westminster. It was then stripped again, lapped in lead, chested in a rough elm hutch, packed with haybands to steady it, and taken down the Thames to Gravesend in a barge arrayed with lamps, accompanied by eight vessels, having on board the Prince of Wales, his brothers John and Humphrey, and a crowd of barons, knights, bishops, abbots, and other notables."

The rest of the volume is made up of appendices, a glossary, and an exhaustive index. Among the former may be noted an itinerary for the whole reign, a list of mediæval trades, and a long series of extracts from Wardrobe and other Accounts in the Record Office. Many of these are valuable as evidence upon matters of costume and domestic economy during the reign. The whole is compiled with exact and elaborate care, and forms a worthy finish to a most honourable work.

*The Iliads of Homer.* Translated by George Chapman. "Temple Classics." 2 vols. (Dent.)

THIS is a welcome little reprint. Chapman was not a very precise scholar, and he had some eccentricities of vocabulary, but for spirit and swing not one of his successors has approached him. How well this goes, taken quite at random!

"This said, the multitude  
Was all for home: and all men else, that what  
this world conclude  
Had not discover'd. All the crowd was shov'd  
about the shore,  
In sway, like rude and raging waves, rous'd  
with the fervent bore  
Of th' east and south winds, when they break  
from Jove's clouds, and are borne  
On rough backs of th' Icarian seas; or like a  
field of corn  
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts  
bring easily underneath,  
And make the stiff up-bristled ears do homage  
to his breath;  
For even so easily, with the breath Atrides us'd,  
was sway'd  
The violent multitude. To fleet with shouts,  
and disarray'd,  
All rusht; and, with a fog of dust, their rude  
feet dimm'd the day."

Chapman's *Odyssey*, better still, has already been issued in this series.

*Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories.*  
By Marion Harland. (Putnam's.)

MISS HARLAND has written a pleasant, gossipy book upon old Virginia, full of studies of its early families and their homes,

many of which still stand, full also of bits of personal and historical romance. She tells the story of the Fair Evelyn of Westover and her ill-starred love affair with Charles Mordaunt, son of the Earl of Peterborough. She tells the story of the Jumel mansion on Washington Heights, and of the extraordinary marriage between Mme. Jumel and that truly "magerful man," Colonel Aaron Burr. Most touching, and to English readers most familiar of all, she tells the story of the beautiful Indian princess Pocahontas, daughter of Powhattan, of the services which she rendered to the early Virginian settlers, and of her ill-requited affection for their famous leader, the explorer and writer Captain John Smith. Ultimately she was christened with the name of Rebecca, married to an Englishman, and taken to England, where she was entertained by Bishop John King. She died at Gravesend, as she was about to return to America. Miss Harland writes prettily, with a strong sense of the picturesque and of the dreamy interest clinging round the "unhappy far-off things" with which she has to do. The get-up of the book is not altogether pleasing to an English taste, for the heavily-clayed pages make it a portentous weight.

*The Story of Hawaii.* By Jean A. Owen (Mrs. Visger). (Harper Brothers.)

THIS book is in no sense a work of art; and art of the most distinguished has been so lavished upon the islands of the Southern Seas, that the kindly gossip of Mrs. Visger is apt just a little to jar upon a tender nerve. But for this the volume is informing enough, and quite well up to the daily level of Our Special Correspondent. You will have your notions of the whereabouts of the group and its local relation to Samoa and Tahiti corrected, your herbarium of the islands will be filled in, your ideas of their folklore will be rounded off. From Mrs. Visger you may also learn of the progress that had been made by native thought and the growth of the native polity, when the originality of an adolescent civilisation was graciously nipped in the bud by the condescending intrusion of de-civilised man out of the East and the West. It is the too familiar story of a simple race of sweet unsophisticated instincts banded about between alien races of corrupt and greedy adventurers; and the moral comes home with all the more vivacity that Mrs. Visger apparently is hardly conscious of it.

*The Architectural Review* (June—November, 1897). (Office: Effingham House.)

THIS very excellent magazine grows in interest. Some of the reproductions in the volume before us are worthy of high praise, and all are interesting. Not only architecture, but the decorative arts generally receive notice; and some idea of the editor's catholicity may be gained from the ingenious illustrated article on Zenda—Mr. Anthony Hope's imaginary city—in which we are offered both a plan of the castle's arrangement and a picture of its exterior, which might well accompany new editions of the story.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE OPEN BOAT.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

A fat green volume of seventeen short stories and sketches by the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*. The author divides them into "Minor Conflicts" and "Midnight Sketches." The longest of the "Conflicts" is "The Open Boat," which sails through forty pages; the shortest of the "Sketches" is "A Detail," which comes to an end on its third page. (W. Heinemann. 301 pp. 6s.)

#### KRONSTADT.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

An exciting story of the impregnable fortress which is represented as the gate of all Russia. The story tells how Maria Best, governess to the children of General Stefanovitch, tries to steal the plans of the fortress. A strong element of love mingles with the plot. (Cassell & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### THE UNKNOWN SEA.

BY CLEMENCE HOUSMAN.

"A solitary fisher ploughed the lively blue of a Southern sea"—that is the first sentence of this poetical, mystical, dreamy story, or allegory. Miss Housman is the true sister of her gifted brothers, and here her imagination has had full play. (Duckworth & Co. 315 pp. 6s.)

#### A RACE FOR MILLIONS.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Still they come. We refer to Mr. Murray's books. The new one is, however, something to be thankful for, so brisk and exciting is the story it tells. Here is the opening: "Inspector Prickett, of the Yard, was neither a worker of intellectual miracles, like the famous Sherlock Holmes, nor a patent donkey, like the average officer of farcical comedy." Instead he was one of the most fascinating detectives in fiction. His adventures on the trail of a mysterious thief form this story. In the end he does quite a new thing: he proposes. Detectives are usually above this. (Chatto & Windus. 296 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A QUEEN OF MEN.

BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The Irish politician and Home Ruler, whose imprisonment for conscience' sake produced the romance *When We Were Boys*, now offers a story of Ireland in the time of Good Queen Bess. The Armada here and there floats majestic between the lines, and history is more than suggested. The book is agreeable reading, save for the nomenclature of the *dramatis personæ*. We cannot think it right for people (except in Zulu novels) to be called Graun'ya Uaile and Lady Nu'ala, Dowdarr'a and Ca'hal. (F. Fisher Unwin. 321 pp. 6s.)

#### ORDEAL BY COMPASSION.

BY VINCENT BROWN.

A soul's tragedy worked out relentlessly, yet pitifully, by the author of that powerful story *My Brother*. "I would be plain in the beginning," runs the opening passage: "this is the history of a young man of the common people who murdered his wife. Good reader, it cannot, I fear, be a smiling book. But it is not sadder than life, than truth; and I think kind hearts will understand it." (John Lane. 260 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE BETROTHAL OF JAMES.

BY CHARLES HANNAN.

The author's motto is: "Hail, gentlemen! So it please you, let me clown awhile," and a fearsome cat sports upon cover and title-page. The story, by the author of *The Captive of Peking*, is of cats, and it endows them with capacities hitherto unsuspected by the most ardent felinologists. We shall say no more save that fantastic farce is the order to which Mr. Hannan's new book belongs, and one of his characters is named Quiggerfield. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 243 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT  
FOWLER.

A serious story of modern society and dissent, of love and literary life, by the author of *Cupid's Garden*. Let us quote the dedication:

"To Mine Own People: meaning those within  
The magic ring of home—my kith and kin;  
And those with whom my soul delights to dwell—  
Who walk with me as friends, and wish me well;  
And lastly those—a large, unnumbered band,  
Unknown to me—who read and understand."

(Hodder & Stoughton. 360 pp. 6s.)

#### WHERE THE TRADE-WIND BLOWS.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER  
CROWNSHIELD.

If ever there was a fitting moment for the publication of a collection of West Indian stories, it is now, with Cuba in every one's thoughts. And in this book such a collection is offered. Twelve stories in all are here printed, and to make them more topical still, they deal largely with the loves and jealousies of Spaniards, against seductive backgrounds of orange grove and cocoa plantation. Among other characters is a humorous black-and-tan terrier named William Penn. (Macmillan. 308 pp. 6s.)

#### A CHAMPION IN THE SEVENTIES.

BY EDITH A. BARNETT.

A clever, serious book for serious women. "Being the True Record"—so runs the sub-title—"of some Passages in a Conflict of Social Faiths." The champion was Tabitha Vassie, and she fought for woman's independence. (Heinemann. 360 pp. 6s.)

#### BEATRIX INFELIX.

BY DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

This is rather a sketch than a novel; it is a portrayal, tenderly done, of a girl of Marie Bashkirtseff's type, unhappy, unsatisfied, and early dying. There is good writing in the book, with Rome for the background. (John Lane. 193 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### JOCELYN.

BY JOHN SINJOHN.

He does not love his Polish wife, he loves Jocelyn. One night "he saw himself; he saw what he was doing. Like a drowning man he saw all that had gone before, all that was coming, stretched grimly into a dim future. He saw her mind—the pity in it, the reflection of his own passion. He saw his wife. He saw all things—love, pity, and honour. He weighed them in the scales, they were all as nothing. Their lips met."

We beg pardon; we have omitted a sentence. Just before their lips met, "a short, sobbing breath of wind sighed through the olives." (Duckworth & Co. 309 pp. 6s.)

#### THE INDISCRETIONS OF LADY ASENATH.

BY BASIL THOMSON.

This is not a story of dress-coat society and card-leaving. It is a sketch of Fijian manners—Lady Asenath being Fijian, very Fijian. When she was induced to give evidence before a board-meeting convened to inquire into the decrease of population in the Fijian Islands her evidence was like "Rabelais let loose, plus the text of the *Scented Garden*"; so that when she wound up with the joyous remark: "Oh, we of Nandi, what gay dogs we are!" the members could only toy with their pens and look earnestly at their papers. (A. D. Innes & Co. 199 pp. 6s.)

#### MISS ERIN.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

Miss Erin comes from California wrapped in an old cloak and sundry folds of flannel, and in the incompetent care of Michael Dooley. She is consigned to her uncle, who bids Michael take her to the workhouse. But Miss Erin does not go the workhouse: she thrives, and in the twelfth chapter begins to write patriotic poetry; and in the fourteenth she is called the Irish Joan of Arc, on rather slender grounds, preliminary to settling down in life. A good Irish story. (Methuen. 357 pp. 6s.)

## THE FIRE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

A love-story by the author of *The Way of the Wind* and *Asteeek's Madonna*. Mr. Burrow's readers are sure of good writing—a dainty style, but sometimes overwrought. Thus: "After a long silence it occurred to Waring to look at his watch. The action was a recognition of the inevitable; it confessed the dominion of arbitrary circumstance; it acknowledged mortality." (Duckworth & Co. 328 pp. 6s.)

## SPECTRE GOLD.

BY HEADON HILL.

A romance of Klondyke, with eight pictures, and a "beautiful Indian bride." (Cassell & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Destroyer.* By Benjamin Swift.  
(Unwin.)

MR. SWIFT has made a decided advance upon *The Tormentor*. All the qualities that were conspicuous in the earlier work—novelty of thought, felicity of style, and that union of the two which makes epigram—are here, not less brilliant, and a good deal less crude; and the capital defects which disfigured that book do not obtrude themselves in *The Destroyer*. There is nothing in this story definitely incredible, no leading incident or trait of character that the mind refuses to accept. Yet for all that Mr. Swift, as a novelist, has not, in our judgment, advanced beyond the stage of remarkable promise. His imagination has not yet subdued its leaning to the fantastic, and he is not wise enough to stamp frankly his inventions—as Stevenson, for instance, did in youth—with the character of dreamland. If one thinks over the book after reading it, the dream nature is evident. The whole thing hangs together superficially, but it has that touch of extravagance and inconsequence which reminds one that it is not life; yet it is in the wrong key for a new episode of the *Arabian Nights*; the author wants you to take it as a serious representation of the world that we have got to live and die in. For that reason, Mr. Swift is still a failure. He will be read and admired by the people who write books and are vigilant for exclusively technical qualities; but the people to whom literature appeals, they cannot tell why, will not care for him; and the success really worth having is to please both. The intellectual quality alone, to say nothing of the poet's imagination, shown on every second page of this book, is something entirely beyond Trollope's range; while in point of style Trollope has nothing to set against Mr. Swift's flashing excellences but a certain sanity and reserve. Yet for all that Trollope had the creative touch: any one of his *Chronicles of Barset*—which, let it be remembered, were pure inventions, not sketches from the life—presents a society so credible that it is difficult to believe it did not exist. That is just what this clever young writer misses. No single one of his characters seems to us a living person, though each is a telling comment upon some imaginable type. They all speak with the same accent, though in different dialects. Listen to old Isaac, when he insists upon leaving the farm, the chance of a hereditary resemblance having made it clear to all the world that his wife's daughter is none of his blood: "Ye've been a good lady to me," he said, "but I can't plough the same ground any more. The truth goes a-wriggling before me on it."

That is precisely the same turn of violent imaginative metaphor which Edgar Besser, Hubert, and Violet (other of Mr. Swift's puppets) employ; admirable in itself, but not appropriate.

In short, it seems to us that if Mr. Swift had chosen to write an essay upon the many phases of love—for love is the Destroyer—the result would have possessed every good quality which this book can show, and none of the bad ones; we should have been spared at least the horrible central episode of a girl's marriage to a man whose incipient mania, caused by a long course of reckless self-indulgence, comes to a crisis in the excitement of his wedding night. Mr. Swift gives ample proof that he is a remarkable writer; he has yet to convince us that the novel is his true medium. Certainly in the construction of a plot, and the whole business of story-telling, he has everything to learn. Between the two threads of this plot there is no real connexion; Violet's marriage

to Hubert, and the subsequent drama between her and Edgar Besser, whom she loves, while Hubert, supposed dead, is in confinement under Besser's roof, do not relate themselves in any way to the fact that Miriam, who is Violet's half-sister by blood, though not in name, grows up into a likeness of her that makes life bitter to Violet and her mother. The knavish valet Prah!—a clever sketch, but quite unconvincing—who returns with Besser in charge of Hubert, forms only an arbitrary link, not an essential one.

We take Mr. Swift at a high valuation and subject his work to the severest tests; but the more we look at it the more we are convinced that we admire in him a writer of novels who possesses qualities that a good novelist can well dispense with, and owns none of those which are indispensable to the great writer of fiction. That, however, does not blind us to the beauty of writing like this.

"They seemed to have, in a moment, a vision into the depth and solemnities of each other's lives. They divined without use of words this easing of their destinies. They had been sitting long in the cold places of duty, but this soft glow came like the warmth of fruit that ripens in the sun. Love, troubled and forsaken, had long been laying his foundations in darkness, and these were to be his late upbuildings. What could words do? Tears could not do enough for that silent chorus of their lives."

Sometimes, however, metaphor is overstrained: "Hubert," wrote Besser, "your body is only your soul's sentry-box and point of vigilance. I've left Oxford. I'm tonsured. You know what that means." Did Hubert know, one wonders? And sometimes Mr. Swift sins at once against good sense and good taste. When Hubert returned, like the prodigal son, "Jesus, for instance," writes Mr. Smith, "would have accepted him straight away; would have said that he was 'born again,' and that his past was now dead and meaningless; of no moral or physical importance any more." Was the Teacher, then, whose name, after nineteen hundred years, most people dislike to hear mentioned in this off-hand manner, so much less intelligent than any modern physician? It is almost pathetic to see how many there are who think that the world has made a great stride in understanding within the last five, ten, fifteen, or, at the outside, within the last twenty years.

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*The Incidental Bishop.* By Grant Allen.  
(C. Arthur Pearson.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S recent excursions with "Women who Did," whom he has since abandoned, seem to have braced his powers, for, not since his early volume of *Strange Stories*, has he done anything better in his own way than *The Incidental Bishop*. Mr. Grant Allen is not a great writer of fiction, but he is a very clever man, and he has a remarkable inventive faculty, and with that also a logical mind, which constrains him to make even his strangest inventions consistent and complete. The story of the clever young sailor, Tom Pringle, who finds himself engaged unwittingly in the illegal Labour Traffic in Kanakas for Queensland, and who, in a certain exceedingly tight situation on the high seas, dons, for safety's sake, the clothes of a missionary, the Rev. Cecil Glisson, is told with sympathy, understanding and humour, and finally with such a touch of tragic pathos, as (to tell truth) we had not thought Grant Allen could command. How, having donned the missionary's clothes, honest Tom Pringle is compelled by sheer force of circumstance to endure himself with the reverend gentleman's character and attainments, and at length becomes completely the other person and more; and how he at the last, in old age, splits on the rock of High Anglican casuistry—these compose an admirable, light, ironical theme, which gives abundant play to both sides of Mr. Grant Allen's temper towards the world—the artistic and the scientific or theological; for, though it may surprise many to have it said, Mr. Grant Allen is a born theologian. It would not be fair to him to reveal more of his adroit conduct of an interesting problem—for it is more than a mere "situation"—but let us commend him for his pretty management of Tom Pringle's love affair with Olive, the Sydney parson's daughter. Here is a passage from the love-declaration, which occurs when Tom has been caught in the fact of trying to slip away out of his new life into his old:

"And—you were really going to leave me?" Olive repeated, clinging to his hand with a sense of terror, as if she thought he would withdraw it

—which, to do Tom justice, was far at that moment from his intention. 'To leave me without one word, without a good-bye, even!'

Tom had an irresistible impulse. Parson or no parson, impostor or honest man, he was only aware at that instant that a woman who loved him was elinging to his hand; and with a great flood of feeling he stooped down and kissed her. . . . As for Olive, she took the kiss with a sense as of her right. She loved him, he loved her, that was all she thought about.

Her hand tightened on his. The blush died away from her face. If he felt like that, she had no cause to be ashamed. Their secret was mutual. She looked up into his face, and murmured gently: 'Then you love me, Cecil?'

'Cecil!' That 'Cecil' brought Tom back with a horrid thud to solid earth again. The seventh heavens melted away. A pang darted through his heart. More than ever before, he knew the die was cast now. . . . 'And yet,' she whispered, half chiding, 'you were going to run away from me!'

He gave a despairing gesture. 'Olive, what else could I do? What else can I do now? . . . What will your father say? He will say I should never have ventured to dream of you.'

Olive looked deep into his eyes again. 'I wouldn't mind *that*,' she answered. 'This is a question for *me*. I love papa dearly—he is the kindest and best of fathers. But a girl's heart is her own. Her own, not her father's.'

'To you and me, yes. But fathers do not think so.'

'He will think so soon. Cecil, I have no fear for you. I know you are cleverer and greater than you think. . . .'

And so forth. As we have said, Mr. Grant Allen has not produced a great piece of literature; his characters, albeit sympathetic, are hastily and roughly outlined; and his writing is lacking in the refinements, and also somewhat in the virilities of style; but, in spite of these things, *The Incidental Bishop* is a very agreeable and noteworthy production.

#### JAMES PAYN AND HIS FRIENDS.

To the *Cornhill Magazine* for May Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes some intimate and touching pages in memory of James Payn, whom he called friend for nearly half a century. We have copied a few of the passages: "I, who knew him for some forty-five years, can do little more than confirm impressions already formed by less intimate acquaintances; nor can I boast of the talent which is required for good 'reminiscences.' Old incidents have become blended in my mind, and though they have left an indelible impression, can no longer be separated into distinct anecdotes. It happens, however, that I remember my first sight of Payn. In 1851-52 I was at the meeting of a little debating society of Cambridge Undergraduates. We were discussing the ancient problem of the credibility of ghost stories. 'It is all very well,' said Payn, 'but see if any one of you, waking at dead of night in the solitude of his room, will dare to summon himself by name three times in a loud voice.' I have never dared to take up the challenge, though I do not know what was the inference which Payn took to be implied by such cowardice. . . . Payn often visited Cambridge after the close of his academical course, and kept up the old friendships. To us, the dons of that time, he came invested no doubt with some halo derived from his association with the great world of letters, which we revered in our hearts, though we professed to despise its want of scholarly refinement. I could mention more than one of those college chums to whom Payn's friendship was of real and lasting service; but I should have to speak of matters of too private an interest. When I myself came, some years later, to live in London, I found Payn settled as the father of a family, and devoting himself most energetically to the profession, of which he was as proud as it was thoroughly congenial to him. Circumstances brought us into closer connexion as the years went by. I was a pert young reviewer in the earlier time, and I agreed with Payn that I should review his novels as they came out, on condition of saying (more or less) what I thought of them. I am afraid that I allowed a rather full play to my conscience; but Payn took all that I said with the most admirable good humour. Once only I hurt him by suggesting over-haste as an apology for some shortcoming. Whatever else might be his faults, he said, he always did his best to turn out good work. I fully believe it. . . . He was superlative as an anecdotist. Good stories seemed to have a natural instinct for resorting to him. Often as I used to see him, I always thought myself defrauded if I did not come away with some fresh

and amusing narrative. On such occasions my family found me out and used to reproach me if I did not bring back some telling anecdote. It must clearly be my own fault. I was certainly not the rose, but I had been near the rose. Payn's fertility in this respect no doubt implied more study than might be obvious to his readers; he was fond of the literature in which such harvests are to be reaped and 'crammed' (if I may say so) for his work conscientiously, though more, it seemed, from spontaneous delight in it than from deliberate purpose. . . . Many will remember him with kindness, and no one can have a word to say against him. To me the loss is irreparable; and I know not whether to feel humbled or gratified by the memory of the long years of intimate comradeship bestowed upon me by one so tender and so true."

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his evergreen commentary, "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longmans' Magazine*, also has some remarks to make on the same subject: "Mr. Payn," says Mr. Lang, "was, I suppose, the first author, known to me as an author, whom I ever met. It was in Edinburgh, when he was a young man, editing *Chambers's Journal*, and I was a small boy. We both dined at the house of one of my family, and I remember his black curly hair and handsome laughing face, as if it were yesterday. The dinner was followed by a whist party, in which 'I did not take a hand,' nor did I ever meet Mr. Payn again, I think, till the gloss had gone out of his black hair, though his mirth was as unaffected as ever. Possibly because, as a boy, one knew him slightly, his writings always appealed to me from the first. The public, the novel-reading public, like a romancer to take himself seriously. This was a thing that Mr. Payn simply could not do. I remember a character of his who has just committed fratricide, no less, and yet converses in a style quite as diverting as that of Mr. Richard Swiveller. He comes out of a storm of no ordinary kind, with his brother's blood on his hands, and yet his chaff is airy and exhilarating. . . . There is not so much mirth in ten years of our modern literature as in Mr. Payn's *High Spirits* and *Glow-Worm Tales*. . . . If anyone is sad, with or without cause, let him read Mr. Payn's *High Spirits*, or *Melibæus* (if he can get that early work), and be comforted. Causes enough of melancholy had Mr. Payn, like the rest of us, but he never whined, or repined, or reviled the nature of things; nor ever did I hear him speak a word of jealousy about younger men and more successful men; and often less deserving men than himself."

#### MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON AT HOME.

Mr. J. H. MORSE, who has been visiting Mr. Stockton at Convent Station, N.J., gives an account of the incident in the *New York Critic*, from which we take the following passages:

"There is no pleasanter country in the neighbourhood of New York than the Loantika Valley, with its sweep of bordering uplands, thirty miles to the north-west of the great city. No avenue of elms and tall maples is more musical on a windy day than the broad road which connects Morristown and Madison. Half-way between the two towns, and abutting on the main road, Kitchell-avenue starts out straight for the west.

As you walk, or drive, down Kitchell-avenue in blossom time, beautiful is the blush on the red buds of the maples; the boughs are full of birds singing the new spring in. For the birds come early to the long avenue, and the road sweeping down to the low ground is alive with them. If you follow the birds that way, and just where the road dips, turn in between two stone gate-posts, which are the outcropping of a bank wall, after a brief curve along the carriage-road, you will, perhaps, if you are happy enough to be an invited guest, see Mr. Stockton himself inspecting a tulip bed, or with his walking-stick poking away a chestnut burr of last autumn, or a long cone fallen from one of the many noble Norway spruce trees which hide the house from the road.

It is not until your attention has been called by that inquisitive walking-stick to the subterranean windings of a mole in the sod under the pines—for Mr. Stockton is particular in these things—that you become gradually aware that you are standing in front of a frame building of two or three storeys high—the house isn't particular which, sometimes two, sometimes three—with a square tower of five storeys at the corner.

Mr. Stockton spends a good part of every afternoon, rain or shine, in driving. The roads pierce the hills, or meander through

wooded valleys, past rose gardens and shimmering beehives, to Summit and Short Hills, to Basking Ridge, where Gen. Charles Lee judiciously relieved Gen. Washington of his impertinent presence in the army by falling into the hands of the British; to Hanover; to Whippany, lying in its angle of streams which wash the roots of tall trees and sing for the Sunday idlers who sit on the fences and get their music for nothing. These drives are a feature of life at 'The Holt.' Horses are a prime delight with the author. He is never without a handsome, serviceable pair of well-matched greys or glossy blacks, selected generally by himself, and named in his own quaint style. One horse is remembered, purchased out of the profits sent him from the English sale of *Rudder Grange*, and called, in a burst of international gratitude, by the full title of the publisher—'David Douglas, 15A, Castle-street, Edinburgh.'

When breakfast is over, and the morning visit to the garden and barn, with a fresh study, perhaps, of the mole, has brought ten o'clock near, Mr. Stockton disappears into his study, and the day's work begins—not at the desk, or with the pen, although a desk is there, loaded with letters to be answered, and a table with the latest works of reference; for there is no man so particular as to facts, especially facts recently acquired by science—facts which he must use gently, as not abusing them. How he gets them is not evident from any display of books, but how he verifies them is clear enough. His wildest inventions must have a show of truth. Sometimes they are startling as predictions or anticipations of discoveries; sometimes alarmingly true, as when in *The Merry Chanter* he located Boston in a volcanic region. His favourite thinking chair is not a chair, but a hammock swung in the study. Just where or just when those marvellously funny stories are thought out in all their details, no man but Mr. Stockton himself knows. They seem to exist in his mind, one behind another, in long shadowy procession, like the bodiless shapes in Virgil's underworld. While one is emerging into life, many are thronging up the windings of the enchanted valley. Except for an occasional remark dropped in conversation, when the speaker seems struggling with a name, or searching for the correct statement of a fact, there is little outward evidence of the preparation going on. He is not inclined to talk of his creations until they are things of life.

The study during the hours of work, ten o'clock until one, is almost as peaceful a place as the bright parlour or the tempting dining-room. This part of the house, containing the study, is an addition made since the present owners developed a need for it. Defended as it is from the sounds of approaching market-waggons and the pretty dialogue which nature prompts at the kitchen door, it has on two sides as pleasant a rear view as ever falls to the lot of a lover of back yards. For three hours Mr. Stockton will see with the inner eye only. He is boring, perhaps, right through the terminal moraine under him, past innumerable springs which hide there, into *The Great Stone of Sardinia*, or he is engaged with the breezy Ardis Claverden, whose spiciness has taken his fancy mightily; or he is mentally trundling the baby-carriages for the pretty governess graduate at 'The Squirrel Inn,' or he is renewing his youth in that exquisite love-scene in *The Hundredth Man*. These are his living pictures. Around them is growing up an ideal life to which the waving branches and the croquet will be made tributary. The very maidens playing under the shadow of the oak will lend their charming features, but they will never know it.

When the morning session in the study is over, the doors are shut on that inner world. The author will show you his rare collection of pipes, and tell you how they have come to him from all quarters. He values them as curiosities rather than for their use. He will take you to the dairy under the square tower, where the milkpans shine, or to the ice-house in the woods, to the old well-house at the foot of the garden, or among the late parsnips left underground for the winter. He will talk dog, or horse, or let you into the secrets of earlier stories, but the ideal life which belongs to the daily session in the study is sacred, until the villain has been dismissed and the lovers have received his benediction with the marriage-bell. In the evening, when the guests separate for an hour, the ladies going to their quiet game or work about the evening lamp, the men to the study for a smoke, the conversation may take the widest range in politics, literature, or society. But at midnight, when the well-regulated part of the household is in bed, and when the moonlight is on the rustling leaves under the windows, and

a rising wind is wailing in the chimney, the guest, sitting late over a last cigar, may haply find Mr. Stockton at his best in some ghost-story or humorous tale—'shadows of fact, verisimilitudes, not verities, or sitting upon the remote edges of history.'

## APHORISMS AND EPIGRAMS.

### IX.—THE TESTIMONY OF THE APOSTLES OF EGOISM.

The following aphorisms have been collected by *The Eagle and the Serpent*, a new "Journal of Egoistic Philosophy and Sociology," published in London:

CONSCIENCE is a club of which each makes use to beat his neighbour.—*Balzac*.

Cease to gnaw that crust. There is ripe fruit over your head.—*Thoreau*.

If there were more extremists in evolutionary times, there would be no revolutionary times.—*Tucker*.

Don't take life too seriously. Nothing depends on you but your own happiness, and you are not even obliged to be happy.—*Replogle*.

Not to enjoy one's youth when one is young, is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.—*Mme. Louise Colet*.

All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them. (The same is true of ideas.)—*Rousseau*.

You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him once than you can by hearing him talk for a year in prayer meeting.—*American Maxim*.

Forget this superstition (that the day of noble deeds is past), steep your souls in Plutarch, and through believing in his heroes, dare to believe in yourselves.—*Nietzsche*.

The discoverer of a great truth well knows that it may be useful to other men, and, as a greedy with-holding would bring him no enjoyment, he communicates it.—*Stirner*.

Everywhere the strong have made the laws and oppressed the weak; and, if they have sometimes consulted the interests of society, they have always forgotten those of humanity.—*Turgot*.

Napoleon the exploiter said, "The heart of a statesman should be in his head." The exploited will never be saved till they make the brain the seat of their patriotic affections.

The believer in "Duty" is food for powder. He will either be enslaved by the crafty, or by what he calls his "Conscience."—*Badcock*.

To be regardful of others within reason is intelligent egoism, but it is necessary to distinguish those who are worthy of our regard from those who are not.—*Tak Kak*.

There is something servile in the habit of seeking after a law which we may obey. We may study the laws of matter at and for our convenience, but a successful life knows no law.—*Thoreau*.

Warm your body by healthful exercise, not by cowering over a stove. Warm your spirit by performing independently noble deeds, not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows who are no better than yourself.—*Ib.*

The dogma of resignation, abnegation, self-sacrifice, has been preached to the people. Oh, the people long ago resigned themselves, renounced themselves, annihilated themselves. Did they do well? What do you think about it?—*Bellegarigue*.

Mirabeau foretold the Universal Strike in these words: "The people do not know, that, in order to strike their enemies into terror and submission, they have only to stand still, that the most innocent and the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do."

We still wish to work for our fellow-men, but in so far as we find our own highest advantage in this work, not more, not less. Everything depends only on what one regards as *his advantage*; the immature, undeveloped, coarse individual will also have the coarsest conception of it.—*Nietzsche*.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is interesting to note that there is an increasing demand for the right to publish translations of the works of our popular novelists. To mention one instance, Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady* has been translated into German, Dutch, and Norwegian, and arrangements are being made for the publication of her forthcoming novel in those languages. French publishers are, perhaps, the least eager to acquire works by English authors, but Mrs. Ward's *Story of Bessie Costrell* has been printed by M. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO obtained permission from Mr. Meredith some time ago to dramatise *The Egoist* for Mr. Forbes Robertson. The production of this play will be an event indeed; especially if, as rumour says, Mr. Meredith will directly supervise its stage presentation.

MR. MEREDITH'S *Nature Poems* will be available to his wealthier admirers in a splendid edition before the year is out. Including large paper and presentation copies, the edition will number about five-hundred copies. The feature of the edition will be twenty full-page photogravure pictures from drawings by Mr. William Hyde, whose achievements in black-and-white brush work, though not yet widely known, are of a brilliant order.

MR. MEREDITH is indeed prominent this week. The May number of *Cosmopolis* is to contain his third French ode, entitled "Alsace - Lorraine." Meanwhile, "Mr. Punch" with one hand adapts the Napoleon ode to fit the case of Mr. Rhodes, and

parodies the poet with the other. Here are passages:

"Oh! bodeful, unhandkerchiefed, decreescent,  
Puritan, pig-headed Kruger,  
Mannerless, graceless, laughterless, unapt  
At repercussant casts calamitous—  
Whatever that may mean—clumsy, unneat,  
In clothes of a shocking bad cut, which  
would disgrace even a hydrocephalic  
aërolite;  
Nor even by such ascendent ambitions fired  
As might make budge an incalcescent boot-  
maker.

The cumulative, quenchless, persistent Titan,  
The unweaponed confabulator on the malign-  
nant Matoppos,  
The condemnatory critic of unctuous recti-  
tude,  
At whom avuncular Pretorian Paul repel-  
lent hoots;  
It's bad enough for you to have to read this  
poetry,  
But think of me, struggling to write  
It!"

MEANWHILE, Mr. E. T. Reed, pursuing his investigations in Animal Land, has discovered Ouida, and presents her to the public as "The Weeda," thus:

"This sentimentle little Animal is a most wonderfull discriber—full of gaugeous colours. She has a terrible fassinating kind of hero who goes out to battle talking several langwages with a gardeenya and lavender kid gloves on, and carrying a ormerleu lunch-basket inlade with plovers eggs. He makes little rings with cigerret smoke while he conkuers the enemy. He is a mixture of Sandow and Cupid and Bobby Spencer and Richard Curdyleong. She is very kind-hearted to other Animals. She was thought rather risky for girls-schools some time ago untill all the Mrs. Tankyrays started dragging their 'parsts' about—then it didn't matter."

THE second volume, in order of publication, of Mr. Henley's edition of Byron will be published at the beginning of next month. It will be entitled, Vol. V.—Verse: Vol. I., and will contain, "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "Childe Harold." Of the other ten volumes, Nos. II., III., IV. will be devoted to the Letters, Diaries, Controversies, and Speeches, and the remainder to the Poems.

To Mr. Lang's comments upon the treatment of Mr. Anthony Hope by American papers, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* offers a reply and an invitation. Mr. Lang said that he wished British authors would take an oath never to go to America professionally at all. Though even on private visits, he added, it is probable that they would have to endure the odium of "being said to have said things." "Come and see, Mr. Lang; come and see," is the reply. "There is a fair possibility that if you came here for fun you might have fun, just as there is a reasonable certainty that if you came here to earn money you would get the money. . . . There is a young Belgian prince somewhere in the country now who seems as yet to have suffered no inconvenience from mis-reported talk or unpleasant surveillance. Signor Boldini, the portrait-painter, has been here for some months, and except that

the Custom House has tried to convict him of swindling, and that he has had pneumonia, there are grounds for hoping that he has had a pleasant visit. . . . Those who live by the sword must expect to perish by the sword, and those who expect to profit by newspaper notices must be prepared for the drawbacks that seem to be inseparable from publicity so promoted."

MR. LANG, who has already collaborated more than once in works of fiction (and recently, in *Blackwood's*, in a work of history), is writing a romance with Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. Among Mr. Lang's earlier joint efforts were *He*, which he wrote, we believe, with Mr. W. H. Pollock, and *Pictures at Play*, with Mr. W. E. Henley, and *The World's Desire*, with Mr. Rider Haggard; not to mention his translation of the *Iliad*, with Mr. Leaf and Mr. Myers, and the *Odyssey*, with Prof. Butcher.

LAST Wednesday's meeting of the Omar Club was graced by an appreciation of the poet by Mr. Asquith, who is becoming as universal a public critic as Lord Rosebery or Mr. John Morley. Mr. Asquith said the customary things; but better do we like Mr. Owen Seaman's rhymed irreverences, which figured on the menu. Thus:

"The Lion and the Alligator squat  
In Dervish Courts—the weather being hot—  
Under umbrellas. Where is Mahmud now?  
Plucked by the Kitchener and gone to Pot!  
Not so with Thee, but in thy place of Rest  
Where East is East, and never can be West,  
Thou art the enduring Theme of dining  
Bards:  
O make allowances; they do their Best."

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, the publisher of *belles lettres* at Portland, Maine, whose enterprise has now and then caused distress to English authors, sends us a little pamphlet to which no exception can be taken. It is composed of Col. John Hay's address at a recent meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club, eked out by certain verses on the Persian poet by other hands. The whole bears the title, *In Praise of Omar*. There are 925 copies, which, if Col. Hay's guess at Omar's popularity in the States is accurate, is not enough to go round.

AMONG the subsidiary matter is this pretty conceit by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy:

"Keats once entreated some traveller who was going to the East, to take a copy of *Endymion* with him, and when he came to the great Sahara, to cast the volume from him with all his force far away into the yellow waves of sand. It was a delicious fantastic wish, that the loveliest poem of our later English speech should lie and drift in the remote Sahara, and be covered at last in the sand that has engulfed so many precious things, but none more precious, caravans, and gold, and tissues, and fair slaves, and the chiefs of mighty clans. If I might frame a wish in distant emulation, I would choose that some wanderer to the East, some Burton, some Kinglake, some Warburton, might carry this little book [Mr. McCarthy's prose translation of the Rubaiyat] in his saddle-bags, and ride through Khorassan till he came to Naishápúr, and cast it down in the dust before the tomb of Omar Kháyyam."

THE Poet Laureate, who has just returned from Italy, will read to-day (Saturday), before the Royal Society of British Artists, a series of selections from his works, including "A Dialogue at Fiesole" and the first act of "Savonarola." Visitors to the Galleries in Suffolk-street will be invited to remain.

APROPOS of Poet Laureates, the *Daily Chronicle* prints the following paragraph: "In the current week's number of the *New York Truth*, the coloured cartoon of a sailor, with 'The Maine' on his cap, bears the underline, 'Lest we forget.' The same words were on the Nelson statue in Trafalgar-square last Trafalgar Day. The double appearance, in connexion with great national waves of feeling in London and New York, is a tribute of which Mr. Kipling, as poet or as patriot, has reason to be proud. He is, at any rate, *de facto* the poet laureate, democratically chosen of the Anglo-Saxon race."

News comes from South Africa of Mr. Rudyard Kipling as designer. At Kimberley he was requested by a delegation of the South African League, a company of progressive politicians, to suggest a coat of arms for them. At once, says the account, he sketched a rough design, the main feature being a shield in four colours—red, white, blue, and orange, the divisions being by the great rivers of South Africa, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, the Vaal, and the Orange. Dominating the whole was the lion couchant, wearing a crown in token of the suzerainty. Beneath there was a scroll, bearing the motto, "Not less than the greatest." When fiction gives out Mr. Kipling should try the *Heralds' College*.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech on "Criticism," delivered at the Mansion House, on Saturday last, contained one sentence which we are entitled to ask shall be amplified. Said Mr. Asquith, in enumerating the best critics: "Lamb, and Coleridge, Bagehot, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, and that fine and subtle writer whom we have lately lost and can not replace, R. H. Hutton, maintained a succession which is carried on with undiminished brilliance by a band of living critics whom I need not name." It seems to us that it is in the names of these illustrious contemporaries that the sole interest of the passage resides. Where is our modern Lamb of undiminished brilliance? and our modern Coleridge? and our modern Matthew Arnold?

BUT there is just now a fashion of maintaining reticence over the identity of the best critics. Mr. Heinemann's private Aristotle—"peerless among those that sit in judgment"—is still anonymous.

IN the *May Cornhill* is the first of two articles introducing a bundle of freshly-discovered Lamb letters. These letters, which are twenty-two in number, will be found in their entirety in a volume which Messrs. Smith & Elder will publish later in the year; meanwhile, some interesting excerpts are offered. Lamb's correspondent was Robert Lloyd, brother of Charles Lloyd, who lived with Coleridge at Bristol and Nether Stowey in the autumn of 1796 and

spring of 1797, and united with Coleridge and Lamb in a volume of poems in 1797. The letters range from 1798 to 1812.

ONE letter in the current instalment, containing a passage in praise of the good things of life, penned by Lamb to rally his young and somewhat morbid friend, is particularly Elian. Thus:

"One passage in your letter a little displeas'd me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!' At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements have all a sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowless and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are passed and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place."

THE following touching account of the present condition of Friedrich Nietzsche has been sent to the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* by Frau Forster-Nietzsche, his sister: "In the doctor's opinion recovery is an utter impossibility. . . . He sleeps well, takes a friendly interest in everything going on about him, and listens attentively when I read to him. He especially likes to hear French, but I do not think that he can follow me. Besides, I dare only read a short time, so as not to tire him. He by no means makes the impression of an insane man. His eyes are beautiful and clear. He has retained much of his old dignity and elegance, but he speaks little, and the paralysis shows itself in his heavy and unsteady gait and movements. He is perfectly ignorant of the awful fate that has befallen him, and this fact I feel to be a great comfort. He cannot bear tears, and has often said to me reproachfully, 'Why are you weeping, my sister? We are happy, are we not?'"

PARODIES of Whittier's ballad of "Maud Müller" have been written as often almost as those of the "Heathen Chinee." That there is, however, still fun in the convention is proved by the latest travesty, which is meant not only for those who like parodies but those who like cycling. Here are stanzas:

"Maud Müller, at the close of day,  
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
In the path where Maud now rode again.

The rest has well been told before,  
For many children play round their door.

And often times the Judge has said  
He longs for the old-time joys instead.

And from his breast a sigh oft steals  
At thought of the crowd that must have wheels.

Alas for maiden! alas for Judge!  
For faded beauty and wheel-cursed drudge!

God pity them both and pity us all  
Whom wheeling families e'er befall!

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'New tires again!'"

THE precise residence of Sheridan in Bath has been ascertained by Mr. J. F. Meehan, who, after forwarding news of his discovery to Lord Dufferin, who is Sheridan's great-grandson, and has long wished to identify the house, received a congratulatory reply.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in a few days *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, by Lady Newdigate - Newdegate, author of "Gossip from a Muniment Room." This book deals with incidents in the family life of Sir Roger Newdigate, of Arbury, in Warwickshire, and his second wife, Hester Mundy, the period covered being 1719-1806. It gives the real history of the principal actors in George Eliot's "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," and is mainly composed of extracts from the letters of the Lady Newdigate who was the original of Lady Cheverel in the tale. The story being founded on fact, these letters show how skilfully and boldly George Eliot drew upon her youthful memories for the exercise of her genius in after years.

MR. TYLER'S reply to Mr. Sidney Lee appears in the form of a shilling pamphlet on "The Herbert-Fitton Theory of Shakespeare's Sonnets," published by Mr. Nutt. Mr. Tyler devotes himself mainly to two points. He argues at length against Mr. Lee's view that Thomas Thorpe cannot possibly have been so familiar as to address the Earl of Pembroke under the commoner's disguise of "Mr. W. H."; and he challenges the authenticity of the portraits at Arbury, on the authority of which Lady Newdigate-Newdegate has asserted that Mary Fitton was not a "dark woman" at all, but had blue-grey eyes and light-brown hair. Mr. Tyler thinks that the portraits in question may be of Mildred Cooke, afterwards Lady Maxey, an intimate friend of Anne Fitton. This, however, is a mere guess, and, though Mr. Tyler refers to a letter which may give distant support to his theory, he does not quote it. Nor does he give any other details as to Lady Maxey. Curiously wanting in thoroughness, these English students of literary history!

MR. AYMER VALLANCE has some interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley in the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Vallance knew Mr. Beardsley when he was but a boy-clerk in the Guardian Fire Office, with a taste for drawing which he indulged after nine in his evenings. Once Mr. Vallance had perceived young Beardsley's abnormal ability, he formed the scheme of



bringing him under the direct influence of William Morris. In this he was not successful. Mr. Morris looked at the drawings which his young guest brought with him and only said, "I see you have a feeling for draperies, and I should advise you to cultivate it." Later, at the beginning of 1893, when Beardsley had begun to illustrate "Morte d'Arthur," Mr. Vallance took one of his designs to Mr. Morris, thinking it would be sure to excite his admiration; but Mr. Morris flew out indignantly, declaring that Beardsley's work was a usurpation, and he was barely dissuaded (by Sir Edward Burne-Jones) from remonstrating with the publisher. "A man ought to do his own work," he said. Thus the hope of making Morris and Beardsley allies was quenched, and Beardsley's career took another course.

MR. VALLANCE gives a curious account of Beardsley's work on the "Morte d'Arthur." He began his drawings for it with enthusiasm, but soon tired, and became an unwilling and rebellious servant of his publisher:

"He was disappointed, I know, with the printing, and at finding how much the beauty of drawings on which he had bestowed infinite pains was lost in excessive reduction. One has only to compare the miniature circle of the Merlin in the *Morte* with the same design in large in the *Book of Fifty Drawings* to understand the difference. Whether it was from these causes or because he had taken upon himself a burden beyond his strength, a quarter of the work in serial parts had not been issued when Beardsley declared he would not go on with it: every subsequent drawing was wrong from him by threats and promises and entreaties. The publisher was in despair over it, and no wonder; Beardsley on his part was under contract to supply so many drawings per month until the whole was completed, and yet again and again he was on the point of renouncing the obligation. Not one of the outside public knew what the struggle cost the young artist; how he used to put off the irksome duty as long as ever he could, and then, as the day approached when the month's work was due, how he had to strain every nerve, working early and late, to get it done. Knowing what I do of the way Beardsley's *Morte* was produced, I have always been surprised that intelligent writers should have regarded it and criticised it as a complete whole; whereas it is in fact a most incongruous medley. It contains some of the artist's very best, together with some of his most indifferent and slovenly work."

OF personal reminiscence there is not much in Mr. Vallance's article, but the following is interesting:

"About the same time [1893] I arranged for Beardsley the fittings and decoration of his now home in Cambridge-street, Warwick-square. The orange walls and black woodwork everyone who used to visit him during his residence there will remember. It was during that time that Beardsley painted his sole oil painting, a grey and leaden representation of a woman (half-length) contemplating a dead mouse. It was not an attractive work, and was never finished. It was also during the Cambridge-street days that the quarterly, *The Yellow Book*, was started, with Beardsley as art editor and Mr. Henry Harland as literary editor. For some unknown reason Beardsley's name seems to be better known in connexion with *The Yellow Book* than

anything else, although as a matter of fact only four numbers contained work by his hand."

MR. H. BUXTON FORMAN's text of Keats's poems is so well established that no one save Mr. Forman himself appears to attempt its alteration or improvement. In the sixth edition of his *Keats*, just published by Messrs. Gibbings & Co., Mr. Forman reminds the reader that the text has been kept up to date in each re-issue as discoveries have been made. In the present edition two "trifles" have been added, and two sets of lines of rather more importance have been withdrawn. The additions are some lines "apparently addressed to Fanny Brawne," and a sonnet which Mr. Forman places among Keats's "Nonsense Verses." "The Lines Supposed to Have been Addressed to Fanny Brawne" are these:

"This living hand, now warm and capable  
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold  
And in the icy silence of the tomb,  
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming  
nights  
That thou would[st] wish thine own heart dry  
of blood  
So in my veins red life might stream again,  
And thou be conscience-calm'd—see, here  
it is,  
I hold it towards you."

THE "nonsense sonnet" is sufficiently unintelligible, and Mr. Forman does not attempt to elucidate it. Perhaps some of our readers can suggest an interpretation. Here it is:

"Before he went to feed with owls and bats  
Nebuchadnezzar had an ugly dream,  
Worse than an Hus'if's when she thinks  
her cream  
Made a Naumachia for mice and rats.  
So scared, he sent for that 'Good King of  
Cats'  
Young Daniel, who soon did pluck away  
the beam  
From out his eye, and said he did not deem  
The sceptre worth a straw—his Cushions old  
door-mats.  
A horrid nightmare similar somewhat  
Of late has haunted a most motley crew,  
Most loggerheads and Chapman—we are  
told  
That any Daniel, tho' he be a sot,  
Can make the lying lips turn pale of hue  
By belching out, 'Ye are that head of  
Gold.'"

WITH regard to his two withdrawals, Mr. Forman writes:

"It has been necessary to reject the sonnet formerly supposed to have been written in sickness to George Keats, and the lovely couplets from *The Examiner* ('Oh, What a Voice was Silent,' &c.), which the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti and myself were both deceived into regarding as a cancelled passage of 'Endymion.' The sonnet is by Mrs. Tighe; and I am unable to explain positively why George Keats copied it among his brother's poems; probably Keats himself copied it from Mrs. Tighe's works into a commonplace book among his own compositions, and thus unwittingly misled George as to the authorship. The couplets are to be found in 'Marciano Colonna,' &c. (1820), by Bryan Waller Procter ('Barry Cornwall'), and must, I should think, have been written in conscious imitation or perhaps illustration of 'Endymion.'"

It is not a little odd that these lines, which have been in Barry Cornwall's book since 1820, should have been thus transferred to Keats for a number of years. They are now returned to their rightful owner, and the fallibility of critics is established on a surer foundation.

HERE is some magazine gossip. Mr. William Archer is writing for the *Pall Mall Magazine* an article on his preferences among American poets. The new series of the *Idler* will begin with the August number. The cover has been designed by Mr. Forrest. The English edition of *McLure's Magazine* may be expected in the autumn.

THE second number of the *Wide World Magazine* is excellent; and we congratulate Sir George Newnes on his idea of a magazine which, while excluding fiction, promises to be a treasury of things marvellous and beautiful in nature. In the number before us we have illustrated articles on "Canadian Curiosities"; "Earth-Pyramids" (the extraordinary earth pillars formed by rain in the Tyrol and America); "Across the Atlantic in an Open Boat," with photographs of the boat and its crew of two; "In Search of an Orchid"; "The Queerest Monarch in the World," "Tree-Blazing," and other subjects.

MR. ARTHUR HUTCHINSON has been appointed editor of the *Windsor Magazine* in succession to Mr. Williamson, who resigned the post a short time ago. It would seem that the *Illustrated London News* office is a sort of stepping-stone to editorships, as both Mr. Williamson and Mr. Hutchinson were introduced to London journalism by Mr. Shorter, and acted for some years as his lieutenants.

THE rumours with regard to Mr. H. G. Wells's ill-health are, we are glad to say, totally without foundation.

THE Booksellers' Dinner on May 7 promises to be as successful as any of those in previous years. The toast of "Literature" will be proposed by the chairman, Mr. James Bryce, M.P., to which Mr. Andrew Lang will respond. Mr. Zangwill will give "The Trade," while other toasts will be spoken to by Mr. John Murray, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., Mr. C. J. Longman, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, Mr. W. J. Squires, and the vice-chairman, Mr. Sydney J. Pawling.

AMERICA sees some things differently. A paper lies before us with a heading: "Books for Young People." The first book named is *The Vintage*.

It has been suggested that a better title for our review last week of *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop* would have been "Mrs. Dunlop Tires."

THE principal speakers at the Literary Fund Dinner on Tuesday, May 17, will be the Duke of Devonshire, the United States Ambassador, Mr. Justice Madden, and Lord Crewe.

## MR. SHAW'S FUTURE.

## A CONVERSATION.

"We are anxious about your future," I remarked to Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"There is really no news about my future," said Mr. Shaw, "except that I am going to throw up dramatic criticism."

"Good gracious! Why?" I asked.

Mr. Shaw, who does not even sit in a chair as other men sit, twisted himself rapidly round a sprained foot—the result of overmuch cycling.

"Well, I've been writing dramatic criticism in the *Saturday Review* for nearly four years, and really I've said all I've got to say about actors and acting. If I went on I should only repeat myself; I've begun to do that already. After all, when you have written two or three articles about Beerbohm Tree you have said all there is to say about Beerbohm Tree. It doesn't take very long to say all you think of Irving.

"I shall lose my pulpit," continued Mr. Shaw, "and that is a pity. But I fancy the world is rather tired of being preached at. Besides, I suspect it is beginning to find me out. For years I was supposed to be brilliant and sparkling and audacious. That was quite a mistake. I am really slow, industrious, painstaking, timid. Only I have continually been forced into positions that I am bound to accept and go through with. I am not clever at all."

Mr. Shaw sat upright and looked at me with complete candour in his eyes, as I made a gesture of polite dissent.

"I am a genius," pronounced Mr. Shaw, sitting upon his shoulder-blades.

"After all," proceeded Mr. Shaw, "I have accomplished something. I have made Shakespeare popular by knocking him off his pedestal and kicking him round the place, and making people realise that he's not a demi-god, but a dramatist."

"Then do you think of going in for Parliament?"

Mr. Shaw writhed round his disabled foot.

"I haven't much voice," he said; "but I daresay I might get a place in the chorus at the opera. And I should be doing quite as much good there, and have a deal more fun, than in the chorus at Westminster. Think of the incredible waste of time! And you must remember that for the last ten years I—I and a few of my associates—have practically directed public policy. There's no reason at all for my going into Parliament. But the Vestry—now there is some sense in a Vestry. It does something. Really, my dear fellow [Mr. Shaw nursed his foot in his lap], you ought to be on a Vestry. If you take it humorously, you can laugh at the amazing difficulties it finds in doing the simplest things. If you take it seriously, you learn how things ultimately get done. When you come to think of the muddle-headed way in which affairs are managed, you wonder that the world goes on at all, instead of smashing up in confusion. It does go on, but the waste of life is awful. We worry through—just like the Northern armies in the American Civil War—by sheer force of numbers. If

we could ensure that no more people should be born for twenty years, we should very soon find out a way of economising our forces. I have always made it a rule, you know, to be mixed up with practical life; that is where I score and the purely literary man fails. The people who write Adelphi melodramas know life—of a kind. They know the bar-loading blackguard, and the sort of thing he likes. I know life—the life of action—affairs. The literary man can't write a play, because he knows nothing at all of life. The literary man ought to serve on a Vestry. For my own part I have found my experience of affairs invaluable in the writing of plays."

"Then are we to regard you in the future as a dramatist?"

"I am just in the middle of the first act of a new play."

"What is it about?"

"Well, this time I am going to give Shakespeare a lead. Cleopatra is the heroine, but Caesar, and not Antony, is the hero. And I want to see Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in it."

"Then I suppose you have been reading up Mommsen—and people like that?"

"Not a bit of it. History is only a dramatisation of events. And if I start telling lies about Caesar it's a hundred to one that they will be just the same lies that other people have told about him. I never worry myself about historical details until the play is done; human nature is very much the same always and everywhere. And when I go over my play to put the details right I find there is surprisingly little to alter. 'Arms and the Man,' for example, was finished before I had decided where to set the scene, and then it only wanted a word here and there to put matters straight. You see, I know human nature. Given Caesar, and a certain set of circumstances, I know what would happen, and when I have finished the play you will find I have written history."

Mr. Shaw dug both his hands deep into his pockets, and turned on to one side.

"Criticism is a poor thing to spend your life over," he said. "Four years over the painters of London, four years over the musicians, and four years over the actors—that is quite long enough to express any views you may have. It's an awful labour done as I do it. And you can't make money at that sort of work. Now, you wouldn't think that 'Arms and the Man' was a great success. I don't suppose anyone made much out of it, as things go. But from first to last it has brought me £800. And that was when my percentage of profits was low. The 'Devil's Disciple,' which has been running in America, has drawn £25,000; and on that I got 10 per cent. I should have to write my heart out for six years in the *Saturday* to make as much. It was quite easy to write, too. A young woman I know wanted to make a portrait of me, sitting on the corner of a table, which is a favourite attitude of mine. So I wrote the play in a note-book to fill up the time. I write all my plays on scraps of paper at odd times—on omnibuses and places like that."

"Then," I said gravely, "you are going in frankly for money-making."

Mr. Shaw shifted to his other side and twined one leg round an adjacent chair.

"It is quite time," he said, "that I gave younger journalists a chance."

"It is inexpressibly painful to me," I said, "to find that you, of all men, have succumbed to the temptations of riches."

Mr. Shaw curled himself up until his face and his slippers were within an inch of meeting, and laughed.

"I will not stay to see you swallow yourself," I said.

C. R.

## LOVE POEMS OF GREECE.

THE anthologist is somewhat irritating at times. He has the air of insisting that you shall read and admire what he reads and admires—and nothing else. And the reader who loves poetry, having his own tastes, resents being set down to a literary *table d'hôte*. He prefers to be his own anthologist. Let us then reflect upon Agathias of Byzantium and be reconciled to the anthologist. For Agathias sat down somewhere about 530 A.D. and laboriously brought together a collection of epigrams and short pieces ranging over the thousand years or so of Greek literature from the time of Simonides of Ceos, verses that touched the very life of the people, their loves, their arts, their drinkings, and their burials. Doubtless Agathias was not the earliest weaver of a garland of verse. But it was upon this collection that Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, founded his anthology in the fourteenth century, which was the only one known until 1606, when, in the library of the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg, was found the anthology of Cephalas. This was compiled early in the tenth century, and was evidently the immediate source from which Planudes drew his material. So that to Agathias—whose name is now but a name—we owe the preservation of an enormous mass of verse which expresses the inner life of a people who have over and over again vitalised humanity. For, as the late John Addington Symonds wrote, "All civilised nations, in all that concerns the activity of the intellect, are colonies of Hellas."

The Anthology of Cephalas is known as the Palatine Anthology, and it is the love epigrams of the fifth book of the Palatine Anthology that Mr. W. R. Paton has edited and partly rendered into English verse under the title *Anthologie Græca Erotica* (David Nutt). We may say at once that we have read Mr. Paton's translations with great pleasure. They seldom wander further from the original than the necessities of versification demand. Nor has the translator often yielded to the ever present temptation to throw aside chronology and make the amorous Greek a modern lover. Much has been written concerning the treatment of the passion of love in ancient and modern times, the influence of chivalry—"charity in armour" as it has been called—on the relations of the sexes. There is in-

deed a striking difference, to which we shall shortly allude; but the change came later and spread less widely than is commonly supposed. There is little in the sentiment of these Greek verses which differentiates them from those of our own eighteenth century poets. Indeed, your first glance through them will suggest that men have not yet broken the poetic mould into which the Greek poured his passion. Here is a couplet which Mr. Paton translates almost literally:

"O would I were the pink rose beside thy path doth grow,  
And thou would'st pluck me for thy breasts that are as white as snow."

No one knows who wrote that couplet. That is as it should be. It belongs of right to no man, but is for all time. Love, in its first faint flutter, always hovers round my lady's glove, her handkerchief, her fan, or the flower that she plucks, and hundreds of happy youths every year write that couplet—with infinitesimal differences. Let us, however, take a few of Mr. Paton's renderings, which may give an English reader some idea of what the Greek wrote of love. Here is one of a four-line elegiac stanza of Philodemus:

"My faith I have shattered  
To come to thee, sweet;  
And hard the rain battered,  
And dark was the street.

Then why sit we musing,  
And silent as sages,  
Sin's servants, but losing  
The gold of his wages?"

A well-turned pair of stanzas. But for once Mr. Paton drops into Christianity and the nineteenth century. "Sin's servants!" There is no hint of sin in the Greek quatrain, and no conception of it in the mind of the writer. But it is not often Mr. Paton gives such a painfully false touch. In the following rendering of a trifle of Aesclepiades he is at his best:

"Sweet on a thirsty summer day  
A cup of snow; sweeter to play  
With the first garland of the may,  
And know that winter's done.  
Sweetest of all two lovers lying  
Beneath one plaid with no more sighing,  
No half-confessing, half-denying  
Love, who has made them one."

The original is shorter, directer; but the translator comes near it in grace. Nor can we refrain from quoting a verse or so from the excellent rendering of a poem of Meleager—to a baby:

"Sell it, though it's sweetly sleeping  
On its mother's breast;  
Sell it, it's not worth its keeping,  
Such a little pest.

It's a monster. Going! going!  
Ho! who sails to-day,  
Buy a baby healthy, growing,  
Buy it and away.

No! it heard, and fond and tearful  
Begs for grace until  
I have promised: 'Be not fearful,  
Bide with Zenophil.'"

And we read in a newspaper the other day that "the ancient Greeks were in the habit of exposing their children upon a neigh-

bouring mountain." Here again is another skilful rendering:

"Thou art my vine; two tendrils did enwind me,

Thy rosy arms,  
And stronger grown, now 'neath thy shadow bind me  
Safe from alarms.

I sit and pick Love's bunches underneath thee,

My hot-house vine,  
Not reeking of the seasons until death thee  
And me untwine.

For thou wilt ne'er grow old, and if a wrinkle

Come to surprise,  
'Twill only be an opening vine-leaf's crinkle  
Unto my eyes."

Mr. Paton has missed the force of the optative in the first line of the last stanza. "So may'st thou ne'er grow old" would be nearer the mark.

## PURE FABLES.

### THE REVIEWED.

A man, sitting upon a wall, was approached by a stranger, who whistled in his face and said, "That is music: give me your opinion of it."

"Duleet!" quoth the man. "But I have heard better."

Then the stranger dropped, as in an agony, and beat the ground, and cried: "Let me die, let me die; I am robbed of my reputation!"

### INCORRIGIBLE.

They set two men in the stocks—one, a tinker, who had rioted on small ales; the other, a ballad-maker, who, by vile diction, had offended the public taste.

And about noon the tinker broke silence, and observed, "Master Ballad-maker, these melancholy hours will not be wasted; for I have now devised means whereby, on our releasement, good store of liquor may be procured."

"And, for my part," responded the ballad-maker, "I rejoice to say that I have hit upon a most seductive collocation of rhymes!"

### THE FOUR WISHES.

Four men of letters wished each a wish. The first one wished that he might never lack bread; the second, that he might compass great riches; and the third, that his name might endure indefinitely.

And the fourth and maddest of them wished for a gift to filter good things into style, without regard to bread, or gain, or fame.

### MERCANTILE.

He inquired of an old wise man whether it were sinful to write for money.

And the old wise man answered, "There be but two kinds of writers, my son; to wit, those who write for money and get it, and those who write for money and don't get it."

T. W. H. C.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

*Névrosés*, by Arvède Barine, is a volume of studies of disordered genius of singular depth, lucidity, and strength. The four unfortunates so brilliantly and sympathetically dissected by this notable writer, who here shows herself something more than a critic, a sound and admirable probe of nature, are Hoffmann, De Quincey, Poe, and Gérard de Nerval. Quite the most masterly study of these four remarkable essays is that of De Quincey. I doubt if in our English tongue there is anything on the subject to match it. Arvède Barine's style is clear and supple, and with her the rigid pronouncements of sanity are brightened by a lively and attractive irony. She condemns smilingly the extravagances of madness and bad manners, and finds, at their worst, something good-humoured and profoundly true to say of these unhappy victims of heredity or temperament. Intuition with her lends sensibility to rational criticism, and she has the inappreciable gift of extracting the best from a life as well as a book. "When you have read what she has to say of a book," a friend once remarked to me, "it is generally a disappointment to read the book afterwards, as her method of revealing its essence is sure to prove more attractive than the book." Certainly nobody has ever made De Quincey and his work more sympathetic. She goes to the very depths of the sufferings of this crucified slave of opium, "the impenitent prophet of artificial paradises wherein he suffered so much, and left so much of his genius." This noble and luminous essay ends: "Jewels of great price among the bones and dust of a tomb, behold what De Quincey has left us; behold the work of opium."

How true even to-day is the complaint of poor Gérard de Nerval to his father:

"Those whom an unfortunate or fortunate vocation push into letters have, in truth, far more to contend with than any one, owing to the eternal distrust of others. Let a young man adopt a trade or industry, every possible sacrifice is made for him—he is offered every means of succeeding; and if he fails, he is pitied and helped again. The lawyer, the doctor, may remain a long while doctor without patients or lawyer without briefs—never mind, their parents will take the bread out of their own mouths for them. But the man of letters, whatever he may do, however far he may go, however patient his labour may be, nobody dreams that he needs to be supported in his vocation, and that his position, materially as good as the others, at least to-day, should have a beginning as harsh. . . . Literary work is of two kinds: journalism which enables one to live and gives a fixed situation to all who pursue it assiduously, but which unhappily leads neither further nor higher; then the book, the play, artistic studies, things slow and difficult, that need long preliminary work, and certain periods of self-concentration and fruitless labour, but also there is the future fortune, and honoured and secure old age."

For a *névrosé*, poor Gérard argued very lucidly and sensibly. This mild and innocent creature was humorously out of place amid the roaring lions of romantism, who

could address a tradesman only in the majestic eloquence of a Red Indian, and who were condemned eternally to assume Satanic and Titanic airs in every situation of life, however commonplace. The writer humorously paints them, representing a quadrille as a "bacchanalia," and the domestic mutton or rabbit as an "orgy destined to reduce the Almighty to despair, and draw down His thunder on the famous inn of Mother Saguet." The Almighty unflinched, the romantics, to prove their Satanism, borrowed a skull of Gérard, and believed they were emancipating literature by turning it into a drinking-horn. They practised "fatal glances," "cavernous voices," "cadaverous complexions," and walked abroad with the corner of a middle-ages cloak flung desperately over the shoulder. It was only Gérard's imperturbable sweetness and loveliness that procured him pardon for a pink and white round face, a dimpled chin, soft grey eyes, and hair of angelic fairness. Instead of glaring Byronically, he blushed like a girl; and instead of a tragic insistence of attitudes, he timidly shrank from view. In his work, instead of loud-voiced tragedy, Manfred shouting defiance from the mountain-tops, a fleeting and delicate suggestiveness, half-tones, mere murmurings. "In the Paris of letters, so difficult to find a footing in, Gérard met only with friendly smiles and kindly words. Successful writers, writers in the background, romantics, classics, realists, poets, prose writers, novelists, dramatists, vaudevillists, and journalists, all showed him the same good-will, so unusual in the literary world." And the reader introduced to him by Arvède Barine shares that feeling of tender sympathy, and reluctantly parts company with the "bon Gérard."

Mme. Caro won her spurs as a novelist by the *Péché de Madeleine*, which appeared anonymously in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Her latest book, *Pas à Pas*, somewhat of an enigmatic title, is a prettily and delicately told tale of an unhappy wife, who with an aspiring lover at hand, and a coarse and brutal husband only too anxious to push her into his arms for his private ends, keeps clear of the fatal plunge to be rewarded afterwards by a legitimate union with her heart's choice. Her father, a timid and nervous officer, capable of killing an enemy and shrinking in terror from a rough voice, shoots the terrible husband under circumstances that make it appear an accident, disappears, leaving a statement of the fact for the consolable widow, who, having shut her doors to Roberty in her first fear that he might have been the assassin, has the sense to take refuge in his arms; and destiny thus repairs its previous errors. The story is not strong or original, but it is short and pleasingly written, and reveals a delicate quality of observation.

*Ombre* by the woman of fashion, writing under the pseudonym of Brada, is a more novel experiment. Incompatibility of temper drives a virtuous lady into scandal and exile with a lover, taking her daughter, whom she keeps through a lie, having pretended the child was not her husband's. The method of solving the question seems an excessive and surely a disagreeable one.

The lover dies, the wife forms an intimacy with a fast and brilliant English aristocrat, also living with a lover, and having a daughter. The girls grow up in intimacy. The abandoned son, a young French midshipman, falls in love with Grace, and after the usual difficulties the young people are made happy. The brother persuades his father to see the girl he believes to be the child of his wife's lover; finds her strikingly like himself, and is finally reassured by his wife's confession, and pardon follows all round. There are some charming descriptions of Biarritz, and the little tale is written in a minor key not unattractive. Genial refreshment for a lazy sea-voyager, in pretty, musical French.

Mme. Octave Feuillet may, without any disadvantage to modern French fiction, be induced to abandon an idle competition. *La Filleule de Monseigneur* is a placid, pious, and commonplace tale that even the young girl may leave alone.

H. L.

## THE WEEK.

A COLLECTION of letters from Walt Whitman to his mother, written from Washington during the war of North and South, is entitled *The Wound Dresser*. In them we have pictures of the military hospitals and convalescent camps that lay around Washington during the conflict. Whitman's own devoted labours, as an attendant and "wound dresser," are also reflected in these letters. By way of Introduction to the volume we have some extracts from communications made to the press by Whitman during the period in which he was writing to his mother. In one of these he says:

"The military hospitals, convalescent camps, &c., in Washington and its neighbourhood sometimes contain over fifty thousand sick and wounded men. Every form of wound (the mere sight of some of them having been known to make a tolerably hardy visitor faint away), every kind of malady, like a long procession, with typhoid fever and diarrhoea at the head as leaders, are here in steady motion. The soldier's hospital! how many sleepless nights, how many women's tears, how many long and waking hours and days of suspense, from every one of the Middle, Eastern, and Western States, have concentrated here! Our own New York, in the form of hundreds and thousands of her young men, may consider herself here—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and all the West and North-West the same—and all the New England States the same."

The Letters are edited by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke. A portrait of Whitman, taken from life in 1863, is given as frontispiece.

VICTOR HUGO's *Alps et Pyrénées* has been translated by Mr. John Manson, who has prefixed to it a Preface reminding the reader of the circumstances under which Hugo wrote his two or three books of travel. Here we have the records of two Journeys: one through the Alps in 1839, and the other to the Pyrenees in 1843. The

story of the Alpine journey comes to us in the form of letters addressed to Mme. Victor Hugo, and one—the best of all from the literary point of view—to Louis Boulanger, the artist. The Pyrenean Journey is more fragmentary, having been written hurriedly on the leaves of sketch-books in the spots described. Mr. Manson has been permitted to construct a first Preface with extracts from Mr. Swinburne's review of *Alps et Pyrénées* in his *Studies in Prose and Poetry*. The quality of the book may be divined, by those who do not know it, from the following passage, which has also a strong biographical interest:

"The account of Gavarnie, 'nature's Colosseum,' may be matched against any of this great artist's studies for terse and vigorous precision of imaginative outline. The brief notice of Luz gives a last touch of brightness to a book which then closes in gloom as deep as death. In the isle of Oléron, a ghastly and hardly accessible wilderness of salt marshes, with interludes of sterile meadow and unprofitable vineyard, manured with seaweed and yielding an oily and bitter wine; with foul gray fog rising in heavy reek from the marshlands, a shore of mud, a desolate horizon, a lean and fever-stricken population, a prison for some hundreds of military convicts; a heaviness like death, he tells us, fell upon the visitor:

'Not a sound to seaward, not a sail, not a bird. At the bottom of the sky, to westward, appeared a huge round moon, which seemed in those livid mists the reddened imprint of the moon with its gilding rubbed off. . . . Perhaps on another day, at another hour, I should have had another impression. But for me that evening everything was funeral and melancholy. It seemed to me that this island was a great coffin lying in the sea, and this moon the torch to light it.'

Next day the writer of these words came by chance on the tidings—in a newspaper taken up in a coffee-house—that just five days earlier his eldest daughter and her six-months' husband had been drowned in a boating excursion on the Seine.

It was not till three years later that the first was written of those matchless poems of mourning which kept fresh for ever the record of his crowning sorrow."

THE addition of a life of David Hume to the "Famous Scots Series" may be regarded as something more than a volume added to a series. Hume's personality, character, and convictions call for re-examination. The present little biography was written by the late Prof. Henry Calderwood, who had completed the body of the work before his death. He left only his notes for the Preface, and from these the Preface actually prefixed to the book has been built up. Commenting on the need for a revision of the popular, or at least prevailing, view of Hume, Prof. Calderwood writes:

"Now when the enmity against him has in great measure become traditional, it seems possible to place him in a truer light, to show that he is not an Infidel, that he scorns even the name of Deist, and that the man who himself challenged the evidence for belief in miracles maintains [Essays II., sec. x., p. 147] 'that the Christian religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one.' So readers may be willing to consider afresh

the scepticism and the religious faith; and they may even be able to find, in Hume, a witness for Christianity whose testimony is in some respects the more valuable since beset with so many and such grave doubts. Going further than this, it is probable that a renewed study of Hume's writings may lead us to a fairer interpretation of the attitude of those, in our own day, whose avowed doubts have induced earnest men to classify them amongst the irreligious."

The book contains chapters on "Hume as Historian," "Hume in the Government Service," "Hume's Attitude to Religion," and "Hume Among His Friends."

## ART.

### AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THIS is a year of Portraits at the New Gallery. We have, it is true, Mr. Watts's allegory, "Can these dry bones live?"; Mr. Peppercorn's beautiful landscape, "The Common"; we have from Sir Edward Burne Jones what we have every reason to expect from him, and from Mr. Leslie Thomson the surprise of his "Arcadia," with the poor enough nymphs but the wonderfully well-felt distance; we have two lovelily lighted Edward Stotts; two George Wetherbees; an Arthur Lemon, an Arthur Tomson, some Alfred Hartleys, and an Olsson; an Abbey that is better than his last year's Academy work; two representative Costas; and a Frank Bramley that is a triumph of lighting, especially in the rendering of the fainter and whiter light behind the solidly painted head of the old man who sits at the fire—a rather too streaky fire, as this artist always sees it. These things go to make up a remarkably good exhibition; but they are lost in the human and artistic interest of the portraits. These, in mere numbers, mount up to a proportion that is higher than usual; while in general excellence they far exceed the record of all former years.

Cosmopolitan Mr. Sargent, of course, we count as our own. Born in Florence, his father a Bostonian, he was bred as an artist in Paris. But England is the country of his adoption; and it is among her masters that he will rank. Of his four portraits in this exhibition, one is a supreme Sargent—the "Mrs. Thursby." She sits cross-legged in a chair, her body bending forward, in a posture which only this painter could attempt without disaster. The folds of the purple dress carry out the scheme; they are not composed; they have the movement of the figure as it subsided into the chair—but subsidence is hardly the word for this figure, which, though seated, is so vital as to seem in the act of movement—a bird poised for flight. Surely nothing was ever so alert that was not alive. The expression of the face is equally a creation. The very temperament of the sitter is painted; the artist seems to see and tell her secrets, and there is a diffidence on the part of the stranger to be put at once on a footing of intimacy. So triumphant a capture of his sitters, in their

daily doing and thinking, no artist has excelled Mr. Sargent in effecting. In his portrait of Mrs. Anstruther Thomson, Mr. Sargent had a more phlegmatic subject; she stands solidly, robed in black, with rich hints of green and blue in beads and spangles, with a lovely arm in shadow, and a face that is living in its bloom. Near at hand is the same artist's "Mrs. Ernest Franklin," robed in white satin, the black hair brushed bluntly back from the forehead, and the face infused with a sensitive consciousness that is—character. In comparing this portrait with that just named—this pale taper's earthy spark with yonder Sargent round—we measure the painter's all-round adaptability to his subject, when that subject is a woman. In the "Arthur Cohen, Esq., Q.C.," the treatment is perhaps questionably masculine; and the beauty of the greys and browns and blacks does not prevent one from feeling that there is something wrong somewhere—a whim in the modelling, or in the colour, or in the texture, which gives the impression that the result is a little queer.

The hanging of Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Anstruther Thomson" away in a badly lighted corner needs to be recorded, so that it may be told in times to come, with the same note of solace for neglected artists that rejected authors gather from the return of MSS. like *Vanity Fair*. But the hangers did an intelligent thing when they hung near to his "Mrs. Thursby" "Ivy, Daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox," of M. Carolus Duran, a meretricious and puffily painted little portrait of a girl, falsely and inconsistently lighted on the face and the flaxen hair, as lifeless as a doll's. The figure, too, is as feeble as can be. It is not worthy of M. Duran, whose lovely portrait of his daughter in a recent Academy still lingers in the memory; but it is certainly a telling commentary, standing where it does, on the attitude of the master towards the pupil, according to the gossip of the Paris studios. "Sargent," the French painter is reported to have said, "is admirable as a student; had he stayed with me for another year, I should have made him an artist." Then look on this picture and on that.

Mr. Shannon, A.R.A., exhibits three large canvases, two of them singularly beautiful. Mr. Shannon proves himself to be the decorative portrait painter before all men. All round, English portraiture is shaking off the trammels of the Millais tradition. No portrait by Mr. Shannon will go to a wall to make a blot upon it. It is a thing of beauty as well as a personality in paint. If we take any exception to the full-length life-sized portrait of "Mrs. Harold Burke," it is because Mr. Shannon, in this instance, comes perilously near to prettiness. The expression of the lady is a portrait expression, and so is her pose. She has not been caught; she has been arranged. The accessories also are a little artificial. The weights are not felt; the cat is beautiful in colour, but with such substance only as dreams are made of. The background is a little too emphatic, for some of the almost phantasmal and evanescent handling in the fore. No such qualms can

be felt about Mr. Shannon's "Miss Berthe des Clayes," with its beautiful scheme of blues; or his "Miss M. E. Bishop, First Principal of Holloway College." This last portrait, in particular, is full of dignity; the expression is natural to life, neither more nor less; and the hands are painted with a rare distinction. "Fine writing," said Keats, "is next to fine doing, the top thing in the world." In presence of the Sargents and the Shannons at the New Gallery, one thinks it is fine painting, not fine writing, that is that, after all.

Mr. Arthur Melville's "Mrs. Graham Robertson" is amazing. Yet the frank laughter of private-viewers does not extinguish this painter's claim to serious remark. Call his portrait a Dutch doll or a Japanese idol if you will, you have still to admit that you are arrested by something other than its mere singularity. The great skirt may appear to be white, or to be grey, or to be parti-coloured; it is really meant to be white, and those black blotches are shadows, except, of course, the ten bows—some say beetles—on the floor that is all alive with reflections. These uncertain details may distract, and even detract; but there remains a very brilliant bit of painting, scrappy yet organic, ugly yet attracting, instinct with life and being. The thing is blotchy caricature; but it recalls Degas. Mr. Melville is a Wilful for the moment, but a greatly comprehending Wilful, who had Velasquez before his eyes.

Mr. George Spencer Watson's "Edith, Daughter of Thomas Brock, Esq., R.A.," has among its beauties the treatment of the hair, soft and simple in its shine and in its shadows. There is no doubt that the treatment of the hair is beginning to be better and better understood in English art: it is seen to be a live growth, with a spring and wave and lightness of its own. The same artist's "A Pretty Woman" has much grace and distinction, and requires only a little more to be very highly rated. Mr. Henry Tuke has given his "Miss Hilda Kitson" a subtle Mary Tudor expression, quite suited to his subject; his modelling is very good; and the fresh painting of the whites of the tulle and silk makes a passage of uncommon beauty. Mr. Tuke has painted another portrait, "Mrs. Forbes Brown, of New Hall," which will rank among his successes for the delicate treatment of the face and hair, a harmony of ivory and silver; and for the film of age, so to speak, over the eyes. Portraits by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. J. Coutts Michie, Mr. Edmund L. Van Someren, Mrs. Swynnerton, Mr. Jacob Hood and Mr. Charles W. Bartlett, have points of beauty that call for recognition. Mr. Byam Shaw has found in Miss Pyke-Nott a sitter exactly suited to his artistic requirements; and he has rendered her charm in a clever portrait which gives everybody something to talk about. Mr. A. T. Nowell's "Mrs. Charles Johnson, with her Sons," has so much merit that one is constrained to wish that it had more. Let Mr. Nowell learn from the neighbouring portraits of Mr. Shannon's that a mere likeness is an inefficient thing beside a likeness that is a work of decorative beauty as well.

## DRAMA.

THE task that Mr. John Hare has set himself at the Globe is one of the most difficult that an actor could undertake. It is that of popularising a theatre without the help of a leading lady. That Mr. Hare is an actor of great distinction everyone must allow; but in ignoring female interest, or assigning it a merely subordinate position, he engages in the struggle for life with one hand, so to speak, tied behind his back. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Tree, Mr. Alexander, and other leading actors, avail themselves of the best female talent at their command; and that is the course which all experience indicates to be the best. The drama cannot safely be presented in a lop-sided fashion—that is to say, as a matter of male human nature solely or chiefly. Woman must play her part in it. Here, if anywhere, one is bound to admit the equality of the sexes. That Shakespeare has dispensed with “female interest” in “Julius Cæsar” is very true, but that is the sort of exception which proves the rule. If we are to have one-part plays, it is better that they should be in the hands of a leading actress than a leading actor—a principle sufficiently demonstrated by the world-wide tours of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt on the one hand and M. Coquelin on the other. On artistic grounds these performers may be regarded as co-equal, but they have been very far from achieving the same degree of success with the playgoing public. Women are, in all countries, the great supporters of the drama, and to them the male “star” makes but a limited appeal, seeing that in his single-handed efforts he is concerned mainly with the elucidation of character and very little with the love story, which is the universal *sine quâ non*. In his campaign heretofore at the Globe Mr. Hare has condemned himself to appear in plays of character—one-man plays; and no exception can be made of “The Master,” though it has been selected by Miss Kate Terry as the medium of her re-appearance on the boards after an absence of no less than thirty years.

THE love story no longer falls within Miss Kate Terry’s province. For auld lang syne the public have extended her a cordial welcome. Only the older generation of playgoers recall her triumphs as the most gifted member of a gifted family; but tradition has come to her aid, and, indeed, within the limits prescribed by the lapse of time, she fully sustains her former reputation. Charm and tenderness she still possesses in an exceptional degree. But necessarily her part is a subordinate one; her presence in the cast of “The Master” still leaves Mr. Hare fighting his arduous battle single-handed—a result which the keenest admirers of this distinguished actor must deplore. In truth, the quality of Mr. Hare’s talent is not that which can be placed with the best effect in the forefront of the drama. It belongs rather to the background of the dramatic picture. Essentially episodic is the character of the tyrannical father

preaching down a son’s ambition and a daughter’s heart. It is the young people who ought to be in the foreground. But this, unfortunately, is not the consideration that the author has kept in view: and, with all its merits, “The Master” remains but a sketch of character, not a full-bodied play with a powerful clash of human interests. As dramas go, Mr. Ogilvie gives us a cast of respectable proportions, but the majority of his *dramatis personæ* are mere “feeders” to Mr. Hare’s character, the only question before the house being the humanising of an elderly egoist who rules his household with a rod of iron—surely the most unsympathetic motive that a dramatist could select.

WHEN the curtain rises, “the Master” is celebrating his silver wedding. He has built up a great financial house in the city, and is worth a million of money. Arbitrary, dictatorial, self-sufficing, he is presented to us as a type of the strong man who has helped to make England great. In reality he is a petulant fool, with no discrimination of character, no eye even for the worthlessness of the wild-cat securities in which he is asked to deal. It is difficult to accept Mr. Ogilvie’s portrait as an authentic one. His iron “Master” is merely a lath painted to look like iron; and one secretly wonders why, as a commanding personality in the city, he should so long have escaped being found out. Within a year from the opening of the story “the Master” has dissipated his immense fortune, and ruined himself domestically as well. He has brought down the great financial firm about his ears like a house of cards; he has estranged his son and daughter, and taken to his bosom a scoundrelly nephew. This is not clever. Of course, a dramatic author is entitled to choose his own postulates, and Mr. Ogilvie is within his right in offering us “the Master” as a strong man to begin with; but the spectator, for his part, may also object to this paragon being attacked with softening of the brain or some kindred complaint as soon as he sets foot on the boards. Such a development of character is too obviously marked with a lack of sincerity.

As to the excellence of the chances which “The Master” affords Mr. Hare there is, however, no question. The actor is always at his best in depicting sharp and decisive old men with an underlying suspicion of weakness or tenderness in their nature, and this is a type after his own heart. Not that the tenderness counts for much in the character of the autocratic financier. He cuts off his son with a shilling because he prefers the army to the City as a career; and he disowns an affectionate daughter for no other reason than that she gives her heart to a manly young fellow rather than to her worthless cousin. Not till adversity has overtaken him, and he finds himself without a friend in the world, except the faithful wife who has stood by him throughout, does “the Master” relent—master now no more, but a mere *piuma al vento*. It is a tardy and ineffective repentance; but Mr. Hare’s grasp of the character is such

that he commands our sympathies to the last. What would become of this part in other hands it is needless to speculate. Of the cast-off daughter and her husband, who return in the last act with the conventional baby in order to offer the ruined magnate a home, and of the heroic son who brings back the Victoria Cross from a frontier campaign, we see too little. The “Master” fills the scene. The only other portrait of any consistency is that of the wife, invested by Miss Kate Terry with much matronly sweetness and delicacy. It is her daughter, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, who sustains in the piece the part that would have been hers when last she played.

MR. CARTON’S work seldom meets with the approbation of the new critic, who is inclined to take the stage and himself very seriously. Not without reason, the author of “Sunlight and Shadow,” “Liberty Hall,” and “The Tree of Knowledge” is suspected of treating the drama as an entertainment rather than a true and possibly disagreeable reflection of life, and his reputation for levity will not be redeemed by his “Lord and Lady Algy,” which provides the Comedy Theatre with a modernised version of “The School for Scandal,” so far, at least, as the intrigue is concerned. Of course, there is no reason why the story of Lady Teazle’s relations with Mr. Joseph Surface should not be modernised. It is an entirely human story. But when an author undertakes to tell it anew, with the help of incidents peculiarly Sheridan’s own, or, at least, borrowed by Sheridan from French and Spanish sources—notably the screen scene—the presumption is strong that he is not dealing with human documents at first hand, but is “vamping up” for the occasion. This is Mr. Carton’s position. It may not be marked by much sincerity, but to me as a playgoer the only vital question at issue is whether he has succeeded in being entertaining, and on this ground there appears to be no reason for disturbing the popular verdict. No attempt is made to reproduce Sheridan’s background of backbiting and scandal-mongering, but in the modern setting of the story one identifies without difficulty Charles and Joseph Surface, Sir Oliver and Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the corresponding characters being Lord Algy and the Marquis of Quarmby, the Duke of Droneborough, and Mr. and Mrs. Tudway. The only new character introduced into this group is Lady Algy, who plays an important part in the *dénouement*. She and Lord Algy are a semi-detached couple unable to “hit it,” in their up-to-date jargon, partly because they never agree upon the winner, partly because they do not smoke the same brand of cigarettes. Lord Quarmby, a pious peer, greatly respected at Exeter Hall for his “moral sentiments,” has struck up an understanding with Mrs. Tudway, wife of a wealthy bone-boiler, and arranges with his younger brother, Lord Algy, to obtain the use of the latter’s room in town as a rendezvous with his *innamorata*.

AT a fancy dress ball at which all the parties meet Lady Algy overhears the assignation of the lovers and resolves to

turn up at the critical moment as a *deus ex machina*. Her opportunity occurs in the third act in her husband's rooms, whither Mrs. Tudway has come, followed by the suspicious husband, the righteous Quarmby, and the Duke. Mrs. Tudway takes refuge not behind a screen but in an anteroom, and a heated discussion arises as to her identity. Lord Algy does not exactly name "the little French milliner"—this would be out of date—but he owns to the presence of a lady whose name he is not at liberty to divulge. At this moment Lady Algy comes upon the scene, professing to have an appointment there and then with Mrs. Tudway; whereupon the latter is triumphantly brought forth from her place of concealment amid general apologies and congratulations. This, it will be noted, is the screen scene with a difference, a difference that paves the way for Mr. Carton's favourite device of a happy ending—the bane of the new critic, and of the Ibsenites in general. The piece is remarkably well acted, especially by Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Compton as Lord and Lady Algy, and by Mr. Eric Lewis as Quarmby, mature, liverish and valetudinarian; it is couched, moreover, in a vein of smart and up-to-date dialogue. Mr. Carton does not expressly acknowledge his indebtedness to Sheridan—this would have been to court irridious comparisons; but he makes no secret of the source of his inspiration, which is indicated in more than one passage of the dialogue, and notably by the fact that at the fancy-dress ball alluded to the moral Quarmby appears disguised as his prototype, Joseph. From the point of view of the new critic, "Lord and Lady Algy" proves nothing, but it is none the less likely to develop into a popular success. . . . J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## BROWNING CONTEST AMONG BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SIR,—Last year you were kind enough to notice at some length the endeavour made by this Settlement to interest the Board School children of the neighbourhood in the life and work of the poet amid whose early haunts they live. Selections from Browning's poetry were given to six hundred children in the senior standards, and contests in essay writing and recitation were held in nine Board schools, with a final contest in Browning Hall on Browning's birthday, when eleven prizes were presented. This year twelve schools are competing, and fourteen prizes will have to be awarded at the birthday gathering on May 6. May I appeal to the generosity of your readers to supply the sum needed to purchase these prizes? Five pounds will suffice. The great interest taken both by teachers and children last year in the contest, and its popularity with the local public, warrant me in hoping that a ready response may be made to this appeal. All remittances should be sent to the undersigned.—I am, &c.,  
F. HERBERT STEAD, Warden.  
Browning Settlement, 82, Camberwell-road, S.E.

## A NEW DEGREE.

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the decision of the Council of the University of Paris, dated April 1, 1898, instituting the degree of *Doctor of the University of Paris* (not to be confused with the degrees of Dr.-ès-Lettres, Dr.-ès-Sciences, &c., which are granted by the State only). For the sake of brevity, I only enclose that part of the regulations which deals with the Faculty of Arts, but it must be understood that the new degree (like the German Ph.D.) is of an eclectic, not of a special nature, and will be granted to students of science or of medicine on similar conditions (*i.e.*, the composition of a thesis embodying original research).

The ordinary State degrees have always been, and still remain, practically beyond the reach of foreigners, the Government requiring all students, without distinction, to pass the various preliminary examinations—a process which involves a considerable loss of time.

Such a restriction does *not* exist for the obtaining of the new degree, the regulations for which have been framed with due regard to the needs of foreign students. The "Doctorat" will, it is hoped, be of special value to teachers and students of modern languages and philology, and be sought by them as a fitting crown to their English university career.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly give to this communication all the publicity which lies in your power.

Thanking you in anticipation,—I am, &c.,

H. E. BERTHON,  
Taylorian Teacher of French in  
the University of Oxford.

April 25, 1898.

P.S.—I shall be glad to give additional information if necessary.

[COPY.]

"Le Conseil de l'Université de Paris. Vu l'article 15 du décret du 21 juillet 1897. . . . &c., &c.

Délibère :

Art. 1<sup>er</sup>. Il est institué un doctorat de l'Université de Paris. . . .

Art. 5. A la Faculté des lettres, les aspirants doivent, s'ils sont étrangers, présenter des attestations d'études de la valeur desquelles la Faculté est juge.

La durée de la scolarité est de quatre semestres au moins.

Elle peut être accomplie soit à la Faculté, soit dans un des grands établissements scientifiques de Paris.

La durée peut en être abrégée par décision de la Faculté.

Les épreuves comprennent : 1<sup>o</sup> la soutenance d'une thèse, écrite en français ou en latin ; 2<sup>o</sup> des interrogations sur des questions choisies par le candidat et agréées par la Faculté."

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE absurdity of this "Absurdity" is freely admitted.  
By Robert Hichens. Says the *Pall Mall Gazette* :

"Take a farce like Mr. Buchanan's *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown*, add the most riotous comic scenes from Drury Lane, sprinkle with all the new humour at your command, and stir with a clown's red-hot poker, and you will get some attenuated idea of Mr. Hichens's

latest. It is quite clever and quite school-boyish, and there is rather a lot of it. You know quite well that, if you saw this sort of thing, say, at the Strand Theatre, you would go home aching, and you can see that the stage directions would very properly order all the actors to pause for the howl which they would get at every other line; only somehow it is not so easy to ache and somewhat easier to get tired over this kind of thing in a book. It is really screamingly funny, and does great credit to Mr. Hichens's luxuriant imagination; but the only time to read it with perfect satisfaction would be on a railway journey, and a good long one, from London to Liverpool and back, say, or working out a return ticket from Waterloo to Clapham Junction on a misty day."

The *Athenæum* is brief and severe :

"Mr. Hichens describes his most ambitious effort in fiction as 'An Absurdity,' though it would be better characterised as a social farce. Its chief merit lies in its severe, but not unkind, castigation of the follies of the day in so-called 'fashionable' life; and its chief defects are its exaggeration and extravagance. Readers who can tolerate the book at all will probably find it very amusing; and the suspicion that some at least of the characters may possibly be drawn from life will not diminish such interest as it can be said to possess. The most indulgent reader will admit that he has had enough when he has got half way. Mr. Hichens is worthy of better work."

*Literature* says: "It is a new experiment to write a three-act farce and publish it as a novel." But the critic points out that the conditions of stage and novel farce are different.

"It takes ten minutes to read of a piece of buffoonery which in the theatre would be over and done with in sixty seconds; and ten minutes afford ample time for the reason to revolt. When, for example, as in *The Londoners*, a burlesquely jealous husband pursues a farcically suspected wife to the house of an impossible Lothario in the person of an amateur market-gardener, who, on being offered his choice of weapons, proposes a duel with hoes, it is absolutely essential that those implements should be ready to hand, and that the combat, or the diversion which is substituted for it, should take place before we have time to think. But actually to postpone the hostile meeting to another chapter, while in the meantime the jealous husband and his unwilling second repair to a public-house a mile off to procure the weapons, is to demand too much of a sane and self-respecting reader."

The *Scotsman* describes, and comments on Mr. Hichens's story in the same strain :

"To unwind the plot and describe the action of Mr. Robert Hichens's whimsical tale of *The Londoners* were a task as futile and perplexing as to ticket the inmates and report the conversations of Colney Hatch. Beginning in a tone of genteel comedy, the doings and sayings of the characters make easy and rapid descent into screaming farce, as they remove from the borders of Park Lane to the woody margins of Ascot, and thence rush in wild confusion into the marshes and mushroom beds of Bungay Marshes, Lisborough. . . . The piece is a merry and biting satire on the laborious diversions of London society; but for ordinary readers it would be twice as enjoyable if half the absurdities were weeded out."

The *Manchester Courier* says :

"Less epigrammatic than *The Green Carnation*, the fun is far more diverting, and the characters . . . are interesting throughout."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 28.

## THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &amp;c.

- SOME BIBLE PROBLEMS. By D. W. Simon, D.D. Andrew Melrose.
- PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS: BEING A MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS COMPILED FROM THE SUPPLICATIONS OF THE HOLY SAINTS AND BLESSED MARTYRS, AND FAMOUS MEN. By Cecil Headlam, B.A. F. E. Robinson.
- THE HOLY BIBLE: ACTS TO REVELATION. ("Eversley" edition.) Macmillan & Co. 5s.
- COLOSSIAN STUDIES. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- A MINGLED YARN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD SPENCER MOTT ("NATHANIEL GUBBENS"). Edward Arnold.
- THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New edition. Vols. XI. and XII. (October). John C. Nimmo. 5s. each.
- FRANCES E. WILLARD. By Florence Watts. The Sunday School Union. 1s.
- THE HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. By Leighton Pullan, M.A. Service & Paton. 3s. 6d.
- TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS. Translated out of the Italian by T. W. Arnold. J. M. Dent & Co.
- FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: DAVID HUME. By Henry Calderwood. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
- THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES MURRAY, K.C.B. By the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 18s.
- PAUL KRUGER AND HIS TIMES. By F. Reginald Statham. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.
- A FRENCH VOLUNTEER OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By the Chevalier de Pontgibaud. Translated and edited by Robert B. Douglas. Charles Carrington (Paris).
- VAUSSORE: A SON OF ROUSSEAU: HIS JOURNAL. Edited by Francis Brune. Methuen & Co. 6s.
- THE WOUND-DRESSER: A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN FROM THE HOSPITALS IN WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. By Walt Whitman. Small, Maynard & Co.
- A STUDENT OF NATURE: MEMORIALS OF THE LATE REV. DONALD FERGUSSON, M.A. By R. Menzies Fergusson. Alexander Gardner.
- POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES. EMERSON, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Jay Chapman. David Nutt.
- THE ALPS AND PYRENEES. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by John Manson. Bliss, Sands & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THE CHORDS OF LIFE: POEMS. By Charles H. Crandall. Printed for the Author (Springdale, Connecticut, U.S.A.).
- COMPLETE PROSE WORKS: SPECIMEN DAYS AND COLLECT, NOVEMBER BOUGHS, AND GOOD-BYE MY FANCY. By Walt Whitman. Small, Maynard & Co. (Boston).
- THE SHADOW OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Margaret Armour. Duckworth & Co.

THE ART OF ENGLAND, AND THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND: LECTURES GIVEN IN OXFORD IN 1883-1885. By John Ruskin. New edition. George Allen. 5s.

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY. By W. Biedermann. Translated by Francis A. Welby. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co. 17s.
- THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Henry George. Kegan Paul.
- TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.
- EOTHEN. By A. W. Kinglake. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. George Newnes, Ltd.
- SHORT STALKS: COMPRISING TRIPS IN SOMALILAND, SINAI, &c. By Edward North Buxton. Edward Stanford.

## EDUCATIONAL.

- HISTORICAL FRENCH READINGS: THE AGE OF RICHELIEU. Edited by A. Jamson Smith. A. & C. Black.
- BLACKWOOD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By R. Brimley Johnson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA FOR 1898. Compiled by T. L. Roxburgh and James C. Ford. Edward Stanford.
- A CENTURY OF VACCINATION, AND WHAT IT TEACHES. By W. Scott Tebb. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
- THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL RED BOOK: A MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION AND ADVICE FOR SUPERINTENDENTS. By F. F. Belsey. The Sunday School Union. 1s.
- THE STORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Alfred T. Story. George Newnes, Ltd.
- THE GREAT SECRET: HEALTH, BEAUTY, &c. By Francis Edward Clark, D.D. The Sunday School Union. 1s.
- THE ANNUAL REGISTER: A REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD FOR THE YEAR 1897. New Series. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.
- THE GOLFING PILGRIM ON MANY LINKS. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Methuen & Co. 6s.
- CRICKET. By the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton. Duckworth & Co. 1s. 6d.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Queen has been pleased to accept the dedication of Sir Wyke Bayliss's work upon the Likeness of Christ, now in the press. It will be published during May by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. The full title of the book is *Rex Regum: a Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ, from the Time of the Apostles to the Present Day*.

MISS M. DORMER HARRIS will be responsible for the forthcoming volume of the "Social England" series, published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., called *Life in an Old English Town*. The book deals especially with the history of Coventry, a city which has a past of great interest, and is rich in MS. records.

*Short Studies on Vital Questions* is the title of a volume of ethical essays by Phillip de Quetteville, announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

DR. J. CAMPBELL OMAN, author of *Indian Life: Religious and Social*, will publish on Monday next, through Mr. Grant Richards, an Indian novel under the title *Where Three Creeds Meet: a Tale of Modern Indian Life*. It deals to some extent with the conflict of religions and races in Asia.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish on May 2 a collection of short stories by an American author, Mr. W. C. Morrow, under the title of *The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People*. They deal—sometimes in the manner of Poe, sometimes in that of Stevenson—with the weird, the horrible, and the grotesque, and in their American form have had a considerable success.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish next Monday the story of penal servitude, *Convict 99*, which originally appeared anonymously in *Answers*. In its book shape it will bear the names of its authors, Marie Connor Leighton and Robert Leighton. The details of modern prison life in England are dealt with in this narrative of an innocent man's experiences under the sentence of penal servitude for life.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. will issue immediately a cheap centenary edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson. The book is not a line for line reprint of the original, such as that edited by Prof. Dowden in 1890; but it reproduces the text, spelling, punctuation, &c., of 1798, and gives in an appendix Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* (earliest published text), and Coleridge's *Lewti*, *The Three Graves*, and *The Wanderings of Cain*. It also contains reproductions in photogravure of the portraits of Wordsworth (by Hancock, 1798), and of Coleridge (by Peter Vandyke, 1795), now in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE sermons of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, are to be published in a few days, in a "People's Edition," by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. The new edition is to be published in five volumes, at 1s. 6d. net, with a biographical and critical introduction by Ian Maclaren. Mr. C. B. Robertson, the famous preacher's son, also contributes a preface, and a portrait has been prepared for this edition from a contemporary water-colour painting.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days *The Ministry of Deaconesses*, by Miss Cecilia Robinson. The book, which is both historical and practical, has an Introduction by the Bishop of Winchester, who has taken considerable interest in the work.

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My Murray."

It is also touching and appropriate that the editing of Byron's poems should be entrusted to a grandson of Coleridge: a literary scholar, at home in the history of Byron's times, and himself a poet. Mr. Coleridge has, with special facilities, collated MSS. and editions, published fresh poems, written elucidatory notes, and, in short, provided an excellent *apparatus criticus*. This first volume contains the "Hours in Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz." Our congratulations to Mr. Murray and Mr. Coleridge: but though they have done well what they purposed to do, was it worth doing?

The Byron of tradition is a fascinating figure. He flashes through his brief life with a disastrous glory; he is passion incarnate; he is a noble, a man of ancient and illustrious descent, and he flings poems broadcast in a golden largesse; he is the Napoleon of passion and of poetry, adored, dreaded, reviled, extolled; he is an Apollo-Apollyon, beautiful and satanic; he is the spirit of revolt, freedom, unfettered manhood; like Browning's Ottima, he is "magnificent in sin"; he is Milton's ruined archangel, fallen from Heaven, and keeping something of his pristine splendour; he is the man of inevitable genius, who loves to be himself, and to mock into oblivion and contempt all

spurious and puling respectability; he is the Titan, the Prometheus, who filches fire from Heaven or from Hell; Europe is aghast at him, and he dies heroically at Missolonghi. And "Byronism" becomes a contagion: from Moscow to Madrid, whole armies of young men fall to drinking out of skulls, to writing cut-throat or indecent tragedies, to loving Alps and ruins and bandits and the East and the Middle Age and their neighbours' wives; he is a portent and an epoch; the Revolution was one mighty thing, and the existence of "Milor" Byron was another. "That pale face is my fate," said an unhappy girl, upon catching sight of Byron: "that pale face" possessed, obsessed all Europe. It lengthened the hair, and shortened the collar: it created "Byronism," and enriched all civilised tongues with the epithet "Byronic." A beautiful devil of supreme genius—that is the Byron of tradition. Supremacy in genius, vice, personality—they were all ascribed to the Byron of tradition. Infamous, perhaps: but, what a poet, what a man!

So much for the Byron of tradition. And the Byron of fact? "Well," said Mr. Stevenson's Attwater to Captain Davis, "you seem to me to be a very twopenny pirate!" And to me, Byron with all his pretensions and his fame seems a very twopenny poet and a farthing man. "He had the misfortune," writes Mr. Symonds, "to be well-born and ill-bred," a most deplorable combination. His letters alone reveal the man; a man of malignant dishonour and declamatory affectation, and poetising conceit; a man who could not even act upon Luther's advice and "sin boldly," but must needs advertise his silly obscenities. Despicable, that is the word for him; and it is no Philistine Puritanism that so speaks. The vulgar aristocrat, the insolent plebeian, that Byron was, looks ludicrous by the side of his great contemporaries. Wordsworth, so impassioned, awful, and august; Shelley and Keats; Lamb, the well-beloved, that tragic and smiling patient; miraculous Coleridge; Landor, with his gracious courtesy and Roman wrath; how does Byron show by these? He did one thing well; he rid the world of a cad—by dying as a soldier. There was a strain of greatness in the man, and it predominated at the last.

But Byron the poet? Emphatically, he was *not* a poet; not if Shakespeare and Milton are poets. He was a magnificent satirist; the "Vision of Judgment," "Don Juan," and "Beppo" are very glories of wit, indignation, rhetoric; accomplished to the uttermost, marvellous and immortal; filled with scathing laughter, rich with a prodigal profusion of audacious fancy and riot of rhyme. Here the man is himself, eloquent and vehement of speech, alive and afire. No coarseness, cruelty, insolence, can blind us to the enduring excellence of these writings, to their virility and strength. *This* Byron is deathless. But the Byron of love lyrics, and tragedies, and romantic tales, is a poet of infinite tediousness in execrable verse; in the severely courteous French phrase, he "does not permit himself to be read." And he is not read; no one now

reads "Lara," or "Parisina," or "The Corsair," or "The Giaour," or "The Bride of Abydos," or "The Siege of Corinth," or "The Island," or the weary, weary plays. They are dead, and past resurrection; their passion is as poor and tawdry a thing as that of *Frankenstein* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; their garish theatricality is laughable, and we can scarce believe that these things of nought were once preferred to the noble simplicities and rough, true music of Scott. Among the poems of farewell, regret, despair, is there one, except, may be, "When we two parted," that can be read with more than a mild and languid pleasure? In all the moralisings, and meanderings, and maunderings of "Childe Harold," is there anything better than a few bursts of sounding rhetoric and impressive declamation, superbly and masterfully trivial? Dullness is the word, dullness unspeakable. Outside his own royal province of satire, he created nothing of power, nothing but frantic efforts to be powerful; and he turned the lovely speech of English poetry into a hideous noise. Coleridge, master of music, says of him, "It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses"; and again, "How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day! By Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular." In our times, Mr. Swinburne, to whom none will deny a mastery of his craft, has poured upon Byron's inharmonies the contempt, not of parody—that were impossible—but of faithful imitation. Consider an average example of his rhythm from "Cain":—

"Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether! and  
Ye multiplying masses of increased  
And still increasing lights! What are ye?  
What  
Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?  
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye  
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
Through an aerial universe of endless  
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—  
Intoxicated with eternity?  
O God! O Gods! or whatso'er ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatso'er  
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die  
(If that they die), or know ye in your might  
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in  
this hour  
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is.  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer."

Musical, is it not? Let us try again; a passage from "Sardanapalus":

"You disk,  
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon  
Its everlasting page the end of what  
Seemed everlasting! But oh! thou true sun,  
The burning oracle of all that live,  
As fountain of all life, and symbol of  
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou  
linit  
Thy love unto calamity? Why not  
Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine  
All-glorious burst from ocean? Why not  
dart  
A beam of hope athwart the future years,  
As of wrath to its days! Hear me! oh, hear  
me!"

Such is Byron's "mighty line": this horrid dissonance, this gasping and croaking, is the breath of his fiery spirit expressing itself in poetry and passion. "Moore," said Sir Henry Taylor, "makes Byron as interesting as one whose nature was essentially ignoble can be." And "essentially ignoble" is the very term for Byron's verse; it lacks every fine quality—from the majesty of Milton to the polish of Pope. Many a poet whose matter is tedious and outworn can be read for the redeeming excellence of his manner; Byron is not of these.

But Byron was accepted abroad—he enfranchised English literature, he was the genius of English poetry incarnate before the eyes of Europe, he moved the aged Goethe and the youthful Hugo. Why? Surely for a simple reason: Byron is very easy to understand, he deals rhetorically with elemental emotions, and he enjoyed the fame of being "at war with society"—an aristocrat in exile, a champion of the peoples. Now, rhetoric and oratory and eloquence make a wide appeal; they are seldom subtle, but they address themselves with pungent and poignant vigour to the simple feelings of men. "Give me liberty or give me death!"—that is the kind of thing; a sonorous and impassioned commonplace, flung out upon the air to thrill the hearts of thousands. Byron's best verse has this quality: he possessed the imagination of the orator, the faculty of finding large and bold phrases. Stanza upon stanza of "Childe Harold" reads like the finest things in Irish or American oratory—grandiose and sweeping. "Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!" You can see the outstretched arm, hear the resonant voice, of Byron the declaimer; and the effect upon ears unversed in the niceties and delicacies of English poetry was prodigious. The blaring magniloquence of Lucan has certain attractions not possessed by the majestic, melancholy, subtle Virgilian lines; and Byron was much of a Lucan. "The Isles of Greece" and "Ode to Napoleon" and "Lines on Completing My Thirty-sixth Year"—emphatic, strenuous, impressive—have the true oratorical note and ring:

"The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free."

There is a trumpet call in that; but for greatness of beauty we turn from it to the last chorus of Shelley's "Hellas," and hear a music of the morning stars. Byron could shout magnificently, laugh splendidly, thunder tumultuously; but he could not sing. There was something in him of Achilles, nothing whatever of Apollo. Think only of these mighty masters of passion—Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Milton, Hugo; what sweetness proceeding from what strength! They are filled with a lyrical loveliness, the very magic of music, the beauty almost unbearable. By the side of these Byron is but a brazen noise. His *sæva indignatio* becomes a mere petulance of arrogance when we think of Dante; one line of Milton rebukes his haste of speech. He took Europe by storm; but a far more

impassioned figure is that of Wordsworth, with his whole being, body and soul, shaken by the "divine madness" of inspiration, by converse with eternity, by commune with "the most ancient heavens." There was the true passion, not in Byron, hurriedly throwing off a few hundred lines of romantic rant after coming home from some silly dissipation. He has no trace of the poet consecrate, such as marks many a nameless balladist. Who would not rather have written "Helen of Kirkeconnel," so fierce and loving, desolate and defiant, a cry imperishable and perfect, than all the famed rigmarole of rhetoric called "Childe Harold"? In that long and elaborate work there are precisely two lines of pure poetry, the lines on the Dying Gladiator:

"He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away."

That, and perhaps a score of other lines in Byron, have an enduring freshness and fragrance of thought and word. For the rest, he was pleased in poetry, as in life, to "cut a dash," with the result that both his verse and himself are serrily discredited; things, as George Borrow has it, of "mouthings and coxcombry." Landor, in stately Latin, once exhorted him to amend his morals and his style. He did neither, and his style remained even more detestable than his morals. When Tennyson heard of Byron's death, he went out upon the seashore and wrote upon the sand the words, "Byron is dead!" Seas of oblivion have swept over Byron, and washed away his fame, as the sea washed away those words. It may be that his most celebrated passage will be remembered only by the scornful ridicule of Browning. The poets whom he insulted or patronised—Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Shelley and Keats—have long since taken their starry stations in altitudes beyond sight of him, and Byron, "The Claimant" of English poetry, has been found out. He retains but one glory—his gift of wit and satire, his superb recklessness of mocking phrase and rhyme. There, all that was potent and sincere in him became triumphant, and the writer of "Don Juan" is a deathless delight. But the "poet of passion" is dead. Peacock killed him long ago in *Nightmare Abbey*. His wailings and howlings wring no man's heart, stir no man's pulses; we no longer believe in the Byron of dazzling devilry and burning poetry, volcanic and voluptuous. In place of him we contemplate an ill-mannered and cross-grained fellow, charlatan and genius, whose voluminous writings are mostly dull and mostly ill-written—gone for ever, that Byron of the fatal fascination, the passionate and patrician glory, whose freaks and whimsies threw Europe into fits, whose poems revealed to the universe the fact that Shakespeare's England had at last produced a poet. If he could be resuscitated, Mr. Murray as publisher, and Mr. Coleridge as editor, are the men to accomplish that miracle. But, as Mr. Matthew Arnold loved to inform us, "miracles do not happen." Byron the wit is alive for evermore; Byron the poet of passion and imagination will never rise from the dead.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

## SOCRATES AS PLAYWRIGHT.—II.

*Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant.* By Bernard Shaw. In 2 vols. (Grant Richards.)

WE left Mr. Bernard Shaw at the end of our review last week standing, as it were, on tip-toe bidding good-bye to the subjects of his unpleasant plays, and coming frankly, and with some glee, to the writing of those others which, to quote him once more, "dealing less with the crimes of society and more with its romantic follies and with the struggles of individuals against those follies, may be called, by contrast, Pleasant." For an explanation of this change in the selection of his material he had also, it will be remembered, prepared the expectations of his readers, carefully promising that in a further preface he would expound his development in this matter, much as if he proposed to give a brilliantly witty answer to a conundrum of his own invention. When, however, one comes to read this pre-arranged preface, one finds that these promises are without any fulfilment of any kind. The document, indeed, is well worth reading; it contains the only passage we know in all Mr. Shaw's voluminous writings—and our knowledge of those writings is both extensive and peculiar—which can be called nobly and touchingly eloquent; a brief handling of the subject of modernity not unworthy of Pater himself; it contains the most ingenious attack possible on the actor-manager, though set in the guise of an elaborate defence; it contains some engrossing autobiographical details, and a triumphantly complacent assertion of the truth of the author's imaginative realism backed up by historical demonstration; it contains some exceedingly clever nonsense which is the expression of a pose with Mr. Shaw when he has the humour to refuse to give way to an almost overwhelming tendency towards passionate seriousness; but it contains not the shadow of an explanation why the playwright turned from the "crimes of society" to its "romantic follies" for the material of his drama. Whether the omission is an intentional one, or whether Mr. Shaw merely forgot his promise when he came to write his second preface, it does not in the least matter; for the true reason is perfectly clear to any reader who takes the trouble to think the matter out.

The fact is, that Mr. Shaw found, as he progressed from play to play, that an excessive tendency to be didactic, to play the lecturer, is the destruction of the playwright's art. He found that though he had a gospel to preach, and a very serious gospel too, the preaching of it with too great an insistence in his plays deprived him of a thousand delightful opportunities; and, accordingly, he did what any romantic writer of his artistic accomplishment and artistic need of expression would have done—he succumbed to his own brilliant art. He had too apostolically restrained his humour, his wit, his exquisite gift of quickness in dialogue, of sudden surprise in speech, and all for the sake of his indignation and his insatiable passion for reforming the world. He found that an



indulgence in all these tendencies for their own sake was exceedingly pleasant and stimulating, and he gave his fancy, with some qualms of conscience, a free hand. He did not at the same time consciously surrender any essential principle in his career as reformer; he soothed himself with a phrase, with that antithesis of the "crimes of society" against "its romantic follies." And having ingeniously contented himself with this form of words—was there ever such an idealist since the days of Socrates?—he set to work to enjoy himself thoroughly until he had drifted, as it were, through a fairy-land of unrealities, into the realms of absolute romance. The first fruits of this development showed themselves in "Arms and the Man," the last fruits (so far as we have them in print) in "You Never can Tell."

"Arms and the Man" is described by its author as a Comedy, and it is as witty and interesting a work of its kind as could well be desired. Because Mr. Shaw has chosen to deal with the vanities and egotisms of a semi-civilisation, and because those vanities and egotisms are obviously due to a distorted understanding of self and of others, he is contented and happy in his conscience, seeing that his "mission" is still safeguarded. When, however, he claims that the perfect self-introspection of his characters whensoever the truth is pointed out to them is an essay in realism and not in a very amusing form of romance, he does not carry conviction. Take an example:

BLUNTSCHLI: You said you'd only told two lies in your whole life. Dear young lady: isn't that rather a short allowance? I'm quite a straightforward man myself; but it wouldn't last me a whole morning.

RAINA [staring haughtily at him]: Do you know, sir, that you are insulting me?

BLUNTSCHLI: I can't help it. When you get into that noble attitude and speak in that thrilling voice, I admire you; but I find it impossible to believe a single word you say.

RAINA [superbly]: Captain Bluntschli!

BLUNTSCHLI [unmoved]: Yes?

RAINA [coming a little towards him, as if she could not believe her senses]: Do you mean what you said just now? Do you know what you said just now?

BLUNTSCHLI: I do.

RAINA [gasping]: I! I!!! [She points to herself incredulously, meaning I, Raina Petkoff, tell lies!] He meets her gaze unflinchingly. She suddenly sits down beside him and adds with a complete change of manner from the heroic to the familiar] How did you find me out?"

Now that is exceedingly good, very amusing, and the antithetical point is worked out with strong and ingenious humour. But Mr. Shaw might write essays at the rate of three a week for the rest of his life to prove that this is not romance without convincing us. The conversion of Raina, who has posed all her life, and who has surrounded herself by habit and daily repetition with a thousand forms of self-deceit, into a woman of the clearest self-knowledge, the easiest straightforwardness and the quietest acceptance of her folly by the simple process of being called a liar, is a strain too great upon any credulity. No act of the despised heroism of the Adelphi Theatre could be more difficult, more impossible, than this psychological feat of Mr. Shaw's heroine. The Adelphi idealist insists upon it that the

miraculous achievement of his hero is the kind of thing men should aim at, just as Mr. Shaw insists that we should try and reach Raina's amazing self-knowledge upon general information. The pull on Mr. Shaw's side lies in his literary expertness, to use his own phrase, and in his keen instinct for theatrical points. As a theatrical point Raina's change of front is an example of the Comic Muse at her best; but it is not realism. The play, sparkling as it is, runs upon the pure conventional lines of modern fiction, ending—O, Socrates!—with a happy marriage, and a rather overdone insistence upon the hero's extraordinary, almost superhuman, business instincts and organising talents. Of course, it would not be good Dumas if we were deprived of such a passage; but Mr. Shaw, like everybody else, feels the necessity of convention. We quote one more exceedingly amusing passage, which, it will be noted, ends with a little bit of patriotic rant that should bring a typical audience to tears of joy. Bluntschli is suing Petkoff for Raina's hand:

"PETKOFF: We should be most happy. Bluntschli, if it were only a question of your position; but, hang it, you know, Raina is accustomed to a very comfortable establishment. Sergius keeps twenty horses.

BLUNTSCHLI: But what on earth is the use of twenty horses? Why, it's a circus!

CATHERINE [severely]: My daughter, sir, is accustomed to a first-rate stable.

RAINA: Hush, mother; you're making me ridiculous.

BLUNTSCHLI: Oh, well, if it comes to a question of an establishment, here goes! [He darts impetuously to the table and seizes the papers in the blue envelope.] How many horses did you say?

SERGIUS: Twenty, noble Switzer.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have two hundred horses. [They are amazed.] How many carriages?

SERGIUS: Three.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have seventy. . . . How many tablecloths have you?

SERGIUS: How the deuce do I know?

BLUNTSCHLI: Have your four thousand?

SERGIUS: No.

BLUNTSCHLI: I have. I have nine thousand six hundred pairs of sheets and blankets, with two thousand four hundred eider-down quilts. I have ten thousand knives and forks, and the same quantity of dessert spoons. I have six hundred servants. I have six palatial establishments, besides two livery stables, a tea-garden, and a private house. I have four medals for distinguished services; I have the rank of an officer and the standing of a gentleman; and, I have three native languages. Show me any man in Bulgaria that can offer as much!

PETKOFF [with childish awe]: Are you Emperor of Switzerland?

BLUNTSCHLI: My rank is the highest known in Switzerland: I am a free citizen."

In "Candida," the second of the "Pleasant" plays, we have what may be called Mr. Shaw's masterpiece in human drama, so far as he has yet given it to the world. "Candida" is not the most brilliant of his plays; the first half of "You Never Can Tell" deserves for that quality to rank highest; but in it he has chosen a most subtle, and, at the same time, a most pressing problem, not of society, not of crime and folly, but of sheer character and passion. For all practical purposes the

characters are three—Candida, her husband, the Rev. James Morell, and Eugene Marchbanks—and the play is the unerring development of these forces acting in concert and producing an inevitable resultant. Which is the weaker man? How shall the woman judge, and what shall be the reason of her decision? In these questions Mr. Shaw, with a wonderful tenderness, a full and quiet mastery of emotion, and profound psychological secrecy—any intelligent reader of the play will understand the phrase—finds a noble opportunity and rises to the height of his argument. The study of the clergyman is extraordinarily true and complete in its perfect understanding; a living Morell could say or think not a word more in his own favour or defence than Mr. Shaw has permitted him to say and think. The poet is as clever, if not so complete a picture, partly because Mr. Shaw deliberately leaves a side of the boy's character untouched, and partly because the poetical phraseology put into his mouth is, in the extreme development (particularly in the passage about the "tiny shallop" and the "marble floors," which reads like the old-fashioned description of an Alma-Tadema) not altogether convincing. Candida herself is not short of being a masterly piece of work, with her beautiful intelligence and sympathies not made impossible by exaggeration, but all the more attractive because Mr. Shaw subtly makes you aware of their human limitations, without once indicating the exact bounds of those limitations. The less essential characters, which are woven with great skill in and out of the piece, are used with unerring instinct. We make two quotations, indicating something of the moving forces in the drama:

"MORELL [with noble tenderness]: Eugene, listen to me. Some day, I hope and trust, you will be a happy man like me. [Eugene chafes intolerantly, repudiating the worth of his happiness. Morell, deeply insulted, controls himself with fine forbearance, and continues steadily with great artistic beauty of delivery] You will be married; and you will be working with all your might and valour to make every spot on earth as happy as your own home. You will be one of the makers of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; and—who knows?—you may be a pioneer and master builder where I am only a humble journeyman. . . . It should make you tremble . . . to think that the heavy burthen and great gift of a poet may be laid upon you.

MARCHBANKS [Unimpressed and remorseless, his boyish crudity of assertion telling sharply against Morell's oratory]: It does not make me tremble. It is the want of it in others that makes me tremble.

MORELL [Redoubling his force of style under the stimulus of his genuine feeling and Eugene's obduracy]: Then help to kindle it in them—in me—not to extinguish it. In the future—when you are as happy as I am—I will be your true brother in the faith. I will help you to believe that God has given us a world that nothing but our own folly keeps from being a paradise. . . . There are so many things to make us doubt if once we let our understanding be troubled. Even at home, we sit as if in camp, encompassed by a hostile army of doubts. Will you play the traitor and let them in on me?

MARCHBANKS [looking round him]: Is it like this for her here always? A woman with a great soul, craving for reality, truth, freedom;

and being fed on metaphors, sermons, stale perorations, mere rhetoric. Do you think a woman's soul can live on your talent for preaching?"

And this, the beginning of the final scene:

"MORELL [*with proud humility*]: I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defence, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer a woman."

(Doesn't he hit the rhetorical note, with feeling behind it, however, with marvellous acuteness?)

"CANDIDA [*quite quietly*]: And you, Eugene? What do you offer?"

MARCHBANKS: My weakness! My desolation! My heart's need!

CANDIDA: That's a good bid, Eugene. Now I know how to make my choice.

*She pauses and looks curiously from one to the other, as if weighing them. Morell, whose lofty confidence has changed into heartbreaking dread at Eugene's bid, loses all power of concealing his anxiety. Eugene, strung to the highest tension, does not move a muscle.*

MORELL [*in a suffocated voice—the appeal bursting from the depths of his anguish*]: Candida!

MARCHBANKS [*aside, in a flash of contempt*]: Coward!

CANDIDA [*significantly*]: I give myself to the weaker of the two.

*Eugene divines her meaning: his face whitens like steel in a furnace.*

MORELL [*bowing his head with the calm of collapse*]: I accept your sentence, Candida.

MARCHBANKS: Oh, I feel I'm lost. He cannot bear the burden.

MORELL [*incredulously, raising his head with prosaic abruptness*]: Do you mean me, Candida?"

And "the secret in the poet's heart," which neither Candida nor Morell knew—it was just your secret and mine, if we did but know it, and hers and Morell's if they had but known it.

We have said that "You never can Tell" represents Mr. Shaw in his most brilliant mood, and the first half of that play is, indeed, a most wonderful display of character-mongering of an extremely sparkling and incessant variety. The problem of the drama, one must perforce own, is not of very vast interest, and the complexity of the situations is not made coherent by the development of a single essential interest surrounded by, but not involved in, lesser interests, as is the case with "Candida." The effect is, that the play suffers in attractiveness when the dramatist's vitality and high spirits droop a little, a result which must at times inevitably occur. Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw, by a piece of sheer intellectual bravery and determination, succeeds in sustaining the interest upon a satisfactory, if not always on the same high level. The twins, Philip and Dolly, with their lightness (like the lightness of gnats), and their keen sense of life, are splendid; Mrs. Clandon and Gloria, in another line of work, are very well done; Valentine and Crampton are careful but not inspired work; and the waiter and Bohun are, for all the world, bad imitations of Dickens in a mood for the ready-made. We are sorry about the waiter, because it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Shaw has

a personal tenderness for him. But this kind of dead conventionality will not do, and there's an end of it. We quote a brief passage between the twins and Valentine, the dentist:

"PHILIP: We shall have to introduce him to the other member of the family: the Woman of the Twentieth Century—our sister Gloria!"

DOLLY [*dithyrambically*]: Nature's masterpiece!

PHILIP: Learning's daughter!

DOLLY: Madeira's pride!

PHILIP: Beauty's paragon!

DOLLY [*suddenly descending to prose*]: Bosh! No complexion.

VALENTINE [*desperately*]: May I have a word?

PHILIP [*politely*]: Excuse us. Go ahead.

DOLLY [*very nicely*]: So sorry.

VALENTINE [*attempting to take them paternally*]: I really must give a hint to you young people—

DOLLY: Oh, come; I like that. How old are you?

PHILIP: Over thirty.

DOLLY: He's not.

PHILIP [*confidently*]: He is.

DOLLY [*emphatically*]: Twenty-seven.

PHILIP [*imperturbably*]: Thirty-three.

DOLLY: Stuff!

PHILIP [*to Valentine*]: I appeal to you, Mr. Valentine.

VALENTINE [*remonstrating*]: Well, really—[*resigning himself*].—Thirty-one.

PHILIP [*to Dolly*]: You were wrong.

DOLLY: So were you.

PHILIP [*suddenly conscientious*]: We're forgetting our manners, Dolly."

We have done; save but to remark that "The Man of Destiny," rightly described by Mr. Shaw as a "trifle," was really too trifling to be included in these volumes. As a curious example, finally, in the matter of detail, of that fact upon which we have insisted that the destruction of one authority necessarily implies the setting up of another, Mr. Shaw never uses italics for emphasis, and eschews as far as he can the apostrophe and the hyphen. He would have us, instead, space out our letters, and write teatable and youd. *Le Roi est Mort, vive le Roi.*

#### A PLUNGE INTO REALITY.

*The Workers.* By Walter A. Wyckoff. (Heinemann.)

WHEN a learned professor, after years devoted to book-lore and theorising upon economic questions, determines to plunge penniless into the proletariat and find out for himself whether a man can earn a living with his two hands and his head, the record of his experience can scarcely fail to be interesting. *The Workers* (Heinemann) is an account of the first part of the wanderings through America of the author, Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, in search of honest employment from the time when he set forth in an old suit of clothes with a magazine under his arm to the time when he found himself at work in a logging camp in the Alleghanies. No such lurid encounters fell to his lot in the East as those which awaited him in Chicago and are now being serially described in an American monthly. But for

all that he saw enough of the grim realities of life to make a bookworm open his eyes.

He carried the magazine in order to gain access to the humbler classes by inviting subscriptions. The method was not invariably successful. While showing it to some village children he was noticed by the local carpenter.

"The old carpenter presently turned upon me with the air of one who was master of the situation.

"Would you like to sell some of them books around here?" he asked.

I told him that I should.

"Well, you're a stranger here, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you try it. A young fellow done this place out of more'n fifty dollars last spring, and we're kind o' careful of strangers now."

On the very first day of his journeying the professor realised the altered attitude of the world:

"There was no money in my pocket, and a most subtle and unmanly insecurity laid hold of me as a result of that. The world had curiously changed in its attitude, or rather I saw it at a new angle, and I felt the change most keenly in the bearing of people. My 'Good morning' was not infrequently met by a vacant stare, and if I stopped to ask the way, the conviction was forced upon me that, as a pack-pedlar, I was a suspicious character, with no claim upon common consideration."

Nevertheless, in the Eastern States food and rough shelter were seldom wanting. Food is cheap and abundant, and an odd job such as sawing wood usually ensured a meal. Mr. Wyckoff's first regular job was among the gang engaged to demolish the old Academic building at West Point, and here he came into close touch with the unskilled labourer, whose toil lacks dignity and inspires no interest whatever in the heart of the toiler. After shovelling *débris* into a cart for several days he writes:

"From work like ours there seems to us to have been eliminated every element which constitutes the nobility of labour. We feel no personal pride in its progress, and no community of interest with our employer. He plainly shares this lack of unity of interest; for he takes for granted that we are dishonest men and that we will cheat him if we can; and so he watches us through every movement, and forces us to realise that not for an hour would he entrust his interests to our hands. There is for us in our work none of the joy of responsibility, none of the sense of achievement, only the dull monotony of grinding toil, with the longing for the signal to quit work, and for our wages at the end of the week."

Such work Mr. Wyckoff thinks could be rendered more interesting if the gang were paid in proportion to the speed with which they finished their job. His next experience—as a hotel porter—showed him that work is not toilsome in proportion to its severity:

"I worked for nine hours and a quarter at West Point, and had, at the end of the day's labour, if the weather had been good, eighty-five cents above actual living expenses. Here I have usually worked from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, at all manner of mental drudgery, and have gone to bed in the comfortable assurance that, in addition to food and shelter, I have earned twenty-six cents and a fraction. And yet, as a matter of choice, purely with reference to the conditions

under which the work is done, I should infinitely prefer a week of my present duties to a single day at such labour as that at West Point. The work here is specific, and it is mine, to be done as I best can. Responsibility and initiative and personal pride enter here, and render the eighteen hours of this work shorter than the nine hours of my last."

It is the dull monotony of the toil, which does not call forth the personality and gives no chance for individual excellence, that reduces the day-labourer to despair and finally renders him incapable of anything better. He is unconscious of the reason, and only feels the despair. But the fact was obvious enough to a man who entered their life with the trained faculty of self-analysis. Nevertheless the despair is now and again lit up by a sardonic humour. In a logging camp, where Mr. Wyckoff afterwards found himself, was a veteran—old Pete—who worked on in spite of the tortures of rheumatism.

"After the rain let up I happened to pass through the lobby as the men were starting for their work. Old Pete was the last to move. I watched him rising slowly to his feet. In spite of him, his face drew the picture of the hideous pain he bore; but through it shone the clear courage of a man, and his eyes reflected the grim humour of a thought that touched his native sense, and he smiled as he said: 'We don't have to work; we can starve.'"

Once only was the Professor drawn aside from his self-appointed task by the temptation to debauch; and then it was not a saloon that seduced him, but a public library. Arriving at Wilkesbarre on a Friday he should have at once begun looking for work. But he wandered into a public library where "perfect quiet reigned and comfortable chairs invited you to grateful ease, and shelves on shelves of books were free to your eager hand," and there he sat through the livelong day:

"Taking my hat and stick, I walked out into the gas-lit street, and into our modern world, with its artificialities and its social and labour problems; and I remember that I am a proletaire out of a job, and that, with shameless neglect of duty, I have been idling through priceless hours. Crestfallen, I hurry to my boarding-house, longing, like any conscientious-stricken inebriate, to lose remorse in sleep."

Mr. Wyckoff carefully abstains, as a rule, from propounding theories. His object in setting forth on his expedition was, we suspect, the desire of learning to feel as well as to think. His purpose in writing his experiences is to record the feelings of a theorist when brought into contact with the world of facts. And this he has done with a simplicity which has interested us hugely. We shall eagerly await the account, which will doubtless occupy a second volume, of his adventures in the big cities.

#### SALMON - FISHING.

*The Salmon.* By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A CERTAIN library in England contains 2,707 works on Angling. This Mr. Gathorne-

Hardy knows; yet he has written another volume quite cheerfully. In writing it he seems to have been conscious of a "call" akin to that which draws a Scots minister to a fresh parish and stipends new. All keen fishermen are at one time or another subject to this impulse. That partly explains why nearly every book about angling is bad literature. If every stone-mason described his emotions on the subject of architecture, the literature of that art would necessarily be deplorable as a whole. There is, however, another reason why books about angling are usually shocking. It is that, whilst the emotions which the sport produces are glorious, the inspiration towards pen and paper which succeeds is not one easily to be woven into artistic words. It is not, for example, like the inspiration of love. Love moves men variously, and women too; and thus even a badly written love-story, if actual feeling is reflected in it, has a certain touch of art. Fishing, as they would say in the navy, is a different pair of shoes. It is almost impossible to be original about fishing. Its inspiration is the same to all men. Therefore you begin your screed with a mention of the Gargantuan breakfast which preceded the labours of the day. Then the light that never was on sea or land, or anywhere else, must needs be vindicated while you gaze upon the river as the gillie is putting your rod up. If you hook a fish, he is, of course, either "a brute of a kelt" or a "foeman worthy of your steel."

There is, we grieve to say, a good deal of this eloquence in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book. Nevertheless, the work deserves a welcome. It adds not a little to one's knowledge of the sport. In particular, it chronicles for the first time some great "records" in salmon fishing. One of these is so remarkable that it deserves quotation. Mr. Naylor and two friends arrived on the Grimerstra River, in the island of Lewis, at the end of July, 1888. The stream where it joins the sea was only two inches deep, and the thousands of salmon waiting to run up could not cross the bar. Mr. Naylor and his friends dammed a lake near the source of the river, and when much water had been gathered broke down the dyke, setting free an artificial flood. The fish ran up and gave very fine sport indeed.

"Two days after we let down the water," Mr. Naylor wrote to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, "I got thirty-one in the first loch, but for the next few days the weather was bright and calm, and not many fish were got by any of us; and on August 27, the rod which fished the first loch got thirty-six. Next day I got fifty-four. The rod on that beat the following day got forty-six, and the next day I had it I got forty-five. The total take of the three rods for the six last days of August was 333 salmon and seventy-one sea-trout. All the fish were fairly caught with fly. We might have killed many more if we had all fished in the first loch each day, but we did not care to break through the rules as to the division of the beats (under which the whole of the first loch formed part of number 1 beat), consequently only one of the three rods was among the fish each day, the other two not getting many.

The average weight of the fish caught in each of these exceptional large takes was 6 lbs.

The numbers and weights for the six days were as follows:

|                | Salmon | Weight | Sea-Trout | Weight |
|----------------|--------|--------|-----------|--------|
| Naylor ... ..  | 143    | 856    | 31        | 23     |
| Hansard ... .. | 106    | 680    | 26        | 19     |
| Probyn ... ..  | 84     | 490    | 14        | 10     |
|                | 333    | 2,026  | 71        | 52     |

Mr. Naylor's individual take for nineteen days' fishing was [Mr. Gathorne-Hardy notes] 214 salmon weighing 1,307 lbs., and 304 sea-trout weighing 161 lbs. On his great day, August 28, he fished for nine hours, from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. The largest number caught in an hour was ten, and the smallest two. When he left off there was still an hour and a half of daylight, and his gillies implored him to continue fishing. To use his own expression, he 'was tired of the slaughter,' and did not care to go on, although he has no doubt that he might have caught eight or ten more fish."

In respect to passages such as that, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's book is valuable. Otherwise it does not add much to the average fisherman's knowledge of the art. The writer touches upon a few of the subtler problems which suggest themselves on the riverside; but he is not convincing as to any of them. He thinks that salmon are colour-blind, and that, as regards flies, size and shape are the only considerations of importance. So thought Sir Herbert Maxwell until another expert suggested that, although to a man lying on the bed of a pool a fly on the surface might be of indifferent hue, by a salmon, the eyes of that creature being more accustomed to the position, it might be accurately beheld. Then, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy thinks that, because he once caught a salmon suffering from a wound quite recently inflicted, fish are not "keenly sensible to pain." That strikes us as very feeble philosophy. If Mr. Gathorne-Hardy were slightly wounded by a cab-horse, or by a bicycle, or by a reviewer, would not a natural instinct cause him to yearn for something nourishing, or stimulating, without delay?

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*With Peary Near the Pole.* By Eivind Astrup. (Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

THIS is a most readable book. In a high degree it satisfies the modern man's craving to know about thinly scattered peoples who are still environed by nature, happy in their loves and outlandish mirth. Here, with Eivind Astrup, we literally hob-and-nob with the Inuits, or Esquimaux, who live on the unspeakable coasts of Northern Greenland. Mr. Astrup, a Norwegian, whose premature death two years ago is much to be lamented, accompanied Lieutenant Peary in the *Kite* in his expedition to North Greenland in 1891-2, and again in his second expedition in the *Falcon*. We soon forget how or why he went there, for Mr. Astrup seems

to have shared, rather than merely watched, the life of these bear-skinned and dog-skinned hunters. We learn their names and personal traits. They are so delightfully few, moreover—these northernmost Inuits—all told. Imagine two hundred and fifty people scattered along the coast in tiny groups between Ramsgate and Scarborough—the illustration is Mr. Astrup's—and you know their numbers and distribution. And yet the women's cackle travels by dog-sledge from one end of this greasy thread of humanity to the other. It is scraps of this personal gossip that make these pages so piquant. The chapters on hunting and sledge journeys are lively; but we have often heard how the Esquimaux loves his dogs, and crawls up to a seal on his belly. It is a newer thing to have the hunting stories of living Esquimaux, like sturdy Akpallia, who has recently changed his name to Nordinger, and young Kolotengua, his pupil, who won the grace of his "long selected mother-in-law" by the way he tackled his first ice-bear. It is a fresh experience to go walrus hunting with Mr. Koshu. How well we know Koshu, as he lives at this moment, with his broad, round face that "looks as if it had been cut in wood in a great hurry by a carpenter." But here is his portrait at full length :

"When very happy he would laugh so that the corners of his mouth stretched upwards to the back of his head, at the same time closing both his eyes; when in danger of life, however, never more than one was shut. Although a thief and a liar under certain pardonable circumstances, he was, nevertheless, a thoroughly splendid man. . . . Whenever there was any fun going on amongst us white men Koshu must join in, nor was he ever absent when we were ski-running down the hills behind the house. Consequently he came by degrees a hardened and comparatively skilful runner, but he never attained elegance. He was of the broad-gauge type, and had the habit of making the most frightful grimaces directly he got up a little speed. When the pace became greater, he closed one eye—a sure sign that he considered himself in serious danger."

Then we eat narwhal with that excellent couple Ingapaddu and Ituschaksui, and their six children—"the greatest number that has been known in one family in the memory of the tribe." We gently intrude on the retiring Panipka, and repay his hospitality by answering his questions about the white man's railways. Or we smile at the conceit of Kayegvitto, who, because he is the tallest of his tribe, imagines himself its chief. "Kayegvitto—well, he is mad," we hear the gossips say; and Ekva, the acknowledged wit, clinches the verdict with a jest, until Ituschaksui's voice is heard trolling out "Tara-ra-boom-de-ay" on the four months' night. The book is a treasury of facts about this strange, moral, mirthful people.

*Lines from my Log-Books.* By Admiral the Right Hon. Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart. (David Douglas.)

In its own line, this record of a sailor's reminiscences would be hard to beat. A spirit of incurable optimism runs through its pages and makes it delightful reading.

The Admiral saw service in many seas, and through many years, and fought in Syria and in the Crimea, and played havoc among the junks of the Chinese pirates. There are many touches in the book which bring home to the reader, in a very vivid way, the changes which time has made in the management of the navy. Take, as an instance, this incident which occurred during a visit to Ascencion, in 1834 :

"The biscuit, baked by a contractor at the Cape of Good Hope, had been long in store and positively swarmed with weevils and maggots. None was to be obtained to replace it, and, in order to make it eatable, the bread bags filled with this biscuit were dragged out into the great square; on each bag was placed a fresh caught fish, the maggots came out of the bread into the fish, and the fish was then thrown into the sea. A fresh fish then replaced the one thrown away, until at last nothing more came out of the biscuit, when it was pronounced fit for food and served out to the squadron."

On the same cruise the men were fed upon beef which had been boiled twenty-five years before. Even after it had been cooked it required to be grated with a nutmeg grater before being eaten. Admiral Hay's services at the Admiralty are well known to all who are interested in the welfare of the navy, and his recognition of the more generous appreciation of the force which now prevails throughout the country lends the warmth of a pleasant afterglow to the sunset of his days.

*A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India.*  
By F. H. S. Merewether.

MR. MEREWETHER travelled through India during the recent famine, contributing descriptive articles to an Indian paper. These he has incorporated in this present somewhat too bulky record of his journeys. For the work being frankly made up of one man's impressions, and not of ordered and official facts for reference, would have gained by greater brevity and, we may add, more art in the writing of it. Mr. Merewether writes in a style diffuse and almost boyish; but he really used his eyes, really amassed information; and if his book reminds one somewhat of the traditional Englishman's work on the Camel—well, it has the merits of its defects. Mr. Merewether's advice to the traveller who wishes to see the famous Taj at Agra concludes: "In this way you will carry away a mental photograph, which will remain ineffaceable upon the retina of the brain, as long as the mind retains its inner consciousness." From that kind of writing the transitions to something plain and pertinent are happily swift. Here is a good story to show the difficulty of obtaining the truth from a native by questioning. A Mahratta woman with a crowd of children was in destitution, and a certain collector, "a past master of colloquial Mahratta," wished to find out the whereabouts of her husband. The following dialogue took place :

"Collector: How long have you been on the works?"

*Mahratta Lady:* About two months, your honour.

*Col.:* Are you married?

*M. L.:* Yes, your highness.

*Col.:* Are these your children?

*M. L.:* Yes, lord protector of the poor.

*Col.:* Are you working with your husband?

*M. L.:* No, sahib.

*Col.:* Where is your husband, then?

*M. L.:* He is in Sholapur, your honour.

*Col.:* Why doesn't he come to work, then?

*M. L.:* He is in Sholapur, sahib.

*Col.:* Is he ill?

*M. L.:* No, your honour.

*Col.:* Can't he work?

*M. L.:* No, your mightiness, he is in Sholapur.

*Col.:* Can't he work.

*M. L.:* No, your mightiness, he is in Sholapur.

*Col.:* Well, where does he live?

*M. L.:* In Sholapur, lord protector of the poor.

*Col.:* Is he a weaver?

*M. L.:* Yes, and it pleases your honour.

*Col.:* Is he out of work?

*M. L.:* Alas! heaven-born one, yes.

*Col.:* Well, come now, my good woman, what is it you say—he isn't ill, is in Sholapur, can't work—what is really the matter with him?

*M. L. (with a burst of tears and beating of the breast):* Alas! lord protector of the poor, *margya* (he is dead).

*Col.:* God bless me, why didn't you say so before? How long has he been dead?

*M. L. (with another access of grief):* Nearly three years, your honour."

The book is admirably, if sometimes unpleasantly, illustrated.

A HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Vol. IV.).  
—*Hexhamshire.* Part II. By John Crawford Hodgson. (Newcastle: Reid & Co.)

THE Northumberland County History Committee are in the way of making a great book—great meaning large in this connexion. Here is a huge quarto taken up with the parishes of Chollerton and Thockrington, and the chapelry of Kirkheaton. If the whole county be treated in this ample manner the history is like to exceed all others of its kind in size. Yet we can scarcely wish it were less bulky, especially as no one is likely to read it through for mere pleasure, and a work intended for purposes of consultation cannot be too full. Among the items of general interest, perhaps the first place is due to the pedigrees of such county families as the Swinburnes of East and West Swinburne; it was Alan de Swinburne who, in 1274, purchased Great Heton, or Capheaton, the ancestral home of the bard of that ilk; the Riddles of Swinburne Castle, the Shaftos, Widdringtons, and so on. There are many interesting references to Lord Derwentwater's Rising, and a brief, but excellent, biography of John Patten, Curate of Allendale, its historian. Of historical contributions, the most important is the Rev. William Greenwell's able account of the battle of Hefenfelth, the supposed site of which is the subject of one of many fine illustrations. The notes to the various genealogies are literally packed with curious bits of information concerning old ways of life. Indeed, the book altogether is one full of meat for the historical novelist as well as for the antiquary and the local patriot.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH. BY MÈNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

A new novel by the clever author of *Gallia* and *A Girl in the Carpathians*, the pages of which are cut—good omen. The story begins at an interesting point. Thus—"In a plain-looking room of a flat which formed an individual pigeon-hole in a great scarlet human dovecote off Victoria-street, a man was proposing to a girl." *The Crook of the Bough* is concerned mainly with the development of the character of an English girl and of a Turk—half attraction, half repulsion of Occident and Orient. From an italic note at the end, the reader gathers that *The Crook of the Bough* was begun at Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1895, and finished in London in 1897. (Methuen. 300 pp. 6s.)

THE DULL MISS ARCHINARD. BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

A study of the growing up and love affairs of two sisters, and of Peter Odd (was ever hero so named!), who falls in love with the "dull" Miss Archinard after he has proposed to her sister. The adjustment of matters is the story. (Heinemann. 296 pp. 6s.)

LITTLE MISS PRIM. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

Little Miss Prim has been engaged as a lady help by Mrs. Warley; and Mrs. Penistone thinks it a rash thing to introduce an unknown young woman into the midst of a growing-up family; and Mrs. W.'s family itself—three grown-up step-children and four small boys and girls of her own—becomes restive when the governess is really found and is about to arrive. Enter Miss Prim, polite, unassuming, freckled. She proceeds to twist the Warleys round her little finger; and in doing so finds a ring on her own. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY. BY F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

A clever story by the author of *The Education of Antonia*. It tells how Sebastian Le Roux, an artist who was never likely to earn a penny, circled round the heart of Barbara Dalyell, a School Board teacher, who had brought herself into notice by her plucky behaviour during a fire which had threatened her class-room. "Ah! forgive me," she says at last—they are looking at the river from Waterloo Bridge—"I have my work, and you have yours. Let us 'study to be quiet.'" (Macmillan. 223 pp. 6s.)

THE DARK WAY OF LOVE. BY CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

The Breton story, *Le Crucifié de Keraliès*, done into English by Edith Wingate Rinder. A dark way indeed, for the book is full of black passions. If this is Brittany, forfend us from living among its rude and simple peasantry. (Constable & Co. 170 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A DIFFICULT MATTER. BY MRS. LOVETT-CAMERON.

"Sir Francis Deverell, of Deverell Chase, in the County of Southshire, sat motionless at his breakfast table, with his tea getting stone cold at his elbow, and his bacon and eggs untasted on the plate before him." Such is the time-honoured beginning. Naturally the trouble was a letter. The book is of the sensational-social order, worthy of the author of *In a Grass Country*. (John Long. 312 pp. 6s.)

CONVICT 99. BY MARIE AND ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Dedicated to Mr. A. C. Harmsworth for his "enthusiasm on behalf of those ground down beyond redemption under the iron rigour of a merciless convict system." We fancy that this exciting story ran its course in the *Daily Mail* as a *feuilleton*. Two new novels by the same authors are stated to be "in preparation." Enterprise indeed! (Grant Richards. 316 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A GOLDSMITH. BY M. H. BOURCHIER.

A brisk story of French intrigue and politics at the beginning of this century. Napoleon looms large therein, and that old friend of romancers, the Society of Jesus, is here in strength. The writer is the author of that clever work, *The C Major of Life*. (Elkin Mathews. 377 pp. 6s.)

THE STORY OF AN OCEAN TRAMP. BY CHARLES CLARK.

A thorough-going sea story, told in the first person by Jack Blunt, first mate of the *Iron Age*. Jack confesses he is six feet two, broad in proportion, and double-jointed; then he settles down to tell how the *Iron Age* went lumbering in her "Weary William style" down the Mediterranean and fell among the Riff pirates. The slow-going qualities of the vessel, and the excitability of her captain, Timothy Titus Toop, who is cursed with a liver, are a piquant sauce to the adventures related. (Downey & Co. 394 pp. 6s.)

PRISONERS OF THE SEA. BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

A romance of the seventeenth century, concerned with the Huguenots. The story professes to determine the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask. "Thar ain't no bloomin' doubt of it" does not strike one as a seventeenth century exclamation. (Ward, Lock & Co. 478 pp. 6s.)

THE DATCHET DIAMONDS. BY RICHARD MARSH.

About lost diamonds. Of two rivals in love, one steals the Duchess of Datchet's diamonds; the other reads about the robbery, and half wishes he had done it, for he has bullied Erics and lost. The two men put up at the same hotel, and the thief's portmanteau is carried by mistake into the bedroom of his rival, who gloats over brooches, tiaras, and rings worth a quarter of a million. (Ward, Lock & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

SELAH HARRISON. BY S. MACNAUGHTEN.

When Arthur Napier returned from the South Seas he told his father about Selah Harrison, the missionary, whom he had met out there.

"'He was a brave man,' said Arthur.  
'He was a young scapegrace when I knew him,' said his father.  
And together they told each other the story of Selah Harrison. But the story of the miniature Arthur never told."

Thus the prologue. (Richard Bentley & Son. 328 pp. 6s.)

SIR TRISTRAM. BY THOROLD ASHLEY.

A love-story, so much is plain. But we have no table of chapters, nor chapter titles, and not a page bears a heading more informing than "Sir Tristram." But we observe that Sir Tristram and his Hylda are in the usual attitude at the end of the book. (Ward, Lock & Co. 320 pp.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST. BY LUCY MAYNARD.

This story is a delineation of life in a large Orphan Asylum, the heroine, Penrose Frere, being a governess. The author has her own views of Asylum life, and satirical touches are not wanting. "I hope, children," said the Bishop impressively, "that you are all aware of the privileges you enjoy here. When I look round on all your happy faces, I think that the future of England is safe in your hands." Miss Maynard suggests that the Asylum orphans who have helped, in a marked manner, to make England are very few indeed. The story has a strong love interest by way of relief. (Methuen. 324 pp. 6s.)

JOHN MAVERELL. BY J. DUNCAN CRAIG.

A very long story of Provençal life, culminating with the days of the Commune and conflicts in the Franco-Prussian War. The book contains ninety-one chapters, and the ninety-first is appropriately entitled "Enfin." A feature of the story is its numerous foot-notes. (Elliot Stock. 360 pp. 6s.)

THE APE, THE IDIOT, AND  
OTHER PEOPLE.

By W. C. MORROW.

Fourteen strong short stories or sketches with such titles as "The Inmate of the Dungeon," "The Permanent Stiletto," "Over an Absinthe Bottle," "An Original Revenge," &c. The first story tells how a convict, a man-slayer not otherwise a criminal, had for years been subjected to terrible treatment in gaol for insubordination and threatening to kill the governor. He had been falsely accused of trying to obtain two rations of tobacco, and the name of "thief" utterly demoralised him. His case is at length inquired into; and the governor, dismissed, and convinced of his long error, gives his prisoner the opportunity of carrying out his threat of murder. (Grant Richards. 330 pp. 6s.)

## THE HERITAGE OF EVE.

By H. H. SPETTIGUE.

The Eve of this story is Tita Storck, the daughter of a German engineer, who came to Cornwall to develop a tin mine and study Shakespeare. The mine went to the bad, after an explosion; and Storck's Shakespearean studies resulted in little more than the bestowing on his four daughters the names Miranda, Bianca, Olivia, and Titania. Titania emerges quickly as the heroine, and like most modern heroines she begins to write. Her efforts in authorship, indeed, occupy many pages, and to literature succeeds philanthropy, and to philanthropy love. (Chatto & Windus. 372 pp. 6s.)

## SIREN.

By L. T. MEADE.

This is a society story with a strong flavouring of the Russian secret police, and a tragic ending for the heroine. (L. T. Meade. 296 pp. 6s.)

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

A pure love-story, and an old-fashioned. Pamela Somers sings "Yes, love can last," and is chidden for her sentimentality. Of course, it does last—despite obstacles. (Griffith, Farran & Co. 312 pp.)

## THE SEA OF LOVE.

By WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Ten short stories, not all pleasant. The first is concerned with the love of a boy of twelve for an actress, to whom he indites a childish love-letter. The actress contemplates a hoax: she will disguise her thirty years, dress as a young girl, and receive her juvenile lover for the amusement of her fellow actors and actresses. But she thinks better of it. The second story is horrible: it tells how a widower sells his first wife's grave to raise the wedding expenses of his second marriage. (John Long. 126 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Standard Bearer.* By S. R. CROCKETT.  
(Methuen.)

THE great mass who are not purists in art, and who like a quickly moving story with a dash of love-making and a dash of swashing blows and a dash of picturesque scenery, might find very much worse mental fodder than Mr. Crockett's easy-going romances provide. The present specimen, for all its name and a bloodthirsty beginning, does not contain a very large proportion of actual fighting. The "Standard Bearer," Quintin MacClellan, bears a spiritual banner, the blue banner that is the sign of the Cameronian hill-folk. He has become a minister in the Established Kirk after the Revolution, but leads the protest of a small minority against the Erastian domination of the State, and is consequently expelled from his living. But Quintin's troubles with the Presbytery really play a lesser part in the book than his love affairs. There are two women in his story. One is haughty Mary Gordon, whom Quintin saved from the persecuting dragoons when both were children, and who, long wooed in vain, becomes in the end his bride. The other is Jean Gemmell, languishing and consumptive, whom Quintin, out of pity rather than love, marries on her death-bed. More attractive than either of these maidens is Alexander-Jonita Gemmell, the Amazonian breaker of horses, vigorous of speech and true of heart. Alexander-

Jonita falls to the lot of Quintin's brother, Hob, and this is an episode from the wooing:

"Will you let me be your friend?" I said, impulsively taking her hand.

"I do not know," said Alexander-Jonita; "I will tell you in the morning. It is over-dark to-night to see your eyes."

"Can you not believe in me?" said I. "Have you ever heard that I thus offered friendship to any other maid in all the parish?"

"You might have offered it to twenty, and they taken it every one, for aught I care. But Alexander-Jonita Gemmell accepts no man's friendship till she has tried him as a fighter tries a sword."

"Then try me, Jonita! Try me and prove me?" I cried eagerly.

"I will," said she promptly. "Rise this instant from the place where you sit, look not upon me, touch me not, say neither good-e'en nor yet good-day, but take the straight road and the ready over the hill to the manse of Balmaghie."

The words were scarce out of her mouth when, with a leap so quick that the colliers had not even time to rise, I was over the dyke and striding across the moss and whinstone-crag towards the house by the water-side, where my brother's light had long been burning as he sat over his books.

I did not so much as look about me till I was on the heathery crest of the hill. Then for a single moment I stood looking back into the clear grey bath of night behind me, where the lass I loved was keeping her watch in the lonely sheepfold.

Yet I was pleased with myself too. For though my dismissal had been some deal swift and unexpected, I felt assured that I had not done by any means badly for myself.

At least I could call Alexander-Jonita my friend. And there was never a lad upon all the hills of heather that could do so much."

Mr. Crockett has not chosen a very ambitious theme in *The Standard Bearer* or handled it with very great elaboration. But the book is written easily and fluently, and there is a wholesome out-door tone about it. The thread of the story, too, is better kept than in some earlier writings, which have irritated us by their devious and episodic course.

\* \* \* \*

*The Potentate.* By Frances Forbes Robertson.  
(Constable & Co.)

THE telling of this story of Everard Val Dernement (who is not the Potentate, but the Potentate's victim) would seem to be the result of a study of the style of George Meredith, and the open manner of Maeterlinck. Everard Val Dernement was a count, with features chiselled as a young Greek's, eyes with a wistful look in them, and flaxen curls that fell about his shoulders like any pretty maid's. But "where the bully thought to find a likely prey for jesting at, he must, on the contrary, have discovered a veritable wight for the breaking of bones." Such was Everard; and, "across the centuries the fragrance of the man's sweet life reaches us, and the story of his death, with his child-son's untimely knowledge of it, stand out among the countless tragedies that colour our chronicles of the Middle Ages." The Potentate is the Duke of Bresali; and this is the kind of place Bresali was, and the manner of its wit:

"In Bresali shapes were mostly crooked. The hearts of men seemed awry, however fair were their outward bodies, for an evil man governed, and evil governing, as the wise know, maketh the governed evil. The root of the matter is in the head, quoth a wag, and spoke something of the truth, which perhaps dawned on the minds of his listeners—made their fingers itch to be at that head. Indeed, we read of one among them remarking, 'They grow too thick; at the falling of one up sprouts another, and who is to know it would not be even an uglier one?'"

Everard Val Dernement was a good man, therefore he was done to death by the wicked Duke, and his head was set to "decorate the city gate," where his youthful son discovered it. The mother of the young Everard implanted in the young heart of him, and cultivated there a deeply rooted desire for revenge; and on the night of his coming of age there came to him one whose "strange eyes seemed to peer at him from across the long years of his life, paralysing the consciousness of the present, and dragging him back into a real and living past." This gentleman with the "strange eyes" is one whom Everard had formerly seen, seen at the moment when he had discovered the bodiless and bloody head of his father on the city gate. He has come now to intimate to Everard that the opportunity for his revenge is at hand, may be seized that very night. The man who destroyed his father is on the point of betraying "five hot-headed youths" to the wicked

Duke. At a certain hour he will be alone, writing their names on a parchment, which parchment will reach the Duke the next morning, unless—

“Go on.”  
 ‘None entering his room—’  
 ‘Well?’ persisted the boy.  
 ‘He is old.’  
 ‘But he betrays men for money.’  
 ‘And women,’ said the stranger.  
 ‘Not women?’  
 ‘His hair is white.’  
 ‘Surely not women?’ repeated Everard.  
 ‘And he is feeble.’  
 ‘Surely not women?’  
 ‘Women; and he betrayed your father.’  
 Everard turned pale, and clutched his dagger.  
 ‘I will kill him,’ he said. . . . .”

And he did; and thereafter fled and fought in the wars of “the Emperor,” was wounded and fell in love with a lovely, learned, and noble lady who is about to take the vows of a religious life. Business—the business of the story—takes them both to the court of the wicked Duke, who also falls in love with the lovely and learned, the about-to-be religious, lady; and there the crisis and *dénouement* arrive with a rebellion of the people. Such is the story of *The Potentate*, which has a weird semblance to the truth of life, without being actually true; but it has points of cleverness, and points of understanding.

\* \* \* \*

*King Circumstance.* By Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann.)

THE author of *A Street in Suburbia* and *A Man of Straw* is recognised as a promising writer; and if this volume of short stories carries him no further on his way, at least it tends to confirm the esteem in which he is widely held. It probably represents the occasional output of some few years, and in the case of one story, at least, we are able to apply the test of time. “The Martyrdom of the Mouse” the present writer lighted upon a long while ago; and the horror of the tale as it then curdled the blood was renewed upon the moment that we opened this volume. It has its faults; the boy victim, for instance, is too like a girl, and his piety is strong of the Methodist Sunday School; but the horrid chill of the damp barn where the three outcasts foregathered, and in contrast with it the lurid atmosphere of the story as one wretch tells it—the story of the gin-sodden years spent by him naked, sweating, in the coal-hole, feeding the demon of the furnace, of the interlude of sanity under the influence of the child and the child’s mother, and the hideous, wanton crime that is the catastrophe—stamp an impression (experience proves) not soon to be effaced. Not that we are always in an atmosphere of horror. “The Undoing of Matty White,” “Crazy Madge,” “The Inevitable Thing,” and “The First Stone” are an appeal for rebellious indignation; “The Watchmaker” and “Blind Peter”—neither of them in the first flight—move towards a tearful joy. Purely pathetic—and perhaps the most distinguished of these by blows—is “The Poor Idealist”; who dreams luxurious dreams of a world converted group by group to the Gospel of Love, while the blowsy waitress amuses the coffee-house customers by flooding his hat-brim with slops. “Bettles” is a clever study of the fighting cockney; and in “The Anterior Time” is exploited a new realm of romantic comedy—the Board-school playground. From this last we submit the following excerpt:

“My sister said, when I told her what had happened: ‘Why don’t yer ‘ave little Nina?’”

Insensibly I found the idea gaining possession of me. . . .  
 That night I waited for her outside her door, and when she came out to get the supper-beer I accosted her.  
 She thought I was going to play some practical joke on her.  
 ‘If you touch me I’ll go straight and tell yer mother,’ she said. . . .  
 ‘I ain’t a-go’in’ to touch you,’ I said.  
 ‘Well, go away, then,’ she exclaimed, shrinking against the wall and drawing up one leg.  
 I said no more, but handed her the letter I had originally prepared for Mary. I had scratched out ‘Mary’ and substituted ‘Nina.’ She took the letter, and ran away.  
 On the following day our engagement was formally announced.

But I was not happy. Nina was an awkward girl to love. It was impossible to kiss her without her consent, because she was so tall and stiff. If I put my arm round her waist, she invariably put it away, saying I made her hot. If I pressed her hand, she told me to mind her ‘gathered finger.’ She was an impossible girl altogether. So that I was not sorry when she discovered that she no longer loved me.”

Two touches here—the gathered-up leg and the gathered finger—are evidence of a talent for observation. In his lighter vein, as in his moods of indignation and rebellion, Mr. Pugh is a realist of the best stamp: he makes no effort to take us out of our world of moderate quality into a shadow realm of excellence; but, on the other hand, he sees—and can show forth—the humour, the pathos, and the tenderness that abide in Things as they Are.

## MR. G. W. CABLE IN LONDON.

### AN INTERVIEW.

THE *British Weekly*, with characteristic promptitude, has interviewed Mr. G. W. Cable, who is at present staying with Mr. J. M. Barrie in Kensington. Mr. Cable is known to English readers as the writer of that masterpiece, *Old Creole Days*, published when he was thirty-five, and other stories of creoles and negro life. This is Mr. Cable’s first visit to London:

“Had you ever crossed the Atlantic before?” asked the interviewer.

“No,” said Mr. Cable; “this is my first stay of any length in a foreign country. I ought not, however, to say foreign in speaking of England, for I find this country very homelike, and seem to be constantly meeting my own people. London is very charming—such a delightful confirmation of a lifetime of reading and pictorial illustration. The pictures seem to have come out of the books, although magnified to life-size.”

“You propose, I think, to give some readings in England?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Cable, “at the suggestion of English friends, I have come over at last, after many years of delay, during which I put off the idea. In America I have been in the habit of giving readings to public audiences. The old entertainment of elocutionary reading by professional elocutionists has long since quite gone out of fashion, but there is still a very strong interest in hearing and seeing authors render their own pages by word of mouth. That kind of entertainment is common all over the States from Maine to Mexico, where the population is not too sparse to maintain it.”

“What passages from your books do you find most popular in America?”

“It is rather difficult to give an accurate reply to that question. My sustained novels seem to be all about equally favoured, but among my shorter stories ‘Parson Jones’ is perhaps the one which audiences most like to hear. Along with ‘Parson Jones’ I may mention ‘The Story of Madame Delphine,’ and the middle story in the trilogy of ‘Bonaventure,’ entitled ‘Grand Point.’ These are beyond doubt the most popular single passages. Then I choose pieces from two or three of my novels, always confining myself to one book or story, and reading passages selected for their literary and dramatic quality, but at the same time making the story plain to the hearers.”

“Do you ever read a whole story at once?”

“Sometimes, as in the case of ‘Grand Point’ and ‘Parson Jones’ the latter is really almost a play.”

“Do your audiences in America consist chiefly of the richer and more cultured classes?”

“There is a system of lyceums all over the country,” said Mr. Cable. “These provide a series of entertainments lasting over the season, to which admission is by course-ticket. People of every social rank attend these entertainments, and the audiences are as varied as those of a theatre.”

“And how about the creole songs, Mr. Cable?”

“Well, many years ago, when I discovered that these Folk-songs of the slaves of former Louisiana creoles had a great charm of their own, and were preserved by tradition only, I was induced to gather them and reduce them to notation. I found that others were so strongly interested in the songs that, without pretending to any musical authority or original charm of voice, I was tempted to sing one or two of them before public audiences. The first time I did so was in Boston, and since then I have rarely been allowed to

leave them out of my entertainment when the length of my literary programme left room for them."

"What of your present literary work, Mr. Cable? Shall you be making any progress with that in London?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Cable, "in fact, one thing that has brought me over besides my lifelong desire to see the mother country of our own great nation and the home of our language and literature, is the hope that by taking my days very quietly and in much retirement, I may carry on at a moderate pace my present literary work even here. So I have brought my knitting with me. It is a novel based upon my experience as a cavalry soldier in the American Civil War."

"Have you fixed on the name?"

"I never succeed in naming a story till I have finished it. I name it to myself a dozen times, but these names are mere scaffolding, and the real task and agony of getting the right name is one of the finishing touches. I have another story, by the way, in the hands of *Scribner's Magazine* which is now awaiting publication. It is called *The Entomologist*, and the scene is laid in New Orleans during the great epidemic of 1878."

Mr. Cable lived in New Orleans through that terrible time, and had many strange experiences in nursing the sick.

### THE OLD PUBLISHERS AND THE NEW.

"I AM interested in the announcement," writes Mr. Shorter in the *Illustrated London News*, "that Mr. Grant Richards is proposing to publish the five principal novels of Jane Austen in ten volumes, uniform with the Edinburgh Stevenson. *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons* are still the copyright of Messrs. Bentley, having been first published through the intervention of Mr. Austen Leigh, the novelist's nephew.

It is not too much to say that the Edinburgh Stevenson is an absolute ideal, which publishers may take to guide them when they are anxious to produce really handsome books. In this respect it is curious how, for the most part, the older firms of publishers have separated themselves from the younger men, so far as concerns the mechanical production of books. I do not think, indeed, that these younger publishers will ever make anything like the same amount of money that their elder brethren have secured. The town house and the country house and the carriage are not, so far as I have observed, the good fortune of any of the men who have entered the publishing business within the last dozen years or so. This does not alter the fact that the new publishers are producing books artistically, and that the old publishers have never shown much capacity for so doing. I doubt if any publisher nowadays could make the colossal profits of the older houses. These latter initiated great school-book projects, for which they paid, in many cases, a comparatively small sum, and out of which they have steadily drawn thousands from year to year. Some of them purchased novels for anything from fifty to five hundred pounds, and made five thousand out of the transaction. Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors, plus the literary agent, have made that kind of thing impossible, and one popular novelist, to my knowledge, proposes to obtain seven thousand pounds down from a publisher before a single copy of the writer's next book is sold.

None the less I must return to my main point, which is one of serious indictment of the older firms of publishers. Their business capacity, from the point of view of producing good books, has never been greater than it is to-day. In looking down the new lists of Longmans and Murray, of Smith & Elder, and of Bentley, I find that they still contain new works equal or superior to those of any of their rivals; but when I come to place these same books side by side with those of the newer and younger firms, from the point of view of paper, of binding, and of printing, I am bound to recognise that the books of the older firms are completely out of court. This new movement in good printing commenced, if I am not mistaken, with the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and with the press of Messrs. R. and R. Clark, of Edinburgh, who are responsible for the bulk of the books issued by the Macmillans. Since then two or three firms have obtained distinction, notably Constables, of Edinburgh, and the Ballantyne Press, and both these firms really understand in a remarkable way that printing may still be a fine art among us.

As an example of what I mean, let me take the new Byron, issued by Mr. John Murray. Here is a book in which I am quite sure that expense was not considered, and in which the publisher would probably, had the taste been his, as readily have gone to one firm of printers as to another. The result is a distinctly ugly book, judged from the point of view of the bibliophile. I do not say that it will not sell just as well as if it had been produced under the careful guidance of Mr. Blaikie, of Constables, or after careful consultation with Mr. Arthur Humphreys, who has shown by his editions of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Epictetus* that he knows how a good book should be produced. The fact remains that the new Byron—whatever may be its merits as the final and complete issue of the poet's works—is a distinctly ugly book, that its type is comparatively poor and old-fashioned, that its headlines altogether lack the balance and taste which should be given to so important and so distinctive a book, and you may even see the type through the all-too-transparent paper. The large-paper edition, I may add, which lends itself peculiarly to the zeal of the enthusiast in these matters, provides a far less pleasing page than the smaller edition. As a matter of fact, until the recent revival of printing, there had been for well-nigh half a century a tremendous lack of artistic taste in the production of books. To contrast the Aldine poets as issued by Pickering with the Aldine poets issued by Bell & Son would seem to indicate retrogression indeed. Another and still older firm than Mr. Murray's I am tempted to indict in this connection. Messrs. Longmans, with perhaps the most magnificent catalogue of any firm of publishers in England, with many of the most famous writers in history, in theology, and in criticism, that our modern literature has seen, produce these authors in a manner altogether unworthy of the reputation of the books or of their publishers. You may buy Newman's *Apologia* uniform with a novel by Mr. Rider Haggard, and both of them bound in a way which the slightest examination of Messrs. Methuen's six-shilling novels should make quite impossible. Take Thackeray again. Until the new biographical edition, it is not too much to say that, with the exception of the first edition of *Esmond*, Messrs. Smith & Elder have never issued, during the forty and more years that they have published Thackeray's works, a single really well-printed and well-prepared volume of the great novelist, always excepting that fine edition of *Esmond* in three volumes, which was, I admit, a pretty book. Sometimes the binding was wrong, sometimes the paper, and sometimes the printing. The same criticism applies, until Mr. Oswald Craufurd recently took the books in hand, to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's various issues of the works of Carlyle and Dickens—ugly books, all of them, as a bibliophile views them."

### M. JULES VERNE AT HOME.

THE celebrity at home in the *World* this week is M. Jules Verne, in the Rue Charles-Dubois, Amiens. "It is doubtful," remarks the writer of this interesting interview, "whether, among the countless English admirers of M. Jules Verne, there are any of the many who pass through Amiens *en route* to Paris, or further on, who have the least notion that the windows of his residence 'give' upon the cutting between two tunnels through which the line from Calais and Boulogne runs into the station, and that if they looked up to the left they might very possibly see in the flesh the author who has delighted them with his tales of wonder.

M. Jules Verne's library, with his study leading out of it, is on the second floor of his house, and it is in these two rooms, both facing the railway, that he has the most to show his visitors. Not that there is much in the study itself, where M. Jules Verne has a bed placed so that he may rest during the intervals of work, with an electric bell and speaking tube at the side; while a rack of clay pipes and a box of cigars from Havana, named after one of his novels, testify to his partiality for tobacco—though, strangely enough, he only smokes in the summer. The place of honour in the library is accorded to a head of Hetzel, the publisher who has brought out all the books of which M. Jules Verne is the author; and the shelves contain many interesting volumes, among them being an Arabic translation of the journey to *The Centre of the Earth*. M. Jules Verne also has a good collection of Dickens's works, which, he assures you, never pall upon him, and he speaks with unfeigned admiration of that inimitable genius.



SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE has been some talk of the effect of the War on publishing and bookselling. The effect has, so far, been unimportant. Certain publishing houses which export books to America have had orders postponed or cancelled. No doubt, too, some publishers have been discouraged from issuing books by a well-grounded fear that the American sales would be small. But the notion that during war-time neutral peoples read newspapers instead of books is discounted by a high authority in the book trade. This gentleman perfectly recollects that even the Franco-German War had no disastrous effect in diverting the public from books. The book-reading public is a definite and constant body, and is not much affected by the excitement of war news. War multiplies newspaper readers, but does not subtract from book readers, except in the belligerent countries. More newspapers are bought, but they are quickly thrown aside. The thousands of newspapers left in the London morning trains show this.

PUBLISHING would be quiet just now in any case, for the spring publishing season grows less active every year. Therefore, from the bookselling point of view, the present is a convenient time for a war to be in progress. If the war should seriously affect English books, it will be through the publishers rather than through the public. Our publishers are becoming more and more enamoured of, and dependent on, their "American sales," and therefore, if the war should hang on till the autumn, and then produce agitating events, the American market will be spoiled.

THE demand for books at Mudie's is not less than usual. Books on Cuba (few in number) are asked for. They include

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Cuba in War Time* and Mr. J. H. Bloomfield's *A Cuban Expedition*. The latter work was published some years ago, but is likely to be issued in a new edition. As a result of the war, maps and atlases are selling well. People want to know where Tampa is, and Matanzas.

WE observe that Sir Walter Besant confirms the foregoing views in some notes in the *Author*. Sir Walter's conviction is that the war excitement will not stop people reading books. Under its awakening influence the emotions will be stirred and will seek literary satisfaction. He reminds us that it was in the war-vexed years, 1793-1814, that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Byron, Scott, Rogers, Landor, Shelley, Godwin, and many others rose in their might.

WHEREAS—continues Sir Walter :

"The most dead, dull, and dejected time in the whole history of English literature was that of the early Thirties—a period of profound peace. At one time, I believe in the autumn of 1832, there were hardly any books published at all. It was at that time, I believe, that the world finally rebelled against the rubbish that was forced upon the book clubs as fiction and poetry. The society novel fell never to be revived; the tales in verse fell; and the book clubs fell, to be revived, perhaps. They broke up, and their place has never since been filled up. I remark, again, that this was, after many years, a time of profound peace."

MR. ANSTEY has just finished a new humorous story about the length of *The Tinted Venus*. The scene is laid in London, and the tale bears the admirable title, *Love Among The Lions*.

THE professional critic is always with us, and if at times his judgments are apt to be hard-featured and lacking in spontaneity, the excuse must be that he is a professional critic, and consequently something of a critical machine. What the amateur critic lacks in judgment he gains in freshness, and he speaks from the heart rather than from the brain. So we make no apology for printing the following extract from a private letter on Mr. Le Gallienne's *Romance of Zion Chapel*, by an unprofessional critic, which has come into our hands.

"To me it is far away the truest thing he has written, and the most beautiful, allowing, of course, for all exaggerations and ultra-sentimentalism. All except the end—which to my mind is quite wrong in every way, and a vexatious blot upon a lovely book. But the subtle presentment of the mutual and inclusive love of the three, and its perfect possibility on the spiritual plane, spite of its impossibility on the earthly, is true, though so easily jeered at by the *Referee*. Then (the crowning wonder of the book) the long-drawn-out analysis of the effect of the successive stages of bereavement on a supersensitive nature came home to me as nothing of the kind has ever done. It must have been written from the heart, and its reality is the secret of its power. I felt like wanting to say to R. Le Gallienne, 'Thank you, thank you, for putting it into words.' By the by, *why* is it such a strange delight to have one's own experience translated thus by a stranger?"

THE Newdigate prize of £20 for an English poem has been won by Mr. John Buchan, Hulme Exhibitioner of Brasenose College. Mr. Buchan is already launched in authorship. His *Scholar Gypsies* was a very promising book. A more sustained effort is his story, "John Barnet of Barns," now running in *Chambers's Journal*. Mr. Buchan is a frequent contributor to the ACADEMY.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the enemies he has made," says the *New York Critic*, "M. Zola's *Paris* is said to have sold 125,000 copies." Why "notwithstanding"? The friends of an author rarely buy his books. This also is vanity.

THE same paper says it has begun to suffer from the war with Spain. A series of articles on "Authors at Home," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, has had to be postponed. The fact is, the authors are not at home; they are *en route* for Cuba to find copy.

*To-Day*, which, under Mr. Barry Pain's energetic editorship, quite maintains its traditions of popularity and humour, has made a new departure in the issue of a supplement which will probably go down to posterity as the last portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Drawn by Mr. Forrest who in this instance has pushed his ingenious and effective convention to the furthest, it shows the old man—his face intent as of yore, but now ashen and sunken—huddled in his black coat on a Sunday afternoon in St. Swithin's Church, Bournemouth. Mrs. Gladstone kneels by his side, and beyond are the faces of other worshippers peering from the massed blacks. A curious picture! Looking upon it one feels at first something like dislike, then something like fascination. Besides his editorial duties, Mr. Barry Pain has found leisure to prepare three books for the press, all of which will be issued this year. They are *Wilmy, and other Stories*, being studies of women; *The Tompkins Verses*, with a preface wherein Tompkins will have something to say about his method of spelling Cockney dialect; and *The Real History of Robin Hood*.

GAELIC *redivivus*! There will be a boom presently in Gaelic dictionaries. General Chapman, commanding the forces in Scotland, has been impressing upon militia sergeants in the North the desirability of becoming acquainted with Gaelic. At Inverness he offered to provide a Gaelic Dictionary for the use of the sergeants, and so stimulated their enthusiasm that a class is to be started forthwith for the study of the "Paradisaical" tongue.

THAT it should have fallen to the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh to pen an appreciative monograph on David Hume is a curious illustration of the irony of fate. For it was Edinburgh University which declined the services of Hume as a teacher; and, moreover, the late Prof. Henry Calderwood, whose posthumous volume on Hume was published the other day, was reckoned,

and justly reckoned, as perhaps the most orthodox exponent of moral philosophy who has occupied a Scottish chair for the past half century. Prof. Calderwood, who was a Dissenter, was one of the leaders of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and in theology was regarded as belonging to the Evangelical school. He was much less narrow, however, than many of the clerics of that school, and it is significant of his breadth and of his charity that he was able to write sympathetically and appreciatively of the "infidel" and "arch-sceptic" of last century.

WE like the dedication in Brevet-Lieut.-Col. Alderson's *With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force*. It is the sort of dedication a soldier should pen:

"To my father, who taught me that which, during my nineteen years' soldiering, I have found of more value than anything I ever learnt—namely, to ride—this book is affectionately dedicated."

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's lines on Omar Kháyyám, spoken by him at the Omar Club dinner last week, were as follows:

"Omar, when it was time for thee to die,  
Thou saidst to those around thee, Let me lie  
Where the North wind may scatter on my grave  
Roses; and now thou hast what thou didst  
crave,  
Since from the Northern shore the Northern  
blast  
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.  
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped  
Many a health to thee, send roses red.  
We are but guests unto the tavern brought,  
And have a flower the paler for that thought;  
Yet is our love so rich that roses white  
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-night."

IN the *Century* for May is a letter from Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, concerning her late husband's connexion with the famous road-making experiment at Oxford:

"It is, I believe, quite correct to say that he acted as foreman over the work of Ruskin's road-making; he told me so himself, but I cannot inform you whether he was foreman for the whole time or only for a part. He mentioned to me that it was very nice to be foreman, because he went, in consequence, every time to breakfast with Ruskin, when the workers were invited, and not only in turn, as the others did. He was appointed foreman, I believe, because he was scarcely strong enough to do much of the hard work himself, and also because he was always good at leading men. His own opinion about the road-making was that, though, of course, it was impossible not to smile at it, yet it was not a bad thing altogether. The idea was to do a piece of work that was useful to the working people living in houses near the bit of road, and a piece of work that was *not* being taken up by anyone else, either public or private; also that it might give the *idea* of athletes using their muscles for some useful purpose. Of course, the thing after a time became a joke."

UNDER the title of "A Record of Art in 1898" three fully illustrated extra numbers of *The Studio* are being issued containing descriptive summaries of the work completed during the past twelve months in Great Britain and France. The first part is excellent in every way. The selection

has been made with more care than is usual with such publications, the printing is good, and the letterpress notes are to the point. Much of the work reproduced will necessarily be selected from what has been exhibited during the year, but many things will also be included which come direct from the artists' studios, and have not yet been submitted to public inspection. In this way a wider view of the art of the present day will be given than would be possible if the publication of only such examples as are to be found in one particular gallery were preferred.

MR. W. H. HUDSON, whose *Birds in London* is published this week, may claim to be the poet of the London sparrow as well as one of its keenest observers. He once contributed a long and pleasant apostrophe to a town sparrow to *Merry England*. The poem we refer to was in blank verse, and ran to about a hundred and fifty lines. We quote a few of these:

"Never a morning comes but I do bless thee,  
Thou brave and faithful sparrow, living link  
That binds us to the immemorial past;  
O blithe heart in a house so melancholy,  
And keeper for a thousand gloomy years  
Of many a gay tradition; heritor  
Of Nature's ancient cheerfulness, for thee  
'Tis ever Merry England! Never yet  
In thy compauionship of centuries,  
With man in lurid London, didst regret  
Thy valiant choice;—yea, even from the time  
When all its low-roofed rooms were sweet  
with scents  
From summer fields, where shouting children  
plucked  
The floating lily from the reedy Fleet,  
Scaring away the timid water-hen."

THERE are some enterprises of which one heartily disapproves, however good a motive underlies them; and one of these is the attempt to rewrite the Bible. This week we have received an attempt to reform the Book of Job. Mr. Howard Swan is its author; and he prefixes a long explanation of his method to his version. We cannot attempt to summarise the qualifications which Mr. Swan thinks he has for re-translating *Job*; but one of them appears to be the "Inner Light" as understood by the Society of Friends. What we can do is to give short parallel passages from the Swan and the old version:

MR. HOWARD SWAN.

"Hast thou given the horse his might?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with the tossing mane?"

Hast thou made him leap like a locust? The glory of his snorting is terrible;

He paws the ground, and rejoices in all his strength; he paces forth to meet the armed soldiers.

He mocks at fear, and little is he dismayed; nor turns he back from the sword,

The flashing spear, or the javelin."

THE BIBLE.

"Hast thou given the horse strength?  
hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield."

*Harper's Round Table*, the newest juvenile magazine, comes out in an improved form in its seventh number. The cover is more attractive, and the headings more decorative. Mr. Marriott-Watson's story, *The Adventurers*, reaches its ninth and tenth chapters.

THE quaintest of new journals is *The Eagle and the Serpent*, a little threepenny monthly "dedicated to the philosophy of Nietzsche, Emerson, Stirner, Thoreau, and Goethe." It is written in an assertive, dishevelled style, with maxims and declarations studded about it in capital letters. "Altruism—that is the Enemy" is its cry, and it waves the banner of Egoism from a window in Fleet-street. The following announcement will bear quoting:

"An apology is due to our patrons for our delay in saving the world. 'Slow but sure' is our motto in everything. Our intention is to publish *The Eagle and the Serpent* as a bi-monthly through the year 1898, as a monthly through 1899, as a weekly in 1900, as a daily in —. If the demand should justify the step, we would make the journal a monthly or weekly from the start. And we may here note that effectual demand spells 'cash,' or as our printer hath it, 'An ounce of cash is worth a ton of talk.' Barring the improbable, our second issue will appear March 15, but we trust that our readers will be prepared to allow two or three weeks' grace."

The April number of the *Eagle and the Serpent* has since appeared. In it we learn that the demand for salvation by Egoism has been "fairly encouraging." The *Eagle* and the *Serpent* will not embrace each other again until June.

THAT portly, utilitarian annual, the *Annual Register*, arrives once more in its customary dress, a dress that has altered little in the last one hundred and forty years. We suppose that few people remember that the *Annual Register* was originally planned, and largely written, by Edmund Burke. Its first number appeared in 1754. Burke was then a young politician, and there can be no doubt that his work on the *Register* enlarged his grasp of affairs.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULEN, the publishers of the excellent *Encyclopedia of Sport*, issue their May part within black borders, in respect to the memory of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who had edited the work from the first. An article by the late Earl on "Shooting" will appear in the June part of the *Encyclopedia*.

A GOSSIPY, critical account of American authorship of to-day appears in *The Windsor Magazine* from the pen of Mr. James Ramsay. This airy gentleman's article amounts to this:

1. Emerson, Hawthorn, and Thoreau are dead.

2. Mr. T. R. Aldrich is America's leading poet, but he will rhyme "morn" with "gone."

3. Mark Twain's work is grown old, and himself is in Europe.

4. The humour of "John Phoenix" ("This yer Smiley's yeller, one-eyed, banana-tailed cow," &c.) is also old, and too calm for these wakeful days.

5. Mr. Frank R. Stockton dispenses laughter

from Morristown. He is sixty years of age, and writes slowly, "waiting an hour for a word."

6. Mr. W. D. Howells leads in fiction. He now etches his books in New York instead of Boston. "His thick, solid, yet genial face is an appropriate mask from which a hive of Quakers and Abolitionists look out upon the world of to-day."

7. Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith is a first-rate globe-trotting author; he is the worthiest representative of American curiosity.

8. Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett are the kail-yard women of these States. Miss Wilkins's favourite book is *Les Misérables*; and the busier Miss Jewett gets, the more time she finds to read the Waverley novels.

9. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is the vindicator of the old South, and his *Marse Chan* made Henry Ward Beecher cry like a child.

10. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is in danger of founding a great school of American historical romance.

11. Emerson, Hawthorn, and Thoreau are dead."

The Council of the Royal Irish Academy have appointed Mr. Edward J. Gwynn, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to the office of Todd Professor of the Celtic Languages, for a period of three years.

The Royal Academy does not contain many portraits of men of letters. Two come, however, from Mr. Herkomer's brush, a very lively portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and a presentment of Mr. Money Coutts, the poet. To the *Saturday Review* Mr. Money Coutts contributes the following lines, which he calls "The Inquest." Our contemporary, by the by, has lately taken to giving their poets large and displayed type:

"Not labour kills us; no, nor joy:

The incredulity and frown,

The interference and annoy,

The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,

The hurdy-gurdies of the street,

The common curses of the will—

These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance

Of loving souls that cannot gauge

The numbing touch of circumstance,

The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:

The night less mountainously lies

Upon our lids, than foolish day's

Importunate fatalities!"

*A propos* of Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the following excerpts have an historical, if not an artistic, interest. The *Times*, reviewing the Royal Academy exhibition, spoke thus of this portrait:

"Mr. Herkomer has not been quite so happy in his portraits as in his subject picture; but perhaps it is hardly his fault if that which ought to have been a masterpiece—the portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer, to be given to the nation by the subscribers—is very much the reverse. The story of this picture has been more than once told in these columns; a number of very eminent people subscribed for it; it is to be hung in the Tate Gallery during Mr. Spencer's lifetime, and is afterwards to pass to the National Portrait Gallery, as the permanent memorial of one of the great English philologists of our time. But philosophers have

their peculiarities. According to the poet, none of them can 'abide the toothache patiently'; and if Shakespeare had known Mr. Herbert Spencer he would have added that one of them cannot abide the sight of a portrait painter. To get proper sittings from him was an impossibility; neither the wishes of illustrious admirers nor thoughts of posthumous fame nor any similar consideration had any effect whatever, and Mr. Herkomer, we believe, had to be content with a few moments at such casual intervals as the moods of the sitter might permit. No portrait so painted could be satisfactory, as the Hanging Committee seem to have thought when they put the picture where few people will notice it."

Which drew this explanation from Mr. Herbert Spencer:

"Your art critic has been misled by a rumour. Not reluctance to sit, nor impatience, caused the difficulty, but mere inability. Nearly the whole of last year, save an interval in the country and the few succeeding days in London, during which arrangements could not be made, my ill-health was such that maintenance of a fit attitude for the needful time was impracticable. At length, in despair, Mr. Herkomer came to me at Brighton (where he had another engagement) and took photographs of me on the sofa, and these, joined with a slight water-colour sketch made to recall the colours, served him for materials. Of course, more than any one else I regret that this had to be done."

MR. ASQUITH has been given a fine choice of criticisms on his address to the University Extension students. For example, the views expressed by the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Speaker* may be described as being, respectively, enthusiastic, sarcastic, and elastic. The *Spectator* says:

"The address on criticism delivered by Mr. Asquith to the University Extension students last Saturday was, from every point of view, an excellent piece of work. It was as clear in manner as it was sensible and sound in matter."

The *Saturday Review* says:

"Did Mr. Asquith really suppose that he had anything to say about Criticism that had not often been said far better than he could say it? And did he suppose that, by telling the students, in his peroration, that 'however much they did for the extension of the boundaries of knowledge, or for the widening of common enjoyment, there still lay before them that unknown world whose margin faded away in the distance for ever and ever—(loud cheers)'—he was making exposition of anything but the barrenness of his own mind and the commonness of his own style?"

The *Speaker* says:

"Mr. Asquith delivered a very pleasant and entertaining address at the Mansion House last Saturday afternoon on the subject of 'Criticism.' Although there might not be anything very novel in his views, they were undeniably sound, and were illustrated by many anecdotes drawn from the history of letters."

MR. SHAW is now answering his critics. The suggestion that he owes much to Ibsen and De Maupassant (some say one, some say the other) has drawn from him a long letter to the *Daily Chronicle*. In it he sketches the sanitary condition of St. Pancras and the war between America and Spain, then swiftly remarks: "If a dramatist living in a world like this has to go to books for his

ideas and his inspiration, he must be both blind and deaf. Most dramatists are." But the interesting part of the letter is Mr. Shaw's circumstantial account of the derivation of his most noteworthy "unpleasant" play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It was founded on a character in a French novel, the plot of which Miss Janet Achurch gave to Mr. Shaw in conversation, his comment at the time being: "Oh, I will work out the real truth about that mother some day." As for her daughter Vivie:

"In the following autumn I was the guest of a lady of very distinguished ability—one whose knowledge of English social types is as remarkable as her command of industrial and political questions. She suggested that I should put on the stage a real modern lady of the governing class—not the sort of thing that theatrical and critical authorities imagine such a lady to be. I did so, and the result was Miss Vivie Warren, who has laid the intellect of Mr. William Archer in ruins. . . . I never dreamt of Ibsen or De Maupassant, any more than a blacksmith shoeing a horse thinks of the blacksmith in the next county."

MEANWHILE Mr. Shaw receives full credit for inventing the forms *youd* and *theyd* for "you'd" and "they'd"; his elimination of the apostrophe being, however, little to the taste of some critics. Mr. Shaw defends the innovation in the *Glasgow Herald*. He says:

"It is admitted on all hands that the Scotch printers who have turned out the book (Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh) have done their work admirably; but no human printer could make a page of type look well if it were peppered in all directions with apostrophes and the ugly little gaps beneath the apostrophes. I am sorry to say that literary men never seem to think of the immense difference these details make in the appearance of a block of letterpress, in spite of the lessons of that great author and printer, William Morris, who thought nothing of re-writing a line solely to make it 'justify' prettily in print. If your reviewer will try the simple experiment of placing an open Bible, in which there are neither apostrophes nor inverted commas, besides his own review of my plays, which necessarily bristle with quotation marks, I think he will admit at once that my plan of never using an apostrophe when it can be avoided without ambiguity transfigures the pages instead of disfiguring them. He will, I feel confident, never again complain of youd because a customary ugliness has been wiped out of it. I have used the apostrophe in every case where its omission could even momentarily mislead the reader; for example, I have written she'd and I'll to distinguish them from shed and Ill. But I have made no provision for the people who cannot understand don't unless it is printed don't. If a man is as stupid as that, he should give up reading altogether."

Unfortunately for Mr. Shaw's device, it breaks down so often. Not only cannot he write shed and Ill, but hell, shell, wed, well, &c., are also impossible.

In addition to the names which have already appeared as visitors at the Annual Booksellers' Dinner to-night (Saturday), we have to add those of Mr. William Archer; Mr. Joseph Conrad, author of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Tales of Unrest*; and Mr. H. C. Thomson, author of *The Chitral Campaign* and *The Outgoing Turk*.

## PURE FABLES.

HOSTESS.

Unto the Mistress of great writing, they brought their newest poet. And she said: "I wish him well."

And upon a succession of honest fictionists she smiled.

And one followed who, to use his own word, "bought 'em all and read 'em all."

Then she looked splendid things.

CRITICISM.

The small birds told the owl that he must not say "This will never do," again. "For," they added, "we are agreed that it is your business to stimulate with praise; to search out ambushed beauty; and to interpret to the advantage of the interpreted."

"You conduct your affairs with singular acumen," remarked the owl.

WISDOM.

A man met a publisher on the top of a mountain. "Hello!" said the man, "what are you doing here?"

"Looking for new talent," answered the publisher.

"You are too high up," observed the man. "Better go down to the middle slope, and discriminate."

But the publisher said he thought he should remain where he was.

PROLETARIY.

"The people are entirely soulless," quoth a poet.

"Yet if you and I do not in some way touch them we perish," quoth another.

THE SEASONABLE LYRIST.

"One can think of nothing more delightful."

"Than what?"

"Than to have to be continually standing tip-toe upon little hills for a living."

T. W. H. C.

THE COUNTRY OF *KIDNAPPED*.

STEVENSON was not an antiquary, and still less was he the painstaking minute geographer. He did not, after the agreeable fashion of certain novelists (so we are informed by the press) visit the scenes of his romances with the set purpose of collecting information on the spot. Now and then he made use of a tract of country which he knew like a book, as in the first half of *Catriona* and parts of *St. Ives*. But, speaking generally, he romanced with his landscapes. It would be hard to say where exactly lay Hermiston and the Cauldstane-slap; and the home of the Master of Ballantrae—Durrisdere, as he calls it—can have no connexion with the parish of that name at the head of Nithsdale, but has the whole south-west corner of Scotland for its possible neighbourhood. His landscape is always subtly correct in atmosphere, for to one who knows the places *St. Ives* smells strongly of the Lothians and the *Master* of Galloway; but it is the exactness of a countryside, and not of a village.

In his Highland chapters, where his knowledge was so much less extensive, one would expect to find more licence in romance. And in a sense this is true. The body of horse soldiers who so nearly headed off David and Alan in crossing the moor of Rannoch are something of a freak; how cavalry would cross the moor at all with any speed must seem doubtful to one who knows the peaty wilderness. Then I have never been quite able to believe in David's ride in *Catriona* from Alloa to Inverary in the short time granted him. Stevenson knew the Western Isles well from expeditions there with his father on lighthouse business, but in the preface to *Kidnapped* he confesses to an inaccuracy. But in most other points the correctness of the itinerary is marvellous. David Balfour's course through Mull, across the Sound into Morven, and then down Glen Tarbert to the Linnhe shore is a perfectly possible road. Thence he was set across the loch and landed on the point of land at the mouth of Loch Leven, which forms the north-western corner of Appin. Here began his troubles, for above him on the hillside was the wood of Lettermore where Alan was lying, and beside him ran the road where the Red Fox was to be shot. Now it is just in the Appin chapter that the details are most correct; the landscape is irreproachable, and tradition is ready to confirm the author's apparently random guesses.

Appin is a triangle of hilly land, one side guarded by precipitous mountains and the others by the sea. The hills towards the south break down in green woody slopes to the shore, but on the northern side, around Ballachulish and Lettermore, they rise in abrupt rocky brows, many of them above three thousand feet, till they meet the wilder peaks of Glencoe. It was the stronghold of the Stewarts, an excellent folk in their way, but a folk with an untoward partiality for the losing side in any contest. Their chief, Stewart of Ardshiel, was at Culloden, and afterwards lay hid in a cave on this very hill of Lettermore till he could escape to France. Like all the great northern clans they bitterly hated the prosperous and Whiggish Campbells, and it did not mend matters that their lands were granted as a reward to their enemies. It is the fact of this undying hatred which Stevenson has seized upon and worked into drama. A poor people, hopeless alike in its loyalty and its hates, striving to match guile with guile—this is the motive of the tale. The sentiment runs strong in Alan's talk when he tells David that, "he has often observed that low-country bodies have nae proper appreciation of what is right and wrong." In *Catriona* we find Stewart, the Edinburgh writer, its mouth-piece; and the picture of the trial at Inveraray with the Duke, "the biggest Campbell o' them all cocked on the bench," and the "very macers crying 'Cruchan' (the Campbell watchword)," is what honest Stewarts confessed to themselves in the bitterness of their hearts.

The story of the Appin murder Stevenson first read in the printed account of the trial, but he seems to have visited the country

and explored it minutely. Otherwise it is hard to see how he got either his uncommon topographical accuracy or his character of Alan. Alan Breck, or Alan the Pock-marked, is a shadowy and uninteresting figure as he appears in the record of the trial, but in the tradition of the place he is a very real person with more than a hint of the Alan of the novel. An old man whom I questioned had often heard the story from his mother. Alan, he told me, was a "hero," using the word in the queer sense of the Scots Highlands to mean a good-hearted washbuckling fellow. "He was a little wee man," he went on, "but very square; a great fighter, too, with the sword, and so brave that he would face a lion." But in one point tradition is at variance with fiction. The Alan of my informant's memory was an unscrupulous fellow, who did not stick at dark deeds, and who, to crown all, was a monstrous liar. Stevenson makes Alan swear by the Holy Iron that he never fired the shot; and David Balfour records his belief that it was a Cameron from Mamore across the loch who did it; but my informant was positive on the point. The shot was fired by Alan and by no other; and I am sorry to say that he concluded with a Highland version of Meg Dods's "What for no?" Still, in the main the Alan of tradition is the Alan of *Kidnapped*; and in many other points Stevenson is corroborated by local tales. He mentions, for example, that the Macrobs and Maccolls were the minor clans which shared Appin with the Stewarts. It is true enough, and any peculiarly black deed done in the place is still set down to the credit of those unfortunate gentlemen. After the utter defeat of the Campbells at Inverloch by Montrose and the Camerons, a body of the Lorne men fled down the loch, stole a boat in Mamore, and crossed to Appin. Wearied with travel they lay down to sleep on the shore, and the people of the place came down and annihilated them. But the Stewarts disclaimed any share; it was, of course, the Macrobs and Maccolls. Again, we are told that when David and Alan came to the house of James of the Glens, at Duror, they found his people engaged in carrying the arms from the thatch and burying them in the moss. The incident was probably invented by the author as a likely occurrence at the "House of Fear," for it is a detail which tradition has left unrecorded. But the farmer at Duror, while engaged, a year ago, in ploughing and reclaiming part of the moss, found a large store of swords and pistols. Such a fact makes one agree with Aristotle: art has a deeper truth than even the variegated history of tradition.

The scene of the murder is a little to the west of Ballachulish Pier, some two hundred yards up on the hillside. The place is marked by a cairn, and is close to the old shore-road which wound through the wood of birches. Just above it there is a considerable cliff and a mass of undergrowth where the man who did the deed might very well lie hid. The face of the hill is of the roughest, and it is not hard to believe that two active men, well versed in hillcraft, could baffle a detachment of His Majesty's troops. A little to the east in the same

There is another spot of a more painful interest for the superstitious folk in the neighbourhood. James of the Glens was not hanged at Inveraray, as has been supposed, but here, close to the scene of the crime of which he was innocent, and not six miles from his own house of Duror. There are plain marks of a gibbet on the ground, and the story goes that the grass has never grown in the tracks since that day. His body was left there in chains as a warning to malcontent Stewarts; and when he would have fallen to pieces, soldiers came from Fort William and fixed the bones together with wire. So there it hung for weeks—a ghastly spectacle—till one day a crazy beggar came past. He heard the noise of the thing swinging in the wind, and, moved by some daftness or other, caught at it, pulled it down, and flung it into the loch. So this was the end of the Appin tragedy, save in so far as it lives in tradition and a great romance.

JOHN BUCHAN.

## THE WEEK.

THE past week has been prolific of nothing save novels. An attractive book in appearance and subject is *Birds in London*, by Mr. W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. It contains sixteen chapters, and is evidently packed with facts and observations. Several of the districts of London are treated separately; the question of the protection of birds in the London parks is considered; and in his final chapter Mr. Hudson makes suggestions as to the species which may be introduced into London with fair prospects of success. The general aim and scope of the work are set forth as follows (we quote from Mr. Hudson's Preface):

"As my aim has been to furnish an account of the London wild bird life of to-day, there is little help to be had from the writings of previous observers. These mostly deal with the central parks, and are interesting now, mainly, as showing the changes that have taken place. At the end of the volume a list will be found of the papers and books on the subject which are known to me. This list will like many readers as an exceedingly meagre one, when it is remembered that London has always been a home of ornithologists—that in the days of Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote pleasantly of the Temple Gardens' rookery, and Thomas Pennant and his friend Daines Barrington, there have never been wanting observers of the wild bird life within our walls. The fact remains that, with the exception of a few incidental passages to be found in various ornithological works, nothing was expressly written about the birds of London until James Jennings's *Ornithologia* came to the light a little over seventy years ago. Jennings's work was a poem, probably the best ever written in the English language; as he inserted copious notes, fortunately in verse, embodying his own observations on the bird life of East and South-East London, the book has a very considerable interest for us to-day. Nothing more of importance appeared until the late Shirley Hibberd's lively paper on 'London Birds' in 1865. From that date forward the subject has attracted an increasing attention, and at present we have a number of London or park naturalists, as they might be

called, who view the resident London species as adapted to an urban life, and who chronicle their observations in the *Field*, *Nature*, *Zoologist*, *Nature Notes*, and other natural history journals, and in the newspapers and magazines."

Mr. Hudson's book is admirably printed and illustrated.

IN the preface to Mr. Alexander Sutherland's *The Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct*, the author tells us that this work has engaged him more or less closely for eleven years. The scope and intentions of these two large volumes will be best suggested by Mr. Sutherland's "Finis" paragraph, which is as follows:

"Though we have in this book traced from its humble origin the growth of our conception of right and wrong; though we have found it to be entirely relative to ourselves, our needs, and our capacities; though we have seen it to be in every respect earth-born, we are nevertheless not in the least degree precluded from utilising the ideas thus derived to help us in framing for ourselves our worthiest symbolic conception of the universe. All our other ideas are so derived, all are equally unreal as the statement of ultimate fact, all equally real as being our best attainable symbols for things we know to be really existent. Thus are we justified in projecting out from us into starry space our best conceptions of moral beauty, and seeing them there as enduring principles with an objective existence. In that fitting dream which we call our life—in that long presentment of appearances, rarely felt to be only appearances, because so seldom capable of being tested, and never capable of being set alongside of the truth—among all the phantasms which the healthy mind frankly accepts as facts, because of the invisible facts which they symbolise, we must number not only our concepts of matter and of consciousness, but those of goodness and of wickedness as actually existent verities. So when our mood of sceptic sorrow is passed away because phenomena are not realities, we return to the hearty, practical, common-sense view of mankind; true, moreover, as far as aught we know is true; and we assert as unconditional principles our canons of the right and of the wrong as Goethe did.

'In name of him, who still, though often named,  
Remains in essence, ever unproclaimed.'

Right and wrong dwell out in the everlasting heavens, even as beauty dwells in a graceful woman, as coolness dwells in the clear spring water, as glorious colour dwells in the tropic sunset, as vastness dwells in the ocean—things not so in themselves, but ever and inherently so to our natures."

*The Golfing Pilgrim on Many Links* is Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's latest contribution to the literature of games. It is a book of breezy small-talk, reminiscences, and golf stories.

Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye's *A Northern Highway of the Tsar* is a sequel to his *Ice-bound on Kolguev*. The author describes his travels in Northern Russia in the "fifth season" of the year, recognised in that quarter of the globe and called Rasputnya, an uncertain and impracticable season, when it freezes and thaws by turns, and "ice-charged rivers are dangerous for boats, and all the land is morass and swamp." The book is dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor of Russia.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### PENNY NOVELETTES.

THEY are many; but the demand is chiefly met by—

*The Family Herald Supplement.*  
*The Princess's Novelette.*  
*The Duchess Novelette.*  
*The Illustrated Fireside Library.*  
*The Family Novelist.*  
*The Home Novelette.*  
*The "My Queen" Library.*  
*The Heartsease Library.*  
*Horner's Penny Stories, &c., &c.*

Nursemaids never lack the reading they like; for their taste is defined and understood, and a penny is all the loss if the editor has made a mistake. But the editor seldom does that. All he need do is to keep up his stock of MSS. The available plots number about half a dozen, all told; and the end is the important thing. It is good fun to look at the openings and endings of novelettes. Here are a few beginnings and endings from this week's crop:

#### Beginning:

"Oh! Fanny, I had rather die than go into this company," exclaimed the fair young creature, suddenly sweeping her head of luxuriant golden curls away from the manipulating care of the tender-hearted sewing-maid, and burying her face in her warm, throbbing hands.

"Nay—nay, Miss Agnes, do not give way so. It will be worse for you; and then—then—you will see—it will soon be over—all this fuss and show.

Well, well, if the truth be told, I can't see what has come over your uncle, and—"

"What has come over him, Fanny? Why, wealth! Wealth that should not belong to him—wealth worked hard for by my poor, dead, murdered father. Nay, nay, Fanny!" and she shook her head sadly, yet emphatically—"I know it, for I feel it—and who did it? Ay, Fanny, wealth has come, and come gloriously, over St. Clair Arlington—wealth that should be mine."

#### Ending:

Then ensued a wondrous solemn scene. The awe-inspiring ceremony was over, and Clavis Warne and Dora Howe were united at last.

"At last—at last! Kiss me, Clavis—my husband."

Then her head went down slowly upon his shoulder, the dark masses falling upon his bosom.

A moment, and the physician said, in a voice that sounded preternaturally solemn—

"DEAD!"

A holy silence settled in the death-chamber. The air was fanned by the sweep of angels' wings.

Eighteen months from the night of that death-bed wedding scene, there was another marriage—a very quiet one—at the mansion. Agnes and Clavis were at last united in holy wedlock.

That is how perambulators are upset in Kensington Gardens.

But such stories must be alternated with stories more idyllic: the garden must smile, and the blue waves flash, and love's young dream be dreamed again. Here is the sort of thing:

#### Beginning:

It was the time of roses, and Ileana Thornhi

looked like a rose herself as she flitted about the sunny garden, which was filled with roses, for the old admiral loved warmth and colour, and now, as he looked around from his place in the verandah, he could not but feel that he had gained a peaceful harbour for the ending of his days.

Very lovely was Ileen, the child of his old age, exquisitely graceful, fascinating, with the luxuriant dark hair and deep-set grey eyes of her mother's nation, and all the true Irish vivacity sparkling in her expressive face. Yet as he looked at her he sighed, and some subtle sympathy between them made her look up with her radiant smile.

"Hallo, who comes here?" he cried, as a shadow darkened the path, and a tall figure emerged from the sunny side of the house. "Why, Horace, have you come to tell us the news? Is Lou to be a duchess?"

#### Ending :

There was a very quiet wedding, just as soon as things could be arranged. The beautiful bride wore her trim travelling dress, and Bunchy barked himself hoarse on the occasion.

Tom and his wife live at the cottage. Horace has written a book which became the rage, and—well, Bunchy did get a scolding the other day, when he woke up Master Thomas Caltern number two by jumping into the elaborate cot to have a private inspection of that young gentleman who, he thought, absorbed far too much of his beloved master and mistress's attention. After that gentle admonition, the little dog took the intruder under his protection, and now there is not a hitch in the domestic relationships at the Hall.

The young doctor starting in practice is as great a favourite among heroes as the governess going out for the first time is among heroines.

#### Beginning :

"Well, this is a kind of neighbourhood where they evidently require neither doctor nor undertaker, that's evident," mused a handsome young medico, as he gave a yawn and threw himself on a shiny leather sofa, waiting in readiness for a patient and a modest fee.

"Let me see," he went on meditatively, "five weeks have flown since I set up my gorgeous red lamp, thinking it would bring no end of interesting cases; but even babies don't seem inclined to make their *début* in this queer place. I wouldn't care for myself, but there's the dear old mater that makes me anxious."

#### Ending :

In the following spring Muriel and Basil became man and wife, he having promised his father to give up his profession and live at Hemlock Towers, where peace and happiness reigned supreme, and the patter of little feet and the music of children's voices made Lord Hanbury forget that he once had bought tinsel for gold in marrying an abandoned woman.

Love on shipboard, and after, is a mine that nothing exhausts.

#### Beginning :

The passenger ship *Meteor*, from Delagoa to Southampton, was already three days on her way, and the weather was all that could be desired, even by the most faint-hearted of fair-weather sailors; but there were unusually few passengers.

Maurice Murchison strolled up the deck to where Miss Hurst stood alone, watching the sunset.

"I have just been talking to the captain," he remarked, as he came up to her. "He has been telling me what an uncommonly dull lot of passengers we are; he accounts for it partly

by the fact that you and I are the only two on the right side of forty, 'barring the children,' as he says."

Miss Hurst laughed a little.

#### Ending :

Surely this was no reality, but a vision belonging to that dream that had haunted her, waking and sleeping, for the last three months—a dream, she had told herself so often, it was worse than folly to encourage; but was it not all that was left to her now that—

The vision became clearer, and a voice that was no dream broke the stillness with a glad, triumphant ring.

"Kathleen!"

"Maurice!"

These stories are innocent, though hardly wholesome. They meet the demand for nonsense and sensibility.

## A R T.

### THE HUNDRED BEST ACADEMY PICTURES.

It is the easy thing to refer to the Academy exhibition with a sneer. Nor can anyone deny the occasion that is given. No country can produce a thousand good oil-paintings in a year; and that is the number the Academy consents to hang. The profusion is said to be a concession to the artist, who, one would suppose, has almost an author's vanity to see his name in print, in the catalogue; and who prefers, we are assured, to be skied rather than to be unhung. Lord Leighton made a gallant attempt to bring down that sky-line, and to hang fewer pictures; but already whatever he effected by way of reform has been allowed to lapse. The whole system, therefore, under which pictures are selected and hung at Burlington House clamours for revision; and revision, no doubt, will come to it before much time passes. A list of associates that includes such names as Shannon and La Thangue, Clausen and Stanhope Forbes, Bramley and Swan, Harry Bates and Frampton, is big with hope of all sorts for English art, and for the conditions under which it is to be developed.

Meanwhile the visitor may do his own selecting, if he cannot do his own hanging. A pleasant task, too, it is, for he can make—the names already cited are in themselves a proof of the assertion—a delightful Academy of his own. Moreover, after a little experience, he can do this without any great fatigue of eye or loss of spirits. He learns how not to see. With him rests the rejection that the selecting committee shirked; and he can train himself to the task almost by instinct. The good things rise and signal to his sight, even as the bad things recede and are blotted out. Though art has its own laws, tests, and standards, it leaves something to the decision of the individual taste. Indeed, within fixed bounds, there is enough liberty of preference to make it certain that no two men will choose exactly the same best hundred pictures out of so large a collection as is this; no, nor perhaps the same man, on two different days. Nevertheless, the following

list, though to that extent a tentative one may serve as a time-saving guide to woul pictures as any House Beautiful would make welcome to its walls. Strong preferences, such as those for Mr. Sargent's portraits, and especially his portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, and for Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Mountains and Hills" among landscapes remain unexpressed in such a list; for the order is not that of mastery, but merely, for convenience, that of the numbering of the catalogue.

29. Nightfall. H. H. La Thangue, A.
37. The White Mouse. J. J. Shannon, A.
42. Near the Keepers. Alfred Parsons, A.
43. Gone Away! G. P. Jacomb-Hood.
46. Mrs. Kenneth Foster. Solomon Soloman, A.
63. Francis Cranmer Penrose, Esq., President, R.I.B.A. John S. Sargent, R.A.
69. Mrs. Harold Wilson. John S. Sargent, R.A.
107. Portrait of the Painter. Frank Brangwyn, A.
109. In Realms of Fancy. S. Meltzer Fisher.
114. Kathleen, Daughter of Hon. M. Justice Mathew. J. J. Shannon, A.
123. Bracken. H. H. La Thangue, A.
138. King Lear. Edwin A. Abbey, A.
149. A Shaft of Light. Edward G. Hobbins.
152. October. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.
155. Ebb Tide. Bertram Priestman.
196. A Waterway. Arnesby Brown.
200. Portrait of a Lady. Richard Jack.
205. Mrs. Herbert Cohen. J. J. Shannon, A.
211. Ariadne. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.
212. A Pageant of Spring. George Wetherbee.
218. The Golden Horn. Frank Brangwyn.
232. A Placid Stream. George Wetherbee.
250. Johannes Wolff, Esq. John S. Sargent, R.A.
272. Portrait of a Lady. John S. Sargent, R.A.
276. Harbour Lights: Lowestoft. Frank G. Cotman.
288. Miss Sybil Waller. Maurice Greiffenhagen.
303. On the Morrow of Talavera: Soldiers the 43rd Bringing in the Dead Lady Butler.
308. Labourers. Arnesby Brown.
310. Love Triumphant. G. F. Watts, R.A.
311. La Bénédiction de la Mer: à l'Étapa. T. Austen Brown.
317. Moonrise at Twilight. Julius Olsson.
325. Mrs. Pattison. W. G. Orchardson, R.A.
330. The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Palmerston. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.
331. Fortune and the Boy. John Swan, A.
351. Circe. Richard Jack.

5. Miss Muriel Lubbock. Henry S. Tuke.
2. Mrs. Courtenay Bodley. Léon F. J. Bonnat.
3. A Broken Solitude. John M. Swan, A.
5. The Letter. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.
5. The Children of L. Breitmeyer, Esq. T. C. Gotch.
3. Mountains and Hill. Adrian Stokes.
5. The Pierrots. Walter W. Russell.
7. Evening. Montague Crick.
5. The Story. Frank Brangwyn.
4. The Countess of Warwick. Carolus Duran.
7. Evening. Owen B. Morgan.
3. Mme. Georges Feydeau and Her Children. Carolus Duran.
3. The Godmother. George Hitchcock.
4. Returning Home at Evening. Arthur H. Buckland.
1. The Awakening. T. C. Gotch.
9. And Hop-o'-My-Thumb Guided His Brothers Safely Through the Wood. Elizabeth Forbes.
2. A Cousin from Town. Walter Langley.
9. Wreckage. By C. Napier Hemy, A.
1. Miss Madge Graham. Frank Bramley, A.
2. The Harrow. George Clausen, A.
4. Glimpse of the Lake of Como. Horace van Ruith.
7. Mrs. Noel Guinness and Her Little Daughter. Walter Osborne.
8. A Grey Day: Old Amsterdam. James Maris.
93. Asher Wertheimer, Esq. John S. Sargent, R.A.
7. Sea Frolic. Julius Olsson.
98. Harvesters at Supper. H. H. La Thangue, A.
9. Sir Thomas Sutherland, G.C.M.G., M.P., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. John S. Sargent, R.A.
0. Falling Showers. Julius Olsson.
6. The Promise of March. George Hitchcock.
1. An Idyll of the Sea. H. S. Tuke.
8. A Westminster Priest. George S. Watson.
4. A Water Frolic. Arnesby Brown.
8. Grazing. Bertram Priestman.
71. The Widow. Dudley Hardy.
70. The Little Violinist. Edward Stott.
73. The Fold. Edward Stott.
77. On the Hills. Arthur Wardle.
80. The Market. Dudley Hardy.
83. Glory of Sunset Gold. Cecil Round.
80. Ploughing. E. Beatrice Bland.
84. Suburban Spring. A. S. Hartrick.
83. Life in Connemara: a Market Day. Walter Osborne.
859. In the Gloaming. James V. Jelley.
887. A Humble Home. Percy C. Bovill.
890. Consulting an Expert. Emanuel H. Horwitz.
902. Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart. (Presentation Portrait). J. H. Lorimer.
966. The Rt. Hon. Lord Watson (Painted for Members of the Legal Profession in Scotland). John S. Sargent, R.A.
909. Changing Pastures: Holland. Gaylord S. Truesdell.
915. Work Oxen Returning to Pasture: Populonia. Arthur Lemon.
916. Sisters: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." A. Chevallier Tayler.
929. A Sussex Cider Press. H. H. La Thangue, A.
930. Opulent Autumn. Alfred East.
936. Mrs. Wertheimer. John S. Sargent, R.A.
951. Mrs. William Fane. T. B. Kennington.
959. A Coming Squall. Thomas Somerscales.
960. A Wide Pasture. J. Aumonier.
969. Mrs. Sims. Charles Sims.
975. Miss Nellie Coates. Percy W. Gibbs.
976. The Making of England. J. Langton Barnard.
983. Reflections. William M. Palin.
990. A Dalesman's Clipping: Westmorland. Frank Bramley, A.
995. The War News. Dionisio B. Verdaquer.
1002. The Haven. J. Langton Barnard.
1004. Sir Thomas Roe (Presentation Portrait). J. J. Shannon, A.
1186. A Cloudy Day. Leopold Rivers. (Water-colour.)

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## D R A M A .

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THE new Lyceum drama to which Messrs. H. D. Traill and R. S. Hichens have put their names bears strong evidence of having originated with the younger of the collaborators. It treats largely of Mr. Hichens's favourite theme—the occult—in which, so far as I am aware, Mr. Traill has not hitherto dabbled, and this, one may suppose, is the element that has commended the piece to Sir Henry Irving, who first made his mark in "The Bells." Like "The Bells," "The Medicine Man" is concerned with hypnotism. The science is not particularly exact in either piece. In "The Bells" it is absurdly wrong, though, to be sure, the mesmerist is there represented merely as a figure in a nightmare. The authors of "The Medicine Man" could, without difficulty, have brought hypnotism up to date by placing it upon a basis of "suggestion." They have preferred to put forward the popular and erroneous view that a mere exercise of "will power" on the part

of the operator is sufficient to influence the patient. Dramatically the point is immaterial, though it would be unwise just at present for Sir Henry Irving to talk of the value of the stage as an educational agent. This is Mr. Hichens's first attempt at dramatic work; Mr. Traill is understood to have written a piece as long ago as the early sixties—the unreformed period of the drama. Virtually, however, this may be regarded as a play of purely literary origin—the work of literary men in contradistinction to dramatists; and it possesses the characteristics that one would look for from such a source. The dialogue is tersely and forcibly written with an agreeable *souçon* of humour, and the character-drawing is fresh and good. On the other hand the action tends to platitude, containing as it does no emotional crises, no dramatic surprises, with the exception of the closing scene where the mysterious Dr. Tregenna, mesmerist and pseudo-brain specialist, is throttled by a half-witted patient.

FROM the opening episodes one rather anticipates a realistic play of modern society to contrast the life of Whitechapel with that of Mayfair. There are two capital illustrative scenes to that effect, one a rowdy mission meeting of costers and dock labourers invited to listen to a lecture on "will power" by a futile canon of the church, the other a brilliant ball given in a lordly West End mansion. Curiously enough, too, the doctor's patients whose function it is to serve as objects for the exercise of his will power are: the one a dock labourer, a drunken wife-beating brute, and the other a peer's daughter. But the first two acts serve merely as a starting point for the authors, *un tremplin*, as Zola puts it, *pour sauter dans le vide*. The rest is mesmerism and dreamland. Is Tregenna a charlatan or a pioneer of mental science? The authors have left us in doubt on this point, but for my part I am inclined to place him in the former category, the more so that Sir Henry Irving exerts himself to bring out the weird and mystic side of the character. It is difficult to realise the existence of such an institution as "The Retreat" at Hampstead, where the hypnotic hocus-pocus is carried on, and where, above all, the Satanic scheme is entered upon which forms the kernel of the plot. This is life *à la* Hichens. Tregenna has a grudge of old standing against Lord Belhurst, which he proceeds to pay off in truly diabolic fashion. The will power that cures mental maladies can create them. Upon the unhappy woman placed in his care Tregenna exercises all his devilish arts, with the result of rendering her insane, and he only desists on learning that his supposed enemy had unwittingly wronged him.

A STRANGE, fantastic play, which excites curiosity and even horror, but nothing in the way of sympathetic interest! It is not a play that women will care to see. Love is touched upon—the terrible doctor himself has loved and lost; but there is no love story, Miss Ellen Terry applying herself to the delineation of the somewhat "moony" condition of the peer's daughter. Mr. Mackintosh depicts an East

End Caliban, whose brutishness gives one a shudder; and Mr. Norman Forbes offers a clever sketch of a foolish parson. For the rest, the *dramatis persone* consist of types of the East and the West—graphic enough, but illustrative rather than dramatic. The play must have a *succès de curiosité*. More I can hardly promise it.

WHILE the English drama of the day is sufficiently vigorous and workmanlike, if not as markedly literary as some well-wishers to the stage would desire, farce remains on a deplorably low level. It is as noisy, as empty, and not infrequently as vulgar as it was fifty years ago, sharing in none of the improvement that has marked most other kinds of piece since the days of T. W. Robertson. To be sure, Mr. Pinero did something for farce in the early part of his career when he wrote *The Magistrate*; but he has long abandoned the lighter vein, and the last state of this class of piece is as bad as the first. Only from French and, to a limited extent, German sources does farce reach us in tolerable form. With rare exceptions, like "A Braco of Partridges" (which consisted in a modernising of the "Comedy of Errors"), the humour of the home-made article is of a quality which, if it tickles the groundlings, makes the judicious grieve. The two most recent examples—"The Club Baby" at the Avenue, and "Shadows on the Blind" at Terry's—turn on the not very exhilarating question of the paternity of a foundling. Why a baby should invariably be regarded as a farcical subject it is not easy to say. But so it is, just as when advanced to the speaking stage it becomes a recognised adjunct of melodrama. In the Avenue piece a baby of unknown paternity is left at the door of a club, and at once becomes the theme of some very obvious joking on the part of the members. They adopt it as the "club-baby," and take turns at nursing it with the aid of its feeding-bottle, the member on duty donning a nurse's cap and apron for the purpose. Roars of laughter greet this playful fancy. Prompted by jealousy, the young wife of one of the members visits the club disguised in a man's dress clothes, and accompanied by a young lady friend similarly equipped. They attempt to smoke and drink. Whereat, more laughter. Then the father-in-law of the suspected member comes upon the scene, also disguised, and is supposed by the members of the club to be a lady; which again convulses the audience. Next the baby is raffled by the club and won by the father-in-law, who takes it home to his son's house, where it naturally provokes further misunderstanding; and eventually it is claimed as her own by a lady who has been prating a good deal about women's rights.

SUCH a story speaks for itself. Less offensive, because more dexterously handled, the same subject crops up at Terry's, the point of departure in this case being that the baby is left by mistake in the laboratory of an elderly professor of chemistry, who is, of course, at once accused by his wife and mother-in-law of being its father. Needless to say, the old

dreary round of suspicion and innuendo proper to this sort of piece is pursued until the vexed question of the paternity is satisfactorily cleared up, which, by the exercise of the faintest common sense on the part of any one person concerned, might be done at the beginning. Apart from the question of good taste, the characteristic of the foundling piece is that the fun has to be forced beyond the limits of reason. Everybody is thrown into a state of violent hurry-scurry; the smallest suggestion is caught at by the characters as a ground of fresh misunderstanding. Of the wit or the observation of character that marks the work of a Labiche, a Hennequin, or a Bisson there is not a scintilla. If he can get a quantity of barren spectators to guffaw, the author's aim is achieved. These farces are played by companies comprising in the one case Messrs. Lionel and Sydney Brough, Mr. W. T. Lovel, and Miss Vane Featherston; and in the other, Mr. Edward Terry and the Misses Esmé and Vera Berenger; all capable of much better work. The more's the pity!

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE.

SIR,—The publication of Mr. A. D. Godley's excellent translation of *Horace's Odes* naturally leads to a reperusal of the originals, and the reconsideration of supreme works of art invariably suggests that their beauties are inexhaustible and that criticism has never said its last word. The first Ode containing the dedication to Mæcenas has hitherto been regarded as a mere catalogue—however neatly expressed—of different pursuits engaged in by mankind which are isolated from one another except in so far as they are human pursuits, and in this way the point of view which connects them in the poet's mind is overlooked, and our idea of the unity of thought pervading the poem suffers accordingly. Some editors, indeed, have split up the Ode into stanzas of four lines each, without respect either to the sense or to the fact that it is written uniformly throughout in the lesser Asclepiad metre, each line being the rhythmical counterpart of all the others, and that, therefore, if we are to divide it into stanzas at all, the sense is our only guide. It is a sufficient condemnation of the arrangement in stanzas of four lines each which has been adopted by a few that the close of only two—or, at the most, three—of the stanzas coincides with the conclusion of a sentence. However, I hope to show that an arrangement in stanzas is both natural and indispensable, if we wish to appreciate the perfection of the poet's technique, by offering an alternative arrangement, notwithstanding the inconclusiveness of the previous attempt in this direction.

The first two lines contain the invocation of Mæcenas, and the last two contain the poet's wish. The rest of the Ode may be regarded as parenthetical. A review of the different pursuits of mankind terminates in a description of that of the poet himself, and thus breaks the abruptness of an immediate

statement of his ambition. We may thus take the last two lines as completing in the metrical system the stanza which the first two begin.

The parenthesis obviously separates into two main divisions, clearly indicated by the correspondence of "est qui" in l. 19, with "sunt quos" in l. 3. And if we follow the sense, the first of these divisions necessarily resolves itself into four stanzas of four lines each; the second, into one stanza of four lines, and two stanzas of six lines; each main division containing the same number of lines.

The significance of this arrangement will appear from the following analysis of the Ode:

(a) Invocation of Mæcenas, a prince by birth, and the poet's patron (ll. 1 and 2).

Paraphrase containing a review of different pursuits of mankind (ll. 3 to 34).

DIVISION I.—Pursuits involving effort, with a view to tangible or material objects, which the poet himself has not sought after.

Stanza (1). The chariot-race for the palm of victory.

Stanza (2). The pursuit of civic honours, and the acquisition of the products of distant lands (probably a reference to the consulship).

Stanza (3). The manual cultivation of an ancestral farm as a means of livelihood.

Stanza (4). The career of a seafaring merchant whose stimulus is the dread of poverty.

DIVISION II.—Pursuits which are their own reward, irrespective of success, all of which the poet has followed in his time, and some of which his experience has led him to forsake.

Stanza (5). The enjoyment of leisure snatched during the intervals of business.

Stanza (6). The delight of military life with its blare of bugle and trumpet, from which even the horrors of war do not deter; the kindred pleasures of the chase apart from the question of success or failure, for l. 28 gives clearly an instance of the latter.

Stanza (7). The poet's own pursuit: poetry and the contemplation of Nature with the companionship of the Muses.

(b) The poet's wish (ll. 35 and 36).

That the lengthening of stanzas (6) and (7) is intentional is, I think, manifest from the careful parallelism of the style of their concluding clauses. The huntsman forgets his spouse if the stag has been sighted by the hounds, or if the boar has rent the nets; the poet disregards the crowd if Euterpe checks not the music of the flute or if Polyhymnia fails not to string the lyre. It may also be observed that the pursuits mentioned in stanza (6) are closely connected by the thought underlying "matribus detestata" and "conjugis ommemor," which is in each case identical, and precludes separation.

In conclusion, I may add that the arrangement I propose gives no support to Maclean's and Munro's view that we should place a full stop at the end of l. 5, and take "terrarum dominos" to signify the Romans as distinguished from the Greeks. It seems to me far more natural to take this expression as referring to "regibus" in the first line, the thought being that even princes,



'the lords of lands,' have their ambitions, as we see from the records of the Olympic contests celebrated by the great lyric poet, Pindar.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

April 16.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

CRITICS differ on Mr. Wyndham's conclusions; but they agree in their judgment of his manner and method. The *Daily Chronicle* says:

"With this edition of the 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and 'Sonnets,' Mr. George Wyndham takes a high place among Shakespearean scholars and critics. He has performed his editorial task exceedingly well, and his introduction is a really luminous and masterly piece of work."

Similarly the *Athenæum*:

"Most valuable work has been done by Mr. Wyndham in this tercentenary commemoration of the first formal criticism of Shakespeare's poems by Meres. Too many nowadays rush into print and darken counsel by a multiplicity of comment, after a short paddle on the margin of the ocean of Shakespearean literature. But Mr. Wyndham has sailed over its wide expanse, has dived into its depths, and brought back treasures worthy to be prized."

*Literature's* comment is almost identical:

"This is a scholarly, painstaking, and interesting contribution to Shakespearean literature. So much rubbish in the form of fads, baseless hypotheses, speculative fancies, and idle paradoxes has lately been imported into that literature that it is quite a pleasant surprise to come upon an editor and commentator who is content with the humble distinction of being sensible and honest, of thinking more about the elucidation of his author than about his own glory as an ingenious theorist. To this praise—and in our opinion it is high praise—Mr. Wyndham is fully entitled. His knowledge is ample and accurate, and, what is more, pertinent and discriminating, his tone is temperate, his judgment is, generally speaking, sound, holding the scales very evenly when dealing with conflicting evidence and conflicting opinions, and with the many problems and questions *adhuc sub judice* which confront us at every turn in such a subject as Shakespeare's poems."

The *Westminster Gazette's* critic goes to the length of writing:

"Criticism so just, so moderate, and yet so persuasive and so appreciative as is to be found in the introduction of Mr. George Wyndham's edition to Shakespeare's poems is almost unanny. There are moments when we could wish that Mr. Wyndham might commit some indiscretion, if only the error of a date or a misquotation, or betray some fad such as most editors of Shakespeare have secretly entertained. Mr. Wyndham never gratifies us. As a critic he hits the golden mean between pedantry and rashness. He is as learned, or appears so, as any German on all the curious questions which have gathered round the Sonnets, and yet he can rush them all aside and approach the poems' poetry pure and simple."

But the same critics make deductions from their praise of Mr. Wyndham's work. The *Daily Chronicle's* does not entirely accept his transcendental theory of the inspiration of the Poems and Sonnets:

"His desire to make Shakespeare in the

poems a conscious and deliberate metaphysician betrays Mr. Wyndham into one of the very few extravagances of interpretation contained in this volume. 'The phrase *genio Socratem*,' he says, 'applied to him in the epitaph on his monument, attests his fondness for Platonic theories.' This monument doth attest too much, methinks."

*Literature* quotes the following as one of Mr. Wyndham's very occasional lapses into "'precious' nonsense":

"Works of perfect art are the tombs in which artists lay to rest the passions they would fain make immortal. The more perfect their execution, the longer does the sepulchre endure, the sooner does the passion perish. Only where the hand has faltered do ghosts of love and anguish still complain. In the most of his Sonnets Shakespeare's hand does not falter."

The charge of preciosity is also gently preferred by the *Westminster Gazette*:

"Mr. Wyndham's style tends a little to the precious. It is difficult for a writer to steep himself in this period without infecting his own writing with archaisms. So we get occasional relapses into 'tis-ing and 'twas-ing, and a more frequent use of the pronoun 'you' than is quite to our taste. But when Mr. Wyndham forgets himself and becomes possessed of his subject, he can be forcible, natural, and vigorous."

Two critics, those of the *Athenæum* and *Literature*, complain of Mr. Wyndham's treatment of the text—modernising the spelling, banishing capitals, &c.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 5.

#### THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT: LITERARY PASSAGES FROM THE BIBLE RE-WRITTEN, IDEA FOR IDEA, IN MODERN STYLE. Book I. Sampson Low.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By John Keble. With Notes by Walter Lock, D.D. Methuen & Co. 2s.

FOUR LECTURES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GOSPELS. By the Rev. J. H. Wilkinson, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CONFLICTS OF METHODISM, 1827-1852. By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

AIDS TO THE STUDENT OF THE HOLY BIBLE. With Illustrations Selected and Described by the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS: THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, 1698-1898. By W. O. B. Allen, M.A.; and Edmund McClure, M.A. S.P.C.K.

THE HITTITES AND THEIR LANGUAGE. By C. R. Conder, Lieut.-Col. R.E. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

THE ROMANCE OF A REGIMENT, 1713-1740. By J. R. Hutchinson, B.A. Sampson Low.

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

ÆSCHYLI TRAGOEDIAE. Edited by Lewis Campbell, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

THE CID BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS FROM SPANISH AND GERMAN. By the late James Young Gibson. Second edition. Kegan Paul. 12s.

THE SPECTATOR. In eight volumes. Vol. VI. John C. Nimmo.

RIZZIO: AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY. By David Graham. A. Constable & Co. 5s.

LOVE SONGS AND ELEGIES. By Manmohan Ghose. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

DANTE'S TEN HEAVENS: A STUDY OF THE PARADISO. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Archibald Constable & Co. 12s.

MORE LAW LYRICS. By Robert Bird. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 3s.

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE FIRST PHILOSOPHIES OF GREECE. By Arthur Fairbanks. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A NORTHERN HIGHWAY OF THE TSAR. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AND THE MASHONALAND FIELD FORCE, 1896. By Brevet Lieut.-Col. F. S. H. Alderson. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d.

STARK'S GUIDE-BOOK AND HISTORY OF BRITISH GUIANA. By James Rodway and James H. Stark (Boston, U.S.A.).

#### EDUCATIONAL.

HANDBOOK OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS, ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE. By W. M. Lindsay, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

ELEMENTARY GENERAL SCIENCE. By A. T. Simmons, B.Sc., and Lionel M. Jones, B.Sc. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

FIRST STAGE OF MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By R. H. Jude, M.A. W. B. Clive. 2s.

L'AVARE: MOLIÈRE'S COMEDY IN FRENCH. Annotated by W. G. Isbister, B.A., and A. Garnand. Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

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## REVIEWS.

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THIS volume is the fourth in the series of *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*. It is well arranged and perspicuous, written in lucid and cultivated style, with the scholarly refinement and wide knowledge of various literatures which we associate with Dr. Garnett. Only here and there are we disturbed in the full acceptance of his conclusions by a passing doubt as to the entire impeccability of his taste; when, for example, he classes Byron with Goethe and Shelley as modern masters of sublimity, or talks with most unnecessarily exalted respect of Bryant's respectable *Thanatopsis*. The one real failing on which we are inclined to remonstrate with him is an insistent obtrusion of controversial matter, which might have been avoided or minimised in a history of literature, and a *naïf* partiality where such matter presents itself. A single instance is so unconsciously amusing that we may cite it. Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, a Papal nuncio, wrote a history of the revolt of the Netherlands. It is, says Dr. Garnett, "necessarily defective as coming from the wrong side." Not, you observe, because it is the work of a partisan, but because it is the work of a partisan "on the wrong side"—the side, that is, opposed to Dr. Garnett's sympathies. If a book happen to be the work of a partisan on the "right side," Dr. Garnett figuratively backs it for all it is worth. Another drawback inevitable to all such work is the inefficiency of most poetical translations. In the early portion we have the invaluable aid of Rossetti's versions; but in the later part, except for the late Mr. Symonds and some very pleasing specimens by Miss Ellen Clarke, the translations mostly leave us in darkness, with an impression that the merit we are invited to see in the originals must be wholly a merit of diction and external form, which has vaporated in transmission. The first sensation, when we have laid down the book, is a sensation of disappoint-

ment. Accustomed to our own opulent literature, Italian literature seems such an unexpectedly small thing. We expect that behind the world-wide names known by repute to every cultivated general reader we shall be introduced to a feast of lesser, yet distinguished glories. But expectation is foiled. When the trees are cleared whose spreading branches fill the foreground of literary history, there is revealed only a sparsely verdurous tract, which would pass unnoticed in any of the great spaces of English literature. The reason of this is indicated by Dr. Garnett in his preface. Italian literature, great though it be, is not the chief outcome of the Italian mind. Why this should be so Mrs. Moynell has shown in an unrepublished essay. The racial gift of the Latin nations, she says, is *intelligence*, of the Teutons *intellect*. The Latin has the outward eye, the quick, sympathetic receptivity of the child: he is intelligent. And this makes for art, for acting. The Teuton is not a born actor, a born artist (take him in general); he lacks the childlike intelligent receptivity, the quick telepathy between eye and hand, passion and word, impulse and gesture: he is too slow, inward, and reflective; he is too intellectual. But this, which is our loss in art and acting, is our gain in literature. It is our prerogative that we are an intellectual nation, that our greatness is unsurpassably seated in literature. Our masterpieces do not fill the galleries of Europe, because our gallery of poets is the richest the world has seen. Our actors are hopelessly inferior to the actors of the South, because our drama is the greatest in Europe. From this distinction of national character it comes that Italian literature is after all a limited thing by the side of ours. Coventry Patmore, in what Dr. Garnett calls "a very just remark," though he does not quote it textually, observed that Italian poetry was marked by acuteness rather than breadth; that Dante was to Shakespeare as the Peak of Teneriffe to the Table-land of Thibet. And on Dante really rests the greatness of Italian literature—at least its main greatness. Besides Shakespeare, we have ourselves only one other poet of supreme rank. But our poetry does not drop plumb from Shakespeare as does the poetry of Italy from Dante to Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch. It descends by equal steps through Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the rest—Wordsworth and Coleridge, if essence is to rank before length, being in our humble opinion greater than any of Dante's successors. But the stream of Italian energy which flowed into the mould of literature was a small portion of the nation's energies. The intelligent genius of Italy was mainly occupied in producing the most wonderful succession of artists in Europe. The marvel is that she had yet energy left over to create the second greatest literature in Europe.

It is a curious fact, disclosed by Dr. Garnett, that Italian literature can hardly be said to have had beginnings. A little ring of poets singing at Palermo, under the patronage of Frederick II. of Germany, on Provençal models, but in Tuscan dialect—

that is the first trace we get of it. And then we come immediately upon the fore-runners of Dante. Here is a charming lyric by Frederick himself, who wrote better than his namesake the Great, if he did not fight better.

"Each morn I hear his voice bid them  
That watch me, to be faithful spies  
Lest I go forth to see the skies;  
Each night to each he saith the same;  
And in my soul and in mine eyes  
There is a burning heat like flame."

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear  
This love of mine whereof I spoke  
About her body for a cloak,  
And for a garland in her hair,  
Even yet; because I mean to prove,  
Not to speak only, this my love."

By this Sicilian school the seed was sown, and it was from Provence that the inspiration came, as from Italy came the inspiration of the early Elizabethans. The seed sprang up with marvellous rapidity. Guittone di Arezzo is the first conspicuous name of the indigenous Italian school which quickly followed these Provençalised Sicilians; conspicuous because he was the first who gave its permanent shape to that peculiarly Italian form, the sonnet. Then the Florentine school starts into being with Guido Guicelli, and treading on his heels came Guido Cavalcanti, who eclipsed him, in turn to give place to Dante, the eclipser of all. Thus, in the very outset, with unparalleled swiftness, Italian poetry reached the greatest height it ever attained. The two forms which Dante's predecessors established in permanent use were the sonnet and the less-known *canzone*—less-known in England. The *canzone* has variations in form; but of the most typical Dr. Garnett gives a specimen in a fragment from Cavalcanti. Since the form is so unfamiliar to Englishmen, we may quote it.

"But when I looked on death, made visible  
From my heart's sojourn brought before  
mine eyes,  
And holding in his hand my grievous sin,  
I seemed to see my countenance, that fell,  
Shake like a shadow: my heart uttered cries,  
And my soul wept the curse that lay therein.  
Then Death: 'Thus much thine urgent  
prayer shall win:  
I grant thee the brief interval of youth  
At natural pity's strong soliciting.'  
And I (because I knew that moment's ruth  
But left my life to groan for a frail space)  
Fell in the dust upon my weeping face."

Over Dante himself we need not pause. Dr. Garnett himself recognises the necessity of taking the reader's Dantean knowledge largely for granted, so vast is the theme. Along with him was a band of other poets, who may be studied in Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*; most conspicuous, perhaps, after Cavalcanti, at once his predecessor and contemporary, being Cino da Pistoia, in whom may be recognised echoes of Dante, as in Dante the influence of Cavalcanti is traceable enough. But one thing should be noted, which is generally overlooked, that in Dante we have also the beginnings of Italian prose, as well as the high-water mark of Italian poetry. The greater part of the "Vita Nuova" is, after all, prose, and very distinguished prose.

After the passing of Dante and the *trecentisti*, another flower-time of Italian literature bursts upon us in the latter fourteenth century, with the advent of Lorenzo de Medici and the Renaissance. Lorenzo was himself a poet, elegant if not powerful; and about him arose a race of poets. Politian, famous for his Latin writings, left us also vernacular poems of great grace and polish. His lyric tragedy, "Orfeo," marks the beginnings of the Italian drama—never a very strong plant. The Giostra celebrates a tournament of which Giuliano di Medici was the hero, and that prince's love for Simonetta. But Politian's minor poems are his best. Of this period, however, the ultimate outcomes are Petrarch and Boccaccio. What Boccaccio did for the prose of Italy needs no recounting. Italian became a prose language in his hands. But his poems are also among the permanent things of literature, though overshadowed by the glories of Petrarch. Petrarch's famous series of sonnets and *canzoni*, the zenith of Italian lyric poetry, is known to all men by name; but beyond the fact that his mistress was named Laura, and that he was crowned in the Capitol, few Englishmen have any practical knowledge of him. Truth is, he does not bear translation. Only a Rossetti would have had much chance with poems so dependent on their beauty of diction; and Rossetti's tastes did not lie in the Petrarchan line. From Surrey and his compeers downward, Petrarch has been sometimes translated, more often imitated, by Englishmen; but no poet and no versifier has succeeded in naturalising him, as Dante has been naturalised by Rossetti, or Tasso by Fairfax. We quote a specimen of his sonnets, which is perhaps as near the original as our language will allow:

"Exalted by my thought to regions where  
I find whom earthly quest hath never shown,  
Where Love hath rule 'twixt fourth and  
second zone;  
More beautiful I found her, less austere.  
Clasping my hand, she said, 'Behold the  
sphere  
Where we shall dwell, if Wish hath truly  
known.  
I am, who wrung from thee such bitter  
moan;  
Whose sun went down ere evening did  
appear.  
My bliss, too high for men to understand,  
Yet needs thee, and the veil that so did  
please,  
Now unto dust for briefest season given.'  
Why ceased she speaking? Why withdrew  
her hand?  
For, rapt to ecstasy by words like these,  
Little I wanted to have stayed in heaven."

Mr. Symonds's versions are as good as anything we possess, short of Rossetti's poetic inspiration. Assuredly we get beauty here. Yet, in English, we feel the Dantean mysticism, without the arduous simplicity which compels belief in Dante. No, Petrarch must be read in the original.

This period also saw the flourishing of the Italian *novelisti*, on whom our dramatists drew so largely for their plots; masters of the "short story" as it presented itself to the *naïf* and leisurely mind of that age. Some of them were also poets; and from

one of them (Sacchetti) we take a charming lyric of the pastoral order, which exemplifies the concluding phase of fourteenth century lyricism:

"I think your beauties might make fair complaint

Of being thus shown ever mount and dell;  
Because no city were so excellent

But that your stay therein were honourable.

In very truth, now does it like you well  
To live so poorly on the hill-side here?

'Better it liketh one of us, pardie,  
Behind her flock to seek the pasture-stance,  
Far better than it liketh one of ye

To ride unto your curtained rooms and  
daunce.

We seek no riches, neither golden chance  
Save wealth of flowers to weave into our  
hair.'

Behold, if I were now as once I was,  
I'd make myself a shepherd on some hill,  
And without telling anyone, would pass,

Where these girls went, and follow at their  
will.

And 'Mary,' and 'Martin,' we would  
murmur still,

And I would be for ever where they were."

With the fifteenth century, prose subsided, giving place to Latin, the learned tongue; and poetry developed in the direction of the romantic epic. Sannazzaro also set the model of the pastoral romance, followed by Montemayor in Spain, and by Sidney's "Arcadia" in England. The cycle of the Charlemagne legends was exploited. Pulci wove it into the "Morgante Maggiore," whence ultimately came Byron's "Don Juan," through Pulci's more burlesque successor, Berni. Boiardo constructed from the same source the "Orlando Innamorato," only to be overshadowed by Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Yet how little it deserved such a fate may be seen from the lovely passage quoted by Dr. Garnett, in which Rinaldo is attacked by Love and his attendant ladies. They beat him with rose-garlands, pelt him with flowers, and Love strikes him down with a tall lily-stem; leaving him bruised and discomforted by the magical assault—a charming allegorical fancy.

The sixteenth century saw the restoration of prose by the great historian Guicciardini and the famous Machiavelli. It saw also the learned and artificial genius of Cardinal Bembo, the friend of Michael Angelo's friend, Vittoria Colonna. Alas for romance! He seems to have possessed more authority with her than the great painter. But the poets of the age were a poor set. It was the day of the Petrarchists, who possessed nothing of Petrarch's genius—Molza, Bernardo Tasso, Annibale Caro. But the great Torquato Tasso came to redeem it with the "Jerusalem Delivered" and the "Aminta." Guarini followed with the "Pastor Fido"—the model of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess." The seventeenth century saw the ascendancy of Marini, whose "conceited" style did much to mar Crashaw and other English poets of the same day. Chiabrera, Redi, Filicaja, struck a manlier lyric note; so did Campanella, the author of some very fine and noble sonnets. But it was the setting of the sun. The

eighteenth century paralysed poetic poetry in Italy as in England; though it saw the culmination of the Italian drama in Metastasio, the virile Alfieri, and the comedies of Goldoni. But Italy's drama was a poor thing at its best compared with France or Germany, much less England or Spain. With the nineteenth century came revival. Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Manzoni, all introduced a fresh lyric fervour, leading up to the modern Italian literature of Leopardi and his successors. It is a feature of Dr. Garnett's excellent little book that he brings it down to date, considering at length even so recent a writer as "D'Annunzio."

It is, you will see, a scanty succession of really great names compared with our own gloriously rich literary history. For that very reason Dr. Garnett has been able to do better justice to it within a brief compass than would have been possible in the case of our own literature. A similar review of English authors would become a mere dry skeleton of a book. That Dr. Garnett's emphatically is not. It is well-proportioned, interesting, and scholarly, from start to finish, and should become a useful and popular handbook for those who seek an introduction to the second greatest literature of Europe. FRANCIS THOMPSON.

#### OLD BALLADS.

*English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Edited by Francis James Child. Vol. X. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE late Prof. Child, of Harvard, did not live to see the publication of his tenth and final volume of ballads. It is yet more unfortunate that he left only a few blurred pages of his general ballad theory. Nobody has had the courage to supply this want in the volume edited by Mr. Kittredge. Yet, however imperfectly, the lacuna ought to be filled. The materials, in unexampled richness, have been supplied by Mr. Child himself.

The history of ballad study is well known, from Mr. Pepys to Bishop Percy, from Percy to Scott, from Scott to Child. There was the age of collection of printed ballads; the age of collection of oral versions; and the age of comparative study of the ballads of all races, with their kinsfolk, popular tales or *Märchen*, and *devinettes*, or riddles. The second period was contaminated by impostures, by ballads forged *en bloc*, and by editorial interpretations. Bishop Percy treated the oral versions in his famous folio "with a free hand," and the echoes of Ritson's indignation are sounding yet. Surtees forged ballads which took in Scott, and it is difficult or impossible to be certain that Scott did not improve some of the Border chants. The mystery of "Auld Maitland" remains as deep as ever, for it has not a genuine air, yet seems beyond the skill of Hogg, on whom alone suspicion can rest. The *supercheries* of the eighteenth century are easily detected, but who could have stamped "The Red Harlaw" as modern if Scott had given it as old?



Sir Walter already had glimpses of the comparative method, especially as to *Märchen*. Analogues of the ballads were found in Scandinavian countries by Jamieson; then in Germany, then in France, Italy, Spain, Greece, and the Slavonic lands. Moreover, stories parallel to the plot of the ballads are discovered among savage peoples.

Mr. Child, in 1857-58, published, mainly from printed sources, the best collection of ballads then accessible. He next, with Dr. Furnivall, secured the publication of Percy's folio, and its sins against orthodox tradition were conspicuous. Finally, aided by the zeal of Mr. MacMath, Mr. Child won his way to all known MS. sources. In 1890, Mrs. Maxwell Scott gave him access to Sir Walter's unpublished collections. The Skene, Buchan, and other MSS. did not escape him. He had allies everywhere, who found for him oral variants in all directions from Norfolk to New York. He compared all foreign collections, all the masses of chap-books and broadsides. The result is his great work, with every known variant and every attainable foreign parallel. No doubt there are still gleanings; examples are given in the present volume. A few additions may be made, but Mr. Child's great work must remain classical and monumental. Either English or American scholarship ought to sum up the evidence, and draw such conclusions as may be drawn. We ask, What is the age and origin of the romantic ballads; what was the method of diffusion? How, for example, does "The Bonny Hynd" find its way into the Finnish *Kalewala*? Why are certain *Märchen* "balladised" while others only occur in prose? The question of the historical ballads and of their relation to history must be discussed. It appears that the ballad of "Johnny Armstrong" is itself the source of the statements about that hero in Pitseottie's Chronicle and other Scottish prose versions. On the other hand, is "Kinmont Willie" the source of Satchell's version, or *vice versa*? These are among the problems of ballad lore, and they need to be examined with the unsparing method of Comparetti's treatment of the *Kalewala*. Nobody could have executed the task like Mr. Child, but it should not be left undone.

In the present volume is a variant of the ballad of "Riddles wisely Expounded," from a Rawlinson MS. in the Bodleian, of about 1450. "The Elfin Knight" is illustrated from the Croatian, and from Massachusetts. The Kurds contribute to "Lady Isabel and the Elfin Knight" in a detail. The Turks add to learning about "Earl Brand," and the Basutos have a prose parallel to "The Two Sisters." As for "Lord Randal" the *donnée* is just as likely to have inspired the historic legend of the Lombard Queen, Rosamunda, in the sixth century, as to be derived from the legend, and this we take to be a general rule when what is historic legend in one place is ballad or tale in another. "The Twa Brothers," in a local variant, is still sung after a St. George play, when men go "souling" on All Souls' Day, at a village near Chester—so tenacious is tradition. A fact much more singular is the actual occurrence of sym-

pathetic suffering by the husband during his wife's confinement, as in the *Cowade* (note on "Fair Janet," with authorities, and an explanation by "suggestion." The prudent medical authorities are not named.) The belief is not unpopular in England, and perhaps the *Cowade* rests on the primitive prevalence of this psychological condition. The "poor whites" of North Carolina have preserved a form of "The Wife of Usher's Well"; it is more English and less mystic than the familiar version. In fact, thanks to Miss Emma Backus, North Carolina yields several variants.

The ballad of "The Queen's Marie" has caused much controversy. Does it date from 1563, when a French maid of Mary Stuart was hanged for child-murder, or only from 1719, when a certain Mary Hamilton died for the same crime, at the Court of Peter the Great? Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe suggested the latter opinion, followed by Mr. Child, and, we think, by Mr. Courthope. The discovery of an apothecary in an Abbotsford MS., and of a real apothecary as lover and accomplice in Randolph's letters to Cecil from the Court of Holyrood, finally led Mr. Child to prefer, on the whole, the orthodox theory that "The Queen's Marie" is of the sixteenth, not the eighteenth century. The present writer takes some pride in having altered Mr. Child's opinion (actual certainty is impossible), for it is next to inconceivable that a ballad of the first merit should have been composed in the year of the Glenshiel Rising. He also rescued an oral variant:

"O little did my mither think  
At night when she cradled me,  
That I wad sleep in a nameless grave,  
And hang on the gallows tree."

This is much inferior to the well-known lines scratched by Carlyle on a window-pane:

"What countries I should wander o'er,  
And what death I should die."

Where a ring is used instead of a crystal, for seeing a distant person (in "Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas"), Mr. Child cites an Irish folk tale. He would also have found a parallel—looking through a hole in a small stone—in Mr. Mackenzie's "The Brahan Seer." It is curious to find the Scottish naval hero, Andrew Barton, of Henry the Eighth's time, remembered in a ballad sung by a cadet of West Point. King George takes the rôle of Henry VIII., and Captain Charles Stewart that of the Howards, who put down Barton, thus leading to the quarrel that was fought out at Flodden. There was a Charles Stewart, said to be a son of Prince Charles, in the French Navy about 1780. If one may hint a defect, it is that Mr. Child, in editing historical ballads—at least in this one—went to Lesley, Hall, and Buchanan for facts, rather than to the authentic State Papers. In the famous "Dead Brother" (or "Suffolk Miracle") Mr. Child recognises a very strong probability for ultimate derivation from the modern Greek. If this could be made out, much light would be thrown on the problem of diffusion. The ballad is certainly strongest, and has most variants, in Albania, Bulgaria, Servia, and

Greece. But in these countries the conditions favourable to popular poetry most prevail.

These are only scattered notes from the latest gleanings, but they illustrate the extent and curiosity of the topic. A brief biographical notice of Mr. Child, by Mr. Kittredge, an excellent glossary and index, and a number of ballad airs, with a capital bibliography, complete this really monumental work of learning. Let us hope that "the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower" need not "unfinished remain." The pupils of Mr. Child owe to his memory the general statement of his results. They, if any one, have a knowledge of his conclusions as to the main problems of the ballad. Where popular ballad and literary mediæval romance coincide in theme, which is, as a rule, borrowed from the other? We think that popular fancy is usually the real source, but the opposite theory has its partisans.

ANDREW LANG.

#### A MAN OF PARTS.

*The Honourable Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B.:*  
*A Memoir.* By the Right Honourable  
Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.  
(Edinburgh: Blackwood.)

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is to be congratulated on having achieved a fine success in this biography. Yet the subject and material were not very promising. The career of Sir Charles Murray was one of honour and credit. He was an excellent scholar, a writer of note, an efficient member of the diplomatic service, a courtier, and a sportsman, but in no branch of activity did he assume a place of the first importance. Again, although he lived in close intimacy with the most distinguished men of his time, no record of it was kept, and the book has less than the usual percentage of *ana*. Indeed its poverty in this respect is at times disappointing. We are told, for instance, that the intercourse "between Murray and the philosopher of Chelsea continued till Carlyle's last years of decrepitude," yet it is represented here by only one letter and one allusion. No mention whatever is made of Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, or Ruskin, the most brilliant of Murray's literary contemporaries. Of John Henry Newman, who was his tutor at Oxford, Murray gives only this singular description:

"He never inspired me, or my fellow graduates, with any interest, much less respect: on the contrary, we disliked or rather mistrusted him. He walked with his head bent, abstracted, but every now and then looking out of the corners of his eyes quickly, as though suspicious. . . . At lecture he was quiet, what I should call sheepish; stuck to the text, and never diverged into contemporary history or made the lecture interesting. He always struck me as the most pusillanimous of men—wanting in the knowledge of human nature; and I am always surprised, and indeed never can understand, how it was he became such a great man."

The impression made by genius on cleverish commonplaceness was never re-

corded more frankly. Samuel Rogers filled the Murray ideal more adequately than Newman. It is doubtful, however, if Sir Herbert Maxwell has done well in printing so many of the banker poet's letters. They must have been pleasant to receive, filled as they are with the most amiable prittle-prattle, and we do not wonder that they were treasured by the family, but they lack the vividness of phrase and colour that alone would have given them a public interest. When in Germany young Murray, by a piece of adroitness, managed to interview Goethe, and to obtain an autograph from him. The quatrain selected for the purpose is such a fine specimen of the deep and tranquil wisdom to which the poet attained that we cannot forbear transcribing it:

“Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,  
Wirkst du heute kräftig treu;  
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,  
Das nicht minder glücklich sey.”

They are lines which Carlyle, writing in 1869, says he had known by heart for forty years; yet his translation, though not unfaithful, is inelegant and fails to do the original justice. Sir Walter Scott was known to Murray in his youth, but there is nothing about him except a bare chronicle of the fact. The same remark may be applied to Fennimore Cooper, whose work supplied the model for Murray's most successful novel, *The Prairie Bird*. Sir Herbert Maxwell does not rely for interest on a collection of tit-bits about celebrities. He touches a deeper and more powerful note. However pleasantly it may be written, the retrospect of a long life is always touching and mournful. It vividly realises that evanescence which is, at the root, the most pathetic feature of human life; it calls voices and names and faces from the irrevocable past; it enforces the lesson of the sun-dial—*Time passeth*. Sir Charles Murray was almost ninety when he died, so that his childhood synchronises with the first years of the century. The changes he witnessed, therefore, intensify our regret that he never wrote the autobiography which he began on several occasions. The most capable biographer, especially if, as in this instance, he had no personal acquaintance with his subject, can only give us the dry bones of a life. He dare not, as the novelist does, imagine or “divine” the million of trivial incidents and details that give colour and atmosphere to the story. For instance, there is not much to awaken interest in the mere fact that young Murray spent much of his boyhood in Hamilton Palace. Luckily, he left behind some notes which help us to picture society as it was when the century was in its teens. He shows us the ninth duke (who died in 1819) with the ceremonious manners of the preceding hundred years, and still wearing a wig tied behind with a ribbon, just as if he had lived in the days of “the wee wee German lairdie.” And here is a droll little anecdote concerning a dessert-spoon, an article unknown in Scotland in the beginning of the century, though it had lately been introduced at the Palace:

“A rough county squire dining for the first time at Hamilton had been served in the second

course with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon. The laird turned it round and round in his fist, and said to the servant:

“What do you gie me this for, ye d—d fule? Do ye think ma mooth has got any smaller since a lappit up ma soup?”

At Glen Finart, the home of the Murrays, manners were even more primitive. The *Waverley Novels* had not yet flooded the Highlands with tourists, and, indeed, as steamship and railway lay still in the womb of the future, travelling was a very difficult matter. Just as Cooper pictured the nobler qualities of his Indians, and attempted no realistic presentation, so Scott gives us the Highland chief with his tail of adherents and stately surroundings. Here, however, we get him in the rough, surrounded by no glamour of poetry or romance. We quote a sketch of one whose very name might have been the invention of Sir Walter or R. L. S.—Fletcher of Bearnish, the Laird of Auchnashalloch:

“He paid a morning visit, and the drawing-room door was thrown open just as my mother was in the middle of a piece she was playing on the harp. Of course she got off the stool on which she was playing to come and meet him, but in a very uncouth way he led her back towards the harp, intimating that she should go on with what she was doing. As a matter of course he had never seen a harp before, and, after she had played a few bars, he put his hand upon her wrist, and, drawing it away, said, ‘Thank ye, my lady, I only wished to hear what kind o’ noise she made.’ Lunch having been announced, of course he was invited to go into the dining-room, and he looked with some surprise at the display of fruit on the table. We had no hothouse fruit at the Glen, but a supply was sent every fortnight from Dunmore Park. After he had despatched the solids, he pointed to a dish on which there were three or four very fine peaches, and he said, ‘What kind of an apple is yon?’ So my mother told him that we called it a peach, and he said, ‘Well, I’ll just take yon to taste.’ He accordingly took a peach and stuck half of it into his mouth and bit hard into it. The juice ran out of the sides of his mouth and he said, ‘Oh, it’s a gran’ apple; but siccan a pip as it’s got!’”

Childhood, as is often the case, furnishes the most salient and essential part of the biography. In after life we feel that Murray is indeed a highly accomplished, well-bred, pleasant companion, but his personality is not a dominant one. He goes to Eton and Oxford and then visits the Continent. His book of “Travels” has familiarised some of us with the next stage in his career, the period of American wanderings. Its interest now lies chiefly in the observations having been made while America was still in its infancy—some of its largest towns unbuilt, tribes of Indians still roaming the forest, hunting buffalo on the prairie, and waging internecine war. The natural step from that was Parliament: education, the *grand tour*, politics, following close upon one another in those days. He was an unlucky candidate, and lost his chance of entering St. Stephen's through no fault of his own—a fact recognised by Lord Melbourne when he offered him the post of Groom-in-waiting. His entrance to the Diplomatic service, his life in the East and in Lisbon,

his love-story with its touches of romance and sadness, his first and second marriage, his home life and favourite pursuits, his last years, and his death in 1895, complete the history of a typical English gentleman.

In narrating it, Sir Herbert Maxwell has found a subject exactly according to his mind, and we know of nothing of his more praiseworthy in every respect than this biography. He has the advantage of being in full sympathy with his hero, of being, in fact, the same kind of man himself—descendant of a good Scottish family, sportsman, scholar, and *littérateur*, gifted with abundant knowledge, haunted by none of the fantastic dreams and visions that have led so many astray; not brilliant, but sound; pedestrian, but not incapable. And we shall conclude this notice with an extract to show that in a fanciful reverie on life's might-have-beens, something akin to filial piety may well have inspired the task:

“Ardgowan, the beautiful home of the Shaw Stewarts on the Clyde, was not far distant from Glen Finart by water, and the Murray boys spent much of their time there. Sir Michael had three daughters—little girls—to whom the three brothers promptly betrothed themselves. *Dis aliter visum*. Margaret, the elder, became Duchess of Somerset; Catherine married Captain Osborne of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; and Helenora, the youngest, married Sir William Maxwell of Monreath.”

In other words, she became the mother of Sir Herbert Maxwell.

#### POETESS, NOVELIST, AND LADY FARMER.

*Reminiscences.* By M. Betham-Edwards. (George Redway.)

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS holds a position that is probably unique in the modern world of letters; at least we are aware of no other lady whose novels have a steady sale, and whose poems are recited at penny readings, who has farmed a Suffolk occupation on her own account, and writes wisely and well of agriculture. Her *reminiscences* have therefore two separate interests—that attaching to a successful literary career, and that which belongs to a keen observer's notes on English country life. The latter naturally come first, because they are based on her earliest recollections. One could scarcely expect even “the meekest of silvery-haired little ladies,” as she calls herself, to give her own age, but there is internal evidence to show that it is the Suffolk of more than fifty years ago she contrasts so vividly with that of to-day. In other words, it is the same period as was dealt with by Thomas Arch in his *Autobiography* reviewed here a few weeks since. We notice the coincidence because this meek little lady is even more bitter than Arch in describing the rural clergy of her day. To be frank, however, much as we relish the trenchant, clever style of these memoirs, it is least successful when directed against the Church. Miss Betham-Edwards is carried off her feet by an extreme Rationalism, just as Mr. Arch was by the prejudices of Dissent.

Upon this theme alone does she allow partisan feeling to overshadow the sense of humour that plays so wholesomely over most of her themes. For instance, she works up her indignation over the offences of the rector of her native parish, and expresses a regret that ecclesiastical courts, public censure, and the rest of it, were not brought to bear on his shortcomings. Yet all that she proves is that he was a choleric, hot-tempered, slightly autocratic parson, who did not scruple to give one of his sons a thump on the head for misbehaviour just after the Benediction was closed; who reproved a gossiping clerk before the congregation; and who offended a fond mother by christening her child Frederick when she had resolved that his name should be Fred. But Miss Betham-Edwards is very candid, and tells us much that prevents us from judging him harshly. Firstly, it was a very poor living, and he had twelve children—"It is as much as we can do to cover their nakedness," said the mother—and it incidentally comes out that even food was scarce in the rectory. Yet "he paid his way and lived uprightly." Nay, more, let any one try to read this passage without being blinded by the author's prejudice:

"As I have before mentioned, narrow means did not stand in the way of *routine* (the italics are ours) benevolences. When labourers' wives lay in, gifts of broth and arrowroot accompanied the parish bag, and even infectious diseases failed to deter visits of condolence or charity. But there existed no real liking or sympathy between class and class, no tie binding rectory and cottage. This is the parody I heard in our clergyman's nursery:

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see  
Eating pork without a fork,  
Oh, Lord, what beasts they be.'"

But perhaps this was only an early effort of the precocious youth who got himself cuffed after Benediction. Seriously, it appears to us—though much in sympathy with the beliefs of Miss Edwards—merely absurd to get up so great an indignation over so small a matter. If the sins of the rector had been red as scarlet, the following passage would have washed them white:

"As I have before said, under the rector's rough, even bearish exterior, beat a kindly heart. He would laughingly recount how a poor parishioner once begged the loan of his black trousers in order to attend his father's funeral. The request was granted."

Did not this argue some slight bias between the cottage and the rectory? Two men were surely on the verge of friendship when one lent the other a pair of breeches. Another curious act of kindness related of this parson was that, after the chalice had gone round on Sunday, he gave the rest of the wine to the feeble and infirm.

"No sooner had the solemn rite been administered than a sonorous deep drawn quaffing was heard from the lower end of the rails, the poor old men and women gratefully swallowing the remains of the wine. It might have been better to go through this little performance in the vestry. Anyhow, who can doubt that such a custom proved a snare?"

Rustics are capable of mingling irreverence with piety to a grotesque extent.

Only four or five years ago a gross scandal occurred in a Presbyterian church in the North of England. At the half-yearly Sacrament the communicants gulped down the wine so freely that nearly four dozen bottles were consumed. It led to an inquiry that filled many pages of the local prints, and proved that intoxication with communion wine was by no means uncommon.

While filling in real life the rôle played by Bathsheba Everdone in fiction, Miss Betham-Edwards picked up many curious stories and anecdotes that vivify her memories of country life. Of these the following is an excellent example, much of the fun, however, lying in the grave moral which serves as a pretext for introducing the story:

"The following anecdote will illustrate the innate self-respect and true gentlemanliness often underlying these uncouth exteriors.

My younger brother noticing one day that the breeching (that part of harness round the breech of a horse—*Webster*) of a cart-horse attached behind a waggon had slipped, ran after the driver to call his attention to the fact.

'Good God, sir!' exclaimed the poor fellow beside himself with mortification, 'I passed two women just now!'

He was very deaf, and imperfectly catching the words, thought that the caution applied to his own nether garment, and that a brace button had given way."

Probably, however, our readers will be more interested in her adventures as an authoress. The story of her first novel illustrates the change that has taken place in publishing. She despatched it to London through "the agency of the family grocer" about the year 1856. The "foremost publishing house" which accepted it agreed to pay in kind, "that is to say, I received twenty-five copies of new one, two, and three volume novels," a remuneration that would stagger the "livery gent" of to-day, surely! She adds:

"The curious part of the business is this: Before me lies the original edition, in two handsome volumes (of *The White House by the Sea*), dated 1857, beside it the last popular issue dated 1891. Between these two dates—a period of just upon thirty-five years—the book had contrived to keep its head above water—that is to say, had been steadily reprinted from time to time, yet from its first appearance to the present day, when it is still selling, not a farthing of profit has accrued to the author!"

One would like to see the publisher's ledger for the period. Yet Miss Betham-Edwards is of opinion that the old conditions were more favourable than the new. She says:

"An author's step first and successfully made there is no doubt whatever that his chances both of recognition and money were infinitely better in those days than now. . . . Publishers were a mere handful compared to their present numbers. They brought out fewer works and exercised more literary discrimination. Public taste had not been vitiated by the imitators of bad French models. The good old system of selling a book just as you sell a house had its advantages. There was no suspense, no delusive waiting for royalties or half-profit. An accredited author, despite the absence of newspaper syndicates, American copyright and other advantages, had only himself to blame if he failed to amass a little fortune in those days."

In support of this opinion she quotes Mr. W. E. Norris, who thinks the young writer has a worse chance to-day than he had forty years ago, since the enormous sales of a few authors so completely fill the market that the new-comer is overlooked. There is a grain of truth in it, and yet so many fresh names have been made during the last ten or fifteen years that there must be another side to the argument.

Miss Betham-Edwards did not come much into contact with the more illustrious of her contemporaries, except it were with George Eliot. Of her she speaks with the bated breath of an adorer. Yet she makes us feel that the great novelist must have been a kill-joy in company. Here is an account of conversation at one of Mme. Bodichon's dinners, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes being the chief guests. Topic—how the world would come to an end.

"I think I hear George Eliot's many-toned fervid voice as she put forward one hypothesis after another: 'And yet, dear Barbara, it might happen thus,' and so on. I believe when we rose from the table the casting vote had been in favour of combustion by the tail of a comet. Somehow, even Mme. Bodichon's usually high spirits flagged, and no wonder. There are moments when all of us need a little relaxation, a little hum-drum human laugh. This wonderful pair seldom enjoyed either. Their intellects had no repose. They were worn out at a period when many men and women may still be considered in their prime."

Among the many admirable gifts of Miss Betham-Edwards, the faculty of sound criticism is scarcely to be numbered. She thinks *Middlemarch* "the great prose epic" of George Eliot, and calls it Shakespearean, "a canvas to be set beside the half-dozen great imaginative creations of the world." But as the creator of Mrs. Proudie gets an almost equal share of admiration this excessive praise is discounted. It is true that for the latter opinion she has the authority of one of Goethe's descendants whom she met at Weimar, but the great German could not transmit his genius as though it were a British peerage. Among other celebrities who are glanced at in these pages are John Stuart Mill, Louis Blanc, and Charles Bradlaugh.

As was to be expected in a writer whose material has been so largely drawn from abroad, some of the most attractive reminiscences of Miss Betham-Edwards are connected with the Continent. The first time she met the Abbé Liszt was at a *table d'hôte*, where he was suffering the attentions of a love-sick middle-aged Baroness, whose daughter of twenty and imbecile husband were the spectators of her folly. An extraordinary account she gives of the sentimentalists and coquettes who fluttered round the great musician, the girl pupils rushing to kiss his hands, the young women dying for love of him. Undeterred by the scandal all this created, she managed to break through the barriers by which he tried to shut out the world, and has succeeded in presenting an intimate picture of the daily habits of this most gifted, most immoral priest. She sums up the matter thus:

"That daemonic irresistibility, that magnetic influence felt not only by the other sex but by his own, was an ever present thorn in the flesh;

to a passionately artistic and creative nature like his it could not be otherwise. And unfortunately Pandora had not accorded a counterpoise, the wholesome gift of meanness, the power of being irresponsible and occasionally irresponsible."

We have not space for many more quotations, but the following glimpse of Vienna thirty years ago is extremely interesting as showing how continental civilisation lagged behind ours :

"Will it be believed that at the time I write of—i.e., only a generation ago, domestic servants in rich Viennese households slept like cats and dogs where they could? For some time after my installation in the Von J——'s handsome and spacious flat, I was puzzled by certain noises outside my door late at night and very early in the morning. I soon unearthed the mystery. When the family had retired to rest, the *Vorsaal* or entrance-hall was strewn with mattresses and rugs, and here slept the three or four maids composing the household. At dawn, as quietly as might be, the bedding was cleared away, the *Vorsaal* swept and scoured, elegant lamps, hatstands, and other pieces of furniture replaced, not a vestige remaining of the bivouac. We English, I admit, are a very boastful race. I must aver, however, that the English nation may well be proud of two inventions—that of the bed-chamber and of another and smaller apartment which shall here be nameless."

The representative passages quoted render it unnecessary to pass any elaborate opinion on this bright, vivid, brusque little book of memories. A great many opinions are very decidedly expressed, and we as decidedly differ from a number, perhaps a majority of them. But the good faith and sincerity of the author are so transparent, she so candidly relates even what tells against her own belief, that disagreement is never a cause of ill-humour or the slightest barrier to enjoyment.

#### THROUGH CHINA WITH A CAMERA.

*Through China with a Camera.* By John Thomson. (A. Constable & Co.)

MR. THOMSON has many and various merits as a writer upon China, but he is not, alas! a conscientious man of letters. His book is, we gather from the preface, in the nature of a patchwork, part of it being newly written, part merely "written up" out of old materials already made use of. Now, we have not the smallest objection to this. An author is quite at liberty to boil down and edit and re-issue portions of an earlier work if that work be interesting, and the demand for it justify such a re-issue. But we feel it only right to protest when the boiling down and editing is badly done, when the patchwork is careless and slovenly. And this, unhappily, is the case with *Through China with a Camera*. The illustrations are beyond praise, the matter interesting, and some parts of the text admirably written; but the author, merely for the want of a little care in dove-tailing his materials and correcting his proofs and his grammar, leaves his reader with an uncomfortable impression of bad and hasty workmanship.

We are loth to dwell on this side of his book, however, because in all other ways it is delightful reading. Its subject is, of course, a fascinating one. China stands to us moderns much as Egypt stood to the Greeks when Herodotus wrote the second book of his history. The pity of it is that Mr. Thomson is not Herodotus. If he were, with the mysterious land which he has to describe, and the wonderful stories he has to tell, his book would be another "Euterpe." If Herodotus had only had a knowledge of photography when he made his journey to Egypt, and had been able to hand down to us an illustrated text, how much would have been told to us which he now fails to reveal! Mr. Thomson's wanderings in China carry him over a vast stretch of country. Not only does he enable us to visit the various Treaty Ports and their vicinity in his company, but he takes us by boat some hundreds of miles up the Yangtze-kiang, the Min, and the Peiho, besides showing us a good deal of the interior of the island of Formosa. In all these places he is followed by his faithful camera, and the excellent views which he reproduces of each of them are of great assistance in helping us to realise perhaps the most fascinating people on the face of the earth.

The great characteristic of the Chinaman is his relentless logic. True, his logic is of the topsy-turvy order, and at times reminds us strongly of *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, but in form, at least, it is very real and thorough-going. For instance, half a dozen men place their cargo on board the same junk. Each of those men, therefore, is captain of the junk as far as concerns that compartment where his own goods have been separately stored. Thus if the compartments be six the captains are six, and each captain has a sixth share of the vessel under his own command. The result of this equitable arrangement, as Mr. Thomson explains, is that the craft is sometimes required to travel in six different directions simultaneously and to stand for six different points at a time, and in the end the crew take the steering into their own hands or else consult Joss, who stands in his shrine in the cabin unmoved though tempests rage. The logic of the position taken up is unassailable, but it is the logic of "The Mikado," and Mr. Gilbert ought to have placed the scene of his masterpiece in China, not in Japan.

The parallel between the Egypt of Herodotus and the China of to-day, which we have already touched on, goes farther than might be imagined. Herodotus noted how often Egyptian customs were the precise reverse of those prevailing in Hellas. This is, of course, even more frequently the case with China and ourselves. At a Chinese fishshop you choose your fish alive in a tank. It is then caught and handed over to you. (Mr. Thomson calls it a "finny occupant"! ) The Canton boatwomen do not paint their faces. The Chinese, therefore, consider them of doubtful respectability. Your Chinese detective is a mere Jonathan Wild, who is acquainted with all the thieves, and takes a percentage from you for all property he traces. Should the thief be

not in the profession, so that he cannot be traced, the detective is whipped. Everybody gambles in China, both men and women. The pedlar is quite as willing to gamble with you for his goods as to sell them. When a husband cannot pay his wife's gambling debts he commits suicide. In almost every point Chinese ideas appear to be the precise contrary of our own, and always they are characterised by that queer half-humorous logic which is peculiar to this solemn race. Mr. Thomson has an observant eye for curious practices. He notes, for example, the Chinese custom of fishing with trained otters on the Upper Yangtze, or with cormorants, trained to dive and bring up fish for their owners on the River Min. He describes with considerable fulness the few remains of the famous Summer Palace which the Foreign Devils spared, and the photographs of these make one feel that too high a price may be paid even for the enforcement of treaties. To destroy this wonder of the world may have been war, but it was hardly magnificent, to invert a familiar phrase. It is impossible within the limits of a brief review to notice a tenth of the interesting things in Mr. Thomson's book, and our readers must read them for themselves. They will find it no unpleasant task.

#### JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN.

*Journalism for Women: a Practical Guide.*  
By E. A. Bennett. (John Lane.)

THIS clever little *brochure* is destined to teach woman how to be a journalist instead of a woman-journalist, and thus, incidentally, to lighten the editorial load. For its author is an editor; and as his paper is consecrated to the "forward, but not too fast," among the fair, one may take it that he knows his subject as well as a man may.

To gain a livelihood by forcing one's rosy fallacies upon the weary world is, according to Mr. Bennett, the whole duty of a journalist. It is better to be press-ridden than bored, so the average householder takes three papers with his morning coffee, and two before bed-time. If he springs with the light heart of illusion into the 9-15 train, let the journalist—he, she, or it—be praised. But the fabrication of rosy fallacies is an art—"it is the art of lending to people and events intrinsically dull an interest which does not properly belong to them." The ideal journalist is he who can gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; to whom naught is trivial, and nothing prosaic. To gild with words, to dress up the commonplace in the motley of romance, is his trade; and few there be who learn it. Of course, the great journalist, like the great poet or painter, is born for his craft. But most successful journalists are made by goodwill and experience. The majority of women journalists are, on the other hand, neither born nor made. Mr. Bennett, it would seem, has found a good many under gooseberry bushes, and is trying to incubate them. This is the

purpose of his book. A most excellent purpose—a most excellent book.

"In Fleet-street," the author remarks, "femininity is an absolution, not an accident." The woman journalist is forgiven much, not because, like the Magdalen, she loves much, but because she works hard and cheaply. It is true that she never—almost never—works well; but Mr. Bennett denies that her faults "are natural or necessary, or incurable, or meet to be condoned." "They are due," he opines, "not to sex, but to the subtle, far-reaching effects of early training . . . to an imperfect development of the sense of order, or to a certain lack of self-control." In the beginning and in the end she fails to realise that "business is business." She is unreliable in a profession whose success depends wholly upon undeviating regularity and constant co-operation. Above and beyond this is her "inattention to detail." Women enjoy a reputation for slipshod style. They have earned it. Mr. Bennett further states that very few of them can spell, and none of them can punctuate. Inaccuracy is, of course, a general human failing, but it is whacked out of most little boys in the schoolroom. It is not considered necessary to teach girls that carelessness in business spells ruin, so how can one expect them to have a nice sense of the parts of speech when they flutter into Fleet-street? Their style further suffers from a constitutional lack of restraint. It is like a garden wherein pied verbs and painted adjectives, like noxious weeds, abound. "Women," we are told, "have given up italics, but their writing is commonly marred by an undue insistence, a shrillness, a certain quality of multiloquence." To counteract this tendency, Mr. Bennett recommends "suitable moral and intellectual calisthenics," though what he means by this is not quite clear. The ensuing chapters, which are devoted to training up the aspirant in the way she should go, are, however, eminently lucid and practical. Though not precisely teaching journalism without tears, their counsel is grateful and comforting. That "the practice of journalism does not demand intellectual power beyond the endowment of the average clever brain" is an encouraging statement. To this the woman journalist may append the reflection that a few men journalists may be found in London who are conspicuous for quite remarkable incompetency. And, although there are no average women left, there are still a good many clever ones who would rather be journalists than wives—"what time their eyes are dry."

#### CANADA A NATION.

*A History of Canada.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

CANADA makes stronger appeal to us and is richer in heroic association and story and romance than any other part of the Western Hemisphere. The citadel of Quebec stands for memories sacred

alike for England and France and the United States. Wolfe died to win it, Montcalm died in vain to save it, and Montgomery threw away his life in trying to conquer it from the conquerors. And long before the days of Wolfe, England and France had battled there for the supremacy of the Western World, and Champlain had capitulated to Kirke. When, in 1632, the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye gave back Quebec to the French Monarchy, it was the beginning of a time made illustrious by the deeds of De la Tour and of Frontenac, known to this day as "the old lion of Canada." The pathetic expulsion of the people of Acadie was destined to have its counterpart when, after the Treaty of Versailles, the American Loyalists followed the flag across the border for the sake of an allegiance which had cost them all they possessed. Finally, no Canadian will forget the repulse of the invasion during the campaign of 1812, or the glorious field upon which Brock fell in the hour of his victory.

These are memories well calculated to keep alive the fire of patriotism, and to feed a full and rich national life. Yet it was left for the engineer to complete what generations of soldiers and administrators had failed to accomplish. It was the Trans-continental Railway which first awakened a national consciousness in Canada, and the sense of the nation's unity. In the few years since that great achievement, the Canadian Pacific Railway has worked this wonder—the creation of a single people out of the inhabitants of six separated provinces. The thought of the memories that lie behind in the past has strangely quickened the process, and no better evidence of the intensity of the feeling that Canada now stands for one of the free peoples of the earth could be desired than the volume before us. The passion of patriotism which vibrates through its pages has a certain quality of separateness which is directly born of the fact that here we have a nation young in years and old in traditions, a new people now consciously entering upon an ancient heritage of glory and romance.

The author is proud of all the men who have fought for the great prize of Canada, and is as ready to render justice to Champlain and Frontenac as to Wolfe or Sir Guy Carleton. However else they differed, the leading figures in the history of Canada are united in their common desire to serve her, and to be associated with her; and that suffices. With the element of partisanship quite banished from his pages Mr. Roberts tells his story quietly and lucidly, and in a way that does full justice to his theme: the travail and the birth of the Dominion. Incidentally we may note that the evidence accumulated in these pages of the constant employment of Indian allies on both sides during generations of war between England and France serves to diminish somewhat the horror of repentance with which we recall our forefathers' use of similar methods against their fellow countrymen a few years later.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*Prince Patrick: a Fairy Tale.* By Arnold Graves. (Downey & Co.)

THERE is a splendid eagle adventure in this fairy tale. Prince Patrick was ordered to prove his birth before he could be chosen taniat (heir to the throne) of Kerry; for he had been stolen from his cradle. So he went forth alone to find his foster-father, Teague, the flaiith (head man) of the village of Ballysallagh. On his way he became tired and weak, and a great eagle seized him, and flew with him to her nest, which was full of pecking, gawky eaglets; and away again to bid her husband to the feast. But when the eagles returned Patrick was not so much a meal as a prince, and he hurled his spear at the nearest bird. All bleeding, the eagle shot up into the "blue ether," clutching Patrick, who still held his spear. Then Patrick drove the weapon upward into the eagle's breast; and, the next moment, he was falling—alone—to the rocks.

"The poor boy felt that now his last moment had come, so, muttering a prayer, he shut his eyes and prepared for death. But just as a gorged gull will drop its prey, and another, swooping earthwards, will catch it in mid-air, so the still living eagle swooped after the falling Patrick, and just as he was within fifty feet of the rocks caught him in its talons and flew with him towards the lake. Then, hovering over the black waters, the angry bird began to strike at him with its beak. Poor Patrick had little strength or sense left, but still he clutched his sword. And thus it was that the eagle, striking at him, struck the sword; and the highly tempered blade, passing through its eye, entered its brain; and Patrick fell from its nerveless grasp into the deep waters of the lake beneath."

What he then did, let Irish boys, and others, find out for themselves. It is a bright, brave story, with the sea in it; and the Princess—ah, the Princess!—but we do not think that Mr. Graves should have made Patrick "bold with wine" when he kissed her for the first time. Surely love makes boys bold and girls willing.

*The Book of Glasgow Cathedral.* Edited by George Eyre Todd. (Morison Brothers.)

THIS nobly produced quarto volume is suitably named "the book of Glasgow Cathedral," for it is a compound of history, description, catalogues, &c., and is the work of several writers. Saint Kentigern was Bishop of Glasgow in the years 543 to 603; and he died in such a blaze of heavenly splendour—an angel appearing at his bedside—that his attendants were afraid. So shines Kentigern, and shines alone; for his successors are nameless until 1115, when John Achaius was appointed to the see by Prince David of Cumbria, afterwards King David I. Achaius began the Cathedral; his successors completed it. The administration of the Catholic bishops is fully treated by the editor; and the architectural history of the cathedral is related by Mr. John Honeyman. In the middle of the book we

have the story of Knox's hurricane movement, the signing of the Articles of the Congregation, the overturn of the bishopric, the destruction of the thirty-two altars of the cathedral, and the flight of Archbishop Beaton to France with the plate, the vestures, and the book. He never returned; the treasures were never seen again in Scotland. But that wave of prejudice and later waves are spent; and to-day Glasgow's cathedral is a shrine in which her worthiest citizens sleep, or are perpetuated by monuments and stained-glass windows. These windows and monuments are described by Mr. Stephen Adam and the Rev. P. M'Adam Muir in separate chapters. An historical chapter on the old castle of the bishops—which survives only in the name of Castlestreet—a catalogue of bishops, archbishops, and ministers, and a description of the ancient thirty-two altars, are among the other contents of this comprehensive and dignified work. Four photographs, and many "process" and line illustrations are mingled with the text.

*Records of Old Times.* By J. K. Fowler. (Chatto & Windus.)

THOSE who have read either of Mr. Fowler's previous books will rejoice to find that he is still spared to us and in his "anecdote." In the present volume he has given a more antiquarian turn than usual to many of his subjects—which, of course, relate mainly to Bucks and especially Aylesbury—but we must confess we prefer his own reminiscences to dry bones from Leland or Fuller. Many good stories are to be found in his latest book, much information on social and agricultural topics during the century, and (what lends a peculiar charm to its perusal) there is not a single word or anecdote from beginning to end likely to give pain to the most sensitive. Mr. Fowler is nothing if he be not optimistic, and pleasantly leads his reader onwards through politics, steeplechasing and hunting, to the end of his book, where occurs the apotheosis of English agriculture. "Let us do our best for this ennobling science," he sums up,

"and we may then see the exodus of the labourer from the country arrested, and the fearless, industrious and grateful countryman will again rally round the country parson, the country gentleman, and the British farmer; while the village tradesman and mechanic will become once more prosperous and happy, and continue to be, as they were in old times, the backbone of old England."

It is a gorgeous vision, a Tory paradise, resembles the conclusion of many speeches on Ireland's future happiness under Home Rule.

Whatever may be said of the morality of the raccourse at present, there is no doubt that it stands infinitely higher than it did in the days of our fathers, when the scandal of Running Rein and Leander in the Derby took place. Such a conspiracy would not be now for a moment tolerated, or even devised. Mr. Fowler tells the story again. The history of the once renowned Aylesbury Steeplechase is much better

worth recounting with the humours of the Oxonian undergraduates who naturally frequented it. The beauty of the Vale of Aylesbury as a hunting country leads to some pleasant hunting gossip. The repetitions in the book (of which there are several) are easily condoned, and if in one place Mr. Fowler ascribes the foundation of Eton to Henry III., in another chapter the "distant spires,"

"Where grateful science still adores,  
Her Henry's holy shade,"

are ascribed to the proper king. Perhaps the best chapter in this book treats of old inns and the manner in which they were connected with the coaches and post-horse business. Modern travel in the express has entirely lost the leisurely picturesqueness which marked our fathers' mode of journeying, and reminiscences of what may be called the Dickens style of travelling are always welcomed.

More careful editing would have improved the book. There are several English solecisms, so that we can the less wonder at the usual Latin misquotation, "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur." "Fontalia" for "fontinalia" is also venial. Again, the old-fashioned brown pheasants are not "nearly given up" by breeders, but are almost extinct; having been exterminated by the numerous breeds which have been introduced from Japan, and by the Siberian pheasant. These have frequently left a white ring on their offsprings' necks.

*The Franks.* By Lewis Sergeant. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IN the complex amalgam which goes to the making of the nations of modern Europe, many another race or nation is lost to the view of all but the historian. Of all the races which went to the building up of the France and Germany of to-day none was more important than the Franks, who ran their meteor-like course in the dying days of the Roman Empire and then disappeared as suddenly as they arose, leaving, however, an ineffaceable mark on the face of the Europe of their own and modern time. Their history lies buried in the colossal work of Gibbon, which nowadays is more often quoted than read, and so Mr. Lewis Sergeant has done us a service in writing this monograph.

The Franks were first mentioned about 260 A.D. and were probably the descendants of Caesar's Sigimbrians with a Roman nickname. At first, these German tribes were held in check, but when aliens became Emperors of Rome they broke the frontier, and for the next two hundred years continually fought with the legions. The first important appearance of the Franks in history is when, under Merowig, they fought in the army of Aëtius against Attila at Chalons in 451. Thirty years later Merowig's grandson, Clovis, established the Frankish monarchy in Gaul, and then for four hundred years his descendants ruled

over the nation, the height of power being reached in the reign of Charlemagne, who in 800 A.D. was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III. before the high altar of St. Peter's. It was a great proof of the eternal vitality of Rome that the descendants of the men who fought in the van of Teutonism against the Cæsars, were in 800 the undisputed masters of Gaul and Italy, while their chieftain had no higher ambition than to call himself Roman Emperor and to identify himself and his followers with the Latin Empire which they had replaced. It was their turn now to represent law and learning and to endeavour to stay the flood which was pouring in from the north. When Charlemagne died his empire fell to pieces under the hands of his incapable successors, and soon the Frankish nation disappeared and became merged in the modern nations of France and Germany. The story of the Franks is really a side issue of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and would have been more lucid had it been told with greater brevity and conciseness. An abundance of detail occasionally obscures the scanty history of the Franks, but, on the whole, Mr. Lewis Sergeant has done his work well.

*Dr. W. Moon and his Work for the Blind.*  
By John Rutherford. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IT has been given to few men to confer such lasting benefit on so large a section of society as has been accomplished by Dr. William Moon in the invention and application of his embossed type for the blind. Various systems were in use long before his time. He himself writes, in 1873: "More than three centuries have elapsed since the first attempt was made to provide means by which the blind could read; and it is about ninety years since books were first printed for them." But the learning of all previous types was attended with great difficulty. Dr. Moon, who himself became blind at the age of twenty-one, and whose infirmity, instead of depressing and stultifying his naturally strong mental faculties, seemed rather to quicken them, turned his attention to the best means of helping the blind, with the eager sympathy born of fellow feeling. He formed classes for teaching, and it was in thus teaching that he learned the need of a simpler form of type. "The difficulties which I experienced in teaching my pupils led me to devise the easier plan before referred to, and by it a lad who had in vain for five years endeavoured to learn by the other system, could in ten days read easy sentences." He, with the co-operation of Miss Graham, began "Home Teaching for the Blind," and the society so started has been an incalculable blessing to the afflicted poor. The new system made rapid progress, and the number of languages to which Dr. Moon ultimately adapted his alphabet was four hundred and seventy-six. Dr. Moon died in 1894, in his seventy-sixth year, leaving the testimony, that "God gave me blindness as a talent to be used for His glory. Without blindness I should never have been able to see the needs of the blind."

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE GIRL AT COBHURST. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

There is a blessed certainty of humour and well-drawn character in any story by Mr. Stockton. Here he turns from the romantic-scientific vein of *The Great Stone of Sardis* to quietness and domesticity. We have a pair of lovers, a delightfully original match-making old maid, and a doctor and his wife, whose conjugal relations make good reading. (Cassell & Co. 408 pp. 6s.)

SOWING THE SAND. BY FLORENCE HENNIKER.

A clever story, by the author of *In Scarlet and Grey*, showing how Charley Crespin, the son of a rich manufacturer, would not be restrained from entering the Army—whither he took the adoring good wishes of his sister, Mildred (the heroine), and of his parents. How Charley fell into the hands of the "notorious Mrs. Eden," and returned home with a suicidal wound on his temple, to patch up his life and live in rather inglorious comfort and respectability, is the main story. (Harper & Brothers. 231 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE CONCERT-DIRECTOR. BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A strong story, showing how an *impresario* bribed a Greek Jew to bring back his *prima donna*, the Princess Tarasca, who, on the death of her husband, had resolved to enter a convent. The Jew's plan is to marry the widow first. (Macmillan & Co. 307 pp. 6s.)

SONS OF ADVERSITY. BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

A romance of Elizabethan days, mainly concerned with the defence of Leyden against the Spanish. The clash of steel alternates with the words of lovers—and all is brave. "See you these candlesticks, shipmate," says one; "once they graced the cabin of the *San Rafael*, of Coruña; now, you see, they light poor British seamen to their liquor. Which thing, comrade, is an allegory." It is before the Armada! (Methuen & Co. 309 pp. 6s.)

REGINA; OR, THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. BY HERMANN SUDERMANN.

A powerful and very deliberate tragedy; the scene laid in East Prussia; the time, the breathing space of Napoleon's imprisonment in Elba. The lines upon which the drama is built are precisely those suggested by the English title; Regina is one victim, and there is another. "The Cats' Bridge"—a secret pass by which the German force was treacherously surprised—gives its name to the German version of the novel. Miss Beatrice Marshall—a daughter of the well-known writer of stories for young people—is the translator, and on the whole Herr Sudermann may consider himself fortunate. (John Lane. 347 pp. 6s.)

A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE. BY JOHN BERWICK.

The philosopher, who writes in the first person, is a professional letter-writer in the little Italian town of Soloporto on the Canale Grande. We move among wherry and felucca folk, Dalmatian coasters and Sicilian craft, fruit barges and quayside *cafés*. The philosopher adjusts and conducts many romances, but himself achieves only the happiness of leaving life's turmoil behind him and chewing "the bitter-sweet herb of experience." (Macmillan & Co. 265 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FAMILY, AND OTHER STORIES. BY ANNIE S. SWAN, AND OTHERS.

The family will enjoy them, we have no doubt. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.)

THE ST. CADIX CASE. BY ESTHER MILLER.

A Cornish story in which love runs to marriage through the rough experience of a murder trial. The heroine, thrown suddenly by the death of her father among rough-mannered relatives, is wooed and married almost forcibly by her cousin, Jim Hendra, who is murdered on the day he marries her. By the way, we are not aware that a judge, when passing sentence on a murderer, says, "Till you be dead—dead—dead." He is usually satisfied that the criminal should be dead once. (A. D. Innes & Co. 376 pp. 6s.)

LIFE'S WHEEL. BY LOLA MORLEY.

A long novel, full of novelette sentiments and incidents. The hero is Lord Roy Alderleigh, and we are not permitted to forget it. "Lord Roy Alderleigh came down to breakfast. . . . For a moment Lord Roy Alderleigh stood in silence. . . . Lord Roy Alderleigh glanced up quickly." And there are mysteries, and birth-marks, and detectives forestalled by death, and many other things before Lord Roy, "handsome and strong, with the deep love-light still in his eyes," rose in his carriage to thank the tenantry for their reception of himself and the duchess at the old manor. (Digby Long & Co. 308 pp. 6s.)

WHERE THREE CREEDS MEET. BY J. CAMPBELL OMAN.

This is a story, partaking of the nature of a series of sketches, of modern Indian village life. The rivalries of Hindoo and Mussulman supply much of the groundwork of the plot. There is a strong love-story, and Mr. Oman makes the village of Mozung and its affairs—even the games of its children on the *maidan*—very real. (Grant Richards. 224 pp. 6s.)

THE LAST LEMURIAN. BY G. FIRTH SCOTT.

A West Australian romance. The Lemurian figures as a gigantic Yellow Queen, who stalks the night mourning the death of her mate—the bunyip—"monarch of all pools and waters . . . and the chosen of the reptiles . . . who comes but once in the lifetime of a moon to view the world." The juxtaposition of repeating rifles and phantasmal game of the "bunyip" order should be effective—with boys. (James Bowden. 339 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ENTANGLEMENTS. BY FRANCIS PREVOST.

Mr. Prevost is a conscientious artist. He showed himself that in *False Dawn* and *Rust of Gold*; he does so again in these five short stories. The first is a love-story, in which a chivalrous girl holds a revolver at the head of the man who she believes has wronged her girl friend. The dialogue during this bad quarter of an hour is the story, and it is a firm piece of work with the right upshot—revolver upshot and matrimonial. (Service & Paton. 204 pp. 3s. 6d.)

AN ANGEL OF PITY. BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Miss Marryat's eighteenth (we think it is her eighteenth) novel is written to expose vivisection and the experimental treatment of dying patients in our hospitals. In an Author's Note we are bidden to send for certain pamphlets which will confirm Miss Marryat's testimony. The heroine is a sympathetic and observant nurse with a knowledge of medicine. (Hutchinson & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

HER LADYSHIP'S ELEPHANT. BY DAVID DWIGHT WELLS.

A farcical little story of several men and women who, by railway and other indiscretions, become seriously misassorted. Also of an elephant who wandered promiscuously in the grounds of an English country house, and of what he thought and did there. The story is, perhaps, hardly so overpoweringly mirthful as the ingenious chapter-headings might give you to understand, but it is funny in spots. (Heinemann. 259 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## OF NECESSITY.

By H. M. GILBERT.

Islington, Camberwell, Kennington, Brixton; upholsterers, journeymen jewellers, law-writers; the decivilised cockney host at home. Stories, these, of mean dissipation and strong selfishness on the one hand; on the other, of impotent prayers and lachrymose remonstrance. A world in which evil is a positive essence, good a mere negation. Ugly enough and heartily depressing in its result, the work seems seriously and conscientiously done. (John Lane. 276 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## REUBEN DEAN.

By WILLIAM LESLIE LOW.

We should call this a boy's story. Reuben Dean as boy lover-soldier dominates the book. In fact, every illustration is entitled simply "Reuben Dean," with a reference to a page of the text. The fighting is done on the Indian frontier. (Olyphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 304 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

By MARGUERITE BRYANT.

A story of a young lady who acted and of several men, to some of whom she was more or less betrothed, and of a quarter of a million, and of a father fraudulently routed out of a captivity of eighteen years to enter into the inheritance. It may sound tangled, but in that it does no injustice to the story. The confusion seems to be confounded with some dexterity. (A. D. Innes. 424 pp.—no less. 6s.)

## GLADLY, MOST GLADLY.

By NONNA BRIGHT.

A collection of short stories, appropriate to the bookshelves of the convent school. They are rather pretty ones. (Burns & Oates. 208 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Open Boat; and other Stories.* By Stephen Crane.  
(Heinemann.)

HERE is Mr. Crane again: this time with a volume made up out of odds and ends; excellent odds, laudable ends. He is the same Mr. Crane we know: when he is objective a cinematograph, astonishing in spite of the drawbacks incidental to a machine in the process of evolution; when he is in the subjective realm, where as often as not he delights to be, the analytical chemist of the subconscious and the occasional betrayer of the night side of heroism. In this capacity it is his function to tell us what a man thinks when he thinks he is thinking of nothing, or of something else. And this is a task of singular difficulty, because, in order successfully to perform it, the observer, having but one subject to experiment upon—himself—has first of all to set himself thinking vacuity and then to think how he thinks it; and this demands a clear head. To exemplify Mr. Crane, first, in his objective mood, here is an occasional interlude:

"The kids said: 'Well, so long, old man.' They went to a table and sat down. They ordered a salad. They were always ordering salads. This was because one kid had a wild passion for salads and the other didn't care. So at any hour of the day they might be seen ordering a salad. When this one came they went into a sort of consultation session. It was a very long consultation. Men noted it. Occasionally the kids laughed in supreme enjoyment of something unknown. The low rumble of wheels came from the streets. Often could be heard the parrot-like cries of distant vendors. The sunlight streamed through the green curtains, and made little amber-coloured flitterings on the marble floor. High up among the severe decorations of the ceiling—reminiscent of the days when the great building was a palace—a small white butterfly was wending through the cool air spaces. The long billiard hall led back to a vague gloom. The balls were always clicking, and one could see countless crooked elbows."

From *The Open Boat* comes the following example of the author in his capacity of analyst of the subconscious; and it is fair to premise that, standing alone, it gives but a faint notion of the curious and convincing scrutiny to which, through some forty pages, the minds of the crew are subjected:

"'If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?'"

To chime in with the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind:

'A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of women's nursing, there was dearth of women's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."'

In his childhood the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, sorrowful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay out, straight and still, while his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life; the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance a city of low, square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying at Algiers."

There is Mr. Crane's most personal note. It may or may not be great art, but we jump to a recognition of it as an expression of truth. And no one has done the thing just that way before. Therefore, one may say of him what can be said of but few of the men and women who write prose fiction: that he is not superfluous.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Between Sun and Sand.* By William Charles Scully.  
(Methuen.)

WEARIED of drawing-room analytics and the problems of civilisation, you may breathe refreshment from the open-air outdoor life and simple emotions with which Mr. Scully deals. The opening of *Between Sun and Sand* is, perhaps, a little too minutely descriptive of South African fauna and flora; but that is a natural and excusable failing when the setting of the story is so little known to the Mudie subscriber. The manners portrayed are primitive, the characters, with rare exceptions, unpleasing, and the scenery monotonous. Yet the book holds you by its free movement, and the large simplicity of its design. *Between Sun and Sand* is the substantial story: "Noquala's Cattle," a description of the rinderpest, forms a not uninteresting make-weight. The Trek-Boers are the nomadic Dutch inhabitants of Bushmanland, a tract of arid country lying south of the Orange River. Their wealth lies in their flocks and herds, and they wander from place to place on the track of the storms which yield scanty and all-precious water. According to Mr. Scully, the Trek-Boer is not an attractive gentleman, being incredibly ignorant, untruthful, lazy, dirty, and cunning. His virtues consist in his hospitality and his trustfulness when once his confidence has been bestowed. He lives in a mat house which can be packed up in five minutes, and owns a waggon in which to follow the spring-buck, the annual harvest of which supplies his meat for the year. Susannah was a good-looking she Trek-Boer and had a Jewish lover, Max Steinmetz, who kept a general shop in the village of Namies. These two supply the small spice of love-making in the story, which is more concerned with the equally primitive pursuits of hunting and murdering, varied by a little civilised money-grubbing on the part of the Jews. A pathetic and picturesque figure is the Hottentot, Gert Gemsbok, cruelly kicked to death by a Boer at the instigation of Max's brother, Nathan Steinmetz.

"This Hottentot was an artist carrying in his heart a spark of that quality which we call genius, and which might be called the flower that bears the pollen which fertilises the human mind, and without which the soul of man would not exist, nor would his understanding have sought for aught beyond the satisfaction of his material senses. Gert Gemsbok was a musician. His instrument was of a kind which is in more or less common use among the Hottentots, and which is known as a 'ramkee.' The ramkee is very like a banjo rudely constructed. In the hands of a skilful player its tones may be pleasing to the ear. One peculiarity of the performance is that a great deal of the fingering—if one may use the



term—is done with the chin. There are usually four strings, but some instruments contain as many as seven.

In Gert Gembok's ramkee the drum was made from a cross section of an ebony log, which had been hollowed out with infinite labour until only a thin cylinder of hard, sonorous wood was left. Across this was stretched the skin of an antelope, and inside were several layers of gum—this for the sake of enriching the tone. The bridge was the breast-bone of a wild goose. The strings were made of the sinews of a number of wild animals, selected after a long series of experiments as to their respective suitability to the different parts of the gamut.'

*Between Sun and Sand* can be recommended to anyone who appreciates the art of a well-written, vigorous narrative, and whose tongue or imagination can get round such names as Schalk Haltingh, Zingelagahle, and "gqira."

\* \* \* \* \*

*His Grace o' the Gunne.* By J. Hooper.  
(Adam and Charles Black.)

*His Grace o' the Gunne* carries us back to the days when highway robbery was considered a not wholly unsatisfactory career for impecunious younger sons. The hero of this story of 1664 claims gentle blood from the father whom he never knew, and to whose name he has no right. His mother sells him at the age of five to be trained as a thief. Fortune has so far favoured him as to endow him with a handsome face and a bold and daring character, combined with a gentlemanly bearing which fits him for the higher branches of his profession. For these reasons he is chosen as a tool by my Lord Lulworth, whose intentions are thus described :

" 'Look you, Kirke,' said Flemming ; ' this noble gentleman is my Lord Lulworth. His lordship hath a young cousin left in his ward, a lad of some six or seven years. The child is very sickly, and my lord would send him a tutor.'

He paused. I stared at him in great surprise.  
'The young gentleman is the son of my lord's uncle, on the mother's side, and he will succeed to fair estates in the West. But if the poor babe should not live, then faith! the estates would come unto my lord.'

He looked at me and smiled.  
'And my lord would have a tutor to care for the young gentleman,' I said, 'so that learning may preserve his life?'

'Aye,' answered Flemming, 'or end it.'  
'Speak plainly, Dickon,' said my lord. 'This knave will not need nice dealing. Fellow, this child is a cripple, and is like to be sickly all his life, be it long or short. A pure young soul is better in heaven. By God's grace, I purpose to send it there. He is in the care of his mother's schoolmate, Madam Catherine Challoner, of Pyne. I propose to send you thither as a young gentleman of good family, but poor estate, who purposeth to be a parson. When there you shall have your orders. Carry them out well, and you shall have a hundred pounds; bungle, and you shall swing.'

'My lord,' said I proudly, 'I do not bungle at my trade.'

With this commission Lurlin Kirke sets forth. How he is transformed by love is shown in the working out of the story, which is well told and full of excitement.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Against the Tide.* By Mary Angela Dickens.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

A CHILD'S passionate, undisciplined love for her twin brother the brother's preference for his elder and less emotional sister, and the jealousy roused by such conditions, form the groundwork of this tragic story. The tale opens on the eve of the elder sister's marriage. Accident leads to the child overhearing a conversation between the bridegroom-elect and his best man, from which she learns that there is urgent reason why the marriage should not take place. At the time she is racked with jealousy of her sister, convinced that it is only her presence that makes her brother so indifferent to her, and longing for the marriage that shall leave her in full possession of her brother. She is aware that she ought to make known what she has heard, but the bitter jealousy will not let her speak. The marriage takes place, and for eight years all seems to go well; but at the end of that period the married couple, who have hitherto lived abroad, the husband holding a diplomatic appointment, return home, and the child, grown into a woman of disciplined character, the heroine of the book, finds herself, as the outcome of her childish jealousy, involved, together with those she loves, in a whirl of troubles, becoming more and more tragic as the story develops.

The characters are portrayed with a firm touch and are convincing, and the story is one that arrests and holds the attention. The harsher features of the book are softened by the love story of blind David Frere and the heroine, Hilary Cheslyn, though the circumstances under which it is developed and the incidents that threaten to destroy it are of the most sombre character. There is more than a slight touch of melodrama in the book, but it is eminently readable.

A SHEAF OF MAXIMS.

UNDER the title *Leaders in Literature* (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier), Mr. P. Wilson—a writer whose name is new to us—has put forth nine lively essays on Emerson, Carlyle, Lowell, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and John Ruskin. Mr. Wilson's style is easy and colloquial, and his matter, if not particularly illuminative, is at least sincere. One of the features of his book is the collection of maxims or aphorisms from the writings of Emerson, Lowell, George Eliot, and Ruskin.

EMERSON.

"Emerson's sayings," says Mr. Wilson, "are like bits of broken glass. His style has been called 'a difficult staccato.' He is nothing if not epigrammatic; he is oracular, and is so purposely. Let the following suffice as illustrating his tendency to epigram":

Everyone can do his best things easiest.  
Right Ethics are central, and go from the soul outwards.  
We must not be sacks and stomachs.  
Life is a sincerity.  
Great is Drill.  
Hitch your waggon to a star.  
Difference from me is the measure of absurdity.  
Every hero becomes a bore at last.  
You are you, and I am I, and so we remain.  
Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato.  
All things are double, one against another.  
The Devil is an ass.

LOWELL.

"Many of Lowell's utterances are proverbial, full of uncommon common sense. Here are a few proverbs, picked out of his writings":

One learns more Metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the Philosophers.  
It needs good optics to see what is not to be seen.  
All Deacons are good, but there's odds in Deacons.  
To be misty is not to be a mystic.  
Clerical unction in a vulgar nature easily degenerates into greasiness.  
The world never neglects a man's power, but his weaknesses, and especially his publishing them.  
Real sorrows are uncomfortable things, but purely æsthetic ones are by no means uncomfortable.  
'Truth is the only unrepealable thing.  
Treason against the ballot-box is as dangerous as treason against a throne.  
The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.  
The only argument with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.  
It is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down.  
Don't never prophesy unless you know.  
That is best blood that hath most iron in't.  
A world, made for whatever else, not made for mere enjoyment.  
Nothing pays but God.

GEORGE ELIOT.

From George Eliot's works Mr. Wilson quotes rather oddly :  
A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.  
Miss Jermyn is vulgarity personified, with large feet, and the most odious scent on her handkerchief, and a bonnet that looks like the fashion printed in capital letters.  
Esther went to meet Felix in prison; they looked straight into each other's eyes, as angels do when they tell the truth.  
I like to differ from everybody; I think it is so stupid to agree.  
He was short—just above my shoulder—but he tried to make himself tall by turning up his moustache and keeping his beard long.  
You let the Bible alone; you have got a jest-book, haven't you, as you read, and are proud on—keep your dirty fingers to that.

To hear some preachers, you'd think that a man must be doing nothing all's life but shutting's eyes and looking what's a-going on inside him. I know a man must have the love of God in his soul, and the Bible's God's word, but what does the Bible say? It says that God put His sperrit into the workman as built the tabernacle, to make all the carved work, and things as wanted a nice hand: this is my way of looking at it. There's the sperrit of God, in all things and all times, week-day as well as Sunday, and in the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and mechanics.

I'll stick up for the pretty woman preachers; I know they'd persuade me a deal sooner than ugly men.

I am afraid the drink helped the brook to drown him.

Two things cannot be hidden—love and a cough.

If I am not as wise as the three kings, I know how many legs go into one boot.

Savonarola tells the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs.

If you want to step into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself.

As Voltaire said, "Incantations will destroy a flock of sheep if administered with a certain quantity of arsenic."

Upon my word, I think the truth is the hardest missile one can be pelted with.

Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Of Ruskin's epigrams Mr. Wilson gives the following specimens:

The most beautiful things in the world are the most useless—peacocks and lilies, for instance.

There is material enough in a single flower for the ornamenting of a score of cathedrals.

To be baptized with fire, or to be cast into it, is the choice set before all men.

I believe that stars and boughs and leaves and bright colours are everlastingly lovely.

I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they lose.

Nothing must come between Nature and the artist's sight.

Nothing must come between God and the artist's soul.

To paint water is like trying to paint a soul.

To live is nothing, unless to live he to know Him by whom we live.

No royal road to anywhere worth going to.

To see clearly is Poetry, Prophecy, and Religion.

The sky is not blue colour only; it is blue fire, and cannot be painted.

When you have got too much to do, don't do it.

Women and clergy are in the habit of using pretty words without understanding them.

If you can paint a leaf you can paint the world.

Anybody who makes Religion a second object makes Religion no object.

He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.

### GLADSTONE AND THE "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

MR. J. B. GREENWOOD sends the following letter to the *Manchester Guardian*:

I make no apology for transcribing Mr. Gladstone's acknowledgment of the copy of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" sent to him by Mr. Lawrence Dillon, of our Reference Library—to whom General Gordon's sister sent a *facsimile* of the scored copy inscribed to "Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon, 18 February, '84," as set forth in Mr. C. W. Sutton's letter, which appeared in your columns September 11, 1888. I have Mr. Dillon's sanction for giving publicity to this letter:

"Dear Sir,—In the interim you describe I must thank you for the 'Dream of Gerontius.' I rejoice to see on it, 'Twenty-fourth edition.' It originally came into the world in grave-clothes, swaddled, that is to say, in the folds of the anonymous, but it has now fairly burst them, and will, I hope, take and hold its place in the literature of the world.—Your very faithful and obt.,  
"6, 29, 88." (Signed) "W. E. GLADSTONE.

The scored copy referred to above was forwarded by poor Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent, who very shortly afterwards was murdered, to his sister in Dublin, with these words:—"DEAREST M.,—I send you this little book which General Gordon has given

me. The pencil-marking throughout is his.—FRANK POWER, Khartoum." This tiny, well-thumbed 12mo copy Miss Power forwarded to Cardinal Newman, who replied: "Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that, the description of a soul preparing for death. I send it back to you with my heartfelt thanks, by this post, in a registered cover. It is additionally precious as having Mr. Power's writing in it." The deep incisive pencil marks drawn under certain lines, almost all of which refer to death, and cry for the prayers of friends, are touching in the extreme. "Pray for me, O my friends!" "'Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers—'tis he." "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray!" "Use well the interval!" "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled." The last words underlined before he gave the book to young Power are these:

"Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear;  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow!"

### THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

- Q. Who is this Omar, anyhow?  
A. Omar was a Persian.
- Q. Yes?  
A. A philosopher and a poet, and a tent-maker, and an astronomer.
- Q. When?  
A. At about the time that William II. and Henry I. were reigning here.
- Q. And what did he write?  
A. He wrote rubaiyat.
- Q. Ru—?  
A. Rubaiyat—stanzas. A "rubai" is a stanza.
- Q. What are they about?  
A. Oh, love and paganism, and roses and wine.
- Q. How jolly! But isn't some of it rather steep?  
A. Well, it's Persian, you see.
- Q. And these Omarians, as members of the Omar Club call themselves; I suppose they go in for love and paganism and roses and wine too?  
A. A little; as much as their wives will let them.
- Q. Wives?  
A. Yes; they're mostly married. You see, Omar serves as an excuse for meeting more than anything else.
- Q. But they know Persian, of course?  
A. No; they use translations.
- Q. Are there many translations?  
A. Heaps. A new one every day.
- Q. Which is the best, the most O. K.  
A. FitzGerald's is the most poetical. But John Payne's, just published by the Villon Society, is completest. And you can also have Whinfield's, and McCarthy's, and Heron-Allen's, and—
- Q. No; I don't want them all. I think I'll join the fashion, and make a version for myself.
- A. It will give the Club fits.
- Q. Fitz?—They ought to like that.
- A. No; they'll bar you evermore.
- Q. All right, then, I'll stop where I am. So long as the mater's as decent with coin as she now is, I'll have an Owe Ma Club of my own. To change the subject, I see that the definitive edition of Byron is coming out.
- A. Yes.
- Q. Does that mean the last?  
A. It ought to.
- Q. And is it complete?  
A. Quite.
- Q. But will that do? Wasn't he awfully improper?  
A. He was—once.
- Q. Not now?  
A. Oh, no, we don't mind Byron now.
- Q. But how about Don Juan in the harem, and Catherine of Russia, and the Duchess of Fitz Fulke, and—?  
A. Here, I say, you oughtn't to know all that.
- Q. And—?  
A. S-h-h-h-h!

From "Books of To-day." Edited by Arthur Pendenys.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN the preface to the new volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron, the editor, Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, pays the following generous tribute to the editor of the rival edition:

"No one can regret more sincerely than myself—no one has more cause to regret—the circumstances which placed this wealth of new material in my hands rather than in those of the true poet and brilliant critic, who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide acquaintance with the literature and social life of the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and significance to bygone events or trivial details by unconsciously interesting his readers in his own living personality."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new novel will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. on June 10. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has been fixed upon for the title of the story, which deals partly with social Catholic life in the north of England.

MR. MEREDITH'S Selected Poems appear this week while their author is making one of his rare visits to London. Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. have contrived a pretty little pocket-book of the collection in brown paper covers with parchment backing. As the selection has been made under the supervision of the author, Meredithians may care to see a list of the contents:

Woodland Peace. The Lark Ascending. The Orchard and the Heath. Seed-time. Outer and Inner. Wind on the Lyre. Dirge in Woods. Change in Recurrence. Hard Weather. The South-Wester. The Thrush in February. Tardy Spring. Breath of the Briar. Young Reynard. Love in the Valley. Marian. Hymn to Colour. Mother to Babe. Night of Frost in May. Whimper of Sympathy. A Ballad of Past Meridian. Phoebus with

Admetus. Melampus. The Appeasement of Demeter. The Day of the Daughter of Hades. The Young Princess. The Song of Theodolinda. The Nuptials of Attila. Penetration and Trust. Lucifer in Starlight. The Star Sirius. The Spirit of Shakespeare. The Spirit of Shakespeare (continued). The World's Advance. Earth's Secret. Sense and Spirit. Grace and Love. Winter Heavens. Modern Love. Juggling Jerry. The Old Chartist. Martin's Puzzle. A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt. The Woods of Westernmain.

In this volume Mr. Meredith has retained four only of the fifty "Modern Love" sonnets—Nos. 16, 43, 47, and the last.

KIRKCONNEL Churchyard, in Dumfriesshire, famous as the scene of the tragedy described in the well-known Border ballad of "Fair Helen"—referred to in the ACADEMY last week as "so fierce and loving, desolate and defiant, a cry imperishable and perfect"—is at present the subject of a curious dispute. Mr. J. E. Johnson-Ferguson, M.P., who some time ago purchased the estate of Springkell (formerly Kirkconnel) from Sir John Heron-Maxwell, claims the sole right to grant or refuse permission to bury in the picturesque little churchyard. His claims, however, are disputed, and, indeed, two burials have been made in defiance of a notice he has posted up. Legal proceedings are to be taken in the Scottish courts, it is understood, and there will be some knotty points for the lawyers.

"FAIR HELEN," the heroine of the ballad, is buried in Kirkconnel Churchyard, side by side with her lover, Adam Fleming. Two flat slabs mark the spot where they lie, and a sandstone cross, about fifty yards from the graves, marks the place where the tragedy is supposed to have occurred. It was in the churchyard, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle, that Helen and her lover, obliged to meet in secret, held their stolen interviews, and it was while they were walking there that Fleming's rival appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and Helen, throwing herself in front of her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms, "on fair Kirkconnel Lee."

THE verses that follow have come such a long way—from a ranch in New Mexico—that we have not the heart to refuse them. Besides, they are rather nice:

"And are they curst or are they blest,  
The segregate, whose souls are stirred  
To sadness by the fading west,  
To rapture by the lilting bird?"

Who feel a spirit's fingers drawn  
Across their heart-strings as they mark  
The crescent glories of the dawn,  
The flashing diamonds of the dark:

Who see in Nature Nature's God  
Revealed, and worship at the shrines  
That consecrates the golden rod  
And sanctifies the columbine?

Who shall decide? Not they who count  
The gains of life by put and call,  
And reckon the exact amount  
Of horse-power in the waterfall:

Who see so many cubic feet  
Of lumber in the sailing pine,  
Who dream of corners in the wheat,  
Of loss or profit in the mine.

Each with the other wages strife,  
Each nourishes his native grudge;  
The Farmer of the field of Life  
Who sowed the seed alone can judge."

THE Press View of the International Art Exhibition, at Knightsbridge, is fixed for to-day (Saturday); the Private View for Monday.

No. 5 of the *Dome*, just issued, is quite a distinguished little number, for it contains ten poems by singers of such note as Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Arthur Symons, and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Mr. Francis Thompson has written a Tom o' Bedlam's song "round" certain selected verses from the well-known mad song in *Wit and Drollery*, beginning "From the Hag and Hungry Goblin," &c. Mr. Housman's poem is entitled "The Prison Tree." Mr. Arthur Symons, in a "Prologue: Before the Theatre," pleads for the actors:

"How well we play our parts! Do you ever guess,  
You as you sit on the footlights' fortunate side,  
That we, we haply falter with weariness,  
And haply the cheeks are pale that the blush-paints hide,  
And haply we crave to be gone from out of your sight,  
And to say to the Author: O our master and friend,  
Dear Author, let us off for a night, one night!  
Then we will come back, and play our parts to the end?"

Mr. W. B. Yeats sends three songlets, Celtic in every word, entitled "Aodh to Deictora."

THE Unicorn Press, whence the *Dome* emanates, is now the custodian of the *Yellow Book's* yellow. The *Dome* is issued in a rather happy combination of this colour with brown paper. But yellow—the utter yellow which contiguity with black alone can give—is the colour note of another "Unicorn" publication, *A Book of Images*, by W. T. Horton and W. B. Yeats. This book will not be generally understood of the people. Mr. Horton's symbolical drawings have—some of them—a certain beauty and fascination. They are weird and imaginative and black. Mediaeval towns and streets and city spires are their commoner themes, but we have also "The Path to the Moon," which we observe is a zigzag cliff path; and in such drawings as "Sancta Dei Genitrix," "Ascending into Heaven," and "Rosa Mystica" we have Christian symbolism of the kind which Blake produced. Mr. Horton belongs, we are told, to "The Brotherhood of the New Life," which finds the way to God in waking dreams." These are Mr. Horton's dreams, and naturally they mean more to him than they do to anyone else. Sometimes Mr. Horton produces an effect that is in-

teresting to the lay mind, as in his drawing "The Viaduct." Here in blackest silhouette we have a long receding line of crazy chimney-pots, from out of which there issues the fine, firm viaduct on which a train is rumbling. This symbolises a good deal even to those who are not Brothers of the New Life. "The Old Pier," too, tells its story, and "Notre Dame de Paris" is impressive. In brief, we like Mr. Horton's drawings best when we understand them most.

MR. LE GALLIENNE, who is now living in America, has written the following War Poem, which is published in *Collier's Weekly*:

"WAR POEM.

Strike for the Anglo-Saxon!  
Strike for the Newer Day!

O strike for Heart and strike for Brain,  
And sweep the Beast away.

Not only for our sailors,  
The heroes of the *Maine*,  
But strike for all the victims  
Of Moloch-minded Spain.

Not only for the Present,  
But all the bloody Past,  
O strike for all the martyrs  
That have their hour at last.

Old stronghold of the Darkness,  
Come, ruin it with light!  
It is no fight of small revenge,  
'Tis an immortal fight.

Spain is an ancient dragon,  
That all too long hath curled  
Its coils of blood and darkness  
About the new-born world.

Think of the Inquisition!  
Think of the Netherlands!  
Yea, think of all Spain's bloody deeds  
In many times and lands.

And let no feeble pity  
Your sacred arms restrain,  
This is God's mighty moment  
To make an end of Spain."

THE Booksellers' Dinner, held last Saturday at the Holborn Restaurant, produced a great deal of light and airy opinion about books, authorship, and the future of literature. We doubt if anything of much value emerged from the talk. But our readers may judge for themselves. Here are some of the chairman's, Mr. Bryce's, *obiter dicta*:

"The test of the intellectual level of a town is to be found in the number and contents of the shelves of the booksellers' shops.

I have found no persons who are such capable critics as those who sell books.

The writing of books is an epidemic—an epidemic of increasing violence. Can nothing be done to check literary composition?

The mildness of modern criticism may account for the boldness with which people rush into print.

The vehement publication of newspapers and magazines is an evil: can nothing be done to stop people reading them?

Away with the Circulating Library.

Books ought to be cheaper. The first generation of authors may be losers, but let the heroic suffer.

The best books have been produced with no thought of profit."

MR. I. ZANOWILL gave the toast of "The Trade," which he considered was really the toast of the evening. The *Daily Chronicle*

picked out of it the following, among other, happy remarks:

"I once met a lady in an omnibus, who said to me 'Are you Mr. Zangwill? I said I was. She said, 'I have read one of your works six times.' 'Madam,' I replied, 'I had rather heard that you had bought six copies.'

It is a mistake to suppose that literary men do not want money. They do not embrace literature because there is money in it, but they expect to make money out of it. It is the difference between marrying a woman with money and marrying a woman for her money.

It is better to sell a good book than a bad book, if the profit is the same.

We write books too quickly nowadays. There was once an author who wrote just as many books as his wife gave him children. But one year she produced twins, and he was a book behind. There are a good many authors nowadays who keep pace with triplets.

We get books too easily nowadays: we get them from circulating libraries, and return them: we borrow them from friends, and do not return them: and we get them from philanthropic libraries free of charge, and these libraries add insult to injury by begging a free copy of his book from the author."

MR. ANDREW LANG, responding to the toast of "Literature," said snappy things like these:

"For the consumers of literature I have a profound contempt, because they do not consume enough, nor is what they consumed of the right sort.

Among things which prevent an author from getting on is the Circulating Library.

The curses of literature are education, bicycles, golf, the art of fiction, and printing."

THE point on which the most agreement seemed to exist was that the Circulating Library is eating up the livelihood of authors who are dependent on the sale of their books. But the Circulating Library is at bottom a reply on the part of the public to the high prices of books. The public, unable or unwilling to give six shillings for a novel, clubs to buy it—Mr. Mudie and his imitators being their agents. If we were to venture on a prediction, it would be that the next ten years will see a general lowering of the prices of books. The movement has begun, and there is every sign of its continuance. The six-shilling book for three shillings and sixpence, and the three-and-sixpenny book for two shillings will come, and will stay.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. having achieved a success with their sixpenny edition of *King Solomon's Mines*, have proposed to the proprietor of the copyright of the late Mr. Stevenson's works a sixpenny edition of *Treasure Island*. We understand that the negotiations for this edition are now completed.

THE many admirers of Mr. G. W. Cable will be glad to know that during his stay in London he will give three readings from his works. At 133, Gloucester-road (kindly lent by Mrs. J. M. Barrie, next Tuesday, at

3 p.m., Mr. Birrell in the chair, Mr. Cable will read from his story *Dr. Sevier*:

Part 1. NARCISSE BORROWS "TWO AND A HALF FROM THE WIDOW RILEY."

Part 2. MRS. RILEY AND RICHLINO DISCUSS MATRIMONY.

Part 3. THE WIDOW CHANGES HER NAME FROM IRISH TO ITALIAN.

Part 4. NARCISSE CHEERS RICHLING IN HIS LONELINESS.

Part 5. A SOUND OF DRUMS: DEATH OF NARCISSE.

Part 6. MARY'S NIGHT RIDE.

At 88, Portland Place (kindly lent by Lady Lewis), on May 26, at 3 p.m., Sir Henry Irving in the chair, Mr. Cable will read from his story *Bonaventure*:

Part 1. HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER CAME TO GRANDE POINTE.

Part 2. HOW THE CHILDREN RANG THE BELL.

Part 3. THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

Part 4. VICTORY OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

On both occasions Mr. Cable will sing some of the Old Creole Songs. Tickets for the above readings (10s. 6d.) may be obtained from Mrs. J. M. Barrie, at 133, Gloucester-road, S.W.

BETWEEN the above dates, on May 21, Mr. Cable will give a reading, of which the programme has not reached us, at Bay-tree Lodge, Froggnal, kindly lent by Mrs. Robertson Nicoll, from whom tickets may be obtained.

MISS FESTING, having undertaken to edit the papers of the late Mr. J. H. Frere, would be very glad to avail herself of any of his letters, or of any information in regard to them, that may still be in the possession of his friends, and to receive any communication on the subject addressed to her at 3, The Residence, South Kensington Museum.

SIR CHARLES TENNANT's generous gift of Sir John Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone to the nation appears to have been prompted—like many other good deeds—by dinner talk. Sir Charles was present at Mr. Henry Tate's Academy dinner. The conversation turning on portraits of Mr. Gladstone, it was jestingly said that Sir Charles Tennant ought to bequeath his portrait to the nation. The suggestion became almost an entreaty; but Sir Charles held out no hope. Yet within three days he had taken his decision, and at the Saturday Academy banquet Sir Edward Poynter was able to announce the gift.

SOME day it may be worth while to make a psychological inquiry into the influence of Browning on Walworth; for in this dingy suburb many hundreds of children are being reared—so far as literary aliment goes—on Browning's poems. Last Saturday evening at the Robert Browning Social Settlement the children again gave oral proof of their acquaintance with the poet's life and works. Mr. Herbert Stead is saturating the Walworth school children—wild creatures of the streets—with Browning's teachings, and the annual competition in essay writing and recitation is a social event of significance.

*Apropos* Goethe's quatrain quoted in our review of Sir Charles Murray's biography, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* draws attention to a letter written by Sir Charles to the ACADEMY, in which, recounting a visit he paid to Goethe in 1830, Sir Charles wrote:

"I ventured to ask if he would complete his kindness by writing for me a stanza which I might keep as an autograph memento of my visit. After a minute's reflection he wrote for me the following quatrain:

'Liest dir Gestern klar und offen,  
Wirkst du heute kraftig treu:  
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,  
Das nicht minder Glücklich sey.'

"It is pretty clear," says the correspondent, "from the words I have italicised, that Sir Charles believed these lines to be an impromptu specially composed for himself, and took the 'minute's reflection' to be a pause for the poet's inspiration. It is, therefore, rather amusing to learn from Hempel, in a note in his edition of Goethe's works, that the poet frequently wrote this stanza (of which he seems to have made also English and French renderings) when asked for a specimen of his autograph. The lines will be found in Book IV. of the *Zahner Xenien* (*Werke*, ed. Hempel, Vol. II., p. 377)."

The antiquity of Sir Charles Murray's treasure is established by the correspondent in another way:

"Lately, in a house in Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, I came across an ancient-looking portrait of Goethe with these same lines written underneath, apparently in the poet's handwriting. The owner of the house has since informed me that on taking this picture out of the frame, he found the words, 'Weimar, 7 Nov., 1825'—an appearance of the 'impromptu' five years before it was written for Sir Charles Murray. Was this an amiable weakness on the part of the sage of Weimar—a confirmation of Carlyle's fear that 'the World's-wonder in his old days was growing less than many men'?"

Sir Charles mislaid the autograph, and never could find it again, though, he adds, 'the stanza was indelibly engraved on my memory.' He does not seem to have had the faintest suspicion that it was inscribed in a good many albums besides his own."

M. J. K. HUYSMANS' personality continues to interest at least three reading publics. From *Le Temps* we learn—hardly, indeed, for the first time—that M. Huysmans lives in a humble lodging on the fifth floor of a monastic-looking house in the Rue de Sèvres. Here he may be found sitting by his fireside with a magnificent cat for his companion. It may be that M. Huysmans has adopted Voltaire's idea of the *summum bonum*: to sit by the fire, stroking a long, black, writhing Persian cat. M. Huysmans told his interviewer how he fared among the Trappists, to whom he went to obtain material for his novel, *En Route*.

"He rose at 2 a.m. for service in the chapel, and did not retire to rest until 8 p.m. However, he found it impossible to conform to the monastic diet of lukewarm soup and vegetables cooked in oil without any seasoning, for which he substituted three fresh eggs and a piece of bread, which calmed his appetite without satisfying it. He was allowed the run of the monastery, but not to talk with the monks. The result of M. Huysmans' monastic experiences as embodied in *En Route* has been

the sending of a pretty considerable number of penitents to the order."

When writing *La Cathédrale*, M. Huysmans joined the learned Benedictines of the Abbey of Solesmes. Here he spent much time examining the parchment MSS.,

"looking at the illuminations through a magnifying glass, and deciphering Latin texts, in which task he received valuable aid from the more experienced monks, some of whom are specialists whose erudition is quite remarkable. They have pierced the obscurity of mediæval symbolism. One has made a speciality of flowers, another of animals, another of perfumes, and another of precious stones. Each brought his tribute to M. Huysmans, who has recast all these materials in his book. In *La Cathédrale* will be found the signification of the colours employed in the making of stained glass and of the precious stones used in ecclesiastical vestments and ornamentation."

THE new edition of Thackeray's works is raising a crop of stories about their author, more or less new. Mr. Edward Wilberforce sends the following personal recollection to the *Spectator*:

"Just after the completion of *The Newcomes*, he told me how he was walking to the post-office in Paris to send off the concluding chapters when he came upon an old friend of his, who was also known to me. 'Come into this archway,' said Thackeray to his friend, 'and I will read you the last bit of *The Newcomes*.' The two went aside out of the street, and there Thackeray read the scene of the Colonel's death. His friend's emotion grew more and more intense as the reading went on, and at the close he burst out crying, and exclaimed, 'If everybody else does like that the fortune of the book is made!' 'And everybody else did!' was my comment. 'Not I,' replied Thackeray, 'I was quite unmoved when I killed the Colonel. What was nearly too much for me was the description of "Boy" saying "Our Father." I was dictating that to my daughter, and I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my voice and not letting her see that I was almost breaking down. I don't think, however, that she suspected it.' Perhaps a future volume of the 'Biographical Edition,' the one containing *The Newcomes*, will throw light on this subject, and tell how far Thackeray was right in his conjecture."

THREE novels we received last week from Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. were incorrectly priced in our "Guide for Novel Readers": *The Datchet Diamonds*, by Mr. Richard Marsh; *Prisoners of the Sea*, by Miss Florence Morse Kingsley; and *Sir Tristram*, by Mr. Thorold Ashley. The prices of these books are all 3s. 6d.; not 6s., as we stated.

THE vocabulary, modes of expression, and turns of thought employed by Mr. Douglas Sladen in his new novel *The Admiral: a Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile*, are derived partly from Nelson's own letters, and partly from the journals of Mr. H. W. Brooke, a person of some note in his day. Mr. Brooke was godfather of Mr. Sladen's father, Mr. Douglas Brooke Sladen, and bequeathed his papers to him. He was head of the now abolished Alien Office, and as such was thrown much in contact with the French Royal Family during their exile in England, and was present at their restoration in 1814. Mr. Brooke

may be taken as a fair specimen of the educated Kentish gentleman of his time, though his grammar was constantly faulty by our standards. In some instances, however, as in the employment of "I have wrote," instead of "I have written," it is not his grammar that is at fault, but the idiom of the time. Mr. Brooke spent the last years of his life at Walmer, where the story is supposed to have been written.

THE *Christian Budget and News of the Week*, a new popular penny paper, will be issued, on June 10, by the Chandos Publishing Company. It will be run on entirely new lines. The Editor promises that it will be "bright, up-to-date, and interesting to people of all ages, classes, and creeds."

SOME of the American literary papers make brave attempts to be amusing. Here are two examples. The first is from the *Literary World* (Boston), the second from the *Bookman* (New York):

"Sir Henry Smith has written a book on *Reviewers and How to Break Them*, which the Messrs. Blackwood will shortly publish. P.S. The foregoing is a printer's error; for 'Reviewers' read *Retrievers*."

"At the corner of a street in an English town a well-known newspaper office recently advertised on a placard a new serial story, 'The Price of a Soul.' At the opposite corner of the same street the passer-by was confronted with an announcement on the notice-board outside of a fishmonger's shop to this effect, "Soles, 1s. per pound!"

A NEW Irish weekly journal, published in London, will be published on Saturday. *New Ireland*, as the journal is to be styled, will be independent of all parties and sects in Ireland. Its main object—according to the prospectus—will be to interest Irishmen and Irishwomen throughout the world in Irish literature, art, sport, and the social development of the country. A special feature will be biographical sketches, with a view to showing what Irishmen and Irishwomen have achieved and are achieving in all parts of the globe.

THE mania for discovering literary parallels is on the increase. An American reader rushes into print to proclaim the similarity between Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novel, *The Story of an Untold Love*, and M. Edmond Rostand's play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In the play a stupid cadet gains the love of the *précieuse* Roxane through "the intellectual mediation of Cyrano," who writes love-letters for the cadet. In Mr. Ford's novel, Whitely, the stupid editor, takes credit for the work of the brilliant, but obscure Rudolph Hartzman in order to win a modern *précieuse*. Other, and minor, resemblances are indicated. But the writer might as well have contended, while he was about it, that the idea, common to the French play and the American novel, was derived from Mr. Anstey's story, *The Giant's Robe*, in which a third-rate scribbler actually wins a woman by publishing, as his own, the work of a better man supposed to be drowned.

## PURE FABLES.

## HARD KNOCKS.

A young man sat in a rose-garden and wooed Death with sonnets.

And later he was sore stricken in spirit, and Death came to do him courtesy; but he said, "Nay, nay, not yet! . . . I have sundry heartening things to write."

## SUCCESS.

A man of letters was accused of harbouring Success.

"It is true," quoth the culprit. "She came to my door in the night; I took her in; my wife was charmed with her; and we decided to let her stay. Also: we have not regretted it."

## MAD.

They brought a mad poet before the king.

"Give us something fine, now," said the king.

"Faugh!" the poet exclaimed, "I do not dabble with words!"

"There is a certain greatness in *that*," remarked the king.

## THE MERELY MARKETABLE.

Apollo told the Muses that a mediocre writer was making too much play with his pen, and compassing a great deal of supererogatory tarantara.

And the Muses said that it was scarcely their fault, inasmuch as not one of them had been near the man.

## THE BENIGN MOTHER.

"Poverty never did any good in the world," cried the reformer.

"Yet she appears to have stood in a maternal relation to considerable fine writing," observed the philosopher.

## THE SINGLE ART.

A swan who dwelt on the bosom of a mere was vastly admired by a fox, who one day said to her, "How gracefully you swim! Now, though envious people tell me otherwise, I make no doubt that you would cut an equally elegant figure on the grass here."

Pleased with this flattery, the swan came ashore and essayed to walk; but waddled so that the fox laughed consumedly.

"Ah, madam," quoth he, "I am afraid it is given to few of us to do more than one thing really well."

T. W. H. C.

## A MEMORIAL: AND A MORAL.

A SCOTTISH correspondent writes:

Judging from the history of the movement for the erection at Mauchline of a 'National' memorial of the Scottish national bard, Burns monuments and memorials are, to use a colloquialism, 'played out.' It requires some courage, undoubtedly, to even hint that this is so; but the fact remains. And facts, as the

poet himself has it, are 'chiefs that winna ding,' although, his dictum notwithstanding, they may be disputed. True, the memorial has been erected, and was on Saturday last formally opened amid the plaudits of assembled Burnsites. But even at this opening ceremony there was a doleful note sounded. The scheme, said the treasurer, had been made known in every land where the English language was spoken, and the promoters had hoped for great things. But, he significantly added, they had been 'wofully disappointed.'

Three years ago certain 'pious Burnsites' assured the public that it had 'long been a matter of reproach' that there was no 'monument or memorial' at Mauchline; and, looking to the number of Burns statues in Scotland, in America, in Australia, and elsewhere, it was, unquestionably, somewhat remarkable that there was none at Mauchline—than which no place was more closely associated with the life and the poetry of Burns. The celebration of the centenary of the poet's death was looked forward to as a suitable occasion for removing the 'reproach,' and in July, 1895, an appeal was issued for subscriptions for a 'National Burns Memorial at Mauchline,' which memorial, it had been resolved, should take the form of Cottage Homes, combined with a Tower, the lower portion of which latter would be suitable for holding relics of Burns, while the upper portion would be provided with a balcony from which visitors could view the surrounding country—Mossgiel, the home of Jean Armour, the residence of Gavin Hamilton, Poosie Nansie's Hostelry (of 'Jolly Beggars' fame), the scene of the 'Holy Fair,' and many other classic scenes.

The total amount required, including a sum for the endowment of the Homes, was £5,000; and in view of the fact that at least £50,000 had been expended (so it has been estimated) on Burns memorials and Burns statues, £5,000 certainly did not seem a very extravagant demand for the erection, equipment, and endowment of a National Memorial. Moreover, a bequest of £1,000, a grant of £250 from the Cobb Bequest Trustees, and two subscriptions of £100 each were received—substantial items to account. But the 'common Burnsite' resolutely refused to draw his purse-strings. The 'Idol' continued to be worshipped with as much zeal and enthusiasm as ever, and as each recurring 25th of January came round, the 'Immortal Memory' was pledged with 'potations pottle deep'; but the great mass of the devotees remained deaf to all appeals—for cash. One after another such appeals were sent out; but not even yet, after the lapse of three years, has the £5,000 for the 'National' Memorial been subscribed. Including the bequests, the total sum raised is only a little over £4,000.

Nor is this an altogether solitary instance. A scheme was started in Montrose so far back as the year 1882 for the erection of a Burns statue there, at an estimated cost of £700, and at the end of sixteen years the subscriptions amount to £245. Two proposals have been made: one, that the £245 be kept in the bank until with accumulated interest it reaches the sum needed for the

statue; the other, that the amount subscribed be utilised for the erection of a memorial fountain to a recent Provost of the burgh!

Is it too much to say that Burns monuments are played out?"

## HERMANN SUDERMANN.

In appearance Hermann Sudermann—a translation of whose latest novel, under the title of *Regina; or, the Sins of the Fathers*, is published this week—suggests the man of action rather than the man of letters. A muscular giant, bearded and blue-eyed, he resembles the ideal Wotan of Wagnerian drama, if one can imagine Wotan in a frock-coat of irreproachable cut. Yet lines of thought are to be discerned on the lofty forehead, and a poetic melancholy lurks somewhere in the depths of the fine eyes, which on the surface only reflect a smile of rare geniality.

There is something paradoxically sunny and bracing about Sudermann's vigorous personality that shines behind the clouds of even his most pessimistic pages.

Apart from the intrinsic merits of his work, the fact that he has accomplished the uncommon feat of producing successful novels with one hand and equally successful plays with the other, makes Sudermann an interesting figure in contemporary Continental literature. In this island, especially, where the belief prevails that the art of the novelist and the art of the playwright are things distinct and separate, because our Hardys and Merediths do not write plays, or our Pineroes and Joneses novels, Sudermann's achievement may well be regarded with astonishment.

He was born in that rural Eastern Prussia which provides the *milieu* of his two first novels, *Frau Sorge* and *Der Katzensteg*. *Frau Sorge* is to be accepted, indeed, as largely autobiographical in the sense that *Le Petit Chose* and *David Copperfield* are autobiographical. The touching dedicatory verses to "Meinen Eltern" tells of the author's humble origin, of his strong filial loyalty, and a boyhood of hardships and poverty. The story itself contains one of the most charming pictures of the friendship between a mother and son to be found in modern fiction. In reticent tenderness and freshness it is only comparable with the immortal twentieth chapter of Heine's *Wintermärchen*. By the early nineties *Frau Sorge* and *Der Katzensteg* had passed through many editions, while *Die Ehre* had been received with *éclat* as an "epoch-making" drama in every theatre of importance in Germany. This meteoric start has so far been well sustained by Sudermann's subsequent career. Among the most conspicuous of his later triumphs may be mentioned his monumental novel *Es war; Die Heimath*, whose heroine, Magda, the revolting daughter *par excellence* of the stage, has given two great foreign actresses a favourite rôle; *Sodom's Ende*, a masterly and lurid epic of Berlin morals; and *Fritzchen*, the second in a miniature trilogy of one-act plays called "Morituri,"

because each deals with a different manner of facing death. For sheer constructive balance and restrained tragic force this small masterpiece is unsurpassed by Sudermann's longer dramas, not excepting his last and longest, *Johannes*.

Excitement ran high in Berlin literary circles last January when it was announced that the Kaiser had magnanimously revoked the veto of the Censor, and given his *imprimatur* to *Johannes*. The demand for tickets was unprecedented, and incredible sums were paid for a single stall to witness this great sacred drama. The qualities of Sudermann's genius are too complex to be hit off in a slight sketch; they demand exhaustive study. His fame rests mainly, perhaps, on superb technique in the building of a play, and masterly psychology in the delineation of a character. That he has created a gallery of heroines of quite Meredithian individuality is not one of the least of his claims to distinction. His women, old or young, married or single, one and all are individualities first and Germans afterwards.

Sudermann is a jealous guardian of the rights of his literary *confères*, and the reputation of the literature he has done so much to revolutionise. One winter he took up his abode in Dresden on purpose to attend the sittings of a prolonged conference on copyright and the ethics of publishing. Berlin is now his headquarters; but he is constantly on the wing, and has witnessed performances of his plays in most of the capitals of Europe. When he is writing a new work he leaves both wife and children at home, and buries himself in some obscure nook in Italy or the Tyrol. No correspondence is forwarded to him till the MS. is complete.

A *Gelegenheitsgedicht*, delivered by Sudermann in May, 1897, at the unveiling of Scheffel's statue in the Sabine Mountains, was published for the first time in *Cosmopolis* for April. The poem is a graceful tribute from the modern favourite to one of a past generation. The once popular author of *Ekkehard* excited the enthusiasm of readers whose grandchildren now *schwärm* for *Der Katzensteg* and *Es war*; yet Sudermann maintains in his poem Scheffel still lives and will continue to live on in every German heart that cherishes the "dumme, deutsche Maiensehnsucht." The oration exhibits Sudermann in his lighter mood, the mood that inspired his volume of *contes*, *Im Zwielfichte*, his *Iolanthe's Hochzeit*, and *Das ewig Männliche*. All of these elaborate trifles are characterised by a most un-Germanic daintiness of touch, and prove Sudermann, the writer of tragedies which provoke so profoundly emotions of "pity and terror," to possess the saving gift of humour.

#### POLYGLOT PUBLISHING.

MR. HEINEMANN'S announcement that he will publish in the autumn Mr. Landor's book on his experiences in Thibet has appeared in the newspapers this week. It heralds a big publishing enterprise, for we are told that besides the English edition there will be

an American one, and French, German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Russian, and Italian translations. Behind such an announcement—though it come in a few cold, type-written sentences—there must hide an immense amount of organisation and activity. A representative of the ACADEMY induced Mr. Heinemann to talk a little about the work involved.

"Yes," said Mr. Heinemann, walking up and down his room, and fingering piles of Mr. Landor's photographs that were lying on the table, "it is, of course, a big enterprise, and most of the work is done here."

"Is your copyright protected in all these countries?"

"Not in all. You are wondering, I suppose, whether the book is not liable to be pirated, and so taken out of our hands. There is small danger of that. For one thing, Mr. Landor's is a costly work to produce. Again, its illustrations are essential to it, and these are in our keeping. A pirated edition could only be made from the editions we or our agents publish, and then it would be too late."

"About the translations—these are made, of course, in the countries concerned?"

"Yes; the translators are appointed and controlled by the publishing houses with whom we have negotiated."

"Will the translations be in all cases complete?"

"Oh yes, quite complete."

"And the foreign editions will contain the same illustrations?"

"The same. These will be sent out by us in the form of blocks, the photographs and drawings having been worked up and engraved here."

"Do you control in any way the style of printing and binding in the various countries?"

"No; these are matters for the firms issuing the book. They purchase the MS. and the blocks, and enter into other financial arrangements with us; the rest is their own affair. These firms are, of course, of the highest standing."

"It is clear that you consider Mr. Landor's book has a world-wide interest."

"There can be no doubt of that."

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

In these tragic days for poor picturesque Spain it is good to read in the *Figaro* one pretty little sentence of Loti's which effectively gives us the measure of Iberian spirit. He paints an afternoon scene in the familiar Prado and Castellana, now at their brightest and best in their rich purple flush of Judas blossom and sparkling leaf:

"The long avenues, a mingling of lawn and boskage, like the Champs Elysées of Paris, overflowed with people and carriages. Beside the fresh hue of new leafage, the big Judas trees, covered with flowers, spread in heavy purple bunches; the sky was limpid, and the air warm; everything wore an aspect of joy. Public vehicles, drawn by companies of mules with scarlet bobbins, or luxurious carriages, embla-

zoned with liveried lacqueys, flashed by in resplendent style, close upon one another, innumerable; and handsome señoras, lying back in open landaus, in passing flung officers on horseback the pretty hand salutation of the *madrileña*. Truly, when one knows from elsewhere with what an impulse all these pleasure-seekers have at this moment offered their fortune and their life one cannot withhold admiration from such haughty gaiety and such disdainful smiles."

Such a book as *Le Duc de Richelieu*, by Raoul de Cisternes, is convincing evidence of the appalling dulness and mediocrity of French history from the Restoration until our own troubled times. Even the melodramatic figure of Chateaubriand and the gentle and lovely Récamier are insufficient suggestions of more effective ages, as, for all his genius, there is incontestably a note of vulgarity about Chateaubriand, and the century is barely relieved by the memory of his Byronic pose and long boots. Who today remembers the accomplishments of the Count of Serre? Yet in 1818 he was regarded as the greatest orator of the age, who astonished France by the facility of his sudden improvisations and inflamed worn politicians. Thureau-Dangin likened him to one of the legendary heroes of chivalry who kept entire armies at bay by the might of their single sword. For that matter the hero of M. de Cisternes is far from striking us as a portentous figure. He answered to a magnificent collection of names and titles—Armand Emmanuel Joseph Septimanie de Vignerot du Plessis-Richelieu, Count of Chinois, Duke of Fronsac, and Duke of Richelieu. Grandson of the brilliant marshal, the great Cardinal's nephew, we are told that he was an admirable administrator and a matchless negotiator. It needs something considerably more to interest us in so near a contemporary figure as the minister of Louis XVIII. The man is neither witty nor picturesque, nor paradoxical. His opinions are unimpeachable and he expresses them correctly, that is all. Speaking of Monsieur's party spirit, he writes:

"In all my conversations with him, as I found him on entering his cabinet so I left him on departing; I ever beheld the head of a party, never the heir presumptive of the kingdom of France. May he, on ascending the throne, recognise that a king cannot be a party king, and that all France belongs to him, as he belongs to all France."

Still at its worst and dullest there is always something to be learnt from carefully written history, and a wet afternoon may advantageously be spent over M. de Cisternes' *Duc de Richelieu*.

The old-fashioned Frenchman is in a dyspeptic stage of revolt against the new French young girl. He sits in his library and snarls at her on paper. The horrid creature is, of course, fashionable, superlatively well-dressed, not with the primitive simplicity of blue sash and white muslin gown, but with all the usurped impertinence and insistent vogue of the emancipated matron. He accuses her of all sorts of monstrous crimes. She rides a bicycle in bloomers (truly a crime against art and beauty); she follows the hunt in knickerbockers, tunic, and long boots like her brother; she smokes cigarettes and drinks

wine without water; she "cheeks" her elders, sings music-hall songs, fishes, studies pornographic literature in secret, kisses her fiancé, even (if we are to believe *Rétrogrades*, by the Count de Saint-Aulaire) proposes to him, and inveigles him into a love-scene; she swears; has, of course, no heart, and less conscience. The bilious mind is proverbially unjust and bitter. The unfortunate slave of French civilisation has only begun to suspect the imbecility of her voiceless resignation. Her follies are harmless enough, and if we are to judge of her conventional superior, the old-fashioned maiden of high life, in the pages of the eloquent and indignant count, the new scamp of fiction is vastly more intelligent and more entertaining. There is no particular harm in drinking wine without water—if one does not drink too much; nor either in innocent philandering in moonlight with an enamoured young man who wants to marry you and whom you desire to marry; but the retrograde count seems to regard all this as black iniquity. He reserves his admiration for the young lady who lifts her eyes to heaven, and sings divinely with lowered lids. Over her he gushes, and at the other he scowls. Personally, I prefer to talk to a girl who sees the sun in the mid-day heaven, and who has the pluck to dot her *i's*. But that's a detail. If the virtuous count preached less against the poor new young girl, and took her as he found her, with her follies and amiable vices, if he were a little less inhumanly aristocratic, *Rétrogrades* would be a clever novel.

Very much more dull is another French novel with a purpose, *La Socialiste*. Politics in fiction are even worse than literature. The hero, a Socialist, is a colourless young man who once wrote ten pages of a novel he had the grace and sense not to finish. So that his literary tastes are of an inconsequent kind. But he "drops" into politics on every occasion, falls in love with an artisan's daughter, leads a strike, and loses his love by a bullet, which pierces her heart and lays her beside his dead rival.

H. L.

## THE WEEK.

MR. EDMUND G. GARDNER has written a learned commentary on Dante's *Paradiso*. He calls it *Dante's Ten Heavens*, and the book is divided into seven chapters, or essays, entitled: "Dante's Paradise," "Within Earth's Shadow," "Prudence and Fortitude," "Empire and Cloister," "Above the Celestial Stairway," "The Emyrean"; the seventh section deals with Dante's letters. Mr. Gardner's work is founded on an exhaustive study of the best early and modern editions and commentaries. In the following passage from the first chapter the *Paradiso* is compared with the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*.

"The description of . . . eternal glory and the mediæval conception of Paradise as the mystical union of the soul with the First Cause in vision, love, and enjoyment, and the comprehension of

the most sublime and secret things of the celestial mysteries, is . . . the theme of Dante's *Paradiso*. It is, perhaps, still the least popular, the least generally intelligible part of the Divine Comedy. Ruskin has somewhere spoken of the difficulty of having nobility enough in one's own thoughts to forgive the failure of any other human soul, to speak clearly what it has felt of the most divine. Perhaps in the *Inferno* the dramatic side of Dante's genius is more obvious, in those clear and terrible pictures of human passion and suffering against a background of lurid flame. In the *Purgatorio* Dante seems more the spokesman and poet of all humanity: his teaching in that second canticle, even for non-Catholics who reject the doctrine of Purgatory, seems to be of more general and universal application, corresponding to something in the heart and conscience of man. In the *Paradiso* Dante appears as essentially the man of the Middle Ages. Here, perhaps more than in any other part of the poem, does Dante show himself in thorough sympathy with his age, its doctrines and rudimentary science, its yearnings for knowledge, its delight in the beauty of intellectual satisfaction. It is such works as the *Paradiso* that enable us to realise what were the noblest thoughts and aspirations of those ages, whose exceeding light has so dazzled weak modern eyesight that they have sometimes been called dark."

THE late Mr. Du Maurier's papers on *Social and Pictorial Satire* make a pleasant volume now that they are garnered from *Harper's Magazine*.

To the *Master of Medicine* series is added a life of William Stokes by his son, William Stokes. Dr. Stokes, the great Dublin doctor, died in 1878, in his seventy-fourth year. His son gives a picture of his father's inner life, his home pursuits, tastes, and accomplishments.

THE new volume just issued of Mr. Murray's Byron contains letters bearing dates down to August 22, 1811. There are 168 letters in all. Moore's edition of Byron's correspondence, published in 1830, gave only sixty-one letters for the same period; Halleck's edition, in 1847, gave seventy-eight; Mr. Henley's, last year, gave eighty-eight. It will be seen, therefore, that the present volume contains much that is new and interesting to students of Byron; for the additional letters are not those which have been seen and rejected by earlier editors, they are fresh from the Murray archives. Mr. Protheroe points out that the letters contained in this volume were written by Byron from his eleventh to his twenty-third year.

"They therefore illustrate the composition of his youthful poetry, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. They carry his history down to the eve of that morning in March, 1812, when he awoke and found himself famous—in a degree and to an extent which to the present generation seems almost incomprehensible."

We dip at random into these lively letters and read: "Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Nov. 23, 1805. . . . I sit down to write with a Head confused with Dissipation, which, tho' I hate, I cannot avoid." In the same letter we read: "My mother and I have quarrelled,

which I bear with the *patience* of a philosopher; custom reconciles me to everything." But three years later he abandons his philosophy, or at least changes it:

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum . . . at last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil . . . so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes *το καλον*."

The book has for frontispiece an unfamiliar portrait of Byron, taken between 1804 and 1806.

## A R T.

### THE SKY-LINE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE sky-line at Burlington House repays, as usual, the upward glances of visitors. These are difficult to give, especially in a crowd, for one must step backwards, even across the floor of the room, to discover in some cases even the bare subjects; and what you lose of beauty of lighting and of dexterity of handling you mainly have to guess. Yet it is obvious at a glance that the sky-line contains some forty or fifty pictures that ought to have been better hung, just as a glance along the eye-line discovers a number of canvases that, if they were to be hung at all, should have been hung as far as possible out of sight. Of some few of these forty or fifty works it may be said that they are particularly fine. They had a place even on our list of the best hundred pictures in all the Academy. It is safe prophesying to say that they will stand as high in the estimation of future generations of picture-lovers as they now stand on the walls of Burlington House. The following list—on which the appearance of Mr. Brangwyn's name repeats a similar scandal of past years—is made up of pictures to which the Academy visitor ought to turn, and which will well reward him for his pains—in the neck.

5. On the River Coquette: Moonlight. H. Charles Clifford.
13. Pale Queen of Night. Robert Goodman.
14. Wind and Rain. E. Leslie Badham.
31. Southdown Sheep. José Weiss.
38. Juno's Herd Boy. Emily R. Holmes.
44. In a Cornish Cottage. Harold C. Harvey.
54. Moonrise. Arthur Meade.
96. Evening. Folliot Stokes.
119. Early Morning on a Mediterranean Shore. Florence H. Moore.
155. Ebb Tide. Bertram Priestman.
166. "Fine Feathers make Fine Birds." Ida Lovering.
196. A Waterway. Arnesby Brown.
213. Christ and the Man Possessed with Devils. Horace M. Livens.
218. The Golden Horn. Frank Brangwyn.



224. Jubilee Procession in a Cornish Village. G. Sherwood Hunter.
259. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Arthur A. Dixon.
273. Kate-a-Whimsies. Constance Halford.
306. St. Ives Harbour on a Grey Day. Hugh Blackden.
311. The Benediction of the Sea. T. Austen Brown.
317. Moonrise at Twilight. Julius Olsson.
324. Mrs. Harrington Mann. Harrington Mann.
350. Portrait of a Gentleman. George Thomson.
383. Vivian Caulfeild. Val Havers.
389. A Sail. John W. Whiteley.
417. Evening. Montague Crick.
500. Sunshine and Shade. Thomas F. Catchpole.
501. Zennor: a Lonely Parish. Alice Fanner.
513. White Gigs. Mary McCrossan.
579. South Queensferry-on-Forth. Archibald Kay.
580. Poppies. William Ayrton.
599. \*A Breton Interior. A. K. Brodie.
605. Sunlight and Shadow. Alex. Frew.
611. Lechlade, Gloucestershire. William D. Adams.
628. A Westminster Priest. George Spencer Watson.
641. In the Streets of Dort. George C. Haité.
906. The Right Hon. Lord Watson. John S. Sargent, R.A.

Mr. Sargent himself was one of the hangers, and this fact ought to be known in view of the place given to the last named, as well as in explanation of that assigned to the fine portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer. The whole question of the hanging of the pictures at Burlington House is one which needs an open discussion. This is no merely domestic matter in the case of a semi-national institution, which occupies a site for which it did not pay a penny. The nation in general, the great body of artists in particular, are entitled to an opinion, and to the perfectly free expression of it, as to the anomalies of the Academy's present system of accepting and of placing its pictures.

And if this reform is to be accomplished, the studios ought in the first instance to decide. They may find their protection in the plebiscite of Paris, where every hanger is responsible to a constituency of artists who elect him. From the ruling President, it appears, neither the artist nor the public is to expect co-operation; even so obvious a reform as the reduction of the height to which pictures are to be crowded on the walls, a reform the influence of Lord Leighton inaugurated, has been allowed to lapse. The growing public dislike for acres of pictures, such as men would not hang on their own walls, but are invited to inspect by the official leaders of art culture, finds every year a more distinct expression; and some means, we must suppose, will shortly be found to translate it into action.

## DRAMA.

### THE MEDICINE MAN: FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS.

FROM the performance of the "Medicine Man" at the Lyceum two considerations arise to which the newspaper critic, writing *au pied levé*, has hardly given sufficient attention. The first is concerned with a new claim put forth on behalf of the stage, a claim asserted by no less an authority than Sir Henry Irving himself, and supported more or less emphatically by other leading actors—namely, that the function of the better class of drama is not solely to entertain, but also to instruct, to educate the public, and under "drama," of course, one naturally includes acting and mounting. This claim involves another with which it is usually coupled, the subsidising, or the municipalising, of the theatre; but that I do not propose to discuss, if only because the one claim must be made good before the other can be entertained, since the subsidising of mere entertainment as opposed to instruction would bring forward Mr. Arthur Roberts, Miss Letty Lind, and even the burning and shining lights of the music-hall, as worthy objects of State or municipal bounty. Well, on the score of education, here are Messrs. Traill and Hichens proclaiming in "The Medicine Man," with Sir Henry Irving's countenance and support, a theory of hypnotism which belongs not to science but to the show-booth. In presenting "will-power" as the source of the mysterious, Dr. Tregenna's influence over his patients and the secret of his miraculous cures, they degrade a scientific principle to the level of the practices of the professional conjuror and illusionist. For twenty years or more, ever since the researches and experiments of the Paris faculty placed hypnotism upon the strictly scientific basis of "suggestion," "will-power" has been relegated to the same limbo as "oddylic force" and "electrobiology"; it is the pretence of the trickster and charlatan of the platform. To be sure, this exploded theory of will-power has recently been revived as a pseudo-scientific speculation under the name of telepathy, but in that form it does not come before us in the Lyceum play, which crudely inculcates as a modern fact the mesmeric superstition of a hundred years ago. How is this to be reconciled, I would ask, with the educational pretensions of the stage?

If the inquiring student went to the Lyceum for instruction in hypnotism—a really useful and promising branch of psycho-physiology with important bearings upon a variety of phenomena, including insanity, somnambulism, dreams, genius, and even the working of spells, charms, fetiches, and other occult influences which, surviving all the scientific contumely poured upon them, are at length perceived to have some foundation in fact—he would come away with a wholly erroneous idea. For this I am not blaming the authors, who have no views, so far as I am

aware, about the educational influence of the drama, and who are at liberty, like Molière, to take their material where they find it. They have judged, rightly or wrongly, that the hocus-pocus of the quack is more effective for stage purposes than the science of the Salpêtrière, and they are entitled to their opinion. Unfortunately there is no intimation in the play that Dr. Tregenna is a quack. On the contrary, he is represented as an up-to-date brain specialist, who ought certainly to be aware that the only valid agency in hypnotism is "suggestion," a command conveyed through one of the patient's senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste or touch—or several combined, as when a pillow placed in the patient's arms arouses the idea of a baby. All would be well with Dr. Tregenna's hocus-pocus but for that new-fangled educational theory.

NOR is it alone where science is concerned that the ill-considered pretensions of the stage come to grief. The dramatist notoriously takes liberties with history which would not meet with the approval of a Cambridge Local Examiner. In "Charles I." the late W. G. Wills and Sir Henry Irving between them depicted the Stuart king as a paragon of the domestic virtues, and Cromwell as a low, self-seeking adventurer; and doubtless the historian would have something to say to the Lyceum sketch of Napoleon and his Court as given in Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne." Shakespeare himself is one of the greatest offenders against historical truth. Where the drama may legitimately aim at educational accuracy is in the matter of costume, but even within this limited field its teaching can only be approximately correct. Much of the archæological detail of modern *mise-en-scène* is indeed lost upon the public. There remains the acting to be considered. "Surely the best acting," it will be said, "gives us a valuable insight into human nature." I am not so sure that the critic, professional as well as amateur, does not labour under a delusion in this respect. The actor, it seems to me, is always at his best (and the dramatist too) when he is telling us something we already know. It is the recognition of a truth on the stage—the reproduction of emotional conditions with which one is already familiar—that gives the spectator a thrill of satisfaction. When actor and author wander off into the abstruse or the didactic or the unknown—that is to say, when they may be supposed to be most educational—they are least impressive.

THE second consideration suggested by "The Medicine Man" is the subtlety, the curious indefiniteness of that gift which belongs to the born dramatist as distinguished from the man of letters. In point of literary workmanship, "The Medicine Man" ranks high; its characterisation also stands out well. But as a drama it lacks something—it is difficult to say what. The authors appear to have fashioned a beautiful model into which they have failed to breathe the breath of life. After seeing the Lyceum production, one realises the truth of the

younger Dumas' remark (in one of his innumerable prefaces), that dramatic effect is sometimes so intangible that the spectator "cannot find in the printed text of a play the point which charmed him in its performance," and which may be due not merely to a look, a word, a gesture, but to "a silence, a purely atmospheric combination." In this case the text is irreproachable, but one misses the charm. Not that this casts any reflection upon the intellectual capacity of Messrs. Traill and Hichens! Dumas goes on to say that "a man of no value as a thinker, as a novelist, as a philosopher, as a writer, may be a man of the first order as a dramatic author"; and conversely. Legouvé, the collaborator of Scribe, puts forward the same view. "The talent of the dramatist," he observes, "is a very singular and very special quality. It is not necessarily united to any other intellectual faculty. A man may have much wit, much learning, much literary skill, and yet be absolutely incapable of writing a play. I have seen men of real value and of high literary culture bring me dramas and comedies which seem to be the work of a child. On the other hand, I have received from persons of no great intelligence, in which was to be found a something that nothing else can take the place of, a something which cannot be acquired, which is never lost, and which constitutes the dramatist." In the great dramatists, no doubt, this special gift is united with the literary gift, with philosophy, psychology, poetry. But there it is, the one indispensable condition of success on the stage; the other qualities are but accessories. "The drama," as M. Brunetière declares, "can, if need be, live on its own stock, on its own resources, relying solely on its own means of expression." If I might hazard an explanation of the difference subsisting between the born dramatist and the literary man pure and simple I would say that the former is governed by a sense of movement, of action, while the latter relies instinctively upon the fashioning of ideas by means of language. It is not in what the *dramatis personæ* say, but in what they do that the force of a play consists. Mr. Brander Matthews very shrewdly remarks that "if Hamlet were performed in an asylum for the deaf and dumb there would be no fear that the interest of the spectators would flag." They could take in so much of the story by the eye alone. How would "The Medicine Man" emerge from such a test? While the literary man is preoccupied with literary form, the dramatist *thinks* in action. Racine is recorded to have told a friend that a new play of his was nearly completed—as he had only to write it. And Beaumarchais once said of the characters of one of his plays still unwritten: "What they will say I don't know; it is what they are going to do that interests me."

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ALAN BRECK.

SIR,—We can get nearer to Alan Breck, by tradition, than the local description of him as "a little wee man, but very square." This account, followed by Mr. Buchan in his article on "The Country of *Kidnapped*," was adopted by Mr. Stevenson. But a friend of Sir Walter Scott's met Alan (or Allan) in Paris, about 1789. He described the hero as "a tall, thin, raw-boned, grim-looking old man, with the petit croix [*sic*] of St. Louis." There follow details, and Alan is represented as talking Lowland Scots. Mr. Stevenson has been blamed for giving Alan this dialect: he only followed Sir Walter's report—second-hand evidence, indeed, but better than any now attainable. Alan might possibly be traced in French Army Lists. As to the actual Appin murderer, an unbiassed Badenoch man at Loch Awe assured me that tradition assigned the deed to a Cameron, and Sergeant Mohr Cameron (betrayed by another Cameron and hanged in 1753) appears to be indicated. The Sergeant, however, was "justified" on other counts, naturally, as Government was pledged to the theory that Alan slew Glenure. Information was privately laid against Fassifern by the betrayer of Sergeant Mohr, as instigator of the Appin murder. The charge was too absurd to be pressed. Mr. Buchan probably did not find the place where Alan and David leaped the Coe. That is poetical topography, for in the blazing weather described anyone could wade the Coe almost anywhere. Scott's account of Alan is in a note to p. cxi., vol. i., of *Rob Roy*, 1829.

A. LANG.

Kensington: May 7.

### THE SPELLING OF SHAKSPERE'S NAME.

SIR,—We can all sound the name of Shakspeare. We can weigh it with any other in any language or literature. We often conjure with it; but when we come to write it we have our doubts. Shakespeare, Shakspeare, Shakespere, Shakspere are all familiar to all of us; and each method of spelling has a number of serious students and lovers of Shakspeare to back it with authority, to many of whom the spelling of the greatest name in literature is an article of faith as strong as their religious belief—sometimes stronger. But, in addition to these familiar methods, there are three other ways of spelling the name which are to the majority of readers quite unknown.

*Shaxpere* is the spelling in the record of the poet's father having his name removed from the roll of aldermen of Stratford-on-Avon, September 6, 1586. And the same spelling is used in the *civil* copy of registry of marriage dated November 28, 1582.

*Shackspere* is the spelling in a certificate signed by Sir Thos. Lucy against John S., the father of the bard, dated (I think) 1586, under the recusancy law.

*Shagspere* is the spelling of the copy of the marriage license dated November 27, 1582, at Worcester Cathedral. And also in the ex-

communication of Henry S., of Spitterfield (brother of John S., the poet's father), dated November, 1581, the excommunication being for not paying tithes to the Rev. Thos. Robbins.

The New Shakspeare Society has adopted, with strong reason, the method of spelling I have used in this letter—*Shakspeare*—which is the spelling the poet used in signing his will. Could you open your columns to a little discussion on the subject, so that, if possible, we may arrive at an accepted form of spelling for the greatest name in our or any other language? For even in the few plays published by the New Shakspeare Society the editors use one method and the publishers take it upon themselves to use another (Shakespeare).—Faithfully yours,

JOHN E. YERBURY.

Emsworth, Hants: May 6.

### MR. SWAN EXPLAINS.

SIR,—I have read your brief notice of my version of the Book of Job, and should be sorry to have it thought that my object was merely to paraphrase or vulgarise this magnificent book. My object specially was rather to show that, put into ordinary idiom, the answer of Elihu to Job was really one that would and did satisfy him as to the continued presence and guidance on earth of the Spirit; and that the last speech, "The Voice of the Lord from the Whirlwind," was spoken by Elihu himself for and on behalf of the Spirit, as he himself says, "in God's stead." In some cases, as in that quoted by yourself and the *Daily Chronicle*, there is little or no gain in clearness in the new version; in others I venture to think there is such a gain. It is difficult to give quotations which will fully show this on account of space, as the effect is cumulative in continued use of plain idiom throughout; but possibly you will allow me one or two quotations to show the intent. I may also say that one object of the version was to give ordinary English rendering for the purpose of spreading a wider knowledge of these texts among students of English in foreign lands; as well as to bring into greater prominence the main idea in Elihu's speech that, when a man is moved by the Spirit within him against injustice or wrongdoing, his duty is to "speak out" against it, and not "palter with his conscience" by attempting to make peace with evil for fear of suffering affliction. This sentiment, which lies at the root of the book, on account of the quaint idiom, is not so clear as it might be, so much so that most readers do not see that there is any answer at all given to this great problem to Job, who nevertheless announced himself satisfied.

I give the following parallel quotations to illustrate the contention—brackets instead of italics showing the words inserted by the translators in the Bible version:

#### THE BIBLE.

Surely there is a vein (or mine) for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it.

MR. HOWARD SWAN.  
[Descriptive.]

Surely first must be mines for silver, And a place to refine the gold.

## THE BIBLE.

Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten (out of) the stone.

He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness and the shadow of death.

The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant: (even the waters) forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.

[NOTE.—This is a description of the sinking of a shaft in the Hebrew.]

(As for) the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire.

The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold.

(There is) a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:

The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed it.

He putteth forth his hand upon the rock [or flint]; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing.

He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and (the thing that is) hid bringeth he forth to light.

Job xxviii.

For he will not lay upon man more (than right); that he should enter [go] into judgment with God . . .

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether (it be done) against a nation, or against a man only:

That the hypocrite sign not, lest the people be ensnared.

Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne (chastisement). I will not offend any more):

MR. HOWARD SWAN  
[Descriptive.]

Iron is dug from the earth,  
And copper smelted from ore.

Man makes nought of the darkness;  
He mines to the farthest depths  
The rocks of darkness and the shadow of death.

He sinks a shaft below haunts of men,  
And lets down a frail support;  
They hang on by their hands and feet,  
And fearfully sway to and fro.

Out of the earth comes their bread,  
And the underpart is blasted by fire;  
For the worthless rock is the setting of sapphires,  
And in dust is the glitter of gold!

The path that no bird of prey has known,  
Nor falcon's eye has seen,

Where proud beasts never have set their foot,  
Nor has the fierce lion roamed:

There man puts forth his hand on the flinty rock;  
He uproots the very mountains.

He cuts him passes amongst the rocks;  
And his eye searches for precious things.

He dams back the streams that they flow not down,  
And hidden things brings to light.

## [Argumentative.]

For one need not further consider a man

If he go before GOD in judgement . . .

When HE gives the earth quietness,  
Who then shall condemn?

And when HE hides his face,

Who then can see him?  
But whether it be to a nation

Or to a man, it is so:

That a Godless man should not rule,

Lest the people themselves be ensnared.

For surely it is right to say to the Spirit,  
"I have suffered, I will not offend."

## THE BIBLE.

(That which) I see not, teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.

(Should it be) according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose; and not I: therefore speak what thou knowest.

Job xxxiv.

## [Or again]

How thy garments (are) warm, when he quieteth the earth by the south (wind).

Hast thou with him spread out the sky, (which is) strong, (and) as a molten looking-glass?

Teach us what we shall say unto him; (for) we cannot order (our speech) by reason of darkness.

Shall it be told him that I speak? if a man speak, surely he shall be swallowed up.

Job xxxvii.

—Yours, &c.,

MR. HOWARD SWAN.  
[Descriptive.]

That which I see not, teach thou me:

If I have done ill deeds, I will do so no more. Should it not come from you first?

He will reward your acts,  
Whether you refuse to ask,

Or whether you choose to do so,—  
And certain it is not I: Then speak out what you think!

You whose garments feel warm

When he soothes the earth with the South wind,

Can you with him spread over the sky  
Thick as a molten mirror?

Teach us how we must speak for him;

For now we cannot order our speech by reason of utter darkness.

Shall it be simply said that "I speak"?

If a man speak so, surely he would be swallowed up!

HOWARD SWAN.

Authors Club: May 9, 1898.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE critics have been very kind to Mr. Harland's attempt "to naturalise the *conte* on these inclement shores." The phrase is used by the critic of the *Daily Chronicle*, who finds the attempt successful as far as it goes. He praises Mr. Harland very prettily:

"This reviewer cannot call to mind the name of anyone writing in English who works in the same medium in which Mr. Harland does supremely well. He is a pastelist. He reminds one of that magician of the pantomime who, dropping a little powder into a saucer and setting light to it, coloured rose or green a theatre full of common people. His first paragraph is Mr. Harland's saucer, a dozen words his powder, his arrangement of them sets them aflame, and lo!—it is spring-time in Rome; it is May in Paris; the almond-blossom is out in Kensington Gardens. A moment later, and one of Mr. Harland's well-seen women takes the stage, and she is proud and fine and tender and witty; somehow you know, though you are not told, that she walks on slim, arched feet, has the slender waist and throat of delicate breeding, and never a mean thought from head to feet. Enter one of Mr. Harland's men—a manly man (though his appearance is never described), a man who pulses with the right ardours, a man who not only talks but understands well. Then a love-scene, instinct with charm, with humour, warmth, *esprit*!"

The *Daily Telegraph's* reviewer has found the same delicate flavour and intention in Mr. Harland's work.

"Full of a quaint and engaging mannerism, with pleasant little tricks of style—such as the repetition of a given adjective or the echo of an old phrase repeated with constant variations, as though he were composing a fugue—he enlists our confidence and appeals, as a musician might do, to receptive and appreciative ears. He is delightfully frank, full of bonhomie, a skilful manipulator of words, endowed with a delicate literary instinct, above all, with a capacity of suggesting a great many more thoughts than he actually expresses. When all is said and done, there is only a sequence of some half a dozen notes, more or less a kind of 'Tirala-tirala,' which, detached from its proper context, might be considered fortuitous, haphazard, futile. Nevertheless, the stories haunt us because they open for us the ivory gate of dreams."

Each of these critics has something to say about Mr. Harland's future. Thus the *Chronicle*:

"Some [of these stories] have appeared before, if we mistake not, in the regretted *Yellow Book*: erstwhile the single hope of young writers who had not got over their silly dream of 'doing something good some day.' The decease of the *Yellow Book* was, we suppose, the reply on the part of the public to Mr. Harland and those writers. It is comforting to think that, in spite of this reply, Mr. Harland has found courage to publish this book. . . . But we bid him rather to hope, to work on. Publics are made, not born; his may be in the making now."

The *Telegraph*:

"He is more of a creator and less of a critic [than Walter Pater], perhaps some day he will even achieve the same kind of literary distinction as that which adorned his older rival. The deuce of it is—'You permit the expression,' says one of Mr. Harland's characters, to which his companion replies, 'I am devoted to the expression'—the deuce of it is that Mr. Henry Harland will some day be tempted to write a long novel, and then it is conceivable that, very much against our wills, we may find him out."

Mr. Harland has still to reckon with the *Saturday Reviewer*, and the *Saturday Reviewer* is not pleased with *Comedies and Errors*. He finds Mr. Harland's art ineffective and derivative; he will barely tolerate its best:

"The stories of the present volume are mostly told in the first person, and it is rather forced upon the reader that they possess some sort of autobiographical significance; excluding, of course, those stories which are sheerly fantastic. If this is a just inference we are scarcely captivated by the personality, by the ghost of a personality, which they disclose; they suggest a bore, and one of the least tolerable of his kind—a bore who has been to Rome and who has an Aunt Elizabeth. It is, we fear, all in vain that Mr. Harland carries himself with an air, that he tips his hat, flourishes his cane, and raps out his Italian and French phrases. His mimicry, clever as it is, has not convinced us that he belongs to the aristocracy of letters, or that his stories represent anything but the comedy of high life below stairs. He has read his Henry James, his Maupassant, his De Musset, even his Thackeray, with a result that is a little too obvious; and to these we might add the name of Mr. Jerome when we read such a witticism as, 'A woman who plays Chopin ought to have three hands—two to play with, and one for the man who's listening to hold.' The main defect, however, of Mr. Harland's art is not that it is preten-

tions, not that it is almost wholly derivative, but that it is elaborately uninteresting, an inexcusable defect in the art of the short story. From Mr. Henry James he has learnt the value of the significant detail in fiction, and he over-estimates it; he has not Mr. James's nice faculty of observation, his sense of proportion. Nevertheless, of Mr. Harland's various manners his Henry James manner is perhaps the most successful; he has acquired something of his model's elusive felicity of phrase, something of his ineffective fidelity in portraying character. All his characters indeed talk like one and the same person, hesitatingly, like a person who is searching for the *mot juste*, with a non-committal air that is unspeakably tantalising. Where, as in the case of De Musset, Mr. Harland attempts to follow a writer, more of inspiration than of artifice, he follows him at a much greater distance. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Harland struts about in borrowed plumes, there are two stories, in the book, 'P'tit-Bleu' and 'Rosemary for Remembrance,' which can be read without fatigue, which are almost convincing bits of artistry."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 12.

THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

SHORT STUDIES ON VITAL SUBJECTS. By the Rev. P. W. de Quetteville, M.A. Elliot Stock.

CHRIST THE SUBSTITUTE: A SERIES OF STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, BASED UPON THE CONCEPTION OF GOD'S UNIVERSAL FATHERHOOD. By E. Reeves Palmer, M.A. John Snow & Co.

THE DOCUMENTS OF THE HEXATEUCH, TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER. With Introduction and Notes. By W. E. Addis, M.A. Vol. II.: THE DEUTERONOMIC WRITERS AND THE PRIESTLY DOCUMENTS. David Nutt.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF NICHOLAS, CARDINAL WISEMAN. Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett. Burns & Oates, Ltd.

PHILOLOGY OF THE GOSPELS. By Friedrich Blass, Dr. Phil. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.

ESSAYS IN AID OF THE REFORM OF THE CHURCH. Edited by Charles Gore. John Murray.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MASTERS OF MEDICINE: WILLIAM STOKES, HIS LIFE AND WORK (1804—1878). By his Son, William Stokes. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

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SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE. By George Du Maurier. Harper Brothers. 5s.

DANTE AT RAVENNA: A STUDY. By Catherine Mary Phillimore. Elliot Stock.

THE DOME. No. 5. The Unicorn Press.

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

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KARL MARX AND THE CLOSE OF HIS SYSTEM: A CRITICISM. By Eugen v. Böhm-Bawerk. Translated by Alice M. Macdonald. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

THE SCIENCE OF LAW AND LAW-MAKING. By R. Floyd Clarke. The Macmillan Co. 17s.

THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, INCLUDING CEYLON AND BURMA: BIRDS. Vol. IV. Taylor & Francis.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mrs. TYNAN HINKSON—better known, perhaps, as Katharine Tynan—will at once publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new volume of poems, entitled *The Wind in the Trees: a Book of Country Verse*. In a sense the volume is almost a calendar of the rural year.

"THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL" has been translated into French by M. Henry Davray, and appears in the May number of the *Mercur de France*. It is later to appear in book form, with the French and English on opposite pages.

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## REVIEWS.

## BYRON AS LETTER-WRITER.

*The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals.* Vol. I. Edited by R. E. Prothero, M.A. (Murray.)

"IT is not easy," wrote Johnson, in criticising Pope's Letters, "to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head." Those pregnant sentences seem peculiarly applicable to the first volume of Byron's letters, edited by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, who has had access to much that is now new to the world. But there is this difference: Pope's style had been "studiously formed"; Byron's was—studiously?—forming. If ever the child was father to the man that child was Byron before yet he had accomplished twenty years of his few and evil days. Every letter bears upon it the sign of that exaggerated self-esteem, that ridiculous inequality between his actual and supposed accomplishment which later on was to fill Europe with brilliantly rhetorical complaints, with claims most successfully emphasised, and with the imposition of a very unworthy poetical, but a splendidly oratorical, achievement on the most discriminating and far-seeing minds of his own generation.

The art of letter-writing, in truth, is necessarily one of the most difficult possible, since it is the only art which demands the submersion of self-consciousness. Swift wrote letters, says Johnson, like a man that remembered he was writing to Pope, but Arbuthnot "like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind." That is the most difficult achievement of all; and despite Macaulay, Byron by no manner of means—at all events in his early letters—ever came near its accomplishment. His letters, says Macaulay, are among the best in our language. "They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole; they have more matter in them than those of Cowper; . . . if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art which cannot be distinguished

from nature." It is true enough that the early letters reveal the nature of the man pretty conclusively, but precisely on account of the artifices which even the boy had accumulated over the natural pile of his personality. But since affectation of the most frantically grotesque and ludicrous kind was the keynote to all Byron's utterance and public expression, it is utterly absurd to maintain that the very fact of revealing that affectation is a reason for considering his letters less affected than those of Pope. Nevertheless, when all these points are thoroughly understood, when it is granted that Byron the letter-writer is no more and no less than Byron the poet, Byron, not so much a creature of God's hands as the manufactured product of one of the most absurd romantic ideals that ever entered into the brain of man, his letters still remain an extraordinarily complete personal revelation. We are ashamed to remember that part of that romantic ideal had its foundation in no more solid a substance than the fact of his rather laughable nobility of birth. The sentiment of one stanza from his juvenile poems is the very essence of half the rant of independence, the mock assumption of strength, the silly superiority which are the chief note of the letters. Thus wrote the noble poet, at the age of nineteen, to his ancestors:

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant,  
departing  
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you  
adieu!  
Abroad or at home, your remembrance  
imparting  
New courage, he'll think upon glory and  
you."

When you read Mr. Prothero's quiet and keenly impartial account of the heroic shades here appealed to, you cannot but recall Pope's couplet on Addison with a peculiar sense of its applicability to Byron:

"Who but must laugh if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

We have used certain phrases concerning Byron's character—rant of independence, mock assumption of strength, silly superiority—which demand justification. Let us justify them out of the letters themselves. Here is an extract from a Harrow letter written when the boy was sixteen:

"That you are unhappy, my dear Sister, makes me so also; were it in my power to relieve your sorrows you would soon recover your spirits; as it is, I sympathize better than you yourself expect. But really, after all (pardon me, my dear Sister), I feel a little inclined to laugh at you, for love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense, a mere jargon of compliments, romance and deceit; now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight forget them all, and, if by any chance I ever recollected one, should laugh at it as a dream, and bless my stars for delivering me from the hands of the little mischievous blind God. Can't you drive this Cousin of ours out of your pretty little head (for as to *hearts* I think they are out of the question), or if you are so far gone, why don't you give old L'Harpagon (I mean the General) the slip, and take a trip to Scotland, you are now pretty near the Borders."

"Now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight forget

them all": what is it, after all (the fanatic admirer will say), but the tall talk of immaturity? That is true enough; but the strange part of the business is that this is almost exactly the attitude which the mature man was destined to take in regard to such points through all his years, through all his poetry, and all his conversation, and in all his ridiculous poses.

Take another extract upon a subject which Mr. Prothero kindly describes as a "misunderstanding" on the part of Byron, on the subject of the allowance made by the Court of Chancery for his furniture. The unfortunate point in the matter is that Byron was never without his "misunderstandings" in any circumstance of life, and the man who never ceases to understand his friends wrongly need not be described as a creature requiring particular sympathy. The letter is addressed to his solicitor, Mr. John Hanson:

"After the contents of your Epistle, you will probably be less surprised at my answer than I have been at many points of yours; never was I more astonished than at the perusal, for I confess I expected very different treatment. Your indirect charge of Dissipation does not affect me, nor do I fear the strictest inquiry into my conduct; neither here [Cambridge] nor at Harrow have I disgraced myself, the 'Metropolis' and the 'Cloisters' are alike unconscious of my Debauchery, and on the plains of *merry Sherwood* I have experienced *Misery* alone. . . . Mrs. Byron and myself are now totally separated, injured by her I sought refuge with Strangers, too late I see my error, for how was kindness to be expected from *others*, when denied by a *parent*? In you, Sir, I imagined I had found an Instructor; for your advice I thank you; the Hospitality of yourself and Mrs. H.—on many occasions I shall always gratefully remember, for I am not of opinion that even present Injustice can cancel past obligations."

Were we not right in that phrase "silly superiority"? Is it possible to read such trash without a sense of shame for the man who shook the world with his egotism and who never, in point of reality or in the understanding of life, advanced one step beyond the spirit of this kind of utterance? Harken to Manfred lisping in sentiment from the boy's lips in a later passage of the same letter:

"Before I proceed, it will be necessary to say a few words concerning Mrs. Bryon [his mother]. You hinted a possibility of her appearance at Trinity; the instant I hear of her arrival I quit Cambridge, though *Rustication* or *Expulsion* be the consequence. Many a weary week of *torment* have I passed with her, nor have I forgot the insulting *Epithets* with which myself, my *sister*, my *father*, and my *family* have been repeatedly reviled."

When one remembers the real and human meaning of that phrase, "my father and my family"—the father whom he never remembered, the family which he never knew—one begins to understand something of the character of this bard. This particular letter from which we have made quotation is, in truth, a mine of information as to the youngster's character, which was really as fixed at the age of seventeen as at the age when he produced his most influential and popular works. He was not allowed, it appears, to incur the super-

fluous expense of "repairing" his rooms. "Hear my determination," says he to Mr. Hanson. "I will never pay for them out of my allowance, and the disgrace will not attach to me but to those by whom I have been deceived." He had already availed himself of the fruits of that tremendous truth that no man can shirk a burthen without transferring it to somebody else's shoulders. It was Byron's habit to practise this particular form of shirking, and if we add to this list of strange characteristics which we have already detailed an absurd vanity which this letter-writer was for ever attempting to pass off under a thin disguise of humour, we have the character fairly complete. He writes to his half-sister:

"I presume you were rather surprised not to see my *consequential* name in the papers amongst the orators of our second speech-day, but unfortunately some wit who had formerly been at Harrow, suppressed the merits of Long, Farrer and myself, who were always supposed to take the Lead in Harrow eloquence, and by way of a *hoax* thought proper to insert a panegyric on those speakers who were really and truly allowed to have rather disgraced themselves. Of course for the *wit* of the thing, the best were left out and the worst inserted, which accounts for the *Gothic omission* of my superior talents. Perhaps it was done with a view to weaken our vanity, which might be too much raised by the flattering paragraphs bestowed on our performance the first speech-day; be that as it may, we were omitted in the account of the second, to the astonishment of all Harrow."

The contradictory explanation of his neglected performance, described, first as a hoax, and then as a means of chastening his vanity, proves quite sufficiently that, whether by hoax or by serious intention, that vanity needed chastening indeed. He allows himself to use the following agreeable language in regard to his mother:

"I have at last succeeded in pacifying the dowager, and mollifying that *piece of flint* which the good Lady denominates her heart. She now has condescended to send you her *love*, although with many comments on the occasion and many compliments to herself. But to me she still continues to be a torment, and I doubt not would continue so to the end of my life. However, this is the last time she will ever have an opportunity, as, when I go to college I shall employ my vacations either in town; or during the summer I intend making a tour through the Highlands, and to visit the Hebrides with a party of my friends whom I have engaged for the purpose. . . . I by that means will avoid the society of this woman, whose detestable temper destroys every Idea of domestic comfort. It is a happy thing that she is my mother and not my wife, so that I can rid myself of her when I please, and indeed if she goes on in the style that she has done for this last week that I have been with her, I shall quit her before the month I was to drag out in her company is expired, and place myself anywhere rather than remain with such a *vixen*."

Now, without for a moment indulging in the customary phrases about filial duty, and quite recognising that even a maternal temper may be too overwhelming on occasions, this was surely a uniquely Byronic way of writing of a woman, who within three weeks of that letter did herself write—as Mr. Prothero, with his customary impartiality instantly informs us—"I give up the five hundred a year to my son, and you

will supply him with money accordingly. The two hundred a year in addition I shall reserve for myself; nor can I do with less, as my house will always be a home for my son whenever he chooses to come to it." In those far more dignified phrases there are hints of another's "detestable temper," if the writer had only cared to make the revelation.

Mr. Prothero's first volume brings us down to the eye of that historical March day when Byron awoke to find himself famous. Just before that celebrated occasion death released the "vixen" with whom he refused to live, probably with excellent reasons. But this is the way in which he expresses his loss, in a letter to R. C. Dallas:

"Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable. The best friend of my friend Hobhouse . . . has perished miserably in the muddy waters of Cam, always fatal to genius."

At that point of rhetoric, of sham Stoicism, of vacuous bragging, the tattered demalion hero of Mr. Prothero's volume is, as we have said, left. The editing of the book, however, could not have been done better. The task has been accomplished with rare skill, fine impartiality, and distinguished deference to rivals in the same field. The only result, however—though the lesson is as instructive as any which this century of letters can show—is to prove Byron to be a more completely thorough impostor than we had ever before supposed. We notice that one Byronic has been filtering his aroused feelings in an evening paper against Mr. Lionel Johnson's claim in these columns, that Byron was a twopenny poet and a farthing man. If sympathisers with Byron (Colonel Newcome included) would care to study this volume of letters intelligently, they would find, we rather think, much to give pause to their sensibilities and emotions on the subject of the "noble poet."

#### THE "FREE OLD HAWK" AGAIN.

*The Wound-Dresser.* By Walt Whitman. Edited by R. M. Bucke. (Putnam's Sons.)

LAST year a little collection of Walt Whitman's letters to Peter Doyle, one of his boy friends, was published under the title *Calamus*. Now comes another contribution to our knowledge of the Free Old Hawk (as in one of the Doyle letters Walt calls himself), in the form of a bundle of correspondence sent to his mother from Washington in 1862-3-4, when he was nursing the wounded soldiers of the Civil War. Every one knows that Whitman played the ministering angel (disguised as a hairy, open-shirted, warm-hearted, tobacco-carrying Republican) to some hundreds of America's sick fighters: his account of his experiences are accessible in *Specimen Days* and *Drum Taps*; but the more spontaneous,

unofficial story of his Hospital benefactions, as told in familiar day-to-day letters to his mother, is new. In this little book that story may be read. Its title is *The Wound-Dresser*. "The Heartener" would be more accurate, for Walt did not, as *The Wound-Dresser* would suggest, so much fulfil the duties of surgeon or nurse as supplement and complete them by countless little sympathetic offices which it needed a comprehensive and partly feminine mind such as his to think of. First and foremost, he set himself to cheer the men, to put hopefulness into them, to oust impatience, to divert their thoughts, to minimise their forebodings. He passed through the crowded wards like a sun-warmed breeze of spring.

There have been critics who held that Whitman might have done better to have fought for the cause he had at heart; but it seems to us that the nobler way was his. It may be contended, without any aspersion on the fair honour of Bellona, that to ease the dying hours or assist the recovery of numbers and numbers of those who had fought and fallen in the war was at least as serviceable an action for the North as the individual slaughter of a dozen or so Southerners. Moreover, while the bodily privations through which Whitman had to pass were trifling (although he often sat up all night), his mind was severely assailed. "Mother," he says somewhere, "it is the most pitiful sight, I think, when first the men are brought in. I have to bustle round to keep from crying." And Dr. Bucke states in his final note that Whitman's ill-health and paralysis dated from this period. None the less, though he suffered from it, Walt liked his self-imposed work. "Mother," he wrote, "as I have said in former letters, you can have no idea how these sick and dying youngsters cling to a fellow, and how fascinating it is, with all its hospital surroundings of sadness and scenes of repulsion of death."

Walt's inexhaustible federating imagination was needed for the success of the enterprise. Other ministering angels doubtless shed light upon these overstocked hospitals, but none were like unto him. He alone had magnetism and solicitous, inspired thought.

"Above all [he writes], the poor boys welcome magnetic friendship, personality (some are so fervent, so hungry for this)—poor fellows, how young they are, lying there with their pale faces, and that mute look in their eyes. O, how one gets to love them—often, in particular cases, so suffering, so good, so manly and affectionate. . . . Lots of them have grown to expect, as I leave at night, that we should kiss each other, sometimes quite a number; I have to go round, poor boys. . . . I spend my evenings altogether at the hospitals—my days often. I give little gifts of money in small sums, which I am enabled to do—all sorts of things indeed, food, clothing, letter stamps (I write lots of letters), now and then a good pair of crutches, &c., &c. Then I read to the boys. The whole ward that can walk gathers around me and listens."

And again:

"I have been feeding some their dinners. It makes me feel quite proud. I find so frequently I can do with the men what no one else at all can—getting them to eat (some that

will not touch their food otherwise, nor for anybody else)—it is sometimes quite affecting, I can tell you. I found such a case to-day, a soldier with throat disease very bad. I fed him quite a dinner; the men (his comrades around) just stared in wonder, and one of them told me afterwards that he (the sick man) had not eat so much at a meal in three months."

And here is an account of one of Walt's happy thoughts:

"Oh, I must tell you, I [gave] in Carver Hospital a great treat of ice-cream, a couple of days ago—went round myself through about fifteen large wards (I bought some ten gallons, very nice). You would have cried and been amused too. Many of the men had to be fed; several of them I saw cannot probably live, yet they quite enjoyed it. I gave everybody some—quite a number [of] Western country boys had never tasted ice-cream before."

And in another letter Walt says: "Mother, I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up." A noble record, is it not?

The letters are not wholly given to the description of patients and Walt's methods. There are many asides. Often they are concerned with clothes, for Walt, though he was now over forty, still stood to his mother somewhat in the relation of schoolboy. Boy he was, of course, to the end: boy in heart and enthusiasm and naturalness; but in the matter of clothes, particularly shirts, he was boy more actually still. Thus: "Mother, I have neglected, I think, what I ought to have told you two or three weeks ago, that is that I have discarded my old clothes." And, "O, mother, how welcome the shirts were," and so on. And looking at the excellent portrait of Louisa Whitman which accompanies this book, it is not hard to understand the Free Old Hawk's persistent dependence and minute filial regard: a full, strong face, with soft, kindly lines and plenty of chin, shrewd, humorous eyes, hair parted in the middle and a white cap over the head, ending in two ribbons—a most lovable old lady. Walt occasionally touches on other matters less personal than wearing apparel. Now and then he is strong in praise of O'Connor, with whom for a while he lodged—O'Connor, his most eloquent champion, the author of *The Good Gray Poet*; in another place he drops in a passage touching President Lincoln:

"I had a good view of the President last evening. He looks more careworn even than usual; his face with deep-cut lines, seams, and his complexion grey through very dark skin—a curious looking man, very sad. I said to a lady who was looking with me: 'Who can see that man without losing all wish to be sharp upon him personally?' The lady assented, although she is almost vindictive on the course of the administration (thinks it wants nerve, &c.—the usual complaint). The equipage is rather shabby—horses, indeed, almost what my friends the Broadway drivers would call *old plugs*. The President dresses in plain black clothes, cylinder hat. He was alone yesterday. . . . I really think it would be safer for him just now to stop at the White House, but I expect he is too proud to abandon the former custom."

Later, we find Walt writing: "I have finally made up my mind that Mr. Lincoln

has done as good as a human man could do." In another place he has a pretty reference to two little nieces:

"Mother, you don't know how pleased I was to read what you wrote about little Sis. I want to see her so bad, I don't know what to do; I know she must be just the best young one on Long Island—but I hope it will not be understood as meaning any slight or disrespect to Miss Hat, nor to put her nose out of joint, because Uncle Walt, I hope, has heart and gizzard big enough for both his little nieces, and as many more as the Lord may send."

And here is a picturesque scrap of recollection, addressed in parenthesis in a letter to Mrs. Whitman, to Martha, the wife of his brother Jeff:

"Matty, I send you my best love. Dear sister, how I wish I could be with you one or two good days. Mat, do you remember the good time we had that awful stormy night we went to the Opera, New York, and had the front seat, and heard the handsome-mouthed Guerrabella? and had the good oyster supper at Fulton Market ('pewter them ales!'). O Mat, I hope and trust we shall have such times again."

"We'll have it in a tankard, please," is the colourless English formula. "Pewter them ales!" said the Free Old Hawk, child and prophet of a younger, more idiomatic civilisation.

And here we must leave a kindly book, which although in the main it deals with such a sad subject as the wreckage and sorrow that must ever crowd the wake of a war, is yet a piece of literature to be prized, for it shows us yet deeper into the heart of this bountiful and guileless nature. Well were it for the poor fellows destined to suffer in America's present struggle could Walt Whitman stand beside their beds.

#### A DUBLIN DOCTOR.

*William Stokes: His Life and Work (1804-1878)*. By his Son, William Stokes. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WILEN Foley had finished the statue of William Stokes which now stands in the hall of the College of Physicians in Dublin, he said: "I think I have caught the expression of the mouth; it was no easy task to give that mouth!" In the photograph of the statue which forms the frontispiece to this book, one can guess the difficulty, and almost attest the triumph. The figure answers to Stokes's life, as it is here recorded—"His life was gentle." It burned with a gem-like flame; and this marble embodiment, with its bowed head and folded hands, reveals, as Sir William Stokes says, "a spirit that has attained a massive wisdom and almost a gnomic calm, yet can be still enkindled from within, and shake off the sense of the weight and mystery of life and death, of sin and sorrow that threatens to overwhelm it."

William Stokes was born in 1804. He came of good family, and his father, Whitley Stokes, was a Dublin surgeon of some eminence. His boy William was not precocious, nor even promising. He battered

on Scott's Border Ballads, to the neglect alike of games and lessons. But he had a mother. One day lying on the grass asleep he was awakened by her hot tears of regret and doubt falling on his face. It was an awakening from more than physical sleep; thenceforward the youth was strenuous: he plunged into his medical career. Many advantages were his: he had the *entrées* into the best Dublin society; the priceless backing of a kind, a successful, and a popular father. At Edinburgh, whither he went to complete his studies, he came under the magnetic teaching of Prof. Alison: "Alison was the best man I ever knew," he said in after life.

"From nine at night to two or three o'clock in the morning we seem to see this wise and grand physician attended by William Stokes, the ardent youth of twenty-one years of age, as full of love for his just teacher as of zeal for his art, passing through snow and storm down the Cowgate and up the high stairs leading to the topmost flat on some old house in the wynds of Edinburgh, bringing medicine and healing to the dark haunts of poverty and misery, comfort and sympathy to the wounded souls at whose bedside they ministered."

In Edinburgh Stokes published a treatise on the stethoscope, an instrument still new, and, therefore, in the eyes of many, ridiculous. But Stokes saw the value of Laennec's theory of auscultation and percussion, and he made himself master of that now indispensable servant. Thus early in his career—he had not yet qualified for practice—Stokes became something of a pioneer. He remained a mild pioneer all his life; but his name cannot be said to be associated with any discovery which strikes the imagination. In conjunction with Dr. Robert James Graves he introduced opium in the treatment of peritonitis; but only doctors remember the fact. He also improved the system of clinical teaching in Dublin—but how make this eloquent? It is the man himself, not his professional achievement, that shines in these pages. And behind the man, it is not the history of medicine nor the economy of Meath Hospital that next takes our eye; it is the state of Ireland, and the ravages of cholera and famine in Dublin.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is a foot-note in which Sir William Stokes quotes Miss Jane Barlow's account of his father's humane treatment of Clarence Mangan, in the last moments of his life. It is a touching story of the ministration of a doctor to a poet:

"One morning, as Stokes was going his rounds in the Meath Hospital, the porter told him that admission was asked for a miserable looking man at the door. He was shocked to find that this was Mangan, who said to him, 'You are the first who has spoken one kind word to me for many years'—a terrible saying. Stokes got him to a private room, and had everything possible done for him; but not many days after he died. Immediately after death, such a wonderful change came over the face that Stokes hurried away to Sir Frederic Burton, the artist, and said to him, 'Clarence Mangan is lying dead at the hospital. I want you to come and look at him, for you never saw anything so beautiful in your life!' So Sir Frederic came, and made the sketch which is now in the National Gallery. And so, 'suddenly and quietly as the shutting of a glow-

worm's little lamp,' on the 20th of June, 1849, his life went out. Only three persons are said to have followed his body to the grave."

Another of Stokes's contacts with literary men—they were many—is not less interesting. In 1849 Carlyle visited Ireland, and brought an introduction to Stokes, who asked a party of friends—including Drs. Todd and Petrie and Sir Frederic Burton—to meet him. It was not a very happy occasion:

"The impression that Carlyle made on Stokes was the reverse of favourable. His self-assertiveness, intolerance of any opposition to his views, vanity, and unconcealed contempt for everything and everyone in the country in which he was an honoured guest, struck Stokes as being ill-mannered as it was low-bred. He used to say that he had during his life-time met many men who were in every sense of the word *bored*, but that 'Carlyle was hyperborean!' It is not surprising, therefore, that Stokes, whom Carlyle described as being a 'rather fierce, sinister looking man,' became, as the evening wore on, 'more and more gloomy, emphatic, and contradictory,' and we can well believe that after eleven o'clock p.m. Carlyle was 'glad to get away.'"

The love of literature was never more happily allied to the love of medicine than it was in William Stokes. See how they join hands in this story of a cobbler of Carry Breacc, where Stokes had his country seat. The man was in broken health, and had often experienced the doctor's kindness and skill:

"He was fond of reading, and Stokes lent him an odd volume of Scott's novels from time to time. Walking beside him one day on the road Stokes said: 'Well, Denny, what did you think of the last book I lent you?' 'It's a great book intirely, docther, an' Sir Walter Scott's a true historian.' 'I'm inclined to agree with you,' said Stokes; 'but what do you mean exactly by calling him a true historian?' 'I mane, your honour, he's a thrie historian, because he makes you love your kind.'"

The amazing thing is that the class which produced a man capable of making this memorable criticism was so sunk in ignorance and superstition that a story like the following is far more typical of its intellectual condition. Stokes, it should be premised, liked to inform himself of the popular remedies believed in by the peasantry. The treatment for epilepsy in South Kerry in Stokes's day was, to say the least, heroic:

"Mr. Bland, of Derrequin Castle, met one of his tenants. 'Well, John,' said he, 'how is the boy?'

'He's well! sir.'

'How did you cure him?'

'I deluded him to your honour's bog.'

'And what did you do to him there?'

'I drowned him, your honour.'

'How was that?'

'I brought him to the edge of your honour's bog-hole and threw him in suddint, and leapt down upon him, and held him under the water till the last bubble was out of him, and he never since had a return of the complaint, glory be to God!'"

There is a subtle affinity between this story and that narrated earlier in the book, of the Dublin jobber who sold a diseased cow to the Protestant clergyman of a small parish. Compelled by the clergyman to take back the animal and refund the money,

the man replied: "Don't be angry with me, your reverence, I'm only a lame boy, and have no way of livin' but by stratagem!" Thus murder and cheating lost their wickedness among these folk of lame minds and bodies.

The passage in this book which we should select as being the most humanly interesting is contained in a letter which Stokes wrote to his wife. It shows us the inside of a doctor's mind—his private tumults and ghastly regrets:

"My profession is on the whole not a depressing one to most men. Nor does its ordinary routine depress me. But when a death of importance happens, and some busy devil within you whispers that had you done something else the result would have been different, and when such an idea from your own weakness becomes fixed, then there is a misery produced which corrodes one's very vitals. The deaths of George Greene, of Curran, of Davis, and of McCullagh, struck me down heavily, for in my treatment of all these cases I feel something to regret. In many such instances the feeling is a mistaken one, for we fret for not having done that of which we had no knowledge we ought to have done; and if we do our best, why should we be dissatisfied. But still the feeling is irresistible, and comes over one like a winter cloud."

When we remember that the man who wrote these words was a perfectly trained and, by nature, a brilliantly equipped medical man—to whom the highest success came as by right—we shall see that Foley might find it "no easy task to give that mouth."

#### JEFFREYS RECONSIDERED.

*The Life of Judge Jeffreys.* By H. B. Irving, M.A. (Heinemann.)

INSENSIBLY, the popular conception of public men is coloured for posterity by the prejudices and predilections of their earliest biographers, and if they have had the misfortune to have been on a losing side and to have exercised the pens of victorious adversaries, then they must suffer for it accordingly for all time. Richard Crookback, as we know him, is the creation of Lancastrian chroniclers, and it is to the jaundice of Whig pamphleteers that Mr. Irving would trace the familiar but distorted features of that other bogey of childhood, "Judge" Jeffreys. Macaulay, Lord Campbell, and the rest who dish up once more the stale scandals of *The Bloody Assizes*, shall be arraigned at last before the bar of veracious history. Mr. Irving is a master of the use of depreciatory epithets; and throughout this interesting biography no opponent, personal or political, of Jeffreys is allowed for a moment to come upon the stage without some damnatory label affixed to his intellect or character, intended subtly to discredit the value to be attached to his evidence. The Norths (Francis and Roger), William Russell and Algernon Sidney, Lady Lisle, and the sufferers of the Western Circuit, each in turn must be bespattered in the interests of their rival or their persecutor. Seen thus, against a

darkened background, instead of against the holy-stoned whiteness ascribed by Whiggish writers to Whiggish martyrs, even the lineaments of Jeffreys are bound, as Mr. Irving calculates, to appear less sable than of yore.

It need hardly be said that a biography of Jeffreys on these lines is extremely entertaining reading. Mr. Irving's ingenuity and audacity are astonishing and full of surprises. His narrative is lucidly and vigorously composed. And, after all, the falsification of portraiture is not serious, the whole design is so transparent. Occasionally, indeed, you have a lurking suspicion that the whole thing is meant as a huge *jeu d'esprit*. If so, Mr. Irving keeps it up uncommonly well, and never winks. He chooses to adopt the rôle of whitewasher. The attempt to make the worse appear the better cause pleases his histrionic and forensic instincts. He gravely lays stress on every trifle which may tell in Jeffreys's favour, and narrates his iniquities apologetically, if the case will strain to an apology, and otherwise without comment. But, after all, he is at bottom a serious historical student. He will put a false colour upon evidence, out of sheer gaiety of mind and delight in his own art; but he will not slur or withhold the evidence itself. Through the thin veils of his interpretative leniency, the bare facts of Jeffreys's career, on which after all history must form its judgment, are revealed clearly enough. And the resultant Jeffreys does not, after all, differ so much from the Jeffreys, say, of Macaulay, as might have been expected. Mr. Irving's substantive modifications in the traditional portrait rarely touch essentials. He proves that Jeffreys when young was more of a gentleman than Roger North cared to allow; he shows that his legal acquirements were not after all so despicable; he blows away some of the more irresponsible charges of vice that have gathered about his name. But he does not effectively minimise the judicial brutality that has made his name a byword; and he brings into a clearer light, if possible, than ever the shameless cynicism with which he sold himself to a foul cause, and prostituted the dignity of the bench to serve the necessities and aims of an unscrupulous and unpatriotic party.

#### PSYCHOLOGY AND ART.

*Outlines of Descriptive Psychology.* By George Trumbull Ladd. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PROF. LADD is known in two very different capacities. He is a synthetic philosopher, who laid down in his *Introduction to Philosophy* a scheme of the philosophical sciences—a project to which his *Philosophy of Mind* and *Philosophy of Knowledge* may be regarded as contributions. On the other hand, he is a psychologist of some reputation, and, as is fitting in an American professor, an enthusiast for his science. His work is less widely known than that of Prof. James, for it has little of its racy humour and aptness of illustration. On the other hand, it is his

peculiar merit that his claim for psychology is more modest than we have been taught to expect from a disciple of Münsterberg. In this work it is peculiarly so, perhaps for the reason that the book is avowedly a text-book. He defines the science as "the systematic description and explanation of the phenomena of consciousness as such"; and though one might object to the word "explanation," we are reassured when we find that the author uses it only in a rough and proximate sense. He is no bigoted champion of the "psychological laboratory" school, and he has the modesty to recognise the limits of his subject. "The ultimate nature of the mind," he says, "the reality of things, and the actuality of those causal relations which every one assumes to exist between things, are subjects for profound philosophical inquiry." Psychology takes the "naïve and common-sense point of view." It deals with an aspect of things; its results are abstract, in so far as they are not the whole truth. And in this recognition of limit lies the value of the science, and we are spared many painful efforts after a dogmatism which would reduce the world to the terms of a fraction of it, and explain away metaphysical theories by a wilful misunderstanding of their import.

But we are less concerned here with a review of Prof. Ladd's work than with a question which the reading of it has suggested. As one of the sources of psychology the author mentions "the artistic delineations of human mental life." "These," he says, "include the drama, poetry, and especially, at present, the novel, or prose romantic composition. All true art requires and displays insight into soul life. It is not, however, the so-called 'psychological' dramas or novels which ordinarily have most of genuine or valuable insight."

The question, indeed, is one which meets us on every hand. Of late years the "objective romance," as it is called, has gone out of critical esteem if not out of popular favour, and the world has gone a hankering after psychology in fiction. In the ordinary romance the chief figure, if he is done with skill, may be revealed to the reader "on the inside," but the other people must be mere shells and fragments. So the psychologically-minded novelist girds up his loins and sets himself to write little essays on each of his characters. If he have the gift of the thing he may analyse motives with a subtlety which is more than their desert, and exhibit simple folk passing through the most dazzling mental gyrations. If he be a novice he is reduced to mere crude invention. But the result in both cases is the same—work which may be clever, scientifically valuable, or even verbally exquisite, but work which is wholly beyond the true purpose of art.

Let us admit at once that there is a good deal of sense in the bitter cry of the psychologist. The first and indispensable requisite in fiction is the emotional or dramatic, but the second postulate—in great fiction at any rate—is that the drama be a spiritual one, and not merely the stirrup-and-bridle affair of the romancer. The psychologist, then, seeks the same end as the artist, but he is misled because he takes the wrong means to attain it.

He will tell you he aims at truth. Well, so does the artist, but there are truths and truths, and between them is a great gulf fixed. There is one truth for science and one truth for art, and this must be recognised. A man may compile a narrative of events from the daily papers, he may be able to give day and hour for every incident, and yet the whole may be crudely and palpably false. A police-court register is truth, even dramatic truth, but it is not the truth of the drama. Let us suppose that a novelist of enterprise and leisure started a psychological laboratory; that he deliberately experimented upon people whom he had chosen for his characters, chronicled their sensations, arrived inductively at some estimate of their mental processes, and set it all down in black and white. It would be extremely interesting from a scientist's point of view. It would be valueless as art unless qualities were added which bore no relation to the psychologist's note-book. But more—and this is the point we would insist on—the art of the thing (supposing the other qualities to be there) would be no whit improved by the elaborate results of the experiment. Truth is art's beginning and end, but it is independent of sums and formulæ. When, in a word, a scene, an action, a man's whole world is epitomised and made immortal—there we have the truth of art. The conflict between the two is the old antithesis between the dead letter and the spirit which lives.

But even the psychologist has his suspicion of a need for the dramatic and emotional, and he seeks to attain them by a careful choice of the *milieu* of his experiments. He runs blindly to the morbid and eccentric, and becomes a pathologist. Drama he certainly finds—of a kind; but he cuts himself further off than ever from the truth of art which "follows the main march of the human affections." "In psychology," says Prof. Ladd, "abnormal and pathological phenomena require expert investigation. Such investigation is often a fruitful source of psychological knowledge. Hence the value of studies in hypnotism, insanity, criminology, idiocy, for the science of psychology." Exactly; the fact of their abnormality being recognised and allowed for, the results can be made use of; but the unhappy novelist, whose genre forbids him to explain the limitations of his work, presents his results, which at the most have only a limited truth for science, as the essential truth of art. Nor is the spectral unreality of it redeemed by the false air of drama.

Art, when all is said, is a suggestion, and it refuses to be explained. Make it obvious, unfold it in detail, and you reduce it to a dead letter. In fiction the men and women who live in memory are not those who are analysed in sets of little essays. Take Major Pendennis, surely one of the most fully known inhabitants of the half-world of art. Thackeray had too much good sense to unfold his character in a chain of analyses; but in that supreme moment when the middle-aged man looks back upon his past, and feels that he is getting too old for wet fields and country houses, and that he has outlived his day—then the whole tragic comedy of

the elderly butterfly's life is laid bare and clear before us. So, to take another instance, it is Scott's failures on whom he writes essays. His intolerable heroes are analysed from the inside as far as he was capable of such fatuity, but who shall say that Redgauntlet, or Monkarns, or Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or any one of the immortals, ever suffered such an indignity?

The truth, of course, is where the truth generally is, midway between two schools. On the one hand we demand a spiritual crisis, and on the other we declare that such a crisis cannot be represented for art by any barren analysis. The fashion is in vogue to-day, for a great writer, who has all the shining gifts of the artist, has this alien subtlety to perfection. The result is, that little mimics, who have none of the first and little of the second, ape not the artist's proper qualities, but his adventitious endowments. And when this has been done they defend themselves in the name of art, for "such is the excellent foppery of the world,"

#### HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

*History of England for the use of Middle Forms in Schools.* Part II.: *From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Revolution of 1689.* By T. F. Tout, M.A. (Longmans.)

BOTH the writers, to whose collaboration this series is ultimately due, have added far too little to the copious stream of historical literature which pours year after year from almost every press. Prof. York Powell, who wrote Part I. of this series, is a notorious delinquent in this respect—perhaps no man has gained so great a reputation on so little positive performance. But if Prof. Tout does not make haste he will be amenable to the same serious charge. Hitherto, the *Dictionary of National Biography* has claimed a large share of his time. The present volume will not, of course, substantially enhance his fame as an historian. It is too slight and too much on the old familiar lines. But Prof. Tout is also a very successful teacher, and every page of this little book bears the impress of the trained lecturer. Clearness and accuracy of statement we should naturally expect in anything from the author's pen. An especially noticeable point is the stress laid upon Scotch and Irish history. The book is further equipped with a number of useful genealogies, both foreign and English, and with a set of maps which, considering their size and absence of distinguishing colours, may be pronounced almost unrivalled for their clearness. The map of Wales before Henry VIII.'s reforms (p. 135) seems to us an original contribution of considerable value. It very materially alters the ordinary conception of the extent and position of the Welsh Marches. In the letterpress technical terms and names are freely used, but always with careful explanations of their origin or import. We are not left to vague generalities. The facts are carefully chosen, and compactly and skilfully grouped and marshalled. In fact, despite the alleged rapidity of composition,

everything has been done to make the little volume a first-rate text-book of the ordinary type.

We confess, however, that we are thoroughly discontented with the type of text-book from which English history is at present taught. The simple narrative form of treatment tends to give as much space to the small as to the important facts. The endeavour to cover the whole ground leaves no opportunity for the writer to be picturesque or even interesting. If we are to have a mass of facts presented to us, it would be equally enlightening and more useful for reference to find them tabulated in chronological order. Chronology is one thing, and a very important thing; but history is another thing altogether. Chronology in a narrative form is like plum-pudding from which the plums have been omitted. In justice to Prof. Tout, it should be said that he has added as many plums as the particular form of pudding allows. But full chronological tables should be supplementary to a narrative which would centre round crucial facts and periods in the life of a nation. Our ideal would be such as is attained in Mr. Wakeman's admirable *History of the Church of England*. It is a narrative, but it deliberately dwells, in considerable detail, on certain episodes, to the subordination, if not to the actual exclusion, of others of less significance. We are inclined also to resent the old-fashioned method of relegating the amount of constitutional, social, and literary history which seems fit to be inserted, to a separate chapter at the end of each period. It would seem more natural and educative to work these important matters into the texture of the general story; and such a treatment as has just been suggested would give ample opportunity for so doing. As things stand, these by-chapters, which Mr. Green would have called the history of the English people, run the risk of being omitted altogether.

But we do not look to see these ideas carried out at any early date. At present too many people are of the mind of the old Oxford don who met the proposition to found a School of Modern History with the scornful remark that "every gentleman knows history." Until even schoolmasters recognise that history is not merely an interesting branch of literature, but a scientific study, writers of historical text-books must be contented to turn out more or less accurate accounts, couched in strictly narrative form, of the doings of kings and parliaments and armies. Comment and criticism must be present in a strictly subordinate position.

### SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

*The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius in Syriac.* By the late William Wright, LL.D., &c., and Norman McLean, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

A WELL-PRINTED book containing a Syriac version of Eusebius' Church History, compiled from a St. Petersburg and a British Museum MS. The variations between this

and the Greek text usually current are few and unimportant, and the fact lends strength to Prof. Wright's conjecture quoted in the Preface, that "these books (he is speaking of this along with some other translations of Greek works) were translated into Syriac in the lifetime of the authors themselves, or very soon after." The regretted death of Prof. Wright occurred before the present volume was ready for the press, but his place has been worthily filled by his old pupil, Mr. McLean. Prof. Merx, of Heidelberg, contributes some valuable notes on the Armenian version, which was itself made from the Syriac and has been collated with the present text throughout.

*St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.* By Charles Gore, D.D., &c. (John Murray.)

A COMMENTARY on, or, as the author prefers to call it, a "practical exposition" of the Epistle. Canon Gore thinks that his text was not addressed to the Ephesians specially, but to the churches of Asia, "of which Ephesus was the chief." This epistle is remarkable among other things for the clearness with which it sets forth St. Paul's demonological beliefs — which were, of course, the popular ones of the time — and we therefore turn with interest to the pages in which Canon Gore handles them. He does so in no mincing terms. "There are," he tells us, "invisible rebel spirits. . . . These rebel wills are unseen by us and in most respects unknown, but they organise and give a certain coherence and continuity to evil in the world." And again, "St. Paul has no doubt at all that moral evil has its origin and spring in the dark background behind human nature — in the rebel wills of devils." This is plain speaking, and even if we do not agree with Canon Gore in his theory — for logical proof of which he seems to refer to personal experience only — we must all admire his candour in not fencing with the question. To avow openly so robust a doctrine in an age when, as he here says, "it has become customary to regard belief in devils or angels as fanciful and perhaps superstitious," requires courage which popular preachers do not always exhibit.

*Studies in Texts.* By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

VERY different from the last-named is this, the first of a series of volumes which will represent the most recent public discourses of this famous Nonconformist preacher, *The People's Bible*, twenty-six volumes of sermons having already been published. In his lecture, *Ad Clerum*, he strikes the keynote of a faith as sturdy as it is sincere:

"To my view, the Bible is a unit. One part belongs to another. One part explains another. . . . The parts of the temple come together most wonderfully, as if proportioned and fitted by the same architect. So wondrous is the effect on my own mind that if any teacher should explain the marvel by saying, 'Holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' I should accept the solution; my reason, my imagination and my heart would unite in exclaiming 'Lo, God is here, and I knew it not; this is none other than the word of God and this is the light of heaven!'"

The secret of Dr. Parker's success as a preacher appears plainly in these simple and direct studies.

*Religious Pamphlets.* Selected and Arranged by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. (Kegan Paul.)

HERE we have such well-known works as Knox's *Monstrous Regiment of Women*, Defoe's *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, and Swift's *Abolishing of Christianity* collected in one handy little volume, with an epitome of the Marprelate controversy, and specimens of Prynne and Bastwick's diatribes and of the milder method of Richard Baxter, George Fox, Sydney Smith and John Henry Newman. The following is godly Master Bastwick's account of the clergy of his time:

"And in those good pastors' and ministers' places — they have installed, foisted in and put priests *secundum ordinem diaboli* for the most part, such a generation of vipers, of proud, ungrateful, idle, wicked, and illiterate asses, and such profane scorners of all piety and goodness, and so beastly, lascivious and lecherous as no pretty wench can keep her honesty for them, and men of such conversation for the generality of them as they are not fit for civil society, and fellows so treacherous and perfidious as no man can be secure in their company. . . ."

In a learned and most readable introduction, Mr. Dearmer gives a clear history of religious pamphleteering in general, and of the circumstances under which the particular ones he has chosen came to be written. Here is a sentence worth remembering at a time when a revival of ritual prosecution seems possible:

"The growth of toleration has been very slow, and the belief in it confined at first to those who were persecuted. We cannot credit any sect or party with its possession, except those which never attained to power; we can only be certain that the idea has grown painfully from age to age, leaving each generation a little more tolerant than that which preceded it. Cromwell, for instance, was more genuinely tolerant than Elizabeth, but he could not extend his toleration to Anglicans and Papists; which meant, in fact, that he was tolerant to his fellow-Puritans, and to them only."

A book to be heartily recommended.

*Aids to Bible Students.* By Various Authors. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

IT was a happy thought of the Queen's Printers to reprint this Appendix to their "Variorum" Bible in a separate form. Here the student will find papers on such matters as the different versions of the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, the ethnology of the Bible, and the daily life of the Hebrews and the nations among whom they were cast, together with well-executed illustrations from the monuments, a singularly complete concordance, and a small Bible atlas. The whole volume is more convenient, both in size and price, than the larger one of which it formerly made part, and forms in itself an excellent introduction to the study of Biblical archaeology. The names of the Rev. C. J. Ball as editor, and of Profs. Cheyne, Sayce, and Swete among the collaborators, are a guarantee that the work is trustworthy.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE MACMAHON; OR,  
THE STORY OF THE SEVEN JOINS.

BY OWEN BLAYNEY.

Mr. Blayney informs us that he has sent a copy of his book to the American President, and the American President likes it. What more can author want? In connexion with this information it is amusing to find a character named McKinlay saying, "There's no dalin' wi' the Irish as ordinary mortals." The story is Irish through and through. The date is 1690 and thereabouts, and the book opens on the Battle of the Boyne. Thus does another of the characters speak: "Dthraw the cork, Colonel, if ye please; dthraw the cork this blessed minit; I don't mane on paper, but out av the jar. Be the piper that played afore Moses, I'll back that dthrawin' agin the best copperplate that Petty—a rogara maddhu ruah—iver laid down in his Down Survey," and so on. Arrah, but 'ts a pathriotic buk intoirely. (Constable. 351 pp. 6s.)

THE RENUNCIATION OF HELEN.

BY LEADER SCOTT.

Mr. Lang will not like this book. For why? Because of the Dorset dialect in it. "Well, zir, I were agoin' auver to Wynchford to see poor wold bedridden Harriet Taylor"—that is the kind of thing. But the dialect is only a detail; the story is of quiet, middle-class life, and misunderstandings, love, and self-communings eke it out. Also it has a music-publisher, whose "face gave one an idea of a knobby pear." We are glad to see the attention of novelists at last drawn to music-publishers; the ordinary variety of publisher has been fair game for long enough. (Hutchinson. 398 pp. 6s.)

THE OLD ADAM AND THE NEW EVE.

BY RUDOLF GOLM.

A translation from the German by Edith Fowler, with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, showing that Germany hath her New Women no less than England. In the author's own preface (for we come to the author after a while) he says: "I had no intention of writing a novel with a purpose, a 'Tendenzroman'! I wanted to represent the fate of a woman, who, standing at the turning-point of two epochs, experiences in her own person all the tragedy involved in transition." The particular new Eve's name is Kütthe; the old Adam's, Herr von Buggenrieth. (Heinemann. 250 pp. 2s. 6d.)

ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

BY ALEX. SURTEESE.

There are tokens that Alex. is a woman. On the first page we meet with a "spaniel dog." There is also a Sir Geoffrey Vane. There is also a house called The Cedars. Furthermore, there is a Lady Victoria Scudamore. And when a man is killed in a point-to-point race it is said of him that "he has gone to meet a greater Judge than any here." This is the last sentence: "'You know,' he added, slapping the man's shoulder good-naturedly, 'we all, sooner or later, have to bow before the shrine of Love.'" (Digby & Long. 321 pp. 6s.)

COUNTESS PETROVSKI.

BY ORME AGNUS.

Here we are offered a peep behind the veil of Imperial politics. A baron and the bewitching countess, intrigue and frustration: these ingredients make up an entertaining story, which the author is at great pains in a dull introduction to persuade us to believe true. As if it mattered! Among the characters is Lord Salisbury, of whose conversational manners this is a specimen: "And now, Mr. Sollache," said the Marquis with a kindly smile, "just one more question—have you dined? . . . Then you shall dine with us. No—no excuses. . . . My valet shall take you to a dressing-room and give you a cup of tea. Dinner is at seven, and I should advise an easy chair and a cigar until that hour." (Ward, Lock. 184 pp. 1s.)

HIDDEN WITCHERY.

BY NIGEL TOURNEUR.

The witchery is hidden under a strange style, and an alleged symbolism. The stories are mostly eighteenth century, but we have scenes like this: "Now the maid appeared, and, drawing forth a cover-table made of ebony inlaid with silver Arabic symbols, set it between us, and put thereon divers dishes; amongst others, pasties of peacocks' hearts and tongues of jays, confections of candied quinces, and pomegranates were brought; and ruddy pomewater, and sugared poperin abed to red roseleaves. All had a luscious flavour, soon cloying the appetite; so that both but toyed with the dainty fare." We are not inclined to do more than toy with Mr. Tourneur's pages. (Leonard Smithers. 244 pp. 4s.)

AS A MAN LIVES.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Three people, Bruce Deville, Adelaide Fortress, and Mr. Ffolliott, the new curate in charge of a small village, have "pasts." Bruce Deville is unkempt and unapproachable, and takes his dogs about the moor, Adelaide Fortress lives alone on his estate, Mr. Ffolliott trembles, and his daughter, the heroine, wonders and waits. On page 177, her father is saying to her, "Very soon you may know, but not yet—not yet——." (Ward, Lock & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY.

BY GEORGE BARTRAM.

This is a biography in novel form, the hero being one Edmund Clancy Mullens, a friend of the author, known to him for many years as "Rory." Rory was a character, "ready to cheer and stand by Grattan and Emmett, or to carry a pike at the heels of Lord Edward." A hot-hearted southern Irishman was Rory. He used to say, when he wished to excuse himself, "There must be men of all kinds in this world." (T. Fisher Unwin. 228 pp. 6s.)

TOLD IN THE COFFEE HOUSE.

COLLECTED AND DONE INTO ENGLISH BY CYRUS  
ADLER AND ALLAN RAMSAY.

Mr. Adler explains that he heard these stories told in coffee-houses in Constantinople, where turbaned Turks sat cross-legged smoking nargilehs and chibooks, and sipping coffee. When an argument arose someone would try to settle it by relating a story to illustrate his view. Many of the stories are adaptations from Arabic and Persian literature with a new Turkish setting. (Macmillan & Co. 174 pp. 3s.)

DOWN OUR WAY.

BY MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

Nine stories of Southern and Western American character. (Chicago: Way & Williams. 266 pp.)

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

The Queen of Hearts is Princess Elizabeth. Mrs. Marshall has followed history closely, using Mrs. Everett Green's *Lives of the Princesses of England* as her authority. The characters are mostly historical.

THE FOREST LOVERS.

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

"My story," says the author, "will take you into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil. Blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer, and men, Beauty and the Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment." There should. (Macmillan & Co. 384 pp. 6s.)

BATES AND HIS BIOCYCLE.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

This volume, says the author, "possesses neither plot nor moral . . . it appeals only to those men and those women who have fallen off a bicycle." A large constituency! (James Bowden. 133 pp.)

## PHILIPPI THE GUARDSMAN.

BY T. R. THRELFALL.

A romance of Napoleon's march to Moscow and the tragedy of the Grand Army. (Ward, Lock & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

## THE CHRONICLES OF MR. POTTERSBY. BY JAY HICKORY WOOD.

By the author of *The Cricket Club of Red Nose Flat!* (James Bowden. 154 pp.)

## SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Le Queux has turned from great wars and weird adventures to literary London, whereof this story treats. It is dedicated "To my brother 'Vagabonds'—those merry Bohemians," &c. Among Mr. Le Queux's *obiter dicta* we note this: "To the popular author, as to the actor, advertisement is everything in these degenerate days of boom and bunkum." (F. V. White & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

## A MAORI MAID.

BY H. V. VOGEL.

When a man's marriage is only *his* marriage, and his love is unreturned, he is face to face with temptation. And if he lives in New Zealand the temptation may be a Maori woman. It was so with John Anderson, who stooped to drink of the cup. "The first taste was passion, the last was punishment and penitence." For details see this story. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 400 pp. 6s.)

## THE LOOMS OF TIME.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

The Prologue tells how Spaniards died among the Cordilleras and left their bones and battered helmets in a cave. The story which follows is modern and charming—Mrs. Edmondson, the mysterious passenger on the ss. *Corotaxi*, fascinates the reader—and in the course of the pleasant love tale the principal characters find the battered helmets and skulls aforesaid. (Isbister & Co. 295 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Londoners.* By Robert Hichens.  
(Heinemann.)

On the title-page of this story Mr. Hichens assures us that it is "an absurdity"; and as it is the business of an absurdity to be absurd, we have no right to complain that it is a farce and not a comedy. Yet there is so much excellent comedy, especially in the first fifty pages, that we cannot help feeling a touch of annoyance when the author lands us into rough-and-tumble farce, and invites us to laugh because a footman, who is an ill-disguised detective, drops aspic into the Duchess's *corsage*. The story may be described as a sort of inverted "Charley's Aunt"; for Chloe Van Adam, being an American *divorcée*—though innocent—and wanting to get into London Society, masquerades as her own husband, while Mrs. Verulam, her friend, wanting to get out of Society, determines to compromise herself with the supposed Mr. Van Adam. For Mr. James Bush has inspired her with a longing for a peaceful country life. Here is an example of Mr. Hichens's frivolous vein. Mrs. Verulam is talking to Chloe, who is in bed. Marriner, the well-informed maid, is reading her pocket *Schopenhauer*:

"Chloe plunged on her pillows so as to get a clearer view of her friend's face, on which she fixed her sparkling, boyish eyes with a merciless scrutiny.

'Ah,' she said, 'now tell me all about him. Who is he? What is he? Where is he?'

Mrs. Verulam clasped Chloe's hand on the quilt softly.

'Chloe,' she said, 'he is a man!'

'I gathered that. Very few women are called James.'

'That's not enough. It is not a christening that makes a man; it is life.'

The faithful Marriner looked up from her pocket *Schopenhauer* with respectful appreciation of this reasoned truth.

'Well, then, what life does he lead?' cried Chloe.

'A life of wholesome labour, of silent communion with the earth—a life devoid of frivolity and devoted to meditation and sheep and bees and things of that kind.'

The conclusion was a little vague, but the intention to praise was obvious, and Chloe was deeply interested.

'Meditation, sheep, bees,' she repeated—'isn't all that what is called small culture?'

'Oh, indeed, there is nothing small about James Bush,' explained Mrs. Verulam. 'Oh no! He is immense, powerful, calm! He is my idea of Agag!'

The faithful Marriner again glanced up. The word 'Anak' trembled upon her well-informed lips, but respect for her mistress held her mum. Only a slight rustle betrayed the thrill of deep learning that ran through her.

'Really!' said Chloe. 'Go on, dear.'

'I met James Bush in the country at a time when I was just beginning fully to feel the emptiness of Society.'

'Emptiness! Oh, how can you!'

'I remember our first meeting so well,' Mrs. Verulam continued with a soft rapture of romance. 'He came towards me with his head in a sort of meat safe, holding in his strong hands the lid of a saucepan, upon which he beat with a wooden spoon with all his might and main.'

Chloe sat up in bed and gasped.

'But why—why was he dressed so?' she asked.

'To protect him in his duties.'

'What duties—among the sheep?'

'No—oh, no! He was swarming bees. Ah, how beautifully he swarms! If only these London creatures who call themselves men could see him!'

'I didn't know one person could swarm alone before. Go on, dear. Did he raise his meat-safe to you?'

'No. He took no notice of me at all, except to tell me to get out of the way. That struck me directly. It was so different from what a London man would do.'

'I should say so. Gracious!'

'It was only afterwards that we talked, and that I learned what a man's life can and should be.'

She glowed tenderly, and Chloe's suspicions were confirmed. She shuffled on the sheet towards her friend, and whispered in her right ear:

'Daisy, you're in love with Mr. Bush!'

Mr. Hichens knows his way about Society, and is quick to note its foibles and its meannesses. Mr. Rodney, the man about town, is excellent; so, too, is the Duchess, who does not mind staying with Mrs. Verulam at Ascot, though she fully intends to cut her when the race week is over. But the boisterous farce of the closing scenes in the palace of the Bun-Emperor is a little disappointing after the admirable comedy of the opening pages.

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*Bijli the Dancer.* By James Blythe Patton. With Six Illustrations by Horace Van Ruith. (Methuen & Co.)

In Mr. Patton's romance of Northern India, the mem-sahib, the sporting subaltern, the grass widow, and the dialect-talking British soldier have no share. There is not a single white-face in the book, and scarcely a reference to the British Raj, the shadow of which, however, falls naturally across the story. The author has followed no ancient models, and is to be complimented on his success. The story, untainted by melodrama, is written with what seems to us a complete knowledge of Oriental life and of native Indian customs in all classes. In fact, the Eastern setting of the story leaves nothing to be desired, and, perhaps, not quite enough to the imagination. Mr. Patton's novel is so very Eastern that the Western reader loses his way in it. The Oriental atmosphere will be a little too much for some, and the suspended interest, which is necessary in a work of fiction, is occasionally lost amid the novelty of the surroundings. For *Bijli the Dancer* is not a book to be skimmed. Its fate will be to be read carefully by the curious and to be thrown aside by the superficial, who will be choked off by the Indian names.

The impression left, however, is most creditable to Mr. Patton's talent. He describes the Eastern world he evidently knows so well with singular sympathy and the widest knowledge, and the pictures he gives us are picturesque, striking, and occasionally very pathetic, especially in the murder of Kasim and his lover. The description of Bijli's dance and song before the Nawab is excellently done:

"The torches, which had been raised and lowered in the cadence of the music, were now held on high, and for a moment the instruments were silent. The tall dancer stood forward alone, and a love song of Hafiz burst from her lips in passionate tones, the liquid of the Persian verse pouring in long interlacing harmonies through a melody suggestive of despairing love."

The song itself is prettily rendered from the Persian poet. The following are the first and third verses:

"When I whispered a prayer to entreat  
But a glance, 'twas in vain;  
When I fell on the path at his feet  
I was spurned with disdain.

"As the torch at the dawn sinks its fire  
In the breeze's caress,  
I await his approach to expire  
In the waft of his dress."

The story is simple and the plot slight and natural. Mr. Patton has represented native life as it appears to a European when he is sufficiently saturated in Oriental literature and customs to understand its significance. The human interest is well sustained. Bijli is an artist; the struggle between the love awakened by the Pathan nobleman and her love for her art is well described; her final parting with him is a touching piece of picturesque comedy; the tragic story of Kasim and Muntazan is dramatically related by Jamiran, the old woman who brought them together. The characters of the Nur Hasan, the headman of Gambira and of Nasrat Ali, his enemy, are well drawn, and the Oriental tact with which the nobleman deals with the two claimants for his assistance is cleverly suggested. As a vivid picture of Indian life, *Bijli the Dancer* deserves the attention which it can hardly fail to attract.

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*Where the Trade-Wind Blows: West Indian Tales.*  
By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a collection of short stories of West Indian life, in which the same people and the same places occur repeatedly. The British or American farmer, peon workmen, half-cast women, priests, inn-keepers, Spanish doctors, and Scotch traders are some of the company who play parts in the little dramas of the book. "Candace," "A Christmas Surprise," and "Paul's Orange Grove" are variations upon the eternal theme which Mr. Rudyard Kipling used once and for all in his "Without Benefit of Clergy"—the relations of the white man to his informal half-caste wife. The author knows the emotional use of weather and landscape, and there is truth and skill in the use of this dark background to the tragedy of unrequited love.

"A violent rain began to fall while Emmanuel was speaking. The mist began to fade away, for a wind was sweeping down from the mountains and, like a pair of strong hands, was rolling the thick white blanket over and over, leaving the valley bare and green behind. Emmanuel's voice had for accompaniment the scattering patter of great drops of silver; molten bullets they seemed as they dropped upon the broad fan-like banana leaves and bounded thence to the ground."

There is one grim little study in human inconsistency, "Anastasio's Revenge," in which a peon sets out light-heartedly to murder a man who has robbed him, finds him dying of thirst in the bush, tries to save him at the risk of his own life, and nurses him till he dies in his arms. Indeed, it is a charming inconsequent life which Mrs. Crowninshield tells of, a place where every one talks casually of murder and yet loves his neighbour sincerely, the happy home of cock fights, bull fights, anarchy, and easy morals. Most of the tales turn upon irregular love; "Flandreau," for example, is a wonderful and tragic sketch of marriage in the island mode. But some are bits of pure adventure, such as "Willie Baker's Good Sense," and finally there are two delightful studies of children. The "Value of a Banana Leaf" is a faithful account of the disreputable doings of the little Cristina who robbed the thieves of their stolen goods, and the small Tomacito who cried *libertad* all the day; and in "Plumero the Good" we hear of the doings of an island Tom Sawyer, one Little Arnel. Here is the tale of Cristina's soliloquies in the underwood when she is spying on the thieves and pretending to be asleep:

"They strolled up the river bank and came upon the child.  
'That girl of Felipe's, the brat!' said Francisco.  
'The stocks for thee,' said Cristina to herself.  
'How she sleeps! Could she have heard, Francisco?'  
'No! If I thought she had heard, I should pitch her into the river.'  
'Also the cep', Francisco.' Cristina could think without moving her lips.

'Poor child! The sun is hot,' said Cito Mores. He bent a broad green banana leaf above her head.

'Thou shalt not go into the stocks,' resolved Cristina.  
'Mercedes, her mother, is a devil,' said Cito Mores.  
'Thou shalt go in the stocks and the cep' also,' whispered Christina.  
'The child is also bad; I could not trust her,' said Francisco.  
'For thee the cep', the stocks and some lashes on the bare back,' sentenced the listener.  
'Not so bad,' argued Cito Mores; 'she bound up my leg when I fell through the bridge at Rojo Piedra.'  
'No prison, no lashes; the cep' for only one day,' decided this vacillating judge."

It is a very curious and entertaining collection, full of humour, vigorous narrative, and some power over the pathetic. To be sure, some of the tales lack art, beginning nowhere and ending in the middle; for the author knows the reality of the life better than the tricks of her craft. But, failing the highest technical skill, we would any day choose uncouth wealth before a meagre and barren neatness.

### PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR WRITERS.

THIS is the subject of an interesting article by Mr. Philip G. Hubert, Jun., in *The Bookbuyer*. It is certain that no writer can afford to neglect physical exercise; and in England most writers, we think, are given to it. But there is always a danger of exercising irregularly, as weather or circumstances vary; and in most cases daily exercise could be made more a matter of conscience with advantage. Mr. Hubert writes:

"My friend, Mr. William Blaikie, the well-known lawyer and author of that valuable little text-book, *How to Get Strong and Stay So*, used to preach to me years ago the advisability of exercising with light dumb-bells and punching a leather bag every morning before breakfast in order to counteract the evil effects of desk work in a newspaper office. And for some months, and even years, I did try to give from five to ten minutes every morning—when I happened to think of it—to lifting dumb-bells up and down. I went further. I spent a good many dollars upon a sort of bedroom gymnastic apparatus of straps and weights, warranted to make a new man of whoever used it faithfully for five years. I kept up the prescribed exercises, more or less faithfully, for about a year; whether I became a new man, or a fifth of a new man, I cannot say. My next experiment in this direction was the purchase of what was called a lifting machine, an apparatus that came into vogue at about the same time as blue glass as a sure cure for all our ills, and disappeared about as quickly. Every morning for months I put myself into a sort of harness and lifted enormous weights. The professor of physical culture from whom I bought this lifting machine declared that my strap apparatus was slowly killing me.

'It's a wonder you are alive,' he said, when I told him what I had been accustomed to do.

After a few months of lifting, when I felt that another brick, added to the fifteen or twenty already in the machine, would be equivalent to the camel's last straw, I met another professor who urged me to try his patent rowing machine. He looked at my lifting machine, and declared it was a wonder I was still alive.

All this was a good many years ago, and I still live. Probably each and all of the gentlemen from whom I bought devices for making me a Hercules would declare that it was solely due to their inventions that I have so far escaped the grave. Perhaps they are right. Nevertheless, while it is now ten or fifteen years since I have touched a dumb-bell, or a lifting-machine, or punched a leather bag filled with sawdust, my general health is probably better than it was twenty years ago. At the same time, I am a fanatic believer in exercise. I am quite sure that without lots of walking, life would be a misery to me. Far better give up your dinner than your five-mile walk if you want to be well and keep well, is the result of my twenty years' study of the matter. For a number of years during which I was tied down to city work, my invariable rule, except in very stormy weather, was to walk from my home to my office, which was nearly four miles, and often back again, making eight miles for the day. When in the country I take my regular daily walk at half-past eleven, going five miles before dinner at one o'clock. Then in the afternoon, when the wheeling is good, I supplement this with eight or ten miles on the

wheel. In hot weather the regular walk is given up in favour of sailing and a surf bath, with wheeling in the afternoon.

By walking, I mean walking, not sauntering. Slow walking is the most exhausting and demoralising apology for exercise I know. In my humble judgment the daily walk for a man of average strength should not exceed six miles in distance, and should be done inside of an hour and a half. The pace must be brisk enough to set the blood a-going and the lungs pumping. It was Mr. Bryant who first called my attention, or, as I have mentioned Mr. Bryant, let me say 'directed,' my attention to the value of walking—he never allowed the use of 'called' for 'directed'; it was one of the words in the *Index Expurgatorius* that he prepared for the use of writers upon the *Evening Post*. Mr. Bryant practised what he preached. I have in my scrap-book the following letter:

'New York, March 30, 1871.

To Joseph H. Richards, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life, so far at least as regards diet, exercise, and occupations. I am not sure that it will be of any use to you, although the system which I have for many years observed seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity, and bodily faculties generally, in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain.

I rise early; at this time of the year about half-past five: in summer, half an hour or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies till I am called.

After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and, after about three hours, return, always walking, *whatever be the weather or the state of the streets*. In the country, I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the fruit trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk.—I am, sir, truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

When the elevators in the *Evening Post* building broke down and all the employees upon the editorial departments of the paper had to climb nine flights of stairs several times every day, Mr. Bryant was the only one who did not groan over the hardship. He thought so little of climbing to the top of the building, even at the age of eighty-three, that unless the elevator was waiting when he arrived he would trot, not walk, up the whole nine flights, and this after his three-mile walk from home. . . .

For those unfortunates who do not know how to walk and will not learn, walking being a lost art to most of us Americans, and especially to our women, and for those to whom rowing and riding are out of the question, the dumb-bells, the parallel bars, and the punching bag recommended by all teachers of gymnastics, are of course excellent and perhaps absolutely essential to all men who would keep their bodies in condition for good work. A bedroom gymnasium is the easiest thing in the world to fit up. Two small cleats screwed into the jambs of a doorway will support a bar at such a height that a person can get arm exercise by raising the body up till the chin reaches the bar. From a small hook in the ceiling can be suspended a leather bag filled with sawdust for punching or boxing purposes. Ten or fifteen minutes' work with a good heavy bag, and then a cold bath, might suffice for the morning exercise of most people. The arrangement of weights attached to straps running over pulleys can be bought anywhere, and, according to experts, offers an admirable exercise for developing the arms and chest. The fact that one exercises sufficiently every day to set the whole body in a tingle, the lungs pumping and the blood coursing, is probably of more importance than the particular kind of exercise. The great advantage of walking and wheeling over all bedroom gymnastics is to me that the outside air is better, and that there is apt to be more mental recreation in a walk than in lifting dumb-bells in one's bedroom, where the air may not be quite pure, and where the scenery is certainly not stimulating."

### "NUMBER THREE."

THE editor of the *Conservator*, a paper published in Philadelphia to the glory of Walt Whitman, welcomes poems after the manner of Whitman, and, no doubt, "Number Three," by Mr. Crosby, was very welcome to the *Conservator's* readers:

"Here I am in the station lunchroom, standing at the counter and eating what supper I may while our locomotive is drinking at the pump.

I have my eye on the thickset greybearded conductor perched on a stool opposite me, for I know that I am safe so long as he does not move.

In his blue cloth and brass buttons, and with the carnation in his buttonhole, he is as dignified as an admiral, and far more useful.

He is talking with the girl who waits on him, but there is a quiet reserve and sense of strength beneath the surface which show that he feels the panting of his iron charge outside.

He and the girl are on an easy footing, as befits co-operators in the great work of transportation.

I like the pride and comradeship of these railroad people.

Even the women who were washing car windows at the Grand Central Station this afternoon seemed conscious of a joint interest in the whole line and of the fact that these were no common panes of glass.

The newsboy on the way up stalked through the train as if it was his quarterdeck, and he was acknowledged by the conductor and brakemen as a man of consideration.

Their looks seemed to say, We are members one of another.

A whistle sounds from the north. 'There's "Number Three,"' whispers to her neighbour the aproned damsel who presides over my repast—and she quietly glides to the door.

I follow her, fearing unreasonably that my portmanteau may somehow go off without me.

I am just in time to see the dazzling headlight of the Western Express burst forth from the cutting with a thundering roar like a mad monster in a nightmare.

The bell on the engine rings out deafeningly, the platform fairly shakes, and the rush of wind almost carries away my hat.

There is a glimpse of the glowing faces of the engineer and the fireman at their volcanic hearth.

The heavy mail cars and then the unwieldy sleepers, giving gleams of electric light and upholstery, plunge by us into the darkness.

On the last platform I see a trainman waving his handkerchief at me above the bloodshot bull's-eye lamp in the rear.

But no, it is for the girl, whom I had well-nigh forgotten.

She waves her napkin and looks smiling after the apparition until it is swallowed up in the night like a stone in a black pool.

Now she is again in her place at the counter.

In a half-minute she has contributed her share of sentiment to 'Number Three' and to the great iron system of which it forms a part.

She has helped knit together the numerous band of the comrades of the road.

What would not Wagner have given could he have chained this dragon, 'Number Three,' with its rush and roar and romance, to his art?

It is our turn now to dash along, ponderous and rumbling, to the north.

The conductor has descended from his pinnacle and I follow him out to the train.

I am proud to be borne on my way by these railway workers and to be fed by them, though the eggs be hard and the doughnuts harder.

As I sit in my seat, looking out at the shadows flying by, I wonder why we cannot run our world as they do theirs.

We only need the same *esprit de corps*, which, when exalted and extended, we call religion.

Is our orbit less worthy of it than the steel rails of the Central Road?"

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

No. 1359, New Series.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Office: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AS we go to press the mind of the civilised world is in that bedroom over the terrace at Hawarden Castle where Mr. Gladstone lies dead. More than once he snatched moments from a busy life to be kind to us—to this journal. He gave the ACADEMY, it will be remembered, a ready permission to publish a curious little chapter of his autobiography as a book-collector. Now and again it was our privilege to send him new books which we thought might interest him—not without trepidation, lest this gleaner and gladiator in so many fields should consider such attentions supererogatory. But no! He was always grateful, always ready to say how he was sure he would profit by such and such a book. He is dead:

“ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

MR. GLADSTONE has published books and pamphlets for sixty years, and the list which appears under his name in the British Museum Catalogue fills twenty-two pages. It must be understood, of course, that many of these entries are republished speeches, and that many more represent replies to and attacks on Mr. Gladstone by his opponents in Church and State. Mr. Gladstone's purely literary works are not very numerous. The list is, roughly, as follows:

*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, 1858.  
*Eccæ Homo* (critique on Prof. Seeley's work), 1868.

*Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Homeric Age*, 1869.

*Homeric Synchronism: an Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer*, 1876.

*Gleanings of Past Years*. At intervals during the last few years.

*Landmarks of Homeric Study*, 1890.

*The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, 1890-92.

*A Translation of Horace*, 1894.

*Butler's Works* (edited), 1896.

*Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler*, 1896.

Mr. Gladstone's first book, *The State in its Relations with the Church* (1838) was reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*.

MR. G. W. CABLE's first reading, in Mrs. Barrie's drawing-room, last Tuesday afternoon, delighted his audience. To be accurate, it was not a reading at all, but a dramatic recitation, in the late Mr. Brandram's manner; but Mr. Cable allows himself a greater latitude in emotion and gesture. It was his own work he recited (scenes from *Dr. Sevier*); he felt it strongly, and he communicated the thrill to his audience. For properties Mr. Cable allowed himself a book and a handkerchief, and he used them only for the Widow Riley—the book as a fan, the handkerchief for her Irish tears. The text itself was in the author's head. Neat, sincere, and gay is his literary style; neat his manner; and neat, intimate, and mobile is his method of delivery. He passes easily from the lightest of light comedy to the imminent tragedy of battle. But best of all his characters he loves to put on the flexible, caressing voices that go with the short-stepping nimble movements of his own Creoles. Mr. Cable's rendering of the quaint, cunning utterances of the matchless Narcisse was comedy at its best, and “Mary's Night Ride” was admirable narrative tragedy. In fact, the hour and a half's traffic with *Dr. Sevier* called up so many delightful reminiscences that at least one of the audience went away hot-foot to the Kensington bookshops. But none of them had *Dr. Sevier* in stock, or, indeed, any of Mr. Cable's books; which must be remedied. Perhaps some publisher will give us Mr. Cable's works on the Edinburgh Stevenson model.

IN appearance Mr. Cable is slim and slight, with a high, broad forehead. He wears a bristling gray moustache, and might be mistaken for a military man were it not for the sensitive play of expression of his features. Not the least interesting incident of the afternoon was his rendering of a story told by a Creole woman to a child; and his crooning of a Creole song.

ALL who care for fine literature and fine acting should make a note of the two other readings Mr. Cable will give in London—at Bay Tree Lodge, Froggnal, to-day (Saturday), and at 88, Portland-place, next Wednesday.

CRITICS rarely disagree so thoroughly as do the reviewers of the *Spectator* and the *Daily Chronicle* in dealing with Mr J. C. Tarver's recent book, *Debatable Claims: Essays on Secondary Education*. These gentlemen do not even agree on the title of the book, for whereas the *Chronicle* reviews it under the above title, the *Spectator* calls it *The Debatable Land*. And their judgments on Mr. Tarver's work conflict curiously:

THE SPECTATOR.

THE CHRONICLE.

“It may be doubted whether during recent years there has been published a more important or suggestive book dealing with secondary education than this volume of essays by Mr. Tarver.

Mr. Tarver is an unhelpful writer.

Apart from the importance of the subject matter, the style will be found specially attractive.

As shingle is distressing to the feet of the walker, so is Mr. Tarver's style distressing to the mind of the reader.

Mr. Tarver has opinions of his own, and does not hesitate to give expression to them.

Of definite suggestions, of even a presentment of existing needs, he is singularly chary.

There is something very like ‘the vanished hand’ of Matthew Arnold in such a passage as this, which appears in the ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ to Archdeacon Sinclair . . .

The ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ (the very term ‘epistle dedicatory’ sends a shudder of apprehension through the reader's frame) opens in most alarming fashion. . . . It is simply terrible. It is like bad soup.”

This divergence of opinion is but another proof of the way in which Education sets the educated by the ears.

TOWARDS the end of the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund last Tuesday (the 108th anniversary dinner) there was a breath of wind that blew a little colour into a cheek or two. The Duke of Devonshire, who is clearly not an omnivorous reader of *Belles Lettres* or of our *Fiction Guide*, said in his speech that in art and literature we were not further advanced than the men of 2,000 years ago; or to quote his own words:

“I am tempted to ask the elementary question, Why should the writing of books be encouraged, and the demand for modern literature be stimulated? But a clear and broad distinction may be drawn between science on the one hand, and art and literature on the other. It may be that modern brains are better than those of old times, but science at least is progressive, and new methods and increased certitude and accuracy have assuredly been obtained. The knowledge of the forces of nature is ever increasing, and the limits of the science of the future can by no forecast be determined. The same thing, probably, cannot be said of literature and art, and it may be that we are no further than the men of 2,000 years ago.”

As there were many friends of modern authors, and students of Shakespeare, Dante, Velasquez, and Rembrandt present, it can well be believed that this utterance provoked

some dissenting cries. The incident passed; but the noble chairman remembered, and when some hours later he responded to Lord Crewe's excellent speech proposing his health, the Duke referred with considerable animation to the cries of dissent, and repeated the charge, but he hedged a little about the period. The 2,000 years dropped to 1,000, and then hopped back to 2,000. The final phrasing was 2,000 or 1,000.

THE best comment on Mr. Bryce's speech concerning the need for cheap literature, at the Booksellers' Dinner, comes from a Birmingham firm. "Mr Bryce," writes our correspondent, "spoke of a general lowering of prices; it is instructive to note that his *Holy Roman Empire* was first issued at 6s. The second edition was 9s.; the third, 7s. 6d.; and this was followed by a library edition at 14s."

A REMARKABLE piece of editing reaches us from Christiana: the first of a series of commentaries upon English books chosen for use as school readers. The work to which this honour has fallen is Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, and the editor is Mr. H. Eitrem, for whose desire to be thorough we have nothing but praise. In aiming, however, at thoroughness he has fallen into temptation, and the result is the most extraordinary collection of unnecessary fact and fancy. Thackeray, for example, in chapter iii., refers to a marchioness who in her memoirs complains of being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people." The note is: "*All Sorts and Conditions of Men* is a novel by Besant. This current expression is borrowed from the Book of Common Prayer," and so on. In the same chapter Thackeray mentions Pall Mall. "Pall Mall," says the note, runs "from Haymarket to Trafalgar Square." Similarly, Baker-street is said to run "from Regent's Park to Hyde Park."

In chapter xi. Thackeray alludes to "Noah in his cups." Mr. Eitrem explains: "*i.e.*, drunk." And when at the end of the same chapter Thackeray speaks of "poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child," the young Scandinavian is informed that "rabbits are very teeming animals." "Diddlesex" is a "pun upon Middlesex very often found in Thack's works." (Thackeray, by the way, is always Thack., such is the editor's hurry.) "Sir West," a mysterious authority from whom quotations now and then are made, turns out to be Sir Algernon West, just as the "Mr. Leslie" who married Thackeray's second daughter turns out to be Mr. Leslie Stephen. A "gig whip" is explained to be "a whip used in driving a gig." We have, it is true, picked out deliberately some of the less sensible notes, but the book, though informing enough now and then, is a good specimen of hyper-editing.

CONTINUING her pleasant, gossipy introductions to her father's novels, in the new Biographical Edition of Thackeray, which Messrs. Smith & Elder are issuing, Mrs. Ritchie this month tells the story of

*Pendennis*. Here is a passage relating to that book's beginnings, taken partly from a letter from the author to his mother:

"My father proposes 'to go to the sea, or somewhere where he could work upon *Pendennis*, which is to be the name of the new book. In October you will be at Brighton,' he continues. 'I wonder whether you will take a house with three extra rooms in it, so that we could stow into it coming down. I should think for £60 a year one might easily find such a one. As for the dignity, I don't believe it matters a pinch of snuff. Tom Carlyle lives in perfect dignity in a little £40 house at Chelsea, with a snuffy Scotch maid to open the door, and the best company in England ringing at it. It is only the second or third ching great folks who care about show. "And why don't you live with a maid yourself?" I think I hear somebody saying: Well, I can't. I want a man to be going my own messages, which occupy him pretty well. There must be a cook, and a woman about the children, and that horse is the best doctor I get in London; in fine, there are a hundred good reasons for a lazy, liberal, not extravagant, but costly way of life.'"

Mrs. RITCHIE tells us that she can remember the morning on which her father told of the death of Helen Pendennis: "My father was in his study in Young-street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterwards he came into our school-room, half-laughing and half-ashamed, and said to us: 'I do not know what James could have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis's death.'"

JUST at this moment the most illustrious periodical in the world is the *School Budget*, a tiny and infrequent sheet circulating among the scholars of Horsemonden School, in Kent. A week ago it was not heard of; to-day a copy is worth its weight in platinum, and all because Master Medhurst and Master Chinnery, its owners and editors, had the happy thought to write to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a contribution.

THE story, as told by the *Daily Mail*, is that the editors sent a copy of their magazine to Mr. Kipling, drawing his attention to an article on "Schoolboy Etiquette" in its pages, and asking for a contribution. Their rate of remuneration, they explained, was threepence per page; and, says our contemporary, this quotation seeming to have touched their consciences for the moment, they went on to observe that they knew they ran the risk of being considered cheeky, but he ought to make good his statement:

"The song I sing for the good red gold  
The same I sing for the white money;  
But best I sing for the clout o' meal,  
That simple people given me."

In case Mr. Kipling should not be amenable to argument and reasoned appeal, the editors undertook to stifle his next book in its birth by an adverse critique in the *School Budget*.

EITHER the threat was too much for Mr. Kipling, or he had hints on schoolboy etiquette which had only been awaiting such an opportunity of publicity, for he replied at once. This was his letter:

"Capetown,  
Easter Monday, 1898.

To the Editors, *School Budget*.

GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of the *School Budget*, February 14; and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsemonden is situated.

But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as following:

(1) If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to 'say it again.'

(2) The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favourite, *pro tem.*, (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

(3) A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

(4) Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye, and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for someone else.

(5) When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

(6) If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight 'Eton.'

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for 6d., at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.—Faithfully yours,  
RUDYARD KIPLING."

And now there is not a post but brings Mr. Kipling a request for a contribution from some school-boy editor; and cheek is enormously on the increase.

IN the new part—No. XI.—of Mr. Quaritch's Dictionary of English Book-collectors, Sir Richard Burton is reached. He is treated, however, less as book-collector than book-man. "True," says the writer, Mr. Herbert Jones, "he collected, but he had little, if any, interest in the book for its outward and visible points, whether of value, rarity, beauty, or condition. Its contents and its contents only—in so far as they were important to the thousand and one subjects of thought and action, that his many-sided and accomplished mind was ever concerned with—were the sole credentials that secured a book a place on his shelves. The most sumptuous book was little or nothing to him if it yielded no new facts or fancies. The most unpretentious volume was given the minutest attention if it held something either new or true, that would in due course be serviceable. In short, books were Burton's tools."

MISS JOURDAIN sends us the following :

"JOHN KEATS.

He should have lived where through a June  
of nights

The lifting moon whitens the ashen grass,  
And quiet ponds where lie the tasselled  
lilies;

Where a fluting Satyr with a golden beard  
Plays to the birds his double pipe of the  
woods,

Urging their answer; and through the forest  
breathing

Runs the old smell of cypress and of laurel,  
That would redeem his quiet mind, and quite  
Obliterate the sense of foregone pain!"

An ingenious publisher's enterprise takes an ingenious form in connexion with a novel which he has recently issued. By welding sentences from eight independent reviews of this work he has produced, as an advertisement, the following concise encomium :

"This remarkable book, this powerful study (1), is vibrant with life all through (2). The conception is finely carried out and with a master hand (3). At times the rhythm and beauty of the language reach a very high level (4). Mr. — is a brilliant artist; he is original, cultured, witty; he has tremendous power in the differentiation of character (5). The rogue — is excellently drawn; indeed, there is much admirable work in the book (6). The whole narration is clothed in language studded with luminous metaphors, thought-compelling epigrams, and haunting snatches of song (7). The story is a notably powerful and fascinating one (8)."

From the index to the numerals, which the publisher appends, we discover, with a little start, that the first few words are from our own criticism. The others are from the *Chronicle*, the *St. James's*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Scotsman*, the *Echo*, and the *Glasgow Herald*.

At any rate, this latest method is an improvement on the old practice of doctoring reviews, in order to arrive at pure eulogy. Praise by elision, it might be called. A reviewer, for example, would write of a book: "It is, in short, intolerable. Anything less winsome, tender, humane than Mr. Blank's method is not to be imagined." Opening an advertisement of the book a day or so later, he would read: "What the *Censor* says of Mr. Blank's new novel: 'It is . . . winsome, tender, humane.'"

A WELL-KNOWN publisher entitles his catalogue of historical and biographical works "History, Biography, and other Essays in Veracity." "Essays in Veracity" is good. It suggests the dominance to which fiction has arrived in modern letters.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the American novelist and descriptive writer, who has gone to Cuba in the interests of the *Times*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *New York Herald*, submitted, before he left, to be photographed in his war paint. Some idea of the paternal solicitude shown by American journalists in their illustrious comrade may be gathered

from the comments on this picture in various papers. One wrote:

"In this picture Dick is as impressive as a golf hero and as haughty as Emperor Bill. He wears a bicycle cap and is armed with a field glass and a quiver of Fabers. Leather-covered flasks are attached to his belt, to encourage his descriptive powers when his adjectives run low and facts are scarce. It seems to us that copies of this picture ought to be presented to all the volunteers before they leave for the front, in order that Valor may be inspired to break its own record. In our humble judgment, it is worth an army with banners."

Said another:

"He has had his picture taken in all his new togs, including a golf cap, high laced boots, two pairs of spy-glasses—one for the Spaniards and one for the Americans—a pistol, a blouse that doesn't fit, trousers ditto, and a double turn-down collar. He is filled with determination and courage too, so there is no room for bullets."

And yet a third:

"'El Capitan' is a Sunday-school superintendent beside him. If he were cut up into small pieces he would furnish the insurgents with arms and equipments for a whole winter. A canvas shooting-jacket, bristling with cartridges and composed principally of pockets is the imposing basis of the composition, and a pair of toy opera glasses and a huge revolver which sags him down violently to the left, help to complete the picture. It may be ungracious to criticise such a work of art, but it would be interesting to know how Mr. Davis proposes to extract that revolver from under his armpit. And those high shooting-boots! We do hope that he has some easy carpet slippers in his 'man's' charge. The Cuban climate is very warm. However, the redoubtable reporter looks formidable enough, and we make no doubt that there will be a terrific inkshed when he reaches the front."

Who would not be a public figure on "the other side"?

For some little while not much has been heard of the genial cosmopolitan who wrote the ballads of Hans Breitmann. But Mr. Leland, though in his seventy-fourth year, has not been idle. On the contrary, he has ready several volumes: a collection of Tuscan tales on the lines of his *Legends of Florence*; a collection of new poems to be called "Songs of Sorcery and Ballads of Witchcraft"; a collection of new and translated sketches to be called "Wayside Wanderers"; a new work on the minor arts; a manual to be called "The Simplest Musical Instruments and How to Make Them"; an essay on self-hypnotism, to be called "Have You a Strong Will?"; and last, but not least, a collection of countryside legends concerning Virgil. Mr. Leland's industry would start a young publishing firm.

BUNYAN's allegory has already a range of popularity of which the sturdy tinker who wrote it could, with all his imagination, never have dreamed; but new conquests are in store for it. At the Missionary Breakfast of the Religious Tract Society which was held a few days ago, Mr. J. R. M. Stephens, a missionary on the Congo, described his field of labour as one in which

they had no literature, but he hoped ere long to come to the Society with a petition for the publication of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the language of the people.

THE first of the four volumes of Huxley's *Scientific Memoirs*, which has just reached us from Messrs. Macmillan, shows what a vast undertaking this publication is. The work, which Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. Ray Lankester are editing together, has been undertaken at Messrs. Macmillan's own expense, as a contribution by that firm, which had such intimate relations with Prof. Huxley, to the Huxley memorial. The first volume runs to 600 pages, and is a veritable mine of wealth to the biologist. A portrait of Huxley taken in 1857 serves as a frontispiece, and it is interesting to notice how little his face changed during his after life. Save that the hair is darker it is precisely the Huxley of his old age that confronts one in this picture.

THE covers of the little history of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which reaches us from the *Times* office, are interesting for their border of portraits. Here we see Mr. Lang and Prof. Max Müller side by side, all their differences over for the moment; and Mr. Swinburne resting placidly between Sir Robert Ball and Dean Farrar.

PRISONERS would seem to be either very quick readers or very impatient critics. The following passage to the point is from a long letter to the *Chronicle* by Mr. J. W. Hobbs, of Liberator fame:

"One Saturday afternoon, in June, 1895, while confined in my cell at Portland, I was reading Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, when I heard my next-door neighbour knock at the iron sheeting which formed the partition between the two cells and say, 'Can you recommend me a good devotional book?' Being suddenly taken off my guard, and not thinking of the strict enforcement of the rules against communication between prisoners, I replied, 'Read Farrar's *Life of Christ*.' Soon after—it must have been about half-past four—my neighbour knocked again and said, 'Can you recommend me another?'"

There is a choice of two deductions to be drawn from this haste.

PROF. JULIEN VINSON has just finished and published (Paris: Maisonneuve) the second portion of his *Essai d'une Bibliographie Basque*. Some ninety Basque works have been published since 1891; but the chief additions to Prof. Vinson's book are the list of over 300 works in which references to or citations from the Basque occur, and sixty-six pages of similar references to *journaux et revues*. The work is crowned by the Institute, and is indispensable to every student of the language and literature of the Basques.

"LANOE FALCONER'S" absorbing little story, *Mademoiselle Ixe*, has just been re-issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin at sixpence. The old Pseudonym Library type has been retained, but the page has been broadened. Possibly Mr. Unwin intends to reprint all the Pseudonym successes.

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND  
THE SEA.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

IN mirk and mist and petulant rain  
Thick-swathed, our sordid London lay;  
White fogs obscured the Midland plain  
Thro' all the drear November day.

But with swift eve, the sinking sun  
Smote the Welsh hills, and suddenly—  
The spite, the frown of Winter done,—  
Again the blue unclouded sky.

And with the morn the impatient light  
Streamed through the blinded cells of sleep;  
And as the calm hours broadened bright  
Brought azure sky and sapphire deep.

Great Heaven, how beautiful a way  
My happy fate prepares for me,  
Who journey all this perfect day  
Between the mountains and the sea!

We leave behind the ancient town,  
The castle's flawless circuit tall,  
Thin turrets like a mural crown  
Lighting broad tower and sombre wall.

Sheer from the far, surrounding sea  
Rise the precipitous heights of Lleyn;  
The palaced groves of Anglesey  
Light the salt stream which glides between.

Moel and the great twin brethren high,  
Eryri queen of upper air,  
Against the blue autumnal sky  
A throng of Titans dread yet fair.

Unveiled from base to summit all,  
Bare russet fern and golden wood,  
Grey rocks, the skyward climbing wall,  
The fall that wakes the solitude.

The close-fenced fields, the wandering sheep,  
White on the mountain's giddy brow  
And nestling near the quarried steep,  
Village and chapel far below.

And see the dark procession come,  
Slow on the sunlight highway sped,  
Which bears to his eternal home,  
With hymns, some village worthy dead.

And every word that you shall hear,  
And all the mournful measures sung,  
Breathe the old Cymric accents dear,  
The deathless, unforgetten tongue.

Turn from the mountains to the sea,  
The tranquil blue, where on the skies,  
Faint as a phantom-isle might be,  
The hallowed heights of Bardsey rise.

The calm sea ripples on the sand,  
The stormy deeps are lulled to rest,  
A soft breeze, breathing from the land,  
Dispels in mist each fairy crest.

Long miles upon the perilous verge  
The swift train hurries on its way,  
The white gulls swoop; from surge to surge  
The dusky cormorants dive and play.

The hills recede, till lo! again  
Perched on its rock the tiny town,  
High on the lonely seaward plain  
Harlech's unshattered ramparts frown.

The rude-built, massive homesteads grey,  
Walled fields, low stacks by ropes confined,  
Tell of the impending furious day  
Which wings with snow the whirling wind.

And then again a rival band  
Of giant summits shuts the view,  
Cader, Arennig, Aran, stand  
Stern sentinels against the blue.

Then thy sweet vale, Dolgelley—where  
Is any lovelier?—oak-crowned isle,  
Blue river, mounting woodside fair,  
The golden valley's tranquil smile;

Not Como nor Lugano hold  
Depths of clear azure more divine,  
Nor treasure of autumnal gold,  
Nor guardian mountains grand as thine.

And then again the land-locked sea,  
The little port, the ribbed sea-sand,  
The white winged squadrons circling free  
Above the channels in the strand.

Fair Mawddach's charm is mine again!  
Sweet Dovey dost thou claim to pour  
A tide less lovely to the main  
Than glides by Barmouth's sand-vexed  
shore?

Nay, nay, I fear to award the crown  
Of natural beauty. Both are fair:  
These high hills somewhat gentler grown,  
These richer meads, this softer air.

Then once again the marshy plain,  
The sandy dunes, the half-hid blue,  
The sea-beat town, which woos the main,  
The academic halls, which grow

Swift as the Caliph's palace tower,  
Upon the verge; the chosen home  
Of those who judge the passing hour  
Less than the larger days to come.

Then on by labouring gradients slow,  
By park and hall, till ere the night  
Hides all the hills and settles low  
On the loved vale, my straining sight

Takes with the joy of home thy steep,  
Fair Grongar, sacred to the muse,  
Broad Towy winding to the deep,  
Llangunnor with thy reverend yews.

Here, too, mid life's autumnal chill  
Are homely joys and sunlit days;  
Blest memories haunting vale and hill  
Awake the grateful heart to praise.

PURE FABLES.

CONDITIONS.

They thrust a lark into a prison of wires,  
and blotted out the blue above him; and he  
shook the spaces of the day with song.

Whereas a sparrow, blown by chance  
into the seventh heaven, might still do no  
more than chirp.

FOREWORD.

A reviewer sat in his arbour with a  
parcel of small poets, trying to find reasons  
for saying something kind about each of  
them.

And by and by he lit upon a chaste,  
vellum and gilt, 16mo affair, on page 5 of  
which he read: "TO THE CRITICS.—Be  
indulgent. I write my poems because they  
come; and they are now given to the  
world at the earnest solicitation of my  
friends. For the peck of faults in this, my  
book, I blush; but haply some poor rhyme  
of mine may ease the aching heart of—"

"Wife!" roared the reviewer, "bring  
me my grievous crabtree cudgel!"

VALUE.

A burgess of the city of letters hied him  
to the mayor, with the complaint that the  
city musicians were only a very middling lot.

"Perhaps you are right," said the mayor,  
"but I think we get a pretty adequate  
return for the wages we give them."

T. W. H. C.

THE "NEWDIGATE."

THE first record of the prize is in the year  
1768, when it was won by a certain Howard  
of Wadham. Four years later "The Bene-  
ficial Effects of Inoculation" was the cheer-  
ful subject set to the undergraduate muse.  
The first name of importance on the list is  
that of Heber, who won the prize in 1803  
with his "Palestine." It reads formal and  
academic enough, but his contemporaries  
were much impressed by it, and crowded  
the theatre not only at the recitation but at  
the rehearsal the night before. Sir Walter  
Scott was in Oxford at the time, and break-  
fasted with Heber at Brasenose; and it was  
at his suggestion that the lines were added:

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung:  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric  
sprung."

"Christopher North" won the Newdigate in  
1806 with a strange production, entitled "A  
Recommendation of the Study of the Remains  
of Ancient Grecian and Roman Architecture,  
&c. Six years later Dean Milman wrote his  
"Belvidere Apollo," which Dean Stanley  
considered the best "Newdigate" ever  
written. Certainly the lines are very  
musical:

"Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,  
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,  
Too fair to worship, too divine to love."



In 1827 Robert Stephen Hawker wrote on "Pompeii," and in 1832 the future Lord Selborne wrote a quaint poem on "Staffa," in which Sir Joseph Banks is affectionately referred to as the "Child of Wisdom." F. W. Faber won it in 1836 with his "Knights of St. John," Dean Stanley in the following year with "The Gipsies," and Mr. Ruskin followed in 1839 with "Salsette and Elephante." The last mentioned poem is a sort of missionary psalm:

"Then shall the moan of phrenzied hymn, that sighed  
Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters glide,  
Then shall the idol chariot's thunder cease  
Before the steps of them that publish peace."

In 1842 John Campbell Shairp, afterwards the Professor of Poetry, wrote on "Charles the Twelfth," and next year Matthew Arnold produced his "Cromwell." Some of "Cromwell" is undoubtedly fine, such as the simile:

"Like a lonely tree  
On some bare headland tossing mournfully,  
That all night long its weary moan doth make  
To the vex'd waters of a mountain lake."

But occasionally it lapses into the comic, as when we are told that

"Falkland ey'd the strife that would not cease,  
Shook back his tangled locks and murmured  
'Peace.'"

Three years after the late Sir G. Osborne Morgan followed with a poem on "Settlers in Australia." In the next twelve years A. W. Hunt wrote on "Nineveh," Sir Edwin Arnold on the "Feast of Belshazzar," Philip Stanhope Worsley on "The Temple of Janus," and John Addington Symonds on "The Escorial." In 1863, the astonishing subject of "Coal Mines" was set, and the prize was appropriately enough won by a Welshman. The Professor of Poetry won it the next year with a very good poem on the "Three Hundredth Anniversary of Shakespeare's Birth":

"O rarest Viola, strong with speechless eye,  
To watch thine unsunned love too slowly die.  
Love shall not die! And ah! how dark the glen!  
How lonely thou! my poor, pale Imogen.  
That was Ophelia's song. Down, Lear, and rest  
Thy storm-blanch'd cheek on thy dead daughter's breast.  
The babbling lips grow soft in sleep—lie here,  
White hair and gold, one life, one love, one bier."

The present Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mr. J. A. Stuart, wrote on "The Catacombs" in 1868; John Huntley Skrine on "Margaret of Anjou" in 1870; Mr. W. H. Mallock, the year after, on "The Isthmus of Suez" (a fit subject for a future economist); and the present editor of the *Times* on "Livingstone" in 1875. The last poem concludes with an admonition to—

"Look at yon plain stone,  
Read the brief legend love has writ thereon:  
And part with firm resolve as his to save,  
To ransom Afric, and to free the slave"—

which may or may not be still the politics of Printing House Square. Three years later the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" wrote a remarkable poem on "Ravenna," which may fairly be judged the best in the whole chronicle of prize compositions:

"The Prince of Chivalry; the Lord of War;  
Gaston de Foix: for some untimely star  
Led him against thy city, and he fell,  
As falls some forest-lion fighting well.  
Taken from life while life and love were new,  
He lies beneath God's seamless veil of blue;  
Tall lance-like reeds wave sadly o'er his head,  
And oleanders bloom to deeper red  
Where his bright youth flowed crimson on  
the ground."

In 1881 Mr. Rennell Rodd wrote an excellent poem on "Sir Walter Raleigh." Mr. J. W. Mackail followed with his "Thermopylae," and to him succeeded Mr. D. S. MacColl and Mr. Bowyer Nichols. In 1888 Mr. Arthur Waugh won the prize, and two years later Mr. Laurence Binyon with his "Persephone." Lord Warkworth's "St. Francis of Assisi," in 1892, is perhaps the best of recent poems.

The "Newdigate" is emphatically an undergraduate's poem, and as a rule it bears the fact of its origin on its face. It is generally highly spiced with mannerism, and reflects most faithfully the fashions in verse of the day. To read over a sheaf of old compositions is to get some insight into the history of poetic modes in our own century. In early Victorian days we find neat antithesis and correct sensibility. Later a jarring Byronic note enters; and then in the "seventies and early eighties" we come on traces of the Morris and Rossetti renaissance of mediævalism. And at all times there is a plethora of sonorous words, and frequently ragged endings to stately beginnings. Now and then a fine phrase or a memorable line gives promise of good work in the future.

The most famous Newdigates are those which were never sent in, the long list of fabled extracts which cannot be found in any printed composition. Such are the immortal lines on Nebuchadnezzar:

"Thus spake he, as he champed the unwonted food—  
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good.'"

There are few things in mock heroic finer than this Homeric beginning. So, too, the poem on the Prince of Wales's illness:

"Hour after hour th' unwelcome message came,  
'He is no better, he is much the same.'"

Or this on the siege of Paris:

"Alas! to-day how many a corpse is made  
Which yesterday with happy children played."

In 1895 "Montezuma" was set as a subject, and a proposed version appeared in the *Oxford Magazine*, which is reprinted in the second volume of selections from that paper. The opening lines—

"Montezuma  
Met a puma  
Coming through the rye."

### THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH.

#### III.—MR. A. B. PATERSON.

FOR a clearer appreciation of Mr. Paterson's volume, *The Man from Snowy River*, which for its buoyancy and movement we have kept till the last, it is well to visit the Grafton Galleries. There are pictures in that exhibition of Australian art which serve as a commentary upon these poems. In particular, there is a droving scene in the first room—a horseman or two, a myriad sheep, a dusty road, a parching sun—a glance at which makes actual several of Mr. Paterson's more ovine pieces, as we might call them, such as "A Bushman's Song," "Shearing at Castlereagh," and "The Two Devines." And there are landscapes there too, which give these Bush bards their setting.

It is not as a singer of sheep-shearing that we best like Mr. Paterson, but as celebrant of what De Quincey called the glory of motion. In these days of cycling and motor cars and universal machinery it is cheering to come again upon a poet to whom the horse makes its old appeal. For Mr. Paterson is of the school of Whyte-Melville and that spirited gentleman-poet, Egerton Warburton. The jog-trot of a horse he loves is more to him than the whirlwind pace of a bogey-engine. The poem that gives its title to the book should be sure of mention whenever the best riding poems are enumerated. It tells how

"There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around  
That the colt from old Regret had got away,  
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand pound,  
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.  
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far  
Had mustered at the homestead over night,  
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,  
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight."

A brave beginning. Then the poet gives us a catalogue of the heroes assembled, among whom is an unknown stripling on a small and weedy beast, whose powers are doubted. The experienced reader knows what is coming: this stripling will outstride the lot. And it is so—the man from Snowy River, as the stranger is called, does outstride them:

"When they reached the mountain's summit,  
even Clancy took a pull,  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,  
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full  
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.  
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,  
And he swung the stock whip round and gave a cheer,  
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,  
While the others stood and watched in very fear.  
He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,  
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,  
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—  
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride."

Through the stringy barks and saplings, on  
the rough and broken ground,  
Down the hillside at a racing pace he  
went;  
And he never drew the bridle till he landed  
safe and sound  
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses, as they  
climbed the further hill,  
And the watchers on the mountain standing  
mute,  
Saw him ply the stock whip fiercely, he was  
right among them still,  
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, where two  
mountain gullies met  
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals  
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses  
racing yet,  
With the man from Snowy River at their  
heels."

And so on. Mr. Paterson, it will be seen,  
can make Pegasus move too.

In another piece, we see how Pardon, the  
son of Reprieve, after being tampered with  
by scoundrels—filled with green barley—  
yet won the race of the day. The story  
has a dramatic setting, and at the end the  
narrator adds :

" But he's old—and his eyes are grown hollow ;  
Like me, with my thatch of the snow ;  
When he dies then I hope I may follow,  
And go where the racehorses go.  
I don't want no barping nor singing—  
Such things with my style don't agree ;  
Where the hoofs or the horses are ringing  
There's music sufficient for me."

The hoofs of the horses ring throughout  
Mr. Paterson's verses.

An Australian poet whose subject is  
riding must, of course, challenge compar-  
ison with Adam Lindsay Gordon. Mr.  
Paterson has not his predecessor's mastery  
of metre and words, his literary knowledge ;  
but for us, we should choose the author of  
this book. Temperament is of more value  
than verbal dexterity, and Mr. Paterson's  
temperament satisfies us. He sees things  
clearly ; he eschews pessimism ; he has  
humour ; he is himself, neither second-hand  
Byron nor second-hand Swinburne ; and he  
is Australian. One wants Australian poets  
to be Australian. Mr. Paterson's love o'  
country comes out in a little reflective piece  
called " In the Droving Days." The argu-  
ment shows him to have drifted to an  
auction sale ; an old horse is put up, and  
the bidding stops at a pound ; as he looks  
at it, the poet's thoughts stray to scenes of  
the past :

" Back to the road, I crossed again  
Over the miles of the saltbush plain—  
The shining plain that is said to be  
The dried-up bed of an inland sea,  
Where the air is dry and so clear and bright  
Refracts the sun with a wondrous light,  
And out in the dim horizon makes  
The deep blue gleam of the phantom lakes.

At dawn of day we would feel the breeze  
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,  
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare  
That comes and goes in that scented air ;  
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain  
A dry sweet scent on the saltbush plain.  
For these that love it and understand,  
The saltbush plain is a wonderland."

And so on, through scene after scene, until  
the poet bids for the horse himself :

" And now he's waudering, fat and sleek,  
On the lucerne flats by the Homestead Creek ;  
I dare not ride him for fear he'd fall,  
But he does a journey to beat them all,  
For though he scarcely a trot can raise,  
He can take me back to the droving days."

But Mr. Paterson's best poem of the  
droving days is that by which he is known  
all over Australia—" Clancy of the Over-  
flow." It is quite a trifle :

" I had written him a letter which I had, for  
want of better  
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down  
the Lachlan, years ago,  
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent  
the letter to him,  
Just 'on spec,' addressed as follows:  
' Clancy, of the Overflow.'

And the answer came directed in a writing  
unexpected

(And I think the same was written with  
a thumb-nail dipped in tar),

'Twas his shearing-mate who wrote it, and  
verbatim I will quote it :

' Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and  
we don't know where he are.'

That is the opening—with an anticipation  
in it of a phrase which the London streets  
now know only too well. The poet reads  
the message in his dingy little office in the  
city, and it sets him musing wistfully :

" In my wild erratic fancy visions came to me  
of Clancy

Gone a-droving, down the Cooper, where  
the western drovers go ;

As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy  
rides behind them singing,

For the drover's life has pleasures that the  
townsfolk never know.

And the bush bath friends to meet him, and  
their kindly voices greet him

In the murmur of the breezes and the  
river on its bars,

And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit  
plains extended,

And at night the wondrous glory of the  
everlasting stars."

Since *The Man from Snowy River* was  
published—in 1895 in Sydney, and in  
London, by Macmillan & Co., in 1896—Mr.  
Paterson—or "The Banjo," as he calls him-  
self—has written much new verse, and may  
be has a new volume almost ready. It  
seems to us that from his work a selection  
could be made which would contain the  
most characteristic Australian poetry yet  
written.

In concluding these notes on Australian  
singers, it may be well to state that Mr.  
Paterson's poems are published in Sydney  
by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, and in  
London by Messrs. Macmillan ; Mr.  
Lawson's poems are published in Sydney  
by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, and in  
London by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. ;  
and Mr. Dyson's poems are published in  
Sydney only, by Messrs. Angus & Robertson.

## STEINLEN'S CATS.\*

THE abundance of French draughtsmen is  
not their least merit. They have such  
ebullience, these Steinlens and Caran  
d'Aches, Forains and Willettes. They  
turn from grave to gay, from lively to  
severe, so readily and with an enthusiasm  
comparable only to that of the boy. Tem-  
peramentally they differ from their English  
brethren of the crayon in being all artist,  
rather than part artist and part citizen,  
a condition fostered by Paris and her  
federating, light-hearted *cafés*, and ob-  
structed by London and her chill reserve.  
Our artists have done with work at  
sundown when they turn the studio key.  
Abundance is no characteristic of theirs—  
high spirits they may have, but not for  
expression at the pencil's point. In other  
words, they are not, like the Frenchmen,  
all artists, but only artists in part. It is  
the old difference of North and South.

Look, for example, at this new book of  
Steinlen's. Steinlen's work is the illustration  
of books and papers ; the weekly coloured  
lithograph, usually sombre and terrible—  
the fruit, at any rate, of intimate knowledge  
of the seamier side of life—in *Gil Blas  
Illustré* ; and occasional posters. Yet such is  
his variety, his abundance, that he finds  
time to throw off this collection of studies of  
cat life, innocent, gay, winsomely charming ;  
which is to say, the grimmest realist  
with the pencil now working in Paris, the  
city of grim realists, has produced one of  
the most fascinating books for children of  
recent days, when everyone is striving to  
that end. That is what is meant by  
abundance.

Steinlen's cats differ from others principally  
in their leanness and their strength of pur-  
pose. They almost always are intent upon  
some objective. With Mme. Ronner's fluffy,  
dainty Persian kittens repose is the aim of  
life ; but Steinlen's cats are adventurers,  
pirates, warriors. One kitten's coquetry  
with a cigar stump ; another's indignity at  
the hands of its little mistress, who would  
dress it as a doll ; a third's struggles with a  
ball of worsted in which it ends in being  
worsted too ; a cat's fight with a magpie ;  
the chase of a goldfish in a bowl ; various  
vicissitudes of hungry cats ; an encounter  
with a frog ; an encounter with a guinea-  
pig ; a frustrated mouse hunt—these are  
some of Steinlen's subjects. The august deity  
of the domestic hearth-rug has, like other  
people, his " off moments," when dignity  
is laid aside. Steinlen has chosen these " off  
moments," and has followed the " zoetrope "  
method so popular with French draughts-  
men, with the result that each story lives.  
One paradoxical result of this attempt at  
realism is that the cats sometimes come to  
look more like dogs or monkeys. But what  
of that ? The instantaneous photographs of  
Prof. Muybridge have shown us that all  
animals in swift movement have a power  
of distortion. With this reflection let the  
reader console himself when Steinlen's cats  
depart from the accepted shape. For our-  
selves, we are satisfied.

\* *Des Chats*. Par Steinlen. Collection Rodolphe  
Salis. (Paris: Ernest Flammarion.)

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## OUGHT BOOKS TO BE CHEAPER?

IN the *Daily Telegraph* of May 11, Mr. Bryce's plea for cheaper books formed the text of an interesting, suggestive, and, on the whole, of a well-informed leading article on the present position of the author, the publisher, and the book buyer. Mr. Bryce's theory is that cheap periodical literature is ruining the book trade, and that the only way in which the publisher can combat the formidable competition of magazines is by cheapening his books. It would seem that the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* accepts Mr. Bryce's statement that the enormous strides made in all departments of periodical literature have had a disastrous effect on the sale of books, but we are much inclined to doubt the truth of such a judgment. The book-buying public is still a small one, but book-buyers are increasing on every hand. The insignificant minority is daily becoming less insignificant even in point of numbers. Still books are a necessity to the very few. To the general they are always a luxury. In times of depression the purveyor of literature is naturally one of the first to suffer. The writer of this article says with truth: "If any one considers the circle of his friends he will find that there are relatively few who peruse literary works and fewer still who buy them. On the other hand, the great mass of our half-instructed population are quite contented with sixpenny magazines and with the judiciously selected fare which they find in newspapers." But then the great mass of our half-educated population never did buy books. Until the advent of the *Tit-Bits* class of literature it read practically nothing. *Tit-Bits* readers demanded something more substantial, and the *Strand Magazine* supplied the want. As a natural sequence we have now the popular daily paper. The book-buying public, we suppose we must call it the wholly educated public, is never to be counted by its hundreds of thousands. It is not a great mass but a few scattered individuals. Some day some one may educate the great mass up to the buying of books, but the time is not yet. Only occasionally does one of the mass join the minority—of book buyers. But a new recruit is always a valuable addition to a small army.

Considering the smallness of the book-buying public, says the writer of the article, publishing must be but a poor profession.

"In circumstances like these the production of books is a perilous business, and it would be more perilous still if it were not for the great circulating libraries which form so marked a feature of the present epoch. When a book is issued nowadays it is fairly certain beforehand that a substantial number of copies will be taken up by the libraries. It would be much better for the publisher if he could deal with the public direct, but as that is impossible—most people having agreed, for prudential reasons, to get their books on loan—he is only too thankful to avail himself of the supplies required by large and flourishing distributing agencies."

There is something quite wrong here. If the publisher had to depend on these epoch-making circulating libraries unhappy indeed would be his condition—perilous indeed would be his enterprise. We should like the writer to see some of the first orders for new books received from the largest circulating library in the world. We can assure him that fifty-two copies is considered a good order even when the author of the book has something of a reputation. Circulating libraries do not buy books in large numbers; as a rule, they have no need to; naturally they have no wish to. It is only when there is an enormous rush that they are compelled to stock in large quantities. Literary men and publishers seem to some extent agreed that circulating and free libraries are harmful to the book trade. We are by no means so sure that this is so. Since these libraries were started there has been no decrease in the sale of books. In these days of prodigious production of literature it is impossible for any one to buy everything that is issued. The circulating library offers the chance of free, or very cheap, sampling. Many subscribers to circulating libraries are patrons of the booksellers on an extensive scale. They buy after they have read. The circulating library is the sure friend of the author of a strong and powerful book, the deadly foe of weak inanities. It has done more to elevate the general tone of literature than much newspaper criticism.

The writer of the article goes out of his way to say unpleasant things of contemporary fiction.

"Our bookstalls are flooded with works of fiction, mostly written by women—often ungrammatical, largely worthless in character, and wholly devoid of any reasonable interest. They are produced because in nine cases out of ten the author or authoress pays for the production. . . . Novels undoubtedly depress the general level of culture at the present time, because they, like the poor in Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer,' 'in a lump are bad.'"

But he must study the bookstalls and the book lists more closely before he indulges in sweeping statements of this kind. The bookstalls are not flooded with works of fiction, and the commission publishers are seldom represented on them by a single book. A book by an unknown author is a *rara avis* on a railway bookstall. As to present day fiction being "in the lump bad" we think every impartial observer must have been struck by the really high level attained by the great mass of contemporary novels. Great works are admittedly few and far between, but you have only to glance at the weekly summary in the *ACADEMY* to see that the general standard of new fiction is far above what we have been inclined to term the "average"—an average which is no longer correct.

We cannot agree with the writer's further statement:

"Each publisher's hand is against his fellow—Barabbas, we remember, was a publisher—and, therefore, by stress of competition, he is tempted to out-do his rival by the magnificence of his offers to those authors who command a ready sale. Having paid a good deal more than he ought for one book, he has to pay less than he ought for another; his successes, such

as they are, have to make up for his losses; while, in such an unhealthy state of things, the young writer of promise has a peculiar difficulty in getting even a hearing."

Even supposing that a publisher pays more than he ought for one book—it is a notorious fact that most of the large sums to which the writer refers have come back to the publisher with good interest—how does this affect the young author? Where the risk is so great it is almost a wonder that a new writer obtains anything at all for his first work. If he can find a publisher to take the chance he is indeed fortunate. If his book is a great success he has his reward: he can dictate his own terms in the future. And we are positive that never were MSS. more carefully read, never was there a sharper look-out kept for the "young writer of promise," than at the present time. The competition among publishers makes such a look-out a necessity of existence.

The writer then proceeds to a general discussion of the cheapening of books. He is, as we have already stated, perfectly right in saying that "books have their own *clientèle*"—a small *clientèle*. There can be no doubt that books could be produced more cheaply if larger editions were printed. But the question is, would cheap books pay either publisher or author? A novel now issued at six shillings would have to sell more than double the number if published at three-and-sixpence in order to bring in the same profit. The experiment has been tried over and over again, and has invariably proved a failure. The reason is simple enough. You cannot force the growth of the book-buying public. Many authors—we are thinking especially of several well-known novelists—can reckon on a sale of, say, two thousand copies for each new book, and at six shillings this allows a fair margin of profit for all concerned. Produce the same book at three-and-sixpence, advertise it to the same amount, and you will find that the sale has increased by some two hundred and fifty copies, probably less. There is a loss on the transaction. The *clientèle* of that particular author is limited to two thousand buyers. An interesting experiment might be made by an author of phenomenal popularity. A sale of fifty thousand copies of a six-shilling novel might possibly be turned into a sale of a hundred and fifty thousand, though we doubt if such would be the case. But the issue rests, in this instance, with the author, not with the publisher.

The writer closes by saying that in time the newspaper will oust the popular magazine. Utterances of this kind are rather useless, and in literary matters it is absolutely futile to attempt to prophesy. The great attraction of the magazine lies in the excellent illustrations, and these the newspapers can never equal. Has the *New York Journal*, with all its "popular" features and its illustrations, killed McClure's or Munsey's Magazines? But we are more than certain that the writer is wrong in declaring "that the magazine has already succeeded in establishing its popularity at the expense of books." Magazines have added hundreds of thousands to the reading public, and book publishers, as a whole,

welcome them because they have brought into touch with things literary a new and vast audience. Of their benefit to the author it is needless to write.

J. E. H. W.

## THE BOOKSELLERS

### ON THE QUESTION OF CHEAPER BOOKS.

"Books ought to be cheaper," were Mr. Bryce's words a fortnight ago. Perhaps he was not altogether serious, for he added: "The first generation of authors may belosers, but let the heroic suffer," and there were authors present! On the other hand, it was generally admitted at the Booksellers' Dinner—the occasion on which Mr. Bryce spoke—that the book-trade suffered seriously from the vast amount of private and organised borrowing of books; and it has been argued since that the Circulating Library is really the reply of the public to the high prices of books, and that the public would buy books much more freely if they cost less. The whole question of the present prices of books and the public attitude to their prices seemed worthy of investigation, especially as it is admitted that vast numbers of educated people rarely buy books at all. We therefore addressed a circular to the leading booksellers, in which we quoted Mr. Bryce's words, and asked for their opinions on the issuing of new 6s. books at 3s. 6d., and less costly books at 2s. 6d. and 1s. We print their replies below.

#### LONDON (STRAND).

MESSRS. A. & F. DENNY write:

"With reference to your inquiry as to the advisability of making reductions in the published price of books, and publishing cheap editions immediately, we are of opinion that much good would result from the experiment if it should be attempted with really good books of general interest, and the publisher would reap the benefit of very much improved sales, although, no doubt, it would operate against the 'Circulating Library' (at the present time looked upon by publishers as their greatest friend). The public will speedily recognise the difference in price, and instead of worrying about borrowing, will buy the book. We are not by any means in favour of multiplying shilling editions, although much of the poetry, and many of the novels (6s.), published at the present day would not sell even at that price. We are looking forward to the time when the six-shilling novel, like its forerunner, the three-decker, will become a thing of the past, except in the case of well-known and really good authors. Without advocating the French system of 3fr. 50c. books, we should like to see all popular work in biography, history, travel, &c., brought out at a very much lower price than now."

#### LONDON (E.C.).

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS send us the following interesting reply:

"We do not think that the question of the cheapening of literary wares was ever more justly or more felicitously stated than in the fore-word to the series of 'Pocket Volumes' exquisitely printed at the Chiswick Press, and published by Messrs. George Bell & Son: 'They

do not profess to compete with the so-called cheap volumes. They believe that a cheapness which is attained by the use of inferior type and paper, and absence of editorial care, and which results in volumes that no one cares to keep, is a false cheapness. They desire rather to produce books superior in quality, and relatively as cheap.'

Whilst we hope it will always be worth the while of publishers to produce books that, like the King's daughter, are 'fair to see' and 'glorious within,' we also think that the needs of the poor student should not be ignored. Mere lowness of price will not convert non-readers into readers; but it will undoubtedly benefit literature by causing the public to buy instead of borrow, and thus taste the keenest joy of the book-lover—possession. It is well-known that on the Continent more books are bought than is the case with ourselves, the purchasing power of three and a half francs, or its equivalent, being doubtless mainly responsible for that result.

At the same time, the point we want to emphasise is this, that for the ever-growing company of lovers of choice books there must always be production of books comely of form, and as handsomely 'turned out' as the 'Arts and crafts' of printing, binding, and illustration can achieve. Did not a patrician lately confide to a London newspaper that he had tasted of grief in having to accept the gift of a gold cigar-case that was only nine-carat? How much worse the plight of the book-lover on receiving his favourite author in a shape ugly and mean, 'cheap and nasty.'

Lastly, even in the 'Republic of Letters,' there must be a 'living wage'; it cannot be supposed that the literary craftsman will present his readers with the results of years of research for what barely pays cost of production. New and original work in poetry, history, science, and philosophy at a nominal figure, by writers of note, is outside the range of practical publishing. We think that were publishers to follow the plan of the big railways, and cater for first and third classes, the needs of 'all sorts and conditions' would be met."

#### LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

MESSRS. TRUSLOVE & HANSON write:

"The question of a general lowering of the prices of books is one to which we cannot assent. If, in speaking of publishing the work of some well-known and popular author at a cheap rate, Mr. Bryce was thinking of one of our popular novelists, we differ from his opinion. Had *Tribly* or *The Christian* been published at 3s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. instead of 6s., they would not, in our opinion, have been such a success for author, publisher, or bookseller. Six-shilling novels by good authors sell better to-day than any other class of fiction.

We should, however, welcome a lowering of prices in other branches of literature, such as books of travel, biography, essays, &c. We should then possibly be told less frequently: 'Yes, it is an interesting hook, no doubt; but I cannot afford it, so shall get it from the library.' We do not think that new books of poems published at 1s. would pay anyone."

#### LONDON (LEICESTER SQUARE).

MESSRS. BICKERS & SON do not favour the lowering of book prices, but they make a suggestion:

"We would not welcome a general lowering of prices of books, and in fact can hardly understand how such a thing could possibly happen, unless bad paper, print, &c., was the result; the books, as now issued, are as tastefully pro-

duced for the money at which they are published as one can well wish, and to have all the publishers' good work of the past few years thrown away would be both a hardship upon them, the booksellers, and public, and we are confident would not materially increase sales, for if a book is worth buying it will be bought.

It would be an advantage, perhaps, if all books were issued in paper covers, as in France, as we are often asked for books in a different style to those in stock, the difference of cost to be added to printing, and it would, if the book was treasured by the purchaser, be possible to bind up in leather bindings to suit individual taste without sacrificing the sometimes highly-decorative covers."

#### BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CHARLES LINNELL, of Messrs. Cornish Bros., is an authority on bookselling in the Midlands, and he writes to us:

"There is no growing demand for cheap literature. On the contrary, our difficulty is to find good library editions of many standard authors. Every hour in the day we are asked, 'Is there no better edition?' Most devoutly do we hope that the book trade may be spared any further cheapening of books. It is our daily experience that many books published at 3s. 6d. would sell far better if produced in a better form and issued at 6s. A general cheapening would be most disastrous—a calamity to author, publisher, and bookseller, and a misfortune to the public; for what reverence would people have for literature bought at one shilling a pound! Mr. Bryce spoke of a general lowering of prices; it is instructive to note that his *Holy Roman Empire* was first issued at 6s., second edition 9s., third edition 7s. 6d., and this was followed by a library edition at 14s. Fancy, too, a shilling edition of the *American Commonwealth!*"

MR. C. COMBRIDGE, bookseller of this city, writes:

"Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., with reference to the further cheapening of books, our experience is that 6s. novels by popular authors sell exceedingly well.

Some four or five years ago there was a decided tendency on the part of publishers to reduce 6s. series to 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., but during the past two or three years a large majority of works by popular novelists have been issued at 6s.

We do not think that standard copyright works published under 6s. would be advisable, the carriage and general working expenses would be as heavy on a 3s. 6d. publication as a 6s. one, and, bad as bookselling is at the present time, it would be infinitely worse if we had to do twice as much work for the same return, and we do not think it any more desirable from a publisher's point of view than from ours.

We think travels and biographies would command a large sale if published at 6s. instead of the prohibitive prices at which they are now issued.

New books of poems, essays, travels, &c., at 1s. would not pay anyone concerned, and are quite out of the question."

#### CARDIFF.

MR. JOHN HOGG, bookseller, of Cardiff, writes:

"I certainly think that a general lowering of the prices of books, more especially new novels, would lead to a much larger sale, and would eventually benefit the booksellers. As to authors and publishers I cannot offer an opinion, but they both seem to be quite capable of taking care of themselves."

A NORTH of England bookseller writes :

"Our experience of the further cheapening of books does not agree with the views expressed in the ACADEMY. Of course the scheme could not be said to have been tried until a work by a popular author was first published in a cheap form. We find that where a taste for reading exists, and the reader, on sanitary grounds, eschews books from a public library, the question of price makes little or no difference. There is an example, during the past few years, of a better and larger book being published at three shillings and sixpence, which sold fairly well when, a year or two later, a smaller and inferior book by the same author came out at six shillings, which seemed to be quite as successful. It is a lamentable fact that there are hundreds of thousands of well-educated people who rarely buy books. We do not think the question of price has much to do with it; a cultivation of the taste for reading would do more to improve matters. With reference to the success of new books of poems, travel, &c., at one shilling, we might quote the re-issue of 'Nansen' in monthly parts, which appears to have caught on. The question raised at the Booksellers' Dinner is only trailing a red-herring across the scent; the question to face is purely a business one—how to prevent the further decrease of booksellers in the provinces? It cannot 'be to the interests of literature' that booksellers are gradually declining to stock new books, on account of being expected to sell them at cost price, and giving their attention to non-copyright works, stationery and fancy goods. It was the remark of a well-known dealer, 'that a book-store nowadays is like a cross between a toy-shop and a railway bookstall.'"

#### OXFORD.

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL, the well-known Oxford bookseller, writes :

"I have some difficulty in answering your questions as to the probable effect of a further cheapening of books upon the trade generally, because my experience does not extend far beyond the limits of the University of Oxford, where book-lovers abound.

It is, of course, quite true that there are 'hundreds of thousands of well-educated people who rarely buy books.' They will beg, borrow and—forget to return them, but only in the last resort spend money on them; and I doubt if a general reduction in the original price of first-rate literature would induce this class of consumers to buy books to such an increased extent as to make the change beneficial either to producers or distributors."

#### CHELTEMHAM.

MR. JOHN M. BANKS :

"More books would be sold at a cheap price, but I do not think in sufficiently large numbers to pay the author. Expensive books like Nansen's *Farthest North*, Lord Roberts's *Forty-One Years in India*, Lord Tennyson's *Life*, &c., show that the public will buy books at any price if they wish for them. The great hindrance to the sale of books is that it does not pay booksellers to push them, and that other goods take the first place in their efforts."

#### BOURNEMOUTH.

MR. HORACE G. COMMUN writes :

"In reply to your note *re* cheaper first issues of books of travel, essays, poems, &c., I do not for an instant believe that the additional number of readers would repay the publishers

or authors for their experiment within a century. I am rather of the belief that if a book is worth anything, buyers are willing to pay a fair price for it, and that a cheapening of price will bring about a contempt for literature which I should be very sorry to see, and which would ruin a real bookselling business."

#### BRISTOL.

MESSRS. WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS write from Bristol :

"We agree with Mr. Bryce, but the copyright owners are afraid. The cheap paper book for the 'new and popular' in fiction is the only thing to induce buying by stopping the borrowing. If the book be good, a good edition will follow and sell well; if bad, it is dead, and soon waste. You may put poetry and essays on the same footing; but cheap travel is a difficulty. Still, a more reasonable price for a good book in this department would bring as much grist to the copyright mill as the present heavy remainders possibly can."

### THE WEEK.

PUBLISHING remains very inactive.

Messrs. Macmillan have begun the publication in four volumes of the late Prof. Huxley's contributions to scientific periodicals and societies. This work, which is entitled *The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley*, is being edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester, who in their Preface to the volume write as follows:

"When, after the death of the late Prof. Huxley, the question of the form of a memorial to him was being discussed, among the proposals made was one to republish in a collected form the many papers which, during wellnigh a half century of scientific activity, he contributed to scientific societies and scientific periodicals. It was felt that while his scientific treatises in the form of books, as well as his more popular writings, might safely be entrusted to the usual agencies of publication, there was a danger lest his exact scientific writings, scattered among many journals, might be in a part overlooked, or at least not gain that prominence in the eyes of students of biological science in times to come which was their due. And it was suggested that the financial responsibilities, by no means light ones, of publishing in an adequate form these collected scientific memoirs might be met out of the fund subscribed for a memorial. The Messrs. Macmillan, however, who for many years had had close relations as publishers with Prof. Huxley, very generously, as a contribution to the memorial, undertook all the financial responsibilities of the republication, provided that we would be willing to bear such editorial labours as might be necessary. This, of course, we were delighted to do; the reprinting and the reproduction of the illustrations were at once begun, and we are now able to offer the first volume, which will be followed as rapidly as possible by the others. So far as we can judge, the work will be completed in four volumes.

The papers are arranged in chronological order, and the present volume contains fifty memoirs originally published between 1847 and 1860. The list of papers which we propose to republish (and we have done our best to make the list complete) contains about two hundred titles, exclusive of the memoir on *The Oceanic*

*Hydrozoa*, published by the Ray Society in 1859, which, from its size and character, we have considered as an independent publication.

Huxley produced so great an effect on the world as an expositor of the ways and needs of science in general, and of the claims of Darwinism in particular, that some, dwelling on this, are apt to overlook the immense value of his direct original contributions to exact science. The present volume and its successors will, we trust, serve to take away all excuse for such a mistaken view of Huxley's place in the history of biological science. They show that quite beyond and apart from the influence exerted by his popular writings, the progress of biology during the present century was largely due to labours of his of which the general public knew nothing, and that he was in some respects the most original and most fertile in discovery of all his fellow-workers in the same branch of science."

THE flow of Guide and Tourist books has begun; and is likely to continue for many weeks.

### ART.

MODERN ART AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE interest of the assemblage of more or less contemporary work at Knightsbridge, which has set the up-to-date public talking of all sorts of English and foreign names, is really to be found not so much in the merit of individual pictures, though that is naturally considerable, as in the exhibition of the tendencies of contemporary Painting. The organisers of the show have had ample material to draw upon, and they have drawn upon it freely. There has not been simply the effort to gather together a sufficient collection of works newly produced by adherents of this or that school with which they happened to have sympathy. There has been the task to show what excellent as well as what eccentric labours have been bestowed upon canvases Academies have never recognised, and how great, even now-a-days, is the variety of the efforts over which—in England, at least—no official benediction has yet been uttered. Of course, the Exhibition contains a great deal that of late years, at any rate, has not been without something approaching to official recognition in France. But even of the French works shown, some of the most interesting were long permitted to pine in the shade of Academic neglect. There is always a dominant party. The dominant party in Art, at any particular period, is not in the least likely—as revolutionaries continually forget—to be in possession of no valuable virtue, no saving grace. Ingres could not be worthless because Delacroix had merit, and Delacroix could not be altogether vicious because it had become impossible to deny the virtues of Ingres. But if it is safe to assume that the art that has been called to high places at the official board is not without the means to say something very substantial in justification of its honours, it is certain, likewise, that outside the favoured circles there will be representation of qualities it is

not prudent to ignore. Right is upon the side of the Opposition as well as upon the side of the Government. And the main teaching of the Exhibition at Knightsbridge is that to the side of what may for a quarter of a century have been the Opposition in Painting, a large measure of right has attached. There is the teaching, likewise, that, at any particular period, and irrespective really of particular styles, it is the right of what we call the Opposition which is most borne in upon the younger practitioners of Art.

To the remark that at Knightsbridge every school is represented that has contributed an important following among the younger painters of to-day, it may possibly be objected that the Pre-Raphaelites are not present. The reply is easy. We need not answer, "Here, indeed, is Mr. Frederick Sandys, with a characteristic portrait." We may say, rather, the Pre-Raphaelite influence was chiefly felt before the period with which the Knightsbridge show is organised to deal. Its force was worn out by the time that Degas and Manet and Mr. Whistler became eminent. To-day it is a fashion of the *dilettante*, of the student whose tastes are literary and whose literature is lop-sided, of those who come to Modern Art with ideals founded on the performances of the Italian Primitives. Original people, who can think and see, do not for a moment assign to the Pre-Raphaelites that importance which it has long been the custom of the advocates of the movement to claim. Popular participators in its movement may get substantial prices at Christie's, because, among them, there happen to have been one or two men of genius. But the school is barren. Do not attribute to it the charm of Boutet de Monvel, the fascination of Mr. Byam Shaw.

Who are the people, then—not dominant in Academies, but dominant outside Academies—influencing widely and deeply the contemporary production? They are not Segantini and they are not Mathieu Maris: the one of them, a painter of interest, it is easy to over-rate, and the other, an executant of rare delicacy, a dreamer of chastened dreams, of which one values the dainty and pictorial chronicle. They are chiefly, perhaps, Degas and Manet, Whistler and Claude Monet, all of them represented at Knightsbridge, at first hand, by their own characteristic and delightful work, and represented again, at second-hand, by the works of those who have elected to follow them. The Impressionists of the New English Art Club are among the followers of one or other of them. The saner and more distinguished members of the Glasgow school are among the followers of them; and is not even the particular extravagance and eccentricity of method of which that Glasgow school also gives evidence, is it not but an exaggeration of the qualities of the masters—a hearkening, indiscreet, yet in intention faithful, to the precepts of genius?

And if these four masters have been and are to-day so very influential, what is it that they have given us? And again, what is it—precious, certainly, besides—which they have, to some extent, withheld? First, to

the first question—we can, of course, but partially and roughly answer it. And then it must be remembered that the gifts of the one man, often differing from, have also often overlapped or coincided with, the gifts of another. I suppose the most prominent and general of the truths their work has brought home to us is the importance of the full acceptance by the painter of almost everything that is in modern life. That a given subject was "unpaintable" used ordinarily to be said. The answer of the realist, of the naturalistic, is simply, "Paint it." Manet would have told you—Degas to-day would tell you—that there is nothing common or unclean. Effectively Manet scarcely tells it you by his "Death of Maximilian"—a wonderfully dramatic dealing with contemporary history—but he tells it you by "Le Bon Bock," which, alas! is not at Knightsbridge. Degas tells it you in many a pastel whose ugliness of theme it has pleased M. de Toulouse Lautrec sometimes to overpass—he tells it you in "The Toilet of the Dancers" and in the ballet scene from "Robert le Diable," only in phrases polite and possible, and which all may accept. Would that there could have been shown too, along with his dancers of quick and sweeping gesture, though ugly of form, one or two of his racing scenes; one or two of his richly coloured windows of bonnet-shops, dressed with the last examples of "modes." But I am getting into detail, and the point was, the willingness of his devotion to all contemporary life. Whistler and Claude Monet, going with him a great way, would accept, I take it, with certain qualifications and reserves, the doctrine he must preach. Claude Monet—whose "Bassin d'Argenteuil," albeit it is, in all probability, a comparatively early picture, represents him so charmingly—is a master of the suavity and yet the splendour of outdoor light, the light of Paris, with its *ciel plus spirituel et plus vivace*, as Auatole France has it, than that of Italy. It is in the refinements of open-air light, and not in its brutalities, that he is accustomed to revel. Mr. Whistler takes modern life—glorifies modern life—but so daintily withal; at the very ends of his fingers; touches it with refinement and sensitiveness; beholds it with a selecting vision. One might go on to particularise—one might define these men's qualities and the inheritance we receive from them until one reached the length of a treatise, and not the length of a memorandum. I am driven to pass speedily to some brief answer to the second question with which this paragraph began—what is it, precious, also, no doubt, that these men have withheld? Or, since I do not think that they have themselves at all uniformly withheld it, what is it that some of them, at least, withheld in a measure, and that is withheld—often lost sight of altogether—by the younger men who have accepted, perhaps somewhat too exclusively, their influence?

A want of Composition, a poverty and scantiness of Design, are the less agreeable features that work done under the inspiration of these men presents. Look at the Cornish school, for instance, which owes something to these masters. So far as it

can be said to have unity, to have any one characteristic, may it not be averred that while attentive to values, it loses sense of form, that in its realism of the enlarged photograph it loses dignity and individuality of vision and the attainment of intricate and ordered line! The masters themselves—the four of whom I have spoken—differ much in the extent to which they lose these things, Manet losing them most, Degas possibly next, Monet and Whistler very little; looking at the "Bassin d'Argenteuil" and at "Valparaiso Nocturne," and at "London Winter," one might almost say, not at all. And yet in the works, or some of the works at least, these men have influenced, disregard of Composition, ignorance, sheer ignorance of Design, is carried far. One may note an extreme instance. One is accustomed nowadays to the encounter with canvases as to which one feels that so little is their unity of being in them, so deficient are they in harmonious and complete structure, that they could without any kind of injury be extended at the top or to the bottom, to the right hand or to the left; but it is not often that their incompleteness is so wilful or so unobservant, so audacious or so little learned, as in the "Ernesta"—and Ernesta's nurse, it should be said, the lower half of her, rather—the "Ernesta" of Cecilia Beaux, who paints charmingly, moreover; whose "Dreamer" is so refined a treatment of so refined a human subject.

In these lines only a little has been indicated, where many words would have been needed to have explained and defined much, and to have carried the thought beyond the barest suggestion of it. But on this particular matter only one word. It shall be addressed to the rising. They have learnt much, many of them—they have often been apt pupils—they have absorbed sometimes all that study and admiration could allow them to absorb of the especial message of one or other of the men who to-day are recognised as the newer masters. Other masters have something to teach them. Leighton and Bouguereau even, whom they hold of small account, have qualities to which they have not attained. Is it Design that should be mastered, and harmonious intricacy of Line, the great masters of the Renaissance are not out of date by any means, nor are English Varley and George Barret, Turner and Richard Wilson.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## DRAMA.

WHILE the author and the chief actor in "Charley's Aunt" have been squabbling in the Law Courts as to the tens of thousands of pounds to which they are respectively entitled as their share in the profits of their joint work, the Royalty sees the advent of another new farce, which, if ingenuity and resource were the criterion of success, ought to rival that now historical production in the affections of the playgoing public. I refer to Messrs. George R. Sims

and Leonard Merrick's "My Innocent Boy." In point of construction the peculiarity of this piece is that it attains by perfectly irreproachable means a climax of *équivoque* and flurry which the French dramatists, with curious unanimity, for five and twenty years or more have coupled with breaches of the marriage vow. The root idea is to present a respectable citizen leading a dual life. He is Mr. Smith at home and Mr. Jones elsewhere. At the crucial moment, the people who know him in one rôle, including his wife and mother-in-law—there is always a mother-in-law in the combination—meet him in the other; whence the desired game of hide-and-seek and hurry-scurry. In a score of versions this story has been told, the latest known to Londoners—"My Innocent Boy" excepted—being "Too Much Johnson." Messrs. Sims and Merrick, who may or may not be indebted to a German original—there is nothing distinctively French in their plot—arrive at this time-honoured climax by a new route, which is well worth travelling over for its own sake.

A MR. VALENTINE SMITH—there is reason in their choice of so common a name as Smith—has been brought up by his father under very straitlaced conditions; so that at thirty-six, when his scrupulous protector decides that he shall take a wife, he is supposed to be without any practical knowledge of the world. Unfortunately, Valentine is not all that he seems. He is actually a widower with a grown-up daughter, whom he maintains at a boarding school, where he passes as one Captain Smith. He had married secretly in his teens, and his wife dying after giving birth to his child, he has never ventured to tell his father the truth, the more so that this stern parent is of a violently choleric and explosive disposition. Naturally, he has also kept his terrible secret from the knowledge of his *fiancée*. On the eve of the marriage ceremony he takes a friend into his confidence, begging him to break the news to the parties concerned; but an untoward circumstance, sufficiently plausible in itself, prevents this being done, and Valentine is married for the second time with his unavowable past hanging like a millstone round his neck. By this means the dual personality so dear to the farce writer of all nations is established. The process is neat as well as novel, is it not?

THE second act, according to the convention of the *genre*, brings about the crisis. Under the pretext of having a business engagement in the country, Valentine visits the boarding-school for the purpose of arranging his daughter's nuptials with the local curate, to whom she has become engaged. The boarding-school furnishes a fresh and interesting scene, developing a phase of school-girl character which reminds one of the "Three Little Girls from School are We" of "The Mikado." For this alone the piece would be notable. A charming bevy of school-girls take a dancing lesson from their venerable French music master, and the approaching marriage of one of their number awakens the romance of their fresh young minds, especially as Miss Smith, while engaged to the curate—

an amusingly foolish specimen of his class, with an inane simper and a predilection for jam with his tea—is notoriously in love with one of the young masters. Here our hero is Captain Smith, even to his own daughter; and soon, of course, the long arm of coincidence is at work to his detriment. The second Mrs. Smith happens to be a conspicuous lover of the truth. Indeed, she is in the habit of publicly lecturing on it, the result being that in her husband's absence from town on his supposed business she has accepted an invitation from a Mechanics' Institute adjoining the school to deliver an address there on her favourite theme. With her come the luckless Valentine's father and mother-in-law, and, as a local courtesy, the whole party are shown over the school at the very moment when the husband, supposed to be a hundred miles away, is in the thick of his negotiations with the schoolmistress and the curate. He runs up against them without the smallest warning. It is the function of the husband in such a plight to find a ready and plausible excuse for his presence, and Valentine rises to the occasion. But his troubles are then only beginning. To one section of the *dramatis personæ* he is plain Mr. Smith, newly married; to the other Captain Smith, with a marriageable daughter; and the problem he has to solve is how to escape from this complication with an unblemished character.

INTO the details of the action it is needless to enter. They are emphatically of the order that may better be imagined than described. The part of Valentine Smith is one that would have delighted Mr. Wyndham in the old days before he lapsed into social drama and sentimental comedy. In the hands of Mr. Sidney Drew, a young member of a famous American family of actors, it does not perhaps obtain all the illustration of which it is capable; but Mr. Drew's acting, marked though it be by a certain stolidity, suffices to keep the house in a roar of laughter. In escaping detection, Valentine is obliged to throttle his father almost to death in a dark room, to throw the curate out of the window, and finally, as a supreme expedient, to jump out of the window himself, an incident followed by the usual crash of flower-pots and cucumber frames outside. It is all screamingly funny, and not more deficient in plausibility than the farce-loving public are accustomed to. In the end, needless to say, the knot of the story is satisfactorily untied. The company is not of the best, but in addition to Mr. Drew a pleasurable impression is conveyed by Miss Furtado Clark as the young wife, Mr. H. Farmer as the curate, and others.

THE action of "My Innocent Boy," it will be seen, is much more ingenious than that of "Charley's Aunt," which consisted simply in Mr. Penley's dressing himself up in an old lady's clothes, while the humour evolved from it is at least as legitimate and certainly more plentiful. What it lacks in comparison with its predecessor is character—the stamp of a personality. On the stage, after all, it is character far

more than ingenuity of construction or spice of dialogue that tells. Character was the secret of the success of "Our Boys," which, until "Charley's Aunt" put in an appearance, held the record for the longest continuous run which the English; or, indeed, any stage had known. The famous "butterman" endeared himself to the public by his good-hearted vulgarity. Similarly the popularity of "The Private Secretary" was determined by the character of the unsophisticated curate who "didn't like London." Character apart, there was nothing in these plays to single them out from scores of others of pretty much the same calibre which left no impression upon the public mind. It is the misfortune of "My Innocent Boy" that Valentine Smith, although the chief figure in a clever network of intrigue, is not a personality, and that Mr. Sidney Drew has no chance of making him one. Instead of being a notability, like Perkyn Middlewick or the Rev. Robert Spalding, he might, like a convict, be designated by a number. The distinction may appear over subtle, but after leaving the performance of "My Innocent Boy" one is prepossessed with a sense rather of the authors' cleverness than of the essential humanity of the central figure. Nothing endures on the stage but character. Dramatic methods come and go, but character lives always. The absence of character from his plays is one reason why Scribe, with all his prodigious ingenuity, is but the shadow of a name; and the same fate manifestly awaits Sardou—who is not a creator, but merely an accomplished *faiseur*.  
J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE COUNTRY OF *KIDNAPPED*.

SIR,—Mr. Buchan, in his interesting and suggestive article, declares "Stevenson was not an antiquary, and still less was he the painstaking minute geographer. . . . Now and then he made use of a tract of country which he knew like a book, as in the first half of *Catriona* and parts of *St. Ives*. But speaking generally, he romanced with his landscapes." In *Catriona* Mr. Buchan admits that the details in the Appin episode are most correct; "the landscape is irreproachable, and tradition is ready to confirm the author's apparently random guesses." Now, with all deference to Mr. Buchan's judgment, I am inclined to question the statement that Stevenson was no "painstaking minute geographer," or "that he romanced with his landscapes" generally. It is worth recalling what Stevenson has put on record in regard to his method of work. Dealing with his first book, *Treasure Island*, in the *Idler*, August, 1894, and deploring the loss of the original map, he says, "I have said the map was the most of the plot. I might almost say it was the whole. A few reminiscences of Poe, Defoe, and Washington Irving, a copy of Johnson's *Buccaneers*, the name of the Dead Man's Chest from Kingsley's *At Last*, some recollections of canoeing on the high seas,

and the map itself, with its infinite, eloquent suggestion, made up the whole of my materials. It is, perhaps, not often that a map figures so largely in a tale, yet it is always important. The author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behaviour of the moon should all be beyond cavil. . . . With an almanack and the map of the country, and the plan of every house, either actually plotted on paper or already and immediately apprehended in the mind, a man may hope to avoid some of the grossest possible blunders." "With a map and an almanack," continues Stevenson, "a man will avoid such 'croppers' as befell Scott when he allowed the sun to set in the east, as it does in *The Antiquary*." "It is my contention—my superstition, if you like—that who is faithful to his map, and consults it, and draws from it his inspiration, daily and hourly, gains positive support and not mere negative immunity from accident. The tale has a root there; it grows in that soil; it has a spine of its own behind the words. Better if the country be real, and he has walked every foot of it and knows every milestone. But even with imaginary places he will do well in the beginning to provide a map. As he studies it relations will appear that he had not thought upon; he will discover obvious, though unsuspected, short-cuts and footprints for his messengers; and even when a map is not all the plot, as it was in *Treasure Island*, it will be found to be a mine of suggestion." I think the foregoing passages will convince most readers that Stevenson, who, on account of lifelong physical weakness, could not visit the scenes of his romances with the set purpose of collecting information on the spot after the fashion of certain novelists, as Mr. Buchan notes, yet took infinite pains over the geography of his romances.—I am, &c.,

D. STEWART.

Glasgow: May 14.

SIR,—I do not think that the tradition current in Appin agrees with Mr. Buchan's informant, who said Alan Breck was the murderer of Colin Glenure. Nor was Mr. Lang's Badenoch man nearer the mark in laying the blame on a Cameron. Of course, the contradiction to this would come with more force from one of another name; but I enter my protest for what it is worth. I first heard the story from my mother, a Macintyre, born and brought up in Glencoe, and I have heard it told by others always to the same effect. Briefly, Mr. Stevenson is right when he says in the Dedication of *Kidnapped* that, "If you inquire you may even hear that the descendants of 'the other man' who fired the shot are in the country to this day. But that other man's name, inquire as you please, you shall not hear." I do not feel at liberty to disclose the other man's name; but this much may be said, that an Appin man fired the shot, and that his descendants are said to this day to feel the weight of the curse laid on the family of the murderer.

As to Alan's stature, we have better evidence than even that of Sir Walter Scott's friend. In one of the declarations printed in the contemporary report of the trial, it is remarked upon as wonderful that the "short coat fitted him, as Alan was a large man, and the declarant (James Stewart) a little man." In another declaration Alan is described as "a tall pock-pitted lad, with very black hair, and wore a blue coat and metal buttons, an old red vest and breeches of the same colour."

The hiding of the arms is not an invention of Mr. Stevenson's, as Mr. Buchan supposes. It also is to be found in the evidence. The gun with which it was alleged the deed was done had its lock fastened with one screw and a bit of string, and on the last occasion of which it was admitted the gun had been used, it "misgave thrice at a black cock, and went off at the fourth time without hitting anything." Hardly the sort of weapon a soldier would have chosen when better guns were to be had.—I am, &c.,

D. L. CAMERON.

6, Lonsdale-terrace, Edinburgh:

May 18.

#### BIBLICAL REVISERS.

SIR,—In the guess that your readers may be interested in a predecessor of Mr. Swan, I have made some quaint extracts from a paraphrase of the Scriptures which was given to an unresponsive world in the year 1768 by one Ebenezer Harwood. The full title of the work is, *A Liberal Translation of the New Testament; being an attempt to translate the Sacred Writings with the same Freedom, Spirit, and Elegance with which other English Translations from the Greek Classics have lately been executed*. The preface contains this passage:

"The author knew it to be an arduous and invidious attempt . . . to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English, conscious that the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version hath acquired a venerable sacredness from length of time and custom. . . . But notwithstanding this persuasion he flattered himself that . . . men of cultivated and improved minds, especially YOUTH could be allured by the innocent stratagem of a *modern style* to read a book which is now, alas! too generally neglected and disregarded by the young and gay, as a volume containing little to amuse and delight."

As a specimen of Mr. Harwood's elegant modern English, let us take his story of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.):

"(11) A gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons. (12) One day the younger approached his father, and begged him in the most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects betwixt himself and his elder brother. The indulgent father—overcome by his blandishments, immediately divided all his fortunes betwixt them. (13) A few days after, the younger brother converted all the estates that had been thus assigned him into ready money—left his native soil, and settled in a foreign country—where by a course of debauchery, profligacy, and every expensive and fashionable amusement and dissipation, in a very short time, he

squandered it all away. (14) As soon as he had dissipated his fortune, and was now reduced to extreme indigence, a terrible famine visited the country in which he resided and raged with such dire and universal devastation that he was in want even of the common necessities of life. (15) Finding himself now destitute of bread, and having nothing to eat to satisfy a raging appetite he went to an opulent citizen, and begged him in the most supplicant terms that he would employ him in any menial drudgery. The gentleman hired him and sent him into his field to feed swine. (16) Here he was so dreadfully tormented with hunger that he envied even the swine the husks which he saw them greedily devour—and would willingly have allayed with these the dire sensations he felt—but none of his fellow servants would permit him. (17) But reflection, which his vices had kept so long in a profound sleep, now awoke. He now began to review the past scenes of his life, and all the plenty and happiness in which he had once lived now rushed into his mind. 'What a vast number of servants,' said he, 'hath my father—who riot in superfluous abundance and affluence—while I am emaciated and dying with hunger. (18) I am determined to go to my dear aged parent, and try to excite his tenderness and compassion for me.—I will kneel before him and accost him in those penitent and pathetic terms: "Best of parents! I acknowledge myself an ungrateful creature to heaven and to you! (19) I have rendered myself, by a long course of many shameful vices, unworthy of the name of your child! Condescend to hire me into your family in the capacity of the meanest slave." (20) Having formed this resolution he travelled towards home, without clothes and without shoes with all the haste that a body pining with hunger and exhausted by fatigue could make. When he was now come within sight of home, his father saw him at a distance, knew him, and was subdued at once with paternal tenderness and pity. He rushed to meet him with swift and impatient steps—folded him in his arms—imprinted a thousand ardent kisses on his lips—the tears straying down his venerable cheeks and the big passions that struggled in his breast choking his utterance. (21) After some time the son said—"Best and kindest of parents! I have been guilty of the blackest ingratitude both to God and to you; I am unworthy even to be called your child." (22) His father without making any reply to these words, called his servants, saying, 'Bring hither a complete suit of the best apparel I have in the house; (23) And do you fetch the fat calf from the stall, and kill it, for we will devote this day to festivity and joy. (24) For this is my son! He—whose death I have so long and bitterly deplored, is yet alive—Him, whom I believed had miserably perished, I have now recovered!' A most splendid entertainment was accordingly prepared—and every heart was dilated with transport on this happy occasion."

It is hard to insinuate oneself into a mind so constituted as Mr. Ebenezer Harwood's. Of his genuine belief in the necessity for his "innocent stratagem" there can be, how ever, no doubt: the moderniser was as sincere as he could be. He was also as thorough. The two words, for example, which constitute the 35th verse of John xi. would seem, in any age, to need no revision. But to Mr. Harwood's mind there was something bold and barbarous in the participle "wept." Hence his elegant amendment: "Jesus burst into a flood of tears."—Yours, &c.

A. T. H.

Shrewsbury.



## VANDALISM AT HAMPSTEAD.

SIR,—The threatened attack upon those delightful eighteenth century buildings forming Church-row—a calamity foreshadowed in my communication to your paper of November 27 last—has now unhappily begun. Half-a-dozen poles in front of an old-world mansion and its garden on the immediate right as one enters from busy Heath-street proclaim the commencement of hostilities. Who shall say where, or when, these are likely to stop? Already, indeed, the adjoining house is marked for destruction, as proved by its skeleton walls.

And what are we to get in exchange for this sacrifice of unique exteriors? Flats. No doubt they will be as commodious, desirable, and possibly as self-contained as dozens of other blocks scattered over our salubrious suburbs. But the fact remains that they will be flats, whose frontages must contrast horribly with such venerated elevations as may be left to us, let the architect's desire to preserve the character of Church-row be ever so well-intentioned.

Here, then, we have a bitter example of the triumph of the speculative builder over a lively sentiment of preservation. The result illustrates how futile are remonstrances unallied with the persuasiveness of lucre. Some of us had fondly imagined that, through long acquaintance, the parish had acquired a prescriptive ownership over this choice locality. Such hopes were obviously fallacious. Church-row must be "modernised" with the rest. Would that the recently launched Hampstead Antiquarian and Historical Society were a few years older that it might have come to the rescue ere this. One of its avowed objects being the protection of such spots as this from "needless violation," there can be little doubt a powerful ally has joined forces against the despoiler.

CECIL CLARKE.

Hampstead: May 16.

## THE SPELLING OF "SHAKSPERE'S" NAME.

SIR,—In that very valuable little book (which I fancy can be had for the asking), "Rules for Compositors and Readers employed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford," compiled by Mr. Horace Hart, and revised by Dr. J. A. H. Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley, we find the following instruction: "Shakspere is scholarly, as—the New Shakspere Society.—*Dr. J. A. H. Murray.* (But the Clarendon Press is already committed to the more extended spelling.—*H. H.*)"

A sort of editorial *carte* and *tierce* that reads somewhat curiously!—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

Malvern.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 19.

## THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &amp;c.

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LESSONS IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By A. S. Aglen, D.D. Edward Arnold. 4s. 6d.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES GRANT: THE FRIEND OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE AND HENRY THORNTON. By Henry Morris. S.P.C.K.

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN. Andrew Melrose.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC IDEAS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By G. P. Gooch, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

SOPHIE ARNOULD: ACTRESS AND WIT. By Robert B. Douglas. With seven Copperplate Engravings by Adolphe Lalauze. Charles Carrington.

BRENTFORD: LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By Fred Turner. Elliot Stock.

COLONIAL CHURCH HISTORIES: THE CHURCH IN THE WEST INDIES. By A. Caldecott, B.D. THE AUSTRALIAN CHURCH. By Edward Symons. S.P.C.K.

W. G. WELLS, DRAMATIST AND PAINTER. By Freeman Wells. Longmans, Green & Co.

DAVID BROWN, D.D.: A MEMOIR. By William Garden Blaikie. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES IN ENGLISH VERSE. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. Vol. III. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

GREEK TRAGEDY IN THE LIGHT OF VASE PAINTINGS. By John H. Huddilston. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

IAN AND EDRIC: A POEM OF OUR OWN DAY. By Don Antonio Mirandola. R. D. Dickinson & Co. 1s.

ENGLBERG, AND OTHER VERSES. By Beatrix L. Tollomache. Second edition. Rivington's.

DAY DREAMS OF A SCHOOLMASTER. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Isbister & Co. 5s.

THE EPIC OF SOUNDS: AN ELEMENTARY INTERPRETATION OF WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN RING. By Freda Winworth. Second edition. Simpkin & Co., Ltd.

INTERLUDES: SEVEN LECTURES DELIVERED BETWEEN THE YEARS 1891 AND 1897. By the late Henry Charles Banister. Collected and edited by Stewart Macpherson. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

THE "POCKET FALSTAFF" SHAKESPEARE: ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, AND THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH. Bliss, Sands & Co.

THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC IN RELATION TO CIVILISATION. By H. Tipper. Elliot Stock.

ESSAYS, MOCK-ESSAYS, AND CHARACTER SKETCHES. Reprinted from the *Journal of Education*. William Rice. 6s.

SONNETS ON THE SONNET: AN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell. Longmans, Green & Co.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

WITH SKI AND SLEDGE, OVER ARCTIC GLACIERS. By Sir Martin Conway. J. M. Dent & Co.

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FIVE YEARS IN SIAM. From 1891 to 1896. By H. Warrington Smyth. 2 vols. John Murray. 24s.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. announce that they will issue North's *Plutarch*, in 10 vols., in the "Temple Classics." In the same series they will issue this month Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, edited by Israel Gollancz, More's *Utopia*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. In June Thackeray's *Esmond*, edited by Walter Jerrold.

In the "Temple Dramatists" this month will appear Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, edited by F. W. Moorman, Ph.D., and in June Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

In the series of "Lyric Poets" *Browning* will be the next volume.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS writes: "May I point out that Dr. Campbell Oman's *Where Three Creeds Meet* is 3s. 6d., and not 6s., as it was stated in your issue of May 14?"

It will interest many to learn that Vol. I. of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, published by Mr. Henry Frowde, is now completed by the issue of Part 5. This part contains the introductory matter for the whole volume. The Preface gives a full and interesting account of the origin and progress of the work from its very beginning. It has taken hundreds of people, in all parts of the United Kingdom, twenty-three years to collect the material for the dictionary.

MR. MARTIN A. BUCKMASTER has prepared a text-book on *Elementary Architecture*. This work is to have thirty-eight full-page illustrations, and it will be published by the Clarendon Press.

# MESSRS. METHUEN'S LIST.

**A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR.** The Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. Demy 8vo, Illustrated, 21s.

Mr. Oman is engaged on a History of the Art of War, of which the above, though covering the middle period from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the general use of gunpowder in Western Europe, is the first instalment. The first battle dealt with will be Adrianople (375) and the last Navaretta (1367). There will appear later a volume dealing with the Art of War among the Ancients, and another covering the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

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## REVIEWS.

## WAGNER AS ESSAYIST.

*Richard Wagner's Prose-Works.* Translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. VI. (Kegan Paul.)

WAGNER as musician has long since triumphed even over sceptical England, which for years sneered at him as a musical charlatan. On our present operatic stage, like Alexander he reigns, and reigns alone, without (to continue the quotation) a rival near the throne—for Verdi, great though his *Otello* be, is not of the same Titanic order. But who in England knows Wagner the essayist? Nay, for that matter, how many Englishmen know any of the great musicians who have likewise been writers on music—know them, that is, in their literary capacity? How many know Schumann as a writer? Nay, how many know Berlioz, who had a demoniacal *verve* in writing akin to his inextinguishable ardour in music? Not surprising is it, therefore, if few know Wagner the *littérateur*. For Wagner has not the advantages of Berlioz—those advantages which ought to make Berlioz the most popular of musical critics, did we possess any translation of his voluminous critical papers—his clearness, directness, barbed and arrowy point, his admirable *virtuosity* of style (as Wagner himself would call it). Wagner is regrettably hampered by the German vice of cumbrousness—that vice which seems inherent in the German tongue, and could not well be escaped by a musician seeking to express himself in a medium for which his immense and life-long study of music had left him scant opportunity to qualify himself. Yet he is no mere professorial pedant—he is too full of fierce energy for that; and every now and again he is as direct as heart could wish. But the essential difference between him and Berlioz—that other great musician-writer—lies deeper than any mere difference of style. Berlioz is a purely æsthetic and technical critic of music. Which is to say, he is a Frenchman. Wagner is a philosophic critic of music. Which is to say, he is a German. Now the ideas of any

man who rests his ideas upon a philosophic basis must needs overflow beyond his individual craft. A philosophic poet will have ideas and interests beyond poetry, because his philosophy is of universal application; and so in other arts. Therefore, Wagner's essays extend far beyond the limits of mere music; though they usually revolve round music as their centre. Therefore, also, they are concerned with profound principles and conceptions which do not lend themselves to the vivacious and dashing style of a Berlioz; which demand a more remote expression. Only a very skilled *littérateur*—and not a German—could impart to the expression of them perspicuity and precision.

In compensation, as we have said, Wagner's interests are wide-reaching. He by no means straitens himself to mere technical criticism of music. Nothing he writes is devoid of interest. Such is the forcible originality of the man, that his most occasional manifestoes have strokes of individuality, have the image and superscription of Wagner. The papers collected in this sixth volume are mostly from his own periodical—the *Bayreuther Blätter*. It was in itself a wonderful thing. For the first time in musical history, a composer had his own organ like any Continental statesman, addressed to and read by his own followers throughout Germany. It was something much more than Schumann's paper—a musical paper addressed to the general musical public. The foundation-stone of the *Bayreuther Blätter* was the Wagner *Verein*, the societies established throughout Germany for the cultivation not only of the Wagner music, but of the Wagner principles in music; nay, as Wagner handled these *Verein* through his paper, of the Wagner principles with regard to the social order. The Browning Society is a most phantasmal image of the thing. That never extended beyond the cultivation of the master's poetry; above all, it was not in communication with the master. Here, in Germany, we perceive the astonishing spectacle of a united league, having ramifications throughout the country, having its own organ, addressed by the master himself through that organ, and devoted to propagating his views on music and society, no less than to propagating his actual compositions in music. Ruskin, with *Fors Clavigera*, is the nearest example which can make it intelligible to Englishmen.

Often, indeed, when Wagner is in the denunciatory mood, his Germanic cumbrousness drops off him; and he becomes fiercely direct after a fashion which strongly recalls the invective of Mr. Ruskin, so inspiring to those who sympathise with it, so irritating to those who do not. Take a very imperfect sample, chosen haphazard—by search we might find a closer parallel. But it perhaps better enforces the likeness because it is taken at random:

"Our little sheet will seem quite despicable in the eyes of the great papers. Let us hope they will pay no heed to it at all; and if they call it a nook-and-corner tract, in their sense that will be an inappropriate title, since our nooks extend over the whole of Germany. Nevertheless, we might gladly accept the anticipated nickname, and for sake of a good

omen it brings to my mind. In Germany it is always the nook, and not the large capital, that has been in truth productive. What should we ever have got had we waited for the reflux from our great market-places, promenades, and Ring-strasses; what but the putrid leavings of a national production that had once flowed thither? A good spirit watched over our great poets and thinkers when it banned them from these larger towns of Germany. There, where servility and crudeness tear the morsel of amusement from each other's mouth, can nothing be brought forth, but merely chewed again. . . . As far as we are concerned, anyone in the capitals who does not seek himself a quiet 'nook'—in which, unheeded and unheeding, to puzzle out the riddle: 'What the German is?'—may be made a Privy Councillor, or what not, and despatched by the Herr Kulturminister to arrange the affairs of other musical centres upon occasion."

This is as direct, as full of denunciatory scorn for the worldly multitude, as anything in Ruskin. There is, moreover, a reason for such resemblance. The influence of Carlyle upon the later Ruskin is known and patent. Now, Wagner had read Carlyle, and more than once quotes him in this very volume.

But there is very much more in Wagner than mere gladiatorship. He is full of deep and illuminative thought. His philosophy is thorough and systematic, though it may commend itself to few. It is the philosophy of Schopenhauer, *plus* those Hindoo philosophies which are really the basis of Schopenhauer. Nobody with even a superficial knowledge of the Brahministic and Buddhist systems of philosophies can fail to trace their echoes in many a Wagnerian passage. Sometimes it is the Vedantine philosophy, sometimes the Buddhistic, but always it is well marked. Nor does he leave us to conjecture. He makes habitual and eulogistic reference to the Hindoo systems; nay, he shows a pretty close acquaintance with Hindooism in all directions. He derived one very fine and apt image from the distinction between Brahmins and Chandalas, with the legal ordinances pertaining to that distinction. We have no space to quote and explain the many profound philosophic utterances contained in the great musician's essays. But in another direction, where he commands a more peculiar and authoritative interest—in music pure and simple—these papers contain most enlightening deliverances. But here, also, space denies quotation, so much of explanatory context would it involve. Yet one citation we will make, on the method to be pursued by a really inspired dramatic composer in arriving at the *motif* appropriate to this or that character, in music-drama of the Wagnerian kind. We make it, because obviously it is nothing less than an autobiographic confession of what were the processes and phenomena of inspiration in his own case. For that reason it has a very special and personal interest—to those who can rightly follow and understand it. He recommends his would-be followers not to use a libretto unless they see in it a plot and characters that lively interest them. Then (he says to his supposed follower):

"Let him take a good look at the one character which appeals to him the most this

very day; bears it a mask—away with it; wears it the garment of a stage-tailor's dummy—off with it! Let him set it in a twilight spot, where he can only see the gleaming of its eye; if that speak to him, the shape itself will now most likely fall a-moving, which perhaps will even terrify him—but he must put up with that; at last its lips will part, it opens its mouth, and a ghostly voice breathes something quite distinct, intensely seizable, but so unheard-of (such as the 'Guest of Stone, and surely the page Cherubino, once said to Mozart) that—he wakes from out his dream. All has vanished; but in the spiritual ear it still rings on; he has had an 'idea,' a so-called musical *motiv*; God knows if other men have heard the same, or something similar, before! Does it please X. Y., or displease Z.? What is that to him? It is his *motiv*, legally delivered to and settled on him by that marvellous shape, in that wonderful fit of absorption."

The "twilight-spot," of course, is the twilight of contemplation; and similarly the whole thing is an intensely personal confession, not to be understood unless by a musician of like dramatic genius; or perhaps a stray poet who has known something akin to it in the combination and birth of the images passing before his eye, with the words which they simultaneously dictate to him. With this we must take our leave of the book, merely referring to the excessively interesting and personal essay on *Music Applied to the Drama*. We congratulate Mr. Ashton Ellis on his enterprise in undertaking the translation of essays so outside the usual trend of English interest, but of great importance to all who would understand Wagner. The manner of his version, however, is somewhat to seek. Not only is he at times too Germanic—this may be pardoned in the case of a writer so difficult to reduce to idiomatic English as Wagner—but he has one or two of the worst vices of style prevalent in journalistic English, and forces those vices into horrible prominence. The "hanging participle" is peppered over his pages; and (worse still) the "split infinitive" is carried to night-marish lengths. We do not care to quote, because we do not care to emphasise objections to a sterling project, and most desirable project, carried out with thorough-going pains. We needed these Wagnerian prose writings, full of the master's depth and reach. And all who are not interested in Wagner to a merely superficial degree will welcome their translation, and thank the translator—blemishes of detail set aside. Here is the verbal speech of a transcendent artist, whose art was based upon a vast philosophy of life. Be that philosophy right or wrong, it cannot be neglected by those who would understand the aim of his musical speech. Therefore, we welcome what is (in effect) Wagner's musical speech translated by himself into prose. "Egad, the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two!" That may be said; for there are many who can dimly follow the language of emotion, but are quite incapable of following the language of intellectual statement.

### SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

*My Life in Two Hemispheres.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

IN the course of his long life, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has written many volumes; indeed, it is as an Irish author that he will be remembered, rather than as an Irish politician; as editor of the famous *Nation*, biographer of Thomas Davis, historian of *Young Ireland*, rather than as an Irish agitator or legislator of the first order. Nothing that he has achieved for Ireland is of lasting value, except in so far as much of his literary work must retain an educational influence. He has emphatically been, in no bad sense, a man of words, not of deeds. It is curious, therefore, and almost amusing, to note his description of that Fenian leader, Mr. John O'Leary, who is to-day one of the best-known and most revered men in Ireland:

"He was a Fenian of a class which I had never seen before, and rarely afterwards; moderate in opinion, generally just to opponents, and entirely without passion or enthusiasm except a devoted love of Ireland. He was a great reader of books, and, I fear, a great dreamer of dreams."

Mr. O'Leary's "dream," which landed him in Portland, was the "dream" of Wolfe Tone, the United Irishmen, Lord Edward and Emmet; that "dream" of Irish action, in which alone Ireland has faith, and which is more practical than any pretty and impossible "union of hearts." Mr. O'Leary's one published book, his *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*, with its grim Tacitean terseness of phrase, its unsparing honesty, its passion without "bunkum" and "blarney," is a more expressive and effective work for Nationalist readers than the far more practised and fluent writings of his friend Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. "On our side," said Felice Orsini, speaking of Young Italy, "we have had the genius of words, but poverty in action": it has been far more true of Ireland. The greater part of these two large volumes is concerned with Ireland, from the leadership of O'Connell to the rise of Parnell, and mostly records the experiences and personal efforts of the writer. The remainder is devoted to his Australian life: this is fascinating and fresh, full of vigorous themes and suggestive thoughts, of picturesqueness and humour; but we can here make but one comment: The man, who in Ireland could not put his hand to any work, could not exercise his abilities in any direction, without running the risk, and often gaining the experience, of trial and imprisonment; the man, who in his native land found himself in constant conflict with the representatives of government and law, and whom they regarded as a dangerous and immoral person, a lawless firebrand; this man sets foot in Victoria, and becomes a valued, trusted, and prominent citizen in public life. He becomes Member, Minister, Premier, Speaker, K.C.M.G.; he shows himself a strong, able, and reasonable man of affairs. It is no new thing: he comes of that race which, proscribed at home, has given to British Colonies a host of leading adminis-

trators, and to foreign countries a host of marshals, generals, premiers, viceroys, presidents, men in all varieties of commanding position. When Patrick Sarsfield lay dying upon a foreign field, that chief of the "Wild Geese" cried, "Would God this blood were shed for Ireland!" And thousands of Irishmen with political genius and governmental faculty have saddened at the thought, that there was no room for their abilities in Ireland, without disloyalty to the ancient National cause. The two alternatives are "loyalty" to Ireland by "treason" to England, or exile from Ireland altogether. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, after giving the best years of his life to Irish agitation, with no tangible result, exiled himself, and rose to the highest offices. But he and his countrymen, who are thus found worthy elsewhere, are treated by British Governments as fools or knaves, whose convictions about Ireland are beneath contempt or merit punishment. Truly a paradox. The distinguished writer's life in Ireland extends over a period of splendid patriotism, and tragic disappointment, and sickening apostasy; it embraces the rise and spread of "Young Ireland," the mournful decline of O'Connell, the abject collapse of Irish hopes, with which are associated in infamy the names of Keogh, Sadleir, and O'Flaherty. It is a period which witnessed a marvellous community of feeling between North and South, a great outburst of literary talent, the bringing of "a soul into Eirés"; it is rich with the names and memories of such irreproachable men as Davis, Martin, Smith O'Brien, of men fiery and vehement as Mitchel and Meagher. It saw the monster meetings of Tara and the quarrels of Conciliation Hall; it saw the young leaders of the *Nation* compelled, with aching hearts, to join issue against the veteran O'Connell, the "Liberator" turned timorous, if not treacherous. It abounded in notable characters and scenes, and through it all is felt the passion of a people, torn this way and that, but always passionate with one desire. The writer relates it all with admirable vividness and skill, with a constant wish, and one mostly realised, to be scrupulously fair to all. Even in the chapter devoted to the refutation of Mitchel's *Jail Journal* accusations, Sir Charles shows little animosity, which is the more praiseworthy in him, inasmuch as the *Jail Journal*, that fierce and fascinating book, is an Irish classic, and will be read by thousands upon thousands to the end of time. Then, Sir Charles gives us his reminiscences of famous men—Carlyle and Disraeli, Newman and Manning, Bright and Lowe, Browning and Thackeray, with many more. His book is not only for the "mere" Irishman, but includes plenty of attractions for those readers who may care nothing for the interminable sorrows and absurdities of Inisfail. He tells a good story well, and his volumes are full of them. An occasional drawback is his reference, for fear of repetition, to his earlier works, which deal more minutely with certain aspects and phases of the time; but this was perhaps inevitable.

Sir Charles was born in 1816: the memory of '98 was not twenty years old, and in his native Ulster it was naturally keen and

strong. When, upon a certain historic day in the Phoenix Park, he, in conjunction with his young contemporaries, Davis and Dillon, formed their scheme of the *Nation* journal, it was plainly present to their minds that the principles, if not all the practices, of '98 were legitimate, and might have to be put into practice once more. It was upon that rock that the split with O'Connell occurred. It is a pathetic figure, the wonderful figure of O'Connell. "Mighty, magnificent, mean old man! Silver tongue, smile of witchery, heart of melting ruth! Lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud!" So runs Mitchel's celebrated and cruel description of him: like all Mitchel's portraits, more plausible than subtle, and not quite free from personal feeling. The man whose eloquence of a thousand gifts had so stirred Ireland, that the cry for Catholic Emancipation became irresistible, could not believe that Repeal would not be won by the same means. Before vast multitudes in the open he threatened open war, and thought that the threat would wring Repeal from the British Ministry. It did not, and the Irish masses waited for his call to arms, which never came. Hoping against hope, broken in health, he shrank from his own promises and prophecies; he denounced and ridiculed the Young Irelanders, who were "ready to die" for Ireland. "You and I, boys, we'll live for Ireland." The glamour was dissolved, the charm broken; he turned more and more from action, and betook himself to constant prayer. He dies at last in Genoa, bequeathing his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome; and no "war" has come about from that day to this: there have been but the desperate efforts and futile results of Smith O'Brien and of the Fenians twenty years later. Had O'Connell dared to hold the prohibited meeting of Clontarf, '98 would have been repeated, and with excellent chances of success. His heart failed him, and his genuine sense of the horrors of war, always strong in him, prevailed over both patriotism and statesmanship. But it is touching to remember how those young men at whom he scoffed and with whom he quarrelled bore with his weakness to the last. One solace was always open to such men as Davis and the writer of these volumes: their educational work for Ireland, their literary propaganda by the dissemination of songs and essays, histories and biographies, their labours to create and foster the taste for patriotic knowledge. That is a weapon in which Sir Charles has never ceased to believe, never ceased to wield; and, assuredly, if the principles of '98 must be held in abeyance, this intellectual culture of the people is an infinitely better preparation for the final attainment of their liberties than such appeals to material interests as agrarian and like-minded movements. At a momentous time in the writer's fortunes, after his last trial and acquittal, two prominent Irishmen gave two strangely dissimilar pieces of advice. That most remarkable man, with a fighter's soul in a hunchback's body, James Fintan Lalor, counselled immediate insurrection in Munster. Dillon, the father

of a present Irish leader, counselled the removal of the *Nation* to London, and the making it the organ, "not of Irish nationality alone, but of a philosophic radicalism embracing the whole empire." Here we have two characteristic dangers. Here is the demand for physical force at all costs at any time; and here is the "philosophic radicalism" which subordinates the national claims of Ireland to the supposed "rights of man" anywhere and everywhere. Both are disastrous for Ireland, but the latter is the worse of the two. Nationalism is an higher and more sacred thing than humanitarianism. But even Dillon's proposal was better than the various Irish movements which subordinate the national claim to some utilitarian or sectarian class interest; and do nothing to promote the unity of classes, for which the leaders in '98 so laboured. Sir Charles did what he could—revived the *Nation* in Dublin, promoted the Ulster League, took his part in "Parliamentary agitation," and a policy of independence upon Ministries, until the great betrayal took place, and the "Brass Band," with Ministerial bribes in their pockets, and broken oaths upon their consciences, drove him to despair of further usefulness in Ireland, and he became one of "the sea-divided Gael": no longer a suspect and criminal person, the supposed advocate of massacre and enemy of religion, but just what he was and is—an orderly, grave, devout, and accomplished man, fit to preside over legislative assemblies and the deliberations of statesmen. And yet there is no difference between the rebel "Duffy of the *Nation*" and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. Strange English delusion that insists upon making one!

Great things have happened in and for and against Ireland since he left it to begin his brilliant career in another hemisphere; but Ireland has not been able to "recapture that first fine early rapture" of the Young Ireland days.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven."

In those days, of which he was *pars magna*, there was a spirit in Ireland, as passionate as that of '98, yet with something of a more spiritual refinement and intellectual purity. Sir Charles may well be proud to have been the friend, colleague, and biographer of the man, to whom the best of modern Irishmen have owed what is best in them—Thomas Davis. To his memory, and to the memory of the movement which he inspired, which he died too young to guide to triumph, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has once more, in a work of the greatest value and charm, consecrated the best of his high ability.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

### BOY OR GIRL?

*Schenk's Theory—The Determination of Sex.*  
By Dr. Leopold Schenk, Director of the Embryological Institute at Vienna. Authorised translation. (The Werner Company.)

PROF. SCHENK'S "secret" is out. What Mudie will do with it, what the public will

say to it, now that the curiosity aroused by newspaper hints can be gratified, remains to be seen. Probably it will be dropped like the proverbial hot potato. For Prof. Schenk's "secret" is not to be come at without much preliminary wading through matters physiological, and of a kind that the ordinary prudish person never mentions and can hardly bear to think of. The Malthusian literature of twenty years ago did not approach in frankness or circumstantiality this latest fruit of philosophy, written by an embryologist for embryologists, and, except indirectly, never intended for the public at all.

So much by way of preface, and as a warning to those who regard all particulars relating to the mode of our generation as indelicate. Sensibly minded people, of course, do not do so. To begin with, the historical sketch which precedes the actual subject-matter of Prof. Schenk's book, though simply and plainly written, is given in so brief a fashion, and so often consists of mere references to obscure works of science, that the general public could not be expected to grasp the full significance of all the facts and theories on which the author has based his own researches. Reduced to lowest possible terms, the two main theories in existence as regards the anterior determination of sex are, first, what is known as the "cross-heredity" theory; and, secondly, the law of Thury. The "cross-heredity" theory, which has had many respectable adherents, and which is supported to some extent by statistics, is to the effect that when one of two parents is sexually the superior the offspring is likely to be of the opposite sex. Thus, if the father be sexually superior to the mother, a girl may be expected to result, and *vice versa*. What "sexually superior" means cannot be exactly determined: it may be a temporary or a permanent condition; it may mean younger and more vigorous, better fed, or subject to stronger sexual excitement. An example of the kind of evidence on which such a theory is based may be found in an episode narrated by Felkin and Wilson, and quoted by Schenk. The Wagandas are a warlike, raiding race, killing the men and old women of their conquered foes, and leading the children, young women, and girls into captivity. On one occasion 486 of the women gave birth to children on their march. Of these 79 were boys and 403 girls. The inquirers, struck by this fact, found everywhere in the Sudan the same excess of girls. They also found that the women were harder worked, worse nourished, and more exhausted than the men.

Thury's law is based upon totally different lines, and relates to the state of ripeness of the ovum at the time of fecundation. For some time after the first development and disengagement of the ovum it is only partially ripe, and at such times will give rise only to females. When it is more completely ripe, males may result. Improbable as this theory sounds to ordinary ears, it has been made the subject of much controversy, and even experiment. Breeders have tried the effect of coupling at various stages of the rutting season, and though

Prof. Schenk, in the course of his essay, quotes one or two cases in which the results were alleged to be confirmatory, and even attempts to reconcile this theory with the one above, the evidence is altogether of a confused and unconvincing kind, and is vitiated by any number of contributory circumstances calculated to affect the results.

Of the two theories thus briefly and imperfectly outlined, Prof. Schenk himself mainly favours the first. He believes that sex is, to a large extent, determined in an opposite direction by the sexually more vigorous parent. But, in addition to this, he takes into account a large array of facts tending to show that diet has an influence not to be disregarded. There is nothing novel in this, nor in the other theories. Geddes and Thomson, in their work on *The Evolution of Sex*, a far more elaborate treatise than Schenk's, after going into von Berlepsch's experiments with bees, and other facts showing how food can affect the determination of a particular sex, sum up its influence as tending, when poor and scarce, to produce a *katabolic* organism (the male) and, when nutritious and plentiful, an *anabolic* organism (the female). It is in relation to this influence that Schenk has made the discovery he claims. It is not so much the actual diet as to a difference in metabolism that he assigns the cause. That is to say, that it is the power of assimilating food, rather than the food itself, which is of importance.

The number of cases quoted by Prof. Schenk is small, and the subject is at present in far too rudimentary a state for any opinion to be pronounced upon it. Doubtless, now that the particulars have been published, a good many intending mothers will put themselves into the hands of medical men for advice as to their diet on Prof. Schenk's lines, and abundant experience may be expected to result. It is only by a disturbance of present statistics on a large scale that trustworthy evidence can be accumulated. Put into a concise form Prof. Schenk's prescription (for boys) is: "Give the mother a highly nitrogenous diet, with fat, and add only so much carbohydrate as is absolutely necessary to prevent its want being felt." In other words, it is, eat plenty of meat and avoid sugar or starchy substances. For the benefit of medical men, much technical information is given as to the best methods of testing for sugar—a highly difficult operation, and requiring to be performed with the greatest skill.

Among a number of facts of interest bearing upon this question is the following, which we quote verbatim:

"According to statistics more boys than girls are born in the years with a poor harvest. Bad harvest years are those which favour a flesh diet, as the food stuffs of the vegetable kingdom do not suffice for the cattle nor for the people either, and more flesh enters into the diet of the women who are fructified. If people in general had the normal aptness for procreation in such famine years the flesh diet might turn the scale in favour of the male sex, it being presupposed that other conditions were fulfilled."

It is these "other conditions" that enter into the whole question and render it difficult

even of discussion. Prof. Schenk's book is an interesting contribution to the subject; possibly on account of the practical turn it seeks to take the most interesting. We do not anticipate, however, that it will go unattacked, nor do we consider that it is in a position to be accepted. Many people will probably go so far as to say that it is a subject which ought not to be discussed, that it is an impious attempt to interfere with nature, and so on. We do not hold this view. There is no interference with nature, but merely an attempt to penetrate the methods of nature, to detect the particular conditions under which nature acts in a particular way. If such knowledge can be made serviceable, so much the better. One might remind objectors that chloroform was at first received with a terrific outburst of religious fury, on the ground that the allaying of pain was an interference with the divine infliction of pain. The world has grown older since then, and more broad-minded.

## TWO NEW VOLUMES OF ITALIAN POETRY.

*Poemetti.* By Giovanni Pascoli. (Florence: Roberto Faggi.)

*Poesie Scelte.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Milan: Galli.)

IN spite of the reputation which Giovanni Pascoli enjoys in Italy, it cannot be said that he has as yet found many readers in England, although Mr. G. A. Greene translated a few of his earlier poems in his *Italian Lyrists of To-day*. And this is much to be regretted, for Pascoli is a true poet; an admirable artist within the rather narrow sphere that he has chosen. He has not, indeed, that touch of sublimity by virtue of which Carducci stands alone among modern Italian poets; he does not attain to the melodiousness and lyrical beauty of the best work of D'Annunzio, nor to the directness and lucidity of Arturo Graf; but his poetry is alike free from Graf's morbid pessimism, and from the questionable matter which is sometimes painfully prominent in the creations of the author of *The Triumph of Death*. In enamels and cameos, delicately painted and cut with symbols of human life, and in transcripts from nature rendered with close observation and exquisite finish, Pascoli is at his best. In the preface to *Myricae*, his former volume, he describes his songs as the fluttering of birds, the rustling of cypresses, the distant music of bells; and he adds that they are not unbefitting a cemetery. For beneath this observation and delight in nature's external manifestations of love and loveliness there is much profound sadness; the poet loves to linger in the Campo Santo, to ponder upon death, to hold converse with the beloved dead. The tragedy which overshadowed his early life, and to which he frequently alludes, has tinged all his work; and, in the preface to this new volume, he describes himself as one who has long walked through the steep way of sorrow,

and who, although wearied, has gained from the walk a youthful appetite for joy.

Instead of the rich metrical variety of the *Myricae*, the *Poemetti* consist of nine longer poems, or groups of poems, written with only one exception in a kind of interrupted *terza rima*. They open with a series of idealised pictures from the daily life of the Tuscan peasants, full of the sounds and odour of the fields, through which the oxen slowly pass and over which the Angelus rings out from church and convent. In striking contrast there follows a vision of Dante impelling the islands of Caprara and Gorgona to the mouth of the Arno, in the spirit of his famous imprecation against Pisa in the *Inferno*. Pascoli's style never lacks distinction; his lines are full of music and delicate imagery, whether he writes of the blind man, helpless and alone with his dead dog, awaiting death like a solitary rock surrounded by the waves of an immense sea of darkness:

"Tra un nero immenso fluttuar di mare";

or of the trees striving to utter their dumb aspirations and desires to Heaven with flowers instead of words:

"Con improvvisa melodia di fiori."

His weird picture of the last flight of the swan from the polar darkness into the light of the aurora borealis invites comparison, not altogether unsuccessfully, with Tennyson's "Dying Swan," while his "Eremita" carries us back to Cavalca and the author of the *Fioretti*. In "Il Vischio," a study of fruit-blossom and mistletoe becomes a psychological problem, suggested rather than expressed; while "Il Libro" is a purely symbolical lyric—it is the ancient book of mystery whose pages an invisible figure is ever turning, seeking but never finding the truth. This latter poem, for its elusive magic and mysterious beauty, is perhaps the gem of the whole volume, which, although very slight in bulk, is of high poetical value throughout.

The name of Antonio Fogazzaro is more familiar to most English readers. It is by his romances that he is deservedly better known, but, nevertheless, the little volume of poems just published, selected from various earlier works, is pleasant and stimulating reading. Fogazzaro is pre-eminently the Italian Lake Poet. The section of his work devoted to his native Valsolda is full of the beauty of the Italian lake district, reflecting with loving fidelity all its moods; its storms and its sunshine; its waters and mountains; the simple joys and sorrows of its humbler inhabitants. At times Fogazzaro reminds us of Wordsworth's attitude towards the English lakes; in "Novissima Verba"—a poem in parts presenting a curious analogy with *The Prelude*—his adoration of the spirit of his beloved valley is tinged in the glowing colours of human love, and united to an autobiographical account of the growth of his own mind. Perhaps his highest point of lyrical achievement is reached in the "Fascino," an exquisite rendering of the region's haunting presence and fascination; but, more usually, his outlook upon nature is that of an idealist and Christian mystic, as in "A sera," where



at sunset bells answer bells sounding the Angelus from village to village, and are echoed by the voices of the valleys, lakes, and cascades, uniting all things spiritually in love and worship.

The "Versioni dalla Musica" exhibit on a small scale something of the dramatic power and vivid characterisation of Fogazzaro's novels. They are a series of minute lyrical comedies and tragedies, suggested by familiar pieces of music; an old beau fooled by a dazzling young coquette; a lover, at the call of honour and religion, tearing himself away from the embraces of a madly passionate mistress; a courtly minuet at a masked ball of the eighteenth century, like an idealised version of some Venetian picture by Pietro Longhi, suggesting what tragedies of love and sorrow may lie hidden behind those faces which, even when unmasked, seem so impassive, so trivial and incapable of passion. There is decidedly strong work also in the religious pieces in the last section of the book. "Notte di Passione" and "Visione" are noble and powerful poems of spiritual experience and mystical yearning. "Samarith di Gaulan" tells, in irregular but forcible verse, how a divine apparition came to a Hebrew woman in the moonlight by the Sea of Galilee, and how, following that white-robed figure, she walked like Peter upon the waves, to die in peace and joy in the glory of the Easter dawn.

Still, delightful and impressive as many of these poems are, it is by his prose romances, *Malombra*, *Daniela Cortis*, *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, that Fogazzaro holds his place among the great writers of modern Italy. They have not the superb style and magnificent prose-poetry of D'Annunzio's "Romances of the Rose" and "Romances of the Lily," but they are always invigorating and healthy in tone. The influence of Gabriele D'Annunzio has almost succeeded in converting Italian fiction into a gorgeous, but decidedly unwholesome, hot-house, into which each new work from Antonio Fogazzaro enters like a welcome breath of fresh air.

#### NIMROD'S MASTERPIECE.

*The Chase, the Road, and the Turf.* By Nimrod. A New Edition. (Edward Arnold.)

MR. ARNOLD has been wise to include this evergreen classic in his "Sportsman's Library," for no edition of it has been published, we believe, since that which Mr. Murray issued in 1870. Well may Sir Herbert Maxwell remark in his brief introduction that the three papers which compose this volume, and which originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, "inaugurated a new era in the literature of sport." Never before or since Nimrod's time has there been a sporting writer who joined to an exhaustive acquaintance with his subjects such a vivid and illuminating style. Railway trains have displaced stage coaches, and may themselves yield to flying machines; but when will the coaching experiences of

1835, as pictured by Nimrod, cease to be a delight? He imagines an old gentleman who has gone to bed in 1742, when the proprietors of coaches running from London to Exeter (175 miles) used to promise "a safe and expeditious journey in a fortnight," awaking 100 years later to find himself being hustled into the "Comet," which does the journey in seventeen hours.

"In five minutes under the hour the 'Comet' arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London! Wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, waiter! I hope you have got breakfast—'

Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters), and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself (*terraque urbesque recedunt*) disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—"My dear sir," said he, "you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow. Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful pace?" "Change horses, sir!" says the proprietor, "why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers."

Alarmed by the information that owing to the improvements of "an American of the name of Macadam" (Macadam was really a Scot, though he was for some time in business in New York) "no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now," the old gentleman quits the coach at Bagshot, where he inquires whether there is any *slow* coach down the road that day. He is recommended to the "Regulator," and secures a seat in the hind dickey. But the "Regulator," "slow coach" as she is, takes only twenty-three minutes for the five miles of the Hartford Bridge Flat, the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. There is rather too much luggage on the roof, and our friend in the dickey, "his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death" has a very bad time of it. Next he inquires for a coach which carries no luggage on the top, takes his seat in the "Quicksilver Mail," falls asleep and wakes up to find himself on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey—it is four miles of ground and twelve minutes is the time!

The narrative goes with as much swing and lift as the coach itself, and is perhaps the best thing in the book. But it is rivalled by the admirable description of a day with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds in the Quorn country:

"At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher, and the Squire cheers him to the

echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. 'Tallyho!' cries a countryman in a tree. 'He's gone,' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping his spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, 'Ware, hounds!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give them time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. 'That's right,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil your own sport as usual.' 'Go along,' roars out Mr. Holyoake, 'there are three couple of hounds on the scent.' 'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,' coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on Advance, with a label pinned on his back, 'He Kicks'; 'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure.' Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them."

Nimrod, whose real name was Charles John Apperley, was born in 1777, and educated at Rugby, where he picked up a taste for classical literature which he never lost, and which doubtless accounts for the excellence of his style, as well as for the Latin tags which he is fond of introducing here and there. At Bilton Hall, near Rugby, he lived within reach of four excellent packs, and it is on record that on one occasion he rode fifty-two miles in the morning on two hacks to meet Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds in what is now the Bicester country. Think of that, ye luxurious lollers in first-class carriages! So much hunting impaired his finances, with the fortunate result—for us—that he had to take to literature. A series of letters on Hunting contributed to the *Sporting Magazine* raised the status of that publication—which had interpreted the idea of sport so broadly as to publish under the head of "Matrimonial Sporting" all the unsavoury details of *crim. con.* cases—and made the writer's reputation, and temporarily his fortune. An unfortunate speculation in farming, however, ran away with his money, and he had to take refuge in Calais, far away from his beloved hounds, and support himself by his pen. His reminiscences supplied him with plenty of material, for he claimed to have hunted with seventy-three or seventy-four different packs in his time. His knowledge of the turf was perhaps less peculiar, but wonderfully extensive. Of its rogueries in particular he gives innumerable examples. Trials falsified, touts foiled, horses poisoned, jockeys bought—these things seem to have been going on ever since men first began to test the speed of their horses. On one occasion Old Q., the famous Duke of Queensbury [*sic*] was told by his jockey that a large sum of money had been offered him to lose. "Take it," said the Duke, "I will bear you harmless." When his horse came to the post his Grace coolly observed, "This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself," when, throwing open his greatcoat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle. There are stories of Sam Chifney, whose "rush" was so irresistible; of Frank Buckle, who continued to ride in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and on the last day of the season always had a goose for supper; of James Robinson, who won the Derby and Oaks and was married all in the same week; of the Duke of Grafton, who, in the year

1825, won £13,000 from public stakes alone, a prodigious sum in those days; and of many other sportsmen of the past. Altogether, the book is a feast of good things, and is very welcome in its new and handsome dress.

“TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE.”

*A Middy's Recollections, 1853-1860.* By Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu. (A. & C. Black.)

ADMIRAL MONTAGU has been wise in choosing the present moment for bringing out his well-written and very readable reminiscences of life as a midshipman in the fifties. In these days of *Royal Sovereigns* and *Powerfuls*, of twenty-knot torpedo boats and destroyers which steam as fast as an ordinary train, it is interesting to read of ships like the *Princess Royal*, which Admiral Montagu joined in 1853, with her full-steam speed of eight or nine knots only. Moreover, recent events have tended to quicken the Englishman's interest in naval matters, and any book dealing with life on an old-fashioned sail-and-steam line-of-battle ship, if written with knowledge and from actual experience, is sure to be widely read. Admiral Montagu was in both the Baltic and the Black Sea fleets during the Crimean War. He was in Chinese waters and assisted in the destruction of the Chinese war-junks at the battle of Fatshan in the Canton River in 1857; while later in the same year he sailed for Calcutta, and for the next fifteen months saw plenty of fighting on land with the Naval Brigade as *Aide-de-camp* to General Rowcroft.

But this book will be read by most people rather for its account of a midshipman's impressions of man-of-war life nearly half a century ago than for any mere details of fighting in India or elsewhere, and Admiral Montagu has been careful not to omit the more commonplace details of Service in those days in order to give more space to the excitements of war. When one remembers the elaborate preparation which is now deemed necessary before a cadet can enter the Navy, it is somewhat strange to read of the haphazard way in which, forty-five years ago, a boy found his way into the Service. The qualification consisted in being able to master simple dictation from some English work and arithmetic as far as the rule of three. Six weeks at a school in Portsea kept by a retired naval instructor sufficed to prepare our midshipman successfully for this ordeal, though, as he naïvely confesses, he spelt “judgment” without a “d” in the actual examination. Life on board ship was, of course, uncomfortable to a degree:

“The rations were the same as those allowed to the ship's company—a pound of very bad salt junk (beef) or pork, execrable tea, sugar, and biscuit that was generally full of weevils or well over-run with rats, or (in hot climates) a choice retreat for the detestable cockroach. . . . Sugar or any other sweet matter was their attraction; and at night, when they were on the move, I have seen strings of the creatures

an inch and a half long making a route over you in your hammock.”

The ships of the world have not yet found a way of banishing the cockroach, though we feed our middies better nowadays. There seems to have been a certain amount of bullying, though probably a good deal less than would have been permitted in “the good old times”; but some unpleasant customs prevailed. Here is one:

“One of the amusements with which the seniors entertained themselves was slitting the end of your nose open with a pen knife. The idea was that you could not properly be a Royal, bearing the name of your ship (the *Princess Royal*), without a slight effusion of blood. The end of one's nose was well squeezed, and thus there was little pain.”

Things were not much changed evidently from the days of Captain Marryat's novels as far as what may be called the amenities of life were concerned. Flogging was, of course, in full swing as a punishment during the years (1853-1860) covered by this book. “I have often,” writes Admiral Montagu, “seen three men flogged one after another.” His comment is interesting:

“I do not believe that flogging ever cured a character. I think it hardened nine men out of ten. It may have deterred others, and so had its effect; but the crimes committed were often, to my idea, too trifling for such retribution. Of course in those days prisons—or at any rate the means of sending men to prison—were scarce; and it happened that we were a good deal on war service when prisons were not accessible. But, *coûte que coûte*, bad characters—men who could not be reclaimed after several attempts—were best kicked out of the Service. They are a plague to their shipmates, and give trouble all round; *though it was a curious fact that they were generally the best seamen.*”

The italics are ours, but the sentence italicised “gives one to think,” as the phrase runs, and it is hard to decide what course it is best for a commander to pursue with regard to such men. On the one hand, it is hard to have to lose one's “best seamen,” while on the other hand the penalty of imprisonment has its obvious disadvantages in the Navy. There is no doubt that flogging was resorted to much too readily half a century ago in our ships, and no one will desire a return to the practice of those days. But it is a question whether it would be safe to abolish that penalty altogether in the Service, and the opinion of almost all naval men seems to be that it should be retained at least as a last resort.

Admiral Montagu has several good stories to tell in the course of his *Recollections*. One of them must suffice here as an example of his quality. It is the story of a trooper of the Fourth Light Dragoons who was made prisoner in the Crimean War, and for some reason not specified was taken before the Tsar. Observing the man standing six feet two in his stockings, his Imperial Majesty inquired what regiment he had belonged to. Being told that he was in a light cavalry regiment, he said, “Well, if you are a light cavalry man, what the devil are the heavies?”

IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

*Five Years in Siam.* By H. Warington Smyth, M.A., LL.B., formerly Director of Mines in Siam. With Maps and Illustrations by the Author. 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE historic connexion of England and Englishmen with Siam and the Siamese dates from the early days of the East India Company; and from then until now, quite a library of books has been written in English (besides those in other tongues) concerning the land of bamboo and betel-nut, teak and elephants. The latest addition to that library will prove as interesting as any, and more interesting than most, and without cavil, will be priceless to those who would understand the peoples and resources of Siam as they are to-day, and the relations of Siam to European Governments. For Mr. Warington Smyth's two handsome volumes are not merely a record of travel: they are that in an unusually charming manner, but they are more: they are also a *précis* of a tolerably long and exceedingly varied experience of all things Siamese, even of Siamese geography and Siamese geology. He is none of the “hasty Westerns” of whom he complains, “who would not give themselves the chance of understanding that between the ways of modern Europe and those of old Indo-China a great gulf lies, the voyage over which might well occupy the thought of a lifetime.” Mr. Warington Smyth is evidently very much of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's opinion: “O East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet”; and, at the least, he declares, after his intimate experience of both people and government, that “the longer one lives with an Eastern race, the less confidence can one feel in one's knowledge of what they are and what they think.” It is much in favour of the Siamese, and in contradiction of the detraction and abuse that some in England and France have in recent years thought their due, that an educated, scientific, and tolerably dispassionate observer like Mr. Warington Smyth should have little but the kindest things to say of them, even when he is most critical of their shortcomings when compared with an European standard. Here is a very agreeable bit of description of river life:

“Abreast of these *lorchas* [Bangkok boats, not unlike North Sea cobsles, along the shallower western shore, on the inside of the bend, the up-country boats lie when they have sold their rice, and their pleasure-loving crews would do a little of the gaiety of the capital before returning home. So, while mother does the shopping, and buys the cargo of salt and cotton stuffs, father takes the children up to town for a ride in the tram or a visit to the nearest monastery, where some merit-making is going on or a cremation taking place; and in their best *panungs* and little white jackets the youngsters buy fairings, or sit and smoke and chew their betel in front of the *lakon*. A theatrical performance is sure to be provided for the occasion, and there the elder boys and girls watch untiringly the whole night long the story of the King of Snakes or of the lovely Princess, and the small ones coil themselves up and go to sleep within ten feet of the big drum.

In the morning grey they are off back to their floating house, and get a start behind some tow-boat for a few miles, in company with twenty other craft, on their month's journey of poling and pulling homewards to where the water is clear and runs over the shaded shingle banks, and where the noisy, drunken *Farang* they met in Bangkok streets is never seen."

There are many such sympathetic renderings of the effects upon him of the simple, gay, and debonair life of these people of the great plain of the Menam, who are not all Siamese by any means, but also Chinese, Annamese, Javanese, Burmese, Singalese, Malay, Tamil, and Bengali. All these—and others—Mr. Warrington Smyth knows something of, and has some kind of liking for; the only people he appears to have a fixed dislike and suspicion of are the French and the people of the European Consulates and commercial houses, from the latter of whom the globe-trotter gathers his information concerning the country, and yet who could scarcely be more out of touch with the life of the people among whom they dwell and do business.

It is impossible in a short notice to do justice to the vast array of information the author sets before us concerning the various states he visited in the course of his five years' duty, and concerning their mines and forests, or sufficiently to praise the delightful manner in which he conveys to the lay apprehension the knowledge of a specialist. In the prosecution of his work he travelled the great rich plain of the Menam, explored the Lao States—the people of which he seems to like best of all—and visited the little provinces of the Malacca peninsula. And throughout he writes well and briskly, with a lack of the professional touch of authorship which is very refreshing, but with the constant kindness and acumen of a well-balanced and observant mind. Here is a pretty passage:

"We had hired two more elephants to lighten the loads of the others, and these two, male and female, were never separated by a dozen yards. They were loaded up together, they bathed at night together, and they fed on the same bamboos. If the tusker was frightened at the strange things handed up to the mahout, his mate swung round, caressing him with her trunk till he was pacified; if she was moved round to the side of the *sala* he whirled off after her, *malgré* all the mahout had to say to it."

This is not the place to touch upon French aggression on Siam, nor upon the anxious political relations of Siam in the present day—about both which matters Mr. Warrington Smyth evidently feels very strongly, as he speaks very plainly. But it is our duty to note, at this last, how prettily the numerous little illustrations of the author are rendered, and how admirable are the nine or ten maps. Altogether, an excellent and invaluable work, both for the delectation of the general reader and the use of the student.

## THE FIRST PHILOSOPHERS OF GREECE.

*The First Philosophers of Greece: an Edition and Translation of the Remaining Fragments of the Pre-Socratic Philosophers, together with a Translation of the more important Accounts of their Opinions contained in the Early Epitomes of their Works.* By Arthur Fairbanks. (Kegan Paul.)

In the nature of things, this work can bring to its author neither fame nor riches; yet it has cost infinite labour, and will be of constant service. For by these men, whose very names are for the most part known to us only by the chance that has incorporated them here and there in the writings of their successors, Plato and Aristotle were made possible; and they are interesting also for themselves: for their ingenious dogmatism as to the nature of the material universe—ludicrous as it may seem in the light of modern precision; and for their conjectures in the region of metaphysic—in dealing with the Absolute, the Infinite, Time, Space, and the like monstrosities—wherein they are as intelligible as many who have settled these notions to their own satisfaction since their time. Even the busy idler may amuse an hour with a haphazard turning of these laborious leaves. If one were a professional exegete (he may reflect) and Empedokles happened to be a sacred name, one might make out, perhaps, a case for his plenary inspiration as to the principles of the solar system. Here, for instance, concerning the moon, is a fragment preserved by Plutarch:

"A borrowed light, circular in form, it revolves about the earth as if following the track of a chariot."

How did he know that? Again, you drop upon Anaximandros, in whom, as you at once discern, you have a pre-incarnation of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Given equal ignorance to start from, perhaps the Mr. Spencer of our era would hardly have won so near to fact; and there is more reason to doubt whether his imagination would have been equal to the limning of so pretty a picture. As quoted by Hippolytus, he said:

"The earth is a heavenly body, controlled by no other power, and keeping its position because it is the same distance from all things [this is not a bad shot at the unguessed law of gravitation]; the form of it is curved, cylindrical like a stone column; it has two faces: one of these is the ground beneath our feet, and the other is opposite to it. The stars are a circle of fire [he gets a little wild here], separated from the fire about the earth, and surrounded by air. There are certain breathing-holes, like the holes of a flute, through which we see the stars; so that when the holes are stopped up there are eclipses."

Here is a passage which was recently re-delivered in London to a select audience:

"But if one wins a victory by swiftness of foot, or in the pentathlon . . . , or as a wrestler, or in painful boxing . . . , he would be more glorious in the eyes of the citizens, he would win a front seat at assemblies. . . . If he won by means of horses he would get all these things, although he did not deserve them as I deserve them; for our wisdom is better than the strength of men or of horses. This is, indeed, a

very wrong custom, nor is it right to prefer strength to excellent wisdom."

The general arrangement of the matter is perspicuous, and the monograph is not likely soon to be superseded.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Versions from Hafiz: an Essay in Persian Metre.* By Walter Leaf. (Grant Richards.)

WHAT none of the translators of Hafiz have hitherto attempted to give is Hafiz' metrical forms. Dr. Walter Leaf steps forward to do this thing. He shall explain his gallant enterprise:

"It seems worth while to make an attempt, however poor, to give English readers some idea of this most intimate and indissoluble bond of spirit and form in Hafiz. And with it all, one must try to convey some faint reminder of the fact that Hafiz is, as few poets have been, a master of words and rhythms. The variety of his rhythms will be seen from the table which I append to this Introduction, but the music of his words in the end defies the translator. Here are the translucent sparkle of the marble, the subtle reflexion and patina of the bronze, which the plaster-cast must needs renounce in despair. Playing on all the modulations of a language naturally most musical, Hafiz has under his fingers all the echoes, the chords and overtones of assonance and rhyme. The imitation of this is but a hopeless task. All that can be attempted is to render in English some distant echo of the lilt of his metres. These may march or trip, they may trill or wail; but whatever they do, they sing. Their tunes are unmistakable, even to ears yet hardly grown familiar with the language. Here lies the temptation to render them into English."

Here are a few examples of Mr. Leaf's renderings. Of the twenty-eight *ghazals* on which he has tried his skill, none reads so trippingly as the first. This ode is a favourite with both Indian and Persian readers, and in Mr. Leaf's English it is, at least, a pleasant and suggestive lyric:

"Minstrel, awake the sound of glee, joyous and eager, fresh and free;  
Fill me a bumper bounteously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

O for a bower and one beside, delicate, dainty, there to hide;  
Kisses at will to seize and be joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts;  
bravery, beauty, saucy arts,  
Odours and unguents, all for me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

How shall the fruit of life be thine, if thou refuse the fruitful vine?  
Drink of the vine and pledge with me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Call me my Saki silver-limbed, bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;  
Fain would I fill and drink to thee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam, pass on the way my fairy's home;  
Whisper of Hafiz aurally, joyous and eager, fresh and free."

Poor Hafiz! he was not always joyous

and eager, fresh and free. His Saki was not always kind :

“ Lord grant that I wail not of the hard heart of unkindness ;  
Hard heart of the fair is but the fair's utter perfection.”

And those of his ideals that were Western, and made for strenuousness, would not be lulled for ever by wine and Súfi doctrine :

“ Ah, how oft, e'en as with Hafiz, hath the red smile of the vine  
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a repentance unmade !”

Now a deeper groan would escape him :

“ This thing of all the woe of the world, this to wisdom's heart  
Most hard, that wisdom's hand to the feast-bowl attaineth not.

See fools exalted high in their pride, high as Heaven's pole ;  
Save through his groans, the wise to the blue pole attaineth not.

Hafiz, be strong to bear ; for in love's path what man so e'er  
Dares not to yield his life, to the Soul's Soul attaineth not.”

Soon the poet's eye would kindle with the light of life, and his cry would be :

“ While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay not ;  
Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes the ending.”

And then, when Love had once more failed him, the call for Wine, loud and lyrical, would break from Hafiz' lips :

“ Send the criers round the market, call the roysterers' band to hear,  
Crying, ‘ O yes ! All ye good folks through the Loved One's realm, give ear !

‘ Lost, a handmaid ! Strayed a while since !  
Lost, the Vine's wild daughter, lost !’  
Raise the hue and cry to seize her !  
Danger lurks where she is near.

Round her head she wears a foam-crown ;  
all her garb glows ruby-hued ;  
Thief of wits is she ; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all my soul !  
Through the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her here.

She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandon'd rosy-red ;  
If ye find her, send her forthright, back to—Hafiz, Balladier.”

These specimens of Dr. Leaf's translations will, we are sure, commend his book to all who desire to read Hafiz in English words set to Persian metres.

*A Northern Highway of the Tsar.* By Aubyn Trevor Battye. With Map, and Illustrated by the Author. (Constable.)

VERY high up the map there is a region subject to the Tsar, of which the Russians themselves know little ; and here dwells a simple-hearted race, whose blameless morals present a poignant contrast to their habitual filthiness of person. Samoyed they are called ; their business is to kill seal, and to preserve their monopoly from external enterprise ; and their uncomfortable hospitality is boundless. Mr. Battye's voyaging was done during a local season that intervenes between autumn and winter, and the difficulties of the way

were increased by the rotten and treacherous condition of the roads over which the sledges must be dragged. Here is an incident of the drive :

“ We came to one big ditch in which I thought I saw a pretty fair crossing, though the banks sloped very suddenly down. You can generally get over these places all right if you keep your team straight, put them at it quickly, and lie right back on the sleigh. But one of my [five] deer pulled a little unevenly, and the point of the sleigh catching the ground just as we reached the bottom the whole concern was shot over, and I was half-buried in water, snow, and mud. I had, however, kept tight hold of the driving rein (for only a single rein is used), and instinctively seizing the back of the sleigh was hauled out by the team, and dragged up to the top of the bank. Here I brought my team to a standstill, collected my gun, cartridges, and other effects . . . emptied the water from my boots, wrung out my socks and trousers, and was soon ready to go on again, though [mark this !] I felt very cold and uncomfortable for all the rest of the day.”

The question arises at this point whether it is lawful for any man wantonly to indulge in this extravagance of carnal maceration. That any man should of his own free accord so afflict himself stirs one to a sort of indignant admiration. As the explorer went from place to place, whose impossible names it were useless to write down, generally soaked to the skin and subsisting principally upon bad bread and milk in frozen lumps, he preserved at every crisis his presence of mind, an equable temper, a quick eye for the picturesque, a ready sense of the humour of the chance occasion, and a retentive memory. The material accumulated is presented here in a terse and vigorous shape, and we welcome the book.

*Two Hundred Years: The History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1698-1898.* By W. O. B. Allen and Edmund McClure. (S.P.C.K.)

To compress within reasonable limits the records, letter-books, reports and minutes of two hundred years of very varied work was a large undertaking. It has been carried out with such success that the volume in our hands is not merely a lucid chronicle of the work of a private society, but offers also a valuable *résumé* of the activities of Anglican Christianity at large during a period of which the records elsewhere to be found are scattered and inadequate.

The society was founded towards the close of the seventeenth century by the Rev. Dr. Bray, with Lord Guilford (described by Burnet as “not wanting in sense nor application to business,” and by Swift as “a mighty silly fellow”), Sir Humphrey Mackworth, and Mr. Justice Hooke. Its early records show a nation of which Christianity would seem quite to have lost its hold, while the devotion of those in whom the instinct of religion survived found a vent in a multitude of hysterical extravagancies. The infant society entered into correspondence with earnest and sober persons all over the country, and the extracts from their correspondence at this period present a valuable and unique picture of the condition of the country as a whole. The energies of the S.P.C.K. found a constantly widening scope

as the Union Jack flew ever more widely. The colonies, the negroes, the native tribes of India, the blacks of South Africa—to say nothing of Mohammedans, malefactors, Papists, and other benighted persons nearer home—have found themselves the objects of its energetic solicitude. Until the passing of the Education Act of 1870 it was the prime organiser of elementary education throughout this realm. In these days it is best known for its publishing enterprise, yet this is by no means the whole of its scope :

“ Taking the figures of the last ten years, we may say that, on the average, the society's income may roughly be estimated as follows . . . or, in round figures, about £40,000 a year. The expenditure, on the average, for the last ten years may be estimated as follows: Money grants for missionary purposes £29,000; book grants £8,000; office expences, printing, &c., £5,000; or a total expenditure of £42,000 a year.”

Throughout its career the S.P.C.K. has preserved an even course of tolerant evangelicism, freely associating with itself the energies of the orthodox Protestants of Sweden, Denmark, and Germany.

*A Mingled Yarn.* By Edward Spencer Mott (“Nathaniel Gubbins”). Edward Arnold.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and Mr. Mott, as revealed in this autobiography, is a well-defined and refreshing “sort.” He begins :

“ I was born early on Easter Sunday in Running Rein's year ; which, being interpreted, means that I first saw the light in 1844, on April 7, a week or two before a horse, falsely described as Running Rein, who proved to be a four-year-old colt called Maccabeus (afterwards Zanoni), passed the winning-post first in the race for the Derby.”

And that is the note of Mr. Mott's life and book. Never have the whips and scorns of time diverted Mr. Mott's attention from horses. At sixteen he knew the Racing Calendar by heart. From Sandhurst he stole away to Ascot and Goodwood. “ You young fool,” said his father (who had staked a great deal on Wizard at Goodwood), “ you young fool ; what on earth made you back Flat Iron ?” The reprimand was given in the same breath as more fatherly advice about the youth's studies—advice not thrown away, one is pleased to add, for our author passed out of Sandhurst in good style, and was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 19th First York North Riding Regiment.

Invalided home from India Mr. Mott began to taste varieties of fortune. With engaging frankness born of victory, he tells us how in these days he loafed, betted, acted, wrote plays, starved, and slept on the Embankment. “ And so I drifted into journalism”—that familiar way-mark is reached at last, and we are introduced to the roystering staff of the *Pink Un*. The book is a treasury of facts and opinions of a certain class. It is a budget of barbarities, in Matthew Arnold's sense ; and, for style, it is written as it might be told by a good *raconteur* in a first-class railway carriage to large-tweed gentlemen with brandy-flasks. It is amusing ; and it holds more philosophy than appears at first sight.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE HEART OF MIRANDA.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"And Other Stories, being Mostly Winter Tales"—so runs the sub-title. Why winter tales should appear now, with the laverock in the skies and a thrush on every bough, is a question for the publisher to answer. Fortunately, *The Heart of Miranda*, the longest story, an allegory of true love, has gaiety, or the book would be sombre indeed. The rest of it is given up to lawless passions, crime, murder, and suicide. After reading "Miranda" we are quite eager for another glimpse of "Gallop Dick." (John Lane. 335 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

A modern American story of marriage and divorce. The heroine thinks too much, and suffers for it. Her friend, Molly Parker, is wiser, and lectures her thus: "Oh! you take life, marriage, your career—'broadly,' as you say, like a thorough course in self-development. Perhaps you will carry it through that way. But if I hadn't that something in my heart which would make me go barefoot with a man and have a good time, I would run away. If I were married to a man without that something, I should stick a hat-pin into him, or make his life a little hell, no matter how good he was." Finally, the heroine decides that she will learn how to live. (Macmillan & Co. 287 pp. 6s.)

#### SHADOWS OF LIFE.

By MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

The sprightly author of *Concerning Teddy* is here in a woefully serious mood. The book contains thirteen exercises in pathos, and not very interesting ones at that. "The Romance of Emily Philpott, Housemaid"; "The Waters of Death"; "The End of a Dream"; "An Awakening"—these are some of the titles. Life was sad enough before we opened Mrs. Hickson's volume; it is sadder now. (John Lane. 197 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

By JAMES MACMANUS.

These tales by the author of *'Twas in Dhroll Donegal* are concerned with the good folk of the Bocht of the Bealach. "What! you never heard of the Bocht of the Bealach? Well, that is strange. The Bocht of the Bealach—the quaint, quiet, humdrum, world-forgotten, loved old Bocht of the Bealach. And you never heard of it? Never heard of the Bocht of the Bealach, with all its simple-hearted, mirth-loving, ghost-respecting, sympathetic, credulous folk. Never heard of the Bocht of the —." No, we never did, and we think that eight pages of introduction in this style are too many. But Mr. MacManus's stories look to be humorous. (Downey & Co. 272 pp.)

#### HAGAR OF HOMERTON.

MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

After *Liza of Lambeth* why not *Hagar of Homerton*? That was the question which the author of *A Man and a Maid* probably asked herself, in casting about for a title, and answered in the affirmative. The story tells how Mrs. Swithybank of the West End, being bored, adopted Hagar Pipon for diversion. How the experiment turned out it is for the reader to discover. The book is quite readable. (C. Arthur Pearson. 333 pp. 6s.)

#### CASTLEBRAES.

By JAMES PATON.

An essay on the land question in novel form. The hero, the Laird of Castlebraes, tries an agricultural experiment; he cuts up big farms on his estate into little, and makes it possible for his tenants to prosper by tillage. He also makes it possible for one Angell James, a dreadful windbag, to speechify in this strain: "Are the men o' Castlebraes worthy? Wull they rise tae the occasion that the Almighty has sent them? Wull they buckle up their loins, an' gird on their airmour, an' fecht their wey through, wi' courage an' patience?" &c. (Blackwood & Sons. 342 pp. 6s.)

#### ALL WE LIKE SHEEP.

(ANONYMOUS.)

In the beginning, in italics, an impatient lamb requests from its mother instruction concerning the world. The ewe replies, and "the ewe's narrative, interpreted into human language, contained the essence of the following history." During its recital the lamb fell asleep. The history is of Frances Roy, sculptor: how she wished to be free and lead her own life, and how the world grew censorious. She contributed sketches to a paper called *Vril*, whose editor "was a well-built man of thirty, with very dark bold eyes, and a handsome mouth and thick neck." Also he was "perfectly *au courant* with the world." In the end we return to italics and the sheep-fold again, and find the lamb sceptical. (Kelvin Glen & Co. 172 pp. 2s.)

#### THE SHROUDED FACE.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

A story of Wales in Tudor times, written, as is common with such romances, in the first person singular. After so much Scottish history, a little Welsh is not amiss. Here are chapter headings: "The Night Hag of Castell Vortigern"; "The Veiled Woman of Nevin Var"; "The Escape from Castell Vortigern"; "The Prisoner from Oversea"; "The Witch that Walked in Darkness." (C. Arthur Pearson. 366 pp. 6s.)

#### AN EPISODE IN ARCADY.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

A light-hearted story of facile emotions and superficial natures. Here is a scrap of dialogue:

"Did you ever hear of Clicquot?" he asked.

"Did I ever hear my own name? I would give a five-pound note for one good long pull at Clicquot."

"It would be jolly if we had a bottle here."

"Don't! when a fellow's throat is dusty as a June high-road it's a sin to babble—"

"Of green Chartreuse," finished the squire."

A portrait of the author of this charming persiflage is prefixed to the book. (C. Arthur Pearson. 230 pp. 2s. 6d.)

#### MERIEL.

By AMÉLIE RIVES.

A "love-story," by the author of *The Quick and the Dead*. "Hand in hand, heart in heart, these twain walked among its shadows, until the moon opened her silver calyx to the stars about her, like jewelled bees about some fantastic blossom of fairyland." The triumphant lover ends by quoting Isaiah at some length. (Chatto & Windus. 223 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### TRUE HEART.

By FREDERIC BRETON.

"Being Passages in the Life of Eberhard Treuherz, Scholar and Craftsman, telling of his Wanderings and Adventures, his Intercourse with People of Consequence to their Age, and how he came Scathless through a time of strife: now for the first time set forth," &c. Treuherz was early sixteenth century, and lived at Basel. (Grant Richards. 419 pp. 6s.)

#### THE HEPSWORTH MILLIONS.

By CHRISTIAN LYS.

The frontispiece depicts a woman with a candle coming suddenly upon a coffer full of gold and jewels and a skeleton lying beside it. "Her heart," runs the legend, "gave one great leap and then seemed to stand still." The woman was Lady Hepsworth, the skeleton was that of Sir Michael Hepsworth, millionaire, and the story narrating their history is a melodrama between covers, luridly conceived and told. (Warne & Co. 469 pp. 6s.)

#### MEIR EZOFFOVITCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH OF ELIZA ORZESZKO BY DZA YOUNG.

A distressful story of Jewish life in Poland, charged with emotion rising out of the struggles of Jew and Christian in that part of the world. (B. F. Stevens. 339 pp. 6s.)

## THE LUCK OF PARCO.

BY JOHN MACLAIR.

Parco is in the Peruvian Andes, and there "every man is soldier, sailor, baker, tailor, potter-boy, plough-boy, and what else goes to make up the complex mechanism of the body social and politic." Here centres this tale of travel, and treasure, and fighting. (Harper & Brothers. 322 pp. 6s.)

## BY REEDS AND RUSHES.

BY ESMÈ STUART.

Miss Stuart is well-known as a bright writer of tales for girls and women. Here is yet another. It sets forth the love-story of Will Wyatt, son of Farmer Wyatt, and Polly Tillett, daughter of Farmer Tillett. The two fathers shared a lake together, in the reeds and rushes of which certain important things happen, notably the escape of Will Wyatt, when wanted for firing at his officer. In the end all is well. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 191 pp. 1s.)

## THE ACTOR MANAGER.

BY LEONARD MERRICK.

A story of theatrical life, now running as a *feuilleton* in the *Daily Mail*. They are sitting together—strangers—in a shabby café near the British Museum, and he sees she is crying and guesses she is lonely. At last he summons up courage to criticise the shape of the café's plum pudding. The struggling dramatist and the young actress become friends. In the course of their story theatrical matters are very thoroughly discussed. (Grant Richards. 292 pp. 6s.)

## AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

BY VIOLET HOBUHOUSE.

The unknown quantity is Kilmeny Darc, and she gives herself and three men a grievous time, and reconciles them on her death-bed. The story is emotional, and often "religious." (Downey & Co. 373 pp. 6s.)

## RIVER MISTS.

BY ETTA COURTNEY.

Eight stories in paper covers. The author's descriptions of nature are like this—"From the young green of the meadows came the twitter of mating partridges mingled with the river's swirl." (Marshall, Russell & Co. 122 pp. 1s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Girl at Cobhurst.* By Frank R. Stockton.  
(Cassell & Co.)

ONE has to be a good deal in love with trivialities and provincial quietude to like Mr. Stockton's new book. But given that tendency, it is richly entertaining. Here he employs more the manner of *The Late Mrs. Null* than *The Great Stone of Sardis*: all is conceivable, all might have come under one's own notice. The story resolves into the account of a duel between two strong-minded scheming women—Miss Panney, a rich old maid, and La Fleur, a perfect cook. Their weapons are their wills. Each has planned a match for a young man, the new lord of Cobhurst; and which will win the reader can only guess until the end is in sight. Miss Panney's nominee is Dora Bannister; La Fleur's candidate, Cicely Drane. Anyone at all interested in such contests, and in the least attracted by Mr. Stockton's ingenuity and mock gravity, will enjoy the book.

Here is a fragment of the conversation of Miss Panney, an old lady fit to stand in Mr. Stockton's gallery of female individualists. She is talking with the doctor concerning a patient whom he is expecting:

"She sat for a few minutes with her brows knitted in thought. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'Is it Susan Clopsey you expect? Very well, then, I will make an exception in her favour. She is just coming in at the gate, and I would not interfere with your practice on her for anything. She has got money and a spinal column, and, as long as they both last, she is more to be depended on than Government bonds. If her troubles ever get into her legs, and I have reason to believe they will, you can afford to hire a little maid for your cook. Old Daniel Clopsey, her grandfather, died at ninety-five, and he had the same doctorable

rheumatism that he had at fifty. I have something to think over, and I will come in again when she is gone.'

'Depart! O mercenary being!' exclaimed the doctor, 'before you abase my thoughts from sulphate of quinia to filthy lucre.'

'Lucre is never filthy until you lose it,' said the old lady, as she went out on the back piazza, and closed the door behind her.'

Another character, equally Stocktonian in formation, is Miriam, the little sister of the young lord of Cobhurst. Brother and sister had reached their new home over-night, and had begun to explore when Miriam was taken ill. From her sick-bed she sends him this note:

"DEAR RALPH,—I went upstairs and looked at the third floor and a good deal of the garret, without you being with me. I really want to be perfectly fair, and so you must not stop altogether from looking at things until I am able to go with you. I think good things to look at by yourself would be stables and barnyards, and the lower part of barns. Please do not go into hay lofts, nor into the chicken-yard, if there is one. You might keep your eyes on the ground until you get to these places, and then look up. If there are horses and cows, don't tell me anything about them when you see me. Don't tell me anything. I think I shall be well to-morrow, perhaps to-night. MIRIAM."

One of Miriam's first acts is to name a horse Mrs. Browning.

Mr. Stockton's new book is, at best, fooling; that must be understood. But it is fooling of a very agreeable order.

\* \* \* \*

*The Crook of the Bough.* By M<sup>me</sup> Muriel Dowie.  
(Methuen & Co.)

ONE closes *The Crook of the Bough* reluctantly, with the sense of parting from a personality. That is an experience sufficiently rare in the routine of a reviewer. Of course, in a sense, all art must be impersonal; but, of course, too, in a larger sense, all art must be personal in the supreme degree—it must reveal the artist's temperament and his personal vision. For the most part, the fictions that come one's way nowadays are impersonal in the wrong sense. Miss Dowie's fictions are always personal in the right sense; they reveal a temperament and an intensely personal vision. You fancy a woman, delicate, critical, distinguished, with wit, with humour, with sympathy, gazing at the world through whimsical, half-closed eyes, noting the incongruity, the irony, the drollery and the pathos of things, and then translating her impressions, and the emotion of them, into delicate, critical, distinguished phrases. You hear a voice speaking from the page, a chiselled, crisp, melodious voice, instantly recognisable.

The irony of things is the note that dominates *The Crook of the Bough*. Islay Netherdale was a sensible, serviceable, tailor-made young Englishwoman, self-effacing, with no thought for *chiffons*, content to serve her brother, George Netherdale, M.P., as amanuensis and general assistant. Then she and George went for a holiday-run to Constantinople. Colonel Hassan Bey, the rising hope of the Young Turkey party, admired Islay because she was sensible and serviceable. He lamented the unserviceable condition of the ladies of his own unhappy land. Half the woes the East is heir to, he derived from the circumstance that half the population are immured, subtracted from the activities of life. Islay, meanwhile, was admiring the little French Countess d'Avril—for her *chiffons*, if you please; for the charming unserviceable qualities that *chiffons* symbolise. So, after her return to England, she began to cultivate a pretty taste in *chiffons*, on her own account. She became less and less serviceable, more and more feminine and delightful. She even achieved open-work stockings. But the result was that when Hassan Bey arrived in Victoria-street, with a view to demanding the serviceable young Englishwoman's hand in marriage, he found a delicious creature of silks and laces, almost as devout a votary of *chiffons* as Mme. d'Avril herself. He returned to the Near East with a disillusion, instead of a serviceable Western spouse.

The above is the barest hint of the motive of Miss Dowie's new book, a motive singularly ingenious and suggestive. The book itself should be read, for a hundred reasons. No less than *Some Whims of Fate*, it reveals a temperament and a vision, a sensitive and cultivated imagination expressing itself through a fine medium. It is therefore that very rare experience indeed in the routine of a present-day reviewer—a work of fiction which is also quite unmistakably a work of art.

*Kronstadt.* By Max Pemberton.  
(Cassell & Co.)

Of the younger novelists none has more quickly won a large share of popular regard, or won his share by more legitimate means, than Mr. Max Pemberton. He is an excellent journeyman of fiction; he can be relied upon by editors and syndicates to supply the kind of story with just the requisite amount of snap and go, of incident and pathos, to suit what those persons conceive to be the taste of the modern reader. But Mr. Pemberton is more than a journeyman. He takes himself seriously, and he tries to write well—and certainly he does not write ill—and he may arrive at being an artist in his craft. At present, with all his good and promising qualities, he is scarcely that. In the present story he handicaps himself with electing to deal with a central motive which cannot but be unsympathetic however treated, with whatever grace or charm, poignancy or conviction—the motive of a spy stealing the secrets of defence of a foreign country, while being treated with regard and confidence as a guest and friend of citizens of that country, and that not for any high and patriotic purpose, but only for money. The situation is innately ugly and repellent, and we cannot conceive that any treatment, however skillful, could make it attractive. Mr. Pemberton has tried his utmost, but there is at least one reader whom he has not convinced. First of all, he has invented a fascinating spy—a woman and pretty, and next he has made her desire for money unselfish: she has a little brother at home whom she wishes to keep in comfort and to educate well. We do not find that a good or sufficient reason for playing the spy, nor can we conceive that Mr. Pemberton adds to the force or consistency of his heroine's character by pretending that she did not quite guess the extraordinary value of the secrets which she stole and sold. She is represented as far too clever in other matters not to be fully aware of what she was doing in that. But, given the situation, the story is told with admirable vigour and picturesqueness, with an unrelaxed grip of the motive, and with no hint of weariness. Marian Best is English governess in the family of the Russian general who is governor of the great fortress of Kronstadt. She has a cousin in the English Admiralty who promises from his chiefs an enormous sum if she will supply plans of the citadel and all its works and outworks. She engages to do that, and has sent some of the plans to London when she is detected. She is imprisoned by the Russians, and is finally delivered by her lover, a young Russian officer, who steams away with her in a swift yacht. They are pursued by the Russian authorities as far as London—where the solution of the situation is found. Perhaps the most spirited bit of narration is the escape of the yacht *Esmeralda* from the war-ship *Kremi*, that has as good as captured her:

“Many men had come together to the port-bow of the *Kremi*, and they stood gaping at the stranger and at her crew. The lieutenant who had first cried out, asking ‘What ship?’ gave the order that a gangway should be lowered; he did not doubt that it was the intention of the pursued to surrender without further effort. But those on board the *Esmeralda* were of one mind and purpose again. The grin broadened upon the face of Reuben; old John lighted his pipe with the deliberation of a man at his own fireside. Silently he waited while the crew of the *Kremi* flocked to the gangway. . . . Child’s work, the Russian thought, to grapple with the impudent and perky cockle-shell which had defied so vaingloriously the might of his country. . . . When the *Esmeralda* did not stop at the gangway, but drifted on, he thought for the moment that it was clumsy seamanship; but when, with dramatic suddenness, she began to go full steam ahead, his anger was not to be controlled. ‘Stand by to clear the guns!’ he roared. ‘Are you going to lose her? Great God, she will cheat us yet!’

He foamed and raged like a madman, for the yacht shot into the darkness as a shell from a great gun. The terrible moment of waiting was past. Inch by inch the little ship had drifted, carrying men whose hearts quivered with excitement but whose spirit was unbroken. The terror of waiting was upon them no more. They had been within a boat’s length of the ladder when John cried ‘Let her go!’ Then all the courage of their despair fired them. As a horse champing at his bit, so was the *Esmeralda* sagging there in the trough of the sea. The rush of steam into her cylinders was the touch of the spur she asked. She bounded forward into the heart of the breakers, and a cloud of spray hid her from the enemy’s sight.”

The whole adventure is told with unflagging zeal, and the leper episode especially with a weird picturesqueness. And we cannot

doubt that the book will have a considerable popularity, spite of the drawbacks of the heroine. We wonder, by the way, if Mr. Pemberton knows that the great Kronstadt Citadel, the effect of which he describes so well, was mainly built by the uncle of the late R. L. Stevenson, the senior member of the engineering firm, by contract with the Czar Nicholas.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Sowing the Sand.* By Florence Henniker.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

MRS. HENNIKER tells in this novel how Charley Crespin, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, entered the Army and made a mess of his career through gambling and a woman. The story is well observed and well told. The impact of easy-going Army society on dull, respectable manufacturing society is noted and rendered with real ability. The home of the Crespins, stately and sooty, standing on the edge of a northern town and the blighted country, with its interior conventionalities, its frightful wall-papers, is not merely made real by description but is made serviceable to the story by the art of that description. The characters, too, are distinct—Mildred, Albert Mellor, who consoled himself in his exclusion from the Army (he is lame) by reading books of tactics, Mrs. Devereux, the unhappy, fascinating, fearless grass-widow—these and other figures live in these pages. Here is a passage from the scene in which after Charley’s exposure and his abortive attempt at suicide his father reproaches Major Jack Savile:

“‘You never meant to do my son any harm, oh! dear no!—and it’s purely his own stupid fault if he’s got a lot of feeling, and takes things more seriously than most of you do. If you had cared to do so, you could have found that out. Then you knew what sort of people we were—old-fashioned, behind the times in every way, and all that. We had certain notions we’d learnt when we were young, about things being right and wrong, though we mayn’t always have been quite up to the mark ourselves. We couldn’t understand that we were really only fools because we didn’t call evil good and good evil. We had an idea, just the same as you have, that we oughtn’t to tell lies, for instance. Well, Charley, Major, has cost me thousands of pounds, gambling and betting. I don’t care about the loss of that money, not a damn—I’ve got plenty. But he lied to me, over and over again, letting me believe he was keeping within his allowance! You needn’t have preached to him, I don’t believe myself in preaching, but he liked you so much!—we all did—my wife and girl and me, we did like you, and you could have done such a lot with Charley!’”

Mrs. Henniker does what so many novelists nowadays do not—she takes pains and attends to detail.

#### MR. GLADSTONE IN LITTLE.

FROM a little book entitled *A Roll of Thoughts from Mr. Gladstone*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, we extract the following sentences. They occur in Mr. Gladstone’s speeches, pamphlets, and books:

One of the commonest of all vulgar errors is to mistake warmth of heart and feeling, and the directness of impression which is allied with sincerity of character, for violence of opinion.

—If we plant ourselves at an elevation sufficient to command the prospects of the moral world, we then perceive that, as in war, so in peace, the victor often succumbs inwardly to the vanquished.

He who labours for Dante labours to save Italy, Christianity, the world.

Where there is a brave and gallant spirit in a man, it commonly, and in the absence of extraordinary trials, manages to save something of time, of thought, of energy, from the urgent demands of his outer life and his bodily wants. There is the blessed rest of Sunday, a standing and a speaking witness of the truth that man does not live by bread alone.

For his own growth and development, a man should seek to acquire to his full capacity useful knowledge, in order to deal it out again according to the supreme purposes of education.

A man who can entertain a very strong, deep, and permanent attachment, who is capable of making, even once, a great effort of self-constraint and self-denial for the sake of another, and who dies of the wound that attachment had inflicted, does not represent an unrelieved depravity which constitutes the villain.

There can be no more futile, no more mischievous conception, than that faith is to be kept entire by hiding from view the melancholy phenomena of unbelief.

The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy.

A successful *début*, an offer from the Minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.

It is said, and said truly, that truth beats fiction, that what happens in fact from time to time is of a character so daring, so strange, that if the novelist were to imagine it, and put it upon his pages, the whole world would reject it from its improbability.

It is the wisdom of man universally to watch against his besetting errors, and to strengthen himself in his weaker points.

Depend upon it, a human being, if he is to grow, will find out that one of the best and most certain means of growth is that he should dwell not only in the present, but also in the future, and not only in the present and the future, but also in the past, and that is eminently characteristic of Englishmen.

Be assured that everyone, without exception, has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it.

It is by the creative powers that the poet projects his work from himself; stands, as it were, completely detached from it, and becomes in his own personality invisible. Thus did Homer and Shakespeare, perhaps beyond all other men—thus did Goethe . . . thus did Dante when he pleased.

In a room well filled with books no one has felt or can feel solitary. Second to none as friends, to the individual they are first and foremost among the "compages," the bonds and rivets of the race, onwards from that time when they were first written on the tablets of Babylonia and Assyria, the rocks of Asia Minor, and the monuments of Egypt, down to the diamond editions of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Froude.

Another purpose for books is to enlarge the mind, to brace the mind, to enable the people to find pleasure, not only in the relaxation of literature, but in the hard work, in the stiff thought of literature. The hard work of literature conveys to those who pursue it in sincerity and truth not only utility, but also real enjoyment.

Like the sun which furnishes with its light the close courts and alleys of London, while himself unseen by their inhabitants, Homer has supplied with the illumination of his ideas millions of minds that were never brought into direct contact with his works, and even millions more that have hardly been aware of his existence.

Repentance is not innocence; there must be a remedial process and until that process has been faithfully accomplished the anterior state and habit of mind cannot be resumed.

As regards everything which bears upon the higher functions and higher destinies of our nature, the presumptions are sadly against any book which issues from the press in the fatal form of three volumes, crown octavo.

Few are they who either in trade or letters take it for their aim to supply the market not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce.

For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilised man.

To think of God seldom is better than not to think of Him at all. To love Him faintly is better than to be in utter and unvarying indifference or aversion towards the Giver of all good.

Autobiographies are commonly of real interest; for every man does his best to make his own portrait a likeness.

Among the many noble thoughts of Homer, there is not one more noble or more penetrating than his judgment upon slavery. "On the day," he says, "that makes a bondman of the free, Wide-seeing Zeus takes half the man away." He thus judges, not because the slavery of his time was cruel, for evidently it was not; but because it *was* slavery.

The colours that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century.

Poetry, the mirror of the world, cannot deal with its attractions only, but must present some of its repulsions also, and avail herself of the powerful assistance of its contrasts.

### MACAULAY ON GLADSTONE.

SIXTY years have passed since Mr. Gladstone published his first book, *The State in its Relations with the Church*, and gave Macaulay the subject for an *Edinburgh Review* essay. Now that the marvellous career, then just beginning, has reached its close, it is interesting to turn again for a moment to the well-known essay, "Gladstone on Church and State," and read what Macaulay thought of the "young man of unblemished character" who set himself to prove that the propagation of religious truth is one of the principal ends of Government, as government:

"Mr. Gladstone [writes Macaulay] seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian."

Of the book itself Macaulay says:

"It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian."

Touching upon the reactionary views which Mr. Gladstone supports, Macaulay writes:

"The truth is, that every man is to a great extent the creature of the age. It is to no purpose that he resists the influence which the vast mass, in which he is but an atom, must exercise on him. . . . Mr. Gladstone's book is, in this respect, a very gratifying performance. It is the measure of what a man can do to be left behind by the world. It is the strenuous effort of a very vigorous mind to keep as far in the rear of the general progress as possible."

The last passage reads a little strangely—sixty years after. The closing words of Macaulay's essay express accurately the feelings with which Mr. Gladstone's bitterest opponents have always regarded him.

"We have done; and nothing remains but that we part from Mr. Gladstone with the courtesy of antagonists who bear no malice. We dissent from his opinions, but we admire his talents; we respect his integrity and benevolence; and we hope that he will not suffer political avocations so entirely to engross him as to leave him no leisure for literature and philosophy."

That hope was fulfilled, for between 1838 and 1898 Mr. Gladstone's pen was rarely idle, and the pages of the British Museum catalogue and our own columns this week bear ample witness to his industry. One thing, however, Macaulay did not foresee—the enthusiastic devotion with which Mr. Gladstone inspired large numbers of his fellow-countrymen. "It would not be at all strange," he wrote, "if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England."



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN this number will be found a collection of Mr. Gladstone's opinions upon books, exemplifying his continuous interest in certain aspects of current literature throughout his long career.

FROM the collection of *Sonnets on the Sonnet* which has just been put forth by the Rev. Matthew Russell we take the following "Sonnet to a Rejected Sonnet," which Mr. Gladstone contributed to the *Eton Miscellany* rather more than seventy years ago:

"Poor child of Sorrow! who didst boldly spring,  
Like sapient Pallas, from thy parent's brain,  
All armed in mail of proof! and though  
woudstst faint

Leap further yet, and, on exulting wing,  
Rise to the summit of the Priuter's Press!  
But cruel hand hath nipp'd thy buds amain,  
Hath fix'd on thee the darkling inky stain,  
Hath soil'd thy splendour, and defiled thy dress!

Where are thy 'full-orbed moon' and 'sky serene'?

And where thy 'waving foam,' and 'foaming wave'?

All, all are blotted by the murd'rous pen,  
And lie unhonour'd in their papery grave!  
Weep, gentle sonnets! Sonneteers, deplore!  
And vow—and keep the vow—you'll write no more!"

APPROPOS Mr. Gladstone's zeal as a book-buyer, a well-known bookseller tells how he once received an unsigned cheque in payment for the last consignment of volumes sent Hawarden. Such an incident is the very emphasis of promptitude.

THE Hon. Lionel Tollemache has kept records of a number of interesting conversations he was privileged to hold with Mr. Gladstone during recent years. The

conversations took place for the most part at Biarritz between 1891 and 1896, and ranged over a variety of intellectual, religious, and political questions, on which Mr. Gladstone's opinions were freely expressed. Mr. Tollemache has now put these conversations together in a small volume, which will be entitled *Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, and will be published in a few days by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Two biographies of Mr. Gladstone, which present him in his public and private characters, are Mr. Lucy's *The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone* in the "Statesmen Series," and Mr. David Williamson's *Gladstone, the Man*. The latter book is new, the former has just been reissued by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

WHEN the character of a man is known, as Mr. Gladstone's was, through a hundred *media*, why seek to find it in handwriting? Such efforts seem to us unconvincing and superfluous. Mr. J. Holt Schooling, being a graphologist, thinks otherwise; and it may be admitted that if graphology can explain Mr. Gladstone or extend our knowledge of him, Mr. Schooling has gone the right way about such a task in his little booklet, *The Handwriting of Mr. Gladstone*, which is a reprint of an article in the *Strand Magazine*. Mr. Schooling has collected examples of Mr. Gladstone's writing from 1822 to 1894, and he reproduces and arranges and compares them with that keenness which stamps the graphologist. The book is issued by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE following passage is from *When a Man's Single*:

"'There's enough copy on the board,' said Penny [the foreman printer], 'to fill the paper. Any more specials coming in?'"

He asked this fiercely, as if of opinion that the sub-editor arranged with leading statesmen nightly to flood the composing-room of the *Mirror* with speeches, and Protheroe [the sub-editor] replied abjectly, as if he had been caught doing it: 'Lord John Manners is speaking to-night at Nottingham.'

The foreman dashed his hand upon the desk. 'Go it, Mister,' he cried; 'anything else? Tell me Gladstone's dead next.'

Sometimes about two o'clock in the morning Penny would get sociable, and the sub-editor was always glad to respond. On those occasions they talked with bated breath of the amount of copy that would come in should anything happen to Mr. Gladstone; and the sub-editor, if he was in a despondent mood, predicted that it would occur at midnight. Thinking of this had made him a Conservative."

ONE *obiter dictum* of Mr. Barrio's, in his preface to Mrs. Oliphant's *A Widow's Tale*, is worth isolating: "Kirsteen . . . I take to be the best, far the best, story of its kind that has come out of Scotland for the last score of years."

MR. KIPLING's latest poem—in praise of torpedo-boats—was inspired by a passage in a book on that subject by Lieut. Armstrong, who is, as most people know, the editor of the *Globe*. The poem appears in

the *Windsor Magazine*. Here is one summarising stanza:

"The strength of twice three thousand horse  
That serve the one command:  
The hand that heaves the headlong force  
The hate that backs the hand:  
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—  
The mine that splits the main—  
The white-hot wake the 'wildering speed—  
The Choosers of the Slain!"

It is not Mr. Kipling at his best, but very forceful.

MEANWHILE, we observe that Mr. John Buchan in his Newdigate Prize Poem on the Pilgrim Fathers, which has just reached us in unassuming grey covers, also writes forcefully of the sea. He has prefixed to the Prize Poem three stirring stanzas addressed to the Adventurous Spirit of the North, of which this is one:

"Seal on the hearts of the strong,  
Guerdon, thou, of the brave,  
To nerve the arm in the press of the throng,  
To cheer the dark of the grave.—  
Far from the heather hills,  
Far from the misty sea,—  
Little it irks where a man may fall  
If he falls with his heart on thee."

In *The Pilgrim Fathers* Mr. Buchan is confined to the heroic metre. It moves deliberately and with dignity, as prize poems should, and, unlike many prize poems, it is truly readable.

WE have received from A. W. the following amusing note:

"Readers of your interesting article on 'The Newdigate' may care to be told of another line in an unsuccessful effort upon 'Gordon in Africa.' The poet had risen to a height of emotion in describing the horrors of Gordon's life in Khartoum, and was suddenly reminded of the religious consolations likely to be present to the great General's mind. Hence the line—a masterpiece—

'The lions were tearing him piecemeal; but he knew it was all for the best!'"

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY's death revives memories of the extraordinary success of his *Looking Backward*, which was published in this country by Mr. William Reeves in 1889. A representative of the ACADEMY had a talk with Mr. Reeves on the subject:

"How many copies of *Looking Backward* did you sell?" he asked the Fleet-street bookseller.

"About one hundred and fifty thousand. We were selling as many as five thousand copies a week during the 'boom.'"

"And now?"

"Oh, we still sell a hundred copies a month."

"Now, Mr. Reeves, to whom is the credit due for introducing *Looking Backward* to English readers; in other words, how came you to discover it?"

"Well, a Mr. Bolas—I think it was a Mr. Bolas—showed us the American edition, and I read it, and liked it, and became the London agent for it."

"Then, at first, you sold only that edition?"

"Yes; at 2s. and 4s. per copy."

"But what of the English shilling edition, which stirred the Nonconformist conscience; how did it originate?"

"Well, a clergyman, who believed in the book, was going to induce another firm to print a cheap English edition——"

"Pirated?"

"Yes, actually! Of course we were indignant; and our reply was to bring out our own shilling edition."

"I see; and—er—was it pi——?"

Mr. Reeves responded with a blush that Sigismund might have envied.

It is an unwritten law of oratory that a quotation, provided it is opportune, may have any parentage, however undistinguished. Yet one hardly looks for excerpts from music-hall songs to point a speech delivered at a meeting of the Canterbury House of Laymen, and be reported gravely in the *Guardian*. Such, however, is the case. Speaking on the question of divergence in liturgical use, Mr. Athelstan Riley, in moving that a closer adherence to the form of Divine Worship presented in the Book of Common Prayer is desirable, particularly in the celebration of the Holy Communion, quoted two lines from "a popular song" to lend emphasis to his contention. The song was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

THE most emphatic snub yet administered to the interviewer is reported in a Johannesburg paper. A gentleman of the Press called upon the author of *The Story of an African Farm* for her opinions on the condition of the country. Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner refused to be interviewed, but did not, as Mr. Kipling and others do, leap on a bicycle and retreat; on the contrary, she addressed the young man thus: "I heartily condemn the modern interview. A person is ensnared into a light and superficial colloquy upon a subject which demands deep thought and mature reflection. If a man or a woman has a message to issue it cannot be uttered forcefully in one of these 'interviews.' 'Interviews' are abominations which accentuate the personality at the expense of the principle."

In an interesting letter to the *Nation* we find a fairly full account of Tennyson's indebtedness to Catullus. Thus the closing section of "Eleänore" is a free translation either of the "Ille mi par esse deo videtur" of Catullus, or of the ode of Sappho from which that poem was itself translated. The allusion in "Edwin Morris,"

"Shall not Love to me,

As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?"

is to the charming love-idyll of "Acme and Septimius,"

"Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,  
Dextra stecruit adprobationem."

The lines in "In Memoriam," lvi.,

"And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said  
'Adieu, adieu,' for ever more,"

seem to be a reminiscence of "Atque in

perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale," and Prof. Tyrrell has recently maintained (*Latin Poetry*, p. 115) that in the noble passage of "Tithonus," where the horses of the Sun

"shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire,"

Tennyson must have had in his mind the passage in the "Attis," where Catullus says of the rising Sun,

"And he smote on the dim dawn's path with the hoofs of his fiery chariot-steeds,"

"pepultique noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus." The metrical experiment entitled "Hendecasyllabics" is "all composed in a metre of Catullus"; the metre of the "Boädicea" is an echo of the metre of the "Attis"; and a great part of the "Jubilee Ode" is written in the metre of the "Collis O Heliconii."

BESIDES these references there are the examples of Tennyson's well-known admiration, or even adoration, of "sweet Catullus," "tenderest of the Roman poets," in the poem written after his visit to Sirmio, and in "Poets and their Bibliographies." Writing to Mr. Gladstone of the sonnet, "At Midnight," which that critic had compared with Catullus' great elegy, Tennyson replied: "I am glad, too, that you are touched by my little prefatory poem, so far as to honour it by a comparison with those lovely lines, 'Multas per terras [gentes] et multa per æquora vectus,' of which, as you truly say, neither I nor any other 'can surpass the beauty'; nor can any modern elegy, so long as men retain the least hope in the after-life of those whom they loved, equal in pathos the desolation of that everlasting farewell, 'Atque in perpetuum frater ave atque vale.'"

THE airy critics who have been summing up their contemporaries for Mr. Rothenstein's collection of *English Portraits*, which has just come to a close, conclude with Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Henry James. Mr. Graham is thus touched off:

"Mr. Cunningham Graham, an engaging blend of dandy, dreamer, and buccaneer, is a gentleman of various foibles and accomplishments. Too volatile for any one continent, he has travelled far in every direction, and has written books that are mines of wit and humour and bewildering information. He has dallied with Paraguay, and quite recently the Moors made him their prisoner. Nor is this the sole captivity he has endured. Some years ago he contracted an unfortunate habit of thinking aloud in Trafalgar-square, and the authorities sought to break him of this habit by means of imprisonment with hard labour. The culprit, always a lover of adventure for its own sake, did his time gaily, and when he came out every one—except the compositors of the Press, to whom his handwriting is a source of grave annoyance—felt very much relieved and delighted."

Apropos Mr. Graham's books, when are we to have a reprint of some of his *Saturday Review* articles? There was one a few weeks ago, called "Bristol Fashion," which Mr. Conrad might have been proud to sign.

MR. HENRY JAMES is treated with more solemnity and more metaphor:

"He is never satisfied, never weary in well-doing; 'now a flash of red, now a flash of blue,' the divine vision of a style that shall be the body and soul of life in literature hangs above him, a pendulous and evasive mirage. Hence arise the peculiarities which encourage the slipshod to be hostile, and which sometimes confound the very lovers of his work. Super-erogations mar the ease of the performance; the bricks are piled so airily that a straw brings them rattling down. These are the penalties of that intrepid eudeavour to leave nothing unexplored, nothing incompletely indicated. These are the dust-stains on the brilliant, muscular hand that will not, cannot drop the tool at sundown. Yet Mr. Henry James is no loser by this feverish solicitude. He has grown to be one of the greatest men we have in letters. If you ask us where, with respect to others, do we place him?—'Oh, you know, we don't put them back to back that way; it's the infancy of art! And he gives us a pleasure so rare!'"

It is possible that to the creator of the great Hans Breitmann belongs the credit of the song "Time for us to go." That stirring and unprincipled chanty, which was sung by Mr. Valentine, as Pew in "Admiral Guinea," is not to be forgotten, was first printed in a contribution entitled "Captain Jonas Fisher," which Mr. Leland wrote for *Temple Bar* many years ago. There Mr. Henley found it. Pew sings fragments only; this is the complete work:

"TIME FOR US TO GO.

With sails let fall, and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we,  
We passed the bank, stood round the light, and sailed away to sea;  
The wind was fair, and the coast was clear, and the brig was noways slow,  
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

Time for us to go,

Time for us to go,

For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

A quick run to the West we had, and, when we made the Bight,  
We kept the offing all day long, and crossed the bar at night.  
Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow,  
And when we'd clapped the hatches on, 'twas time for us to go.

We hadn't been three days at sea before we saw a sail,  
So we clapped on every stitch we'd stand, although it blew a gale,  
And we walked along full fourteen knots, for the barkie she did know,  
As well as ever a soul on board, 'twas time for us to go.

We carried away the royal yards, and the stuns'le boom was gone,  
Says the Skipper, 'They may go, or stand; I'm darned if I don't crack on.  
So the weather braces we'll round in, and the trys'le set also,  
And we'll keep the brig three p'int's away, for it's time for us to go.'

O, yardarm under she did plunge in the trough of the deep seas;  
And her masts they thrashed about like whips, as she bowled before the breeze;

And every yard it buckled up like to a bending bow;  
But her spars were tough as whalebone, and 'twas time for us to go.

We dropped the cruiser in the night, and our cargo landed we,  
And ashore we went, with our pockets full of dollars on the spree.

And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,  
Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go.

Time for us to go,

Time for us to go.

Then to sea again in the ebony trade 'twill be time for us to go."

Whether Mr. Leland composed this fine effort, or merely reproduced it, we cannot say.

THE Celtic Renaissance again. The case of the Inverness sergeants who are to be supplied with a Gaelic dictionary has already been referred to in the ACADEMY. And now, in the House of Commons, the Lord Advocate has been plied with questions as to Gaelic text-books for schools; and quite recently a School Board in the North dismissed a teacher because of his inability to teach "ta Gaelic." But the most startling evidence of this Celtic Renaissance comes from Oban. A gentleman there has received a letter from a Celt in England suggesting—so it is announced—that with a view to familiarising Gaelic music and Gaelic songs to English ears, half-a-dozen of the best Gaelic singers in Scotland should make a tour throughout the principal Lancashire towns, and possibly go through England, and give a series of Gaelic concerts. The scheme would, it is urged, be a "great success," not only from the Celtic academic standpoint, but also from the Celtic financial point of view. There are doubters, however, who question whether the "English people will turn out to hear Gaelic singers," thereby displaying what the redoubtable Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have termed "glimmerings of reason."

THE Brontë Museum at Haworth will be the richer for the sale of the late Miss Ellen Nussey's effects last week. Fragments of Charlotte Brontë's handwriting on envelopes and elsewhere fetched good prices; and even certain of her letters copied by Miss Nussey brought a few pounds. A piece of Charlotte's hair, and a piece of Anne's, formed one lot, and some weapons used in the defence of Cartwright's mill another. It was, indeed, a great time for the resurrectionists.

AMONG unnecessary books we are constrained to include the edition of *The Blessed Damozel*, which Messrs. Duckworth & Co. have just issued. The poem is accessible enough in editions of Rossetti; and unless it is assisted by designs of great beauty or an introduction of great charm, we cannot see the advantage of padding it out to fill such a volume as this, wherein Mr. MacDougall's designs have not great beauty, nor Mr. W. M. Rossetti's introduction great charm. Mr. Rossetti begins thus: "The pen or the partiality of a brother is not needed for saying that the poem, if con-

sidered simply from the poetical point of view, ranks as highly remarkable among the works of very juvenile writers"; and thus he ends: "It was the brightest jewel in the circlet of his youth; and none that he added in his prime has bedimmed its lustre, or (to use a more colloquial expression) has 'taken the shine out of it.'"

THE railway to be constructed between Connel Ferry, on the Callander and Oban line, and Ballachulish (the contracts for which have now been completed) will open up a portion of northern Argyllshire rich alike in scenic grandeur, in historical interest, and in literary associations. After crossing Loch Etive at Connel Ferry, the line will skirt Achnacree moss, under a cairn in which Ossian is said to be buried, while to the east stand the venerable ruins of the ancient Priory of Ardochattan. The vitrified remains of the Celtic city of Beregonium, believed to date back to the fourth century B.C., are in the route of the railway which, after crossing Loch Creran, traverses the rugged Appin country, a portion of "The Country of *Kidnapped*." The northern terminus of the new line will be at Ballachulish, in the vicinity of which occurred the Appin murder.

Hitherto the seaboard of the district has been well served with steamers, but inland, except to a few pedestrians, the country has been to a large extent unknown.

WE quoted a little while since the reply of an American writer to Mr. Lang's strictures on the treatment by America of English authors visiting that country. The reply contained an invitation to Mr. Lang to come and see America for himself. In the current *Longman's* Mr. Lang refers to this matter. "Alas," says he, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Like this hospitable author, I make a real distinction between visitors who come to make money by talking, 'and visitors who come for human pleasure.' I could not pretend to regard my 'talk' as an equivalent for dollars, and the American public might take the same view, above all if, as is too probable, they could not hear the talk, the talker being 'roopy,' as Steerforth said about David Copperfield."

WE are glad to see that the S.P.C.K. has taken the hint to obtain from M. Maspero a list of the passages in *The Struggle of the Nations* which he thinks might be re-translated with advantage. Of these corrections they now give a table, and they will be carried into the text of all future editions. In the note, by M. Maspero, prefixed to them the true reason of the former corruptions is given, and turns out to be—not the desire to make M. Maspero's statements square with orthodoxy, but—a wish to make the pages of the English edition correspond with those of the French. We adhere to our original view, that all the alterations so made are utterly unimportant.

THE late Mr. James Payn's Chinese novel, *By Proxy*, has just been re-issued in six-penny form by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

WE clip the following from the "Agony," column of last Tuesday's *Times*:

"NOTICE to the PUBLIC.—Whereas a false statement is being circulated through the Press to the effect that the NEXT PUBLISHED WORK by MARIE CORELLI will bear the TITLE of 'The Sins of Christ,' the said Marie Corelli publicly denies the assertion, and herewith informs her readers and the public generally that this REPORT has NO FOUNDATION IN FACT. Owing to her recent grave illness and subsequent enforced rest, Miss Marie Corelli will publish no work whatsoever this year, but when she is again able to produce a new book it will be (as in all her other works) designed to uphold the Christian faith, which faith she acknowledges and obeys.

(Signed)

MARIE CORELLI.

May 22, 1898."

In its '98 form *Phil May's Summer Annual* is not equal to some of its predecessors. The artist is neither at his best nor funniest. But this, to the purchaser unacquainted with the previous issues, need be no deterrent. We quote one of Mr. May's legends: "The Mayor of Middle Wallop (who is interested in the decoration of new theatre): 'O's that gentleman you're painting?' Artist: 'That is William Shakespeare.' The Mayor: 'As 'e ever done anything for Middle Wallop?' Artist: 'No, sir, not that I am aware of.' The Mayor: 'Then paint 'im out, and paint ME in.'"

WITH the June number *Cassell's Magazine*, which has lately grown much in vigour, begins a new volume. Among the special features are a new novel by Mr. Joseph Hocking and a series of criminal episodes told by Mr. E. W. Hornung.

THE poster is to have its organ, named after itself—*The Poster*. This will be a six-penny monthly magazine, devoted to the pictorial and literary illustration of the posters of the world. The first number, due early in June, promises attractive fare, including reproductions in full colours of posters by Mucha and Yendis, and black and white illustrations by Messrs. John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Louis F. Rhead, Frank Chesworth, Albert Morrow, Stewart Browne, Lucien Faure, Beggstaff Bros., "Pal," and others. Nor will there be any lack of literary matter. This will include an article on "Caran d'Ache in London."

ADMIRATION for Ian Maclaren has in New York come to this:

"THE

BONNIE BRIER BUSH

SCOTCH WHISKY.

The finest possible quality, very old.

Price 1 dol. 75 cents per bottle."

What will come next? The John Watson Temperance Tracts?

THE next dinner of the New Vagabonds will be held on June 16, when Mr. H. D. Traill will be the guest of the evening. Mr. Anthony Hope will preside.

## MR. GLADSTONE AS READER AND CRITIC.

### HIS LITERARY OPINIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE helped to make many authors famous. He read everything that came into his hands, and, with piles of volumes about him, he cried out continually for more. Lord Beaconsfield said of himself that he wrote a book when he wanted to read one; and there is attributed to his pen a stock letter he is supposed to have sent to authors who forwarded him their books—a letter in which he equivocally said he “would lose no time in reading them.” As a matter of fact, Lord Beaconsfield rarely acknowledged a volume from a stranger.

Mr. Gladstone frankly liked people to give him books, and he generally took the trouble to tell them so. If it was not a letter, it was a postcard, that the happy author got, generally to the great gain of the publisher.

For Mr. Gladstone's was a name to sell by, especially—let the irony be noted—in the case of fiction. He gave *John Inglesant* a gay life of sales, if a short one; *Middlesex* is still indebted to his introduction for new friends; in the author of *Robert Elsmere*, as fifty years earlier in the author of *Ellen Middleton*, he discerned “the true preacher in the guise of a novelist, and in the vestments of the female sex”; and he had a hail-fellow-well-met for Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian*. Many of the literary opinions of Mr. Gladstone ran to the length of magazine articles, or, like his appreciation of Dean Hook's memoir, were offered in lectures. Such pronouncements have their place in volumes. The collection of his briefer literary opinions that follows, though bulky, is, of course, not complete; perhaps from their pigeon-holes many readers may be able to produce for us similar missives, withheld from publication, for various reasons, during the writer's life.

#### SHELLEY AS “THE MISERABLE ONE.”

In the *Quarterly Review*, in 1845, Mr. Gladstone contributed a long review of *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White*. Mr. Gladstone's most frequent quotations of poetry at this period were from Shelley, and he classes the poet, who wrote of himself as “the miserable one,” among those “opponents of the Christian faith who do not disguise the bitterness of the fruits which they have reaped from the poisoned seed of their false imaginations”:

“Shelley tells us of himself, in those beautiful verses written, in dejection, near Naples:

‘Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around.’

And he indicates in the ‘Alastor’ that the utmost he hoped to realise was:

‘Not sobs nor groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity.’

Mr. Blanco White was happily distinguished from Shelley in so far that, with his understanding in part, and with his heart less equivocally, he even to the last embraced the idea of a personal or quasi-personal God, whom he could regard with reverence and love, and to whom he could apply, with whatever restriction of the signification of the words, that sublimest sentiment of the Christian soul:

‘In la Sua volontade è nostra pace.’

Yet the only element of positive consolation which, so far as we can discover, cheered his later days, was the notion that there was something ‘ennobling,’ something ‘very dignified in a human being awaiting his dissolution with firmness!’ But neither had he joy on this side of the grave, nor any hope that would bear his own scrutiny on the other. For of the first, he repeatedly tells us that to live was torment, that he dreaded the idea of any improvement in his health, that nothing but the conviction of the criminality of the act kept him from self-destruction. Of the second, again, it is indeed true that his affections still struggled against the devouring scepticism of his understanding; and, as he had formerly tried to persuade himself of the doctrine of the Trinity, so he tries to persuade himself to the last that he will in some way exist after death. ‘God cannot,’ he says, ‘have formed his intellectual creatures to break like bubbles and be no more.’ But others, as far advanced as himself in the destruction of faith, have made efforts as vigorous to keep some hold of some notion of immortality. Thus Shelley has written with great force:

‘Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows,  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning?’

#### NOVELS WITH A PURPOSE.

Mr. Gladstone permitted the publication in *Merry England* of an article on Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Ellen Middleton*, which he had written forty-five years before. In the course of a long article, which gave rise to considerable discussion on account of its implied advocacy of the Confessional, Mr. Gladstone said:

“It is a work that, to be appreciated, must be known in its details, in its eloquence and pathos, in the delicacy and fulness of its delineations of passions, in its always powerful and generally true handling of human action and motive. It is a rare treasure to find the mastery of all human gifts of authorship so happily combined with a full and clear apprehension of that undying faith in Catholic integrity by which the human race must ultimately stand or fall. A narrative can scarcely be otherwise than moving in which we see the blossom of rare promise nipped before it reaches maturity. But what avails the raising of barren emotions which lead to no genuine effort? There is, however, a class of works in which they may lead us by some forced or sudden turn to Him who is our home—some heart of high capacity for weal or woe, having conceived a profound sentiment of love, and having so fed the passion as to absorb into it all its strength and substance, then, when it has been shipwrecked, droops and dies along with it. Such is the love of Lucy Ashton for the Master of Ravenswood; such, too, is the love of Corinna for Oswald. What tears up the plant tears up the soil along with it. These are not mere flat recitals of the vanity of the world. They teach us a great lesson of our nature, its capacity for finding the end of life in another, and not in that middle point of

self, where sin has placed it, and where sin would irrevocably fix it. This, and nothing less than this, is the aim of the present production.”

#### “QUEEN MARY.”

It was in acknowledging a copy of “Queen Mary” that Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Tennyson the letter pronouncing Queen Elizabeth “a great theologian”:

“11, Carlton House-terrace:  
June 30, 1875.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,—It was most kind in you to send me the book; and I wish I had or could have anything to cap it with that would not seem like a mocking echo. However, I am going to reprint in a volume my recent tracts, and I shall perhaps make bold to send them to you. Perhaps we may appear in the ‘Index’ together. I cannot but be glad that, in turning to historic times, you have struck a note for the nation. For my own personal share, I have found my interest in your work on this occasion enhanced and cumulated by the novelty of form and by having to enjoy a careful historic study. It must have cost you great pains to qualify for such an assemblage of portraits, of whom five or six, at least, are of personages whose names never can be effaced from our annals, nor do I know that Mary, Philip (in England), Gardiner, or Cranmer have ever yet been fully drawn. The two last are still in a considerable degree mysteries to me! Was Cranmer a great weak man? Do great and weak contradict and include one another? He was certainly weak, I think, in the everlasting fluctuation of his opinions; for surely fluctuation of opinion had much to do with the six recantations. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was to my mind one of the great theologians of the period (who were exceedingly few) as well as the greatest among women-rulers. I think you may not dislike the following sentence from Jeremy Collier upon Cranmer at the stake: ‘He seemed to repel the force of flames, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought.’ My judgment is worthless; but I heartily congratulate you on the poem, on the study, and on the grace and ease with which you move in new habiliments.

Ever sincerely yours,  
W. E. GLADSTONE.”

#### A MEMORIAL BIBLE.

During the Caxton celebration in 1877, a memorial Bible, printed at Oxford, bound in London, delivered at the South Kensington Exhibition buildings within twelve consecutive hours, was described by Mr. Gladstone in a speech as “the climax and consummation of the art of printing.” He further said:

“This volume was bound, as you see, and stamped with the arms of the University of Oxford. It is a Bible bound in a manner that commends itself to the reader; I believe in every respect an excellent piece of workmanship, containing more than one thousand pages. Well, you will say, ‘That is very commonplace; why bring it before us?’ I do so in order to tell you that the materials of this book sixteen hours ago did not exist. The book was not bound, it was not folded, it was not printed. Since the clock struck twelve last night at the University Press in Oxford the people there have printed and sent us this book to be distributed here in the midst of your festival. They have sent several copies, one of which will be presented to the Emperor of Brazil, who has just left our table. This shows what can be done, and what has been done, and it shows the state to which this great art is now happily arrived.”

## "MAUD."

"No one but a noble-minded man would have done that," said Lord Tennyson in 1878, when Mr. Gladstone, recanting his original opinions about "Maud," wrote the following letter :

"I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling which had reference to the growth of the war spirit in the outer world at the date of this article [*Quarterly Review*, 1855] dislocated my frame of mind and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the soliloquist in 'Maud' is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude; whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium, which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works, are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power; and, what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends, all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the Ecclesiastes in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the latter portion of X. 3 (Part I.), and of the emphatic words V. 10 (Part II.):

'I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely ever akin.'  
W. E. G., 1878."

## ROME'S RECRUITS.

To the compiler of a list of seceders to the Roman Catholic Church, issued first in a periodical, then in pamphlet form :

"Hawarden: Oct. 11, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me *The Whitehall Review* with the various lists of secessions to the Roman Church. I am glad they have been collected, and I am further glad to hear they are to be published in the form of a pamphlet. For good, according to some, or for evil, according to others, they form as a group an event of much interest and significance. It would very greatly add to the value of the coming pamphlet if an approximate statement of dates could be made part of it. To give the year in each case would probably be very difficult; but would it be difficult to give decades? Say from 1820 or 1830. Even to divide yet more largely would still be useful; as thus :

(1) Before 1840; (2) 1840-60; (3) since 1860. It would also be matter of interest to note: (1) The number of peers; (2) of members of titled families; (3) of clergy; (4) of Oxford men; (5) of ladies.

You will, I am sure, excuse this suggestion, and again accept my thanks.—I remain, your very faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## CARLYLE'S "HERO-WORSHIP."

In a lecture delivered in 1879 in the village of Hawarden on "The Life of Dr. Hook," Mr. Gladstone said :

"Mr. Carlyle had written a book of extraordinary ability called *Lectures on Heroes*, and

in this he named as a hero, among others, Napoleon. Now he was not prepared to admit that Napoleon was a hero. He was certainly one of the most extraordinary men ever born. There was more power concentrated in that brain than in any brain probably born for centuries. That he was a great man in the sense of being a man of transcendent power, there was no doubt; but his life was tainted with selfishness from beginning to end, and he was not ready to admit that a man whose life was fundamentally tainted with selfishness was a hero. A greater hero than Napoleon was the captain of a ship which was run down in the Channel three or four years ago, and who, when his ship was quivering and the water was gurgling round her, and boats had been lowered to save such persons as could be saved, stood by the bulwarks with a pistol in his hand, and threatened to shoot dead the first man who endeavoured to get into the boat until every woman and child was provided for. His true idea of a hero was this. A hero was a man who must have ends beyond himself, must cast himself as it were out of himself, and must pursue these ends by means which were honourable and lawful, otherwise he might degenerate into a wild enthusiast. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there were cases of men who were heroes in great part, but who were so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own that they lost all the proportion of their nature."

## MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

In an article on Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*, Mr. Gladstone said, in 1889 :

"Any book must be noticeable which opens a new chapter in the experiences of human nature, or which adds a page to a chapter already opened. Such a condition is at once satisfied by this book. It can even be pronounced a book without a parallel. It has to be judged, like the poems of Homer, from internal evidence; and, like the human infant, it comes into the world utterly unclothed. This is not a book which will reward the seeker of mere pleasure. Wonder it will stir, but not confidence; admiration, but not quite a loving admiration. Mdlle. Bashkirtseff perhaps repels as much as she attracts."

## MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF—AND AFTER.

The *Biography of Sonya Kovalevsky*, by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello; translated by A. de Furuholm and A. M. Clive Bayley, and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, revived in Mr. Gladstone some of the interest he had expressed in the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. To the publisher he wrote from Hawarden, July 3, 1895 :

"The biography has also reached me, and, at once beginning to peruse it, I have found it a volume of extraordinary interest. It is in itself a large chapter of human psychology. The two works [the volume, it will be remembered, consisted of two memoirs—one by the Duchess, the other by Sonya] also present a great deal of salutary warning."

## CURRENT BIOGRAPHY.

To Mr. Thomas Archer, acknowledging a copy of his *Gladstone and his Contemporaries* in 1883 :

"Hawarden Castle, Chester.

SIR,—I thank you for your obliging gift. I am sensible of the high honour you have done me in giving my name the front place upon a

title which embraces a wider and worthier subject, and I do not doubt that I shall find in your pages a valuable contribution to contemporary history.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your very faithful and obedient,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

*John Inglesant* was one of the books that Mr. Gladstone "sat up all night to read," and when Mr. Shorthouse edited and prefaced George Herbert's *Temple*, Mr. Gladstone wrote, in 1882, stating that he had been familiar with these poems for a period of sixty years.

## FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

To the publisher of the *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice* :

"10, Downing-street, Whitehall:  
Good Friday, April 11, 1884.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN,—I read through the whole of the *Life of Maurice* which you were so kind as to send me. The picture of him as a Christian soul is one of the most touching, searching, and complete that I have ever seen in print. He is indeed a spiritual splendour, to borrow the phrase of Dante about St. Dominic. His intellectual constitution had long been, and still is, to me a good deal of an enigma. When I remember what is said and thought of him, and by whom, I feel that this must be greatly my own fault. My main object in writing to you, however, is to say a word for Bishop Blomfield, with regard to that untoward occurrence—the dismissal from King's College. The biographer treats the Bishop as virtually one of the expelling majority. And this on the seemingly reasonable ground that, as it appears, the Bishop was the author of or a party to the expelling motion. But he was an impulsive man, too rapid in his mental movements, and a man not ashamed to amend. I think I can bear testimony not only that he was satisfied with my amendment, but that he would have been well pleased if it had been carried; in a word, that if he had ever taken the ground of the Radstock-Ingles majority he had abandoned it. I should be glad if it were thought right, in any reprint, to say a word to this effect, or let it be known at any rate that such an opinion is entertained.—Yours most faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## CHEAP MACAULAY.

To Messrs. Cassell about their 3d. issue of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings" :

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received with pleasure your attractive reprint of Lord Macaulay's article on 'Warren Hastings.' This reprint at the low price of threepence affords a new and gratifying indication of the place which the enterprise and capital of this country may hope prospectively to occupy in the great book trade of the world.—I remain, Gentlemen, your faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, January 7, '86."

## BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED HIM.

To the editor of the *British Weekly* was sent the following "literary confession," in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting, on a postcard :

"It is understood that Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to cite Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante, and Bishop Butler as the four authors by whom he believes himself to have been most influenced (W. E. G., June 25, 1887)."

## THE NEW "LOOKSLEY HALL."

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* (Jan. 1887) Mr. Gladstone said:

"The nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new *Locksley Hall* is, as told by the Calendar, a work of Mr. Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic eye not dim, nor his natural force abated. The date of *Waverley* was fixed by its alternative title 'Tis Sixty Years Since'; and now that Tennyson gives us another *Locksley Hall* 'after sixty years,' the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded, will be accepted, on his work will be that it betrays a want of tone or fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form than with the substance."

## MR. LECKY'S HISTORY.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for June, 1887, Mr. Gladstone had a review of the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. The following is a suggestive passage upon what Pitt and the eighteenth century might have been had not the French Revolution interfered with both:

"Mr. Lecky has been bountiful beyond the ordinary practice of historians in presenting us with a summary of what the eighteenth century might have been 'if the fatal influence of the French Revolution and of the war which it produced had not checked, blighted and distorted the natural progress.' We should probably have had from it, he thinks, the abolition of the slave trade, a reform of Parliament, the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and an immense reduction both of debt and taxation. 'The great industrial transition' might have been accomplished with comparatively little suffering, but for the famine price of corn and the absorption of the mind of Parliament; and it was the introduction from France of the revolutionary spirit into Ireland that for the first time made the Irish problem almost insoluble.' So far as regards the use of the potential mood, I cannot but agree closely with the historian.

The list of benefits which were in view might probably, and the list of evils which have had to be encountered might certainly, be enlarged. The mournful contrast is summed up in what there is a temptation to call the cruel destiny of Mr. Pitt. Never perhaps in history was there such a solution of continuity as that which severs his earlier from his later life."

## "ROBERT ELSMERE."

In an article on "Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief" in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1888, Mr. Gladstone said:

"It is a novel of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter, of ordinary novels. It dispenses almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. We have, indeed, near the close a solitary individual crushed by a waggon, but this catastrophe has no relation to the plot, and its only purpose is to exhibit a good deathbed in illustration of the great missionary idea of the piece. The *nexus* of the structure is to be found wholly in the workings of character. The assumption and the surrender of a rectory are the most salient events, and they are simple results of what the actor has thought right. And yet the great, nay, paramount function of character-drawing, the projection upon the canvas of human beings endowed with the true forces of nature and vitality, does not appear to be by any means the master-gift of the authoress. In the

mass of matter which she has prodigally expended there might obviously be retrenchment, for there are certain laws of dimension which apply to a novel, and which separate it from an epic. In the extraordinary number of personages brought upon the stage in one portion or another of the book, there are some which are elaborated with greater pains and more detail than their relative importance seems to warrant. *Robert Elsmere* is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet, if it be difficult to persist, it is impossible to stop. The prisoner on the treadmill must work severely to perform his task; but if he stops he at once receives a blow which brings him to his senses. Here, as there, it is human infirmity which shrinks; but here, as not there, the propelling motive is within. Deliberate judgment and deep interest alike rebuke the fainting reader. . . . The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep, or at least a very sensible, impression; not, however, among mere novel readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period."

## "GREAT THINKERS AND WORKERS."

To Mr. Robert Cochrane, who presented him with a copy of his *Great Thinkers and Workers*, a volume of brief biographies, issued by W. & R. Chambers, with the remark that the absence of his name arose from the fact that politics were excluded:

"October 20, 1888.

SIR,—I thank you very much for your volume, which promises to be of great and varied interest; and I thank you also for the trouble you have taken in your letter, but I can assure you that I do not rate highly my own claim to appear in such distinguished company.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell* was noticed in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1889. Mr. Gladstone wrote of it:

"The singularly characteristic correspondence in which he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. . . . It is a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an ethnagogue."

## DR. INGRAM AND THE IRISH UNION.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1887, Mr. Gladstone reviewed, in a long article of severity quite unusual with him, the *History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Dr. Dunbar Ingram. The review closed and culminated in a passage of formidable censure:

"In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank acquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notices, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian."

## A NOVEL OF DIVORCE.

In February, 1889, Mr. Gladstone sent to the *Nineteenth Century* a note on the American novel, *Divorce*, by Margaret Lee; afterwards published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan under the title *Faithful and Unfaithful*:

"I desire to draw attention to a short novel by an American lady, Margaret Lee, which will, as I hope, be published forthwith in England. Its American title is the single word *Divorce*; but as this is thought not to convey its aim with sufficient distinctness, it is likely, I believe, to be enlarged into *Divorce; or, Faithful and Unfaithful*."

After drawing attention in a page of print to the conditions of marriage and divorce upon which Margaret Lee's story is based, Mr. Gladstone returned briefly to the book itself, remarking:

"It is with great gallantry, as well as with great ability, that Margaret Lee has ventured to combat in the ranks on what must be taken nowadays as the unpopular side, and has indicated her belief in a certain old-fashioned doctrine that the path of suffering may be not the path of duty only, but likewise the path of glory and of triumph for our race."

## CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

It was the high opinion Mr. Gladstone entertained of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* that led him in the autumn of 1889 to contribute the article on "Homer" to the new edition.

## EGG-COLLECTING.

To Mr. R. Kearton, acknowledging his book on *Birds' Nests*:

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your book, and have been examining it with the utmost interest. I have little or no knowledge in natural history, but have just sense enough to lament it, and to urge the pursuit upon others, and especially the young, according to their opportunities. All I regret in reading your notices is that you are so conscientiously brief. Let me thank you much for your courtesy. Also let me contribute a widow's mite—what in Scotland they call the Blue Hare turns to pure white in winter, and courses on the snow almost invisible.—Yours faithfully,

W. E. G.  
10, St. James's-square;  
21th March, 1890."

## THE PLATFORM.

Among the "noticeable books" reviewed in the *Nineteenth Century* in April, 1892, was Mr. Henry Jephson's *The Platform: Its Rise and Progress*, of which Mr. Gladstone said:

"Mr. Jephson could not, perhaps, have found a better designation for his novel and hardy undertaking, which is nothing less than to exhibit a political history of his country in constant and close association with the gradual development of a power that has had a main share in framing it."

## EMANCIPATED WOMEN.

To Madame Adèle Crepez, author of *The Emancipation of Women*, published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., in their Social Science Series:

"10, Downing-street, Whitehall;  
3 Oct., 1892.

MADAM,—I recently found that I had had the honour to receive, possibly from yourself,

your tract on *Der Frauen Emancipation*. The German type is somewhat trying to my failing eyesight, but I could not resist at once reading it, and, having read it, I cannot resist offering you more than a merely formal acknowledgment. And this is not merely because my mind inclines strongly to agree in your foundation-argument, but because, apart from mere concurrence in this or that special remark, it seems to me by far the most comprehensive, luminous, and penetrating work on this question that I have yet met with. My great grief is this—speaking for my own country only—that while the subject is alike vast and profound, it is commonly treated in the slightest and most superficial, as well as sometimes in the most passionate manner. In such a region it is far better, as between opposite risks, to postpone a right measure than to commit rashness to a wrong one. To save us from this danger what we want is thorough treatment, and you have given it the most thorough treatment which I have yet seen applied to it. You have opened up many new thoughts in my own mind, but I cannot follow them out. I only wish the treatise had been open to my countrymen and countrywomen in their own tongue. For this and other subjects I deeply regret the death of J. S. Mill; he had perhaps the most open mind of his generation.—I remain, Madam, with high consideration, your faithful servant,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

FRA PAOLE SARPI.

To the Rev. Dr. Alex. Robertson, of Venice, about his book, *Fra Paolo Sarpi*:

"Hawarden Castle: Nov. 16, 1894.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your very interesting work on Father Paul, which reached me to-day, and which I have at once commenced. I have a very strong sympathy with men of his way of thinking. It pleases me particularly to be reminded of Gibbon's weighty eulogy upon his history. Ever since I read it, I think over forty years ago, I have borne my feeble testimony by declaring that it came nearer to Thucydides than any historical work I have ever read. It pleases me much also to learn that a Sarpi literature has appeared lately at Venice. If you were so good as to send me the titles of any of the works at all worthy of their subject I would order them; and I should further be glad if you would, at any time thereafter, come and see them in a library, with hostel attached, which I am engaged in founding here.—I remain your very faithful,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

HISTORY.

To Messrs. Cassell about their *History of England*:

"SIR,—I have to thank you for the volume which has just reached me. On a first inspection I find in it much beautiful work; and believing history to be in no small degree the sheet anchor of society, I view with much pleasure your efforts to spread the knowledge of it far and wide throughout the community.—Yours,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

GOSPEL HISTORY IN FICTION.

To the Author of *As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect*; A.D. 54:

"I have read with great and unexpected interest the volume you were so kind as to send me. It brings into series many of the latest acts of our Saviour's earthly life. Unhappily I have no means of judging from this place (Cap Martin) whether and how far it is sustained by any external authority in such supplemental material as it associates with the Gospels."

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

To Mr. Harold Frederic about his *In the Valley*:

"It has a great historical interest from its apparently faithful exhibition of the relations of the different nationalities and races who were so curiously grouped together in and about the State of New York before the War of American Independence."

PIERS PLOWMAN.

To the publisher of *Piers Plowman*, by J. J. Jusserand, translated from the French by M. E. R.:

"April 27, '94.

While still an invalid (I am now writing from my bed), I have received the *Piers Plowman* which you have so kindly sent me. I am reading it with extreme interest, and I beg you to accept my best thanks, and to excuse the form in which they are conveyed."

TWO MEMORABLE NAMES.

Mr. Elkin Mathews recalls that on two occasions did Mr. Gladstone criticise books issued by him. Soon after the appearance of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's work on *The Poetry of Tennyson*, he wrote expressing his "pleasure at this fresh tribute to Lord Tennyson's genius."

Again, when in 1894 was issued a second edition of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's *The Sanctity of Confession*, Mr. Gladstone, in a private letter, expressed the opinion:

"I have read the singularly well-told story. It opens up questions both deep and dark. It cannot be right in religion or anything else, to accept a secret which destroys the life of an innocent fellow-creature."

ON "DODO."

It will be remembered (says the *British Weekly*) that when Mr. Benson's clever novel *Dodo* appeared, rumour said that the original of *Dodo* was Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith. The letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Miss Tennant on the subject is one of the most interesting of his which we possess. His view of the matter is an excellent summary of the impossibility of the likeness:

"Before I had made progress in the book, I absolutely acquitted the author of all, even the faintest, idea of a portraiture. 1. It would be too odious. 2. It would be too violent. 3. It would be too absurd. Some mere rag of casual resemblance may have been picked off the public road. Do you happen to remember that one time I used to be identified in caricature through extravagantly high shirt collars? Anyway it was so; and I think the illustration, if hardly ornamental, may indicate my meaning. At the same time I have always held, and hold firmly, that anything out of which we may extract criticism or reproof, just or unjust, can be made to yield us profit, and is less dangerous than praise."

DANTE'S INFLUENCE.

Mr. Hermann Oelsner's essay, "The Influence of Dante on Modern Thought," which gained the Cambridge Le Bas Prize in 1894, and was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, called forth the following letter:

"Cannes, Feb. 20.

DEAR SIR.—I have now to thank you for your essay on the influence of Dante, with the

advantage of knowing its contents. I am agreeably surprised at the amount of information you have brought together, and it has yielded me much pleasure, with, I hope, much profit. The antipathy of Goethe seems to me a point worth probing in detail. So also the curious passage, 'Io non gli spersi,' which I have, too hastily it may be, been accustomed to regard as associated with a defect in Dante. It seems to me most remarkable that the study of Dante should decidedly have gained ground in England during a period in which Italian studies generally have so miserably fallen off.—I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE."

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

To Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., regarding their *Royal Natural History*:

"DEAR SIRS,—You have truly conceived my opinion respecting the immense advantage of teaching 'Natural History' in some at least of its branches. I thank you for the beautiful volumes you have kindly sent me; and I trust I may take their publication as a sign that this subject is increasingly attracting the close attention which it deserves.—I remain, dear Sirs, your faithful and obedient,  
Jan. 5, 1895. W. E. GLADSTONE."

SEEKING AFTER GOD.

To Messrs. Blackie about their *School and Home Library*:

"May 28, 1895.

DEAR SIRS,—I thank you for the volumes you have sent me, which appear to be very well adapted for their purpose. I cannot but recognise the utility of the design which you describe. In its execution I am tempted to hope that you may not be compelled absolutely to confine your list to secular subjects, although I see clearly that if you go beyond it great care will be required to avoid everything which can be called polemical and to put forth nothing except what will be sure to command a wide acceptance. Excuse the liberty I have taken.—I remain, dear Sirs, your very faithful servant,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE SPEECH OF MAN.

To W. R. Gray, publisher of *The Speech of Man and Holy Writ*:

"DEAR SIR,—Through you I desire to thank the author of *The Speech of Man* for his interesting volume, which I am reading with great interest. If speech was only radical human invention how could it have happened that an ancient language like the Greek (still more, as I understand, the Sanscrit) should be so superior in structure to our own, and, though we call it dead, should be the repository to which we repair when we want a new living word for any purpose?—Your faithful and obedient,  
January 5, 1895. W. E. GLADSTONE."

"THE BALKANS."

To Mr. W. Miller, on his book *The Balkans*, he wrote under date September, 1896:

"The portion relating to Montenegro redeems us from something like a national disgrace in not having in the English tongue any history of the most heroic people in Europe."

LIFE OF GENERAL GORDON.

Of this Life, written by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, and published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Gladstone, in 1896, said he had "examined it with interest"; he reserved comment, and paid a tribute to Gordon's "nobleness."

## MR. MORLEY'S "COBDEN."

To Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher of this memoir of his father-in-law :

"Hawarden : June 23, '96.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your Jubilee edition of the Cobden Life. I think the publication is a great act of gallantry on your part. . . . The biographer is one of the few remaining faithful. Still, I do not think our Statute Book will go back to Protection.—Yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## CARDINAL MANNING.

To the author of the *Life of Cardinal Manning* :

"Biarritz : Feb. 6, 1896.

DEAR MR. PURCELL,—The plot has thickened by the publication of Mr. Sydney Smith's article in *The Month*, an article thoroughgoing in its advocacy, but not (I think) unkindly intended. I regret, however, to find that it drags me at three points into the controversy. They are :

1. The declaration of 1848, pp. 25-8.
2. The conversation respecting those who had succeeded, p. 282.
3. Words of mine respecting Cardinal (then Mr.) Newman from your i. 243.

On the first.

1. My words are given with substantial accuracy; but, I added, or should have added, as it balanced the statement, that not less clear than his conviction of the Church of England's Catholicity, was his sense of the futility of any claim to obedience founded on mere establishment.

2. The reviewer imagines that Manning also spoke of difficulties and perplexities. According to my recollection, not a word.

3. He thinks Manning signified his doubts in 1846 when he spoke of a belief that the 'Church would split.' The deplorable (and I think hardly warrantable) destruction of his letters forbids a scrutiny. But I am confident he did not mean by this that one of the portions would join the Church of Rome.

4. He says that in 1850 Manning questioned the accuracy of my recollection in replying to me. Here again it is said that we have no means of reference to his letter. When I get home I may learn whether mine throw light on the matter. For the present I will only say I have a firm recollection that in 1850 he did not dispute it.

On the second.

1. It is true I reported Manning's having said to me of the Oxford converts that they were marked by 'want of truth.' Unless I am mistaken, Mr. W. Meynell (whom I mention with sincere respect), or a friend of his, could supply evidence corroborative of my statement.

2. I am made to say I 'advisedly withheld this story during the Cardinal's lifetime.' It is true that when you had applied to me for information about Cardinal Manning, I advisedly withheld both this statement and the preceding one. But I said nothing during the Cardinal's lifetime. I meant to withhold them permanently. My reason was this: you had applied to me, in no controversial sense, for information; and I did not think it fair to burden you with either the publication or the suppression of information which was in my view damaging to the cause you had in hand.

3. A question is raised as to the date of the words spoken. I recollect with the utmost clearness the room in which they were used. It was my private room in a house which I only began to inhabit in 1848; so that the occurrence could not have been earlier.

4. The reason I gave for my inquiry was that he had a considerable personal knowledge of Oxford (which I only visited twice between 1832 and 1847), and of these in many cases remarkable men; I had hardly any. It would therefore have been absurd as well as ill-natured in me to charge them with want of truth.

5. Both these incidents have been named by me, at various times since they occurred, to a limited circle of friends.

On the third.

I am sorry the reviewer has widened this controversy, already wide enough, by referring to very strong words used by me (in a private letter) about a statement of Cardinal (then Mr.) Newman's. For though I could not claim to be his friend, I received from him much kindness, and his character attracted affection as his genius commanded admiration. The words were written not when he had shown signs of moving, but in 1841, soon after Tract 90. It was a time of excitement and alarm. But I am sorry to say that, from my recollection of the occasion, I conceive the words to be in substance capable of defence.

It is more agreeable to me to turn to the modest claim advanced by the reviewer on behalf of Cardinal Manning in his closing sentence. I am well aware of the immense difficulties attending all human efforts to pass judgment on a complex and also a great character. But I fully subscribe to the reviewer's demand, and at some points of the large compass of the subject should even be inclined to heighten it.

Beyond this you are aware that I renounce, for what I think strong reasons, all attempts to pass sentence in this case. I also desire to avoid everything after the Anglican life, as I have no wish to be an intruder upon a province necessarily controversial, and where I have no special information. Speaking of the years before 1850, I have been not merely interested by your biography, but even fascinated and entranced. It far surpasses any of the recent biographies known to me: and I estimate as alike remarkable your difficulties and your success. Precise accuracy of judgment in such cases is hardly attainable by man; but in my opinion the love of truth as well as high ability is found throughout. To the Church of England, from which you differ, you have been, while maintaining your own principles, generous as well as just; and I cordially thank you.

I remain, dear Mr. Purcell, sincerely yours.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## BUTLER'S "ANALOGY."

Mr. Gladstone took the greatest interest in every detail of the publication by Mr. Frowde at the Clarendon Press of his edition of Butler's works and his studies subsidiary thereto. In one letter (Nov. 16, 1896) to the publisher, he said :

"An American clergyman writes to me, 'No one who becomes saturated with the spirit of the *Analogy* can be seriously disturbed by current forms of unbelief.' Profoundly true, *me judice*. I believe much has been done in Ireland for Butlerian study. I wish it were known at Oxford."

## HIS FEARS ABOUT HIS IMPRIMATUR.

To M. Tissot, about his *Life of our Lord Jesus Christ* :

"Hawarden Castle : December 4, 1896.

DEAR M. TISSOT,—The two communications I have already made I hope have shown that I was not insensible of the great honour you have done me in proposing to dedicate to me the work of whose high character I had already heard much. But I am glad to have another

opportunity of writing on the same subject after seeing, as I have now done, the work itself; so that, notwithstanding my defective eyesight, I can at least in a measure appreciate not only the pious and historic simplicity of its aim, but its severe purity, and its rich and signal beauty. This, however, has raised a scruple in my mind which I think it right to mention. It is my candid opinion that in associating my name with your work you will do it less than justice, and perhaps in some quarters even expose it to positive prejudice, an incident which I should cordially lament. Pray consider this, and remember that my full and unreserved assent, which you possess, in no way binds you; and that, if you find the use of my name will be in any manner of degree injurious, you will then forbear from using it. The loss of a real distinction cannot for a moment weigh with me, when compared with the idea of disparagement to a monumental work conceived and executed for the honour of our Lord and Saviour.—Allow me to remain, with great and unfeigned respect, yours most faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## SIGHT AND FAITH.

To Messrs. J. Clay & Sons, on an edition of the *Book of Common Prayer* :

"Hawarden : July, 6, 1896.

DEAR SIRS,—I thank you with more than a formal meaning for a beautiful copy of the *Prayer Book*. My sight, since an operation for cataract, has been practically dependent on the effective projection (so to speak) of the type from the page, especially in defective light: and my intention is to substitute your gift for the *Prayer Book* (of large and clear type) which I have hitherto had in use.—I remain, yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "LIFE OF CHRIST."

To the Rev. J. Duggan :

"Mr. Gladstone, with his respectful compliments, begs to thank the Rev. J. Duggan for his *Life of Christ*. The series of the earlier chapters appear to him to be of great value."

## "STEPS TOWARDS RE-UNION."

To the Rev. J. Duggan on a volume since withdrawn :

"I take the liberty of sending you my cordial thanks for a work which I have begun at once, and which appears to be conceived in so large and just a spirit.

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## THE RENANS.

To Lady Mary Loyd, the translator of *Memoir and Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan* :

"I have read the whole of it and have found it to be of peculiar and profound interest."

## "THE REDS OF THE MIDI."

To Mr. Heinemann, as publisher of this book by Félix Gras :

"August 13, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great and sustained interest *The Reds of the Midi*, which you were good enough to present to me. Though a work of fiction, it aims at presenting the historical features, and such works, if faithfully executed, throw more light than many so-called histories on the true roots and causes of the Revolution which are so widely and so gravely misunderstood. As a novel it seems to me to be written with great skill.—Yours very faithfully, and with haste,

W. E. GLADSTONE."



## MARRIAGE.

To Miss E. R. Chapman, acknowledging her book, *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction* :

"Cannes: March 15, 1897.

DEAR MADAM, — Your work reached me yesterday, and I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit. I hope it may become the nucleus of a distinct defensive action from your point of view. If you had leisure to acquaint yourself with the view of marriage as it stands in *Homer*, you would, I think, find it useful and interesting.—I remain, with many thanks, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "MADEMOISELLE IXE."

The great vogue of this first number of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Library," by Lancelot Falconer, received fresh impetus from the knowledge that Mr. Gladstone had read the volume with peculiar pleasure—at one sitting, it was alleged. The facts were derived from a letter written by Mrs. Drew.

DR. JOHNSON.

To Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill on his *Johnsonian Miscellanies* :

"No presentation can be more acceptable to me than one which conveys a supplemental knowledge of Dr. Johnson."

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

To Messrs. George Bell & Sons, as publishers of the *Animal Life Readers*, designed to inculcate the humane treatment of animals :

"I thank you much for the series of manuals you have sent me. I do not think myself qualified to give an opinion of them from the point of view of natural history; but from that of moral training the case is a little different. I will not say that children are cruel, but, among us at any rate, they have in them something which opportunity or bad example is too apt to develop into cruelty, and works which give them a kindly view of their animal fellow-creatures are likely to be of real value to them as instruments of moral training."

BURNS.

To Mr. Wallace, editor of Dr. Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* :

"April 12, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I accept with very best thanks the copy of the Chambers's Burns which you have been so kind as to offer me. I do not feel wholly able to solve the Burns problem, which Lord Rosebery has handled with so much ability and courage, but I recognise the deep and singular interest that attaches to the questions concerning him.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## "EN ROUTE."

To Mr. C. Kegan Paul, the translator of Huysmans' novel :

"Hawarden Castle.

DEAR MR. KEGAN PAUL,—It is most kind of you to send me this latest product of your literary labours; and though my mind has been and is much exercised in other directions, I am sensible that the work of M. Huysmans' is no timid or commonplace production. It places the claims of the *Route* through mysticism higher I think than any other book I have read; and by this fact alone it imposes modesty and reserve upon all critics from outside and from a

distance. I will go no further than to say that all pictures of La Trappe are profoundly interesting, while I admit that I find myself stumbling a little here and there, as for instance when I come to the list of sins 'common to all men' in p. 191. I am glad that you do not find that commercial claims upon your time cripple you in this higher activity, and I remain with many thanks, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE."

## THE NOVELS OF MR. HALL CAINE.

The following are Mr. Gladstone's comments on books written by Mr. Hall Caine and published by Mr. Heinemann :

"*The Bondman* is a work of which I recognise the freshness, vigour and sustained interest, no less than its integrity of aim."

"I congratulate you upon *The Scapegoat* as a work of art, and especially on the noble and skilfully drawn character of Isaac."

Of *The Manxman* : "Though I am no believer in divorce, I have read with great admiration of the power which gives such true life to Manx character."

*The Christian* : "I cannot but regard with warm respect and admiration the conduct of one holding your position as an admired and accepted novelist, who stakes himself, so to speak, on so bold a protestation of the things which are unseen as against those which are seen and are so terribly effective in chaining us down to the level of our earthly existence. I cordially hope your work may have all the results with a view to which it has obviously been composed."

## "INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

To the publisher of this book, by Mr. William White :

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for a very interesting work. My first-known door-keepers were Pratt and Williams, paid by fees from the members; one tall, the other short, but both with snow-white (or powdered) hair and florid faces. I am only sorry Mr. White's recollections do not extend over a longer period. Mr. McCarthy (for whom I have the greatest regard) has fallen into a slight error about my maiden speech. It was noticed in debate in a marked manner by Mr. Stanley, who was in charge of the Bill.—I remain, with many thanks, your very faithful

May 15, '97."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## PURE FABLES.

## CURIOUS.

In the spring he gave them poesy. And they said, "This man hath indubitable gifts. He rhymes well, thinks delicately, and knows his way to the profound emotions. And yet, and yet, and yet—he is not of the company!"

So that next autumn he hazarded a volume of prose. And they said, "Now here we have a true poet!"

## THE OTHER PARTY.

A man called upon the gentle reader and offered him condolences on the ethereal mildness of criticism, the reckless over-production of books, and the hypothetical standards of value set up by authors and publishers.

And the gentle reader answered softly, that he was much obliged, but that these

things really didn't concern him, because he read for pleasure only, and never read anything that was not supplied from the libraries.

## REASONABLE.

"This is, no doubt, an excellent work," quoth the publisher, "yet I am afraid the public would not buy it."

"I never suggested that they would," replied the author. "Indeed, if one may be candid, the thing was written for Posterity."

"That being the case," observed the publisher, "why not get Posterity to print it?"

## INSIGHT.

"Ah, my friend, I keep my best thoughts for myself!"

"So I had imagined."

"You have the gift to understand."

"I don't know about that; but I read your books!"

T. W. H. C.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Now and again Pierre Loti leaps into view, a consummate artist, a master of style and fiction, so fine, so finished, so ethereal and exquisite, so subtle and suggestive, as to compel us to regard as coarse and obvious writers of only a lesser degree of distinction. But for each rare masterpiece, how many washy water-colours, how many thin, feeble, and monotonous reveries, dissertations, half dramas, little futile sentimentalities and maudering laments! Loti, alas! lacks self-restraint. His art is so artless and unconscious that he cannot tell the difference between pathos and bathos, between passion and hysterics. Nobody has ever touched the depths of sorrow with so sure, so delicate a hand; nobody in his sentimental moods has ever written more idiotic rubbish. In the writing of both he is equally himself, for he is always the dawdling sentimental egoist—accidentally and unconsciously a supreme and magnetic artist. Contrast the pathos, the exquisite charm, of *Ramuntcho*, with the thin, intolerable twaddle of *Matelots* (just published). The one is as sincere an expression of Loti's individuality (the most unsatisfactory on God's earth, being in part that of an idiot and a winged super-sensitive writer) as the other. The end of *Ramuntcho* leaves you incapable of speech, so inadequate is the spoken word after such illimitable suggestions of the lovely written word. *Matelots* is a thin, maudlin, and dreary assault upon the emotion of pity—quite needlessly evoked. The hero is a young man who continually returns to his mother from foreign ports to cry "Mamma! show me the little tunic, the shoes and cap I wore as a child." He weeps when he sees them, and spends hours dreaming hazily of his quite ordinary childhood. Such a youth needed a tonic or a hiding. His death, the

end of a vague and futile career, is told with some of Loti's old charm :

"He suffered little, but he was so feeble, with an increasing, profound, irremediable weakness. He had faintnesses agitated by dreams, exhausting dozes that bathed him in sweat. Death had begun its work in his head, the piteous break-up, the ironical return to the ideas and affections of childhood. Constantly he recalled the things of the beginning of his life, and remembered them with a morbid intensity that became a double sight.

On the contrary, images of women and love ceased to appear. I know not for what reason, perhaps very darkly physical, these images died the first in a memory also ready to die. Forgotten for the present the young girl of Rhodes, who, every evening in the month of June, came down to him to the old deserted port, drawn by the velvet blackness of his eighteen years old glance; forgotten the fair Canadian who, for a while, had made him love an isolated street in a suburb of Quebec; forgotten all! Only of Madeleine did he still think from time to time, because his love for her had been more complex, more amalgamated to that great mystery of the human mind which we call the soul; it happened that he sometimes still saw her pallid face and her young eyes of shadow, or heard again her timid crepuscular confidences, in the little mournful alley, beneath the lindens in bloom, under the fresh leafage upon which the warm rain of the April evenings played."

Now and then — alas! too rarely — the author recalls the old Loti in an erotic suggestion of environment. Writing of the sailor's departure from an Eastern port, he says, with some of his old music and colour :

"It was the very same crepuscular instant of his arrival, the same surprising illumination of red soil and green leafage; the same scents, the same yellow passers-by who, before disappearing into their little houses under the branches, silently turned one last time toward the departing stranger their little enigmatic eyes. In the odorous humidity, beneath the oppressive trees, it was ever the same warm and languid life so foreign to us. And all these things, that John departing gazed upon, seemed conscious of having once more breathed death upon a wanderer from France."

M. Demolins, who lately so eloquently proved to the humiliated French the substantial reasons for Saxon superiority, is now inflicting further humiliation on his race by a fierce and bitter indictment against the classic vine. M. Jules Lemaitre comes to the rescue by the flighty suggestion that M. Demolins is a morose drinker of water. But a man may gladly drink wine at another race's expense and still contend that vine-growing is disastrous to a nation's progress. M. Demolins' arguments have nothing whatever to do with the virtue of temperance. On the contrary, he maintains that the distillers are more useful citizens than the wine-makers, since the making of brandy involves larger interests than that of claret. "The vine has never engendered big races of men," says M. Demolins, "that is men capable of taking the initiative in the great movements of humanity, of placing themselves at the head of economical, political, intellectual evolutions." The vine, M. Lemaitre bitterly sums up, leads only to emigration towards the liberal and sterile professions, administration, bourgeois pre-

tentions; developing in a large measure the equalising, democratic (in the worst sense), discontented and stay-at-home spirit in the French.

"The vine," laments M. Lemaitre, "engenders idleness, vanity, egoism, harshness towards relatives, scepticism, envy, irony, and an infamous taste for functionalism. It is anti-industrial and anti-colonial; it kills initiation and enterprise. To use an expression of Bossuet's, God gave us wine as a valueless present, and one of the causes of the legendary superiority of the Anglo-Saxons is that 'they have none in England.'"

But it is easy to see that M. Lemaitre, himself a native of Touraine, loves the little Touraine wine-grower from whom sprang his beloved Rabelais, Balzac, Paul Louis Courier, and would far rather be a stay-at-home and amiable, ironical egoist with these, than cultivate beer and conquer the world with the knock-me-down Anglo-Saxons.

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### HOW MR. GLADSTONE ORDERED BOOKS.

Every second-hand bookseller who has had dealings with Mr. Gladstone is proud of the fact. None prouder than Mr. Menken, of Bury-street. Asked by a representative of the ACADEMY when he had his first dealing with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Menken replied: "In 1889. He walked suddenly into my shop to obtain a book I had catalogued."

"And were you very much surprised to see him?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Menken laughing; "I had seen and heard him before. In particular, I had heard him speak at the Caxton Exhibition. I shall never forget that; one would have thought that he had made the life of Caxton and the art of printing his sole study all his life, so well informed was he and so in earnest. And, by the way, Mr. Gladstone's interest in printing was not a transitory one. Look here, at this catalogue returned by him. 'I offer five guineas for this.' You see? His own words, and the book is a German collection of facsimiles of early printed pictures. The book, you see, was priced six guineas by me. 'I offer you five guineas for this.' Did he get it? O dear, yes."

"Mr. Gladstone always insisted on a 10 per cent. discount, did he not?"

"Always; he was a cash buyer."

"Well, did you often have him in here?"

"No. He became one of my best customers by post. I sent him my catalogues. He returned them marked, as you see these are. Now look at this one. It is one of the best orders I had from Mr. Gladstone. He has written on the cover :

"Please send if subject to 10 % dis. for cash—

1. The marked lots to me, % Hawarden Carrier, Red Lion Inn, Chester.

2. Except No. 395, No. 631: send these to me by parcel addressed % J. Colman, Esq., M.P., Corton, Lowestoft.—Your obt. servant, W. E. Gladstone, Hawarden, July 14, '91, with thanks for your kind words."

"Now look at that!" exclaimed Mr. Menken, radiant with recollection, look at it! What detail, what system. Actually he puts the "M.P." to Mr. Colman's name, lest it should be omitted. And the numbering! And the italics! You see he wanted most of the books at Hawarden, but there were two he could not wait for—he wanted them at once."

"Just so. Now what were the two books that Mr. Gladstone could not wait for?"

"Well, you've asked a question, and the answer will interest you. It really seemed that he was thinking both of this world and the next just then. For the two books were Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* and a *Guide to Suffolk*. You see, he was going to Suffolk to stay with Mr. Colman, and now—he has gone on a longer journey. Well, he was a marvellous man."

The "marked lots" in the above catalogue numbered about sixty, and Mr. Gladstone's purchases were of the most varied character. Probably many of the books were intended for St. Deiniol's Library. Among them were works on Anthropology, Political Economy, Sculpture, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Physiology, &c., and collections of Epitaphs and Proverbs.

The week before a public holiday is rarely productive of books of importance. But the present week has seen the publication of Prof. Schenk's work on the prenatal determination of sex. We review this work in our present issue. Judge O'Connor Morris's new work, *Ireland 1798-1898* is to some extent a continuation of the author's *Ireland 1494-1868*; but here the narrative is continued in much greater detail. Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, and Mrs. Hinkson's new volume of poems, *The Wind in the Trees*, lend distinction to the week's output of literature.

## DRAMA.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

A CURIOUS convention underlies the current types of "Musical Comedy" associated with the management of Mr. George Edwardes. The action must at once be strictly modern and brilliantly pictorial—two conditions which seem at first sight to exclude each other in an age of top-hats and frock-coats. How to obtain his modernity and his colour both is the problem the librettist is called upon to solve, and it is interesting to recall the devices adopted towards this end. In "A Gaiety Girl," the first piece of this series, a bevy of young ladies entertained a party of uniformed guardsmen, and afterwards the whole party were transported to the Riviera to indulge in the frolics of the Carnival. "The Shop Girl" was a more laboured achievement. But a certain pictorial effect was derived from exhibiting the interior of a silk warehouse with its many-hued samples of goods; and a fancy bazaar held in South Kensington completed the

picture. In "The Geisha" the public were transported to Japan, where the adoption of European dress has not yet killed native colour, and "The Circus Girl" permitted the exhibition of the various costumes of the circus performer. With each succeeding piece of this pattern, however, it is obvious that the problem of colour becomes one of increasing difficulty, the scope afforded the costumier under modern conditions being so limited, and I own I was curious to see how Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Harry Nicholls in their new production at the Gaiety would cope with it. The story of "The Runaway Girl" opens in Corsica, a *terra incognita*, where the peasants can be made as picturesque as a group of Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, and still without incongruity have thrown into their midst a party of Cook's tourists. This, it will be owned, is ingenious, and from the pictorial point of view it is perfectly successful. The second half of the piece, however, is not so novel. Venice, to which the hero and heroine elope, followed, of course, by all the other characters from Corsica, is very well, but it recalls the Riviera of "A Gaiety Girl," and a carnival at Venice is necessarily not very unlike a carnival at Nice. Still, for the time, the authors of "The Runaway Girl" have turned their difficulty with considerable adroitness, and passed on the colour problem, in a more complex form than ever, to their successors should there be a further demand on the part of the public for examples of musical comedy of the "Gaiety Girl" type.

Will there, in fact, be such a demand? I imagine the success of "The Runaway Girl" leaves no doubt on that point. Until the production of this piece, Mr. George Edwardes, who is credited with keeping his finger on the public pulse, appears to have been in two minds on the subject, seeing that at Daly's Theatre, which he controls as well as the Gaiety, he has arranged that "The Geisha" shall be succeeded by a musical piece of a different pattern, written upon a pseudo-classical or ancient Greek theme. This, of course, is only a reversion to the practice of twenty or thirty years ago, when a brilliant group of burlesque writers, comprising Henry J. Byron, the Broughs, Reece, and Burnand dug their subjects out of the inexhaustible pages of Lemprière. But in what direction can the dramatist, serious-minded or frivolous, turn for novelty? The drama moves in cycles, which may be said to occur at the rate of two or three to the generation, and the pseudo-classical theme has been too long absent from the play-bills not to be welcomed again: if presented in a reasonably attractive form. At the same time I imagine there is still a future for musical comedy of "The Runaway Girl" type which is in every respect an improvement upon the methods of the variety or go-as-you-please entertainment which it superseded some years ago, and which is still kept alive by Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose comic genius finds it a congenial medium. Before leaving the question of the colour convention, I would point out what could hardly have been anticipated

theoretically, how well the male costume of the present day, particularly the much reviled chimney-pot hat, lends itself to picturesque treatment. Its resplendent black is a wonderful relief to the eye amid a blaze of reds, yellows, and greens. That a typical Englishman should be flinging himself about in a wild dance in a tweed suit, patent-leather shoes, and a black silk hat under a Corsican sky is, of course, absurd, but the artistic effect is not to be despised. Nor is the typical Bond-street millinery out of place in a rich scheme of Southern colour with a backing of blue Mediterranean! What scene or what community will the librettist of musical comedy next lay under contribution? It is hard to say. The Cockney tourist may still, I presume, be captured by Riff pirates, or turn up at the Court of Persia or Abyssinia, or even in China, which would be an agreeable variant upon the well-worn theme of Japan

MEANWHILE, the *genre* may be said to take a new lease of life with "The Runaway Girl," not the least sympathetic or interesting of the various "Girls" that Mr. George Edwardes has placed upon the stage. For these qualities she is much indebted, no doubt, to her impersonator, Miss Ellaline Terriss, one of the daintiest of the actresses of this school. The little heroine runs away from school in Corsica and joins a band of wandering minstrels. In her gipsy character she meets and falls in love with a young English aristocrat; whence the series of adventures which culminates in the happy union of the lovers in Venice. *Inter alia*, the band of minstrels, picturesque ruffians with mandolines and a *leit-motif* à la Wagner have to be reckoned with, and their mercenary persecution of the hero for robbing them of their charming recruit, constitutes the one dramatic element of the story. But, in truth, story in a piece of this kind counts for much less than the incidentals of song and dance and variety turn with which it is studded. Ingeniously enough, provision has been made for all the more noted members of the Gaiety Company, and the opportunities that the authors have failed to invent for them they will, no doubt, in due time create for themselves. Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Bradfield, and Miss Ethel Haydon belong to the tourist section of the cast. Miss Katie Seymour is a lady's maid, and her attendant cavalier, that natural droll, Mr. Edmund Payne, appears as a horsey little Cockney pretending to be a courier; Mr. R. Nainby is a fussy Italian consul, and Mr. Monkhouse and Miss Connie Ediss play at being minstrels. Over the whole, Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton, working upon the neatly turned lyrics of Mr. Harry Greenbank and others, throw the charm of melody. In this respect the musical comedy stands far higher than the old-fashioned burlesque, for which an ingenious conductor was accustomed to make a hash-up of the popular melodies of the day; it does boast an original score, which often attains a high degree of excellence. Miss Terriss's sentimental ballads are pleasant; Mr. Edmund Payne has an

amusing ditty, "Follow the Man from Cook's"; and a stirring martial song, "The Soldiers in the Park," which will soon be on all the barrel-organs, is sung by Miss Ethel Haydon.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the production of "The Runaway Girl," Mr. Arthur Roberts has revived at the Lyric a piece called "The Modern Don Quixote," in which he was first seen some years ago. The title-character, it need hardly be said, has nothing to do with Cervantes' hero. It is a pretext for a string of Mr. Arthur Roberts's impersonations, all as amusing as they are incoherent, and comprising an elaborate parody of Frégoli and the other "quick-change artistes" recently in vogue. The piece, if piece it may be called, exists for Mr. Arthur Roberts, not Mr. Arthur Roberts for the piece. So long as there are what Mr. Gilbert calls irresponsible comedians of the Arthur Roberts type, so long shall we have mad medleys of this sort which belong to no recognised class of dramatic work. It is a very light and very entertaining *olla podrida* with catchy airs, which a musician might characterise as jingle, and as a comic singer and mimic Mr. Arthur Roberts is unrivalled. As a one-man entertainment it might here and there flag during the three hours that it runs. This danger is provided against by the employment of Mr. W. H. Denny and others, who keep the ball rolling while Mr. Arthur Roberts is off the stage.

J. F. N.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 26.

### THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

- THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST: ITS VITAL REALITY AND EFFICACY. By Henry Wace, D.D.
- THE ARCH OF FAITH: TWELVE LESSONS ON THE CHIEF DOCTRINES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Austin Clare. S.P.C.K.
- A CONCISE INSTRUCTION ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND PRACTICES TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES FOR A YEAR. By the Right Rev. Alan G. S. Gibson, D.D., and the Ven. W. Crisp. S.P.C.K.
- PERSONAL AND FAMILY PRAYERS. Williams & Norgate. 1s.
- STUDIES OF COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By Alfred S. Geden, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.
- THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: THE PSALMS AND LAMENTATIONS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. The New York Macmillan Co.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- IRELAND, 1798-1898. By William O'Connor Morris. A. D. Innes & Co. 10s. 6d.
- JOHN KNOX AND JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE. By Charles John Guthrie, Q.C. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
- THE EMPIRE AND THE PAPACY, 918-1273. By T. F. Tout, M.A. PERIOD II. Rivingtons. 7s. 6d.
- THE CHEVERELS OF CHEVEREL MANOR. By Lady Newdegate-Newdigate. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.

DR. J. L. PHILLIPS, MISSIONARY TO THE CHILDREN OF INDIA: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. By his Widow. Completed and edited by W. J. Wintle. The Sunday School Union.

CREATION RECORDS DISCOVERED IN EGYPT. By George St. Clair. David Nutt.

DAILY LIFE DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY: PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF 1857. By J. W. Sherer. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 3s. 6d.

OUR LIVING GENERALS: TWELVE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS. By Arthur Temple. Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d.

THE LIGHT OF THE WEST. By J. A. Goodchild. Part I.: THE DANITE COLONY. Kegan Paul.

GLADSTONE, THE MAN: A NON-POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By David Williamson. James Bowden.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE SHORTER POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. Arranged by Andrew J. George, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

PAGAN PAPERS. By Kenneth Grahame. New Edition. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

THE WIND IN THE TREES. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

POEMS. By Charles Rosher. Haas & Co.

MORROW-SONGS: 1880—1898. By Harry Lyman Koopman. H. D. Everett.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE HOLY LAND IN GEOGRAPHY AND IN HISTORY. By Townsend MacCoun, A.M. Vol. I.: GEOGRAPHY. Townsend MacCoun (New York).

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

THE MEANING OF EDUCATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.

A PRIMER OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Edward Bradford Titchener. Macmillan & Co.

LE VERRE D'EAU: A COMEDY. By Scribe. With Notes by F. F. Rogel, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

L'ANNEAU D'ARGENT. Par Charles de Bernard. Edited by Louis Sers. Macmillan & Co.

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MR. M. OPPENHEIM is preparing for the Navy Records Society a complete and revised edition of Sir William Monson's *Naval Tracts*. For this, the text, which, as published in Churchill's *Voyages*, is very inaccurate, will be carefully collated with the different available MSS., among which are to be mentioned

those in the Bodleian Library, now generously lent by the curators to the British Museum for Mr. Oppenheim's use.

MR. BRET HARTE will contribute to *Cassell's Magazine* for June a complete story, entitled "Salomy Jane's Kiss," and the same issue will contain the first of a new series of stories by Mr. E. W. Hornung.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, who has made a special study of the subject, will contribute a paper to *Chambers's Journal* for July on the new volume of the Scottish History Society, "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," edited by Mr. Fitzroy Bell. The volume is in the hands of members this week.

ALTHOUGH only issued the other day, a second edition has already been called for of Chambers's new large-type English Dictionary, edited by Mr. Thomas Davidson, one of the assistant editors of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*. A second edition is also in the press of Guy Boothby's new volume of short stories, *Billy Binks—Hero*, issued by the same firm.

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REVIEWS.

THE HEBREWS AS THEY WERE.

*The Early History of the Hebrews.* By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. (Rivington.)

THIS is a handy volume of some 500 pages, containing no Hebrew or other Oriental characters, no maps or appendices, and but few and brief references to authorities. We may, therefore, suppose it to be popular rather than scientific in its aim—or rather, that it is dictated, like most of the author's later works, by the wish to make accessible to the general public the conclusions of scientific men. In any such work of popularisation, so much depends on the authority of the populariser that it may be as well, before going to the book itself, to say something about Prof. Sayce's qualifications for writing it.

More than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Sayce, then a scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, devoted himself to the study of Oriental languages, and, within a few years of taking his degree, published an Assyrian Grammar written from the standpoint of comparative philology. This was followed by an elementary work on the same subject for the use of students, by *Principles of Comparative Philology*, and by what is probably his most important work, *An Introduction to the Science of Language*. These books excited favourable notice not only in England, but in the larger erudite world of the Continent, and when Mr. Sayce was made one of the Old Testament revisers and Professor of Comparative Philology in his own University, it was felt that the authorities had for once put the right man in the right place. In 1891 he exchanged his first chair for that of Assyriology, and his term of office has lately been extended for another five years—in order, we believe, to give him further opportunities of travel in the East. But while thus possessed of an academic reputation, Prof. Sayce has always courted the notice of a larger world than that of letters. His *Ancient Empires of the East* was professedly designed to correct, by the light of modern discovery, the views of those who

had till then trusted to Herodotus for the early history of the world; his lectures for the Hibbert Trustees on the *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians* formed for many their first introduction to a literature the most ancient and, in some respects, the most important yet brought to light; while his memoir on the Hittites earned the rare honour of being translated into French at the expense of the State. Of late years, his separate writings have been almost exclusively devoted to what may be called the archaeology of the Bible, and *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments, The Egypt of the Hebrews, and Patriarchal Palestine* have followed each other in quick succession. In all these, it has been Prof. Sayce's task to compare Biblical history with that revealed by the cuneiform and hieroglyphic records lately deciphered, and the present volume may be supposed to represent his matured judgment as to the amount of faith that can be placed in the sacred and profane traditions respectively.

It will therefore be seen that hardly any English scholar can be better qualified than Prof. Sayce to treat with knowledge any apparent contradiction between the Old Testament and the profane histories, but it may be noted that he does not claim in doing so to be an impartial critic. He was ordained in the Church of England shortly before the publication of his first book, and in the preface to his *Higher Criticism* he is careful to remind us that he is writing "with the prepossessions of an Anglican priest." But a glance at the present volume would probably lead an "Anglican priest" of fifty years ago to think that he had accidentally got hold of some "bawbee blasphemy" (to use Meg Dod's phrase) of the age of Voltaire or Tom Paine instead of the serious work of a learned divine. Although "a considerable measure of confidence" may in the author's view be extended to the Old Testament writers, he is very far from asserting that they are infallible. "Doubtless," he says, "they may have made mistakes at times, their judgment may not always have been strictly critical or correct, and want of sufficient materials may now and then have led them into error." Moreover, all their earlier dates are "for historical purposes . . . worthless, and indicate merely that materials for a chronology were entirely wanting." The reason which the Book of Exodus gives for the observance of the Sabbath—to wit, that Jehovah rested on the seventh day from His work of creation—is described as "a reason which will hardly be accepted by the geologist"; Samson is contemptuously passed over as "a hero of popular tradition," and merely a Danite champion whom the compiler of the Book of Judges has turned into a judge of Israel; while it is crudely pointed out that Samuel's prediction of disaster to Saul at the Raid of Michmash remained unfulfilled, and that Aaron could not have died at once on Mount Hor, as the Book of Numbers asserts, and at Mosera, as stated in Deuteronomy. And perhaps even these direct challenges would shock the champion of verbal inspiration less than the half-flippant way in which a rationalist explanation of the "signs and

wonders" in Canaan and Egypt is indirectly suggested. It was a voice "which he believed to be divine" which bade Abraham sacrifice Isaac; and the Hebrews at the Red Sea were only "saved, as it were, by miracle"; while the destruction of Sodom is attributed to a thunderstorm setting fire to the naphtha springs; and the falling of the death-lot upon Saul and Jonathan is accounted for by the remark that "the lots were cast under the supervision of the priests." Before Prof. Sayce wrote this he must have indeed convinced himself that the Higher Critics have, to use his own words, "made it impossible to return to the old conception of the Hebrew Scriptures," but the horror with which Pusey or Keble would have read such words from the pen of an Oxford professor can be better fancied than described.

This view of the case apart, there is little in the book which is not both interesting and instructive. Prof. Sayce will have nothing to do with the peculiarly German school of critics who think they can tell by "literary analysis" the exact point of each chapter and verse where, as they assert, one of the authors of the Pentateuch left off and another began. But he does not scruple to admit that the Pentateuch, like most of the other books of the Old Testament, is "a compilation of a variety of older material," and that "it probably received its final shape at the hands of Ezra." Nor were the materials of which it was composed exclusively Jewish or even Semitic. The legends of the Creation, the institution of the Sabbath, and, perhaps, of the Fall of man, are, as we know from Prof. Sayce's other works, derived, in the first instance, from the mythology of the non-Semitic inhabitants of Chaldaea, and now he has added other borrowings to the list. The cherubim of the mercy seat, the two stone tables of the law, the altars and their daily sacrifices, and even the special animals offered to the Deity, were, he thinks, all copied from Babylonian usage, while the rite of circumcision was brought from Egypt into Canaan before the migration of Abraham. Like many other writers, he points out that during the period of the Judges the Hebrews did not distinguish, as the story of Gideon shows, between Jehovah and Baal, and he does not think that the name Jehovah is of Hebrew origin. As for the more historical portions of the Bible, he thinks that the original documents show in places through the glosses of later editors, and he pronounces the story of Chedorloamer's raid to be taken from a cuneiform tablet, and that of Joseph from a hieratic papyrus. The system of etymological forms which would translate Benoui ("the man of On") as "son of my sorrow" he rejects, although he points out that the name of Samuel means "God hears" only in Assyrian, and not in Hebrew. Finally, he considers the Levitical legislation to be based "on customs and ideas which must have been prevalent in Israel long before the birth of Moses," being, in fact, of Babylonian and Canaanitish origin. He thinks it strange that lying and deceit are not among the prohibitions of the Decalogue, and that in this respect the moral code of the Egyptian

Book of the Dead is "more complete." But then, as he somewhat cynically adds, "the lie which does not involve false witness is apt to be condoned among the nations of the East."

This, then, is what Prof. Sayce has to tell us, and he does so very clearly and well. In some passages he reminds us of Stade, and in others of Renan, as when he says that the milch-kine who left their young to draw the ark to Beth-Shemesh "were repaid for the gift they had brought by being sacrificed to the Lord." But in a work of this kind the author may draw his inspiration from what source he pleases, so long as he is willing to warrant the justness of the statements that he borrows. Neither does he draw any general conclusions from his facts, although he goes out of his way once or twice to point out that they are not absolutely inconsistent with the theory of a Divine origin for the Old Testament.

But it is plain that if his view of their history is correct, we must revise altogether our estimate of the position of the Jews with regard to the rest of the human race. Hitherto, however much Christian nations have persecuted the Jews, they have yet regarded them as a people set apart from the rest of mankind, and as the depository of a sacred tradition. Hence we have been led to attach an importance to them and to their history which the works of Prof. Sayce show they do not merit. Their want of military skill has been attributed to the fact that so long as they were a nation the Lord of Hosts always fought for them; their pre-eminence in trade and finance to the mysterious destiny which has compelled them to live dispersed among the Gentiles; their artistic defects to their possession of a literature so original and so unique that all other forms of art must seem feeble by comparison. But in Prof. Sayce's pages this romantic picture of the Chosen People vanishes. In its stead we see a race of slaves cast out first by the Babylonians, then by the Egyptians, retaining a precarious position in the Promised Land only by the grace of their conquerors the Greek-pirate colonists, whom we call Philistines, and rising only for a moment, to independence under a foreign mercenary, during the temporary paralysis of the neighbouring powers. We see, too, that their dispersion was due to the reluctance to sacrifice individual welfare to the common good, which, throughout their history, led them to resent both civil taxation and military service; while their literature and religion turn out to be no Heaven-sent gift, but the shreds and tatters which they have picked up in spite of themselves from their former masters.

If this picture of a race, apparently formed to exist like animal parasites, only in the bodies of more worthy, because more highly organised, states, be ever accepted as the true one, the glory will, indeed, have departed from Israel. And, in these days of the Judenhetze and the Anti-Semitic League, the disillusionment may not be without awkward material consequences.

### "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY" IN FACT.

*The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor.* By Lady Newdigate - Newdegate. (Longmans & Co.)

NEVER before had short story so copious a commentary as this handsome volume, which consists of what is practically the original material from which George Eliot fashioned the scene of Clerical Life that bears the title "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." In that work, it will be remembered, we are told how the Rev. Maynard Gilfil, chaplain to Sir Christopher Cheverel and Lady Cheverel, fell in love with Caterina Sarti, or Tina, their adopted child; how Tina loved Sir Christopher's nephew, Captain Wybrow; how Wybrow, though engaged to Beatrice Assher, was not unwilling to play a little with Tina's affections; how Wybrow eventually died suddenly on the very day that Tina resolved to stab him to the heart; and finally, how Mr. Gilfil married Tina and enjoyed with her a brief felicity.

To all but close students of George Eliot's writings this story has hitherto seemed a work of pure fiction; but now comes Lady Newdigate-Newdegate to tell us that many of the personages and incidents had a previous existence in fact. Thus Sir Christopher Cheverel turns out to be Sir Roger Newdigate (1719-1806), the founder of the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford. Lady Cheverel was Hester, Sir Roger's second wife. Mr. Gilfil was the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, vicar of Chilvers Coton; and Tina was Sally Shilton, Lady Newdigate's adopted daughter, and a very exquisite singer; while Cheverel Manor was Arbury, in Warwickshire, where George Eliot's father, Robert Evans, acted as bailiff to Sir Roger Newdigate at the end of the last century and beginning of this. George Eliot herself—or, as the register says, Mary Ann Evans—was born at the South Farm, within the precincts of Arbury Park. Robert Evans's first wife, Harriet, having been a servant in the Manor House itself during the period covered by "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," it was probably her reminiscences of the family (which reached the daughter by way of Robert Evans) that served as the foundations of the little classic. This information was fortified by visits to the house paid by George Eliot in company with her father. To the materials thus collected her mind returned in after life, and adding from her own invention Captain Wybrow, Beatrice Assher, the sudden death and the intended murder, the result was the charming story which has delighted so many readers.

The chief interest of the book lies in the extracts from the second Lady Newdigate's—or, as she is called in the title, Lady Cheverel's—letters to Sir Roger. They make no pretensions to be literature: they are, indeed, absurdly trivial; but they have much charm and quaintness. "My Dear, Dear Runaway"—that is the opening of one of them. "You begin your Letter like a dear Goose, & end it in the same stile. . . . I wish you would get me some Sasserella (I don't know whether I spell it right)"—

that is the conclusion of the same. From Buxton she writes:

"Bathing goes on (I had like to have said) swimmingly, but that is not true. Lettice was mistaken in thinking I sh'd never be Bold. I can throw myself with a Spring forward upon y<sup>e</sup> Water & go plump to y<sup>e</sup> Bottom as direct as any stone, then shake my ears & try again with y<sup>e</sup> like success . . . but it is a charming Exercise."

Again, on the same subject:

"Baths at noon agrees well, & I swim like a frog that has lost y<sup>e</sup> use of its hind Legs. Don't go & maim a poor frog to see how that is. I assure You it is very tollerable."

The lady has a nice feeling for quiet domestic humour such as lights up family correspondence and makes breakfast a gay meal. She is critic too:

"We have just finish'd y<sup>e</sup> *Sorrows of Werther*, a novel which was much in Vogue last year [this is 1781]. It is interesting, but I think y<sup>e</sup> sentiments of the Hero often exceptionable. Y<sup>e</sup> Author seems sensible of it & makes a sort of lame apology in the preface."

Of certain visitors to the same hotel, Lady Cheverel writes, "They seem charming vulgar"—a good phrase. On another occasion she glances pleasantly at Sir Roger's duties as a Justice: "You seem to be hanging & transporting at no small rate. I hope you'll leave none but honest People in our Quarter"; on another, she tells him of a rumour that he had been shot dead by a highwayman, and adds, "I charge you to throw out your Purse to any Man that Asks you for it as you come up & don't give him any pretence to shoot you." And here is a pretty description of her baby niece, Georgiana Mundy, who became afterwards Duchess of Newcastle: "The dear little Georgiana is y<sup>e</sup> fatest Little Pig you ever saw, perfectly Healthy & Lively"; while in another place we are told of this child's appetite that "Ye Little Soul sucks with such glee it is quite delightful to watch it." These extracts are sufficient to prove that George Eliot went astray in her conception of Lady Cheverel. Throughout "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" that good and tender woman appears haughty and unbending; and she is described at the outset as possessing "proud pouting lips" and "an expression of hauteur which is not contradicted by the cold grey eyes." Lady Newdegate offers a reproduction of Romney's portrait from which George Eliot took this impression, and really we cannot see all that in it.

Lady Cheverel is the central figure of this fragrant book; but there are others with not a little attraction. Nelly Mundy, Lady Cheverel's sister, now and then adds a sprightly message to one of her sister's letters, or writes at length to Sir Roger; and she is always agreeable company. "The Dear Soul," she tells her brother-in-law on one occasion, referring to his wife, "has eat a good Supper of Plumb Pye & a glass of wine, & is going in Glee to Swim." There is also Sir Roger himself, a busy old gentleman interested profoundly and continually in the University of Oxford, in politics, in the county, in the rebuilding and arrangement of his house, in all his

wife's little doings, in his kith and kin and adopted daughter. Here is a letter that he wrote for an infant relative, Charles Newdigate Parker :

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—Take notice that if after the receipt of the inclosed you shall fail to give me cold water to roll in every morning & the best of milk & a good deal of it, all day long, & a stout nimble nurse to toss me about from morning till evening from the date hereof till the first of January next I am advised to bring my Action against you, so pray Dear Mamma be careful of

YOUR LOVING SON."

A little earlier Sir Roger had welcomed the birth of this child by a missive of which this is a portion :

"The first lesson I shall give you is—Risu cognoscere Matrem—the only return yet in your power to make for the long tedious months she has passed for your good: Next you are to stretch out your little hands, both of them remember, & take Papa by the Chin, kiss him & Mamma till they laugh, for no good can come to him—Cui non risere Parentes. I do not explain this as I conclude your knowledge in all languages is the same."

Sir Roger Newdigate died in 1806; his lady had preceded him six years. Both lie in Harefield Church, where their monuments may be seen. Other memorials of Hester Newdigate, says Lady Newdegate, in conclusion, still exist at Arbury. The fruits of her spinning-wheel are visible in fine white table linen woven into damask cloth the year she died, and bearing the legend: "Spun by Lady N., 1800." And "every spring, in Nature's glorious resurrection tune, for more than a century past there has come up through the grass of Swanland—her special portion of the grounds at Arbury—a large H. N. outlined in golden daffodils, which tradition says were planted by herself."

#### A BOOK OF COUNTRY VERSE.

*The Wind in the Trees.* A Book of Country Verse. By Katherine Tynan. (Grant Richards.)

MRS. HINKSON'S rural songs are those of an exile. She seems to celebrate, not the country, but her memories of the country. She does not feel that majesty and that terrible splendour of nature which, especially at its most passionate period (as now), dominate and overawe the poet who actually dwells amid the green. She is wistful, merely; and her wistfulness finds ease in a gentle and delicate lyricism reflecting only the lighter side of nature. She thinks of things separately—not as a tremendous whole. She remembers the almond, and calls it

"Pink stars that some good fairy  
Has made for you and me."

She remembers the chestnut,

"A candlestick

And branches branching wide and high  
Toward the smiling sky."

And the trees—

"Soft flames of green the trees stood up  
Out of an emerald cup."

She has the appropriate metaphor for everything. But one wishes that she would be synthetic a little oftener, that she would more frequently strive after a general effect instead of winging like a butterfly from one splash of colour to another, as careless fancy dictates. Some of her broader descriptions are excellently pretty. For example, "An Anthem in Heat," which begins:

"Now praise the Lord, both moon and sun,  
And praise Him, all ye nights and days,  
And golden harvests every one,  
And all ye hidden waterways,  
With cattle standing to the knees  
Safe from the bitter gadfly's sting;  
But praise Him most, O little breeze  
That walks abroad at evening.

O praise Him, all ye orchards now,  
And all ye gardens deep in green,  
Ripe apples on the yellowing bough,  
And golden plum and nectarine,  
And peaches ruddier than the rose,  
And pears against the southern wall;  
But most the little wind that blows,  
The blessed wind at evenfall."

An even better instance is "Leaves," which discloses Mrs. Hinkson's muse at its most characteristic and its best:

"A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,  
Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,  
A low wind that in moving sang one song  
All day and all night long.

Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,  
A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue;  
Silence and sound at ones, and dim green  
light,  
To turn the gold day night.

Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had  
stars,  
Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;  
A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,  
A low wind like a sigh."

There is much technical skill of music in this little poem. By a happy chance all the verbal trickeries of which Mrs. Hinkson is a mistress succeed, without succeeding too well, too impudently. We use the word "trickeries" advisedly, for Mrs. Hinkson is what one may call, with no derogation, a professional poet. She knows every secret of the trade. She might say with Masson in *Charles Demailly* that she has her syntax under control, and can throw her phrases into the air, sure that they will fall on their feet. It is astonishing what mere handling will do. The sentiment of "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow" is the sentiment of half the drawing-room ballads advertised day by day on the front page of the *Telegraph*. But Mrs. Hinkson lifts the thing far above drawing-room ballads. As thus:

"The dewdrops were grey on the clover,  
The grey mists of night were withdrawn,  
The blackbird sang clear from the cover,  
The hills wore the rose of the dawn.  
But sweeter than blackbirds and thrushes,  
Her song, whom the graces endow,  
And pinker than dawn her soft blushes,  
The pretty girl milking her cow.

She sang, and the milk, sweet and scented,  
Spirited white as the breast of my dear.  
She sang, and the cow, grown contented,  
Gave over her kicking to hear.

As she sang I drew nearer each minute,  
A captive in love's rosy chain,  
And my heart every second was in it  
Grew fuller of joy and of pain,  
Till I cried out behind her: My storeen,  
Pray guess who is holding you now?  
And I felt the heart-beats of my Noreen,  
The pretty girl milking her cow."

Even in the least matters, the same skill often saves the situation by its deft avoidance of the commonplace and the banal. Of course, a failure happens now and then. Mrs. Hinkson's *savoir faire* forsook her when she sang of the pleasant sparrows, rooks, and daws," who

"Drank up that wind-like wine,  
And hailed the day with loud applause."

Mrs. Hinkson has probably never been to a political banquet.

This poet, in common with most singers of the country, badly misrepresents London. When from the centre of the town her heart turns towards Ireland, she says calmly:

"The sun he shines all day here, so fierce and fine,  
With never a wisp of mist at all to dim his shine."

When did the sun last shine all day in London so fierce and fine? And as for the absence of that wisp of mist, let Mrs. Hinkson ride down the Strand on a 'bus any fine spring morning, and she will perceive marvellous effects of mist—visions not to be rivalled in Ireland of "the foggy dew."

But even the aggrieved Londoner will be disposed to render up thanks for this fanciful and dainty volume, so pretty both within and without, so accomplished in its workmanship, and, above all, so readable. Perusers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will find in it many "Occ." verses—*foretta* that have already sweetened with their aroma the bitterness of daily politics, and are now to bloom again.

#### MR. WAY'S EURIPIDES.

*The Tragedies of Euripides, in English Verse.*  
By Arthur S. Way. Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co.)

THAT Mr. Way should ever have reached this third and concluding volume of his verse translation of the eighteen plays of Euripides moves us to respectful admiration. The task was a colossal one, and only the most dogged perseverance, coupled with a fine enthusiasm for his author, could have enabled him to carry it through. To us, we confess, even to read a verse translation of the complete plays of Euripides is something of a labour. To write it must have been at times heartbreaking. The structure, and indeed the whole spirit, of the two languages is so different, that again and again passages in the plays are met with which cannot by any possibility be rendered satisfactorily from Greek into English verse with any pretence to verbal accuracy. And Mr. Way has increased his own difficulties by aiming, except in the choruses, at a line for line correspondence with the original. The

result of this has been that the extreme compression of the Greek dialogue has often landed the translator in something very like doggerel, while the elaborate and involved sentences of the choruses, hardly to be satisfactorily rendered even in prose, produce in English a kind of verse which may be read with indulgence, but scarcely with enjoyment.

With all these difficulties Mr. Way has struggled courageously—in the speeches and the dialogue with considerable success. His choruses are always spirited and bold in their metrical treatment, but he has occasionally been unable to avoid sentences and constructions which only distantly resemble English. Here is an example from the "Bacchanals":

"The God whom his mother—when anguish tore her  
Of the travail resistless that deathward bore her  
On the wings of the thunder of Zeus down-flying—  
Brought forth at her dying  
An untimely birth, as her spirit departed  
Stricken from life by the flame down-darted:  
But in birth-bowers new did Zeus Kronion  
Receive his scion."

Now it is possible to make out what this means with ten minutes' thought, and even perhaps to parse it, especially with the Greek before one, but we very much doubt whether the "English reader" who knows no Greek—for whom presumably verse translations are intended—will find it either enlightening or enlivening. Here is another passage from the same play:

"Ha! dost thou see not the wild fire enwreathed  
Round the holy tomb—  
Lo, dost thou mark it not well?—  
Which Semelè thunder-blasted bequeathed,  
Her memorial of doom  
By the lightning from Zeus that fell?"

As a form of metrical gymnastics this is ingenious, but it is hardly more. We do not say that it could be better done. The difficulties of the task which Mr. Way has set himself are so enormous that even a scholar and poet of the first rank could hardly hope to overcome them. But we feel that a task much of which must of necessity be performed in a halting manner were almost better left alone.

But we do not wish to give the impression that Mr. Way's translation, as a whole, or even for the most part, is of this unsatisfactory kind. He has evidently learnt much from Mr. Swinburne in his rhymed renderings of the choruses, and these are at times at once very bold and very successful. Everyone will remember the famous passage in "Atalanta in Calydon," which probably suggested the measure of the following to Mr. Way:

"Hopes, dreams, they were past,  
As a tale that is told;  
Yet thou comest at last  
For mine arms to enfold!  
What shall I say to thee?—how shall I grasp  
it, the rapture of old?  
By assurance of word,  
Or by hands that embrace,  
Or by feet that are stirred,  
Or by body that sways,  
Hitherward, thitherward, tossed as the dance  
intertwineth its maze?"

Mr. Way is not Mr. Swinburne, but he has caught his manner in this not unhappily. And there is often a rush and fire about his measures which carries him triumphantly through difficult passages. Here is one of his happiest efforts:

"Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders,  
With their lances of pine,  
To the feast of the Heaven-abiders,  
And the bowls of their wine.  
'Hail Sea-queen!' so rang their acclaiming—  
'A light over Thessaly flaming'—  
Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—  
'Thy scion shall shine.'  
And as Phoebus made clearer the vision,  
'He shall pass,' sang the seer,  
'Unto Priam's proud land on a mission  
Of fire, with the spear  
And the shield of the Myrmidons, clashing  
In gold; for the Fire-King's crashing  
Forges shall clothe him with flashing  
Warrior-gear:  
Of his mother the gift shall be given,  
Of Thetis brought down.'  
So did the Dwellers in Heaven  
With happiness crown  
The espousals of Nereus' daughter,  
When a bride unto Peleus they brought her,  
Of the seed of the Lords of the Water  
Chief in renown."

Mr. Way's blank verse is always respectable, and occasionally quite good. It is when he essays trochaic measures that he most frequently fails. Even Tennyson could not always handle the metre of "Locksley Hall" with complete success, and Mr. Way's passages in that metre often approach dangerously near the absurd. The following, again, from the "Orestes" is unpleasantly suggestive of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

"But as Bacchanals dropping the thyrsus to seize  
A kidding over the hills that flees,  
They rushed on her—grasped—turned back  
to the slaughter  
Of Helen—but vanished was Zeus's daughter!  
From the bowers, through the house, gone  
wholly from sight!  
O Zeus, O Earth, O Sun, O Night!"

Again in the "Bacchanals" we find:

"What cry was it?—Whence did it ring?  
—'Twas the voice of mine Evian King!"

which smacks of the ludicrous.

But flaws of this kind are almost sure to be found in a work of such dimensions. On the whole, as we have said, Mr. Way has achieved a considerable success in his task. That it was worth while to attempt a metrical translation of Euripides on these ambitious lines we should be sorry to assert. However ably done, it could hardly hope to give any idea of the original to readers unacquainted with Greek, while those who know Greek will not read the plays in a translation. Indeed, from every point of view, a prose version would probably have been more satisfactory. But for those who desire to have Greek dramas rendered into English metre and Greek choruses disguised by English rhyme, we can conscientiously recommend Mr. Way's version as always accurate and painstaking, and occasionally distinctly poetical.

## A BOHEMIAN PLAYWRIGHT.

*W. G. Wills, Dramatist and Painter.* By Freeman Wills. (Longman & Co.)

MR. FREEMAN WILLS, who has just written a memoir of his brother, the late W. G. Wills, naturally expresses a high opinion of his powers, and especially of his achievement as a dramatist. He thinks that the author of "Olivia" and "Charles I." "may fairly be considered the poetic dramatist of the Victorian era." "He restored poetry to the stage at a time when the poetic drama was supposed to be dead." "His dramas were literature to the cultured, while they were human nature to the crowd."

What are the facts? Wills was the Sheridan Knowles of our time—that, and no more. He wrote numerous plays in verse, but the verse was mostly of the pedestrian sort. It contained here and there a pretty fancy and a neat expression; but in the main it was level and monotonous. To read, it is tiresome; and when one considers the extracts Mr. Freeman Wills gives from his brother's unacted "Rienzi" and "King Arthur," one is inclined to be glad that Sir Henry Irving did not see his way to produce the latter, and appears to be in no hurry to produce the former.

It would be wrong, of course, unduly to depreciate the stage work of Wills. "Olivia" and "Charles I." are unquestionably effective pieces, despite the latter's flagrant falsity to history. These have in them elements of pathos, though of a cheap and somewhat obvious kind. There is also some very tolerable rhetoric in "Claudian." But these are the only pieces by Wills, out of three dozen or thereabouts, which can be said to have held the boards or to have any possibilities in the future. And in each of the three cases, there is every reason to believe, the success secured has been largely through the agency of the collaborators and the actors. Wills could write lines which were serviceable in the theatre, but he had little, if any, dramatic or even theatrical instinct. He needed to be severely "edited." He could do work to order, but had little, if any, initiative. One by one his plays have dropped out of the current repertory, with but slight probability of revival. "Hinko," "Medea in Corinth," "Eugene Aram," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Sappho," "Buckingham," "Cora," "Nell Gwynne," "Vanderdecken," "Ninon," "Forced from Home," "Juana," "Jane Eyre," "Gringoire," "A Young Tramp," "The Little Pilgrim," "Clarissa"—what likelihood is there of these pieces being seen again, except, perhaps, through the casual caprice of a "star" player? They are practically dead and buried. Reproduced the other day, "The Man o' Airie," even with Mr. Vezin in his original part, did but bore—it was hopelessly *démodé*. Sir Henry Irving might be able to galvanise "Eugene Aram," "Vanderdecken," and "Faust" into some sort of life again; but he will hardly make the attempt, we should say. Nor can "Olivia" and "Charles I." and "Claudian" be depended upon to outlive their existing interpreters.

How is it that so many of Wills's plays were "for the occasion" only? How is it

that none of them can be said to have the quality of permanence? The answer would seem to lie in the character and methods of the writer. To begin with, it is clear that Wills did not take over kindly to dramatic production. "I am a poor painter," he is reported to have said, "who writes plays for bread." That might appear to be an affectation did we not know it to be sincere. We have Mr. Freeman Wills's authority for the assertion that his brother handled the pen with reluctance, and only the brush with pleasure. He thought the pictorial art was what he was born for, and there can be no doubt that he excelled as a pastellist. It was as a painter and a draughtsman that he felt the strongest impulse.

"When there was a pressure of urgent dramatic work, he has been known more than once to jump out of bed and seize his palette and brushes; and to keep him at work with his pen, he would have to be watched and goaded on."

"He was impatient," says his brother, "of much of the dramatic work he was commissioned to do, and when this was the case he did it badly." One can well believe that he loathed all task-work; but the dramatic and literary defects of his plays may be ascribed most truly to his habits of composition, which were unfavourable to perfect form and finish:

"He wrote on backs of envelopes, or any scrap of paper handy. These, fastened together, would be flung into a wicker-basket, and sorted out and arranged, like a puzzle, when a play was to be completed. Or he would write here and there in sketch-books, beginning at both ends, and then in the middle, and interspersing his notes among studies of limbs or leaves."

During the years of his greatest literary activity he did most of his writing in bed, amid surroundings of the most untidy sort. He liked to have company when he wrote, and was much inspired and assisted by the strains from a musical box!

Wills began as a novelist, and one or two of his stories—say, *The Wife's Evidence* and *The Love that Kills*—are not without vigour of a kind. Then he took to pastels and painting in oils; after that, he became a species of house-dramatist or hack playwright, never doing absolutely bad work, but rarely doing absolutely good. He was the victim of his own idiosyncrasies, the most regrettable of which were, apparently, inherited. He derived directly from his father, not only his versatility, but, unfortunately, his habits of abstraction and infirmity of purpose. He would have produced better and more lasting plays, novels, and pictures had he had the strength of will to devote himself earnestly and persistently to one or the other. As it was, he lived from hand to mouth, and was satisfied when his immediate necessities and those of his widowed mother were relieved. He did not covet money for itself. "He was just as happy roughing it in his own bare and untidy rooms as when living as a guest on the fatness of the land." He calculated that he received, altogether, for the thirty-two plays written within twenty years, about £12,000. "As much," says his brother, "has been realised

by a single play in modern times." No doubt, but not by a playwright of the calibre of Wills. He was neither a fine dramatic poet nor an ingenious play-maker. Had he been one or the other, he might have amassed a large fortune. As it is, his plays probably brought in at the time just what they were worth to the *entrepreneurs* who speculated in them. His brother admits that he was honourably dealt with, "for the sums paid him were intrinsically large, and might, but for the sense of justice of those who were left to name their own terms, have been considerably less."

The fact is, Wills was improvident, and was often glad to accept a moderate sum down, rather than wait for royalties to accrue. Had he been a man of ordinary prudence, he could, after a certain period in his career, have commanded his own price. He was, however, a Bohemian in every respect, and a lover of Bohemians—working fitfully and at various things, taking no pains to retain employers, and allowing his money to be borrowed or stolen by his many hangers-on:

"The tobacco-jar on his chimney-piece, in which he artfully concealed his loose change, the hiding-place being known to all the loafers of the studio, is certainly not a myth; and [adds his brother] he has told me confidentially that it was strange, if he left loose sovereigns in his pockets when changing his dress, he never could find them again when he went to look for them. I think he had a glimmering sub-consciousness of how it happened."

After all, Wills lived his own life, in his own way—the only life, probably, that he was fitted to live. He fulfilled his destiny. His intellectual gifts unhappily co-existed with tendencies which weakened and impaired them. Had his mental powers been supplemented by strength of character, he would have been a more successful and a more admirable man; but he would not have been W. G. Wills. His brother's assumption that he was "a nineteenth century Oliver Goldsmith" cannot altogether be accepted. After all, Goldsmith did write *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

#### A LADY IN PERSIA.

*Thro' Persia on a Side-Saddle.* By Ella C. Sykes. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

MISS SYKES declares, in a modest little preface, that her book has no pretension to be either historical, scientific, or political; and it is neither one nor another. But it is better as it is, for when Miss Sykes thinks it necessary to be learned—as when she gives a summary of the history of Islam—she manipulates her subject with so ingenuous and so jejune a hand, that all serious effect is discounted. She has, however, qualities which in a traveller are a hundred times more engaging than seriousness; and without being bent on it, she bestows on her readers an enormous amount of useful and agreeable information—information which, as she says, "may claim to be correct, as

far as it goes," since her brother, Captain Sykes, who has travelled for some years in Persia on Government service, has revised her manuscript.

It was in her brother's company that Miss Sykes traversed the Land of the Lion and the Sun. In October, 1894, Captain Sykes, just home from his second journey in Persia, was asked by the Foreign Office to return there to found a Consulate for the districts of Kerman and Baluchistan. He went, accompanied by his sister, and, travelling or at rest, they were together in Persia for two years and a quarter. It is a fact of not a little significance in these times of disturbed international politics that she and her brother chose as the quickest and best route for attaining the Persian capital that by way of Constantinople, the Black Sea, and Batoum to Baku on the Caspian, and thence to Enzeli in Persian territory—thus journeying the whole way after leaving the Golden Horn over seas or across lands controlled or possessed by Russia. They travelled by way of Tehran, Kasban, and Yezd to Kerman, which is in the south-east of Persia. There they established a British Consulate, and there they remained till ordered to join the Persia-Baluchistan Boundary Commission. And it must be said that, whether at rest or on the move, whether entertaining curious and semi-barbarous Persian ladies at the Kerman Consulate, or shooting on the hills, or delimiting frontiers, Miss Sykes is as brisk and cheerful a companion as one could possibly choose. She is, indeed, a constant well-spring of shrewd and kindly observation, of sympathy and understanding; and she writes with equal gusto of the peccadilloes of her servants, and of the fearsome appearance and habits of spiders, scorpions, and beetles.

The following may be taken as a specimen of her descriptive writing:

"It was now the end of April, and huge dung beetles were flying about in all directions, occasionally coming into collision with us or our horses. They were, as a rule, busily engaged in rolling along balls of dung three or four times their own size with their back legs. It was interesting to see the speed with which they made off with these treasures, burying them in the sandy soil, and retiring with them for the purpose of laying their eggs in them. Sometimes two would contend for the possession of a ball, one rolling the other over and over as it clung to it, or a couple would chivy an intrusive beetle away from their special possession."

The matter is well observed, with humour and understanding; but we do wish that ladies in the position of Miss Sykes would learn to use the noble English language with as much knowledge and grace as distinguished the compositions of their writing forbears. We dare not say that she actually writes ill, for she carries the reader along even when she does not enthral; but her writing grates upon our feeling for words, and her collocations of adverbs and prepositions—"out on to a great sandy desert," for instance—set the teeth on edge. Yet, we repeat it, her own interest and enjoyment in all she sees and hears are so quick and so keen, that she must needs communicate her interest and enjoyment to the reader. Many valuable

books have been written about Persia and its mixed peoples, from those of Morier and Sir Henry Layard to those of Miss Bird and Mr. Curzon; but none is so worthy of a place on the same shelf with these as this book of Miss Sykes, or so necessary for reference in that near future when Persia will be attracting the eyes of Europe as China did the other day.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Boston Neighbours in Town and Out.* By Agnes Blake Poor. (Putnam's Sons.)

THESE stories—and particularly the first—give one an impression of the writer as a witty child. There is such a directness about the narrative style, such simplicity in the point of view, and such fresh geniality in the tone, that you read always with a smooth brow and lips that are ready to smile. You listen to the child or not, as you please; you lose nothing of importance if you wander, but if you are attentive you are sure to be more or less amused. Here, for instance, is a passage from "Our Tolstoi Club," a women's society in suburban Boston:

"Well, in the autumn before last, Minnie said we must get up a Tolstoi Club; she said the Russians were the coming race, and Tolstoi was their greatest writer, and the most Christian of moralists (at least she had read so), and that everybody was talking about him, and we should be behindhand if we could not. So we turned one of our clubs, which had nothing particular on hand just then, into one; and, besides Tolstoi, we read other Russian novelists. . . . We did not read them all, for they are very long, and we can never get through anything long; but we hired a very nice lady 'skimmer,' who ran through them, and told us the plots, and all about the authors, and read us bits. I forget a good deal, but I remember she said that Tolstoi was the supreme realist, and that all previous novelists were romancers and idealists, and that he drew life just as it was, and nobody else had ever done anything like it, except, indeed, the other Russians, and these we discussed."

The arrival of the artist, Willie Williams, and his wife in the suburb supplies material for the application of the principles of realism imbibed from the Russians by means of the 'lady skimmer'; and the slight comedy runs its satirical little course very agreeably. One or two of the tales are rather more ambitious. They are proportionately less successful.

*Stories from the Classic Literature of Many Nations.* Edited by Bertha Palmer. (Macmillan & Co.)

It is a little hard to say on what principle this book has been compiled. If it be intended merely as a collection of interesting tales, most of the Egyptian, Chinese, Babylonian, Arabian, and Hindu versions are out of place, seeing that the narrative consists chiefly of interjections and mystic

names. If, again, the compiler had a scientific purpose, it is not perfectly obvious, for anything more fragmentary and haphazard than the selection it would be hard to imagine. Whatever way we take it, a work is open to criticism which chooses only "The Shield of Æneas" and "Baucis and Philemon" to represent the Roman tales, and in the Celtic section omits the story of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach. But for many of the tales we are thankful. The beautiful Japanese myth of Urashima is the closest parallel to the story of Oisín and his journey to Tirnanoge in Irish folk-lore, and we are pleased to meet again the excellent Hindu fable of "The Old Hare and the Elephants." The extraordinary legend of Perdiccas from Herodotus is not often found in such selections, and is well worth its place. Northern literatures are well represented, and there are two interesting and eccentric tales from the American Indians. The translations are by competent scholars, being, in the main, extracts from fuller versions. It is a book well enough done of its kind, but it is a little difficult to know to what class of readers it will appeal.

*John and Sebastian Cabot.* By C. Raymond Beazley. (Unwin.)

MR. BEAZLEY handles his subject with the heavy hand of the specialist, and under that treatment most of its charm unhappily vanishes. The facts are all there—and more than the facts perhaps, considering the very considerable doubts that gather round the stories of Sebastian, as of most ancient geographers—and Mr. Beazley sifts them with laborious minuteness, but we cannot honestly say that the result is a very readable book. It might be imagined that the story of the man, John Cabot, who set forth with mariners from Bristol, in 1497 and 1498, for the discovery of the New World would read like a fascinating romance. In Mr. Beazley's hands it certainly does not, and we imagine that he had no intention that it should. Rather he gives us a cold and business-like statement of facts, where facts are to be found, of minute scraps of evidence gathered here, there, and everywhere, and the, often dubious, conclusions which may possibly be drawn from those scraps. The importance of Sebastian Cabot and his claim to a place in a series of "Builders of Greater Britain" lies, of course, in his connexion with the North-East voyage of Willoughby and Chancellor in 1553. Sebastian himself did not take part in that voyage, but as Governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers he had much to do with its fitting out, and we have minute instructions from his hand as to the conduct of the expedition. It was probably the success of this expedition which opened up the English trade with Russia, and thereby gave the great impetus to English commerce which caused the fame of Sebastian to so far outshine that of his more adventurous father until the son was in danger of monopolising the credit due to both his own and his father's adventures. Mr. Beazley successfully disentangles their fortunes, and assigns to each his share of the credit. But he is certainly dull.

*Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey.* By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock.)

CANON WILBERFORCE, in the present volume, has carefully abstained from committing himself to any dogmatic theories whatever, and although in one discourse ("My Father is Greater than All") he seems to go perilously near the Millenarian heresy that all men shall be saved, he avoids the snare by a dexterous wrench of his oratory at the last moment. For the rest, the teaching of his sermons is eminently practical, and touches upon such everyday matters as the state of the London streets, the supposed equality of the sexes, the national drink bill, and other topics which his audience think—perhaps with reason—of more importance than points of theology. There is here abundant evidence that Canon Wilberforce has inherited no small share of his father's gift of eloquence, with some tendency to hyperbole, as when he calls Joan of Arc "the greatest general who has ever saved a Fatherland from its foes." The use of such words as "credal" and "affectional" is rather jarring.

*A Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light.* By Alexander Robinson, B.D. (Williams & Norgate.)

THIS book would be notable were it only for the fact that its appearance led to its author's prosecution for heresy, and ultimately to his severance from the Church of Scotland. It is, in fact, a life of the Founder of Christianity with the miraculous part omitted or rationalistically explained away very much in the manner of Renan. Mr. Robinson seems to have been led to his present views largely by an examination of the discrepancies between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptics, and he presents them in a clear, temperate, and reverent tone. This apart, we doubt whether there is anything very new or startling in the book, which shows throughout the tendency of the later German schools of Protestant theology towards Unitarianism. Although the author quotes from St. Irenæus, to whose testimony he attaches some weight, it is curious that he, in common with more orthodox writers, entirely omits mention of his extraordinary story that Jesus lived on earth for twenty years after the Resurrection.

*The Christian Interpretation of Life, and other Essays.* By W. T. Davison, D.D. (Charles H. Kelly.)

DR. DAVISON'S essays are reprinted from the *London Quarterly Review*. Although not reviews in the strict sense of the word, most of them seem to have been inspired by recent books, such as Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*, Dr. Fraser's *Gifford Lectures*, Mr. Arthur Balfour's *Foundation of Belief*, Dr. Hatch's *Hibbert Lectures*, and the like. All of these have been already fully treated in the ACADEMY, and there is, therefore, little to be gained by going over the ground again. Dr. Davison's book can, however, be recommended as a clear, temperate, and persuasive presentation of his own—which is, of course, the Methodist—view of the teaching of such books.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

ADRIENNE.

By "RITA."

It was long ago established that "Rita" cannot be dull. Readers of *The Sinner* and *Peg the Rake* know that. And here, in this "Romance of French Life," she is as sprightly as ever. "It was the height of the season at Trouville"—that is the promising opening; and on the next page, Armand de Valtour, seeing a young girl, exclaims, "English. But what an exquisite face!" and straightway the business begins. (Hutchinson & Co. 346 pp. 6s.)

MISS TOD AND THE PROPHETS.

By MRS. HUGH BELL.

A pathetic little story of a poor unemployed governess, who, on reading a prophecy to the effect that the world was coming to an end on a certain near date, bade farewell to her troubles, ceased to consider the necessity of saving, and led for a while a perfectly happy life. How disillusion and sorrow came the reader must learn from the book. (Bentley & Son. 141 pp.)

THE ADMIRAL.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

"A Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile," by the author of *A Japanese Marriage*, and the editor of *Who's Who*. In a lengthy preface Mr. Sladen makes it clear that he has devoted much time and pains to ensure historical accuracy for this work; and "I have," he remarks with all the emphasis of italics, "wherever it was feasible, used, whether in dialogue or description, the actual words of Nelson and his contemporaries." (Hutchinson & Co. 412 pp. 6s.)

THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Daudet's last novel—*Soutien de Famille*—translated into English, or "adapted," as the title-page says, by Levin Carnac. The story, which is more in the manner of *Risler Aîné et Fromont Fils* than *Tartarin de Tarascon*, is a study of a radically weak yet externally strong character. It has also many of the quaint portraits that Daudet loved to draw, and is full of domestic interest. (C. Arthur Pearson. 296 pp. 6s.)

A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR.

By T. BARON RUSSELL.

A well-observed character study. Twenty-four "young men" and twenty-nine "young persons" depend upon Borlase, the Guardian of the Poor. The shop assistant has in these latter days been exploited in the columns of a daily paper; here you have him and his tyrant treated imaginatively in a series of incidents rather loosely strung together. No species of brutality or meanness is wanting. The portrait of the tyrant is as vivid and ugly as the artist knows how to make it. (John Lane. 281 pp. 3s. 6d.)

EZEKIEL'S SIN.

By J. L. PEARCE.

The sin does not seem grievous: to save a belt containing eighty-five golden sovereigns and let the body drift. This is what the Cornish fisher did, yet the guilty consciousness pursues him through 300 pages. But there is the story of Morvenna too, and of the schoolmaster. And the tale is written by a man who has had opportunities of observing, and has observed. (Heinemann. 297 pp. 6s.)

ON THE BRINK OF A CHASM.

By L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade is rapidly becoming one of the most voluminous of novelists. Here she offers "A Record of Plot and Passion," which, by the way, is what most storytellers do. To mention a few chapter headings is sufficient to foreshadow the fare between these covers: "Undone," "A Man's Revenge," "I Have Misjudged Him," "The Kiss," "The Long Trunk," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "The Die Cast," "Black Mischief," "The Wrong Medicine," "Scoundrel! He Said," "A Black Crime," "Circumstantial Evidence," "Ace of Trumps." (Chatto & Windus. 303 pp. 6s.)

JABEZ NUTYARD.

By MRS. EDMONDS.

J. N. was a Workman and a Dreamer, and this is the snappy title of the last chapter of his history: "Jabez Nutyard has an interview with Clare, and goes home happy; but thinks it was all the work of the rooks, and is more fully convinced than ever that he and the other actors in the story are links in a chain." A quiet, old-fashioned story, with Socialistic teaching between the lines. (Jarrold & Sons. 274 pp. 6s.)

FLAUNTING MOLL.

By R. A. J. WALLING.

Fourteen short stories, some of which have appeared in the *Speaker*. Rustic people and homely pathos appeal to the author. Most of the scenery is West of England, but now and then we cross to St. Malo. The majority of the characters talk Devon or Somerset thus: "'Zich a night, mem,' I zaid. 'Way, didden Mary Ann tell 'e 'er'd zeed me up to Bear Stone 'eel?'" (Harpers. 241 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MASTER KEY.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

This story tends to show the different views that can be taken by different novelists. Mr. Benjamin Swift wrote a book on the venerable theme of love and called it *The Destroyer*; Miss Warden does a similar thing and calls it *The Master Key*. Her motto runs: "Love is the Master Key that opens every ward of the heart of man." A busy, domestic story, by a writer who, since her first appearance with *The House on the Marsh*, has always been entertaining. (C. Arthur Pearson. 381 pp. 6s.)

THE TRAGEDY OF A NOSE.

By E. GERARD.

Here is a passage: "The agony experienced by a young mother when she learns that her first-born child has been taken from her by death can scarcely be more bitter than the stab of pain I experienced on realising that my nose, my beautiful nose, the pride of my face, and the hitherto idol of my existence, had been taken from me by a ruthless butcher hand." (Digby, Long & Co. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

By H. FALCONER ATLEE.

The story opens in a French college and wanders thence to London, to Spain, to Mexico; and the style is appropriately garnished with foreign flowers. Here is the kind of thing that goes on in Mexico: "'Por Dios, you are a man,' said the Mexican, raising his *sombrero* and bowing to Frosty. 'If it is war, here goes!' and drawing a pistol he fired at the Englishman. 'Missed,' responded Frosty, bowing to the other, and firing rapidly he brought the leader to one knee. 'Thank you!' said the Mexican, coolly." (F. V. White. 296 pp. 6s.)

THE EDGE OF HONESTY.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

The story of a wrong choice by a woman, and of an unhappy marriage in consequence. The man of doubtful honesty is carefully drawn, and the more difficult figure of the faithful curate makes a clutch at the reader's sympathy. Quite a serious piece of work, without any pretence to brilliancy. (John Lane. 375 pp. 6s.)

THE GOLD-FINDER.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

In its serial form this yarn was entitled *The Gold Magnet*; and it is unfortunate that the author has found it necessary to change the name. The central ideal is of a mysterious composite which solves "the problem of the electro-magnetic affinities of the Noble Metals. Wherever any of them are in appreciable quantities—gold, platinum, uranium, iridium, vanadium, gallium, and so on up the scale of rarity and value—that needle will point to them, no matter what non-metallic substances may intervene." Having become possessed of so intelligent a pointer, you are on the high road to adventure and wealth; and with a knack of narrative, an author may make a first-rate magazine serial out of the consequences. (F. V. White. 312 pp.)

DORCAS DENE, DETECTIVE.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

His moustache is waxed, his eyes glitter (we allude to the young man in the picture outside), his teeth gleam like the teeth of one who hisses "Traitor!" She wears a picture hat and a tailor-made jacket, and, unabashed, with a steady "gun" she covers the tip of his nose. An obliging gentleman-friend pinions the villain from behind; another pinions him from before. The story is written by Mr. George R. Sims. (F. V. White. 119 pp. 1s.)

THE PERIL OF A LIE.

BY MRS. ALICE M. DALE.

Look on this picture: "The late baronet—Sir Adrian—had been the worst of all the Bannings; none so bad had been known in the family before. . . . Sir Adrian was a bad man—a bad husband, a bad father—and when he died he left the estate more encumbered than he had found it—he left it, in fact, on the verge of ruin." And on this, of his successor: "None could look into his face and not feel how good and kind and wise he was; and weak and helpless people would turn instinctively to him for protection," and so on. So there is no danger of confusing one with the other. The book ends: "'Love and remorse!' sobbed Marcia, with her head on Mrs. Arbutnot's breast; 'and God protect me from even the shadow of a lie again!'" (Routledge. 312 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Unknown Sea.* By Clemence Housman.  
(Duckworth & Co.)

WHILE recognising to the full the pains that Miss Housman has given to this mystical exercise, we cannot consider it satisfactory. It is overdone. Where one looks for a free hand one finds stippling. The juice of life is wanting. An allegory, to justify itself, should, we hold, move with a more springy, more joyous, tread. Miss Housman's initial idea had, we doubt not, vivacity and vigour; but excessive assiduity has crowded these qualities from the completed work.

The story is of the young Christian, a fisher lad dwelling among a Southern people, who have such names as Giles, Rhoda, Lois, and Philip, and speak the language of Mr. Meredith. Bolder than his fellows, he ventures to the dread Isle Sinister, and there meets a sea-woman, Diadyomene, beautiful and soulless. He loves her, but loves his religion more, and will not risk his soul, as she demands, to win this enchantress. Each time he returns to the mainland it is with some gift from Diadyomene in his nets, and the fishers, being a superstitious folk, double the thumb at Christian and, at first, shun him, but later, when he shows resistance, seize and torture him. Ill succeeds to ill, but Christian remains steadfast to his faith. Giles, his adopted father, dies, ruin comes upon the house, Lois, his adopted mother, pines and grieves, his nets draw nothing up. In the end, he sets forth on Christmas Eve, armed with the precious berries of the rowan, to reclaim the lost sea-woman, the only happy and gay figure in this gloomy narrative. Finding her, he dies, and she—she gains a soul and with it knowledge of evil and suffering.

There is more than this, of course; but to tell all would be to copy out the book; and the upshot of all appears to be that mortification of the flesh is a monstrous error. Here is the conclusion of the epilogue:

"Tell us in some figure of words how the soul of Christian entered for reward into the light of God's countenance."

At rest her body lay, and over it sang the winds.

'Tell us in some figure of words how Lois beheld these two hand in hand, and recognised the wonderful ways of God and His mercy in the light of His countenance.'

At rest her body lay, and over it grasses grew.

We need no words to tell us that God did wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Surely, surely; for quietly in the grave the elements resumed their atoms."

Were all Miss Housman's writing as simple and flexible as that, *The Unknown Sea* would be a joy to read. But far from it—her sentences too often are tortured beyond tolerance. We have elaborate construction for elaborate construction's sake; the most

ordinary actions, which readers of any intelligence would take for granted, set forth with endless labour. It is, in short, a variety of style whose life breath is wit: and there is no wit here. Allegories demand an easier, more straightforward manner; they should not be repositories of all the newest words. Yet we would be fair: Miss Housman, now and again, offers passages of strange beauty. Thus, of the approach of Diadyomene:

"Came trampling and singing and clapping, promising welcome to ineffable glories, ravishing the heart in its anguish to conceive of a regnant presence in the midst. Coming, coming, with ready hands and lips. Came a drench, bitter-sweet, enabling speech: like a moan it broke weak, though at its full expense, 'Diadyomene.' Came she."

\* \* \* \*

*A Year's Exile.* By George Bourne.  
(John Lane.)

ON the surface, this book seems to lack originality; but examine it more closely, and originality becomes one of its chief characteristics. Dr. Mitchell, the surgeon of a remote countryside, exchanged practices with Dr. Wright, a Londoner, whose wife needed pure air for a time. He became friendly with the friends of Wright, and among these were the Lane Thomsons; Mr. Lane Thomson was a journalist—a clever, calm, not unkind man, apt to neglect a singularly gracious wife and to take for granted her loyalty and constant self-sacrifice. Mitchell began by sympathising with Mrs. Lane Thomson, and soon was in love with her. Then, when Lane Thomson fell ill, he was tempted to poison the sick man, but withstood the hysteric impulse. Through the agency of a maidservant certain rumours were spread about; a painful explanation ensued between the three persons chiefly interested, and (we are to suppose) Mitchell went back to his countryside practice. So stated, the story appears commonplace—especially that well-worn poison situation—but the real theme of the book underlies all these incidents, which merely illustrate and embroider it. Mr. Bourne's purpose has been to show the disintegrating effect of London on the character of a man accustomed to the sanities and naturalness of rural life. He treats this theme with remarkable subtlety. At first Mitchell has strength to protest against the sinister influences. He goes to a concert, and discussing the performance afterwards—

"he turned to Mrs. Thomson, and with an impatient gleam in his eyes went on, 'At home, an old man I know is minding sheep on the hillside by starlight—unless he's freezing to death at this moment. It's cold enough. The thought of him while that girl was singing exquisitely made me fairly ashamed to be there listening. I never heard anything more exquisitely false and dead in my life.'"

But soon he loses faith in his own craft, because, working largely among the poor, his healing seems only to prolong their unrelieved misery, and from this point the decadence develops rapidly. Through an apparently simple, but really complicated intrigue, the climax is approached with skill and precision; almost before he is aware of it, Mitchell finds himself in a position as humiliating as any that an honourable man could conceive. The crucial explanatory interview is very well done indeed, and it finally illumines some of the obscure motives and traits which have led up to it, exposing the characters completely at just the proper moment.

In spite of its unobtrusiveness and quietude, this book is, in fact, an ambitious one, in that the author has tried to disclose much more of the baffling subtlety of life than the usual novelist cares to attempt. His success has not been complete—the opening of the story seems misty, and there is several times a certain maladroitness in the contrivance of incident—but it is sufficient and striking enough to arouse a sincere interest in Mr. Bourne's future. And, in the meantime, here is a solid achievement in characterisation. One notes that the women are more successful than the men. Mrs. Lane Thomson is an authentic creation; her attitude at the end, after all her sympathy with Dr. Mitchell and secret chafing against her husband, is inevitable and convincing. Thomson himself, logical and unimpassioned, can view the affair from Mitchell's standpoint, and wants peace:

"'I'll endeavour to explain,' he says to her a little angrily, 'if you will be reasonable.'

Her face grew hot, and anger flashed in her eyes.

'Thanks; I'm tired of reason. There's no room for it here. He's tried to come between me and you. . . . I don't know—I'm ashamed to think—what he must have taken me for—and I loathe it! I loathe it. I want never to see him again.'"



Although *A Year's Exile* deals mainly with London, there is a rural interlude in the middle of the book, and Mr. Bourne takes advantage of it to give some descriptions of high summer which are really notable—distinguished by a fine style and a passionate sympathy with nature :

"They were sitting after dinner was over on the lawn again, and watching the almost imperceptible progress of the stately afternoon. The swallows had withdrawn to other valleys where water was more plentiful, and gradually the talk of the three friends died away as though they were overawed by the full majesty of the summer. Everything was perfectly still; the only sound was the humming undertone of the bees, and that was so solemn that it seemed like the silence grown audible. Far off the blue hills slept; soft blue smoke stole up from the village below them, hidden by trees; the trees were motionless; and from the lawn they sat on to the farthest hillside and away beyond—where the sea was sparkling—the golden sunlight lay as if entranced. But it was no trance—that tremendous calm; it was rather the silence of breathless worship—the world's kneeling reverence for the sun at his work. Every vibrating ray in those wide miles of glowing light was bringing life down, and every leaf, every blade of grass on the farthest upland, was as if tense with the passion of existence. . . ."

This is writing. Mr. Bourne should treat of country life next time.

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*The Bishop's Dilemma.* By Ella D'Arcy.  
(John Lane.)

THIS is a smooth and a placid little book—with none of the emotional and verbal intensities which are to be found here and there in Miss D'Arcy's volume of stories—miscalled *Monochromes*. It relates the uneventful annals of the Roman Catholic Mission founded at Hattering by that munificent patron of religion, Lady Welford. After the living had fallen vacant, Lady Welford wrote to her Bishop pathetically to inquire when his lordship was going to take pity "on his poor little flock at Welford, so long deprived of the consolations . . ." &c. "When are you coming down to see us?" she continues. "Will the strawberries tempt you? . . . I shall certainly expect you when the figs are ripe. . . . I hope you are taking care of your health, so precious to us all." And the plaintive, resigned, seductive letter concludes, of course, with "Always your sincere friend and affectionate daughter in Christ." After that one learns without surprise that Lady Welford grossly ill-treats her paid companion, the young, delicate, submissive Mary Deane.

The dear Bishop sends her a priest named Fayler, a fragile, genteel shepherd who has found the care of the obstreperous sheep of a Hammersmith "settlement" too exciting for his nervous system. Fayler goes down to Hattering with nebulous hopes and a very definite social ambition. He dines as frequently as he may at "the Park," and extends to Mary Deane a covert but very real sympathy. When Mary Deane sprains her foot in assisting Father Fayler to decorate the altar, the young priest's solicitude for her brings Lady Welford to the conclusion that this union of souls has proceeded far enough—she could never tolerate the slightest consideration shown to Mary Deane—and in her most perfect manner she packs off the poor paid companion on the instant. From that moment Father Fayler languishes and loses tone. Oppressed by the frightful solitude of a Catholic priest set in the midst of a community chiefly antagonistic, he acquires what Mr. G. S. Street has decorously termed "the habit of wine," and in the end the dear Bishop is compelled to remove him to a new and less trying sphere. So it ends. Of that which happened to Mary Deane nothing is disclosed.

When we have said that the book is one to be perused with quiet satisfaction, we have said nearly all that is necessary concerning *The Bishop's Dilemma*. The writing, the construction, the characterisation, the faint humour—each of these is good, even very good: one cannot but find pleasure in Miss D'Arcy's craftsmanship, and in the austerity of her methods. Yet one could have wished for a little more fire, or, at any rate, a little more piquancy. There is only one episode in the story which rouses our feelings beyond a tepid admiration; and that is the confessional scene between Mary and Father Fayler. The whole of this is done with insight and fine analytical skill:

"Fayler could see the tears running down her cheeks, which were no longer pale, but brilliant with emotion. He was as much moved as she, and even more surprised; for he was too unversed in human nature not

to be surprised at discovering how little a quiet and submissive appearance may express the soul within.

Nor, hitherto, had he had any experience in the directing of delicate and complex consciences. His penitents at Hammersmith had been mostly men who had got drunk or done worse, and the women who came to complain of the men's misdemeanours—there is a class of women who invariably confess their husbands' sins instead of their own. With these he knew how to deal. First, he terrified them with threats of God's vengeance and hell's fire; then, when their soul was limp with fear, he kneaded into it Christ's redeeming love; and finally sent them away with a good thumping penance. . . .

With the Lady Welfords of life, too, he was not unskilful. . . . He knew that he had merely to listen to their decorous shortcomings with unwearied attention, to speak to them in soothing, conventional phrases; and, for penance, to give them, at the most, three Paters, three Aves, and three Glorias.

But here was a case for which he had no precedent. . . ."

And, when Mary Deane had confessed all her desires and discontents, and her fear that he must hate her—

"'It is the sin we hate, not the sinner,' said Fayler, repeating mechanically the phrase he had been taught to say. But, in reality, he felt an intense sympathy with the girl. He, too, had been troubled by the temptation that life was not worth living, by longings for something else, for something different, for other scenes and conditions. . . ."

In some curious subtle way, *The Bishop's Dilemma* is reminiscent (though not as regards theme) of that early work of Huysmans' à *Vau l'Eau*. We trust this does not mean that Miss D'Arcy is going to write a work which will be reminiscent of *à Rebours*. But it occurs to us that she might do something grandiosely effective, on a big canvas, with the psychology of a Catholic priest. So far, she has attempted nothing large.

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*The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People.* By W. C. Morrow.  
(Grant Richards.)

LIKE the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, Mr. Morrow is clearly bent upon making our flesh creep. He brings to the task considerable imagination, some skill in telling a story, and a wealth of technical terms borrowed from the Operating Theatre. On the whole, he is the most consistently gruesome writer with whom we are acquainted, and horrors have a morbid fascination for him. In *The Ape, the Idiot, &c.*, we have some fourteen tales collected together, and there is hardly one of them that is not calculated to produce nightmares. "His Unconquerable Enemy" is perhaps one of the most repulsive, but "Over an Absinthe Bottle" is not particularly cheerful. "The Permanent Stiletto" is very mad, and in this Mr. Morrow is able to revel to the full in the argot of the Dissecting Room. This is the kind of thing:

"'What are you going to do?' asked Arnold.

'Save your life, if possible.'

'How? Tell me all about it.'

'Must you know?'

'Yes.'

'Very well then. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through the aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the heart and carrying the aerated blood to the arteries. If I should withdraw the weapon the blood would rush from the two holes in the aorta and you would soon be dead. If the weapon had been a knife, the parted tissues would have yielded, and the blood would have been forced out on either side of the blade, and would have caused death. As it is, not a drop of blood has escaped from the aorta into the thoracic cavity. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at once present themselves, and I do not wonder at Dr. Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity.'

No more do we. However, the stiletto *does* remain in the aorta, and what happens after that persons with an appetite for horrors will learn for themselves from this book. There remains the larger question whether the merely gruesome is quite a fit subject for art. The repulsive has, no doubt, a considerable fascination for a certain sort of reader, and Mr. Morrow probably counts upon finding a public which will take pleasure in these stories, but we imagine that most people will prefer something more cheerful in the way of "light" reading. Moreover, from the purely artistic standpoint, we think there is a danger in this sort of writing which Mr. Morrow has not always sufficiently recognised, the danger of slipping from the horrible to the ridiculous. The dying man's apostrophe to the shark which waits to devour him in "A Game of Honour" is an illustration of this. But Mr. Morrow has power of a kind, and though sometimes grotesque, is usually readable.

## TWO PREFACES BY MR. BARRIE.

Two prefaces by Mr. Barrie in one week is good. We hope he will continue the notion through the summer. The books thus honoured are a new edition of Mr. George W. Cable's *The Grandissimes* and a collection of Mrs. Oliphant's short stories. Mr. Cable's story first appeared in 1880; and now Mr. Barrie eulogises it in its new edition. We quote about half of Mr. Barrie's Introductory Note:

"To sit in a laundry and read *The Grandissimes*—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of *Dr. Sevier*, but its successor), while the mosquitoes and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were 'like that,' especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had, they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not always ghosts, but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honoré Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it, they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public! What would Aurora of this book have said to it? She is the glory of the book; no one, not even Mr. Cable (who rather disgracefully shirks the question) can tell why Joseph Frowenfeld 'went over' from her to Clotilde (I am sure Joseph did not know) after feeling that to be with her was like 'walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm' (which is exactly what talking to a Creole lady in the St. Charles Hotel is like); yet had Aurora been of a later age and heard what Mr. Cable was about, she would certainly, without consulting that droll little saint Clotilde, have slipped out of bed some night to invoke the naughty spirits, and when the novelist awoke he would have been horrified to find in one corner of his pillow an acorn, in another a joint of cornstalk, in a third a bunch of feathers. And though he had gone mad with terror she would have held that it served him right. And she would have had more acorns and feathers for the pillows of suspicious visitors to the St. Charles Hotel."

To *A Widow's Tale, and Other Stories*, Mr. Barrie contributes an Introductory Note of rather more than three pages. He gives a charming account of his first meeting with Mrs. Oliphant a dozen years ago, when she "ordered" him to Windsor. Passing from portraiture to criticism, Mr. Barrie writes:

"I wonder if there is among the younger Scottish novelists of to-day any one so foolish as to believe that he has a right to a stool near this woman, any one who has not experienced a sense of shame (and some rage at his heart) if he found that for the moment his little efforts were being taken more seriously than hers: I should like to lead the simple man by the ear down the long procession of her books. It is too long a procession, though there are so many fine figures in it—men and women and boys (the boy in *Sir Tom* is surely among the best in fiction) in the earlier stories, nearly all women in the latest; but whether they would have been greater books had she revised one instead of beginning

another is probably to be doubted. Not certainly because the best of them could not have been made better. That is obvious to almost any reader: there nearly always comes a point in Mrs. Oliphant's novels where almost any writer of the younger school, without a sixth part of her capacity, could have stepped in with advantage. Often it is at the end of a fine scene, and what he would have had to tell her was that it was the end, for she seldom seemed to know. Even *Kirsteen*, which I take to be the best, far the best, story of its kind that has come out of Scotland for the last score of years, could have been improved by the comparative duffer. Condensation, a more careful choice of words, we all learn these arts in the schools nowadays—they are natural to the spirit of the age; but Mrs. Oliphant never learned them, they were contrary to her genius (as to that of some other novelists greater than she), and they would probably have trammelled her so much that the books would have lost more than they gained. We must take her as she was, believing that she knew the medium which best suited her talents, though it was not the best medium."

## FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SLEEP.

*The Breath of Life*, which bears the sub-title, "a series of self-treatments," is by Ursula N. Gesterfeld, and is published by the Gesterfeld Publishing Company of New York. It contains a series of meditations or spiritual assertions on such subjects as "When there is a Sense of Injury," "When there is Fear of Heredity," "When there is Fear of Death," "When there is Fear of Failure in Business," "When there is Difficulty in Letting Go of the Past," "When the Sense of Sight Diminishes with Advancing Age." We find it difficult to select (says *Light*, a Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research), but incline to quote, as a specimen, the useful and beautiful meditation on "When there is the Sense named Insomnia":

I am free from all struggle and strife.  
 I am free from anxiety and apprehension.  
 I am free from all strain and tension.  
 I abide under the shadow of the Almighty.  
 I am able to see what I should do. I am able to do what I see should be done.  
 I have clear vision because I desire to do only that which is right and just.  
 I shall not entangle myself, I shall be shown the way in which I should walk, moment by moment.  
 Whatever comes into my mortal experience, for me there is no loss; there can be only gain.  
 Because of what I am in being, nothing pertaining to my growth in self-recognition can bring me real harm.  
 I see and feel that I am complete and whole, and that I live and move and have this being in God, my Cause.  
 I am safe and secure every moment.  
 I am cradled in the eternal arms, I rest upon the Infinite bosom.  
 I am sinking into that sleep which is peace and rest, refreshment and strengthening.  
 It is mine as a child-soul that is nurtured from the divine; and I have no fear of aught that can befall me.  
 There is One that neither slumbers nor sleeps, and I am guarded and protected.  
 I give myself up to quiet slumber. I sleep with the sleeping world, with the fields and the flowers, with the creatures small and great.  
 For we are one Brotherhood, and I hear the voice of our Father in the murmur of the stream, the gentle rustle of the night-wind, the breath of the flowers.  
 It says to me, "Rest, my child. All things rest. Take your rest. I am here. I will never leave nor forsake you."  
 I let go all effort to do or to be.  
 I sink back into these waiting arms.  
 I feel them close tenderly about me.  
 I am in the "green pastures," beside the "still waters." I am with the Good Shepherd of the sheep.  
 I am asleep, for "He giveth His beloved sleep."  
 We know from experience that the quiet determination and steady unanxious willing here indicated can cure Insomnia.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN her charming book, which is reviewed elsewhere in this paper, *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, in referring to Sir Roger Newdigate's bequest of £1,000 for the Newdigate Prize for Poetry, states that the two conditions were that the poems should contain no compliments to himself ("If there is it will make me sick"), and that the number of lines should not exceed fifty. "When he was asked: 'Will you not allow another fifty?' 'No, no,' he said, 'I won't tire them in the theatre.' Later on he observed on the same subject: 'One great fault is want of compression. The best of Horace's odes and the finest Psalms are seldom more than about that length.'"

BUT in actual fact the Newdigate prize poem now runs to many more than fifty lines, and Mr. Buchan's *Pilgrim Fathers*, which lies before us, has upwards of a hundred. Why and when this laxity was permitted we cannot say, but it is noticeable that the first poem to exceed the fifty was R. S. Hawker's *Pompeii* in 1827. Before that, however, the authors had frequently enlarged their poems for publication. It seems to us a pity that Sir Roger Newdigate's conditions are not adhered to: "want of compression" is still a fault.

NEARLY all the references to the death of Mr. Alfred Cock took note only of his eminence as a Q.C., and ignored altogether the attainments of his rare and well used leisure—his energy and skill as a collector of fine things. A leading spirit for several years past at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Mr. Cock had familiarised himself with many departments of connoisseurship, and had formed and carefully retained various collections. These, we believe, will now

almost immediately be dispersed—Japanese bronzes, lacquers, English printed books, the famous collection associated with the name of Sir Thomas More—these and other things will be scattered under the hammer, perhaps before the end of the present month. It is hoped, however, that the Sir Thomas More collection, though offered in the auction room, will only be parted with *en bloc*. It is of a unique character, and its possession of itself gives distinction to whatever person may acquire it.

THE Poet Laureate wrote, a few weeks ago, a poem in which a friendly alliance between England and America was foreshadowed. Such was the effect of that utterance that he has been compelled to address the following letter to the *New York Herald*: "Since the publication of 'A Voice from the West' I have received, and continue to receive, so many and such generous communications from the United States that I am placed in a position of some embarrassment. I should have liked to return to each of my correspondents a separate reply, but their number makes it impossible. Will you, therefore, be good enough to afford me an opportunity of assuring those to whom I may not have written that I am deeply sensible of their kindness, and that I rejoice to find the sentiment of kinship to which I ventured to give utterance is even more widely entertained, and more strongly felt, than I had imagined."

No official poem has been written on the death of Mr. Gladstone, but the free lances have offered fitting tributes, the best of which are particularly good. Mr. Meredith, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Hall Caine—these are a few who have offered the melodious meed of praise. Mr. Meredith's sonnet in the *Chronicle* concluded with the following lines:

"A splendid image built of man has flown,  
His deeds inspired of God outstep a Past.  
Ours the great privilege to have had one  
Among us who celestial tasks has done."

Mr. Hall Caine figured the statesman as an old oak, thus:

"His feet laid hold of the marl and earth, his  
head was in the sky,  
He had seen a thousand bulb and burst, he  
had seen a thousand die,  
And none knew when he began to be—of  
trees that grew on that ground—  
Lord of the wood, King of the oaks, Monarch  
of all around."

Much better we like the Browningsque fragment signed "A. G. B." in the *Spectator*, which we take the liberty of quoting in full:

"HEREAFTER.

What, you saw Gladstone? men will sometime  
ask;  
Had he that look, as if he, straining, saw  
A tiger creeping on an innocent child,  
And none to help it; or a serpent crawl  
Threatening unconscious sleep? You heard  
him speak?  
Did his eye burn? His voice, was it deep,  
rich,

Melodious, like some full-toned organ pipe,  
Greatest when pealing anthems o'er the dead?  
And did it swell when, 'neath the oppressor's  
scourge,

He saw the helpless, hopeless of mankind  
Perish uncared for? till the heart stood still,  
And the breath stopped: and, when he made  
an end,

Still the ear heard: his very silence spoke?  
Ah, you were happy! We have not such men  
Now. He was born nearer the times of fire;  
We, in a colder age that knows, not burns.  
We have our warmth, but not the fire of old.

Fire? Yes, it has its dangers; now and then  
Its child is earthquake. Yet, without that  
fire,  
Where were the heat that keeps alive the  
world?"

BUT among all the elegies none, it seems to us, had such felicity as the blank verse contributed by Mr. Stephen Phillips to last Saturday's *Chronicle*. Here are three beautiful stanzas:

"The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou  
Wast holy in the furious press of men,  
And choral in the central rush of life.  
Yet didst thou love old branches and a hook,  
And Roman verses on an English lawn.

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave,  
And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones;  
It had the murmur of Ionian bees,  
And the persuading sweetness of a shower.  
Clarion of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,  
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;  
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.  
Hence eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are  
dim,  
And alien men on alien shores lament."

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* some dozen years ago appeared a chapter from Prof. Boscher's *Post-Christian Mythology* (Berlin and New York, A.D. 3886) entitled "The Great Gladstone Myth." Subsequently it found its way into Mr. Lang's collection of humorous stories called *In the Wrong Paradise*. That entertaining book, although it contains the engaging feeling to which Mr. Lang put the title "The End of Phœacia," and much other excellent reading, fell flat, in the way that good ironical books do fall flat—Dr. Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*, for example, a work due to a kindred inspiration. Coming to Mr. Lang's mischief again the other day we were as much amused as ever. Among Gladstonian literature Prof. Boscher's chapter takes a worthy place.

OUR little contemporary, the *Quartier Latin*, has ranged itself into line with other more actual periodicals by issuing with its May number four drawings of Mr. Gladstone, made by Mr. Forrest in St. Swithin's Church, Bournemouth, in March last. Mr. Forrest's completed picture was that which has been reproduced by *To-Day*.

A VERY caustic observer of literary doves-cots has the place of honour of the June *Blackwood*. Who he is we know not, but his hand is heavy and his prejudices strong. "Among the Young Lions" is his title, the Young Lions being Mr. H. G. Wells and

Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Jerome, Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Benjamin Swift, and others. The list is by no means a complete one, even of the roaring lions; while of lions who dwell in seclusion rather than in public cages there is no word at all. In fact, the critic has made notoriety the touchstone of "leoniuity."

*Blackwood's* lion hunter carries a heavy weapon, and some of his prey crawl away badly wounded. Mr. Benjamin Swift escapes from the *battue* a mass of injuries, and Mr. Jerome and Mr. Le Gallienne fare little better. On the other hand, Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose *Literary London* seems to have been the critic's inspiration, is kindly treated, Mr. Barry Pain is bidden to go on and prosper, Mr. Wells is deemed not wholly superfluous, Mr. Pett Ridge is patted on the back, Mr. Morrison wins a few nice adjectives, Mr. Marriott Watson is praised for *Galloping Dick*, Mr. Jacobs is gently disbelieved in (but the critic does not seem to have read *Many Cargoes*), Mr. G. W. Steevens and Mr. Coulson Kernahan are carefully avoided, and two writers for the *Pink 'Un* extolled.

COMING to generalities, here is a passage intended for perusal by Vagabonds and Omarians:

"There is one development, however, of the advertising mania to which we feel constrained particularly to advert. Certain men of letters, it would seem, band themselves into societies under some striking name—such as the Bohemian Bounders or the Hajji Baba Club—the capital object of whose existence is after-dinner speaking. . . . To dine twice or thrice a year for the purpose of making speeches which are to be reported more or less faithfully and fully, is a form of amusement that has never hitherto commended itself to men or women of sense. To judge from the authorised reports, the banqueters have famous times. The speakers extol one another with amazing fluency and well-affected gusto. . . . We are unable to perceive what good effect such clubs and such gatherings can possibly produce upon anybody. Their practical result is the exaltation of the busybody, and the getting up of addresses in honour of some foreign or domestic curiosity. In truth, the Authors and Authoresses of England are rapidly becoming as great a nuisance collectively as the Mothers of England used to make themselves half a century ago."

AND here is a criticism of younger fiction in general, and its refusal to depict gentlemen and ladies:

"Just as no portrait of a gentleman or a lady has been suffered to appear in *Punch* since Mr. Du Maurier's death, so there would seem to be a conspiracy on foot among the novelists to dissemble their knowledge of those ranks of life to which we have alluded, and to feign an ignorance as profound as that of Miss Annie S. Swan or Mr. George R. Sims. For we cannot suppose that this ostentatious want of knowledge is real, though the resources of art enable them to carry it off naturally enough. We learn from our *Who's Who* that many of them had a University education, and that most, besides a house in town, have a box in the country. Is it conceivable that they only associate with one another, and that at the banquets to which we have already alluded?"

THE lion hunter should certainly be replied to. Will not some young lion undertake the office? "Among the Old Boars" should be a useful title.

SEVERAL English and Continental papers, says the *Anglo-Russian*, have published paragraphs about preparations being made in Russia by the admirers of Count Tolstoy to celebrate his literary jubilee this year. Some papers have even gone into details and explained that the Count himself does not view with favour such demonstrations, as they may increase the difficulties of his position with the Russian Government, already in many respects a very unpleasant one. We are able to state, adds our contemporary, that of Tolstoy's literary jubilee this year there can be no question, for the simple reason that his literary career dates from 1852 and not from 1848. His first story-essay "Dyestwo" (Childhood) was written and published in the now extinct *Sovremennik* (The Contemporary) in 1852.

IN a further instalment of extracts from letters written by Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd, printed for the first time in the current *Cornhill*, we take the following "appreciation," in Elia's best manner, of the *Complete Angler*:

"I shall expect you to bring me a brimful account of the pleasure which Walton has given you, when you come to town. It must square with your mind. The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you already feel your spirit filled with the scenes?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the real alehouses—and hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope as the 'Holy Living' is beyond Thomas à Kempis? Are not the eating and drinking joys painted to the life?—do they not inspire you with an animated hunger? Are not you ambitious of being made an Angler? . . . *The Complete Angler* is the only Treatise written in Dialogues that is worth a halfpenny. Many elegant dialogues have been written (such as Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher'), but in all of them the Interlocutors are merely abstract arguments personify'd; not living dramatic characters, as in Walton, where *everything* is alive, the fishes are absolutely character'd, and birds and animals are as interesting as men and women."

MR. HENLEY's Civil List Pension of £200 is as it should be. His has been the double achievement—to write finely himself, and to urge others to their best. Poet sweet and strong, powerful critic, stimulating editor—Mr. Henley has worked tirelessly against odds. We trust he may long enjoy Mr. Balfour's wise grant.

IN connexion with Mr. Henley's pension our readers may be interested to read the list of persons who, during the last three years 1895-1897, have received grants:

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Huxley, Mrs. Henrietta Anne, widow of Right Hon. Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, scientist . . . . .    | £200 |
| Hunter, William Alexander, jurispudent Arlidge, Dr. John Thomas, hygienist . . .                | 200  |
| Thurston, Lady, widow of the late Sir John Bates Thurston, K.C.M.G., Governor of Fiji . . . . . | 150  |

|  |      |
|--|------|
| Cox, Rev. Sir George William, historian and classic . . . . .  | £120 |
| Hammond, James, mathematician . . . . .  | 120  |
| Heavyside, Oliver, electrician . . . . .   | 120  |
| Glennie, J. S. Stuart, historian . . . . .   | 100  |
| Broome, Lady, widow of Sir F. N. Broome, K.C.M.G., Governor of W. Australia . . . . .  | 100  |
| Dickens, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Charles Dickens, junior . . . . .  | 100  |
| Trollope, Mrs. Rose, widow of the late Anthony Trollope . . . . .  | 100  |
| Buckland, Miss Anne Walbank, anthropologist . . . . .  | 80   |
| Barnby, Edith Mary, Lady, widow of Sir Joseph Barnby, musician . . . . .   | 70   |
| Hind, Mrs. Fanny, widow of Dr. John R. Hind, F.R.S., astronomer . . . . .  | 70   |
| Pyne - Bodda, Mme. Louisa, operatic singer . . . . .   | 70   |
| Houghton, Mrs. Margaret Anne, widow of Rev. William Houghton, scientific writer . . . . .  | 50   |
| Varley, Samuel Alfred, electrician, additional . . . . .   | 50   |
| Bryce, Archibald Hamilton, D.C.L. . . . .  | 50   |
| Garrett, Mrs. M., widow of the composer Keane, Aug. Henry, F.R.G.S., ethnologist . . . . .   | 50   |
| Steingass, Dr. Francis, Oriental scholar Wallace, Mrs. Jane, widow of Prof. Wallace . . . . .  | 50   |
| Hatch, Misses Beatrice, Ethel, and Evelyn, daughters of the late Rev. Edwin Hatch, ecclesiastical historian, each . . . . .  | 30   |
| Mason, Miss May Martha, daughter of late George Mason, painter . . . . .   | 30   |
| Wood, Mrs. Mary Caroline Florence, daughter of late George Mason, painter Dobson, Misses Francis Elizabeth, Mary, and Julia, sisters of the late Surgeon-Major George E. Dobson, F.R.S., zoologist, each . . . . . | 25   |
| Morris, Misses Hannah Elizabeth, Helen Frances, and Gertrude, daughters of the late Rev. R. Morris, philologist, each . . . . .  | 25   |

THIS month, we observe, the proprietors of the *Windsor Magazine* are making unusual efforts to bring that periodical under public notice; while the *Strand* blossoms into a double number at its ordinary price. Indeed, competition among the "popular" magazines is becoming acute, the reason probably being that the terrible Mr. Harmsworth is busily preparing the "Harmsworth Magazine," which is due in July, at half the price asked for its older rivals.

MEANWHILE, we are sorry to learn of Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson that, as the result of strain in the fierce competitive war in which he is a fighter, he has so broken down in health as to be practically on the retired list. Mr. Pearson is thirty-two.

MR. GELETT BURGESS, the high-spirited young American gentleman who has never seen a purple cow and never wants to see one, but assures us that anyhow he'd rather see than be one, is coming to London to settle. He might do worse than give us a new series of *The Lark*, the little eccentric monthly which wandered here from San Francisco a year or so ago. Mr. Burgess in his capacity of irresponsible humorist will be very welcome.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Yone Noguchi, who was discovered by Mr. Burgess, sends us from San Francisco his new organ, *The Twilight*, which he edits in partnership with Mr. Takahaski. The price, we learn, is ten cents a copy, or "one dollar" a year. Here is a specimen of Mr. Noguchi's muse:

"The twilight, eating all the weariness given by the sun, calms the joyous discord of human shore.  
The twilight—an eternal giver of unwithering spring eases the heart of mortal land with dull ecstasy.  
The twilight, bidding the world to bathe in restless peace—silent unrest of slow time, kisses the breasts of kings and gipsies with lulling love.  
The twilight—an opiate breath from heaven's hidden dell changes the world to a magic home where all the questions repose into content."

All things considered, we do not propose to subscribe.

APROPOS Mr. Leland's version of "Time for us to go," a correspondent draws our attention to a lost sea-song of Mr. Stevenson's. He finds it, he says, in an old Sign of the Ship article, by Mr. Lang, where it is quoted as a cap to the former chant. Mr. Lang thus introduced the genial stanzas: "The next sea-song came to us from the sea in an envelope, with the post-mark 'Taiohae Taiti, 21 Aout, '88.' The handwriting of the address appears to be that of the redoubted Viking who sailed in John Silver's crew, who winged the *Black Arrow*, and who wandered in the heather with Alan Breck. *Aut Robertus Ludovicus aut Diabolus* sent the song, I presume; but, whether he really heard it sung at Rotherhithe, or whether he is the builder of the lofty rhyme, is between himself and his conscience."

THIS is the song:

"THE FINE PACIFIC ISLANDS.  
(*Heard in a public-house at Rotherhithe.*)

THE jolly English Yellowboy  
Is a 'ansome coin when new,  
The Yankee Double-eagle  
Is large enough for two.  
O, these may do for seaport towns,  
For cities these may do;  
But the dibbs that takes the Hislands  
Are the dollars of Peru:  
O, the fine Pacific Hislands,  
O, the dollars of Peru!

It's there we buy the cocoanuts  
Mast 'eaded in the blue;  
It's there we trap the lasses  
All awaiting for the crew;  
It's there we buy the trader's rum  
What bores a seaman through . . .  
In the fine Pacific Hislands  
With the dollars of Peru:  
In the fine Pacific Hislands  
With the dollars of Peru!

Now, messmates, when my watch is up  
And I am quite broached to,  
I'll give a tip to 'Evving  
Of the 'ansome thing to do:  
Let 'em just refit this sailor-man  
And launch him off anew,  
To cruise among the Hislands  
Of the dollars of Peru:  
In the fine Pacific Hislands  
With the dollars of Peru!"

We should say that Robertus Ludovicus

was unmistakably the author. But what do the controllers of the *Edinburgh Stevenson* think?

ALL readers of *An Inland Voyage* will remember that it has a charming dedication from R. L. S., of the *Arethusa*, to his companion traveller—"My dear Cigarette." The *Cigarette*, in other words Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Bart., has just died. The late Baronet was the son of the famous physician, Sir James Young Simpson. For old time's sake we give Stevenson's dedication in full:

"MY DEAR CIGARETTE,

It was enough that you should have shared so liberally in the rains and portages of our voyage; that you should have had so hard a paddle to recover the derelict *Arethusa* on the flooded Oise; and that you should thenceforth have piloted a mere wreck of maukind to Origny Sainte-Benoite and a supper so eagerly desired. It was perhaps more than enough, as you once somewhat piteously complained, that I should have set down all the strong language to you, and kept the appropriate reflexions for myself. I could not in decency expose you to share the disgrace of another and more public shipwreck. But now that this voyage of ours is going into a cheap edition, that peril, we shall hope, is at an end, and I may put your name on the burgee.

But I cannot pause till I have lamented the fate of our two ships. That, sir, was not a fortunate day when we projected the possession of a canal barge; it was not a fortunate day when we shared our day-dream with the most hopeful of day-dreamers. For a while, indeed, the world looked smilingly. The barge was procured and christened, and as the *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* lay for some months the admired of all admirers, in a pleasant river and under the walls of an ancient town. M. Matras, the accomplished carpenter of Moret, had made her a centre of emulous labour; and you will not have forgotten the amount of sweet champagne consumed in the inn at the bridge end, to give zeal to the workmen and speed to the work. On the financial aspect, I would not willingly dwell. The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* rotted in the stream where she was beautified. She felt not the impulse of the breeze; she was never harnessed to the patient track-horse. And when at length she was sold, by the indignant carpenter of Moret, there were sold along with her the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, she of cedar, she, as we knew so keenly on a portage, of solid-hearted English oak. Now these historic vessels fly the tricolor and are known by new and alien names.

R. L. S."

MR. LE GALLIENNE is stated to have accepted the chair of English Literature in the Cosmopolitan University, whatever that is, and to have contracted to write for the University a work on rhetoric. "Prof. Le Gallienne" has an even odder look than "Dr. Barrie."

"OUIDA" has sensible views about minor biography. To a correspondent who recently applied to her for materials for a biography, "Ouida" at length wrote:

"I have not replied to you because I regret to refuse your request, and I cannot comply with it. What impertinence and what folly are these so-called biographies of persons who have done nothing to deserve such a punish-

ment! The life of such a man as Burton or Wellington contains material for history, but that of a man or woman of the world has nothing in it which is not essentially private and personal, and with which the public and the press have nothing to do. . . . My works are there for all to read. With me individually they have nothing to do. Print this if you like."

BUT all authors are not like "Ouida." Here is a specimen paragraph which has been sent to us for publication (the —'s are ours): "Mr. —, the author of —, which has recently been issued by —, is a member of the — family. Mr. —, who lives on the Continent, has in his possession the green silk braces which his grand-uncle broke in his death struggle, and the Erin-Go-Bragh ring which was given him by the sister of —, to whom he was engaged to be married. Mr. — himself has had an interesting career, having fought in the —, and having been at one time governor of an — prison. His book, —, has been described as 'every whit as fascinating as the — or —'s military tales.'"

"THE Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges," to be published by the Cambridge University Press, has been prepared in the conviction that text-books simple in style and arrangement, and written by authors of standing, are called for to meet the needs of both pupil teachers and candidates for Certificates. The general editorship of the series has been entrusted to Mr. W. H. Woodward, of Christ Church, Oxford, now the Principal of University (Day) Training College, Liverpool, and Lecturer on Education in Victoria University. Arrangements have already been made for the publication in this series of the following works: *A History of Education from the Beginnings of the Renaissance; An Introduction to Psychology; The Making of Character: the Educational Aspects of Ethics; and An Introduction to the Theory and Practice of the Kindergarten.*

AN exhibition of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould's original cartoons will be opened at the Continental Gallery, 157, New Bond-street, on Saturday, June 11. The collection will consist of about 120 original drawings, and it will be a pictorial history of the principal political events at home and abroad during the last five years. The Parliamentary cartoons range from the Home Rule Session of 1893 up to the present time, and will include several studies of Mr. Gladstone in different characteristic phases. It is needless to say that politics in these cartoons are dealt with from the Liberal point of view.

THE title of Mr. Leslie Stephen's new collection of Essays has been changed to *Studies of a Biographer*. Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce it for mid June.

ON June 1, 1898, at the Registrar's Office, Henrietta-street, George Bernard Shaw to Miss Payne Townshend.

## PURE FABLES.

## ON THE SHELF.

"You really have no business here, my friend," said the book of verse to the paper-backed novel.

"Oh—why not?"

"Well, to be frank, you are not literature."

"But I am in my sixty-sixth thousand!"

## EQUIPMENTS.

Said the mother to the fairy, "It is my desire that this babe should wax with years into an effective man of letters."

"Wherefore," answered the fairy, "I will give him the three things most necessary to such a man—namely, a nimble brain, a liberal heart, and a thick skin."

## THE DREAM.

A starveling poet dreamed in his sleep that it was decreed that he might never put pen to paper again. And he felt rather sorry.

And then he awoke and felt sorrier still.

## THIS ALSO——

"When I have climbed unto exaltation," quoth Promise, "I look to make myself passably snug."

"Young man," observed Performance, "victuals have no sweeter savour on the pinnacle than in the valley."

T. W. H. C.

## THE BREITMANN.

In an age in which even the children prattle of Omar Khayyam, neglect of Hans Breitmann is remarkable. With most persons knowledge of the great Hans stops at the ballad of his Barty. "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," they know that; and they know that

"Ve all eot troonk ash bigs;  
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;  
Und den I gissed Matilda Yane,  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany vighted mit duple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop."

And they know that Matilda Yane was

"De pootiest Fräulein in de house,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp,  
She make de vindows sound."

But to know this is not to have knowledge of Breitmann himself; for in this ballad, as it happens, Breitmann is no one, a figure entirely in the background, his theories of life unexpressed although partly suggested; whereas in the rest of the book he is tremendous, ever active, ever vocal. Our first glimpse of the true vigorous Hans is in the story of his feats in the gymnasium:

"Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;  
Dey make shimnastig dricks;  
He stoot on de middle of de floor,  
Und put oop a fiddy-six.  
Und den he drows it to de roof,  
Und schwig off a treadful trink:  
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,  
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;  
De ladies coomed in to see;  
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,  
All in der gal-lerie.  
Dey ashk: 'Vhere ish der Breitmann?'  
Und dey tremple mit awe and fear  
When dey see him sehwingen py de toes,  
A triiken' lager beer."

The Breitmann here is of the tribe of Falstaff. One need not call Mr. Leland a Shakespeare to point out there is much that is Falstaffian in his hero.

Later, however, the Breitmann's hedonistic creed comes forth. It is sheer Omarism, even to the brink of wistfulness and that persistent consciousness of the transitoriness of all enjoyable things: sheer Omarism, but better, for it has vigour behind it. Thus:

"O life, mein-dear, at pest or vorst,  
Ish boot a vancy ball,  
Its cratest shoy a vid gallop,  
Vhere madness goferns all.  
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,  
Und nefer leafe a shbark,  
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or  
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!  
O keep a liddel sprung!  
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:  
To go it while you're yung!  
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,  
To him Spring plooms afresh,  
Who finds a livin' spirit in  
Der Teufel und der Flesh."

And, again:

"O vot ve vant to quiekest come,  
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.  
Dis life ish boot a passin' from  
De efer-gomin-on.  
De gloser dat ve looks at id,  
De shsmaller it ish grow;  
Who goats and spurs mit lofe und wein  
He makes it fastest go."

And—

"De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,  
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe;  
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,  
Said Breitmann, said he."

And finally—

"Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
Droo all dis earthly land  
A vorkin' out life's mission here  
Soobyectify und grand.  
Some heoblesh runs de beautiful,  
Some vorks philosophie;  
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide  
Ash von eternal shpreel!"

Reading this, one half wonders that no Breitmann Club exists for the exploitation of such a simple creed. Omar, who said much the same, was eternally dragging mysticism in. The Breitmann made no such mistake. Yet the absence of a Breitmann Club is not inexplicable when we reflect upon the serious demands on the powers of working journalists—the backbone of such institutions—which membership would involve. For Mr. Leland gives in black and white, over and over again, proofs of his hero's powers; whereas with the Persian we must take it on trust. One can be an Omarian in a Pickwickian sense; but the Breitmannian would have to be thorough. "Drink," cries Omar, "drink, drink," in untiring iteration; but there is no evidence that he ever drank himself. His counsel

is the end of it. When was he seen "schwingen py de toes a trinken' lager beer"? The Breitmann not only talked, he did things:

"Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,  
De rowdies cloostered thick,  
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,  
Und dat infernal quick;  
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,  
Ash gool as gool couldt pe:  
'Id's shoost a-goin' to shdrike six,'  
Said Breitmann, said he."

—that was the Breitmann. Of Omar are no such stories told. At most he invented an almanack.

But the Breitmann's greatest deed was to go to church. The ballad of "Breitmann's Going to Church" is Mr. Leland's high-water mark: a superb exercise in grotesque art. It all came of the obstinacy of the bold von Stossenheim, who had "theories of Gott." Stossenheim held that no man could win paradise but by self-mortification. He took Breitmann on "de angles of de moral oxyyen," and convinced him that for his soul's sake he should attend service. The church being decided upon, one of the soldiers—for it was in war time—offered the information that twenty barrels of whiskey were hidden under the floor of it:

"Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,  
Und knelt beside de fence,  
Und gried: 'O Coptain Breitmann, see  
Die finger Providence!  
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,  
Says he, 'Pe't hit or miss,  
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,  
Boot none so hunk ash dis.'"

On the road to church the company attacked and slaughtered—massacred rather—a Rebel band; then they passed on and found the church. While some hunted for the whiskey ("Pe referent, men; remember," said Breitmann to the searchers, "dis ish a Gotteshaus") another played the organ; and tears rolled down the Breitmann's face as he thought of his childhood:

"Und louder und mit louder tone  
High oop de orgel blowed,  
Und plentifully efer yet  
Around de whiskey good.  
Dey singed ash if mit singen, dey  
Might indo Himmel win:  
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees  
Ash yet hafe nefer peen."

Suddenly came news of an advancing host of rebels. There was a fierce fight, and Breitmann's party won, but not until Stossenheim was killed. He died sighing:

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de mountains!  
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea!  
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald  
Und shpins, und dinks of me.  
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,  
Und sings a liddle hymn,  
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name  
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him."

The ballad, which is not long, yet more diversified than any piece of its length that we know, is a splendid literary achievement. It is also proof of Breitmann's greatness, thoroughness, and completeness.

Some day Mr. Leland must tell of Breitmann's death. Already he has given some faint forecast of it in an account of

Hans in sickness. Falstaff, nearing his end, babbled of green fields. Breitmann, flung from his "philosopede" (for Haus was among the early cyclists), and picked up stunned, murmured in his unconsciousness this song :

"Ash sommer pring de roses,  
Und roses pring de dew,  
So Deutschland gifes de maidens  
Who fetch de bier for you.  
Komm Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !  
Mit wein-glass in your paw !  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw !

Ash winter pring de ice-wind,  
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,  
Hard times pring in de landlord,  
Und de landlord pring de pill.  
Boot sing Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !  
Mit wein-glass in your paw !  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw !"

The Breitmann's death should be magnificent.

### THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND THE DREAMER.

WHETHER because war is in the air just now, or because the spirit of Dean Swift has been renewed through the latest volume of the *National Dictionary of Biography*, a miniature Battle of the Books broke out this week upon my library-table. It was an obstinate duel, and the newcomers were, of course, the offenders. At first sight, the combatants seemed unequally matched. Sir Richard Burton's volume boasted more inches than Mr. Zangwill's; and, though the latter excelled in girth, yet he compressed it into so tight a binding that the eye was deceived. But the test by weight set things right. The Gypsy\* had widened his margins and fattened his type, the Dreamer† had reduced his paper and constricted his pages till the scales stood practically level. In this way, the lover of fair play—a prominent virtue of the librarian—could only stand aside and watch. It was as well that they should settle their differences before they were committed to the shelf.

Their bone of contention was the Jew. The late Sir Richard Burton, as an ACADEMY reviewer recently set forth, employed the leisure of his Consular duties in Damascus to wander as a native among the natives. He compiled by this means a variety of rapid observations on the customs and habits of the Oriental Jew. He threw in a handful of data from the darker pages of Western history, added some straws of dialectic which book-ridden Rabbis had split, tempered the mixture with the poisoned fruit called gall-nut, and—after postponing the publication on three several occasions—left his executors to pour out as pretty a witch's caldron as ever stank

\* "There is no doubt that he [Sir Richard Burton] was affiliated to this strange people [the Gypsies] by nature, if not by descent."—*The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam*, by the late Captain Sir R. F. Burton (*Preface*, p. xii).

† "For this book is the story of a dream that has not come true."—*Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill (*Preface*, p. vii).

with the "liver of blaspheming Jew." Mr. Zangwill went a little differently to work. He, too, had been to the East, but the Gypsy's perilous gift of rapid induction was represented in the Dreamer's case by an hereditary instinct for the truth. Sir Richard Burton knew what he was looking for; Mr. Zangwill looked for what he knew. The Dreamer also went to Western history, but he cast on its darker places the searchlight of his father's torch. "Time and space," he writes, with punctilious metaphysic, "are only the conditions through which spiritual facts straggle. Hence I have here and there permitted myself liberties with these categories." Sir Richard Burton, it might be urged in parenthesis, allowed himself bolder liberties without a like apology. For time and space may well complain of somewhat cavalierly treatment, when the record of two continents and fourteen centuries is comprised in an eight-page table of indictments (pp. 121 &c.). Spirit is imponderable, no doubt, but the spiritual facts must be sadly pinched between such narrow lines. The Dreamer, in conclusion, added a style which moves in places like valse-music, and has produced as notable a picture of the greater men of his race as his fellow Israelites could desire.

From a literary point of view—and it is with this alone that I am concerned—the contrast of these two books is very striking. The critic, Mr. Asquith told us the other day, must above all things be catholic in his judgment. But how, we might ask, is catholicity to be maintained when the authors themselves are so partial? The Pope, it is said, would like to exalt himself into a Court of Arbitration over Europe; but I defy the most catholic bishop in the temple of art to judge between the Gypsy and the Dreamer by his critical canons only. Let him listen to the disputants, as I heard them myself on my library-table the other day. Their arguments might be printed in parallel columns, so neatly do they contradict one another. "The Jew," says Sir Richard Burton,

"who does not keep the Sabbath (Saturday) according to Rabbinical law, must suffer excision, be stoned to death, or incur the flogging of rebellion. . . . All manner of work is absolutely forbidden to the Jew. . . . He will not receive money on that day, or transact any business, however profitable; it is moreover the fashion to keep a grave face, and to speak as little as possible."

Where is the Gypsy's grave-faced, silent Sabbatarian in the following sketch by the Dreamer?

"How beautiful were those Friday evenings, how snowy the table-cloth, how sweet everything tasted, and how restful the atmosphere! Such delicious peace for father and mother after the labours of the week! . . . Part of the joy of Sabbaths and Festivals was the change of prayer-diet. Even the grace—that long prayer chanted after bodily diet—had refreshing little variations. For, just as the child put on his best clothes for Festivals, so did his prayers seem to clothe themselves in more beautiful words, and to be said out of more beautiful books, and with more beautiful tunes to them. . . . He would have sprinkled the Code with bird-songs, and made the Scroll of the Law warble."

Even in their quotations our authors contrive to disagree. "The civilised world," writes the Gypsy, "would never endure the presence of a creed which says to man, 'Hate thy neighbour, unless he be one of ye.'" But Uriel Acosta, the renegade to that self-same creed, seems to have discovered very different texts in the hour of his disillusion with Spain:

"He turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," writes Mr. Zangwill, "and, reading it critically, he seemed to see that all these passages of prediction he had taken on trust as prognostications of a Redeemer might prophesy quite other and more intelligible things. And long past midnight he read among the prophets, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as one drunk with new wine. . . . He thrilled to the cry of Amos . . . and to the question of Micah. . . . Ay, justice and mercy and humbleness—not paternosters and penances. He was melted to tears, he was exalted to the stars. He turned to the Pentateuch and to the Laws of Moses, to the tender ordinances for the poor, the stranger, the beast. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Thou shalt be unto me a holy people.'"

It is curious, too, from the catholic critic's point of view, of course, that this Acosta, who reverted to the religion of love, "searched his bookshelves eagerly for some chronicle of those days of Torquemada. The native historians had little, but that little filled his imagination with horrid images of that second Exodus—famine, the plague, robbery, slaughter, the violation of virgins. And all on account of the pertinacious ambition of a Portuguese king to rule Spain through an alliance with a Spanish princess—an ambition as pertinaciously foiled by the irony of history." Sir Richard Burton, searching the same bookshelves, grants the "horrid images," but adds:

"We must seek for a solid cause underlying these horrible acts of vengeance; we find ample motive in the fact that the Jew's hand was ever, like Ishmael's, against every man but those belonging to the Synagogue. His fierce passions and fiendish cunning, combined with abnormal powers of intellect, with intense vitality, and with a persistency of purpose which the world has rarely seen, and abetted, moreover, by a keen thirst for blood engendered by defeat and subjection, combined to make him the deadly enemy of all mankind, whilst his unsocial and iniquitous Oral Law contributed to inflame his wild lust for pelf, and to justify the crimes suggested by spite and superstition."

It is a strong-voiced sentence, but is its argument very logical? The "horrid images" of Acosta's vision become "horrible acts of vengeance" in Sir Richard Burton's rendering. The motive beneath them is the crimes of their victims. But when we ask for the record of those crimes, we are referred to the eight-page summary of fourteen centuries of Jewish history. That slender list has to do double service. Half the crimes in its calendar are themselves acts of vengeance, with their motive set back in the Inquisition. Did that Inferno accordingly avenge its own avengers by anticipation? Would the Spanish authorities whom Acosta consulted have told him so little about the "fierce passions and fiendish cunning" of his ancestors? Or is Sir Richard Burton confusing

cause with effect, and does the "solid cause" of the Gypsy's discovery melt into the fabric of a dream? The Consul of Damascus, like the Roman of old, was an honourable man, and the worst defect of which the catholic critic suspects him was shared by Acosta himself. The debate on the "unsocial and iniquitous Oral Law" is a suggestive bit of dialogue:

"Thou, a man of culture, carest for these childish things?"

'Childish things? Wherefore then have I left my Portugal?'

'All ceremonies are against Right Reason,' said Uriel in low tones, his face grown deadly white.

'Now I see that thou hast never understood our holy and beautiful religion. Men of culture, forsooth! Is not our Amsterdam congregation full of men of culture—grammarians, poets, exegetes, jurists, but flesh and blood, mark you, not diagrams cut out of Euclid? Whence the cohesion of our race? Ceremony! What preserves and unifies its scattered atoms throughout the world? Ceremony! And what is ceremony? Poetry. 'Tis the tradition handed down from hoary antiquity; 't is the colour of life.'

''Tis a miserable thralldom,' interposed Uriel more feebly.

'Miserable! A happy service. Hast never danced at the Rejoicing of the Law? Who so joyous as our brethren? Where so cheerful a creed? The trouble with thee is that thou hast no childish associations with our glorious religion; thou camest to it in manhood with naught but the cold eye of Reason.' . . . And as the old physician spoke, Uriel began dimly to suspect that he had misconceived human life, taken it too earnestly. . . . And with it a suspicion that he had mistaken Judaism too—missed the poetry and humanity behind the forms."

Did Sir Richard Burton miss them too?

"Those who know the codes of the Talmud," he tells us, "and of the Safed School, which are still, despite certain petty struggles, the life-light of Judaism, will have no trouble in replying. A people whose highest ideas of religious existence are the superstitious sanctification of Sabbath, the washing of hands, the blowing of rams' horns, the saving rite of circumcision, and the thousand external functions compensating for moral delinquencies, with Abraham sitting at the gate of Hell to keep it closed for Jews,"

and so on through twenty lines of black epithets to the conclusion, "such conditions, it is evident, are not calculated to create or to preserve national life."

But is it all so evident, after all? A revelation was required, we remember, to show Peter Bell the meaning of the yellow primrose. May not the "yellow cap, and the yellow O on the breasts" of the Ghetto Jews also require a poet and an interpreter to reveal some inner meaning which was hidden from the "evidence" of Sir Richard Burton? One man writes a poem to the view; another chooses to picnic there. The scene is the same in both cases; it is the point of view which differs, and in the ceaseless jostle of relativity, Pilate's riddle goes unanswered. The catholic critic is not asked to judge between the Gypsy and the Dreamer. From a merely literary standard, he prefers the sonnet to the sweepings, and truth, in books, is largely a matter of taste.

I. M.

## SIR HENRY CUNNINGHAM'S NOVELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is a matter for regret that Sir Henry Cunningham's novels should appear at such rare intervals. Five books in thirty years is the record of this author, who began his literary career with the publication of *Wheat and Tares*, considered by some critics to have been the best novel of the year. It is remarkable, as are all its successors, for brilliant dialogue and excellent studies of character; and, indeed, it is upon these two points, rather than upon the "story," that the interest of this novel rests.

It must at once be acknowledged that Sir Henry has a strong and palpable bias in favour of his womenkind, with whose characters he has far more sympathy than with those of the men. Rachel Leslie, in *Wheat and Tares*, is the first of that gallery of gracious, charming portraits which ends with Sibylla, perhaps the most charming because the most human of all. Sir Henry is somewhat prone to make his heroines "too bright and good," while his heroes, who are distinctly "of the earth, earthy," and a very ordinary dust, are creatures of a different quality, and move on a lower plane. This singular gulf placed, perhaps unconsciously, by the author between the moral and intellectual natures of his men and women, inevitably leads to suffering on the part of the latter. It is this characteristic which drives one to feel that Rachel Leslie, who, with her restored faith in her lover, is left to face life without him in the flesh, is the happiest of all. She had no disillusionment to fear; she could indulge in the dearest and most satisfactory companionship to a woman—that of a dead and idealised lover! Felicia and Maud in *The Chronicles of Dustypore*, Camilla in *The Cœrulians*, and Sibylla in the novel that bears her name, one and all find the course of love, at least up to the critical moment of marriage, most untraditionally smooth, while the "ever afterwards" brings an unhappiness equally untraditional.

One of Sir Henry's most remarkable studies of character is presented to us in Camilla. The truthfulness and charm of this "Portrait of a Girl" keep us enthralled as we follow her through the various phases of her life—the child of fifteen, in Paris, who first attracts Philip Ambrose by her unfeigned admiration for himself; the girl of twenty, who, blinded by her dreams, marries him; and the woman, who, at the moment of her complete awakening, is given her timely release. And Philip, who, with his "fluent explanations," glides downhill with such ineffable grace and good-humour, wins from us, as is so often the case with that type, a pitying tolerance, quite out of proportion to his deserts, so that, with Camilla and his father, we would fain let his death blot out, in merciful fashion, all the falsity and folly of his weak nature, and remember him only in the light in which he saw himself in life. But Camilla and Philip are by no means the only interesting personalities in *The Cœrulians*. We are introduced to a

most select coterie of Anglo-Indians, and, as in one half of *The Heriots*, we here make a whole circle of friends and acquaintances, whom we should gratefully welcome could we but meet them in real life. In fact, this is the only fault to be found with a delightful book; it makes us envious. Why should Cœrulia alone attract a society of which every member is clever, in his or her own particular way, and where no one ever says a dull thing? When the Rashleighs, Camilla, Lady Miranda and her husband, Mrs. Paragon, Mr. Montem, and Mr. Chichele (the inimitable Chichele!) meet, we could listen to them for hours. Mrs. Paragon inevitably challenges comparison, but she does not suffer thereby; there could only be one Mrs. Hauksbee! And the latter lady best suits her native heath of Simla, where, undoubtedly, the battle is keener than on the slopes of the Nilgherries!

But not only in Cœrulia does Sir Henry Cunningham bring us into contact with desirable acquaintances—in London, Westborough, Dustypore, we are introduced to people, different indeed, but all equally delightful. Moreover, it is comforting to find that even in Simla the sinners are not so hopelessly sinful as some pessimists would have us believe! We have, however, the inevitable exception, and the one disagreeable set in *The Heriots* saves us from a monotonous course of virtue. Isabella Heriot and her friends are drawn in such a masterly fashion as to vindicate successfully and finally Sir Henry's insight into the characters of "all sorts and conditions," and, also, his power of portraying the same. After reading *The Heriots*, we can have no doubt that the author has deliberately chosen, for the most part, to make his characters charming or simple, good-hearted or refined, but without faulty, natural, and perfectly human. It is impossible not to feel that the optimist has secured a triumph in these volumes. He has succeeded in creating a succession of characters, of ordinary and extraordinary goodness, yet delightful and interesting. Isabella Heriot is essentially a vulgar-minded woman, of a type not unknown in these days, who worships the idol of social success, and is absolutely unscrupulous in her efforts to gain and keep the paltry position she covets. This novel has a good old-fashioned ending, where vice is punished and virtue rewarded in that eminently complete and satisfactory way of which life affords us so few examples. Mrs. Heriot's wickedness receives its deserts: ill-gotten wealth brings no satisfaction, and her child, Antinous, the one being whom she loves better than herself, dies of diphtheria; while the youthful lovers, Olivia and Jack, marry, and we are even allowed to believe that they lived happily ever afterwards.

Literary coincidences occur every day. *Poor Mac*, by Iota, cannot fail to recall Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's charming story, *Through One Administration*, and many readers of *Sir George Tressady* must have been struck by the close resemblance of its chief situation to that in *Sibylla*. Mrs. Montcalm—Sibylla—a woman of high political ideals, an enthusiastic partisan, and a young devoted wife, who has not yet



learnt to understand her husband, becomes acquainted with Amersham, a "political flirt," and is thrown much into his society at a critical moment of his career. He is supposed to be wavering: his faith is not quite sound, his adherence to his own and Montcalm's party not absolutely secure. The Opposition, aware of their opportunity, are eager to seize it and to win over so dangerous an enemy, so valuable a friend. Mrs. Montcalm, equally on the alert, discovers that it is in her power to influence him strongly. She decides to use this influence "for the good of the cause," and a friendship quickly springs up between them. The situation develops in orthodox fashion. Amersham's devotion to political duty has never been keen, and it absolutely fails under the absorption of his feeling for Sibylla. At last, of course, to the genuine surprise and sorrow of Sibylla, the young politician confesses his love for her. In the later novel, to which we have already referred, the inconvenient lover already possesses a convenient wife, to whom he can gracefully return, but more scope is afforded to Sibylla's diplomacy. She presents Amersham to her dearest friend, Lady Cynthia. This lady, to her credit be it said, at first refuses this reversionary gift, but her pride is not so strong as her long-cherished love for Amersham, and, somewhat to our regret, she accepts.

*Sibylla* is full of good things, and, from a literary point of view, we might be tempted to choose this volume as showing in a marked degree Sir Henry's excellences of a finished style and natural, witty, and exceedingly clever dialogue, were it not for a grateful remembrance of *The Heriots* and *The Cerulians*. It is a remarkable characteristic of the novels under consideration that, with the exception of *The Chronicles of Dustypore*, they might have all been written this year.

Sibylla, in the following conversation, probably expresses something of Sir Henry Cunningham's view of life, and the extract also gives a fair specimen of his powers in writing dialogue, although he is, perhaps, at his best when the speakers are more numerous.

"The first step towards salvation," said Sibylla, "is to hope for the best—to wish to hope; not to preach the dismal lesson of despair."

"Yes, I know," said her companion; "dismal and degrading, is it not? I feel ashamed when I am with you and catch your delightful hopefulness. But the world, after all, is not a brilliant success. Despite all its clever discoveries, humanity has had a bad time of it, and may be going to have a worse. Some agreeable Frenchman or other described man as the cleverest and worst-behaved of the animals."

"Treason!" cried Sibylla. "Think of him as Hamlet did—as the paragon of the universe, noble in reason, in action an angel, in apprehension like a God."

"That is not the sort of man whom one meets at the House," said Amersham; "our apprehension is not Godlike, nor our behaviour like any angels except the fallen ones. As for reason, it is such a poor affair, that all sensible people have long ago abandoned argument as a method. One sees men struggling against

their fate, constantly led astray, falling this way or that. They cannot help it. They are so constructed that they can no more argue straight than a ball with a bias can run straight on the lawn. One has a bias oneself, and cannot roll straight any more than the rest, if one only knew it. Happily one does not."

"Yes," said Sibylla; "I know mine, and allow for it. I am on the side of the angels."

"Then," cried Amersham, "I will be on the side of the angels too—on their side and yours."

"Poor angels!" said the other. "What will they think of the alliance? But you must discard your pessimism—that is an essentially unangelic mood. The use of great men is to make the world better, and the greatest have been those who have loved their species the best."

### THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON TITLE-PAGES.

IN 1897 the Council of the Publishers' Association appointed a committee to consider the subject of the inconvenience caused by the existing want of precision and uniformity of practice in the wording and arrangement of the bibliographical details given on title-pages of books. The following report was drawn up by the committee, and adopted at the annual general meeting last March:

(1) *Date*.—(a) That the title-page of every book should bear the date of the year of publication—*i.e.*, of the year in which the impression, or the reissue, of which it forms a part, was first put on the market. (b) That when stock is re-issued in a new form, the title-page should bear the date of the new issue, and each copy should be described as a 'reissue,' either on the title-page or in a bibliographical note. (c) That the date at which a book was last revised should be indicated either on the title-page or in a bibliographical note.

(2) *Bibliographical Note*.—That the bibliographical note should, when possible, be printed on the back of the title-page, in order that it may not be separated therefrom in binding.

(3) *Impression, Edition, Reissue*.—That for bibliographical purposes definite meanings should be attached to these words when used on a title-page, and the following are recommended: *Impression*.—A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new *impression*, to distinguish it from an *edition* as defined below. *Edition*.—An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset. *Reissue*.—A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market.

(4) *Localisation*.—When the circulation of an impression of a book is limited by agreement to a particular area, that each copy of that impression should bear a conspicuous notice to that effect.

*Addendum*.—In cases where a book has been reprinted many times, and revised a less number of times, it is suggested that

the intimation to that effect should be as follows—*e.g.*, *Fifteenth Impression (Third Edition)*. This would indicate that the book had been printed fifteen times, and that in the course of those fifteen impressions it had been revised or altered twice."

### DRAMA.

#### "THE BEAUTY STONE" AT THE SAVOY.

THE Mephisto theme has always exercised a fascination for the dramatist, who, however, has rarely treated it with success. Goethe's "Faust" itself is admittedly not a good play, although Sir Henry Irving's *diablerie*, in an adaptation of it, proved effective enough at the Lyceum. Of modern failures, "The Tempter," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is one of the most notable, and with this must now be bracketed "The Beauty Stone." That Mr. Pinero in association with Sir Arthur Sullivan should have failed to make Mephisto interesting is certainly a very remarkable fact; but so it is. Despite the talent expended upon it, both dramatic and musical, the piece falls absolutely flat. I can hardly recall an instance of boredom and fatigue laying hold of a Savoy audience to the same degree as in "The Beauty Stone," the very name of which induces a yawn. The root idea of all these Mephisto pieces is the same—Satan in some grotesque disguise as monk or teacher takes in hand the affairs of a small group of human beings with mischievous intent, but in the end proves a bungler, so that no harm is done. This was the idea of the old mystery plays, in which the devil was constantly flouted and made to look ridiculous. Probably the lack of faith in this kind of devil has something to do with the difficulty experienced by the modern dramatist in treating the subject impressively.

In "The Beauty Stone," where we are taken back to a quaint old Flemish town of the Middle Ages, we see a poor deformed girl praying that the Virgin shall grant her good looks and shapely limbs. It is the devil habited as a monk who comes in response to her appeal, which is surely to begin with a needless touch of satire, and is inconsistent with the spirit of the legend. He brings with him the Beauty Stone, a talisman that insures youth and beauty to its possessor. The transformation of the poor weaver girl into a young lady of dazzling beauty is the dramatic idea that has appealed to the authors, and so far it has an inspiring effect upon the house. Sir Arthur Sullivan himself is obviously lifted up by it. But what is to be done with the heroine once she is transformed? That is the question to which neither authors nor composer have given a satisfactory answer. The town is governed by a sensual-minded prince, for whose delectation a beauty show is held by the burgomaster, and it is the transformed heroine who carries off the prize. Such puerilities are unworthy of Mr. Pinero's

pen. There is no breath of drama in this story, which falls as flat as an Aladdin's Lamp episode in a Christmas pantomime.

FROM this point matters steadily proceed from bad to worse. The prince passes his time in amorous dalliance while his friends call upon him to join the forces of a neighbouring potentate who has gone to war. To these appeals, however, he remains deaf, until the heroine, alarmed at the evil results of the Beauty Stone, runs back to her squalid home and flings the accursed thing from her, resuming *ipso facto* her rags and her deformity. Then the prince, aroused to a sense of duty, betakes himself to the wars. Meanwhile, the Beauty Stone passes from hand to hand. The heroine's father has a brief experience of it, and afterwards the prince's favourite, who hopes thereby to regain her lost influence over her lord. Unfortunately the prince loses his eyesight on the battle-field, and when he returns victorious it is to take to his arms not the radiantly beautiful favourite, but the poor little weaver girl whose beauty lives in his memory.

How essentially undramatic is this scheme a glance suffices to show, and one suspects that the authors and composer found their task, as regards at least two-thirds of it, very uphill work. This is shown more particularly in the character of the devil, who, instead of dominating the action as he ought to do, dwindles away to nothing, figuring merely as a slightly cynical courtier.

CONSIDERING what hands have been employed in the fashioning of this piece, its dulness, its emptiness, its lifelessness are indeed amazing. An evil fate has overhung it in more ways than one, for one or two of the leading singers are newcomers at the Savoy, and are very far from maintaining the musical traditions of the theatre; while that droll comedian, Mr. Walter Passmore, who is cast for the part of the devil, has very little opportunity for working the comic vein. Flatness is, in short, the general characteristic of the performance. Sir Arthur Sullivan's score is the most serious to which he has set his hand since "Ivanhoe," and though, needless to say, it contains many fine passages, the Savoy *habitué* who expects to carry away from the piece something that he can whistle, will be disappointed. What I can unreservedly praise is the mounting and dresses, which are beautiful in the extreme. The frame, alas! almost kills the picture. The indiscretions of the inspired paragraphist had given us to understand that a wholly new kind of piece was being prepared by Messrs. Pinero and Carr. Unfortunately, "The Beauty Stone" proves to belong to a well recognised type, namely, the *genre ennuyeux*.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE COUNTRY OF *KIDNAPPED*.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letters which my few hasty notes on the *Kidnapped* country have produced. The identity of the Appin murderer will, I suppose, ever remain a mystery, unless Mr. D. L. Cameron may at some future time feel himself at liberty to disclose the name of the "other man." Mr. Lang, on a Badenoch man's evidence, believes the culprit to have been a Cameron, but Mr. Cameron, who seems "far ben" in Appin tradition, declares that "an Appin man fired the shot, and that his descendants are said to this day to feel the weight of the curse." I confess it delights me to hear that in these days of enlightenment, falsely so-called, there are still good, honest, primeval curses at work in the North.

A pamphlet has lately come into my hands which seems of interest to all lovers of David Balfour and his friends. It belonged to R. L. S., having been presented to him by the author, Mr. J. R. N. Macphail, who was an old friend and a keen antiquarian. It was originally read as a paper before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and consists of a running commentary on the printed record of James Stewart's trial. We learn among other things that the real coveter of Glenduror was not Glenure, but Campbell of Balliveolan, and that Red Colin only acted in the matter to oblige his kinsman. More, it seems probable that James of the Glens had really the law on his side in the quarrel, and would have been righted by legal means but for the unfortunate mischance of the murder. In his account of the trial itself Mr. Macphail goes over each name which appears in *Catriona*, and shows how accurately Stevenson has made use of facts. Of the fifteen jurymen eleven were Campbells, though "two gentlemen of the name, to their credit, refused to serve, on the ground that their minds were biased against the prisoner." It is difficult to decide how the conduct of Argyle and his friends is to be defended. Undoubtedly clan feeling had much to do with it, for the murdered man was kin both to the Campbells and the Mackays. Mr. Macphail inclines to the view which Mr. Omond was the first to suggest, that the conviction of James Stewart was a political necessity. "The Government were terrified lest the murder of Glenure should be seized upon by the Duke of Cumberland, and the rancorous gang under his control, to force them to abandon their policy of conciliation; somebody must hang, and they did not much care whether he were innocent or guilty." There is another defence which from the Campbell point of view is irrefragable. A clansman who had the hanging cast in his teeth, retorted with pride that any fool could get a guilty man hanged, but only Mac-Chaillein-Mor a man who was innocent.

The pamphlet concludes with an account of the actual execution of Sheumas-naglinnais at Ballachulish. It was a wild day of wind, so that the soldiers from Fort

William were delayed in crossing the ferry. The storm was so great that a man could scarcely stand on the hill, and the long dying-speeches of the prisoner were broken by the gusts. One may take leave to regret that the hand which gave us the parting on Gillane Sands and the Flight in the Heather did not also draw the last pitiful scene on the windy hillside.—I am, &c.,

JOHN BUCHAN.

Brasenose College, Oxford: May 24.

### MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—The enclosed copy of a letter I received from Mr. Gladstone just twenty years ago may be interesting to some of your readers. It was in reply to some observations upon an article of his in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October, 1877, on "The Island Group of the Odyssey." I cannot recollect the exact purport of my letter to him, but it dealt mainly with the question of the position of Ithaca relatively to the neighbouring islands, the identification of the site of Dulichium, and Homer's use of the word *νήσος* as applied to the latter. At all events, Mr. Gladstone's note on the restricted application of *νήσος* in Homer is interesting and valuable, the fact which he alleges having escaped my notice.—Yours faithfully,

C. S. JERRAM.

Oxford: May 27.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your communication. The main point required for the clearing of the text is the site of Dulichion; and I am content, this being secured, with any interpretation which can be well and sufficiently supported.

My belief that Homer knew Ithaca is one which I early adopted, in lieu of an opposite impression, upon a close and long examination of the text. But this would not imply his knowing the whole of Ithaca. It might mean little more than his having visited the capital, as to the site of which there is, I think, no reasonable doubt, and the great harbour which, with its sub- or inner harbour, is very remarkable.

The only scruple I feel about your construction of the word *νήσος* is as to making it good by any *positive* evidence from Homer. He never, I think, applies the word, except to an island of moderate size. Crete with him is a *γαία*, and he never calls Scherie an island.

Wishing you all prosperity and satisfaction in Homeric study,—I remain, yours very faithfully,

(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE."

### "VERSIONS FROM HAFIZ."

SIR,—I read your review of this book with an interest nowise lessened by the fact that I had the book itself by me. I notice you quote the passage from the introduction in which Dr. Leaf draws attention to his table of rhythms. Permit me to say, for the information of such of your readers as may not be acquainted with Oriental prosody, that this same table is most inaccurate. Several of the paradigms are not divided into feet at all, giving the novice an erroneous impression that Persian admits of monstrous feet occupying whole lines and having a length of fourteen or fifteen syllables. But worse remains; at least

three of the metres that *are* divided (those numbered 3, 8, and 24) are divided in the *wrong* places. These blemishes are all the more noteworthy because the book is otherwise admirable.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES PLATT, JUNIOR.

St. Martin's-lane, W.C.: May 28, 1898.

#### BURNS AND AMERICA.

SIR,—I notice some remarks in your issue of May 14, anent the National Burns Memorial at Mauchline. I am sorry to say that there is a great deal of truth in some of the statements contained therein.

Of course Rome was not built in a day, and I believe that our Memorial has been as successful for the time it has been before the public—fully three years—as any other memorial to Burns has been; still, the following quotation from my toast of the "Subscribers," at the dinner on the opening day, May 7, which refers to my own exertions in behalf of the scheme, may be interesting to some of your readers: "Directly or indirectly Glasgow has subscribed £1,200; Paisley, £150; London, £50; fifty-five Burns clubs, £320; Ayrshire, £700; Scottish nobility (from the Duke of Hamilton downwards), £90; Knights and Baronets, £330. All the great families engaged in the thread, iron, and chemical industries, together with ironbrokers and stockbrokers, are well represented. The medical faculty have supported and praised the scheme, as also have many lawyers—from the Solicitor-General for Scotland downwards.

Although we have £80 from abroad, we have only one native American with a donation of £1. Although led to believe America would do great things, and pounds have been spent in postage and literature there, the result is as mentioned.

Other memorials are being proposed for certain celebrated individuals who have lived in Scotland, and it may, perhaps, be useful to the promoters, and to others who may think of erecting some other memorial to Burns elsewhere, to know a little of the wiles that have been made by us to extract money from people towards our scheme. Not to speak of over 5,000 calls that one person has made during a period of fully three years, he has written some 5,200 letters, sent out 10,000 circular letters containing 40,000 circulars; the postage alone being over £40. When you add to this the labours of one or two others it will give you a sort of idea of how subscribers have been got for the scheme.

Now, if there is some truth in the dilatoriness of Burnsites at home in subscribing to this scheme, what shall we say about those who have the grand privilege of being natives of the "land of the free"? America talks louder and bigger of Burns than we Scots do ourselves, and Americans by the score—nay, by the hundred—make pilgrimages to the place of his birth, of his death, and Mauchline also.

If Burns is the apostle of any known class or race it is the Americans, and when their millionaires, their editors, their people, through the medium of every paper of any standing in all the States, have been asked

to contribute to a charitable and benevolent scheme to commemorate the centenary year of the death of the brightest poetical genius Scotland ever knew (and perhaps further than Scotland, and whose writings have a universality about them that the writings of no other lyric poet have), and at the place where it shone in its noonday splendour—Mauchline—they have contributed £1. If you can do anything to awaken the Americans to a sense of their duty towards our scheme, which still requires £900, we shall be very pleased.—Faithfully yours,

THOMAS KILLIN,

Hon. Treasurer.

168, West George-street,  
Glasgow.

#### A PUBLISHER'S COMPLAINT.

SIR,—The privilege still enjoyed, and somewhat abused, by the four University libraries, is a thorn in the publisher's side, and a fruitful source of contention.

I have lately been approached by the London Agency for these libraries to supply, free of all charge, copies of each of my published books.

It would appear that the Act of 1842 entitles them to such publications (affected by the Act) as they may claim within one year from the date of publication. If the claim is not made, a publisher is not bound to forward any of his publications to the four libraries. If the claim is not made in writing till after the year has elapsed, he is, *ipso facto*, released from any compulsion to send such works.

The British Museum alone is entitled to works without demand.

The foregoing facts may not be generally known, so I venture to send them to you. A gentleman of Oxford University, whose integrity is not to be disputed, informs me that not long since a London publisher was refused leave to see in the Bodleian a work of his own, delivered by himself to the library. He had to return to London to visit the British Museum.

The Bodleian continues to claim newspapers, trade journals, tailors' fashion-plates, music-hall songs, &c., when their space will not hold them, and though supplied by the public for the use of the public, the public has not free right of entry. My Oxford friend still further informs me that only last summer the head of a college told him that several editions of a popular work were lying uncatalogued in the cellars!

I think a University ought to keep its own productions, those of the city and county, or such as are related to University education, especially when this private corporation does not allow the public to enter.—I am, &c.,

6, Chandos-street.

JOHN LONG.

#### POETRY AS SHE IS WRIT.

SIR,—As a mere ordinary mortal of average education and intelligence, is it permissible to ask why in these latter days so much, so very much, of our poetry should be so tortuous and involved in its mode of expression? Whether, in fact, it must

follow almost as a matter of necessity that nine-tenths of our latter-day poets should clothe their ideas in language so obscure as to be often barely intelligible to the uninitiated? We feel as we read that they have indeed "come to the birth," but oh, what torture in the bringing forth! Their very pangs are as it were borne in upon us as we read (though happily only in a reflected sense), and at the conclusion of the whole matter we are tempted to exclaim, And is this indeed poetry! *this* an improvement (for so the critics would have us believe) upon the crowned masters of old, with whose works we have been familiar from our youth upwards, and who having a message to deliver to mankind told it in language at once clear and forcible, with no laboured involutions of either thought or phrase to bewilder us.

I am prompted to write thus having just read an "Ode on Napoléon" recently contributed by Mr. Meredith to *Cosmopolis*. At the close, by way of relaxation, I took up a volume of Keats, my eyes lighting by the merest accident upon his delightful "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and I then asked myself, utterly dissimilar though the subjects be, which was, in very deed and truth, the right mode of poetical expression, and which calculated to convey the deepest, most lasting, and withal pleasurable impression upon mankind at large?—Yours, &c.,

Liverpool: May 21.

J. L. P.

#### VANDALISM AT HAMPSTEAD.

SIR,—In reference to my previous remarks under this head, admirers of the unique instances of eighteenth century architecture, which form Church Row, will be glad to learn that the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is still energetic on the side of protection. The influence of this excellent Society should be great. It will be a pity, indeed, if united efforts fail to preserve the remainder of our row in its picturesque and incomparable entirety.

CECIL CLARKE.

Hampstead: May 24.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. The reviewers have written long and carefully about Mr. Shaw's plays, and from the mass of their critical matter we select the following judgments.

Mr. William Archer wrote in the *Daily Chronicle*:

"Two out of the seven plays are works of genius for which even Mr. Shaw's modesty could not possibly find an adequate epithet; while one of the remaining five is an outrage upon art and decency, for which even my indignation cannot find a printable term of contumely. To express my sense of the beauty of 'Candida' and the baseness of 'The Philanderer' I should have to borrow Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary of praise and scorn—which is (perhaps fortunately) as inalienable as his gift of song. An hour ago I was reading 'Candida' for the third time with bursts of uncontrollable laughter not unmingled with tears. The thing is as true a poem as ever was written in prose, and my

whole soul went out in admiration and gratitude to the man who had created it. Then I re-read an act of 'The Philanderer,' and I wanted to cut him in the street. Both feelings, no doubt, were exaggerated, hysterical. Perhaps the second, no less than the first, was a compliment to Mr. Shaw—at any rate I am sure he will take it as such. I record these emotions not as a criticism, but simply to show the dynamic quality of the book. Good or bad, it is certainly not indifferent. Its appearance is an event, literary and theatrical, of the first magnitude."

Mr. W. P. James writes in the *St. James's Gazette*:

"His readers may not all care a great deal for the plays, but they are bound to enjoy the prefaces. The prefaces, indeed—besides being masterpieces of 'Shawiness,' which is a kind of antithesis of shyness—are full of matter. They contain an historical and highly personal excursus, in his very best manner, on the censorship and the censor; and another on the relation of the acted to the written play, and the variations introduced into drama by the personality of the actors, which is full of acute criticism, and gives a brilliant and characteristic exposition of his own career and of the place held in his own and the world's intellectual evolution by the publication of these plays. Mr. Shaw confesses that he is fond of the play, and fancies that intelligent readers of these prefaces of his will observe for themselves that he is himself a bit of an actor."

The *Daily News* critic accounts for the fact that the plays are not stage favourites.

"The plain truth is, that although these plays exhibit considerable dramatic power, they are not on the whole good plays, and this judgment is just as applicable to the 'pleasant' as to the 'unpleasant' series."

The critic of the *Outlook* draws attention to Mr. Shaw's omnipresence in the plays:

"In the Pleasant Plays and the Unpleasant—'Arms and the Man' or 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'—it matters not which, there still is Mr. Shaw a-preaching, now in Servian uniform as Bluntschli, now in petticoats as Vivie Warren, and actually in the worst play in either volume, and the most vulgar play ever written by a man of genius, as G. B. S., 'unconventionally but smartly dressed in a velvet jacket and cashmere trousers, his collar dyed wotan blue, blue socks and leather sandals—the arrangement of his tawny hair and of his moustaches and short beard apparently left to Nature,' though 'he has taken good care that Nature shall do him the fullest justice,' &c."

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* critic seeks to convict Mr. Shaw of lack of feeling:

"'Candida' marks for the present the high-water mark of Mr. Shaw's achievement. It is extremely well written and constructed, and though it cannot be called life in the broad and general sense, it is artfully made to appear a possible phase. It exhibits to perfection the excellences and deficiencies of Mr. Shaw's talent, the extreme narrowness of his outlook, his want of simple human feeling, his power of creating and handling uncommon characters, his mastery of theatrical effect, the atmosphere of reality with which for the moment he contrives to invest what is, after all, unreal."

"'The Philanderer' is professedly the study of a male flirt. . . . The defect of the play seems most clearly to exhibit Mr. Shaw's own main defect—the utter want of any real experience of life, taken, at any rate, on the side of feeling and emotion. Probably Mr. Shaw can

put his finger on the prototype of each of the characters he draws, in defence of any objection to their reality; but so precisely can the artist who paints a bad portrait. The answer is that he has not understood, has not sympathised, or, where necessary, suffered with his model. The result of all this cleverness of mere observation from the outside is the result, no doubt, of life on Mr. Shaw, that however much it may move him, it does not move him at all on the side for which the theatre mainly exists, that of the human emotion. It is our systems that politically seem to touch Mr. Shaw, that arouse in him such feeling as he is capable of, but not in any sense the men and women who are the cause of their existence. To deny the existence of much feeling in others is, as a defence, futile; at the best it only comes to this—that the author is himself deficient in it. If, as a citizen, Mr. Shaw has his own outlook, as a man he seems to have none that is definite."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 2.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION. By Andrew Lang. Longmans & Co. 12s.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW, AS INTERPRETED TO R. L. HARRISON BY THE LIGHT OF THE GODLY EXPERIENCE OF SRI PARANANDA. Kegan Paul.

A MANUAL OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY, BASED ON SCHEEBEN'S "DOGMATIK." By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. Vol. II.: THE FALL, REDEMPTION, GRACE, THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS, THE LAST THINGS. Kegan Paul.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE. By H. Fielding. R. Bentley & Son.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Vols. XIII. and XIV. Edited by S. Baring Gould. J. C. Nimmo.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR: THE MIDDLE AGES FROM THE FOURTH TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By Charles Oman, M.A. Methuen & Co. 21s.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, BASED ON SIR WILLIAM SMITH'S LARGER DICTIONARY, AND INCORPORATING THE RESULTS OF MODERN RESEARCH. Edited by F. Warre Cornish, M.A. John Murray.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND, 1600—1850; BEING AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND ENGLISH PROVINCE OF FRIARS MINOR. By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. Art & Book Co.

TWO NATIVE NARRATIVES OF THE MUTINY IN DELHI. Translated from the Originals by the late Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, C.S.I. Constable & Co. 12s.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. By M. E. Lowndes. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

DIARY NOTES OF A VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS IN 1890. By John Johnston, M.D. The Labour Press, Ltd. (Manchester).

JOURNAL OF EMILY SHORE. New edition. Kegan Paul & Co.

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG SURGEON. By Frederick Ashurst, M.B. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

YGDORASSIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Campbell. John Macqueen.

TO MY MOTHER. By W. S. Leau. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

REX REGUM: A PAINTER'S STUDY OF THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST FROM THE TIME OF THE APOSTLES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A. George Bell & Sons.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY WILLIAM MORRIS AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO STUDENTS OF THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ART. Longmans & Co.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THROUGH UNKNOWN THIBET. By Captain M. S. Wellby. T. Fisher Unwin. £1 1s.

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: A JOURNEY DOWN THE YUKON FROM ITS SOURCE TO ITS MOUTH. By J. H. E. Secretan, C.E. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

CYCLE AND CAMP. By T. H. Holding. Ward, Lock & Co.

### EDUCATIONAL.

RES GRÆCÆ: BEING BRIEF AIDS TO THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, AND ANTIQUITIES OF ANCIENT GREECE, WITH MAPS AND PLANS. By Edward P. Celeridge, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

ELEMENTARY ARCHITECTURE FOR SCHOOLS, ART STUDENTS, AND GENERAL READERS. By Martin A. Buckmaster. Clarendon Press (Oxford). 4s. 6d.

GRAY'S ENGLISH POEMS. Edited by D. C. Tovey, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

BLACKWOOD'S LEAVING CERTIFICATE HANDBOOKS: HIGHER LATIN PROSE, AND HIGHER GREEK UNSEENS. By H. W. Auden, M.A. Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO ALGEBRA. By G. Chrystal, M.A. A. & C. Black. 5s.

LETTERS OF CICERO TO ATTICUS. Edited by Alfred Pretor, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE PARTITION OF POLAND AND THE TREATY OF KAINARDJI. By Albert Sorel. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. By Many Writers Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbut. Macmillan & Co. Vol. V. 25s.

CORNELL STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY. Edited by Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Others. No. VII.: THE ATHENIAN SECRETARIES. By William Scott Ferguson, A.M. Published for the University by the Macmillan Co.

WEATHER LORE: A COLLECTION OF PROVERBS, SAYINGS, AND RULES CONCERNING THE WEATHER. Compiled and Arranged by Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Elliot Stock.

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REVIEWS.

LIVING JOURNALISM.

*Egypt in 1898.* By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood & Sons.)

BIT by bit Mr. Steevens is enabling the stay-at-home to conquer the world. At the word of his chief—Mr. Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*—he goes, he sees, he describes, and another country is unrolled before the eyes of the armchair traveller, another page of the atlas gifted with life, another people explained. Some months ago it was America, "The Land of the Dollar"; then it was the battle-ground of the Greeks and Turks; then Germany. And now, in the volume before us, a reprint of *Daily Mail* articles entitled the "Diary of a Sun-Seeker," Mr. Steevens applies his methods to Egypt. Those methods are too well known to need analysis: the biting phrase, the sudden illuminative concrete example, the rapid generalisation, the swift seizure upon types; and so on. The concrete example is, of course, a short cut to an effect, but in journalism the effect is needed as quickly as may be, and therefore short cuts are permissible. Literature demands more particularity. Literature, for example, would not permit Mr. Steevens to call the camel "the Whiteley of the Desert," nor Port Said "the Clapham Junction of the nations." Here is a typical passage bearing directly upon Mr. Steevens's summarising gift:

"The nominal suzerain of Egypt is the Sultan; its real suzerain is Lord Cromer. Its nominal governor is the Khedive; its real governor, for a final touch of comic opera, is Thomas Cook & Son. Cook's representative is the first person you meet in Egypt, and you go on meeting him. He sees you in; he sees you through; he sees you out. You see the back of a native—turban, long blue gown, red girdle, bare brown legs. 'How truly Oriental,' you say. Then he turns round, and you see 'Cook's Porter' emblazoned across his breast. 'You travel Cook, sir,' he grins; 'alright.' And it is alright: Cook carries you, like a nursing father, from one end of Egypt to the other. Cook has personally conducted more than one expedition into the Soudan, and done it as no Transport Department could do. The population of the Nile banks raises produce for Cook,

and for him alone. In other countries the lower middle-classes aspire to a place under Government; in Egypt they aspire to a place under Cook. 'Good Cook shob all the time' is the native's giddiest ambition—a permanent engagement with Cook."

A gift of epigram may be a snare to the traveller, but we cannot detect Mr. Steevens in the act of tripping. Although he has so much wit and a sufficiency of patriotism—even insularity—he has also humility. He passes through a country without the bias of preconceived judgments; his eyes and ears are adjusted to take truthful impressions, and it seems to us that they have registered accurately. The medium through which these impressions reach us is a mind highly trained, modern, humorous, and quaintly cynical.

During the short time he spent in Egypt, Mr. Steevens went over all the ground which the traveller is expected to see and a little that he usually misses. He even had such adventures as a night in the desert and another night in a Coptic monastery. He conversed on politics with Lord Cromer and with distinguished natives; he had speech with Mr. Thomas Cook; he examined the great engineering works now in progress; he put questions to scholars and masters in the Egyptian Eton: in short, he served his paper well. Here is Mr. Steevens on Lord Cromer:

"To read Egyptian-French accounts of Lord Cromer, you would picture him a stiff-browed, hard-mouthed, cynical, taciturn martinet. To look at the real man, you would say that he gave half of his time to sleep, and the other half to laughing. Lolling in his carriage through the streets of Cairo, or lighting a fresh cigarette in his office, dressed in a loose-fitting grey tweed and a striped shirt, with ruddy face, short white hair, and short white moustache, with gold-rimmed eye-glasses half hiding eyes half-closed, mellow of voice, and fluent of speech—is this the perfidious Baring, you ask yourself, whom Frenchmen detest and strive to imitate? This the terrible Lord Cromer whom Khedives obey and tremble? His demeanour is genial and courteous. His talk is easy, open, shrewd, humorous. His subordinates admire, respect, even love him. He is the mildest mannered man that ever sacked Prime Minister. Only somehow you still felt the steel stiffening the velvet. He is genial, but he would be a bold man who would take a liberty with him: he talks, only not for publication; he is loved, yet he must always be obeyed. Velvet as long as he can, steel as soon as he must—that is Lord Cromer."

Altogether Mr. Steevens is very well satisfied with English rule in Egypt, but he is persuaded, with certain native statesmen, that more English money might well be invested there. Concerning France—"a nation which remains great in spite of continual efforts to be small"—he writes always shrewdly. Here is a passage:

"There is another reason for not taking France too seriously in Egypt. Frenchmen cannot stand the climate. I do not speak so much physically as spiritually: hardly a Frenchman ever can stand any climate but that of France. Now meet an Englishman of sixty who has not spent five years at home since he was seventeen; he grumbles, of course, but as long as he can do his work he is game to stay a year or two more. For that matter, there is

an old gentleman in Lower Egypt who has been in the country for sixty years, and has so far acclimatised himself as to marry three native wives, each with money. But take a Frenchman of forty in a public service and offer him a pension; he is away to France at once. He is able, honest, and patriotic; he knows he is doing good work for himself, for Egypt, and, indirectly, for France; the climate is less severe for a Frenchman than for an Englishman; the mode of life is far more congenial, the salary, relatively to home standards, far more princely. But give him a chance to go back to France, and he throws up work and salary together, and is off to spend his pension in his native *café*. That is why France, for all her brilliant imaginations and courage and cleverness, has never made a great colony, and never will."

Finally, let us return to Mr. Steevens's more epigrammatic manner. Thus he writes after a day at Luxor:

"But why pretend to talk of the life of the ancient Egyptians? They took no interest in life at all, but set their constant minds only on death. They considered their houses as lodgings, says Herodotus finely, and their tombs as their real homes. If anybody ever lived to die they did. Only two things were important to them—the welfare of their souls, and the solidity of their monuments. They never seem to have built anything but temples to the one end, and tombs to the other. Their popular literature was a work called the *Book of the Dead*. They were so busy preparing to die that they can hardly have had any time to live. Whenever they met and talked together—if they ever did—I am sure they never laughed, but spoke in low voices about the splendid time they meant to have when they were buried. Ancient Egypt was one great preparatory school for the cemetery—a nation of monumental masons."

Mr. Steevens's book, as a whole, is journalism: the work of a man under orders. But it has passages and phrases that belong to literature, and it is fascinatingly interesting.

FOR MINUTE HISTORIANS.

*Murray of Broughton's Memorials.* Edited by Robert Fitzroy Bell. (Scottish History Society.)

THE Scottish History Society is to be congratulated on the publication of the *Memoirs of Murray of Broughton*. These documents are the property of Mr. George Siddons Murray, son of Mr. Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre, the friend of Scott, and great grandson, by a second marriage, of the unhappy secretary of Prince Charles. The papers were written by the secretary at various dates, in the leisure of an odious undisturbed retirement. His object, doubtless, was to excuse his own conduct to himself, and also to blacken many of his associates. He writes as a fervent Jacobite, and apparently thinks that, by exposing the weaknesses and cowardice of his old allies, he can make out a better case for himself. It is not possible to accept all that he says to the discredit, for example, of James's agents in France, Bahaldie and Semple, because, for years before 1745, a feud had raged between the supporters of a Restoration. Semple and Bahaldie were distrusted

both by the Earl Marischal in France, and by Murray in Scotland. They had, however, the ear of the French Court, and of the cryptic and cowardly Jacobites of England. These, again, were divided into the forward party of Colonel Cecil, Carte the historian, and the Ogletherpe ladies on one hand; and the timid party of Beaufort, Orrery, Barriermore, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne on the other. In Scotland Traquair leaned to Bahaldie, Lochiel to Murray. When the Prince arrived in France, early in 1744, the Murray faction doubted whether he had an invitation from Louis XV. or whether Bahaldie had not first brought him at his own venture, and then kept him incognito. Again, the daring of Charles irritated the Earl Marischal; the English never would put pen to paper, the Jacobite party was broken into a dozen distrustful groups. James, at Rome, could not possibly compose or even understand their squabbles, and the Prince cut the knot by landing in Meidart with seven men.

On all these *tracasseries* Murray writes at great length. To understand the matter it is necessary to compare, line by line, the correspondence between James, Semple, the Earl Marischal, and Lord John Drummond, published from the Stuart Papers by Mr. Browne, in his *History of the Highland Clans*. Murray's tale is consistent, on the whole, with what he said under examination in 1746, and with letters of the Prince and other documents, now first published by Mr. Fitzroy Bell. We could wish that Mr. Fitzroy Bell had woven the Semple and other statements from that side into his Introduction. Bahaldie, in Murray's view, was a shifty, lying, fawning Celt—a Macgregor, with a good deal of the bully. This makes it the more strange that he was trusted by the English Jacobites long after 1745. It is highly probable that the death of Cardinal Fleury confused matters helplessly, and that Bahaldie slipped into inconsistencies of statement to Murray, who was sent to France to keep an eye upon him. The fickleness of the French Court, and their scandalous treatment of Prince Charles, added to the embroglio. The net historical result is, that a party so helplessly disorganised and divided as were the Jacobites had no chance except in a desperate venture, which might draw them together by fear, and by shame for broken promises. Charles made the venture—there was nothing else on the cards. As a result, the really honest Jacobites—Lochiel, Perth, Pitsligo, Gask—struck their blow. The Duke of Hamilton was content with a secret gift of money. Nithsdale and Kenmure came in, for a day, and then covered in terror. Macleod, after enthusiastic promises, was won over by Forbes of Culloden, and his men fought, or rather fled, under the Black Cockade. Murray, on the whole, disculpates Macdonald of Sleat, who played a somewhat similar part. The English peers, who had never committed themselves in writing, lay quiet, for which James, with wonderful fairness, excused, or even applauded them!

A most curious point, noted by Mr. Fitzroy Bell, is that James never intended to take the Crown. He com-

municated this resolve to Louis XV. on the 11th of August, 1745 (p. 509). The Prince protested vigorously against this resolution. Though James was thus for abdicating, and though Charles opposed the step, there arose a King's party (defending James, who did not want to be defended) and a Prince's party, backing Charles in an ambition not his own! Never was such an embroglio. We must reckon all these helpless blunderings rather to the credit of the Prince, who did so much with such wretched materials. Murray is constant in his praise of Charles, for whom he obviously entertained a sincere affection. He justifies his military conduct, clearly pluming himself on his knowledge of war, for he had desired to be an *aide-de-camp*, not a secretary. But he was, perhaps, the only man in the camp with a head for business, and in money matters he certainly seems to establish his honesty. Of the party, he prefers Lochiel, the chivalrous and devoted Duke of Perth (who alone voted with the Prince to advance from Derby), the honest old Earl Marischal, and the stainless Pitsligo. He chiefly detests Traquair and the English adherents, whom he did his best to ruin. Mr. Fitzroy Bell pleads that Murray, when he turned king's evidence, "did nothing to bring into jeopardy any single individual who had borne arms for Prince Charles. . . . His evidence did little harm to anybody save Lovat," and Traquair, who was imprisoned. But that was by no fault of Murray's. He would have hanged even Sir John Douglas had his evidence been corroborated. He gave away the secret of the buried hoard of French gold. He had been true to Charles, even after the Prince, persuaded of treachery, deserted his party. He accuses even Lochgarry of a design to betray the remnant with Lochiel, after Culloden. This charge smells of Barisdale, by his own confession the blackest of traitors. But Murray was resolute till, outworn and sick, he was captured. Then he promptly saved himself by the treachery which made him equally hated and shunned by Whig and Tory. His apologies are endless. He could have told much more. He can justify himself to the King and the Prince; for others his sword is ready! No man, of course, would give him the chance to rehabilitate himself by crossing swords with him. He has "honour" ever on his lips, and the hell of a tortured conscience in his breast.

To the minute historian these Memoirs, with Mr. Fitzroy Bell's other documents, are full of instruction. Incidental lights (usually lurid) are thrown on many known names. To disentangle the cross threads of intrigue is impossible here; we come back to the futilities of distracted and half-hearted men, which, after all, did not prevent an enterprise of romantic daring. The men of action alone show well, the plotters throw discredit on human nature. The central interest is that of the writhing soul of Murray, still in love with the Cause and the Prince that he has sold, still laying lenients of vanity on the bite of the worm that never dies, and the torment of the fire that never is quenched. The end, it seems, was madness. *Miserimus!*

## APPRECIATION APPLIED TO MUSIC.

*The Fringe of an Art.* By Vernon Blackburn. (Unicorn Press).

RARE is the union of literary style with musical insight. Rarer still, the union of both with technical knowledge of music. Rarest of all, the union of the three in an Englishman. On the Continent we have seen the phenomenon to some extent in Wagner and Schumann; we have seen it to a consummate extent in the all-accomplished and all-daring Berlioz. But in England—Mr. Blackburn's, therefore, is a very welcome book. His position as musical critic of the *Pall Mall* vouches for his knowledge; and in that capacity he has distinguished himself by his independence of the bad old conventions of musical press-criticism. This book stamps him emphatically as a *littérateur*, who is likewise a knower of music. That method of "appreciation," cultured, selective, personal, which has of late years been developed, in its application to literature, with such remarkable results, he brings to the study of musicians. These are a series of appreciations of great composers, brief, choice, to the point, in which we are never allowed to forget that the writer is a student of style, that to his musical judgments goes a knowledge of many things outside music, shedding light upon those judgments from many angles. And herein lies the peculiar value and attraction of the book.

The note is struck at once by the opening essay on "Modernity in Music." Like all the essays, it has an idea—without which any essay is otiose. He describes—he does not define—modernity as the "prophetic reflection of the culminating intelligence of any generation, either actually living or immediately about to be," as "the spring of to-day." And he says that the test of immortality, for any composition, is whether it survives the passing of its modernity. Wagner has expressed the same thing from another standpoint. Wagner has pointed out that every great composition is only fully understandable under the conditions of the time for which it was written; and that the element of genius which compels it to survive after those conditions are past is (from a certain standpoint) a cruelty; that it condemns it to survive as a semi-corpse, which can never again live as it lived for those who heard it in its newness, in its adaptation to the modes of thought and feeling belonging to the day for which it was composed. It is (says Wagner) like that punishment which consisted in tying a living person to a corpse. This is the main thesis of Mr. Blackburn's essay. But there are admirable and admirably put subordinate points. Such is his deliverance upon the innate certitude of the believer in Art:

"The artist, let me say, is aware of beauty as the devout Mussulman is aware that Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah. There is, indeed, a strong analogy between the 'credo' of art and the 'credo' of a definite religious faith. An artist is intolerant, he is exclusive, and his mind is fixed. Just as an infallible source of religion forbids so much as

a question upon its promulgations, so the artist, himself an infallible source, allows no doubt upon the doctrines that he has sanctioned by his word of decree. He knows because he believes."

Just so; because art is itself a kind of religion—a religion of the surfaces. "Art is a superficies, life a solid," said Patmore. The domain of art, that is to say, is concerned with phenomena, and with the depths as they reveal themselves *through* phenomena. Mr. Blackburn's excellent utterance is deficient only in two respects. Firstly, instead of saying that the artist "knows because he believes," he should have said rather that the artist believes because he knows. The process is reversed with him; he sees and believes—like doubting Thomas: a perilous state! Secondly, while the artist is infallible in his recognition of beauty, he is not infallible in his non-recognition of beauty. There his human limitations come in; and too many artists could be cited who have been blind to the excellence of contemporaries, though none who have applauded contemporaries not worth applause. The artist's sight is infallible; not so his defect of sight. Often his scorn is righteous and illuminative; but, alas! it is not necessarily so, it may be mistaken.

We have cited this passage because it is from an essay which admits quotation. Most of Mr. Blackburn's essays are too brief and pregnant to allow it; you must read them whole if you would grasp their merit. His range is catholic; it includes Gounod and Wagner, Mozart and Tchaikowsky. One of the best is that on Berlioz; not the composer Berlioz, but the Berlioz of the *Grand Traité* on orchestration. It is true that Mr. Blackburn's views on the composer peep through it; but its theme is Berlioz as the great orchestral virtuoso, and writer on orchestral virtuosity. He has a peculiar passion for that most fascinating, ardent, and many-sided musician; he writes of him with a fervid sympathy which is decidedly the right attitude, and makes the whole essay among the finest. Little wonder! Berlioz' personality is so arresting that it becomes as difficult to separate the man from the musician as it is to separate the man from the artist in the case of Benvenuto Cellini. The resemblance, indeed, is most striking between the Frenchman and the Italian, though Berlioz is an infinitely greater composer than Cellini is a sculptor. And so Mr. Blackburn's appreciation is an inextricable tangle of composer, writer, and personality—as it ought to be; and, moreover, is an excellent piece of writing. But perhaps the two finest appreciations in the book (not even excepting the brilliant "Tchaikowsky") are concerned, not with composers, but with virtuosos. For they are unmatched. They are the essays on Calvé and Maurel. The quintessence of the art of Maurel and his great female follower, Calvé, is here quintessentially rendered: with such insight and sympathy in substance, such selection and pregnancy in treatment, such a sense of literary style presiding over all, as makes these two essays little masterpieces. And Mr. Blackburn's catholicity is shown by the

fact that he is none the less able to treat with justice a singer of a very different school—a school obviously less sympathetic to him—Mr. Santley. There is not the same enthusiasm. Yet this truly great singer is rendered essential justice; and that although Mr. Blackburn can never have heard him when he was at the zenith of his power and achievement. When the present writer first heard him, some twenty years ago, Santley was already spoken of as a singer whose supremest excellence and triumph belonged to a date somewhat overpast.

Now, after giving to this book its just and high praise, we may perhaps be permitted to express our one quarrel with it, on the purely literary side of style. In regard to style, there are, in effect, two Blackburns. The one (which we may be suffered to think the native Blackburn) is singularly masculine, logical, direct. It is the style of a man virile all over, who has had a training in clearness and logical distinction rare, indeed, among the younger *prosateurs* of the day. The other is enamoured of a certain model, admirable in its own subtle modulation, gradation, dignity, and poeticism of phrase, but most perilous to follow: because that modulated subtlety so readily becomes unconscious artificiality, unconscious affectation. And it is, moreover, antithetical to Mr. Blackburn's native masculinity and severe, clear logic of statement. When Mr. Blackburn obeys what we take to be his native temper he is excellent. When he follows what we take to be a model (whether derived from one or many sources) he seems to us to become strange, stiff, and, at times, perilously near to preciousness. The poetic method, of imagery and semi-metrical diction, appears to us most divergent from his own virile temper; and when he aims at it we like him least. When he adheres to that style of robust, sane, logical distinction which we have ventured to think his native mood, we admire his style altogether. It does not exclude subtlety, by any means; only the subtlety is attained by other than poetic methods. It is, at any rate, certain that these two tendencies conflict, without amalgamating, in his style (whencesoever they may be derived); and that in one temper he is admirable, in the other not. We would be glad to see him adhere altogether to the more virile and austere method.

#### TABLE-TALK OF MR. GLADSTONE.

*Talks with Mr. Gladstone.* By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. (Arnold.)

It was "a proud moment" for Mr. Tollemache when Mr. Gladstone, then canvassing the Oxford electors, called on him during his first year of residence at Balliol. Indeed, Mr. Tollemache, though differing from his friend and senior politically and theologically, was always proud of the association. After that first meeting in 1856, other meetings in London followed, and two visits to Hawarden, before 1870. The talks of those times were resumed, after

an interval of twenty years, when the old acquaintances met in Biarritz. They called on each other and they talked; they walked together and they talked; they lunched and talked; they dined and they were still talking. Mr. Tollemache was an excellent phonograph, into which Mr. Gladstone spoke. Anybody familiar with his modes of thought and speech will recognise the fidelity of the reproduction. If Mr. Tollemache is at times a little insistent in his intolerance of orthodoxy, all the more sure are we that he lets Mr. Gladstone say his say to the contrary, in his own way and with his own abundance of words. Needless to add, where Mr. Gladstone is the talker, the talk turned mainly on theology.

Some literary opinions, however, may be gathered from the volume to add to those already set forth in the collection of Mr. Gladstone's letters recently printed in our columns. They have their value as the opinions of a very representative reader. They are the good average judgments of a man who read for matter always, never for manner; who did not seek or recognise the note of distinction in style; who wanted facts rather than the philosophy underlying them; and who judged of an author mainly by his influence for or against the propagation of Christianity. His only quarrel, for instance, with Scott was that Scott did not show any righteous indignation against Byron. Perhaps it was the absence of a common creed which made him refuse a place to George Eliot among women poets, and which left him in ignorance of Mr. Meredith, of whom we have only the mention that Mr. Gladstone once began, under his daughter's orders, *Diana of the Crossways*, and stuck in it. On the contrary, he held Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, to be "the first of our critics"; and "he spoke of Bethel [*sic*] and Newman as the two most subtle masters of English prose of our time." Among men of science, Mr. Gladstone denied the claim of "genius" to Huxley, but allowed it to Owen and to Romanes—an attribution, in the last case, explained by Mr. Tollemache as probably due to "the orthodox tendency of Romanes' later years."

Mr. Gladstone was "not well up in Browning." He called Mill "the Saint of Rationalism." Of George Eliot's novels he most admired *Silas Marner*, but he complained of them that they were "out of tune." He did not read *Daniel Deronda*. Of Scott's novels his favourites were *Kenilworth* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Miss Austen he admired, but said, "I am not so enthusiastic about her as some people are." He thought she could "neither dive nor soar"—a remark his friend Rio had made of Macaulay; also that she "was a first-rate actor in a third-rate scene"—as someone had said of Lord Randolph Churchill in his early days. Macaulay's *Lays*, by the way, Mr. Gladstone most admired—"they will live." Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance* Mr. Gladstone thought her best book.

One is surprised to find Mr. Gladstone describing Mr. Bright as a "phrase-maker." The abundance of Brougham's wit he proved by mentioning an instance of it which Brougham himself had forgotten—a

forgetting which suggests to Mr. Tollemache that he was, in Tennyson's phrase, "like wealthy men, who know not what they give"—a version which shows that Mr. Tollemache does not always verify his Tennyson references. While "admiring many points" in Miss Cholmondeley's *Diana Tempest*, Mr. Gladstone objected to it "because the authoress throws satire broadcast on the clergy, and other representatives of tradition." As a judge of wit he gave the palm to Aristophanes and Shakespeare among all men—an opinion shared by Dr. Döllinger; and, in talking of Molière, he set down as "third-class plays" both the "Misanthrope" and the "Tartuffe." Of Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone said he found it hard to express an impartial opinion, "for Carlyle did not at all like me." They, too, had talked together at length, and, as Mr. Gladstone thought, amicably and interestingly. "Then, to my amazement," said Mr. Gladstone, "I found, when Froude's life of him came out, this very conversation is mentioned in it, and I am described as utterly contemptible and impermeable to new ideas." That, at any rate, was a bad shot. Want of receptiveness was the very last charge to bring against the politician whose open mind was ever the despair of his colleagues, and who, in these talks with Mr. Tollemache, shows more than anything else his impressionability to the influence of the last new book put into his hands.

## FOR MASTERS AND PARENTS.

BY AN EX-HEADMASTER.

*Debatable Claims: Essays on Secondary Education.* By J. C. Tarver. (Constable.)

AFTER a stilted and somewhat fulsome "Epistle Dedicatory," with the victim of which we sympathise, and whose identity we accordingly forbear to reveal, the author settles down into a calm and rational state of mind and gives us a really excellent book; one, moreover, which comes with peculiar timeliness at the present juncture, when, owing to the ignorant zeal of an active minority and the ignorant indifference of a passive majority, the most vital interests of higher education are in danger of disaster. That legislation which would introduce some sort of order into the chaos now existing between the primary schools and the universities is both desirable and inevitable, few who have any knowledge of or interest in the subject would be found to deny: few, that is, outside the horde of irresponsible tradesmen who run the "collegiate establishments," "academies for young gentlemen," and similar private-adventure abominations which disgrace English education and lower it as a whole in public estimation. But though the intervention of the State ought to come, and must come, there is a risk lest in endeavouring to avoid the Scylla of over-centralisation we are drawn into the Charybdis of confusion. As regards the former peril, the only experience the Government of this country has had of the direction of education has been confined to

its most elementary stages. Now it is, or should be, abundantly evident that a system which is suitable enough perhaps for learners who are intellectually and socially of the lowest grade; who must, perforce, be dealt with *en masse*; and who have to be taught by instructors differing so entirely in type, tone, and traditions from the masters of the higher schools as, from a scholastic point of view, to constitute a separate race, would prove destructive if applied in all its stereotyped woodenness to scholars and institutions of a more advanced character. As regards the latter peril, the total abandonment of the higher schools to local control would involve a ruin still more deplorable and complete; for it would mean that secondary education, while losing such proportion of freedom as is beneficial, would at the same time lose even that modicum of symmetry and co-ordination which it at present possesses. It would be dominated by the faddists, jobbers, parish politicians, and other cranks, gerrymanderers, and ignoramuses, who together compose the predominant element in our provincial councils; to say nothing of the additional presence on these bodies of the parent—that is, indirectly, the fond mother—who, with sometimes, no doubt, commendable intentions, is, as a rule, the most desperate enemy with which school and child alike have to contend.

These alternative dangers Mr. Tarver points out and dwells upon at some length. He is very far from being the first writer on this topic who has done so; but nowhere have we seen the case for higher education, in the best and broadest sense of the term, put with greater force, fairness, and lucidity. He makes point after point, in a way which can hardly fail to bring conviction home to the most perverse, unintelligent, or apathetic. We scarcely dare to begin to quote lest we be lured on till we have reproduced in the pages of the ACADEMY so much of *Debatable Claims* that it would be unnecessary for our readers to possess themselves of copies of the work. This would be appreciative, but hardly grateful. There is, however, a limit to self-restraint, and we may allow ourselves a few citations by way of samples. In the Introduction we are asked:

"Does the cry for Secondary Education mean that we wish to restore one class of local schools to the position which they once occupied? Or does it mean that in the future, as to a large extent at the present time, it will not be possible for professional men who live in large towns to get their children educated on the professional plane without incurring the expense of a boarding school? In other words, is the tendency of the new Act to be permanently to depress a large number of local schools; or, on the other hand, to elevate them from their present degradation, and place them where they were when the majority of them were founded?"

Again:

"Paid councils of education, responsible to a central authority for the administration of large areas—some half-dozen for the whole kingdom—seem the form of administration most likely to do the work required. . . . Organised elementary education was in some respects a new thing in 1870; what we are now concerned with is the organisation of an old thing, rather

than the creation of a new one. . . . At the present time we are allowing our grammar schools to perish by neglect; instead of strengthening them, we create rival institutions."

This last sentence is illustrated by a reference to an unnamed town, which,

"following the prevalent tendency of the country at large, prefers to create a new institution rather than strengthen and extend the work of an old one, for it possesses a well-equipped grammar school, whose endowments can be shown to have existed before the year of grace 1291."

Had the date been 1485 we should have known that the allusion was to the Christ Church Folly, the "Extension College" at Reading. On Literature, by the way, Mr. Tarver is sound:

"In the world of letters, the writer who is at the level of the average ignorance of his day will have a larger number of readers than he who writes for all time. It was better worth a man's while at the end of the last century to be a Samuel Richardson than a Samuel Johnson: it is at least as lucrative now to be a Marie Corelli or a Hall Caine as even to be a George Eliot."

But to return to our pedagogics:

"The endowment of teachers without buildings on the mediæval system is at least economical; the modern system of finding the buildings, paying the pupil, and leaving the teacher to chance, is expensive and absolutely ineffective."

Next he deals with the shibboleth of the scientist:

"What precisely do we mean by the term science? What do we wish to be at when we set apart a million and odd every year for scientific and technical instruction? Are we interested in promoting scientific habits of thought among the majority of our countrymen? Or are we not rather interested in diffusing the knowledge of some of the results which have been achieved by scientific men because we believe that this knowledge is useful for commercial purposes? . . . Alas, my Lady Science, your reputation was not particularly good when you were supposed to be married to the magician, and you have not materially improved it by your more recent flirtation with the bagman!"

And how this epidemic of bagman's science has infected even the ancient seats of learning may be seen in the recent attempt to establish—Heaven save the mark!—a "final honour school of agriculture" at Oxford: a proposal happily defeated, though by a bare majority. We are forcibly reminded here of a crafty device, exerted in a nobler cause, which played with unvarying success upon the dull cupidity of the British parent. Whenever difficulties were objected to a promising boy being placed upon the classical side of a certain school, it was pointed out by the head master that Greek was, to all intents and purposes, a modern language, and would, therefore, be of the greatest practical value for business objects, should the lad in question elect later on to discard scholarship for the Levantine sponge trade, or any other department of Oriental commerce.

Two scraps more and we have finished with quotation: "No subjects, not even Latin and Greek, have a moralising influence

upon the pupil if they are taught by men whose ideal, both of learning and of responsibility to their pupils, is limited to enabling them to pass some definite standard in an examination." Thus much for the commercialism of the crammer; next for the inanities of the psychologist: "Much time may be wasted over pedagogic literature—Froebel and the rest. The practical difficulties of teaching are not surmounted by acquaintance with psychological theorists."

A good many other defects, errors, and shortcomings in our educational arrangements are noticed, to which we have previously called attention in these columns. Such are the need for substituting one uniform scheme of school examinations for the multitudinous and heterogeneous tests that now bewilder the parent and embarrass the teacher; the imbecility of the present mode of selection for the public services, in which physical qualifications are, even for the army, virtually disregarded; the quaint preference for wholly inexperienced men shown by governing bodies when electing to headships; and the combined injustice and absurdity of what Mr. Tarver styles the clerical domination, a dying domination, it is true, but which has yet to receive its *coup de grâce*.

To say that we hold with every statement and every opinion put forward in these essays would be to assert that two of a trade ever entirely agree, which would be flying in the face of proverbial philosophy. We fall foul, for example, of much of the contents of chapter vii. The arguments therein adduced against the training of masters are not very convincing, and, *mutatis mutandis*, would apply equally well to training for any calling or profession. What would be thought of the view that Bob Sawbones should not be instructed in the most approved methods of amputating a leg, and that Tommy Atkins should not be taught to shoulder arms after a particular fashion, because it "would destroy their inventiveness"? As with his Epistle Adulatory at the outset, so in chapter vi., the author gets a little tedious over his hero-worshipping of a doubtless estimable but obscure person, about whom those who had not the advantage of his personal acquaintance will experience some difficulty in working up an enthusiasm. Still, we were told in the dedication that this was to be a dull book, and we must therefore not complain if Mr. Tarver, finding it hard to be dull, laid himself out with especial effort to vindicate his promise in one solitary chapter. We will only remark in passing that it is curious that the "Ideal Teacher" of writers on Education is invariably a master who is unable to keep order in his class-room. Our conscience is pricked by the reflection that the colleagues whom we have felt constrained gently but firmly to remove, on this manifestly groundless score, were clearly ideal teachers, and we, blinded by our coarse and barbaric notions, never saw it!

A strange slip occurs on p. 5, where Caxton is antedated by a century, and there is a stray misprint here and there: "head master" of St. Paul's School for "high

master" (p. 15), "Sherbourne" for "Sherborne" (p. 49), Sir Thomas "Moore" for "More" (p. 55). In the second paragraph of p. 259 for "proprietary" (three times) we should surely read "private."

But we must gird no more. The book is distinctly one to be read, and that not only by those actually engaged in teaching, but even more by persons who are, or who may become, concerned in the government of our schools. Let these last not omit, or take offence at, the final chapter addressed "To the County Councillor." Let such commit to heart the pregnant sentence with which the author closes: a warning "against the prevailing tendency to encourage people to think rather of what they shall get by education than of what they shall be."

### BIRDS IN LONDON.

*Birds in London.* By W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. (Longmans.)

To apprehend the troubles that afflict Mr. W. H. Hudson it is necessary to understand his personal equation as a writer, for he holds a place distinctly his own. It is not quite that of a learned ornithologist. Here, for instance, he makes no pretension to furnish an exhaustive list of birds that have been seen in London, and accordingly has not rummaged the old newspaper files wherein the facts are duly recorded. That is a task still to be accomplished, although several old and incomplete lists are in existence. Many a strange bird of prey has hovered above the traffic of Fleet-street, many a strange songster has alighted in Hyde Park. Concerning these occurrences he seems to feel but an attenuated interest. Nor is he of the vivid word-painting school of out-door essayists whose ambition is to make animated pictures of bird-life. On the contrary, his aim is to preach kindness to the inferior part of creation, and his creed well may be: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small." And so the best of this book lies in such passages as that describing "Afternoon Tea" in Hyde Park, when the workman, shouldering his tools, halts to throw the remains of his dinner to the sparrow and cushat, and nursemaids stop their perambulators while the children scatter crumbs, and a bond of kindness unites man and bird. Incidentally he lets you know it to be his own custom in hard weather to buy pennyworths of sprats to feast the gulls who come to him when times are hard.

But, as Mr. Tulliver would have said, "it is a puzzling world" to a man with a notion of this kind, for true gentleness does not exist, except in the breast of a few amiable persons. Nature herself has cruel methods of keeping her tribes in order, and Mr. Hudson is compelled to lift up his burden against other than two-footed marauders. There are greedy pike in Wanstead Lake who inspire him with doubt "if the wild duck, teal, little grebe, and moorhen succeed in rearing many young in this most dangerous water." His fears are somewhat exaggerated, and betray a certain unfamiliarity with wild life, which we have noticed before in his

writing. The truth is, that it is an exceptional occurrence for "the fresh water shark" to attack feather. With more reason he bewails the multitude of rats—the most destructive and cunning of quadrupeds. Then there is that egg-stealing villain, the jay, whom he would fain preserve for his pretty tints, and execute for his robberies. Worst of all, there is that product of civilisation, the ownerless, wandering cat. In an army, as he calculates, of nigh a hundred thousand, it prowls by night in park and square and garden, destroying and devouring. He devotes a whole chapter to the discussion of this great "cat question," but without arriving at any very practical result. A policeman cannot catch a stray cat as easily as if it were a dog, and modern ingenuity has not yet devised a cat-proof wire fence. So much is he impressed by the importance of the matter that he adjures the County Council to come to the rescue.

The history of bird-life in London abounds in what is curious and interesting. At one time white spoonbills and herons used to build together in the Bishop's grounds at Fulham. The spoonbill has almost forsaken England now, but the heronries at Richmond Park and Wanstead still remain to delight metropolitan lovers of nature. In old books so frequent are the references to the kites that used to be seen all over the town, but were particularly numerous about Covent Garden, that it is difficult to realise how rare the bird has become. Another familiar of street and park was the magpie—Waterton, a naturalist of the present century, records that he saw twenty-three all together in Kensington Gardens. Over the whole country this bird is decreasing in numbers. A "Son of the Marshes" has told us it is so rare in Surrey that he comes to the London parks to see it. Mr. Hudson believes, however, that the three or four visible there are only estrays from confinement, and unfortunately they seem to be all hens, so that no breeding has yet taken place. Sadly does he lament the disappearance of the old London rookeries—that at Gray's Inn being the only one left. The rook is so very numerous in the country, however, that it has become a plague to the agricultural fraternity. We can assure him also that the daw's retreat from town is not due to diminution—his is as yet far from being near the fate of the chough, most picturesque and most unfortunate of the family. The carrion crow, wild as he is, delights in our parks, or would delight if his thievish and cannibal propensities did not make of him "a wolf's-head" among birds. Mr. Hudson's regret that "the stately raven" has practically vanished even from the outskirts of the town will be widely shared.

On the other hand, there are many compensations. Some birds unknown to an earlier generation of Londoners may be observed in the very heart of the city. That interesting bird the dabchick every spring comes to make its floating nest in St. James's Pond, flies away in autumn, and annually renews its visit. Wood-pigeons have established many colonies in London; an illustration represents one sitting on the head of Shakespeare's bust in Leicester-square, and this shy woodlander in Regent's Park and

Hyde Park has grown as tame as a Museum pigeon. Equally curious is the self-made tameness of the wild duck, which has taken to nest in the crowns of the oak pollards in Hyde Park, and whose young may be seen now running on the grass or swimming in the water. As companion it has the long-legged moorhen, which always has been a creature very friendly to man. Of the smaller birds Mr. Hudson writes too dolefully. Far more care is taken of them now than used to be the case, and in the most severe weather they have a wide choice of balconies and gardens where food and water are placed for them. They may not breed so plentifully in the public gardens, but they certainly do so as freely as ever in private grounds and gardens. No doubt, however, in order to attain the object and enforce the moral of the book—the need of further protection—it was necessary to make the account as black as possible.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*What is Socialism?* By "Scotsburn."  
(Isbister & Co.)

If any of our readers turn to this book in the hope of finding a coherent answer to the question propounded in its title, they will be disappointed. "Scotsburn" has compiled, with much diligence, a long series of extracts from the abundant but ephemeral literature of Socialism. These he strings together, sometimes printing several pages of them in succession without so much as a note of introduction, and from the medley thus produced he creates a grotesque figure which he labels "Socialism." To this absurdity he adds, from time to time, the Kaiser William (p. 68), the Russian Emperor (p. 71), Ex-President Cleveland waving the Monroe doctrine (p. 96), and even President Kruger, and then shrieks out that these and the monster Socialism are the "beginning of the end of the British Empire." It is quite impossible to take either the author or his book seriously. He writes as one in a nightmare, takes all his own assumptions for granted, begs every question put to them, and becomes positively frantic whenever he thinks of the dreadful wickedness of those who attack his cherished prejudices. Nor, while the matter of the book is thus so bad, can anything more favourable be said of its manner. An example or two may suffice. He describes (p. 2) the subjects embraced and the interests attacked by "Socialism," and proceeds:

"It is not too much to say, that the generally accepted ideas and opinions, various and remote as they may be from each other in their forms, concerning all and each of these, and probably of innumerable other questions dear in some form or other to the heart of everyone of us, Socialism antagonises and struggles to subvert."

How delightful! And what can he mean? A little further on he finds it impossible to unravel a somewhat similar tangle himself, without perpetrating the most delightful

mixed metaphors. At p. 4, he describes a difficulty which rises "like a stone wall" before the Socialist, but on p. 5 it has become "a rock of unpleasantly formidable dimensions," and subsequently, on the same page, "a maw of insatiable craving" into which the Socialist has to fling his principles! Whole columns could be filled with equally amusing extracts, leading one to surmise that, in spite of his pen-name, "Scotsburn" really hails from the sister isle. But to what end should we devote time and space to this object? Nobody interested in the Socialist controversy will doubt that there is room for serious criticism of Socialist doctrines. In every European country Socialism knocks at the door of civilisation and asks uncomfortable questions—such as, whether unfettered individual competition is a principle to which the regulation of industry may safely be entrusted? and, whether the conflict of private interests will ever produce a well-ordered commonwealth? We may not like these questions to be put, but it is no answer to them to retort, as "Scotsburn" does, that some Socialists are Atheists, or that most of them are rogues, fools, or poor and ignorant persons. Nor does he dispose of the Socialist solutions to these problems by expostulating that the dearest prejudices of his heart would be destroyed if that "incessant private war, which," as Sir Henry Maine says, "leads each man to strive to place himself on another's shoulders and remain there," were removed. The book is futile. It possesses neither index nor bibliography, and leaves one wondering what could have induced any publisher to issue it.

*Life in an Old English Town.* By Mary Dormes Harris. "Social England Series."  
(Sonnenschein.)

For the purposes of simplifying her task the author has taken Coventry, which in many ways is typical, and has described its life, government, and religion in medieval times. Her work has been done with much care and thoroughness, although we could wish for a hint of vivacity here and there. The archives of the town seem to have been most conscientiously examined, and all sources are acknowledged in footnotes, as they should be. To most persons the chapters dealing with "Daily Life in the Town" are likely to be of the greatest interest, but we have found the book readable throughout. In her account of Lady Godiva's ride, the author tells us that Peeping Tom is an accretion dating from as recent a period as the eighteenth century, not till seven hundred years after the ride. This is disappointing. Of another character, whom we merely glimpse, we should like to know more: John French, alchemist, who in 1477 intended "to practise a true and profitable conclusion in the cunning of transmutacion of meteals to" the "profyt and pleasur of" the king's grace, and was therefore, by the king's order, never to be

"letted, troubled, or vext of his seid labor and practise, to th' entent that he at his good liberte may shewe vnto vs and such as be by vs therfor appointed the cler effect of his said conclusions."

The entry, however, setting forth thus much concerning John French is the last word of him. For the benefit of the ingenious Mr. Emmens, of New York, it would be interesting to know what became of the Coventry alchemist. One little point before we leave this book. The author (we know not whether to call her Mrs. or Miss) in her preface thanks the editor of the series for "useful suggestions." Surely such indebtedness should be understood.

*Flower Favourites.* By Lizzie Deas. (George Allen.)

MISS DEAS has ransacked old and new authors for fact and fancy concerning flowers, and the result is a pleasant bundle of erudition. This, of the origin of clematis, is the kind of thing:

"The Cossacks were at war with the Tartars, and on one occasion, finding the latter too strong for them, turned and ran away. At this the Cossack leader, ashamed and indignant, struck his forehead with the handle of his pike, whereupon instantly there arose a wild tempest which hurled the cowardly Cossacks high into the air, pounded them to thousands of fragments, and mingled their dust with that of the Tartars. From the dust sprung the *clematis integrifolia*. But so troubled were the souls of the Cossacks knowing their bones to be mingled with the earth of the hated foreigners, that they prayed God to disseminate them in their beloved Ukraine, where the young girls would pluck and weave into garlands the flowers of the *Tziganka* [the name for the clematis in Little Russia]. God heard and granted the prayer, and it is a popular belief in Little Russia that if only every man would hang a *Tziganka* from his waist-belt, all the dead Cossacks would again come to life."

This legend, though somewhat steep, will serve. Among the other plants whose history Miss Deas has unravelled are the rose, the lily, the poppy, the tulip, the narcissus, the marigold, chicory, daffodil, and leek.

*Bird Neighbours.* By Neltje Blanchan. (S. Low & Co.)

THIS is a noble volume, with as many illustrations in colours as there are weeks in the year, and an introduction by Mr. John Burroughs, and everything handsome about it. And its sub-title is: "An Introductory Acquaintance with One Hundred and Fifty Birds Commonly Found in the Gardens, Meadows, and Woods about our Homes." "Now," we said, "we shall be able to take a country walk to some purpose; we shall at last know a starling from a thrush, and a wren from a cassowary, and what the bird is that sings in the apple-tree." But when we looked down the index it was full of bobolinks and phœbes, chickadees and cat-birds, juncos and blue-birds, thrashers and flickers, wax-wings and tanagers; and to a steady, stay-at-home Englishman what is the use of that? But when we visit New England we shall be wonderfully up in its feather lore. For the benefit of inquirers in this country who share our ignorance concerning birds and our curiosity, a similar work might be issued with profit. There are, of course, popular guides to ornithology in some numbers, but we know of none so well arranged and presented as this. An enterprising publisher might look to it.

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Mr. Buchan, though still at Oxford, has written short stories, long romances, and has won the Newdigate. This is his second romance. The story opens in June, 1678; the hero, a boy, is fishing the Tweed. The narrative is of adventure, of true love, of a rival; and the style is crisp and studied. The chapter headings show the author's manner. They are such as these: "How I Rode to the South," "Of the Man with One Eye and the Encounter in the Green Cleuch," "How Three Men Held a Town in Terror." (John Lane. 444 pp. 6s.)

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The trivial life, long drawn out. "She stopped herself suddenly, for she had discovered herself indulging in a very wicked desire. Firstly, how wrong it was to wish to go to God's house for the sake of seeing a young gentleman." Someone else says: "At seventeen my admirers were many. At eighteen Mr. Fortescue had won me; and at nineteen I was married. . . . We had not been married more than six months before he openly told me that I was but one of his many playthings." (Digby & Long. 412 pp. 6s.)

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This spirited lady was a chieftainess of the O'Malleys, notorious pirates. She frequently rebelled against the government of Elizabeth, but found time to become the

mother of the first Viscount Mayo. The present story is put into the mouth of a certain Ruari Macdonald, her chief lieutenant, and winds up with a double wedding, the Pirate Queen being one of the brides. (Cassells. 338 pp.)

LEDDY MARGET. By L. B. WALFORD.

She was "a girl of eighty." The phrase, apart, sounds grotesque; but the portrait of the buoyant little old woman, with the tastes and the recreations, the faith and the simplicity, of a child, is sweet. The slight tale breathes the spirit that Mrs. Walford's admirers value. (Longmans. 233 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath.* By Basil Thomson. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

ONE man of genius and two or three writers of unquestionable talent have dealt with the life of the natives of the South Sea Islands, but none has set it forth to better purpose, with greater intimacy or sympathy, than Mr. Basil Thomson in his *Indiscretions of Lady Asenath*. There can hardly be a doubt that if the quick imagination and absorptive intelligence of R. L. S. had known the Samoans longer, and had closer communion with them, we should have had from him a better book than any he produced about the people he loved so well; but, that failing, we have in *The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath* the best, the most satisfying, and the most suggestive book that has yet been done on the Melanesians. Mr. Basil Thomson's book is not a novel, nor a collection of short stories, nor, spite of its taking title, is there much indiscretion expounded, however hinted at. It is rather to be described as a set of sketches shrewdly and craftily bitten in. For the purpose of exposition that method is, probably, better than the imaginative way of fiction; and exposition is evidently Mr. Thomson's purpose—exposition of ordinary details of life, of manners and customs, and of extraordinary matters of belief and superstition.

Lady Asenath is a Fijian princess; and her indiscretions are little other than the expression of the revolt of her shrewd, gay, and intelligent mind, from the overlay (the *aberglaube*, as Matthew Arnold was wont solemnly to describe that kind of thing), the veneer, which European civilisation and religion strive to impose upon the nature of the South Sea Islander. Let us say at once that Lady Asenath, whether creation or portrait, is a most engaging woman. Here is the agreeable account of her birth and upbringing, which (as will be noted) contains subtly injected into the narrative a good deal of the lore of Fijian custom:

"Her mother, when her time drew near, slipped quietly away to a little shed built secretly in the bush. . . . There were great rejoicings when the infant Asenath was carried home. Oiled and powdered thick with turmeric,

she fell to upon her first meal, a mouthful of eandle-nut juice, which made her very sick. Then, for three days, she was consigned to the wet nurse, and on the fourth her mother sat with her to receive the presents from her loyal people. She cost her country dear, for the yam harvest was not yet, and there must be feasts for each of her accomplishments: the feast of the tenth day; of the 'turning,' when she could turn over on a mat; of the 'crawling,' when she first progressed by wriggling. As she grew, she was made to suffer for her rank, for she was 'forbidden the sunshine.' Her playfellows might go fishing in the shallows, or wallow in the warm mud of the salt-pans, but she must chafe in the gloom of a darkened house, bleaching her brown skin; also, being of noble birth, she might not wear any clothing until the initiatory feast was made, and it chanced that a period of great scarcity deferred this ceremony long beyond the fitting age, so that for nearly two years, though grown to womanhood, she dared not venture out of doors until the night had veiled her. Then some Peeping Tom might have caught a glimpse of a bronze statue fleeing to the cover of the mangrove to vent her pent-up girlhood in lonely gambols. It is in this strange childhood that I like to find excuses for the Lady Asenath's sympathy with youth, her love of midnight frolic, and her perennial girliness."

Her freedom from restraint is also partly to be accounted for by the fact that her years were still tender when she lost her father. He died fighting; and Lady Asenath would tell of his fate without emotion: "He was clubbed when the sun was setting, and the chiefs of Sambeto ate him." Of her grandfather Navula, the Moon, it is told how he paid a great and elaborate compliment to the English missionary who received him into the Christian fold; with the simplest desire to be princely in his hospitality he invited the missionary to a feast of human flesh, delicately baked and browned!

Where all is so admirably done—done with so much knowledge and at the same time with so much reticence, done with so much humour and so much sympathy—and when all is conveyed in a style of such agreeable suppleness and compass, it is invidious to single out chapters or passages for especial praise. We recall the story of the man who would not be imprisoned, the account of the sacred circle of stones and the secret rites, and, on the humorous side, the amazing football and cricket matches; but there cling closest to our memory the excellent description of the balolo-fishing and the whole of the last chapter of all, "The Passing of Asenath," which is nothing less than a masterpiece of writing and of exposition of the Fijian beliefs concerning death and the future life—the native beliefs, that is, before Christianity wrecked them. And, as Lady Asenath represents for us the gay, unmoral, idolatrous Fijian, so does Bishop Wesele (and, in a smaller measure, Chaplain Michael) represent most tenderly and touchingly the native mind struggling through its centuries-old overlay of superstition towards the better and freer conditions of the Christian code.

The book, let it be said in conclusion, is a perfect storehouse of delightful character and lore, sufficient to furnish forth a cart-load of South Sea romances,

*Spanish John.* By William McLennan. (Harper & Brothers.)

THIS story has all the materials for fine romance. It is concerned with a romantic cause and its most dramatic moment. The hero goes to the Scots college in Rome; he takes his share in Continental wars, and returns at last to his own land only to find the Prince an exile, his clan broken, and his mission fruitless. The author, we understand, is a Scoto-Canadian, and he has read his Jacobite history with care. The crowds of priests, Irish adventurers, soldiers of fortune, swindling Highland lairds, and needy caterans who formed the rearguard of the hopeless rebellion, are portrayed with accuracy and diligence. Here is all the stuff of the dramatic; but what profits it all if the spirit be wanting?

And wanting the spirit assuredly is. We have read the book with a sympathetic mind, and found it lifeless. There is one good character, Father O'Rourke, but he is spoiled by the dulness of his company. One scene—that of the holding of the Black Pass—approaches vigour, but it tails off into the commonplace. The story is a tangle, a collection of blind alleys and paths which promise interest but end in bog. There is no lack of care in construction, but it is the care which prompts an author to make industrious use of material which he has amassed, and not the patient labouring of the artist. There is nothing of the breeze and swing of good narrative, no subtlety in the characters, no feeling for the passion and mystery and despair of this great tragedy. It is simply a piece of second-rate history, none the less historical in its manner because its matter is fictitious.

And the pity is great when we reflect on the chance that has been missed. The people who walk on stilts through these pages are the very chosen folk of romance. Lovat, bent with age and ill-living, who carried the subtlest brain in the land behind his mask-like face, the "gentle Lochiel," the Secretary Murray, the blindly faithful and disreputable clansmen, and the inevitable traitors of the Allan Knock class—here is the matter for great drama. The novel of the 'Forty-five remains to be written, for Scott and Stevenson have only played with the fringes of the thing, and the common historical botcher has not got beyond a hasty glance. But the man who would write it must have an eye for the subtle and strange in character, and the nerve to achieve the dramatic. He must feel the whole moving irony of this vain endeavour, and he must put into his words the very grey and black of the hard country where the struggle was ended.

*A Woman in Grey.* By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Routledge.)

*A Woman in Grey* is a multiplication *ad infinitum* of murders, oubliettes, secret panels, trap-doors, poisons, and a thousand and one other uncanny things. And there is a special terror in the shape of a tiger, who disposes of his victims—don't ask us how many—in an ordinary English country house. If you like this kind of story, read *A Woman in Grey*.



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## Guide Book Supplement.

SATURDAY: JUNE 11, 1898.

### TOURIST LITERATURE.

#### MR. MURRAY'S HAND BOOKS.

*A Handbook for Travellers in Scotland.* Edited by Scott Moncrieff Penney. Seventh Edition (1898).

*A Handbook for Travellers in Surrey* (Including Aldershot). Fifth Edition (1898).

*A Handbook of Travel-Talk.* Eighteenth Edition.

MR. MURRAY'S Hand-Books to the Continent and to parts of the United Kingdom form a remarkable body of literature which has grown from small beginnings under the successive care of father and son. Mr. Murray lately communicated to a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* the interesting story of his father's first attempts to provide English tourists with Guide Books. The first volume he issued comprised North Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Previous to this venture only one Guide Book worthy of the name existed: this was Mrs. Starke's guide to Italy and Sicily, and even this owed much to Mr. Murray's assistance. The opening for good Guide Books seemed clear, and Mr. Murray began to make the compilation of these manuals his life work. He filled enormous note books with every scrap of information he could find. He devoted his holidays to travel, taking notes as he went of art treasures, roads, inns, everything. "When my father began his journeys," said Mr. Murray to his interviewer,

"not only had not a single railway been begun, but the highways of Germany were mere wheel-tracks in the deep sand amid ruts and boulders, and the journeys were made in a 'stuhlwagen,' a pliable basket on wheels, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones over which it passed. He was among the first to descend the Danube from Pesh to Orsova, and did so in a timber barge which swept over reefs and whirlpools, where then no steamer could pass. In 1831 Mr. Murray explored the Dolomites, and the first description, other than a scientific one, ever given of them, appeared in his *South Germany*. This was followed by *Switzerland and France*, and in these the author had the assistance of his friend and fellow-traveller, William Brockedon, the artist. As the demand grew, the task passed beyond the powers of one man, and Mr. Murray secured able colleagues. Richard Ford undertook *Spain*, and his book has become a classic. Sir Francis Palgrave took *North Italy*; Sir George Bowen, *Greece*; Sir Lambert Playfair, *Algiers and the Mediterranean*; and Mr. George Dennis, the author of *Cities of Etruria*, edited *Sicily*. Since those days, the travelling public has much changed. The mass of those who travel over Europe now went only to Margate then. We concern ourselves less with countries close at hand, such as Holland or Belgium. Either they are well-known ground, or a sixpenny guide, such as the Great Eastern Company issues, answers all purposes; but for round about the Mediterranean, for Egypt, for Spain, for countries more distant still, our books have a great sale, and it is to perfecting those, and

making a special feature of the artistic and historical side, that we devote our chief efforts, and we cater now for much the same public as we did in the beginning, only it has gone further afield."

Mr. Murray's foreign Guide Books now number nearly thirty. For Northern Europe there are seven works: *France* (in two volumes), *Holland and Belgium*, *The Rhine and North Germany*, *Denmark and Iceland*, *Sweden*, *Norway*, and *Russia*. In Central Europe we have the guides to *North Germany and Switzerland*. Southern Europe is divided into nine areas. Two volumes go to the *Mediterranean Islands and Algeria and Tunis*. Seven are allotted to the East, which section includes Mr. Murray's Guide Books to *Egypt*, *The Holy Land*, *India*, and *Japan*.

The home Guide Books also number about thirty. The two which lie before us, dealing with Scotland and Surrey, may be taken as representing the quality and character of Mr. Murray's entire body of Guide Books. Each of these volumes has been newly revised. Revision must be perpetually applied to Guide Books if in these days of railway expansion and growing wealth they are to be kept trustworthy: and revision has been reduced to a science by Mr. Murray. Railways, roads, inns, bye-laws, postal arrangements, and a hundred other variable institutions are watched, and changes are registered for the new edition. The present issue of the *Handbook to Scotland* takes account of the extension of the Dingwall and Skye line beyond Strome Ferry to Kyle of Loch Alsh, of the new Highland line from Aviemore to Inverness by Carr Bridge, and of the Cruden line, which gives access to beautiful shore scenery on the east coast of Aberdeenshire. There are also new large scale maps of the district round Dumfries, Galloway, and the west coast of Sutherland and Ross-shire. It is surely a proud boast that the editor makes when he says that he has now personally visited several times almost every place he describes, and has traversed all but a very few of the routes he lays down for travellers.

The mere method of attacking and arranging a work such as the *Handbook to Scotland* excites curiosity. Finished, the book lies lightly in one's hand, with its five hundred or so orderly pages, and its dozens of maps and plans, which are inserted and folded so neatly that although they number more than thirty, their presence is hardly suspected when the book is closed. The thought and organisation that go to the making and perfecting of such a book are hardly to be guessed at. But it is worth while to examine. Mr. Penney furnishes a general Introduction, divided into six sections. Here he gives general information as to ways of reaching Scotland, hints for travellers of various types, a word on Scottish antiquities, architecture, geology, Gaelic and Highland words and names of places, and a table of the heights of the most interesting of the Scottish mountains. The body of the work is in nine geographical sections selected for their convenience. They take the traveller gradually from Berwick to Cape Wrath, and beyond to the Orkneys and Shetlands. The editor's first word is in

defence of the Lowlands, which he rightly contends are still far too much sacrificed to the more sublime charms of the Highlands. The Lowland country, he insists, excels the Highlands in the number and picturesque-ness of its ancient castles and buildings:

"The traveller, imbued with the recollection of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Abbot*, &c., may repair to Melrose or Kelso, either directly from England or making the excursion from Edinburgh. He will there find himself in the most beautiful part of the valley of the Tweed, under the shadow of that picturesque and eerie knot of hills, The Eildons. He may spend hours among the exquisite ruins of Melrose, Kelso, and Jedburgh. He will go as a pilgrim to the Shrines of Dryburgh (where rest the remains of Sir Walter and his family), and to Abbotsford, not forgetting the Peel Tower of Smalholm, where Sir Walter spent his childhood. The view from Kelso Bridge over the Tweed and Teviot, and the park of Floors, may tempt the traveller to tarry and explore the valleys of Tweed, Teviot, Yarrow, Ettrick, and many others."

But Lowland or Highland, Mr. Penney has bestowed minute attention on every town, village, or mountain side he names. Dipping here and there into the long array of double columns we find scholarly, compact information, and usually a something more that is suggestive and inspiring. The treatment of Killiecrankie, had we space to quote it, would be a case in point. The site of the battle is carefully corrected in the minds of those who imagine that it began in the famous Pass itself. It began to the north of the railway station. What tourist will not be grateful for the quotation from Macaulay:

"It was past ten o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what possibly was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. . . . In two minutes the battle was lost and won . . . and the mingled torrent of red coats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie."

Or for the blood-warming verses of Aytoun:

"Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept a hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!

Horse and man went down like driftwood  
When the floods are black at Tule,  
And their carcasses are whirling,  
In the Garry's deepest pool."

As a specimen of the historical and literary notes we may quote the account of Dunvegan Castle. The editor's remark that few travellers will care to push through twenty-two miles of barren country to reach this stronghold is an interesting commentary on Dr. Johnson's adventurous journey thither from his loved Fleet-street when even the southerly parts of Scotland were but tediously accessible.

"One mile farther on is Dunvegan Castle (Macloed of Macloed), which has for centuries been the residence of the chief of the clan, a picturesque building, partly old, partly modern, on a rock surrounded on three sides by the sea,

backed by well-grown plantations. Formerly it was accessible only from the sea by a boat and a subterranean staircase, now by a modern bridge crossing the chasm. It forms two sides of a small square. It is said to be the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland, and contains some antique family relics—a square Irish cup of wood, beautifully carved and mounted in silver, which belonged to John Macguire, Chief of Fermanagh, and his wife, Catherine O'Neill, bearing the date 1493; the fairy hanner, supposed to be associated with the destiny of the family; the claymore of Rory More (Sir Roderick Macleod), and his horn, carved and ornamented with silver, holding perhaps two quarts, which, filled with claret, the heir of Macleod, as a proof of manhood, was expected to empty at a draught (see notes to Scott's 'Lord of the Isles'). Here Johnson and Boswell were hospitably entertained to their heart's content for many days (1773). Here Sir Walter Scott was a welcome guest, and composed 'MacCrimmon's Lament.' The country around is comparatively barren; but the neighbourhood of the castle is adorned with plantations. Behind the castle is a waterfall."

A word must be added about the maps in this volume. They are altogether special and admirable, and in many of them the principle of indicating elevations in mountainous districts by graduated brown tints has been introduced. This device could be a success only by the exercise of the nicest care both in the distribution of the seven or eight tints of brown used, and in their printing. Each tint represents a rise in elevation of 656 feet (200 metres).

The arrangement of the *Handbook of Surrey* does not differ in material points from that of Scotland, but we regret the absence of the editor's name from the title-page. In previous editions Surrey was linked to Hampshire and the Isle of Wight in one volume. But now the most trimly picturesque county of England is dealt with alone in 450 pages. A good feature is the interpolation in the regular topographical matter of historical notes on places of exceptional interest, such as Croydon, Kingston, Richmond, Guildford, &c. Similarly, where antiquarian remains are numerous, as at Guildford, the heading "Objects of Interest" is usefully introduced. But what strikes us especially in this book is the loving minuteness and encyclopædic character of its contents. The Index has a value in itself, apart from the book; it is an admirable basis of study and a mine of suggestion. It gives a separate list of over fifty churches in which brasses of interest are to be found. It gives another list of twelve places where there are remarkable yew trees. It refers the reader to the grand Surrey views, to county collections of pictures, and to the best examples of stained glass in the churches. Indeed, one might be puzzled to guess the kind of book to which the Index is the key, so little are its items exclusively topographical, so abundant and appetising are the names of authors, artists, politicians, and poets.

The subject matter of the book is split into sixteen "Routes" or districts, and these are treated successively with uniform devices

of type and arrangement. We will quote a typical passage with a literary interest:

"The tourist's first visit may well be paid to Moor Park (Sir Wm. Rose, Bart.), the retreat of Sir William Temple, when, after the death of his son in 1686, he withdrew from public life. It lies about one-and-a-half miles E. of Farnham Station, on the way to Waverley Abbey; in fact, the pleasantest way to reach Waverley is through it. The spot was in Temple's time very secluded, and the neighbourhood very thinly peopled.

Temple had no visitors, except a few friends who were willing to travel 20 or 30 miles in order to see him; and now and then a foreigner, whom curiosity brought to have a look at the author of the 'Triple Alliance.'"  
—*Macaulay*.

The house has been greatly altered; and the gardens, which Sir William laid out 'with the angular regularity he had admired in the flower-beds of Haarlem and the Hague,' with terraces, a canal, and formal walks 'buttoned' on either side with flower-pots, have been altogether remodelled. Part of the canal still remains, and a hedge of Wych elms, bordering it, is perhaps of Temple's time. Possibly, too, the brick walls dividing the gardens are those on which the ex-ambassador, like old Knowell in the play, delighted 'to count his apricots a-ripening,' although the well-known apricots noticed by Sir William Temple in his *Essay on Gardening* belong to Moor Park in Herts, and not to this Moor Park. It was, at all events, on this ground that William III. taught Swift to cultivate asparagus in the Dutch way; that is, with a short and not a wide stroke, avoiding injury to the young heads of the plants. 'King William,' said Swift, 'always used to eat the stalks as well as the heads.' Temple died here in January, 1699; and near the east end of the house is the sun-dial under which, according to his own request, his heart was buried in a silver box: 'in the garden where he used to contemplate and admire the works of nature with his beloved sister, the Lady Giffard.'"

The account proceeds to include a quotation from Macaulay on Swift's life at Moor Park, where he wrote his *Battle of the Books* and his *Tale of a Tub*.

Literary allusions and facts abound in this book. We are duly reminded that at the little hamlet of Bishopsgate, two miles west of Egham, Shelley lived in the summer of 1815, and there composed *Alastor*, walking under the grand shades of Windsor Park. Nor are the newer literary associations of Hindhead and Haslemere neglected. Sometimes a local poet is quoted with justification. Bessie Parkes' lines on Ockley will please the tourist:

"Ockley is a model village  
Planted mainly amidst tillage;  
The tillage on that wholesale scale  
Which doth in England much prevail;  
No garden farms of dainty trim,  
But all things with an ampler rim  
Of hedge and grass—a double charm  
In every fertile English farm.  
A sweet concession to the need  
Of Nature with her roadside mead,  
A fair appeal to human sight,  
And simple beauty's lawful right.  
Ockley has a church, a spire,  
A many-generationed squire,  
Straight roads which cut it left and right,  
A noble green by Nature dight,  
Old houses quaint and weather-streak'd,  
And troops of children rosy-checked."

The maps in this Surrey volume are good. The one of the whole county at the end of the book is a gem of clearness and completeness, and the maps of the Aldershot district deserve mention.

Mr. Murray's *Handbook of Travel Talk* is one of a number of companion volumes to the "Handbooks." It is a collection of questions, phrases, and vocabularies in English, French, German, and Italian. It is justly pointed out that such a book can be useful only to those who have some previous knowledge of foreign languages. The traveller who possesses this knowledge will find the book helpful and very comprehensive. By its aid he can voice every need in Paris, Berlin, or Rome. "Give me the boot-jack; I must take them off": this cry of the heart can be uttered in four languages with the aid of this book. So can "Will you give me a castle and a knight?" and "Has the washerwoman brought back my linen?" and "I want to leave my bicycle in a safe place"; and "You must divide that among you; I cannot give tips to everybody." The arrangement of the book, which is a "dumpy twelve," is good, and although the book contains over six hundred pages, it is light in the pocket.

## THE ALPS.

*The Alpine Guide: The Western Alps.* By the late John Ball, F.R.S. A New Edition Reconstructed and Revised on Behalf of the Alpine Club by W. A. B. Coolidge. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

In this work the science and the enthusiasm of Alpine climbing find their most modern and orderly expression. The volume before us is the first of three in which the late Mr. Ball's work will be newly given to the world, as much as possible in its original form, but with abundant alterations necessitated by the lapse of time. The new work is intended as a memorial to Mr. Ball, whose work as a climber and as President of the Alpine Club need not be more than named here. As is often the case in such undertakings, the Alpine Club finds the re-issue of the work a far more costly matter than first calculations led its committee to suppose it would be. It cannot yet be said that the issue of the next two volumes is financially possible. But we believe they will be floated. It would be a calamity if they were not. The erudition and thoroughness shown in the compilation of this volume are beyond praise. The book contains the knowledge not only of its first author and its present editor, but of a large number of Alpine enthusiasts and practical climbers, from whom Mr. Coolidge has received notes. It is encyclopædic of the Western Alps alike in its text and its maps. Our space will be better occupied by a single representative passage from the work than by any attempt to cope with an infinity of details. The ascent of Mont Blanc still strikes the imagination, but exaggerated views of its

difficulties have been succeeded by a tendency to underestimate those difficulties. On this subject we quote the following sound remarks:

"The ascent of the highest mountain in the Alps long passed for an exploit of the first order, deserving of special record, and admitting on the part of those who achieved it of a style of high-flown description which gave a formidable idea of the difficulty of the performance. Such descriptions represented, for the most part in perfect good faith, the impression made upon the minds of travellers by phenomena new and imposing from the grand scale on which they operate, very much heightened by ignorance of their laws, which left the imagination subject to an ill-defined sense of wonder and terror. The same descriptions might, however, have served for the ascent of many other of the glacier-clad peaks of the Alps, and according as experience has made men familiar with the means and precautions required, and more accurate knowledge has enabled them to understand the obstacles to be overcome, and the danger to be avoided, it is found that the ascent of Mont Blanc by the ordinary route is an expedition involving no peculiar difficulties, nor, when made in favourable weather, any appreciable risk. The shrewdness of the natives of the valley of Chamonix has led them to invest the ascent with as much importance as they can contrive to give it, and while they were able to obtain for a number of men ten times the remuneration which would be considered sufficient for the same amount of labour and exposure at other seasons of the year, they were not likely to diminish the allowance of powder that is burned to celebrate each successful ascent that is made from their valley with Chamonix guides. Of late years the number of ascents has very largely increased, and the evil now to be guarded against is not so much undue appreciation of the difficulties, as an underestimate leading men to neglect needful precautions, and to dispense with the requisite amount of previous training. To guard against immediate danger, the guides are usually quite worthy of reliance, and if the object be simply to reach the summit, and come down again without bodily hurt, most Englishmen of active habits, who agree to pay the proper number of francs to the guides and innkeepers at Chamonix, may count on achieving their object, provided the weather be favourable, or they have the patience to wait until it becomes so. But men who desire not merely to accomplish what is considered by some as a feat, but to enjoy, in the true sense of the word, an expedition which brings them face to face with so many phases of the beautiful and sublime in Nature, must recollect that for that object some general and some special preparation is necessary. The amount of training of the muscles which will support without undue fatigue almost continued physical exertion, with but short intervals of rest, and little or no sleep, during twenty-four hours or more, is not generally obtained without several days or weeks of previous practice. . . . At the least a traveller should begin by devoting several days to the exploration of the higher glaciers, however thoroughly trained he may otherwise be. It should not be forgotten that some persons are liable to suffer severely from the combined effects of rarefied air and unusual exertion at a great height. Apart from the difference of constitution in individuals, which can be ascertained only by trial, there is no doubt that habit has a great influence in making men insensible to this distressing affection. Those who have accustomed themselves to breathe the air at heights of 11,000 or 12,000 feet rarely, if ever, feel inconvenience when they mount some 3,000 or 4,000 feet above that limit, unless

for reasons having nothing to do with the rarefaction of the air."

We may add that Mr. Coolidge has turned out his book in a workmanlike way. Its list of books relating to the Western Alps is representative, without pretending to be complete; and the Index to the whole volume is very full.

#### MESSRS. BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS.

*Black's Guides to Scotland, Cornwall, Devonshire, Surrey, Brighton, Bournemouth, Matlock, Buxton.* (A. & C. Black).

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK publish more than fifty guide books, of which not a few have run into numerous editions. Their *Guide to Scotland* appears this year in a thoroughly revised thirtieth edition. A glance through these excellent handbooks is sufficient to show that the principles on which they have been compiled are more leisurely and literary than others; the editor is willing to pause and digress, and he knows the superiority of one clear, deep impression over many trivial ones. Indeed, in his preface to the *Guide to Cornwall*, Mr. Moncrieff ratifies formally the impression which one gathers naturally from these pages of flowing print unvexed by typographical variations and tabulations:

"Our principle is that a guide-book for use by passing tourists may contain too many facts as well as too few—the latter fault, of course, the more unpardonable: our aim has been to avoid either extreme."

The editor, Mr. S. R. Hope Moncrieff, has clearly aimed at producing books easily readable by the eye and the mind. Facts have not been crowded in. There has been an avoidance of the small chopping of information. Much has been left to the tourist's whims and resource. This is not to say that the Guide Books issued by this firm are not practical. They are.

The books are produced at half-a-crown and at a shilling, according to size, and their quiet sage-green covers have a neat unassertive appearance that agrees well with the spirit in which the contents have been selected and arranged. On the whole it may be said that to the ordinary quiet tourist, who wishes to inhale and understand the spirit of a district while he stays in it, and secure a lasting impression—and to do this easily and pleasantly—Messrs. Black's Guide Books are to be recommended.

To take examples. Visitors to the Cornish Coast in August and September will see the pilchard nets being repaired and spread out on the cliffs near Land's End and the Lizard, and they will find St. Ives or Sennen Cove agog with expectation of the shoals in October. To enter into this one manifestation of local life at all thoroughly is to collect impressions and memories which will sweeten city rooms long years after. Knowing this, the editor of *Black's Guide to Cornwall* devotes a quite considerable space to the pilchard fishery, nor need we scruple to quote part of the passage in question:—

"The pilchards are expected off the coast in October, when their appearance gives rise to

general excitement at a place like St. Ives. Often have been described the patient watching of the *huers* on the cliffs, who with a huge trumpet at length announce their joyful discovery, and by the waving of bushes telegraph the movements of the shoal marked by the colour of the sea and its hovering escort of gulls; the rush of men, women, and children to the shore with shouts of *heva! heva!* which is Cornish for the classic *Eureka*; the marshalling of the seine boats; the shooting of the huge nets; the enclosure of the luckless victims by myriads: then the hurried orgy of capturing, pickling and storing, stimulated by its promise of prosperity to the whole place.

These exciting scenes have been to some extent superseded by what is really the old method of drift-net fishing, where the boats, by night, go out farther to sea to meet their prey, and the incidents are not so dramatic if the results prove more satisfactory. The drift fishing is accused by some old people of frightening away the pilchards from less fortunately placed stations, perhaps on the same principle as Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. It is certain that they no longer favour parts of the coast where once their yearly coming brought no small gain. The manner of curing also has changed, the old way of drysalting having given place to pickling in tanks of brine, which, it appears, cannot be profitably done except on a large scale; then often an enormous catch goes to waste for want of proper means to deal with it, and the windfall of the sea is turned into manure for the land. The new way of pickling does not seem to recommend itself to Italian tastes, for the Cornishmen are losing hold on their best markets. Perhaps they have their own fault to blame; we have heard of a case where a cellarful of bad fish, condemned by the officer of health as a nuisance, was shipped off as fit food for the benighted foreigners who keep their Popish fasts to fill British stomachs. At all events, from one cause or another, the pilchard fishery, like the Cornish mines, is not what it once was. The gigantic haul of 1833, if we are not mistaken, turned people's heads, so that all along the coast they went in for this adventure with much the same speculative spirit shown in mining; now, too many rotting boats and nets tell a tale of disappointment. But if pilchard fishery continues profitable anywhere it is at St. Ives. Mevagissey, as we already mentioned, deals largely in that small variety known as the Cornish sardine. The real sardine, it appears, shows a disposition to fight shy of the French and Portuguese coasts; and any ill wind that kept him permanently absent there, would blow nothing but good to Cornwall, whose old toast of 'fish, tin, and copper' is not at present a very rousing one."

Similarly the literary memoranda are fuller, as a rule, in Messrs. Black's Guides than elsewhere. Under "Bideford," in the *Guide to Devonshire*, it is interesting to read:

"*Westward Ho!* was in part written in what is now the Royal Hotel adjoining the station, the owner of which possessed a collection of rare works consulted both by Kingsley and the late Mr. Froude. This is one of the most interesting houses in Bideford, incorporating portions of the original structure, which belonged to a tobacco merchant of the seventeenth century. More than one of the rooms have fine ceilings ornamented with fruit, foliage, &c., in relief, the Italian workmanship of which is well worth inspection. Visitors who can afford to pay for such accommodation may occupy the lordly chamber in which the novelist wrote. The old oak staircase leads up from a covered courtyard in continental style; and the billiard room

opens on to the platform of the station, so that here the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries are closely joined."

And, again, visitors to Hampshire, who should be provided with the *Guide to Bournemouth and the New Forest*, will be grateful for the descriptions of this unique tract of country.

"The New Forest is no longer looked on principally as a home for deer, which have been much thinned down. An Act of the middle of this century even contemplated the extermination of an animal so destructive to young trees: but a few still survive, chiefly in the western thickets, and their number is said to be now increasing rather than otherwise. Foxes are also in sufficient abundance to give good sport; then there are otters in the streams; and here and there may be unearthed a rare specimen of the badger. Squirrels are plentiful, in spite of the 'squoyling' at which Forest boys are so skilful. The usual ground and winged game of English lowlands is fairly well represented, except in the case of hares. In the lower part of the stream there is some angling, but hardly within the Forest bounds. Shooting and fishing over Government property is a matter of licence, which costs £20 per annum, and is to be had from the Forest Office at Lyndhurst. The 'licensees' are under certain restrictions, such as that of shooting only three days a week, and many jokes are cut on the small bags they bring home, but at least their pastime brings more of real sport than the butchering business of richer covers. Near Lyndhurst are the kennels of the fox and the stag hounds, which meet all over the district. The hunting season here is an unusually long one, lasting into May, as there are so few fields to be taken into consideration. The Forest 'rides well,' though the scarceness of jumps may make it despised by heroes of the 'shires.' Its main danger is from the bogs, often of considerable extent, to be recognised by their too bright green, or by the white cotton grass that often marks these treacherous spots."

Wherever lasting impressions are likely to be received there the editor of Messrs. Black's Guide Books is willing to pause and dilate. That is the characteristic of this series. Hence we have eight pages allotted to Chatsworth in the *Guide to Buxton and the Peak Country*, and nearly as many to Haddon Hall in the *Guide to Matlock*. Hence, also, the editor does not assume that the tourist wants "routes." He rather gives information on separate areas, each of which centres in a good town. Messrs. Black's Guide Books are not, as a rule, illustrated, but the supply of maps is adequate.

#### MR. GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES.

PARIS, Florence, the Cities of Belgium, Venice, Rome, Munich, the Cities of North Italy, Dresden, the Cities of Northern France—these are Mr. Allen's hunting grounds. The first three books are even now in use: you may see them in the Louvre, in the Uffizi Gallery, in the Cathedral at Ghent; the fourth—on Venice—is just ready; *Rome* is in active preparation; and the others are to follow.

Mr. Grant Allen does not vie with Mr. Murray, nor does he vie with Mr. Ruskin; he is less practical than the one, less a

specialist than the other. Nor is he as literary and leisurely as Mr. Augustus Hare. Mr. Grant Allen's one aim is to make sight-seeing intelligent: hence the "historical" method. To use his own words:

"The object and plan of these Historical Handbooks is somewhat different from that of any other guides at present before the public. They do not compete or clash with such existing works; they are rather intended to supplement than supplant them. My purpose is not to direct the stranger through the streets and squares of an unknown town towards the buildings or sights which he may desire to visit; still less is it my design to give him practical information about hotels, cab fares, omnibuses, tramways, and other every-day material conveniences. For such details, the traveller must still have recourse to the trusty pages of his Baedeker, his Joanne, or his Murray. I desire rather to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits. In one word, it is my object to give the reader in a very compendious form the result of all those inquiries which have naturally suggested themselves to my own mind during thirty-five years of foreign travel, the solution of which has cost myself a good deal of research, thought, and labour, beyond the facts which I could find in the ordinary handbooks."

As an example of Mr. Allen's method, we may note that in the volume before us—the *Cities of Belgium*, published, as are all the series, by Mr. Grant Richards—Mr. Allen, instead of expanding over the Field of Waterloo, devotes some space to instructions as to what the traveller may see in the time saved by *not* going there; while the Wiertz Gallery, which is the be-all and end-all of many persons' visits to Brussels, is dismissed in one reference to this "too famous Musée." On the other hand, eight pages are given to the Van Eycks' "Adoration of the Lamb" in Ghent Cathedral, and the traveller is advised to buy a photograph the evening before and study it carefully.

Thus, it may be observed that Mr. Allen is an individualist. "Believe in me," he says in effect, "follow me implicitly, and I will show you the best and nothing else." To those who cannot exert such fidelity Mr. Allen's Historical Guides are worthless. To others they must be a boon and a blessing.

*A Dictionary of Bathing Places.* Edited by B. Bradshaw. New edition (1898). (Kegan Paul.)

This is a dictionary of bathing places and climatic health resorts throughout the world. It is a summary of natural cures of every kind: water-cures, air-cures, thermal springs, sulphur springs, mineral springs, saline springs, and—hydropathic establishments, where the real cure is gaiety. It is a book that amazes and saddens. It is an almost endless catalogue of invalids' hopes, it is a valetudinarian's bible. A useful work, undoubtedly.

#### SOME SHILLING GUIDE BOOKS.

*Pictorial and Descriptive Guides to:*

London.

Brighton.

Isle of Wight.

Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, &c.

Torquay, Paignton, Dartmouth, &c.

Bideford.

North Wales.

Oban, Fort William, and the Western

Highlands.

(Ward, Lock & Co.)

*Handbooks to:*

The North Wales Coast.

Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Dolgelly, and Cardigan Bay.

The Channel Islands.

The Isle of Wight.

Bournemouth.

Brighton.

(Darlington & Co.)

The nine Guide Books which we have received from Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. belong to a series of more than sixty volumes dealing with places and districts in the United Kingdom. These volumes are uniformly bound in scarlet limp cloth, and are printed in a clean, fine type on thin paper. They slip easily into the pocket, and are not too good to be exposed to rain and sun. To the tourist who is content with shilling information presented in a shilling literary style, these books are admirably suited. We quote a specimen passage. He is writing of Ilfracombe:

"There is one other matter which delicacy has prevented our mentioning earlier—namely, the great unwritten law that Ilfracombe is sacred as the haunt of the 'Pilgrim of Love.' In spring some strange instinct bids a boy put away his hoop and wind his top. Why? Because other boys do likewise? Perhaps. But the question has been asked, Who is the first boy to produce the first new-season's top? It is the simultaneous action of civilised youth all over England, and one which can be relied upon to manifest itself spontaneously with as much certainty as the movement of the Gulf Stream, or opposition in Parliament to the party in power. Similarly there is some occult force at work, remaining yet to be classified, which is as steadfast and unerring in its aim as that which animates the breast of the Hebrew, and draws him in spirit to Palestine. Will anybody ever discover the reason why Ilfracombe creates for itself such a subtle, magnetic charm in the minds of the newly married? When Ilfracombe emerged from the chrysalis of a fishing village into the butterfly existence of a fashionable holiday resort, it assumed without dispute, and still maintains, the title and status of *The Mecca of Honey-mooners.*"

Such flights are, happily, rare enough to be amusing.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s Guide Books are carefully planned, liberally illustrated, and sufficiently indexed. A general Introduction tells the reader what manner of land he is about to enter: then comes the body of the work in topographical sections, or "excursions." In each Introduction the questions of hotels and boarding-houses are met by lists of these establishments and their tariffs. The prevailing scenery and weather are noted, the best methods to see

the country are indicated, and in other ways the reader is allowed to taste his trip before he studies its details.

In all these Guide Books the special kinds of holiday-making are considered; there is never a difficulty in discovering what may be had of fishing, or boating, or cycling, or golf, or sermons on Sunday. Even the man who will not ferswear books is not forgotten; he is told where he can find a library, and "Literary Notes" are made a feature. A note to the *Guide to Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, &c.*, mentions a paralytic flower-seller at Combartin who displays on his card the appeal, "I'm in *The Mighty Atom*." Miss Corelli has described Combartin and its church in her novel, and Combartin is fairly grateful. It is a good idea to name the novels in which a given locality forms the background of the stories. We are reminded that Mr. Norris's novel, *A Despicable Affair*, reeks of Torquay; that the Isle of Wight gives colour to *The Silence of Dean Mailand*, and that *Westward Ho!* and Bideford should be inseparable in the traveller's mind. When better literary associations are not to be found, there is always the "local poet" to be patronised:

"Ascending with the gentlest slope  
From the blue Solent's tide,  
I knew not of a fairer place  
Than this, our lovely Ryde."

Historical "tit-bits" crop up pleasantly enough. One is glad to be reminded, in the *Guide to Ilfracombe*, of William of Orange's traditional speech from his ship to the people of Brixham. The historians declare his words to have been, "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion I will maintain." Tradition says—and we prefer this account—that the invading Prince spoke as follows: "Mine goot people, mine goot people, I mean you goot; I am come here for your goot, for all your goots." Well might Brixham reply:

"And please your Majesty, King William,  
You're welcome to Brixham quay,  
To eat buckhorn, and drink behea  
Along with me.  
And please your Majesty, King William."

In the *Guide to Brighton* we are given some interesting particulars about the building of the Brighton Pavilion for Prince George of Wales:

"The successive purchases of land alone cost nearly £70,000. What was spent on the edifice itself, and in furnishing, no one knows. So carelessly and lavishly was the money laid out that the workmen, it is said, frequently drew sixteen days' wages a week! At a time when bread averaged from 11d. to 1s. per loaf, the Prince was sending agents to all parts of the world to select articles of furniture, regardless of cost, which, when sent home, were frequently relegated to the lumber-room unused. No wonder that, later, Byron wrote in the fourteenth canto of *Don Juan*—

'Shut up—no, not the King, but the Pavilion,  
Or else 'twill cost us all another million!'

Cobbett said 'a good idea of the Palace might be formed by placing the pointed half of a large turnip in the middle of a beard, with four smaller ones at the corners.' Even loyal Sir Walter Scott, writing in 1826 to a friend who resided at Brighton, besought him to 'set fire to the Chinese stables, and if it embrace the

whole of the Pavilion it will rid me of a great eyesore.'"

Again, it is not necessary to be a visitor to Torquay in order to find interest in the description of the town's rise as a health resort:

"Even as late as the beginning of the present century Torquay was merely a straggling group of fishermen's cottages—the quay of the adjoining village of Torre; but though it was small it had a wooden pier at which vessels often called, and in Torbay great fleets of war-ships found safe shelter during the Napoleonic wars while waiting for orders. . . . So Napoleon may be regarded as the unconscious founder of Torquay as a health resort; and when, in 1815, he approached the future town, standing on the deck of his prison ship, H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, his melancholy eyes gladdened as he saw the scene of beauty open up before him through the morning haze of an August day. '*Enfin voilà un beau pays!*' he exclaimed, and later, when he had enjoyed a closer view of the beauties of the shores of Torbay, the blue sea, and the succession of green tree-crowned hills, he added, 'It is like Porto Ferrajo in Elba.'"

The *Guide to London*, issued by Messrs. Ward & Lock, is a well arranged and, for the price, a voluminous handbook; but there is small need to closely examine a guide which can boast a sale of over sixty thousand copies. It is odd how the Londoner may pick up points which are new to him, or have been forgotten by him, in a Guide Book such as this. Thus opening the volume at page 75, we are reminded that the inscription on the Shaftesbury Fountain at Piccadilly Circus was written by Mr. Gladstone.

It remains to emphasise the orderly arrangement and clearness of Messrs. Ward & Lock's Guide Books. The attractions of each place are not only described, but are summarised in small type under regular headings, such as Amusements, Climate, Clubs, Hotels, Newspapers, Places of Worship, Post and Telegraphs, &c. The photographic process-blocks are numerous and excellent, and the maps, of which there are usually more than one in each volume, are satisfactory.

Messrs. Darlington's Shilling Guide Books have net quite the appearance of the London firm's manuals, nor are they so well illustrated. Indeed, the author of the *Handbook to the Channel Islands* would have been well advised not to have mingled reproductions of his own pencil sketches with the photographic illustrations. A good volume in this series is *Brighton and the South Coast*. This includes Worthing, Littlehampton, Eastbourne, and Hastings. The accounts of these places are good as far as they go, and the coloured map of the coast line of Sussex is excellent. The writer has the optimism of his order. It is of Bournemouth that he writes:

"The merry laugh of children building sand forts or paddling in the fringe of blue comes delightfully athwart the rhythmic music of the sea. The sea itself is dotted with dancing maidens or dark heads of swimmers. Steamers are watched as they go and return with scores of happy voyagers and sailing-boats that scud before the breeze. Who, save misanthropes, could be anything but serenely glad amid such sights and sounds?"

But would he not say the same of Cromer?—or Llandudno? He would.

## A MODEL GUIDE BOOK.

*The Story of Perugia.* By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by M. Helen James. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

We have already noticed this beautifully written and daintily illustrated guide to Perugia. It breathes the spirit of long residence, and of loving study on the spot. The authors are familiar with the language, they have studied the historians, and have had the ungrudging assistance of the inhabitants. Above all, our authors have brought seeing eyes to this decayed but still beautiful city, and having gradually conceived a passion for its history and its people, they have, out of the fulness of that passion, written a beautiful book. We shall quote a fairly lengthy passage in support of our view that we have here a "model Guide Book"—by which we mean a book in which matter-of-fact details and moving characteristics are fused by study and adorned by style:

"The city is built, as we have shown in our first chapter, on one of the low hills formed after thousands of years by the silting up of the refuse brought down by the Tiber, and not, as one naturally at first imagines, on a spur of the actual Apennines, which are divided from her by the river. Much of the power of the town in the past may be traced to her extraordinary topographical position. Perugia stands 1,705 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,200 above that of the Tiber. She stands perfectly alone at the extreme edge of a long spine of hill, and she commands the Tiber and the two great roads to Rome. But looked at from a merely picturesque point of view, few towns can boast of a more powerful charm. Perugia, if one ignores her history, is not so much a town as an eccentric freak of nature. All the winds and airs of heaven play and rush around her walls in summer and in winter. The sun beats down upon her roofs; one seems to see mere stars at night, above her ramparts, than one sees in any other town one knows of. All Umbria is spread like a great pageant at her feet, and the pageant is never one hour like the other. Even in a downpour, even in a tempest, the great view fascinates. In spring the land is green with corn and oak trees, and pink with the pink of sainfoin flowers. In winter it seems smaller, nearer; brown and gold, and very grand at sundown. On clear days one can easily trace a whole circle of Umbrian cities from the Umbrian capital. To the east Assisi, Spello, Feligno, Montefalco and Trevi. The hill above Bettona hides the town of Spoleto, but its ilex woods and its convent of Monte Luco are distinct enough. To the south Todi and Deruta stand out clear upon their hillsides; and to the east the home of Perugine, Città della Pieve, rises half hidden in its oakwoods. Early in the mornings you will see the mists lift slowly from the Tiber; at night the moon will glisten on its waters, drawing your fancy down to Rome. Strange lights shine upon the clouds behind the ridge which covers Trasimene, and to the north the brown hills rise and swell, fold upon fold, to meet the Apennines. In autumn and in winter the basin of the old Umbrian lake will often fill for days with mists; but the Umbrian towns and hamlets rise like birds above them, and one may live in one of these in splendid sunshine, whilst looking down upon a sea of fog which darkens all the people of the plain. The inhabitants of Perugia swear by the healthy nature of their air, and indeed, were it not for the winds, the most fragile constitution would probably flourish in

the high hill city. But it must be confessed that there come days when man and horse quiver like dead leaves before the tempest, and when the very houses seem to rock. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to exaggerate the arctic power of a Perugian whirlwind. Yet the average temperature is mild, and myrtles grow to the size of considerable trees in the villa gardens round the town. To fully understand the city of Perugia, the marvellous fashion of its building, and the way in which its houses have become a part of the landscape and seem to creep about and cling to the unsteady crumbling soil, one should pass out into the country through one of its gates, and, rambling round the roads and lanes which wind beneath its walls, look ever up and back again towards the town. In this way only is it possible to understand what man can do with nature, and how, with the centuries, nature can gather to herself man's handiwork and make of it a portion for herself. Birds and beasts have built in this same fashion, but rarely except in Umbria have men."

The book from which this extract is taken purports to be the first of a series on "Medieval Towns." We can only hope that the same authors and artist will be found working together again.

#### A GUIDE TO NORWAY.

*The Handy Guide to Norway.* By Thomas B. Wilson. Fourth Edition (1898), Revised and Enlarged. (Edward Stanford.)

In this fourth edition of his handbook to Norway, Mr. Wilson has made considerable additions and alterations to at least three chapters. The third chapter, on the Hardanger Fjord, has been improved and brought up to date. The opening of the Gudbrandsdal railway has so shortened the journey from Kristiania to the Romsdal and Jotundheim that some pleasing alterations were possible here, and similarly the lovely valley of the Sætersdal has just been improved, or spoiled, by a railway. The probability that this strangely secluded corner of Norway is now likely to be overrun by tourists gives an added piquancy to Mr. Wilson's description of its inhabitants.

"The Sætersdøler still differ a good deal from the other Norwegians, and have many curious words in their *landsmaal*, or dialect. They have still curious customs and superstitions, and it will hardly be credited, though there seems no doubt of it, that even in the year 1858 a figure of the god Thor was discovered to have been worshipped by an old woman, who revealed the fact to the priest on her death-bed. Unfortunately, the priest and neighbours burned the image in horror."

In all its essentials of matter and arrangement the Guide Book remains as before. The book is written for travellers who require general yet sufficient information. All details likely to be merely burdensome are omitted. Particularly good is Mr. Wilson's Introduction, with its eleven sections of clear and careful information on *articles de voyage*, expenses, coinage, modes of travel, hotels, diligence routes, &c. The expense of travel in Norway is still very low, but it has risen from 20 to 30 per cent. in the last twelve years: yet in country parts the tourist's expenses need not exceed eleven

shillings a day. We find Mr. Wilson's description of places full and good, particularly those of Bergen and Kristiania; and the value of the volume is much increased by the historical chapters, and the chapters on fishing, cycling, photography, and glacier climbing. The vocabularies are also sufficient. The present edition is not a month old, and it can, therefore, be recommended to tourists this year.

#### A NOOK IN THE ARDENNES.

*In the Volcanic Eifel: A Holiday Ramble.* By Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THIS is a pleasant account of rambles and residence in a little-known continental nook. "Few persons," say the authors,

"seem to know where the Eifel is. . . . It lies between the valley of the river Rohr on the west and the Moselle Valley on the east; or, broadly speaking, between the Luxemburg Ardennes and the Rhine from Remagen to Coblenz, and the Moselle from Coblenz to Treves. Northwards it includes the Ahr Valley, the Brohlthal, and other places; on the south it extends to Treves. This southern part, which reaches as far north as Gerolstein, is called the Volcanic or Vorder Eifel; and it was in this beautiful region that we spent most of our time. . . . The most essentially volcanic parts of the country are to be found between Birresborn, near Gerolstein, and the Lacher See. The country exhibits wonderful crater products, between Daun and Hillesheim there is constant interest for a geologist; in the country about and around Kelberg and Adenau, in the Hohe Eifel, are to be found strangely shaped masses of basaltic rock; trachyte and phonolite are also found there. A wonderful lava stream has flowed from the crater of the Falkenlei, near Bertrich, and has forced its way down into the Uestthal. . . . Deep, beautiful woods are everywhere, like lakes of waving greenery, and, in them, forest trees are almost as frequent as the tall sombre pines. Wild flowers and ferns, some of a rare kind, are plentiful, especially near Gerolstein and Manderscheid; their brilliant luxuriance is in strong contrast with the weird volcanoes and masses of deposit protruding in fantastic form from the broken side of a crater, and with the ruined castles which often crown the once fiery hills."

In this district the authors spent enough time to gather a number of the legends which cling to these old castles, and a considerable part of their book is filled with these. The book is not intentionally a Guide Book; it is a book of gossip about a small and beautiful district. But some ordinary Guide Book particulars are given in an "Index to Travellers" prefixed to the book.

#### OTHER GUIDE BOOKS.

*Cassell's Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe.* Revised and Enlarged (1898). Edited by Edmund C. Stedman. (Cassell & Co.)

THIS is a handy compendium of all Guide Books to the United Kingdom and the Continent. "It resulted," says the editor, "from observation of the trials undergone by those equipped with larger and more cumbersome hand-books." The scope of the

book is enormous; the book itself is small, a veritable pocket-book. Its merits and defects, therefore, are alike to be sought in the rigorous compression of so much matter within five hundred small pages. This compression has, at all events, not been done at the expense of clearness of type. The maps, too, though very small, are clear and interesting. Strenuous, if superficial, "globe-trotters" will like this book, and the tourist who carries the larger and specialised handbooks will still find this pocket survey of Europe useful.

*Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall.* By Arthur H. Norway. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE have already reviewed these excellent gossiping pages on the West Country. We need only say that as a Guide Book, as a book for a rainy day in a hotel drawing-room, and, finally, as a souvenir of a pleasant holiday, this book will be prized by those who secure it. Mr. Pennell's and Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations are a delight.

*Little's London Pleasure Guide.* (Simpkin Marshall.)

In this Guide descriptions are given of hotels, theatres, parks, museums, libraries, sports, and other resorts—each place or building receiving a page to itself. The preponderance of hotel information is very marked, but as the tariff of every important London hotel is given the usefulness of the book is considerable.

*The Official Guide to the London and North-Western Railway.* (Cassell & Co.)

*The Official Guide to the Midland Railway.* (Cassell & Co.)

THE tourist who intends to use these railways on his holidays will find these budgets of information and maps useful enough, and as much up to date as the official time-tables of the Companies.

*The Coast Trips of Great Britain.* (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Few people realise how simple and inexpensive a matter it is to take a sea voyage from London of one or two days' duration. This manual supplies information on the various lines of steamships and their fares, and a study of it may result in some novel and delightful trips.

*Ely Cathedral Handbook.* Edited and Revised by Charles William Stubbs, D.D. (Ely: G. H. Tyndall.)

THE name of the learned Dean is sufficient guarantee of the interest and value of this work. Dr. Stubbs makes mistakes with the difficulty that most men bring to leading a life of rectitude. Thus few students of cathedrals are so fortunate as those that visit Ely.

*Isle of Man via Barrow-in-Furness and Lake-land.* (Bemrose & Sons.)

A TINY twopenny guide to the island where Mr. Hall Caine makes his home and finds his stories. A blank page for memoranda faces every page of text, so that its owner may be tourist and author too. A model of typography.



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Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A PREDICTION has been put forward this week that the novels of the immediate future will be short—ranging in length from 30,000 to 40,000 words. This, we think, is doubtful. Human nature does not change, and human nature likes plenty for its money. Our own opinion is that novels will grow longer, even if they grow cheaper too. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, just published, is about 150,000 words, which constitutes a bulk of reading worth sitting down to. Between books of such dimensions and the popular magazines, which have completely routed the shilling shockers and cheap novels from the bookstalls, we fancy that there will soon be nothing.

PEOPLE who read much in trains should note the experience of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. Writing to the *British Weekly* concerning the rumour of his breakdown in health, he says: "I never was in better general health than I am at this moment, but my eyesight has gone wrong, and I find myself able to do scarcely any reading. This necessitates my participating much less actively in the management of my business. I should like to be permitted to warn your readers against working their eyes to any considerable extent while travelling in the train. For many years past I have been in the habit of reading and writing for some hours in the train almost daily, and my present trouble is undoubtedly traceable to this cause." We sympathise with Mr. Pearson in his affliction, and trust he may speedily recover; but at the same time we cannot help remembering with a smile that the bookstalls are at this moment groaning beneath Mr. Pearson's publications, designed by him for railway reading.

DR. J. BEATTIE CROZIER, who is also under the oppression of some ocular trouble, has had for the present to set aside his work, the *History of Intellectual Development*, in favour of a simpler task. This is the completion of a book to be entitled *My Inner Life, being a Chapter in Personal Evolution*, and it may be expected in the autumn. We trust that his recovery of ordinary sight may be speedy.

THE late Mr. Adam W. Black, the publisher, who, by the way, learned his business with Messrs. Smith & Elder, was the moving spirit in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which he and his brothers undertook, in opposition to their father's judgment. How well justified was his enterprise all know who use that valuable repository of fact, a number greatly augmented of late by the enterprise of the *Times*. Mr. Black, who died at the age of sixty-two, retired from business some seven years ago. Few men could have been more respected than he.

A LETTER, which we think it better not to quote in full, reaches us: "Dear Sir," it begins, "I observe in your issue of June 4 a list of persons who have received Civil List pensions. Can you or your contributor tell me how to go to work to get one, how to put one's self into communication with the powers that grant these pensions?" The writer then proceeds to give an account of her qualifications, and that she has worked hard as a journalist there can be no doubt. As to answering her question we are in the dark. But it is probable that a personal application is a positive disqualification. Our correspondent must find some one to plead her cause.

"PAPERKNIFE," writing in the *Cape Times*, adds another to the portraits of Mr. Kipling. Thus: "A small man, dressed to match his old pipe—and rather fond of cutting jokes at his own expense on both scores—with prominent spectacles and prominent chin, dark moustache, keen dark eyes, keen expression, quick movements, and astonishingly quick rejoinders in talking: the distinctive note of him was keenness altogether, but sympathetic keenness. Somehow one began with an idea that he would be a rather cocksure and self-confident person. He is, of course, quite young; far younger than he looks—it was those long early years of hard unrecognised newspaper work in India that 'knocked the youth out of him'; he is ridiculously young to be so famous and to have earned his fame by so much entirely solid work, political, or rather national, as well as literary. Nevertheless, as one enthusiast expressed it, 'he puts the least side out of any celebrity I ever met.'"

IN the same article we find that Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wallace—the private soldier who wrote the invitation to Mr. Kipling in Barrack-room style—grew to be upon excellent terms together. Mr. Wallace asked advice concerning his future. Mr. Kipling advised him to continue writing "soldier

things" and to continue being a soldier, and Mr. Wallace intends to do so. Mr. Kipling also copied for his pupil a stanza of the "Song of the Banjo"; and, says "Paperknife," "it is safe to guess that Mr. Wallace's last shirt will be pawned before that scrap of paper."

IN the *Quartier Latin* we find this joyous little song, signed Ada Smith:

"IN LONDON TOWN.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,  
 Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;  
 Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,  
 And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet!  
 Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London high-ways  
 (Ah, the springy moss upon a northern moor!)  
 Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares  
 and byways,  
 Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!  
 London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves  
 aglinting  
 Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn  
 sun!  
 London water's wine, poured out for all un-  
 stinting—  
 God! for the little brooks that tumble as  
 they run!  
 O my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blow-  
 ing,  
 Souging through the fir-tops up on northern  
 fells!  
 O my eye's an-ache to see the brown burns  
 flowing  
 Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-  
 bells!"  
 The singer here brings Wordsworth's  
 "Reverie of Poor Susan" "to date."

MR. LANG'S new book, *The Making of Religion*, is dedicated to Principal Donaldson, of the University of St. Andrews, in the following terms:

"I hope you will permit me to lay at the feet of the University of St. Andrews, in acknowledgment of her life-long kindnesses to her old pupil, these chapters on the early History of Religion. They may be taken as representing the Gifford Lectures delivered by me, though, in fact, they contain very little that was spoken from Lord Gifford's chair. I wish they were more worthy of an Alma Mater which fostered in the past the leaders of forlorn hopes that were destined to triumph; and the friends of lost causes who fought bravely against fate—Patrick Hamilton, Cargill, and Argyll, Beaton and Montrose, and Dundee."  
 The faint echo of Matthew Arnold's Oxford preface to *Essays in Criticism* has a pleasant ring.

PROF. SAINTSBURY'S suggestion of a lecture-ship in the University of Edinburgh on Scottish language and literature, apart from, and in addition to, his own chair of English Literature, has found favour in the eyes of those who deprecate what they consider the "neglect of Scottish" by the Universities north of the Tweed. But it is quite possible, despite the favourable reception given to the suggestion, that the lecture-ship may never be founded. For there are

two difficulties, at least, to be surmounted. First, there is the procuring of the necessary funds. And that is a very real difficulty. No doubt money was got to found a chair of Gaelic in Edinburgh University, but the founding of that chair was an act of folly not likely to be paralleled in the near future. The chair of Celtic Language and Literature has an endowment of £514, and during last session the lectures were attended by one student! The Gaelic chair, indeed, may be regarded as of the nature of an "awful warning" against academic fads.

A SECOND, and scarcely less real, difficulty is that of determining what is the "Scottish language." For although there is in Scotland a mass of dialects, these differ widely from each other. There is not now, and it is doubtful whether there ever was, a standard of Scottish. It is impossible to point to any well of Scottish undefiled. Nay, more, the movement for the formation of a Scottish Dialect Society is regarded by some Scotsmen as tantamount to a dialectal decay even, and the superseding entirely of Scottish by English. It has been compared to embalming the dead. "The Scots tongue is moribund," despairingly exclaims a writer on the subject in a Scottish periodical. As the only means of preserving it from absolute death and burial, he suggests—whether the suggestion is meant in all seriousness or is an illustration of Scotch "wit" is difficult to say—that the "Scots language" should be statutorily taught in all the schools north of the Tweed; that there should be "Scots" chairs in all the Scottish Universities; and that every second year the Queen's Speech should be written and delivered from the Throne in Doric! But he is silently silent, perhaps—as to whether the Doric is to be that spoken on the banks of the Tweed or the Dee, the Forth, the Clyde, or the Tay.

How many of our readers will recognize this dedication and the volume whence it comes?—

To

S. L. O.,

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH WHOSE CLASSIC TASTE

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE HAS BEEN DESIGNED,

IT IS NOW, IN RETURN FOR NUMEROUS DELIGHTFUL HOURS,

AND WITH THE KINDEST WISHES,

Dedicated

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.

S. L. O. was the youthful Lloyd Osbourne, destined subsequently to become "The Author's" collaborator. The book, of course, was *Treasure Island*, of which Messrs. Cassell have just published a sixpenny edition.

FROM Mr. Morley's speech at the opening of the public library at Arbroath: "I have always thought that an admirable definition of the purposes of libraries and of books by an admirable man of letters years ago, when he said their object was to bring more sunshine into the lives of our fellow-countrymen, more good will, more good humour, and more of the habit of being pleased with one

another. Yet I should like to make a little addition to it—namely, 'The object is to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads.'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a scrap of verse which appeared in an evening paper some eight or nine years ago, called forth by the announcement that among a bundle of books recently purchased by Mr. Gladstone from a second-hand dealer was a copy of *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary*. The commentator wrote thus:

"Ah, my Lord Tennyson, walk very warily,  
Swinburne, thou rioter, look well ahead,  
Dobson, my butterfly, never so airily  
Though thou may'st sing now, thy triumph  
is dead.  
Morris, of Hades, thy minutes are numbered,  
Morris, of Paradise, dashed is thy cup,  
Bridges, rare Bridges, too long hast thou  
slumbered,  
Bouncing Buchanan, thou'dst better dry  
up.  
Lang, thou allusive one, cease ballade-  
mongering,  
Watson, retire to pre-Allen repose,  
Sims, for thy staves though the million be  
hungering,  
Still were it wiser to buckle to prose.  
All other bards, of whatever ability,  
Take my advice and retire while you can;  
For to stay means defeat by the weird versa-  
tility  
Shown by the Grand Old Poetical Man."

MR. GLADSTONE, however, cannot be said directly to have succeeded with poetry. Indirectly, however, his poetical pastimes yielded, the most admirable result, for they produced Mr. Graves's *Hawarden Horace*.

THE serial Life of Mr. Gladstone, which Messrs. Cassell have begun to issue, under the editorship of Sir Wemyss Reid, makes a good start. The contributors will be the editor, Canon MacColl, Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. F. W. Hirst, Mr. A. F. Robbins, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell. A fine reproduction of Millais' 1888 Christ Church portrait forms the frontispiece.

A SPECIMEN of English as she is spelled in Naples is forwarded to us by a correspondent. The following sentences are extracted from a circular issued by a commercial paper: "We propose to you to make the publicity to products of your House, being sure that if you take exact informations on the quality and importance of our newspaper, you will not hesitate to accept with the utmost favour our proposal. As for prices we promise to do you the greatest facilitations, out tariffs, especially it you give us orders to publish the advice in permanence. Waiting for a kind answer we are."

FROM the *Cleveland Leader*:

"BOSTON LADY: If you will split that pile of wood I will give you a sandwich.

TRAMP: Madam, I never split things—not even infinitives.

BOSTON LADY: Oh, you lovely man! Come in and have tea with me."

IN some respects one of the most interesting of the curious old "Closes" in the historic Lawnmarket of Edinburgh is "Lady Stair's Close," so named on account of the principal residence in it having been that of Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Stair, the leader of Edinburgh society in the early part of last century. Her house, which is interesting alike because of its historical and of its literary associations, was acquired some time ago by Lord Rosebery, and has now been restored by his Lordship. It is, perhaps, best known as the scene of Sir Walter Scott's short story "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," which he wrote for *The Keepsake* of 1828. The story itself is based upon the matrimonial adventure which tradition has ascribed to Lady Stair, who, it is said, was so ill-treated by her first husband, Viscount Penrose, that she had on one occasion to leap, half-dressed, from a window in order to escape his brutality. Subsequently, a fortune-teller showed her, in a "magic mirror," her absent husband about to marry another woman, and the prevention of the ceremony by her brother—events which were afterwards found to have occurred at the time the scene was exhibited in the "magic mirror." So, at least, runs the tradition which formed the groundwork of Scott's tale. Lady Penrose, on her husband's death, vowed not to marry again, but Lord Stair contrived to make her break her vow. Gaining admission to her house, he exhibited himself at a window *en déshabille*, with the result that the fear of injury to her reputation won from her an unwilling consent to marry him. Unfortunately for her, Lord Stair also proved a bit of a savage, knocking her down on one occasion when in his cups. She died in 1759.

THE restoration by Lord Rosebery has, as might have been expected, been carried out with marked good taste, and the house is likely to be one of the "sights" of the Scottish capital, as it is also one of its old fast disappearing landmarks. The old fireplaces, several of them very fine, have been carefully preserved. The decorations of the large hall include portraits of Sir Walter Scott, John Knox, Buchanan, and others. But now that the restoration has been finished, the question which was asked when it was begun is revived: "What will he do with it?"

A NEW issue of Miss Frances Burney's *Evelina*, just published by George Newnes, Ltd., has the merit of being unedited. It comes with the embellishments of its author only; and with one of these we are pleased to renew acquaintance. Who does not smile to read the dedicatory verses addressed by Frances to her father, Dr. Burney:

"Oh, Author of my being! far more dear  
To me than light, than nourishment, or  
rest,  
Hygeia's blessings, Rapture's burning tear,  
Or the life-blood that mantles in my breast

"Oh! of my life at once the source and joy!  
If e'er thy eyes these feeble lines survey,  
Let not their folly their intent destroy;  
Accept the tribute—but forget the lay."

A modern father might accept the tribute, but he could not—he never could—forget the lay.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S next volume is likely to consist of short stories gathered from various periodicals. He is, however, working steadily at a new novel. Mr. Hardy, fortunately, is no more to be hurried than nature herself.

MR. NEW'S quaint and vivid drawings for the *Complete Angler* made Mr. Lane's edition of that classic valuable and memorable. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lane is to follow Walton with Gilbert White, and that Mr. New is now at work on illustrations for the *Natural History of Selborne*. The introduction will be by Mr. Grant Allen.

MR. JEROME'S new book of essays will bear the title *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, thus linking it with his first work in meditative humour. "On the Art of Making Up One's Mind," "On the Motherliness of Man," "On the Time Wasted in Looking Before One Leaps," and "On the Care and Management of Women": these are some of the subjects.

THE editor of the New York *Critic* has cast into the form of a letter the numerous requests that come to him for information on literary matters. This is the result, the fairness of which he vouches for:

"I have been appointed by the Ladies' Learned Literary Club of Wormwood Hollow to write an essay upon the life and works of George Eliot. Will you please" (they sometimes say please) "tell me whether George Eliot is, or was, a man or a woman? Judging by the name I suppose that she is, or was, a man, but from her portraits she seems to be, or to have been, more of a woman. But from her works, we have one in our Club library, I should judge that she is, or was, a man, for her writings have not the feminine charm of Mrs. Southworth, Mary Agnes Fleming, or E. P. Roe. Is George Eliot considered a greater writer than either of those mentioned; and, if so, will you give me the reasons why she, or he, should be so considered? Is George Eliot a real or assumed name? If the latter, he may be, or have been, a woman. Please make me out a list of her, or his, works, together with the date of their publication. Any biographical items that you can supply me with I would be glad to get, and would like them at once, as I have to deliver my essay at our next monthly meeting. P.S.—Who was George Lewes? Was he any relation to George Eliot?"

GREAT is the influence of the humorist. Mr. Lucy has recently told the readers of the *Daily News* that owing to Mr. Reed's persistent representation in *Punch* of Mr. T. G. Bowles as a mariner with only one arm and sometimes with crutches, that gentleman has received two communications asking him to become president of a Cripples' Home. Soon we shall hear that Sir William

Harcourt, from continually figuring as an elephant, has received the gift of a handsome howdah.

THE Commissioners for Public Libraries in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, do their work thoroughly. In their report for 1897-98 we find a table of the occupations of the various readers—3,031 in all—who have used their libraries during the year. Clerks and book-keepers head the list. Then come domestic servants, then dressmakers and assistants, and then scholars. (What are scholars?) The number of scholars is 106. On the other hand, only one gas-valve man wandered in; only one military cap maker, only one pawnbroker, only one consul, only one soldier, only one shipbroker, only one undertaker, one brewer, one registrar, one manicurist, one publisher, and one bandage maker. The number of chefs was two; of dentists, two; of butchers, eleven ("I want to know a butcher paints," said Browning: it would have charmed him that eleven butchers read); of journalists, eleven; of umbrella-makers, two; of tobacconists, four; and of vergers, three.

IN the preface of the new half-a-crown edition of *By Reef and Palm*, Mr. Louis Becke gives this autobiographic paragraph:

"I do not pretend to any literary skill. Sent out into the world at thirteen years of age to look after myself, I had no chance, even had I possessed the brains, to acquire a decent education, let alone the cultivation of any literary 'style'; and, until the editor of the *Sydney Bulletin* asked me, four years ago, to write him a South Sea story, I had never attempted anything in the literary or journalistic line beyond taking, when very 'hard up,' a billet as proof-reader for a North Queensland newspaper, the editor of which promptly threatened to dismiss me for 'incompetence and general ignorance.' The late Earl of Pembroke believed (with my good friend, the editor of the *Bulletin*) that my tales were worth publishing. His lordship's kindly interest and his ever warm encouragement led to this, my first literary venture in book form, and I can never forget the debt of gratitude I owe to his memory."

APPARENTLY to everyone who waits cometh the honour of D.C.L. The latest writer to be thus distinguished is the author of *The Seats of the Mighty*, who has been made D.C.L. of Trinity University, Canada. But for the sake of avoiding confusion, we trust that the novelist will not choose to be called Dr. Parker.

A CHARMING little reprint of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, with Mr. Dobson's introduction, has just been sent to us by Messrs. Bell & Sons. The tiny book is a true *memento mori*. It may be carried almost in the waistcoat-pocket.

MR. JEREMIAH CURTIN, the American gentleman who had the wit to see "boodle" in the novels of Henry Sienkiewicz, is said to have made £5,000 by his translation of *Quo Vadis*.

## PURE FABLES.

## OUT OF DATE.

ON a May morning a youth lay under a hedge and wept, and railed at Fate.

And by and by an ancient man came that way, and said to him, "You appear to be in sore trouble, friend!"

"Alas," replied the youth, "my case is indeed sad: I am a neglected genius!"

"Dear, dear!" observed the ancient man. "Then surely you must be the last of them!"

## USEFUL.

THE small birds decided to give a concert. And the linnet went round and invited the stork.

"Thanks," said the stork; "but my voice is neither here nor there."

"Come—and bring your family!" cried the linnet. "So many of us have volunteered to warble that we are bound to be badly put to it for an audience."

## WANTED.

A man waited upon the secretary of the Department of Letters and asked for employment.

"What are you?" inquired the secretary.

"Well, I have had extensive experience in the larding of reputations," quoth the man.

"Ah!" sighed the secretary, "we are already very much over-staffed in that direction. What we need just now is a competent person to comb fools."

T. W. H. C.

## NOVELISTS AS POETS.

SOME little surprise seems to have been expressed that Mr. Conan Doyle should announce the publication of a volume of verses from his pen. The surprise is itself surprising. Mr. Doyle had already shown that he could write a vigorous song, and, though that did not prove that he possessed the poetic faculty, it might have reminded a good many that, throughout the course of English literary effort, nothing has been more common—or, in some cases, more notable—than the writing of verses by the spinners of stories.

Who was the first of purely English romancists? Sir Philip Sidney, you will say, remembering *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. Well, were there not some quaint and effective lyrics scattered through the pages of the *Arcadia*? Is it not there that we find "My true love hath my heart, and I have his," which the late Mr. Palgrave condensed, characteristically, for his *Golden Treasury*? Robert Greene has made his way, of late years, into the anthologies; and he has done so solely by virtue of the poems introduced by him into his prose fictions. It is in his *Menaphon* that we come upon the now much-appreciated "Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee," and in his "Never

too late" that we encounter the "conceited ditty" with the melodious refrain:

"N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?"

Everybody knows the "madrigal" by Thomas Lodge—

"Love in my bosom like a bee  
Doth suck his sweet";

but everybody does not know that it is part and parcel of his prose tale *Rosalynde*.

Coming further down the stream of time, we dip into Mrs. de la Rivière Manley's *New Atlantis*, and make note therein of a song by Arethusa on Endymion—"Fly from his charming graces, fly"—which have in them "something so near the Saphick strain, as I have heard good judges say." Henry Fielding wrote verses, not only for his dramatic pieces, but for his novels—as witness the song in *Joseph Andrews*—

"Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray  
Who is by thy beauties undone?"

The priggish Richardson, too, was among the bards, inasmuch as he penned songs for *Pamela*—

"Go, happy pages, gently steal,  
And underneath her pillow lie,"

for instance. You will find, likewise, in *Peregrine Pickle*, some lines which the said Peregrine (inspired by his creator, Mr. Smollett) had written in a lady's praise.

Nobody nowadays reads *The Life of John Bunce, Esq.*, by Thomas Amory; but if anyone turned to that curious piece of invention he would discover there more than one copy of verses, notably "A Song called The Solitude," esteemed for its "morality." Mrs. Anne Radcliffe is famous as the author of *The Romance of the Forest*, and so on; but she also published a volume of rhythms and rhymes—a fact which ought to astonish no one who has read either the said *Romance* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, seeing that in the former, particularly, there are some very fluent ditties, of unimpeachable accuracy—informing us, for example, that

"Life's a varied, bright illusion—  
Joy and sorrow, light and shade,"

and so forth.

"The dews that bend the blushing flower  
Enrich the scent—renew the glow;  
So Love's sweet tears exalt his power,  
So Bliss more brightly shines by woe!"—

such was the excellent Mrs. Radcliffe's "note" in poetry.

The good old song of "Gaffer Gray," which we owe to Thomas Holcroft, is enshrined in that writer's novel called *Hugh Trevor*. In Gerald Griffin's *Collegians* is Anne Chute's ditty:

"A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim."

In like manner,

"'Tis not for love of gold I go,  
'Tis not for love of fame,"

warbles Mary Grace in Banim's *Peep o' Day*. Marryat wrote verses for his novels, as we see in the songs by Jemmy Ducks and Nancy Corbett in *The Dog Fiend*. Very characteristic and well worth remembering are

Jemmy's homely stanzas. No wonder his boon companions were wont to say, "Jemmy, strike up." Sara Coleridge published a book of verse for children; but the best of her poetic outcome is embedded in her romance, *Phantasmion*, where one alights unawares upon some really graceful numbers. There are verses—not very good ones—in *Jane Eyre*; there are still more in the forgotten Mrs. Johnstone's forlorn *Clan Albyn*. Quite a pretty muse, too, had the late G. P. R. James, if we may judge from the songs which appear in *Agin-court*, *Arabella Stuart*, *Darnley*, *The Smuggler*, and such-like masterpieces.

"Deep in each bosom's secret cell  
The hermit-sorrows lie."

So wrote G. P. R. J. in one of his stanzas; and something very like it is to be observed in one of the pious pieces of the Rev. John Keble.

Some of the most popular of English songs first peeped out of the pages of a novel—Dickens's "Ivy Green," for instance. It is in *Charles O'Malley* that we find "The Irish Dragoon," "The Widow Malone," and "Mary Draper"; just as it was in *Harry Lorrequer* that Lever gave to the world his adaptation from the German—"The Pope He Leads a Happy Life." There are verses in Hannay's *Singleton Fontenoy* and in Shirley Brooks's *Sooner or Later*; there are verses, too, in the prose work of a greater than either—in *Henrietta Temple*, to wit, where Captain Armine mourns melodiously over his lady-love's engagement to "another." Harrison Ainsworth wrote the familiar strains of "My Old Complaint" for his *Flitch of Bacon*. At least one song adorns the late W. G. Wills's tale, *The Love that Kills*; and the late James Payn, by including a couple of lyrics in *A Grape from a Thorn*, recalled the fact that he had been a professional rhymist in his youth.

Had Mr. Doyle needed any justification for penning verses, he might have pointed at once to the example of some living members of his craft—to the songs included by Mr. Hardy in his *Three Strangers*, by Mr. William Black in his *Sunrise* and *Daughter of Ieth*, by Mr. Francillon in his *Zelda's Fortune*, by Mr. Mallock in his *New Republic*, by Mrs. Steele in her *Gardenhurst*, and so forth.

In making these brief and rapid notes, one dwells upon the writers who have been novelists first and verse-writers afterwards. That those who produced both poems and novels should introduce verse into the latter is no more than was to be expected. And they make a goodly company. Look at the lyrics which abound in the prose fictions of Scott and T. L. Peacock, Bulwer, Charles Kingsley, and Mortimer Collins. Goldsmith inserted in his *Vicar* the two stanzas by which he is best known. Hogg has verse in his *Katie Cheyne*; so has Hook in his *Jack Brag*; so has Hood in his *Tylney Hall*; so has D. M. Moir in his *Mansie Wauch*; so has Moore in his *Epicurean*. Some of the very best of Peacock's rhymes are in his novels. Thackeray's "Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin" is in his *Rebecca and Rowena*. In *Handy Andy* are two of the most popular of Lover's lyrics—"What will

you do, love?" and "Widow Machree." The list is almost unending. Look at Whyte Melville's songs in *Tilbury Nago*, *Holmby House*, and *Black, but Comely*—they are the pick of his basket. Both Mrs. Norton and George Eliot occasionally broke into verse in the midst of their prose imaginings. One recalls Jean Ingelow's songs in *Mopsa the Fairy*, and Mr. George Macdonald's in *Phantastes*, *Adela Cathcart*, and the like. Last, but assuredly not least, there is Mr. George Meredith, great alike in verse and prose: bethink you of Ameryl's ditties in *The Shaving of Shagpat* and the hunting song in *Parva*. There are, one sees, plenty of precedents for Mr. Conan Doyle.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

If it is true that in order to understand a great poem we must first of all understand its origin, then the evolution of the *Idylls* is a subject of the highest importance.

Under this head, as it appears to me, the recent *Memoir* of Lord Tennyson has proved disappointing; beyond the poet's prose story of King Arthur, and the fact that Tennyson (and here we are reminded of Milton) was wavering "between casting the Arthurian legends into the form of an epic, or into that of a musical masque," we learn comparatively little about the upbuilding of the late Laureate's most important work. On the other hand, many notable particulars brought forward by independent research, such, for example, as the significant trial volumes of 1857 and 1859, are left not only without instructive comment, but almost without recognition.

In the face of such a disappointment we are compelled to fall back upon other sources of information; and since it is questionable whether much, or, indeed, any new light will hereafter be thrown upon the development of the *Idylls*, we shall do well once and for all to place upon record and briefly examine whatever existing contributions to the subject may seem to have a real and permanent value; and I may point out that we are not concerned with the sources of the *Idylls*, but merely with the history of their composition.

Up to the present five writers appear to give evidence of original research in their endeavour to trace the growth of our great modern poem, and their efforts may conveniently be noticed in a chronological order.

In 1893 Mr. Knowles published his *Aspects of Tennyson*. To these we are indebted for a copy of *The Dolorous Stroke*, and for many interesting glimpses of the poet's original plans, and of the way in which he wrought at his magnificent theme.

Next, in 1895, appeared the most important of these investigations, for in that year there was published in America *The Growth of the Idylls of the King*, by Dr. Richard Jones. But an account of this volume will fall in with my remarks upon a publication of 1896, which gave to the work

of Dr. Jones an additional interest: I refer to the second volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Th. J. Wise, which includes a section entitled *The Building of the Idylls*. At this point I may mention that my own *Handbook to Tennyson*, which was published about the same time as the treatise of Dr. Jones, covers in its eleventh chapter a good deal of the same ground, with much less fulness of detail.

In their preface to *Literary Anecdotes*, the editors

"beg to draw particular attention to the section entitled *The Building of the Idylls*, . . . an interesting but little-known subject . . . in the course of which will be found full and careful descriptions of *Enid and Nimuë* (1857), *The True and the False* (1859), *The Last Tournament* (1871), and other Tennysonian 'trial books,' particulars of which have never before been adequately recorded"; and they continue, "it may safely be claimed that *The Building of the Idylls* is a contribution to modern bibliography of the highest importance."

But in his 150 well-written pages, Prof. Jones had forestalled the editors, who were not aware of his book, nor of mine. And now, by briefly examining the claim they put forward, we shall be able to estimate as briefly the work of earlier labourers in the same field.

It may be noticed first, that of the three early proofs or trial copies specified in the preface to *Literary Anecdotes*, *The Last Tournament* is comparatively of little importance, but the other two are profoundly interesting, and most essential to a study of the Arthurian poems. And, as a fact, Prof. Jones has taken the trouble carefully and completely to collate not only these earlier trial copies, but also the various published versions of the *Idylls*. "It is a serious undertaking to collate," say the editors, "but," they add, "the collation is both interesting and fruitful."

Of the items of information furnished by *Literary Anecdotes*, the most important is the account of the *Morte D'Arthur* volume of 1842, preserved in the library of Mr. Buxton Forman. There are a few other less important particulars that are not cited by Prof. Jones, and some of these have appeared elsewhere. The editors, however, deserve credit for their notice of *The Last Tournament* booklet, *The Idylls of the Hearth*—already commented upon in my *Handbook*—and, lastly, for their description of *The True and the False* as possessed by Mr. William Harris Arnold, of New York. On the other hand, their more recent volume omits much that is included in the work of Dr. Jones; nor do they describe so clearly as he does the relation between the early proofs at South Kensington and those in the British Museum. They are also more pronounced in their opinions than the American author, as when they write of Tennyson's *Idylls*, "the book remains a monument of vacillation and misdirected ingenuity." In much the same terms they would condemn the great work of Goethe, for it closely resembles that of Tennyson both in regard to the manner of building and the number of years it took to build.

Again, of the division of *Enid* into two books, whereby Tennyson increased the number of his *Idylls* from eleven to twelve, they write, "A glance at this programme discovers ingenuity galore. . . . Something had to be done; and, literally, the judgment of Solomon was displayed in the doing of that something." Such language as this seems effusive when confronted by the fact that Milton made twelve books out of ten.

But this comparison between *The Growth of the Idylls* and *The Building of the Idylls* will most fitly draw to its conclusion with the remark that although Prof. Jones might reasonably dispute the claim of the editors to be pioneers and exhaustive in this department of literature, they, nevertheless, do themselves an injustice when they describe their contribution as "mere gossip." On the other hand, the sober and thorough treatise of Prof. Jones is deserving of the highest praise.

Two quotations out of many may now serve for a comparison between my own inquiries and those of *The Growth of the Idylls* and *The Building of the Idylls*, especially as all such quotations gain a new and absorbing interest if they show how certain data are moulded by different hands to the same conclusions; and they will further explain some of the importance attaching to earlier readings:

"Another omission in the completed *Idylls of the King* is the '57 line:

'And troubled in his heart about the Queen.'

The omission of this line in the completed *Idylls* is exceedingly significant in connexion with the question as to the growth of the plan of the poem in the poet's mind. This line makes Arthur suspect Guinevere long before the final disclosures and the consequent disruption of the Order of the Table Round. In the poem as we now have it, the King is not 'troubled in heart' about the Queen at all, but merely in regard to 'some corruption crept among the knights.'—*Growth of the Idylls*, p. 105.

"That Malory put this question to himself appears from his remark, 'For, as the French book saith, the King had a deeming'; and that Tennyson was not unaware of the difficulty is seen in the following readings. In *Enid and Nimuë* the important line runs thus:

'And troubled in his heart about the Queen.'

This, in *The True and the False: Four Idylls of the King*, is corrected to

'Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen';

and this line kept its place till 1874. As to the reading adopted in that year—

'Vext at a rumour issued from herself,

Of some corruption crept among his knights'—we need only say that conjecture as to what it means, taking all circumstances into consideration, is entirely baffled."—*Handbook to Tennyson*, 1st edit., p. 351.

"The second paragraph of *Nimuë* opens thus in the private print of 1857:

'And troubled in his heart about the Queen.'

(One line of ten quoted.) This, in the volume of 1859, was rendered thus:

'Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen.'

(One line of eleven.) In the final text the rumour is not about the Queen, but is

'A rumour issued from herself,

Of some corruption crept among the knights."—*Building of the Idylls*, p. 233.

As a second example I select the following:

"However clearly the poet may have had in his mind from the outset the plan of the whole as a single poem, the title grew from *Enid and Nimuë: the True and the False to The True and the False: Four Idylls of the King*, and at last to *Idylls of the King*."—*Growth of the Idylls*, p. 50.

"To turn now to the title-pages. In the distinction *The True and the False* we have the first reliable indication of moral purpose, but, again, not as yet of any allegorical intention. That some importance may be attached to this title seems clear from the fact that in the 1859 copy it *twice* takes precedence over *Idylls of the King*."—*Handbook to Tennyson*, 1st edit., p. 325.

"This was called *Enid and Nimuë: the True and the False*, a title indicating clearly enough how the poet's mind was tending to over-inform these legendary poems with ulterior purpose."—*Building of the Idylls*, p. 224.

To complete the subject of this article, I will now append one or two extracts from the letters of the late Prof. F. T. Palgrave. In one of these he thus refers to the important *Enid and Nimuë* volume:

"My copy is in the British Museum. It was not 'privately printed,' but withdrawn from intended publication after six copies had been printed, but not finally revised. I have always thought this a happy circumstance, as I think, undoubtedly, the two *Idylls* would not have commanded attention nearly so much as the *four*, for which the suppression gave A. T. time to prepare. *Elaine*, I feel pretty sure, was the last written."

On p. 257 of the *Building of the Idylls* we meet with the following:

"How many copies of *Enid and Nimuë* were printed, and of these how many were allowed to survive the issue of the published *Idylls of the King*—who shall say?"

A partial answer to this inquiry of the editors, together with some particulars that are akin to it, may be read in another of Mr. Palgrave's letters; and the following extract will conclude this brief summary of the literature that deals with the development of the *Idylls of the King*:

"I have not seen the copy of the *Enid and Nimuë* in the South Kensington Museum, which was doubtless sent by A. T. to J. Forster, always his faithful friend. Nor do I remember anything except that he gave me the copy in the British Museum, and that, as I then understood, only six copies had been struck off when he determined to withdraw the intended publication. The differences between the two *Enids* are probably due to the fact that Tennyson, as he constantly did, had the poems set up in type at once, in order to correct them with greater ease and advantage, and that the one he gave me had a text finally, or nearly finally, corrected. It has, however, a few MS. alterations."

MORTON LUCE.

## THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

### SIR WALTER BESANT PROTESTS.

IN the June issue of *The Author* Sir Walter Besant makes the following pertinent remarks on the Royal Literary Fund and the chairman's speech at the annual dinner:

"The Royal Literary Fund has had its annual dinner. The Duke of Devonshire

spoke of the followers of literature as he understands them—namely, so many helpless paupers dependent chiefly on the doles of the Fund, and on those of the publishers, whom His Grace most graciously described as the patrons of the author. Now, I want to protest against the whole business—the speech of the Duke, which was based on pure ignorance, and the conduct of the Fund. It is a most useful institution; it relieves a good many people; they are authors, it is true, but they are not, as a rule, authors of the slightest distinction. A good writer, in these days, as easily gets a good living as a good doctor. He cannot, of course, make a colossal fortune like a man in business; but he is not a pauper, nor a dependent, and, except in very rare cases, he does not apply to the Royal Literary Fund for help. I want that point recognised in public. At present, year after year, men of letters are publicly spoken of as if they were all dependent for their livelihood upon the doles and alms of the Royal Literary Fund. Now, I repeat, and it cannot be repeated too strongly, that the great mass of the working men and women of letters have no more need of the grants made by the Fund than the great mass of barristers stand in need of their corresponding association. They do not live from hand to mouth. If they are seized with sudden illness there is money in the bank. I do not claim for them that many of them can make fortunes—even a moderate fortune; and I think that most of them die in harness. I do claim for the average writer who is generally more or less of a journalist—writes for the magazines; perhaps edits something; is perhaps a novelist or a specialist, or an educational writer—that he lives well and like a gentleman, that he also lives cleanly and soberly, that he has no more need of asking the charity of the Literary Fund than he has of going into the workhouse. Who are the people to whom the Fund is useful? There are—always with certain sad exceptions—people who have the slightest possible reason for calling themselves authors. They are necessitous; in many cases without any fault of their own. By all means let them be relieved; but do not take their cases as examples of the starving condition of the literary profession. Now, I speak from my own knowledge, because I sat on the council of the Fund for three or four years.”

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE publication of the correspondence between John Stuart Mill and Gustave d'Eichthal offers us an interesting record. The correspondence began when both men were barely twenty-four, and the maturity of mind revealed on each side is remarkable. The subject of their most serious consideration is Saint-Simonism. To-day the matter is old enough, and most of us have forgotten all about the movement, but such a mutual revelation of character in two young men about seventy years ago leaves an extra-

ordinary impression upon the reader. Precocity, lucidity, and an impassioned desire to grasp truth in both hands—these are the characteristics of the two notable correspondents. Beside their noble pre-occupations, how shallow and trivial the aim of the average young “literary” man, who regards the puerile and fatuous revelation of his own temperament as the main object of his creation, and the reading of the more or less studied drivel he condescends to pour forth for coin and the delectation of his fellows as the exclusive *raison d'être* of the rest of humanity!

It is interesting to find that M. d'Eichthal shared Mill's well-known views about women. “Woman was designed for a perfect association with man,” he enthusiastically writes, “not the present semi-servitude.” He insists that she should take her share in government: man discussing, woman deciding. Mill writes: “It is impossible not to love the French, and at the same time we are forced to regard them as children; while with us even the children are complete men of fifty.” The English, he avers, are either Voltairians or bigots, and hopes salvation for them lies between the neo-Catholicism of Oxford and German rationalism, then just beginning to be studied.

This week MM. Calmann Lévy have published Mme. Darmesteter's French version of her exquisite *Renan*. Mme. Darmesteter's French prose is as distinguished as her English style, and to say this is to say that the book is as charming in one language as in the other. It might be feared that another contribution to the literature of Renan would be lost in the mass: that, so many French writers having written about him, there remained nothing more to be said. But the freshness of this book lies in the poet's interpretation of this most slippery and subtle genius of the century. The Renan she depicts is so superlatively sympathetic and delightful that to many he will come with all the surprise and charm of an original creation. Some there are who will read with pleasure and approval Mme. Darmesteter's *Renan* who would not touch Renan's own work with a pair of tongs—which will prove for them a much-needed lesson in charity and tolerance.

The *Villa sans Maître*, by Eugène Rouart, can hardly be described as a novel, though it bears this misleading description on the title-page. The feeble, unsatisfactory, consumptive hero records his life and sentiments in measured and delicate prose. The effect has the fantastic and irritating interest of a dream: a mingling of broken intensity, of perplexing indefiniteness; details that make the chain of events obliterated, nothing concluded, nothing explained, the continual obsession of reverie. The characters drift in and out of the quaint pages blurred and startlingly like figures in our dreams, their individuality hanging only on an incongruous word, an inexplicable look or gesture, a singular inquietude of soul and temperament. It is emphatically an artist's book. The style is rhythmic, vague, of a delicate melancholy and a distinguished restraint. Passion itself inspires resignation rather than rapture. When the lovers fall,

the hero plaintively writes: “We were not indignant with one another, we accepted this increase—a little heavy perhaps—of intimacy as a complementary thing we had not even striven to resist.” Nothing in the nature of pornography. Sensuality is glanced at as a shuddering mystery, an elusive morbid phase, full of sombre terrors and retribution. But marriage seems no better. The nerveless, unhappy creature misses his way in both paths. He murders, in a fit of fury, the only human character in the book, his generous friend Gabriel, and flies to the East. The last pages are poetical, soft, and “tristeful.”

Another Italian to the front. Verily, Italian novelists are becoming more fashionable here than the poor neglected French. It is a jump from Scandinavia to the South, but French taste has taken the leap—after Tolstoi, Ibsen; after Sudermann, Annunzio. Then came Fogazzaro, lionised and interviewed, and now we have Rovetta with his *Illustré Matteo*, translated extremely well by Jean le Pelletier. The illustrious Matthew is decidedly a creation, even in these dull days, when humanity seems exhausted to the despairing novelist. The scenes are fresh enough, the characterisation of real interest and vitality, and the dialogue is sprightly enough to carry the reader along, but it is not such a book as will dethrone the admired Annunzio.

The world of letters, which produces and fosters so much intolerable egotism and vanity, has never received more convincing proof of the noxiousness of literary vanity, and the imbecile depths of personal drivel into which egotism may drive the cleverest writer, than in the recent publication of Alexander Dumas' theatrical notes. The nature they reveal is so completely antipathetic that the kindest reader may be defied to get to the end of the book. My patience succumbed after a hundred pages.

H. L.

#### THE BOOK MARKET.

##### BOOKSELLING WITHOUT BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLERS, and their friends the publishers, have of late been so fully occupied in discussing the endless intricacies of the discount question, and the thousand and one remedies for the present depression, that they have failed to realise, in any adequate manner, the tremendous consequences of the success which has attended the cheap *Times* reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. To make clear the significance of what may fairly be called the literary phenomenon of the day we must first note carefully the terms upon which the *Encyclopædia* is offered. The appeal is made by the proprietors of the *Times* directly to the public, not to the public through the booksellers. In the advertisement of the offer it is not even stated that the *Encyclopædia* may be obtained through the booksellers, though, as we shall show later, this is to some extent the case. The order form appended to the advertisement is not to be addressed to the local book-



seller, but sent direct to the publisher of the *Times*. Payment is to be on the instalment plan, or we might even call it the hire-system. "One guinea in cash to be followed *after the delivery* of the volumes by thirteen monthly payments of one guinea each, is all that is necessary to secure a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—the twenty-five volumes of the latest, the ninth, edition, complete and unabridged, and in every respect the same work for which the publisher's price has been £37. No further payments are required [*sic*] until the complete set has been delivered. Moreover, a preliminary payment of one guinea secures a set in whichever style of binding may be selected, the payments simply being extended over a longer period." The prices are: cloth binding, fourteen guineas in monthly payments; half-morocco, eighteen guineas in monthly payments; full morocco, twenty-five guineas in monthly payments. On the order form, which must be signed by each purchaser, it is distinctly stated that until the payments are complete the volumes are the property of those issuing the advertisement, and may not be disposed of by sale or otherwise.

It is no secret that this issue has met with a remarkable reception. Applications have poured in upon the publisher of the *Times*, and orders have been received, we believe, for considerably over five thousand sets. We do not wish to discuss, in any way, the value or price of this reprint. What interests us at present is the fact that, without the aid or intervention of the booksellers, thousands of copies of an expensive work have been disposed of, and a literary enterprise of first-class magnitude, for which the demand had greatly declined, has been revived in a most brilliant fashion. It is true that the publisher of the *Times* is willing to receive an order from a bookseller, but what are the trade terms? A commission of five shillings on fourteen guineas! The first payment from a bookseller is, we understand, sixteen shillings; after that he must send his guinea monthly like any other purchaser. We believe that comparatively few orders have been received through the trade, and, under the circumstances, this is hardly to be wondered at.

Now what does this system of direct dealing mean to the publisher? Sets of works have often enough been offered to the public at special subscription terms, but up to the present arrangements have been made whereby the bookseller securing the order obtains the books at a considerably reduced rate. The trade terms for such sets are usually ten per cent. off the net subscription price, and sometimes as much as fifteen per cent. is given. And more than this, the publisher does his utmost to reach the public through the retailer. In his advertisements emphasis is laid upon the fact that the books may be obtained through the local bookseller, and would-be purchasers are constantly referred to the booksellers in their district.

Let us suppose now, for an instant, that this offer of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* had been made on the usual terms at fourteen pounds per set for net cash. The publisher, even though he relied on the bookseller to push

the new issue, would be compelled to spend a considerable sum in advertising—say, five hundred pounds. Now suppose that he obtain five thousand orders for this fourteen-pound edition, all of them from the booksellers, and that he has no bad debts. He would then receive £63,000—*i.e.*, 5,000 sets at £14 less 10 per cent. trade allowance. On the other hand, suppose that five thousand orders come direct from the public, and that, again, there are no bad debts. He would then receive £70,000. In this second case he would, in order to make exactly the same profit as if he were dealing in the ordinary way through the trade, be able to spend no less than £7,500 in advertising.

This is, of course, an altogether exaggerated instance, but the figures will show how an enormous sum may be saved by not allowing special terms to the booksellers, and by dealing solely and directly with the public. Those who are responsible for this new issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have advertised to an extent undreamed of in the traditions of publishing. But they have saved the retailer's profit—saved the per cent., that is, on several thousands of pounds.

In point of orders the new experiment has been an unqualified success. The question is, how will this plan of payment by instalment succeed? It is by no means a new system of bookselling, but it is new to the book-buyers of this country. In the United States and on the Continent it has been worked for years, and on the whole it has been more than successful. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in America all large sets of books are sold on this plan of delivering the complete set and waiting for payment. We could name several successful American publishers who have worked up enormous businesses on the instalment system by circularising the public, but whose accounts with booksellers proper are insignificant. The same applies to a number of French firms. No doubt they experience from time to time considerable difficulty in collecting the payments, no doubt there are occasional bad debts, but on the whole the system has been found a profitable one. The "instalment publisher" requires considerable faith in the general honesty of the human race, but hitherto his faith has been amply justified.

The curious thing is, that this country has had to wait so long for such a publisher. It will not have to wait long for his imitators. What does the trade say to this new system of bookselling without booksellers?

W.

#### POPULAR BOOKS IN AMERICA.

ONCE more our contemporary *The Bookman*, of America, has been at the pains to discover what the citizens of the United States are reading. In the complete poll Mr. Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale* comes first—Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West* being just beaten on the post. Mr. Stanley Weyman's *Shrewsbury* is third. We quote a few of the lists. San Francisco (Cal.) remains faithful to *Quo Vadis*.

#### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
2. *Caleb West*. By Smith.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.
5. *Paris*. By Zola.
6. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.

#### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. *Caleb West*. By Smith.
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *Paris*. By Zola.
5. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.
6. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.

#### BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Marching with Gomez*. By Flint.
2. *Bird Neighbours*. By Blanchan.
3. *At the Sign of the Silver Crescent*. By Prince.
4. *Caleb West*. By Smith.
5. *Coming People*. By Dole.
6. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.

#### BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Marching with Gomez*. By Flint.
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
3. *Caleb West*. By Smith.
4. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.
5. *Paris*. By Zola.
6. *At the Sign of the Silver Crescent*. By Prince.

#### CHICAGO, ILL.

1. *Spain in the 19th Century*. By Latimer.
2. *Caleb West*. By Smith.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *The Girl at Cobhurst*. By Stockton.
5. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
6. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.

#### LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
2. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.
3. *Lion of Janina*. By Jokai.
4. *With Fire and Sword*. By Sienkiewicz.
5. *For Love of Country*. By Brady.
6. *Paris*. By Zola.

#### MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *The Standard Bearer*. By Crockett.
2. *Deeds that Won the Empire*. By Fitchett.
3. *Paris*. By Zola.
4. *The Choir Invisible*. By Allen.
5. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.
6. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.

#### NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *The Celebrity*. By Churchill.
2. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
3. *For Love of Country*. By Brady.
4. *Paris*. By Zola.
5. *School for Saints*. By Hobbes.
6. *Shrewsbury*. By Weyman.

#### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. *Hugh Wynne*. By Mitchell.
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
3. *The Gadfly*. By Voynich.
4. *Paris*. By Zola.
5. *The Celebrity*. By Churchill.
6. *Pride of Jennico*. By Castle.

#### PITTSBURG, PA.

1. *Following the Equator*. By Twain.
2. *Simon Dale*. By Hope.
3. *A Desert Drama*. By Doyle.
4. *The Gadfly*. By Voynich.
5. *For Love of Country*. By Brady.
6. *The Federal Judge*. By Lush.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz.
3. Caleb West. By Smith.
4. Paris. By Zola.
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
6. Simon Dale. By Hope.

## TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. David Lyall's Love Story. By the author of *The Land o' the Leal*.
5. The Story of Ab. By Waterloo.
6. Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchett.

## ART.

## FRENCH ART AT THE GUILDHALL.

THE show of French Art, which makes the great Exhibition at the Guildhall, is comprehensive and representative, although it is not actually systematic. To make it all that it has aimed to be, would have required not more of goodwill, not more, perhaps, of enterprise, but more of research and of positive knowledge, on the part of its organisers; and even had it been perfect in its representation of painted work—had the work of Clouet, Claude, and the two Poussins, say, and something of the work of Gérard, Ingres, and Flandrin been included with the panels and the canvases of Watteau, Lancret, Boucher, Delaroche, Théodore Rousseau, Gérôme, Diaz, and Degas, and many more—it would have been open to us to remind those who looked upon it that not the whole of French pictorial art had found expression in oil-painting—that, speaking of the Eighteenth Century alone, the pastels of Quentin de La Tour, who knew no other medium, are worthy to be placed beside the crayon work of Watteau. Or, one might add, that Gravelot's drawings, and the designs of Eisen and the younger Moreau—the *gouaches*, too, of Lavreince, the lax effusions of Baudouin—would all be wanted, were it sought to exhibit in completeness not alone the most trumpeted performances, but the most exquisite achievements, of the Art of France.

That has not been attempted, and what we are face to face with is not the kind of collection that the Burlington Club might have given us, minutely studious, carefully final, teaching to those who are already taught, but, rather, a quite astonishing assemblage of the capital examples of big men; the great painters of the *fête galante*, Watteau and Lancret, the chief of them, almost at their best; Boucher, captivating and accomplished; Greuze, excusable; Delaroche, blameless; Rousseau, potent; Diaz, a very reveller in pure yet luscious colour; Corot, arresting effects that come and go before the eye as one speaks; Troyon, endowed with a freedom and opulence hardly Cuypp's or Paul Potter's; Daubigny, performing for the Lowlands of France the service Mr. Whistler has performed for our London river—showing what beauty of tone and of form lurks unsuspected in scenes to which an obvious romance has been denied.

One or two thoughts—questions none the less interesting, perhaps, because one does not profess to straightway answer them—occur to one on one's rounds. Looking at that which, after all, displays so much of the art of a whole school, one asks whether the differences in the art of that school, taking the beginning and the end of that which we see at the Guildhall, from Le Nain to Henner and Claude Monet—whether these differences are not more marked than any differences to be discerned between the work of two countries at one and the same epoch? Briefly, in a rough way, had not Hogarth and Chardin, at least a little more in common than Pater and Pissarro—the delightful Little Master, happy in his record of feminine prettiness, and of those artifices of the toilette by which it is maintained or counterfeited, and the vivid, dexterous, and audacious recorder of the movement of the Boulevard? It may seem so sometimes, and if it does seem so, that shows the delusiveness of dividing the products of Art too sharply into the products of schools, while in reality it may be that they are instead the products of periods. And again, another little lesson—the lesson of the immense and legitimate variety of artistic effort, a variety never seized, never done justice to, never understood, never acquiesced in, by the painter himself when he turns critic and is brought to confusion by the presence of so much excellence he had never allowed for, because it is foreign to his own particular aim and to his narrow traditions, which are those of limited practitioners, instead of tolerant and well-equipped judges. The critic painter, going to the Guildhall, will fall foul of Bouguereau if he admires Troyon, and will, if he admires the potency of Rousseau and of Courbet, discern no charm in Pater's ordered grace.

Lessons are always unwelcome, and I will preach but one more. We have been accustomed to say that the French are draughtsmen, and not colourists. That which we assert is true absolutely, while that which we deny is true but within certain limits. Accuracy of draughtsmanship in intricate things has been a greater aim, and a more constant achievement, with the French than with ourselves. Not for us the rapid truth even of a Boucher, who was a rose-water Rubens. Not for us certainly—at least until this present generation—the faultless draughtsmanship of Gérôme in "Cleopatra," or "Phryne," or in the white girl nude in the bath, before Moorish tiles and a copper-coloured eunuch. In regard to colour, on the other hand—unerring splendour in the use of it—it is true that no French landscapist has rivalled Turner, and no French figure painter has rivalled Etty. At all events, until the days of the Romanticists the French palette was charged less fully and less richly, and even with the Romanticists the success is yet more a success of tone than a success of pure colour. But, with different individualities, and at different periods of French painting, there have been varying schemes of colour, inspired by different ideals, and executed with unequal yet rarely quite unsatisfactory results. Ingres, of course, was not a colourist; but you cannot

deny colour to Chardin, especially to those Chardins which incline to silver rather than to brown. You find in Watteau a colourist indeed, and a faultless one; and those who followed him best—Lancret and Pater—had something of his instinct as well as something of his talent. As a colourist Watteau is founded on the Venetians, much as our own Etty is. Something, too, of an adaptation of the Venetian is to be found in Henner's tawny browns and golds, his turquoise gleaming quietly amid his olive greens. Diaz was a colourist. Fantin-Latour is a colourist to-day. That may be taken for granted. But more gradually, perhaps, must the eye be educated to understand the colouring of Boucher—"rose-water Rubens," I have said before, but for all that, in his own way exquisite, and, in colour, original. Who combines as excellently as he does, and in proportions so just, sky-blue and pink?—a sky-blue pale and luminous, a pink prettily rosy. Nor do these combinations, or such as these, exhaust the resources of his palette. See, for instance, the novel and delicate harmony in his "Confidence" between the bared flesh of neck and throat and the dainty raiment that skirts the bust. To claim colour as his especial virtue would, of course, be absurd; but, at his hours, Boucher, too, was a colourist.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE METRE OF HAFIZ.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in the last number of the ACADEMY in which Mr. James Platt, jun., while expressing a most kind and courteous opinion of my *Versions from Hafiz*, criticises my table of metres as "most inaccurate." He means that the division into feet is not that used by Arabic and Persian metrists. That is, of course, the case. The change was made deliberately, with the intention of giving English readers a better idea of the rhythm. In these lyrical measures the line is the unit; the manner in which it is divided into feet is purely arbitrary. I claim the same right of presenting the line as of presenting the sense, in the way which to the best of my judgment is most adapted to my purpose. To take one of Mr. Platt's instances, that of the metre which the Persians call a Hazaj, and divide — — | — — — — | — — — — | — — — —, or, in their own terminology, *Maf'ûhu mafâ'îlu mafâ'îlu mafâ'îl*. This to my ear is really a modification of the "Ionic a minore," and I have accordingly printed it as such, — — | — — — — | — — — — | — — — —. Rhythmically it seems to me to have the closest affinity with the Ramal — — — — | — — — — | — — — — | — — — —. Other metres I have not divided into feet at all, because, after various trials, I did not see that by so doing I could make them more intelligible to the English eye. In this I may have been wrong, and regret that I should be at variance with so kindly a critic as Mr. Platt; but against the charge of inaccuracy I must enter a mild protest. At least, I knew what I was doing.

If the Arabic schemes represented the musical rhythm, and the division were into bars instead of feet, it would, of course, be a different matter—a matter of fact, not of opinion. We should, I think, all be grateful if some scholar would put these metres into a musical notation. For such a task I am not competent. But it might be done, and would throw more light on the metre than all the spondees and Maf'ulus in the world. For instance, the metre of the famous Bokhara and Samarcand ode is evidently—



which, as has been pointed out to me—I wish it had been before publication—is the rhythm of a famous song in “Carmen,” to the music of which the Persian of Hafiz and my version can equally be sung.—Yours faithfully,  
WALTER LEAF.

Regent's Park : June 7.

MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—As in the ACADEMY, May 28, an invitation is addressed to your readers to produce missives similar to the brief opinions of Mr. Gladstone given in that number, I send a copy of a letter addressed to myself, acknowledging a sermon I preached before the University of Oxford on Palm Sunday, 1865.

It is, perhaps, not of sufficient importance or interest to be admitted into the columns of the ACADEMY, but it may serve to show that Mr. Gladstone was as courteous in acknowledging a sermon by a country clergyman as he was in giving his opinion on larger works.—Your obedient servant,

CHARLES WARNER,

Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral.

“ 11, Carlton House-terrace :  
May 14, 1865.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I thank you sincerely for your sermon, which I have read with much interest.

The trials and dangers of the Church are many, and the cry for relief is every way natural. I think it will depend upon herself to obtain what is really required; and I have the pleasure of believing that there are already important indications which may make us reasonably hopeful for the future.

I remain,

Your very faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Rev. C. Warner, The Rectory,  
Henley-on-Thames.”

SIR,—I send a copy of a letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to me some years ago, in case you may think that it would be of interest to the public.

When I was a girl I wrote a little book, called *La Famiglia Cairoli*, which was published at Naples, where, a short time before, Benedetto Cairoli had saved the king from a would-be assassin. In the autumn of that year my mother and I were at Venice, and Mr. Gladstone was staying at the Grand Hotel at the same time. My mother had often met him in her youth when both were the guests of Mrs. Gaskell at Thornes

House, and it thus came about that she presented him with a copy of *La Famiglia Cairoli*. I shall always remember how, with the particular art of giving pleasure which he possessed in so eminent a degree, he seated himself afterwards in the middle of the Salle de Lecture where the young author could not help seeing him, and spent about an hour in reading the little work, apparently with extreme attention. It was a trait which exactly revealed the man.

When my *Italian Characters* came out, I naturally sent the book to my kind reader of earlier days, and the subjoined letter was written on that occasion. At a later period I sent him *The Liberation of Italy*, and there came in a week a post-card saying that, though very blind, he had been reading it “with much profit and pleasure.” Of course, I know that Mr. Gladstone was always rather too generous in his praise, but I am sure that these notes truly represent the intense interest which he felt to the last in the Italian *Risorgimento*.—I am, &c.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

Palazzo Martinengo, Salò,

Lago di Garda : June 1.

“ 10, St. James's-square, S.W. :  
April 18. 90.

DEAR MADAM,—I thank you very sincerely for presenting to me your interesting volume.

My public and personal engagements keep me sadly in literary arrear, but yesterday I was able to begin your work and I read with profound interest the memoir of Ricasoli and that of the Poerios.

Both are most interesting and the workmanship is like that of a practised biographer. The Ricasoli is singularly vivid.

I knew him at Florence in 1866, and I cannot forget how, on my entering his room for the first time, he grasped my hand and cried, ‘Siamo amici.’

I would that his services were still available for Italy.—Believe me, dear Countess, your very faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Countess Martineño Cesaresco.”

POETRY \*AS SHE IS WRIT.

SIR,—J. L. P.'s letter in your issue of June 4 refers to the obscurity in modern poetry. But our modern prose is not free from the same flaw.

What a boon it would be for “ordinary mortals of average education and intelligence” if writers would remember that their readers have, in many cases, only a small modicum of brain power, and that, also, their time is limited.

If a writer has a message, he ought (1) to define clearly and rigidly in his own mind what that message is. For if his ideas are hazy, his expression of them will be obscure. (2) When his ideas are clear to himself, he ought to give them lucid expression, so that he who runs may read.

Writers who realise at all adequately the greatness of their calling as diffusers of sweetness and light by their work, will surely not think the pains thrown away which is given to make their thoughts more definite, and the expression of those thoughts more clear.—Yours, &c.,  
H. P. W.

June 6.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

“Byron.” Poetry edited by E. Hartley Coleridge; Letters, by Rowland E. Prothero. (John Murray.)

OF the first of the six volumes of poems, for the editing of which Mr. Hartley Coleridge is responsible, the *Times*, after quoting Mr. Coleridge to the effect that the printed text has been collated with all the MSS. that passed through Moore's hands, and some other details, comments with enthusiasm :

“This is genuine editing, and it is this, assuming the accuracy of the collation, which gives the work its value as an edition. . . . English Bards and Scotch Reviewers [continues the critic] is the only one of the above-named poems which is included in this first volume. The suppressed fifth edition is followed for the text. In Mr. Murray's copy of the fourth edition Byron wrote: ‘The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents. Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames.’ . . . Mr. Coleridge's editorial footnotes are all that they should be. They are short and to the point, and they seem to leave no difficulty untouched.”

Of the promise of the whole edition, the *Daily News* says that it

“has been prepared with a degree of editorial care and research, which must needs give it precedence over all previous editions, and stamp it as the highest authority for the text of the poet's works.”

And of the volume now published, which comprises “Hours of Idleness” and other juvenilia, “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” “Hints from Horace,” “The Curse of Minerva,” and, finally, the social satire entitled “The Waltz” :

“These early poems do not, of course, possess the interest of those which are to follow; but they belong to the story of the poet's life, and the introductions, notes, and the variorum readings which accompany them furnish much amusing matter bearing on literary feuds and controversies and the manners of the early years of the eventful century now rapidly drawing to its close.”

In the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. W. L. Courtney writes of the hitherto unpublished poems that

“some, like the juvenile poems included under the general title of ‘Hours of Idleness,’ are of more than doubtful value. There are, for instance, eleven poems in this first volume, which only prove once more what, indeed, is abundantly clear in the ordinary experience of effusive and sentimental youths: that one writes a good deal of indiscriminate and feverish rhetoric ‘quand on a vingt ans.’ Byron was a tumultuous and moody strapping, very ready to attest with his fists at Harrow that no one could call him an Atheist with impunity, but equally prepared to illustrate the undoubted truth that unbridled poetic yearnings, when conjoined with much immaturity and an ebullient temperament, are not wholly an advantage either to their owner or to the public. Later volumes of this edition will have more to say for themselves. It will be interesting to read fifteen new stanzas of the unfinished 17th canto of ‘Don Juan,’ and the considerable fragment which is promised of the third part of ‘The Deformed Transformed’ will be valuable, if only to show how extremely wide of the mark Goethe's criticism was that the idea was borrowed from his Mephistopheles.”

The same critic says of Byron's work at large and of his Continental reputation :

"What evidently impressed Europe was the grandiose character of Byron's genius, the largeness of his conceptions, the tremendous energy of his temperament. He belonged to the same category of mankind as Prometheus, a great rebel against God. He had the same wild, ill-regulated energy as Christopher Marlowe; or, perhaps, he was an actual nineteenth-century Hamlet, at odds with fortune, and cursing the day of his birth. . . . In England, meanwhile, the judgment on him was necessarily different, and has become increasingly so throughout the last half of this century. It was as an artist that Byron's fame first suffered, because his countrymen could appreciate far more than the foreigner how great were his lapses from the true poetic technique."

Of the first volume of the Letters and Journals the *St. James's Gazette* points out that up to August, 1811, Mr. Prothero has nearly twice as many letters to print as had Mr. Henley, and that of these two-thirds were inaccessible to Moore in 1830 :

"As Mr. Prothero says, they are naturally not letters which would be printed for their intrinsic literary interest—though for all their precocious man-of-the-worldishness they have already the natural directness and vivacity that make Byron's best letters so delightful. Their value lies in their biographical interest, in their self-portraiture of the young Byron. As one reads them, one cannot but say, a difficult son, an impossible schoolboy, an uncomfortable undergraduate.

Mr. Prothero expresses in very generous terms his regret that this new material is not to have the advantage of Mr. Henley's commentary; but his own annotation is in its diametrically opposite style no less admirable. It is concise, apt, full of knowledge, always to the point, free from prejudice and passion. It is the style of annotation that becomes a classic."

In the columns of the *Chronicle* a critic who subscribes the familiar initials "C. K. S.," after generally acknowledging the importance of the enterprise, goes on :

"It is not easy to understand precisely at what Mr. Murray and his editor are aiming by the general scheme of this volume. . . . Is it intended that the present edition should cancel Moore's *Life*? That, I think, should have been the aim of the publishers. Having taken all the letters out of the *Life*, and having conveyed a certain number of Moore's facts in footnotes, there remains remarkably little in Moore that is worth preserving, or that it would be worth while the ordinary student to examine. . . . But one is bound to complain that this handful of facts has not been transferred to the new edition. . . . Equal space is devoted in the letters to the continual repetition of even greater trivialities, and while Mr. Prothero was about it he might as well have done his work thoroughly. At no point of the story, however—at Aberdeen, Harrow, Cambridge—does he attempt to create an atmosphere around his hero. He has not given us a biography, but rather a valuable collection of documents, shot out hurriedly for the consideration of the public. . . . The eighty hitherto unpublished letters do not indeed, as later letters assuredly do, place Byron on a pinnacle as one of the very best letter-writers in literature, and as the guide to style that Mr. Ruskin claims that he is, but they cannot nevertheless be neglected by any student of Byron's remarkable career."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 9.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

INTERNATIONAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY: THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR. By Washington Gladden, D.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 10s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN DOGMATICS. By John Macpherson, M.A. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 9s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MEMORIALS OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PAINTER (JAMES NORTHCOTE). By Stephen Gwynn. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.

REMARKS AND COLLECTIONS OF THOMAS HERNE. Vol. IV. Edited by D. W. Raine, M.A. Printed for the Oxford Historical Society at the Clarendon Press.

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE. By Arthur W. Jose. Angus & Robertson (Sydney).

ST. MARTIN, CANTERBURY: ITS HISTORY AND FABRIC. By C. F. Routledge. G. Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE NAVY DURING THE SPANISH WAR. Edited by Julian S. Corbett, the Navy Records Secretary.

TALKS WITH GLADSTONE. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Edward Arnold.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

SONGS OF ACTION. By Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder & Co. 5s.

SOME LATER VERSES. By Bret Haite. Chatto & Windus. 5s.

AVE, VICTORIA! By F. R. Brown. Wright & Sons (Colchester).

UNCUT STONES. By H. Bell. G. Redway. 2s. 6d.

POEMS. By R. Loveman. J. B. Lippincott Co. (Philadelphia).

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY WILLIAM MORRIS TO BIRMINGHAM ART STUDENTS, 1894. Longmans & Co. 2s. 6d.

### FINE ART.

HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH. With Introductory Note by Austin Dobson. G. Bell & Sons. 2s. 6d. nett.

### NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.

LYRICAL BALLADS BY WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE, 1798. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Duckworth & Co. 3s. 6d.

TALES FROM THE TELLING HOUSE. By R. D. Blackmore. Sampson Low & Co.

THE SPECTATOR. Edited by G. A. Aitken. Vol. VII. J. C. Nimmo. 7s.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? By the Duke of Argyll. S.P.C.K. 1s.

### TRAVEL.

PIONEERING IN FORMOSA. By W. H. Pickering, C.M.G. Hurst & Blackett. 16s.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL. By Lillian Whiting. Third series. Sampson Low & Co.

PRACTICAL PLANT PHYSIOLOGY. Translated from the German of Dr. W. Detmer by S. A. Moor. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 12s.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. F. B. MONEY COUTTS'S new volume will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS & Co. will publish on June 13 *The Study of Man: an Introduction to Ethnology*, by Prof. A. C. Haddon. This work is the first volume of the "Progressive Science Series," edited by Prof. F. E. Beddard, and will embrace every branch of science. Among the books which are ready or in preparation are the following: *Earth Sculpture*, by Prof. Geikie; *Volcanoes*, by Prof. Bonney; *The Groundwork of Science*, by St. George Mivart; *Vertebrate Palaeontology*, by Prof. Cope; *Science and Ethics*, by M. Berthelot; *The Animal Ovum*, by Prof. F. E. Beddard; *The Reproduction of Living Beings: a Comparative Study*, by Marcus Hartog; *Man and the Higher Apes*, by Dr. Keith; *Heredity*, by J. Arthur Thomson; and *Bacteriology*, by Dr. George Newman, M.D.

THE Rev. J. E. C. Welldon's volume, *The Hope of Immortality*, will be issued by Messrs. Seeley & Co. on June 15.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has in the press a short biographical and critical account of the greatest of Russian authors. It is entitled *Leo Tolstoy, the Grand Mujik*, and is from the pen of Mr. G. W. Perris.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS are reprinting as a shilling brochure the article on "Homer" which Mr. Gladstone contributed to their *Encyclopedia*. To this reprint will be prefixed Mr. Justin McCarthy's biography of Mr. Gladstone, contributed to the same work, brought up to the date of his death.

A NEW edition of Barnett Smith's *Life of Gladstone* will shortly be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., Limited.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. have arranged to issue a series of books upon the English Public Schools. The volumes will be illustrated from old prints, and with original drawings; they will be printed in small quarto, and will cost, as a rule, 5s. each.

*Hiannibal's Daughter* is the title of a new historical romance by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

MESSRS. DARLINGTON & Co. have in the press (for issue on July 1) an enlarged edition of their handbook to *London and Environs* (written by Mrs. Emily Constance Cook and her husband, Mr. E. T. Cook M.A., editor of the *Daily News*), which will include a full description of the new Gallery of British Art (the Tate Gallery), the Black wall Tunnel, the Passmore Edwards Settlement, and other new buildings, and an additional index of forty pages with 4,500 references to places of interest in London.

MR. D. C. BOULGER'S new and revised *History of China* is now almost ready. The author has brought the work quite up to date, including the recent concessions to England, Russia, France, and Germany, and the latest maps and portraits of celebrities are included in this edition.

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REVIEWS.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION.

*The Making of Religion.* By Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D., St. Andrews. (Longmans & Co.)

MR. LANG, like the British Empire, has often a little skirmish on hand. At varying intervals he has, among other controversies, brought his dialectic skill into effective play against the solar theory of interpretation of myth and legend. The expounders of that theory, having satisfied themselves that the names of the chief characters in "Aryan" mythology were equations of names of the sun, the dawn, and so forth, contended that every god and hero was a personification of the sunshine or the weather. But, passing from shaky etymologies to stable ideas, Mr. Lang brought the "Aryan" myths into comparison with those of barbaric peoples, and demonstrated what common elements entered into their structure. The correspondences between them evidenced that man, at the levels of culture, explains the phenomena in much the same way, and warranted the inference that the mythologies of civilised races are survivals of a stage in their development when the forefathers of Greeks and Hindus were on the level of Australian black fellows and bushmen.

The solar mythologists being put *hors de combat*, Mr. Lang turns his light artillery on the animistic school of anthropologists, and attacks its theories of the origin of belief in God and the soul as based on methods not only defective in principle, but undermined by recent evidence collected from savage sources. The

"result is to indicate that the belief in the Soul is supported by facts which Materialism cannot explain. The belief in God, again, far from being evolved out of the worship of ghosts, is proved to occur where ghosts are not yet worshipped."

As is well known, Prof. Tyler traces the origin of the belief in the soul and a future life to animistic conceptions, of which dreams, hallucinations, and allied phenomena supply the material, while the origin of belief in an ascending series of

spiritual beings is referred to conceptions accrediting all phenomena with life and personality. Mr. Herbert Spencer rejects the evidence of attribution of life to inanimate things as inconclusive, and finds in the cult of deceased ancestors sufficing factors for the evolution of gods from the lowest to the highest rank. In the words of one of his most ardent adherents, Mr. Grant Allen (to whose *Evolution of the Idea of God* Mr. Lang makes the barest reference) "corpse-worship is the germ-plasm of religion." Enlarging on topics already dealt with in more fugitive form in *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, and kindred work, Mr. Lang adduces a considerable body of evidence as to the occurrence of visions and hallucinations among savages, and compares it with the evidence furnished by "living and educated civilised men." Savages can hypnotise one another; they are asserted to have coincidental hallucinations; and long before the Society for Psychological Research offered crystal balls for sale at three shillings upwards, the "poor Indian" saw "apparitions not attainable through the normal channels of sense" by gazing into smooth water or polished stones. Well, asks Mr. Lang, instead of dismissing with scorn this corroborative evidence as part and parcel of spiritualism, "a word of the worst associations, inextricably entangled with fraud, bad logic, and the blindest credulity," why do not the anthropologists accord it a hearing as bearing on "super-normal phenomena" which, possibly, may have validity, and therefore can impregnably witness to the existence of the soul? So far as any "general confession" can be gleaned from Mr. Lang's admissions, he appears satisfied as to the objective character of these phenomena. His old hesitation as to the validity of thought-transference has vanished, and he gives reasons for the faith that is in him in examples of telepathy among both Zulus and Englishmen, while a reference to "telepathic crystal-gazing" indicates that he puts the two on a common plane. We do not deny that the anthropologists might have suffered with more gladness the bearers of such testimony as is imported into a book on the "making of religion," but, finding in hallucinations—"the main trunk of our psychical existence," as Dr. Dessori calls them—a sufficing factor of barbaric psychology, we think that they are not to be reproached for not treating seriously a mass of evidence which, where it has been possible to sift it, has failed to secure a unanimous verdict. Man's intellectual history is the history of his tardy escape from the illusions of the senses, whether they report the revolution of the sun round the earth or the existence of spooks. And that freedom has been won only by the barest minority among even so-called civilised peoples, so that in place of seeing in the multitude of examples of concordant hallucinations cumulative evidence of the existence of "genuine by-products of human faculty," we see the persistence of ideas which prevail in the degree that empirical theories of human nature survive. With the unexpected periodically revealing itself—as, e.g., in Rontgen Rays and the constitution of matter—the lesson against assumption

of limitations is ever being taught, but no less binding is the duty of satisfying ourselves that all possible causes of error are eliminated before we endorse theories of the validity of phenomena which defy all known modes of energy in the cosmos, and add only to the inane gossip of the day. Knowing what tricks the subconscious self plays, and in what subtle ways matters unconsciously acquired lodge themselves among the three thousand million cells of the brain, leaping, seemingly unbidden, into activity as information newly gained from mysterious sources, hesitancy in following him will command the sympathy of one who himself shrinks from making the passage from belief in telepathy to belief in communications from a spirit world. As the French proverb has it, "He who says A must say B," and Mr. Lang's attitude puzzles us; perchance it puzzles himself. He asks permission to cite, as testimony of the highest importance, the opinion of M. Charles Richet, Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, that "there exists in certain persons, at certain moments, a faculty of acquiring knowledge which has no rapport with our normal faculties of that kind." We may also be permitted to refer to this same M. Richet as a member of the company of experts in psychical research whom the Neapolitan medium, Eusapia Palladino, befooled, while, as showing what unanimity exists among those who regard Mr. Lang as an "effective ally," we have Dr. Hodgson, who detected the trickery of Eusapia, confessing his full belief in the "trances" of Mrs. Piper, which Prof. MacAlister denounces as a sorry imposture. When Mr. Lang's friends have arrived at some common agreement as to what "supernormal phenomena" are frauds and what are genuine, there will be better warrant for his criticism of the anthropological method.

In the second part of his book, Mr. Lang comes to close quarters with Prof. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer. As the leading representatives of the animistic school, he asks them:

"Having got your idea of spirit or soul out of the idea of ghosts, and having got your idea of ghosts out of dreams and visions, how do you get at the idea of God? Now by 'God'—the proverbial 'plain man' of controversy, means a primal eternal Being, author of all things, the Father and Friend of man, the invisible, omniscient guardian of morality.

Having got your idea of spirit into the savage's mind, how does he develop out of it what I call God? God cannot be a reflection from human kings where there are no kings; nor president elected out of a polytheistic society of gods where there is as yet no polytheism; nor an ideal first ancestor where men do not worship their ancestors; while, again, the spirit of a man who died, real or ideal, does not answer to the usual savage conception of the Creator. All this will become much more obvious as we study in detail the highest gods of the lowest races."

Here we have an element of freshness imported into the controversy, which is a welcome change from wraiths and mediums, while the facts which Mr. Lang submits should lead to searchings of heart and scrutiny of documents among the advocates of the ghost-theory of deity. From

materials furnished by savage hymns and ancient and secret tribal mysteries there is producible a mass of evidence as to the conception of a group of relatively Supreme Beings: "eternal not-ourselves that make for righteousness." Caqn among the Bushmen, Mtanga among the Yao, Ndengei among the Fijians, Ti-ra-wá among the Red Indians, Derumulum and Pund-jel among the Australian aborigines — are representative of moral gods of savage tribes which, there is good reason for assuming, had long escaped the infiltration of Christian and Mohammedan ideas. These high gods are defined as "deathless beings" rather than "spirits," because belief in them is not derived from the theory of ghosts or souls at all. These "Ancient Ones" and "Fathers" dwell in the heavens which they have made; they rule the lives of men, and are prompt to punish breach, of their commands, among which unselfishness has chief place, although, descending more to detail, adultery and bad carving of meat are an offence to the Adamanese Puluga! Under cover of names conveying—if correctly translated—surprising philosophical conceptions of deity, there are, as in the Dinka god Dendid, which means "great rain," are indications warranting the assumption that these "makers" are nature-gods, with tribal ethics superadded. Man, says Goethe, never knows how anthropomorphic he is, and the quality of unselfishness as a leading moral attribute of savage high gods on which Mr. Lang lays stress is essentially of social origin, arising in emotions stimulated by human relations, and strengthened by conditions enforcing self-repression and self-regardlessness on each member of the community. As for conceptions of the gods themselves, given the attainment of a certain, and that no very advanced, intellectual stage, there follow peculiarities as to the whence of things, the wonder aroused by them in the degree that they are unknown, and that tendency to personify forces, which, together, are sufficing factors for those conceptions. On this view of the matter there is little of novelty in Mr. Lang's argument, but there is opportune re-statement in an effective way, and with cogent examples, of the case against ancestor worship as the sole origin of the god idea. These high gods, however, have a short-lived career so far as their connexion with mortals goes. The fact that they are not regarded as spirits relegates them to an order of being wholly detached from men's "businesses and bosoms." Hence, as religions reflect social stages, we find these *dii majores* superseded by departmental, tribal, and family gods, a process which—as shown in the "Essay on the Religion of a Hindu Province," in Sir Alfred Lyall's remarkable *Asiatic Studies*, is in operation in every Indian village to-day. Mr. Lang skilfully elaborates this fact, showing that the "first advance in culture necessarily introduces a religious degradation," which may be taken as the anthropological equivalent of the doctrine of the Fall, the Supreme God, needing neither temple nor priest to serve or sacrifice therein, takes a back seat, and becomes *roi fainéant*, or, like the Fijian

Ndengei, "is mythically lodged in a serpent's body, and reduced to a jest." As Mr. Lang quaintly puts it, "there is no money in him" to support a sacerdotal caste whose fees and reputation depend on squaring the word of hungry ghost-god-beings, and on slaking with bloody offerings the thirst of the world's Molochs, "whose best excuse is that they do not exist." If, therefore, the great gods are fading abstractions, reigning but not resting, only the swarm of "deities who abhor a fly's death or who delight in human victims" being operative on the life of man, it would seem that Mr. Lang makes "much ado about nothing."

How keenly alive to the complexity of the problem of the origin of religion the author of a volume that is interesting from cover to cover shows himself is seen in the remark that "finding among the lowest savages all the elements of all religions already developed in different degrees, we cannot, historically, say that one is earlier than another." Mr. Lang, therefore, is careful to disclaim belief in "primitive monotheism," but in so far as the savage moral-god theory disturbs his equilibrium he inclines to suggest an explanation which creates more difficulties than it solves to the religion of Israel. Jehovah is for him, and here we are in full agreement, no ghost-begotten god, and the stages of Israel's degradation are but temporary eclipses of a moral glory which the Prophets restored, and which, "blended with the doctrine of our Lord, enlightened the world." This is but one of several implications of the special mission of Israel, and of the Divine origin of Christianity, scattered through the book which cannot be dealt with here. It suffices to say that the evidence as to the validity of hallucinations summarised in the first section of the volume does not seem to us to warrant Mr. Lang's strictures on anthropological treatment of that evidence, and that in the second portion he has exposed vulnerable points in the theory which finds its most biased advocates in Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Grant Allen.

EDWARD CLODD.

### A BOOK FOR THE HEART.

*The Journal of John Woolman.* (Melrose.)

THIS volume is to be numbered among those that claim a welcome because they are utterly opposed to the spirit of the time, and because they afford rest and relief from the pressure and clamour of ordinary life. It was highly prized in the early part of the century by Coleridge, Lamb, Edward Irving, and other leaders of thought. Later, although Elia's references kept it in the remembrance of curious book-lovers, it fell into complete oblivion as far as the general public was concerned. We cannot help wondering if, in the attractive form now bestowed on it, the *Journal* will attract the attention it assuredly merits.

To some extent, perhaps, its remote environment may prove an obstacle to readers,

for it is safe to say that we are, in a sense, nearer to classic Greece and Rome than to the America that existed in Woolman's lifetime (1720-1773). He belonged to a district famed for its Quaker settlements. Helived, to borrow the words of Longfellow,

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware water  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle."

The delightfulness of it is not emphasised in the slight biography that we can piece together. Woolman travailed under a deep sense of the world's sorrow, and his own circumstances were generally stern and narrow. As will be seen, this was his own choice: he was born into poverty, and deliberately chose to remain poor when the tide offered to lead on to fortune. The interest of his life does not lie in that, but in its inner struggles. It is necessary to remember that in the middle of the eighteenth century a poor Quaker lad knew nothing of the doubts that have sapped the vital religious beliefs of this generation. You cannot get his equation without understanding that his ideas of a just and omnipotent God and the immortality of his own soul were positive and unshakable; but, on the other hand, his character was so gentle and sweet, love was so absolutely his preponderating quality, that it was impossible for fervour to change into fanaticism. His weapons were those of kindness and persuasion; he was not of the tribe of John Knox, but of St. Francis of Assisi. He reminds one of the timid, shrinking early Christians, so easily guided, so adaptable in unessentials, but disclosing the temper of steel when called upon to suffer for their principles or forswear them; and it is this revelation of strength and goodness in the depths of human nature that gladdens and consoles even those who regard as nursery tales and mere legends much that the martyr has died for. The awakening of his conscience, his conception of holiness and how he tried to attain to it—these are what engage our attention in the *Journal*. It is written, let us add, in a meditative rather than a preaching vein.

Woolman's spiritual life began in earnest on a certain day in 1742. He was at the time shop-tender and book-keeper to a man owning a store at Mount Holly—a small village standing on one of the Delaware's tributaries. The young man was a servant hired by the year and very poor. Whittier describes the cottage he lived in as small and plain—"not painted, but white-washed." In front, however, was the garden with its "nursery of apple-trees" which he tended himself, ever loving "the sweet employment of husbandry." At that time the Quakers were just beginning to feel a preliminary uneasiness in regard to the practice of slave-keeping. The violent little hunchback Benjamin Day had probably even then (and in the hearing of Woolman) begun to lift up his angry voice. It happened, then, that Woolman's master asked him to make out a bill of sale of a negro woman for whom he had found a purchaser. He recollected that he owed a duty of obedience, and "it was an elderly man, a

member of our Society, who bought her," and so

"through weakness I gave way and wrote it; but at the executing of it I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the Friend that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion."

Whenever his scruples were aroused they quickly gained force. Henceforward he was to be a steady opponent of slavery. With an exquisite simplicity he intersperses his account of religious work with brief paragraphs about his worldly concerns. Was ever the romance of love condensed to a shape akin to this:

"About this time, believing it good for me to settle, and thinking seriously about a companion, my heart was turned to the Lord with desires that He would give me wisdom to proceed therein agreeably to His will, and He was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel. Sarah Ellis, to whom I was married the 18th of eighth month, 1749."

Except that he preserved one letter to his wife, there is nothing more said about this "well-inclined damsel." In the same brief way he tells of the death of his father, which took place in the following year. "I reckon Sister Anne was free to leave this world," the old man said; and on receiving an affirmative answer, "I also am free to leave it," he added. One does not wonder that Charles Lamb commanded us "to love the early Quakers."

His unworldliness and freedom from the self-aggrandising ambition that besets most of us made him take a step that was indeed accordant with the maxims of Christ, but very much out of keeping with the ordinary practice of men. Let him tell what it was in his own words:

"The increase of business became my burden, for though my natural inclination was toward merchandise, yet I believed truth required me to live more free from outward cumbers; and there was now a strife in my mind between the two. In this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a heart resigned to His holy will. Then I lessened my outward business, and, as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to; and in a while I wholly laid down merchandise and followed my trade as a tailor by myself, having no apprentice."

It was eminently characteristic that he put aside the love of riches without railing against that Mammon worship which has come to be the greatest weakness of his fellow-citizens in the land of the Almighty Dollar. This, too, was before the phalanxerist, and Thoreau had made their protest against the same vice. His was not the spirit of the modern Socialist, who, as a rule, takes as much as he can himself and bitterly assails those who have more. It was an outcome of that same human characteristic which has given us ascetics and anchorites and bare-footed friars within the Christian pale, and yoga and dervish and tattered sage without it. Above all, it was the teaching of Him who commanded His disciples to "take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money"; an outcome of those

moments of intense and passionate devotion when, again to quote his own language,

"in bowedness of spirit I have been drawn into retired places, and have besought the Lord with tears that he would take me wholly under His direction and show me the path in which I ought to walk."

One of his minor—we had almost written trivial—struggles illustrates at once his fastidiousness, cleanliness of person, and the rigour of the cleansing powers applied to his mind. It ended in his determination to wear no hat or garment that was not of a natural colour—firstly, because dye was hurtful in itself; and secondly, because the practice and that of "wearing more clothes in summer than are useful" have not "their foundation in pure wisdom." Withal there was nothing of the mendicant in his disposition. He feared that the effect of taking gifts, even of food and lodging, would be hurtful to his soul, and so, proud yet humble, poor yet independent, we can easily picture him in that semi-wild Pennsylvania of 1760 tramping on foot many a hundred of miles wherever a "motion of love" guided him, stopping on his way to preach the Gospel, or to plead the cause of the negro, often because he had a chance of being kind to some poor slave; meditating in his hours of loneliness on new openings for acts of goodness or inwardly debating some nice point of conduct, such as whether it were justifiable in a Quaker to pay the war-tax at that time being imposed. As rulers have found out before now, a well-developed conscience makes a difficult citizen. You cannot order about a community of Woolmans as if they were mere items in a Parliamentary majority. In these journeys he often met tribes of Indians, and was moved with compassion for them also. But we must hasten over his graphic account of the Wyoming nomads and his visit to the Indian town of Wehaloosing on the Susquehanna, noting only a pregnant remark by the chief Papunehany, "I love to feel where words come from."

The last scene of his life took place in England, where he came to visit some Friends in Yorkshire. On the way he grew interested in the common Jack Tars of his time, and he places them and their miseries before us as vividly as the negroes and Indians. At London the wretched, ill-dressed wanderer excited suspicion at the Quaker meeting to which he made his way. Some one (we are told in an editorial note) was unkind enough to suggest his return to America. He was profoundly affected, and his tears flowed freely, but replied with rare wisdom and independence: "He could not go back as had been suggested; but he was acquainted with a mechanical trade, and while the impediment to his services continued, he hoped the Friends would be kindly willing to employ him in such business as he was capable of that he might not be chargeable to any."

All who are interested in the condition of England in 1772 will do well to con the history of his tour; it sets before us with the power of truth the strong, vital, energetic country with its go-ahead merchants and nobles, its wretched peasants and labourers.

It was an era of dear and scarce food. "Great numbers of poor people live chiefly on bread and water in the southern parts of England as well as in the northern parts, and there are many poor children not even taught to read." But a scrap like that hardly suggests the wealth of detail from which it is taken. His conscience would not let him use a stage-coach because the system was cruel to post-boys and horses: probably he saw all the more from travelling on foot. He caught small-pox and died at York in the fifty-second year of his age.

Such, in brief outline, was the career of John Woolman, out of whose life-experience this little book is made. It emphatically deserves the eulogy of Charles Lamb, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," for, like Abou Ben Adhem, "he loved his fellow men." To saturate the mind with the best of your own time is good, the best poetry, the best fiction, the best thought of every kind; yet it is also wise and wholesome to withdraw at intervals from your contemporaries, and look for solace and consolation to the devout of other days: to go to Woolman as you go to Thomas à Kempis. The *Journal* is not for common use, but in certain moods it will yield the pleasure so well described by the poet:

"And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country  
Where all men were equal and all were brothers and sisters."

## TWO NOVELIST-POETS.

*Songs of Action.* By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

*Some Later Verses.* By Bret Harte. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. BRET HARTE—the author of "Thompson of Angels," and "John Burns of Gettysburg," and "Jim," and "In the Tunnel," and "The Society upon the Stanislaus," and much else that is memorable—is an old poetical hand; but this is Mr. Conan Doyle's first volume of verse. Let us then begin with Mr. Conan Doyle.

Readers of *Micah Clarke* who remember "The Song of the Bow," readers of *The White Company* who remember "The Franklin's Maid," and readers of *Cornhill* and certain other periodicals, are aware that Mr. Conan Doyle has rhyming skill and vigour. He has no magic, no subtle mastery of words; he is not a poet, nor does he even command that verbal cunning which passes for poetry; but he sings of brave things like a brave man. Hunting and fighting, golf and racing—these are Mr. Doyle's subjects; and at the back of all his verse—with one deplorable exception—is buoyant masculinity. Where he comes into direct competition with certain predecessors—Mr. Kipling, for example, and the late Egerton Warburton—we cannot consider Mr. Doyle's efforts first rate, although the "Song of the Ranks," albeit mechanical, is good

reading; but here and there, on his own ground, he reaches a high level. "The Groom's Story" is an instance. Readers of the ACADEMY may remember this diverting ballad of a runaway motor-car, for we quoted freely from it a few weeks ago on the occasion of its appearance in *Cornhill*; well, in this piece Mr. Doyle stands alone and need fear no one. Similarly, in the ballad entitled "Ware Holes!" he does his own sterling work. A groom is again the narrator, and the story tells of a famous run in Sussex with the foxhounds, and of a strange "gent" from London way. No one knew who he was, but

"'e 'ad gone amazin' fine,  
Two 'undred pounds between 'is knees;  
Eight stone he was, an' rode at nine,  
As light an' limber as you please."

The run was long and fierce, and the gent lod the field. At last

"They seed the 'ounds upon the scent  
But found a fence across their track,  
And 'ad to fly it; else it meant  
A turnin' and a 'arkin' back.

'E was the foremost at the fence,  
And as 'is mare just cleared the rail,  
He turned to them that rode be'ind,  
For three was at 'is very tail.

"Ware 'oles!" says 'e, an' with the word,  
Still sittin' easy on his mare,  
Down, down 'e went, an' down and down,  
Into the quarry yawnin' there.

Some say it was two 'undred foot;  
The bottom lay as blaek as ink.  
I guess they 'ad some ugly dreams  
Who reined their 'orses on the brink.

'E 'd only time for that one cry;  
'Ware 'oles!' says 'e, an' saves all three.  
There may be better deaths to die,  
But that one's good enough for me.

For, mind you, 'twas a sportin' end,  
Upon a right good sportin' day;  
They think a deal of 'im down 'ere.

That gent what came from London way."

Those two last lines are exactly right, an inspiration.

On a much lower plane, pleasant and gay though they be, are the hunting songs, of which "The Old Gray Fox" is a favourable specimen:

"We started from the Valley Pride,  
And Farnham way we went.  
We waited at the cover-side,  
But never found a scent.

Then we tried the withy beds  
Which grow by Frensham town,  
And there we found the old gray fox,  
The same old fox,  
The game old fox;

Yes, there we found the old gray fox,  
Which lives on Hankley Down.

So here's to the master,  
And here's to the man!  
And here's to twenty couple  
Of the white and black-and-tan!  
Here's a find without a wait!  
Here's a hedge without a gate!  
Here's the man who follows straight  
Where the old fox ran!"

That is good stuff for a hunting supper, but a thought too facile; and the same may be said of several others of Mr. Conan Doyle's songs. But the notable weakness of the book is "The Passing." This egregious poem tells how a "dear dead girl"

came to the bedside of her lover, and spoke thus to him:

"' You said that you would come,  
You promised not to stay;  
And I have waited here,  
To help you on the way.

I have waited on,  
But still you bide below;  
You said that you would come,  
And, oh, I want you so!"

And so on. She then drew his attention to the "triple key" on his dressing-table, which can unlock the gate between them. The triple key is a pistol, a hunting knife, and a bottle of poison, which should be enough for any gentleman's suicide. The lover forthwith shot himself with the pistol, and joined the girl, "as in the days of old." The girl was charmed. She exclaimed:

"The key is very certain;  
The door is sealed to none.  
You did it, oh, my darling!  
And you never knew it done;"

and then entered into an account of the new life and its conditions:

"There's not a trick of body,  
There's not a trait of mind,  
But you bring it over with you,  
Ethereal, refined.

But still the same; for surely  
If we alter as we die,  
You would be you no longer,  
And I would not be I.

I might be an angel,  
But not the girl you knew;  
You might be immaculate,  
But that would not be you."

And, in the end,

"with hands together,  
And fingers twining tight,  
The two dead lovers drifted  
In the golden morning light."

Such is "The Passing"—"the right butter-woman's rank to market"; and where Mr. Conan Doyle's sense of humour was when he wrote it we offer no opinion.

Let us turn again to his virile "Song of the Bow" for relief:

"What of the bow?  
The bow was made in England:  
Of true wood, of yew-wood,  
The wood of English bows.  
So men who are free  
Love the old yew-tree,  
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

\* \* \* \* \*  
What of the mark?  
Ah, seek it not in England,  
A bold mark, our old mark,  
Is waiting over-sea.

When the strings harp in chorus,  
And the lion flag is o'er us,  
It is there that our mark will be."

This is Mr. Conan Doyle as we prefer to leave him and think of him.

One chief cause of gratitude for Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of verse is that it gives further glimpses of Truthful James and Brown of Calaveras, particularly Brown of Calaveras. We have always felt that more information concerning Mr. Brown was due:

"He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown;  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town."

That statement, it has seemed to us, needed expansion. When and how did Mr. Brown perform his municipal cleansing? We are entitled to know. Meanwhile, although these particular feats are not described, Mr. Brown becomes again a prominent figure. At Angel's, it appears, a spelling-bee was once held. It happened thus:

"There was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat, and Smith of Shooter's Bend, and Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend;  
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears, three fingers—you have five.  
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp ain't now alive.  
'Twas very wrong indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame;  
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of the same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had just begun,  
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;  
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove  
Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this remark he hove:  
'Thar's a new game down in 'Frisco, that ez far ez I can see  
Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls it "Spelling Bee."

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake,  
'Poker is good enough for me'; and Lanky Jim sez 'Shake!  
And Joe allowed he wasn't proud, but he must say right thar  
That the man who tackled euchre hed his education squar.  
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who said  
He knew the game, and he would give instructions on that head."

The competition then began. The first word was "separate." Then came "parallel," which Pistol Joe alone could circumvent; but his triumph lasted only as far as "rhythm." "O little kids, my pretty kids [says Truthful James, who tells the story], 'twas touching to survey

These bearded men, with weppings on, like schoolboys at their play.  
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van,  
And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,  
Till the Chair gave out 'incinerate,' and Brown said he'd be durned  
If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned."

For "durned," it seems to us, Mr. Bret Harte might have substituted "burned" with humorous effect. This was the first sign of bad temper, which students of Mr. Bret Harte's work will recognise as the beginning of the end. Only carnage now can follow. It drew near steadily. "Phthisis" and "gneiss" numbered scowling victims, and

"Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eye,  
The Chair next offered 'eider-duck,' and Dick began with 'I,'  
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked!  
just how the fight begun  
I never knowed, but Bilson dropped, and Dick, he moved up one."

A scene ensued—very similar to that which broke up the Society upon the Stanislaus; and Truthful James thus brings his story to a close:

“Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!  
You’ve got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;  
And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez ‘slings their spellin’ square,  
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care.  
You wants to know the rest, my dears?  
That’s all! In me you see  
The only gent that lived to tell about the Spellin’ Bee!”

We have treated “The Spelling Bee at Angel’s” thus fully because it seems to us the best thing in the book. Among the other pieces is “His Last Letter,” of which an account was recently given in the ACADEMY, and some exercises in Mr. Bret Harte’s earlier manner. An inability now and then to scan the lines has, however, interfered with our enjoyment of them, and we have always returned with pleasure to the Truthful James section. This, in addition to the Spelling Bee, contains “A Question of Privilege,” beginning thus:

“It was Andrew Jackson Sutter who, despising Mr. Cutter for remarks he heard him utter in debates upon the floor.  
Swung him up into the skylight, in the peaceful, pensive twilight, and then heedlessly proceeded, makin’ no account what we did—  
To wipe up with his person casual dust upon the floor.  
Now a square fight never frets me, nor unpleasantness upsets me, but the simple thing that gets me—now the job is done and gone,  
And we’ve come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, leavin’ Cutter there with Sutter—that mebbe just a stutter  
On the part of Mr. Cutter caused the loss we deeply mourn.”

The story proceeds to explain the stutter and the misconstruction put by Mr. Sutter upon its possessor’s words. Then there is “The Thought-reader of Angel’s” in the metre borrowed years ago by Mr. Bret Harte from *Atalanta in Calydon*; and “Free Silver at Angel’s,” with its further glimpses of Abner Dean, and Brown of Calaveras, and Ah Sin. Mr. Brown therein is thus touched off:

“He was a most convincin’ man—was Brown in all his ways,  
And his skill with a revolver, folks had oft remarked with praise.”

And Abner Dean, of whom, in “The Society upon the Stanislaus,” we were told nothing more than the episode of the sandstone, now blossoms forth as a savant:

“Fer though a sinful sort of man—and light-some, too, I ween—  
He was no slouch in *Science*—was Mister Abner Dean!”

As a whole, we cannot think the book worthy of its author’s poetical reputation. It has nothing to approach some of his earlier work—the pieces, for example, mentioned at the head of this article, and “San Francisco,” and “Fate,” and “The Stage Driver’s Story,” and “The Heathen Chinese.”

Let us leave it with this musical, wistful little poem of a serious cast:

“O bells that rang, O bells that sang  
Above the martyr’s wilderness,  
Till from that reddened coast-line sprang  
The Gospel sad to cheer and bless,  
What are your garnered sheaves to-day?  
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!  
O Mission bells of Monterey!

O bells that crash, O bells that clash  
Above the chimney-crowded plain,  
On wall and tower your voices dash,  
But never with the old refrain  
In mart and temple gone astray!  
Ye dangle bells! Ye jangle bells!  
Ye wrangle bells of Monterey!

O bells that die, so far, so nigh,  
Come back once more across the sea,  
Not with the zealot’s furious cry,  
Not with a creed’s austerity,  
Come with His love alone to stay;  
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!  
O Mission bells of Monterey!”

#### OOM PAUL.

*Paul Kruger and His Times.* By F. Reginald Statham. (London: Unwin.)

As this is a very controversial volume it is well to say at the outset that here we are not concerned with political opinions. From a literary point of view the book has to stand or fall exclusively by the picture it offers of a human personality. Of Paul Kruger sufficient is known to make us wish for more. His portrait is almost as familiar as Lord Salisbury’s, and the clever, smug, tobacco-stained face with all its cunning humour and shrewdness, the Dutch nose, the low but not unintellectual forehead, the crow’s-footed, self-concealing eyes, has been appropriately chosen for Mr. Statham’s frontispiece. But it is dismaying to find that the biographer has been so engrossed in polemics that he has not put on record a single new example of those caustic sayings which whet our curiosity in regard to the Great Boer—for instance, his comment on the Jameson expedition: “If you wish to kill a tortoise you wait till he puts out his head”; or on the famous telegram: “Queen Victoria only sneezed and the Germans drew back.” We have diligently, but in vain, searched Mr. Statham’s pages for material wherewith to widen these hints into a full-length portrait. The Historic Muse is much too lofty and dignified to Boswellise Mr. Statham, and inspire him with adequate appreciation of the graphic homely details that make a man live before us. Yet his opportunities have been abundant. He has lived in close intercourse with the President, and must have heard his daily conversation over and over again. But he never produces him except in full dress, never introduces us to the old man sitting at a cottage-door with a pipe between his teeth, shrewdly commenting on things in general. He has in the old bad way of biography conventionalised his subject, smoothed out the angularities and callosities, and made him but an item in politics. Yet

he has a very high sense of Mr. Kruger’s position. He says:

“It must be admitted as a remarkable fact, that South Africa, a country so little heard of till within the last twenty years, should during these twenty years have produced two out of the five most noted personalities of the later decades of this century.”

Mr. Statham harps on the number five as assiduously as Sir Thomas Brown did on the quincunx; but if, as he says, Mr. Kruger and Mr. Rhodes are two, who are the other three “most noted personalities?” He does not condescend on an answer, and as to the second of these paragons, Mr. Statham is at so much pains to show his inferiority to the Boer President that we wonder at his inclusion.

In spite of himself, as it were, Mr. Statham occasionally forgets that he is a political pamphleteer, and offers a passing glimpse of the real Oom Paul. We learn, for instance, that Mr. Kruger was born in 1825, that he has been twice married, that his first wife bore him a single child, and the second sixteen, while his descendants now number no fewer than 120. Here is one of the too few specimens of his caustic remarks. A petition full of complaint had been submitted to the Executive from Johannesburg:

“‘Ah,’ remarked Mr. Kruger, ‘that’s just like my monkey. You know I keep a monkey in my back-yard, and the other day, when we were burning some rubbish, the monkey managed to get his tail burnt, whereupon he bit me. That’s just like these people in Johannesburg. They burn their tails in the fire of speculation, and then they come and bite me.’”

There is more true humour in this than in the following illustration of his “playfulness of disposition”:

“It is no uncommon thing for him, as he passes along the corridor of the public buildings to his office, to give a friendly dig in the ribs with his stick to any personal acquaintance—possibly some highly responsible official—whom he may encounter. There is, too, a well-authenticated story of how, coming out of his office with a piece of wood in his hand, he gave a pretty sharp rap on the head to one of the occupants of the ante-chamber he had to pass through, *doubtless supposing it was one of his clerks* [the italics are ours]. ‘Who’s that?’ said the person struck, who happened to be a missionary and a stranger in Pretoria. ‘Who’s that?’ was the answer; ‘why, it’s the President.’”

For the few touches of this kind we are grateful, and only regret that they are so rare. Instead of giving them Mr. Statham indulges in a vast deal of vague eulogy and not very convincing rhetoric, which is based on the assumption that if England were to take direct control of the Transvaal it would mean ruin and loss of liberty to the country. It were as logical to assert that Scotland was ruined when consent was given to the union.

It would, however, be unjust to condemn the book utterly for the mere reason that it fails to present a life-like portrait. The student of politics who is not as a rule turned away from a book because it lacks literary quality will do well to study it. He

may regard Mr. Statham as a counsel engaged to make out the best case he can for President Kruger. From an advocate it were unfair to expect the impartiality and the judicial tone of a judge. Nay, it is quite according to the rules of the game for him to make what points he can against his antagonist. But while showering abuse on Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, whatever his faults, has proved himself capable of evolving ideas as great and far-reaching as Mr. Kruger, on Mr. Chamberlain, on the Conservative leaders and on the Liberal leaders, Mr. Statham is doing his cause no good by directing innuendoes against the Heir-Apparent. Indeed, take it how you will, the message of the book is not one of peace and goodwill. On the contrary, if taken seriously, it must embitter the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal.

### ANECDOTAGE.

*Collections and Recollections.* By One who has Kept a Diary. (Smith & Elder.)

SOME people work their way through life; a happier sort goes laughing. Mr. G. W. E. Russell (whose intimate association with this Diarist is an open secret) belongs to the latter class. He appears to have kept steadily before him a single-hearted purpose to find life amusing, and to have instituted a diary to the express end that no gleeful word should fall to the ground. The contents of his journal, as they are here set out, justify his intelligent industry. He has had exceptional opportunities, has companied with the most interesting people, and many of his best things he gives us at first hand. But, very rightly, he has no nervousness about offering you what you may have heard before (it is so easy to skip); and he even does not scruple to transcribe a passage from Dickens or Thackeray if he believes himself to have discovered in it some new bearing.

His recollections date from the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, and one of his early friends linked him to the Court of Queen Charlotte: Lady Robert Seymour said "goold" for "gold,"

"and 'yaller' for 'yellow,' and 'laylock' for 'lilac.' She laid the stress on the second syllable of balcony. She called her maid her 'ooman'; instead of sleeping at a place she 'lay' there, and when she consulted the doctor she spoke of having 'used the 'potticary.'"

He is, indeed, not quite free from convictions (of which an anecdotist should have none); and they partly discolour his impressions of political persons, even of those who, like Mr. Balfour, are political only in the second dimension; but in the case of Lord Beaconsfield his sympathies do generally rise above the level of Government and Opposition, particularly when that courtier-statesman gives himself away:

"In the last year of his life he said to Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a strange burst of confidence . . . 'You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. . . Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel.'"

And he acted upon this principle to the point of implicating *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands with Coningsby and Sybil* in the phrase "we authors," and of gravely declaring—"Your Majesty is the head of the literary profession." But it was not only to royal personages that Lord Beaconsfield knew how to be adroitly civil. Begged by a friend of Mr. Mallock's to read the *New Republic*, he protested with a groan:

"Ask anything, dear lady, except this. I am an old man. Do not make me read your young friend's 'romances.' . . . 'Oh—well, then, give me a pen and a sheet of paper,' and sitting down in the lady's drawing-room, he wrote: 'Dear Mrs.—, —I am sorry that I cannot dine with you, but I am going down to Hughenden for a week. Would that my solicitude could be peopled by the bright creations of Mr. Mallock's fancy.'"

He was not always so fortunate himself; as when a new member from the North, complimenting him on his novels, candidly confessed, "I can't say I have read them myself. Novels are not in my line. But my daughters tell me they are uncommonly good." A more distinguished man, the Duke of Wellington, showed a like appreciation of Letters when Mrs. Norton asked leave to dedicate a song to his great name:

"I have made it a rule [he wrote] to have nothing dedicated to me, and have kept it in every instance, though I have been Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in other situations *much exposed to authors.*"

To return to Court. Here is a nice anecdote of a member of the illustrious family in an extinct generation:

"How do, admiral? Glad to see you again. It's a long time since you have been to a levée' [cordially cried the Duke of Gloucester, known among his intimates as 'Silly Billy,' to a deeply tanned sailor]. 'Yes, sir. Since last I saw your Royal Highness I have been nearly to the North Pole.' 'By G—d, you look more as if you had been to the South Pole.'"

Some of the most mordant pleasantries proceed out of ecclesiastical mouths.

"The dress is very effective,' replied the Archbishop [Benson, when Manning's portrait was singled out for admiration by the author], 'but I don't think there is much besides.' 'Oh, surely it is a fine head?' 'No, not a fine head, only *no face.*'"

And in the chapter on the Cardinal, for whom the writer shows a deep reverence, occurs a similar (but half-unconscious) depreciation of his great rival in public esteem:

"When Newman died there appeared in a monthly magazine a series of very unflattering sketches by one who had known him well. I ventured to ask Cardinal Manning whether he had seen these sketches. He replied that he had, and thought them very shocking; the author must have a very unenviable mind, &c.; and then, . . . after a moment's pause, he added: 'But if you ask me if they are like poor Newman, I am bound to say—a *photograph.*'"

Liddon wrote jostlingly to a correspondent:

"London is just now buried under a dense fog. This is commonly attributed to Dr. Westcott having opened his study window at Westminster."

And two happy words of the Cherubic Master's are to be found in these pages. Here is one:

"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance; and then, bending down the table towards the offender, said in his shrillest tone—'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair."

The other is less familiar:

"At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop. 'Oh,' said Henry Smith, 'I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge, at most, can say "You be hanged," but a bishop can say "You be d—d." 'Yes,' characteristically twittered the Master, 'but if the judge says "You be hanged," you are hanged.'"

The chapter on Verbal Infelicities is full of good things. "Well, at eight o'clock to-morrow then," is the cordial last word of a temporary prison chaplain as he left the condemned cell. Municipal eloquence yields this post-prandial flower: "It had always been his anxious endeavour to administer justice without swerving to partiality on the one hand, or impartiality on the other." Invulnerable dulness triumphs in the following report upon Mr. Ruskin's condition given by a notorious button-holer and bore: "What is the matter with him?" asked one of the bore's victims.

"Well," replied the buttonholer, 'I was walking one day in the lane which separated Ruskin's house from mine, and I saw him coming down the lane towards me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a wood which was close by, and hid behind a tree till I had passed.'"

And the way in which a good story comes to grief is exemplified in the strange corruption of the legend that Dr. Vaughan of Harrow was accustomed to dismiss his pupil guests with the courteous hint, "Must you go? Can't you stay?"

"Well" [said the Dissenting minister who was proud of a son at Trinity], 'when Dr. Butler has undergraduates to breakfast, if they linger inconveniently long when he wants to be busy, he has such a happy knack of getting rid of them. . . . He goes up to one of them and says, "Can't you go? Must you stay?"'

Less naïf is Sir William Harcourt's misquotation of a Tennysonian line in comment upon the Laureate's eulogy of his after-breakfast smoke:

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards"

—if, indeed, it was "bards," and not "birds," that the knight said. With this compare the nicknames applied by a young Irish lady to Lord Erne, who abounds in anecdote, and his beautiful Lady.

"The storied Erne and animated bust."

It is base, rather, to make a sport of children's innocence; but this is funny (it occurs in the account of a children's charade):

"This scene displayed a Crusader knight returning from the wars to his ancestral castle.

At the castle-gate he was welcomed by his beautiful and rejoicing wife, to whom, after tender salutations, he recounted his triumphs on the tented field and the number of Paynim he had slain. 'And I, too, my lord,' replied his wife, pointing with conscious pride to a long row of dolls of various sizes—'and I, too, my lord, have not been idle.'

Three chapters are devoted to parodies in prose and verse. Most of them have seen the light before; many are familiar. But here, apropos of Dr. Murray's *Dictionary of the English Language*, is an excellent Johnson for which Boswell will be searched in vain:

"Boswell: 'Pray, sir, what would you say if you were told that the next dictionary of the English language would be written by a Scotchman and a Presbyterian domiciled in Oxford?'"

Dr. J.: 'Sir, in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent.'

In 1869 Lewis Carroll published anonymously a book of rhymes called *Phantasmagoria*, afterwards incorporated in his *Rhyme? and Reason?* It had no success, but it contained the poem called "Hiawatha's Photographing," of which here are some precious fragments, which, though well known to older students of the poet, are probably strange to the new generation:

"From his shoulders Hiawatha  
Took the camera of rosewood,  
Made of folding, sliding rosewood.  
In its case it lay compacted,  
Folded into next to nothing.  
But he pulled the joints and hinges.  
Pulled and pushed the joints and hinges,  
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,  
Like a complicated figure  
In the Second Book of Euclid.  
This he perched upon a tripod,  
And the family in order  
Sate before it for their portraits.  
Mystic, awful was the process . . .  
First the Governor, the Father . . .  
Next his better half took courage,  
She would have her portrait taken. . . ."

But, principally because

"Every one as he was taken  
Volunteered his own suggestions,  
His invaluable suggestions,"

the single figures were disastrous failures. So the photographer "tumbled all the tribe together," and—

"Did at last obtain a picture,  
Where the faces all succeeded,  
Each came out a perfect likeness.  
Then they joined and all abused it,  
Unrestrainedly abused it,  
As the worst and ugliest picture  
They could possibly have dreamed of;  
Giving one such strange expressions—  
Sulkiness, conceit, and meanness.  
Really anyone would take us  
(Anyone who didn't know us)  
For the most unpleasant people.  
Hiawatha seemed to think so,  
Seemed to think it not unlikely."

The stories from which we have selected a few are classified and strung together by Mr. Russell so as to bulk like essays. Regarded from this point of view—as a volume of essays—the book is of no great value, but its parts are delightful: it runs over with bright things.

A POLYGLOT COLONY.

*Twenty-five Years in British Guiana.* By Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., Oxon. (Sampson Low.)

*British Guiana.* By the Rev. L. Crookall. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

*Stark's Guide-book and History of British Guiana.* (Sampson Low.)

Not so very many years ago an Under-Secretary of State in the House of Commons gravely asserted that Demerara was an island, and none of his hearers in that august assembly could venture off-hand to contradict him. Now, thanks to the boundary dispute with Venezuela and the controversy over the decline of the cane-sugar industry, British Guiana and her three provinces—Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo—are more familiar to the British public. To anyone who wants to know something of the life of the country and its odd mixture of races we can cordially recommend Mr. Kirke's volume, which is full of entertaining stories.

The climate is not so very bad, considering that the temperature rarely falls below 82°, and that Georgetown, the principal city, lies below the level of the sea, on a soil largely composed of ancient cess-pools. The rainfall varies from 90 to 140 inches, and as much as 16 inches has been known to fall in one night. Doctors are very numerous. In 1895 there were forty-six medical men in the Government service, with salaries averaging about £600 a year, to look after a population of 280,000. If people were careful not to expose themselves to chills, they would not find the climate unhealthy. But they are not careful, and so get fever. Besides, as an old sea-captain used to say, "Demerara, yes you have fever in Demerara, and, not content with that, you must import more of it in wooden cases containing twelve bottles each." The swizzle is the local drink, and a very seductive compound it appears to be. In Georgetown the sound of the swizzle-stick—the instrument with which Hollands, water, bitters, sugar and crushed ice are twirled into a foaming pink cream—is heard all day. The local dish is petter-pot, a compound into which enters any sort of meat which may be handy, even on one occasion a stray kitten. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is religious toleration carried to a greater pitch. There is not only one State Church, but four:

"The Anglican, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan churches were all well endowed by the State, and even the stubborn Congregationalist is not too proud to accept an occasional grant from the Government for his church and missions."

In this last statement Mr. Kirke conflicts with the Rev. Mr. Crookall, who says that the Congregationalists have steadfastly refused all State aid. The religious system, like other institutions of British Guiana, is probably due to the extraordinary mixture of races. There are native Indians; negroes, descendants of the old slaves; other pure negroes more recently imported; East Indian coolies, who are most industrious, and some-

times take back thousands of dollars to India; the ubiquitous Chinese; a few Algerian Arabs, Annamese, and Tonquinese who have escaped from the French penal settlement at Cayenne; and whites of various nations. Add to these the progeny of mixed marriages among the various races above enumerated, and you have the strangest hodge-podge of a population, whose successful administration adds yet another feather to the Briton's cap. The late Mr. James Crosby, who was the protector of immigrants in British Guiana for some thirty years, so identified himself with the welfare of the East Indian population that he became a sort of deity. The department became known as Crosby Office, and to this day every coolie in difficulty announces his intention of going "to see Crosby." The disputes among the various sections of the population, accentuated by the cheapness of intoxicating liquor and the low state of sexual morality, cause a high crime rate. Mr. Kirke as sheriff of Demerara has had to deal with two hundred murderers in his time. Illegitimacy is rife, for marriage is not highly regarded.

"I heard a story about a hard-working, well-meaning Wesleyan minister, who was urging an old man to marry the woman with whom he had lived for many years. But at last, when the subject was renewed, the old man replied, 'Well, minister, we have discoursed together—me son John and me datter Selina—and dem all say married is very danger. Dis time de ole woman 'tand quiet; but de children say if I marry she, de old woman will get out-lawded, and put on too much airs. Better 'tand easy!'"

Mr. Kirke writes like a thorough man of the world, in the best sense. Mr. Crookall writes like what he is, an apostle of the London Missionary Society, fond of mild moral reflections, and still more mild humour. His style, too, is hardly impeccable, as witness the following passage:

"One lady that I knew, whilst busy at her toilet, felt something crawling on her shoulder; she screamed, and called her husband, and he had just time to knock the centipede off before biting her in the neck."

Still, he has some interesting things to say, and he quotes some verses which sum up certain characteristics of the country tellingly enough:

"Demerara, land of trenches,  
Giving out most awful stenches,  
Land of every biting beast  
Making human flesh its feast:  
Land of swizzles, land of gin,  
Land of every kind of sin!  
Why have I been doomed to roam  
Far, so far, away from home?"

In spite of this pessimistic view, we fancy a winter in British Guiana would pass pleasantly enough. Those who meditate a trip thither will find Stark's guide-book a useful work of reference.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Scots Poems.* By Robert Fergusson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

SO much has of late been written about Fergusson that this little pocket volume of selections from what he himself wrote should be welcome. We have seen how Mr. Stevenson drew a parallel between Fergusson and himself; we have seen how Dr. Grosart manfully championed Fergusson as something approaching a model of the virtues; and now for a simple shilling, the more respectable of Fergusson's Scots poems may be acquired. To the Southron they will be difficult enough reading; but if the student cares anything for scorn, broad humour, hard-hitting, and virile rhyme, he should persevere. We quote a passage from the "Lines to the Principal and Professors of the University of St. Andrews on their Superb Treat to Dr. Samuel Johnson." Fergusson begins by recording the events. He then proceeds:

"But hear my lads! gin I'd been there,  
How I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare!  
For ne'er sic surly wight as he  
Had met wi' sic respect frae me.  
Mind ye what Sam, the lying loun!  
Has in his dictionar 'laid down':  
That aits in England are a feast  
To cow and horse, an' sicken beast,  
While in Scots ground this growth was  
common  
To gust the gab o' man and woman."

And then follows the characteristically national feast as Fergusson would have prepared it:

"Secundo, then, a good sheep's head,  
Whase hide was singit, never flead,  
And four black trotters, cled wi' girsle,  
Bedoun his throat had learn'd to hirsle.  
What think ye neish o' gude fat brose  
To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!  
And white and bloody puddins routh,  
To gar the Docter skirl o' drouth!"

And so on. The publishers mercifully add a glossary.

*A Visit to Walt Whitman.* By John Johnson, M.D. (Manchester: The Labour Press.)

In 1890 Dr. Johnston visited the good Gray poet at Camden, N.J., and subsequently sent him the notes of his experiences. On receiving the little pamphlet (the presentation was made in public, on the occasion of Walt's seventy-second birthday) Walt remarked:

"Say, you fellows, who dabble in the bigger streams of literature, there is a splendid lesson that such notes as these of Dr. Johnston teach. It is the same lesson that there is in the play of the "Diplomatic Secret." At the end of that interesting play, which I have seen, a great fellow who is in pursuit of it comes in, crying, "At last I have found it—I have found the Great Secret! The Great Secret is that there is no secret at all!" That is the secret. The trick of literary style! I almost wonder if it is not chiefly having no style at all. And Dr. Johnston has struck it here in these Notes. A man might give his fame for such a secret."

We can't agree that Dr. Johnston's diary is as good as this, but he has interesting things to tell. He wasted no time while in America: when he was not with Walt Whitman, he was hunting up the poet's friends, and talking to them—Mr. Burroughs, Mr. H. H. Gilchrist, and persons of obscurity who had some tie with Whitman—and whatever they said or did is recorded here. The description of Walt himself is very full. Here is a specimen of his talk:

"Have you noticed what fine boys the American boys are?" Their distinguishing feature is their good-naturedness and good temper with each other. You never hear them quarrel, nor even get to high words. Given a chance, and they would develop the heroic and manly, but they will be spoiled by civilisation, religion, and the damnable conventions. Their parents will want them to grow up genteel—everybody wants to be genteel in America—and thus their heroic qualities will be simply crushed out of them."

There is no doubt that Walt knew his countrymen. Of Oliver Wendell Holmes he said: "Holmes is a clever fellow, but he is too smart, too cute, too epigrammatic, to be a true poet." At another time: "I think I was intended for an artist: I cannot help stopping to look at the 'how it's done' of any piece of work, be it a picture, speech, music, or what not." There are some very good photographs and illustrations to this little book.

*The Genealogical Magazine.* Vol. I. (Elliot Stock.)

WE have read this volume through at a sitting, and have read it with unflagging enjoyment. In point of scholarship and reliability the *Genealogical Magazine* fully holds its own with the best of its rivals, the *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica* and *The Genealogist*, it far surpasses them in scope, variety, and sustained interest. Where the general level is so high and so equal, it is difficult to select particular portions for exceptional remark. If we must do so, we would note the following articles as more especially combining solidity for the student with attractiveness for the general reader. The paper on the Sobieski Stuarts, with its attendant correspondence; the inquiry into the Nelson pedigree, wherein the appearance of grocers, mercers, ironmongers, and butter factors seems to have aroused a pretty feminine indignation on the part of a descendant, which it is strange was not appeased by the allotment to the great admiral of a leash of royal descents, two from Edward III. and one from Alfred the Great; investigations into the history of the Shakespeare family that ought to dispel once for all the pleasing error that there exists any posterity whatever of the bard, either in the male or in the female line; the story of the Beresford Ghost; and the suggestive chapters on "The Evolution of the Mediæval Helmet." One contributor, we rejoice to see, takes up the cudgels for female descent, which it is the unscientific fashion of the day to depreciate, or even to ignore—an attitude to be stigmatized as pedantry of the narrowest and most senseless kind. With reference to the Shakespeare lineage, it may be pointed out that

French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica* is a very slovenly and untrustworthy book. We have noticed in the magazine a few misprints: "Kingstone" for "Kingston" (p. 576); "county" for "country" (599); *saevus* for *saevus* (p. 623); and "p. 346" for "p. 546" (p. 689). The "Further Royal Descents of Lord Nelson" (p. 520) has escaped the compiler of the index; and the Latin inscription on p. 652 needs overhauling. The editor, so far as his personal identity is concerned, with scholarlike modesty remains an unknown quantity; but when he is *en evidence* in these pages, we think we can detect the trenchant pen of one of the shrewdest and most accomplished genealogists of the day. We wish his new magazine the long life and complete success it deserves.

*Christian Profiles in a Pagan Mirror.* By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Hurst & Blackett.)

DR. PARKER has the happy gift of expressing old truths in a fresh and lively way. He cannot be dull, and he is often witty. In this little book the master of the City Tabernacle enunciates the truths of Christianity by placing them in the mouth of a pagan lady, whom he supposes to have come to England to inquire into the Christian faith, and into the habits and customs of Christians. She reports her impressions in letters to a friend in India. The lady herself embraces Christianity, and describes not only her own experiences but those of other people into whose lives and hearts she looks. As might be expected from this scheme, and from Dr. Parker's ability, the book contains many pungent as well as many edifying pages. It is suffused with an earnest spirit, and Dr. Parker is entirely justified in pointing to the fact that this book appears just fifty years after his first ministry, as a boy preacher, in 1848. Dr. Parker is moved to declare that: "Having paid much attention to Agnosticism, Secularism, Altruism, Socialism, and other theories and philosophies of life, I here set it down as my deliberate conviction that Jesus Christ alone can save the world."

*Colloquy and Song.* By B. J. M. Donne. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE method of this little book is the method of *The Complete Angler*, and *Friends in Council*, and Dr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table" volumes: certain persons come together to talk, and here and there a song is dropped in. Isaac Walton is, in truth, the author's particular model. Neither prose nor verse is of a very high order, but they have geniality and high spirits, and as the subject of conversation is nearly always one sport or another, the book, if somewhat trivial, is quite a pleasant one. Here is a specimen of the author's verse, from a poem in praise of coffee:

"Then toast King Coffee's noble beryl,  
His wine flows finer when he's toasted,  
When Bacchus' soul would be in peril,  
His body dead if he were roasted!  
Phoenix like, one rises higher,  
The other dies before the fire!"

Our author, however, is no teetotaler. One of his songs celebrates "The Beauty of Beer."



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE STORY OF A PLAY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The title just suits the story, which describes in three hundred and twelve bright, neat pages the vicissitudes of a play, and the varying moods of the author and his wife under the ordeal. Their triumph in the end is unequivocal, but there are hard things by the way. Mr. Howells has done wonders with so slender a plot. As usual, his characters behave beautifully, and converse as if they were people in a book. We fear British actors do not talk quite like this: "It might be the very thing. The audience likes a recurrence to a distinctive feature. It's like going back to an effective strain in music." Neither is this the common speech of British journalists: "'What a singular spectacle,' said Maxwell. 'The casting off of the conventional in sea-bathing always seems to me like the effect of those dreams where we appear in society insufficiently dressed, and wonder whether we can make it go.'" (Harper & Brothers. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### SILENCE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Another gentle, fragrant book by the author of *A New England Nun*. The stories are six in number: "Silence" (Silence was a girl), "The Buckley Lady," "Evelina's Garden," "A New England Prophet," "The Little Maid at the Door," and "Lydia Hersey, of East Bridgewater." (Harper & Brothers. 336 pp. 6s.)

#### UNADDRESSED LETTERS.

BY F. A. SWETTENHAM.

Disregarding the device by which the short papers comprised in this volume are made to appear the jottings of a dead hand, we suppose them to represent the occasional output of Sir Frank Swettenham himself. They are the work, at any rate, of a man of wide knowledge of the world—of both the social world and the countries of the globe. They treat with a kind of brief discursiveness of such diverse matters as tigers, ghosts, criticism, death, letter-writing, and the education of daughters. "Too much scenery, too much sentiment," was the verdict of a friendly critic. But there are descriptive passages of great beauty, and the sentiment is virile. (John Lane. 312 pp. 6s.)

#### WILMAY.

BY BARRY PAIN.

Five stories of women: "Wilmay," "The Love Story of a Plain Woman," "The History of Clare Tollison," "The Forgiveness of the Dead," and "A Complete Recovery." This is a work in its author's serious manner. (Harper & Brothers. 248 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### MUTINEERS.

BY ARTHUR E. J. LEGG.

Given a man of education and refinement, and, generally, of parts which in favourable circumstances—with a sufficient patrimony, that is to say—would secure him a pleasant and useful life, what will happen to him thrown upon his own resources in the pushful London of to-day? The problem is open to a hundred possible solutions, and every single one of them is right. Mr. Legge has made a very agreeable book about it, and has not found it necessary to demolish the fabric of society to find a solution. Also he has a good command of the English language. (John Lane. 341 pp. 6s.)

#### IN THE EYE OF THE LAW.

BY W. D. LYALL.

On page 9 the passage occurs: "A, not being a domiciled Scotsman, married B, a domiciled Scotswoman, who subsequently deserted him, and has remained away for the statutory period of four years. A, since. . . The opinion of counsel is requested on the following points. . ." The book contains a villainous lawyer and his charming, dignified victims, comic constables, and a melodramatic trial. (Glasgow and Edinburgh: Hodges. 199 pp.)

#### LOST MAN'S LANE.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

By the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. The sub-title, "A Second Episode in the Life of Amelia Butterworth," will recommend this book to Mrs. Rohlf's admirers. The tale is "wrop in mistry" from head to foot, and for an episode 400 pages form a generous space. It is, perhaps, to exemplify the highly complex character of the enigma that the last page of the Contents is printed upside down. (Putnam's Sons. 403 pp.)

#### MURDER BY WARRANT.

BY E. T. COLLIS.

This book—as may be guessed from its title—is a plea for a court of criminal appeal; and lest its purpose should be misunderstood or ignored, an Introduction cites the names of some score of authorities who have declared themselves in favour of a prompt measure of reform. That of the Lord Chief Justice heads the list. A first glance does not reveal any sign of genius in the construction and style, but the end is kept always steadily in view. Corelli and Makefame are names which appear frequently upon the pages. (Kelvin Glen & Co. 253 pp. 5s.)

#### MATERFAMILIAS.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Begins with an elopement, and issues in grandmaternity. The form is autobiographical, and includes flirtation, shipwreck, and a colonial farm; also a second marriage, to correct the precipitation of the first. Domestic details are touched in with the sure hand of experience. (Ward & Lock. 314 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE LOVE OF A FORMER LIFE.

BY CHARLES J. H. HALCOMBE.

A story built upon vivid dreams and information gleaned during a visit to Italy. It tells how Liello and Lucina, two lovers of ancient Rome, were re-incarnated in modern times under the names of Ferondo and Althea. Persecutions cut short their Roman life with some abruptness, but in the second innings they had plenty of excitement, including a shipwreck and the conversation of negroes. (John Long. 318 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GOLFGICIDE.

BY W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

A collection of six humorous stories for golfomanacs. This is Mr. W. G. Van T. Sutphen's manner: "There was a heap of wet sand on the costly Bokhara rug at the far end of the hall, and even as she gazed, unable to believe her own eyes, Mr. Brown appeared from the butler's pantry, attired in full golfing costume, and attended by Robinson Brown, jun., with his bag of clubs. Mr. Brown carefully teed his ball, and with a loud shout of 'fore,' drove it the whole length of the hall and drawing-room, to the utter destruction of a unique Sèvres vase." (Harper Brothers. 190 pp. 2s.)

#### IT WAS MARLOWE.

BY WILBUR GLEASON ZEIGLER.

Marlowe was Kit Marlowe, author of *Dr. Faustus*. Shakespeare comes into it too, and Ben Jonson, and George Peele. This is Shakespeare's conversational manner: "Yes, I shall at once lease the Green Curtaine that is now closed, and produce thy play there, Marlowe. A fortune can soon be reaped from such a venture." The attempt of the author is to prove that Marlowe wrote "Hamlet." We thought it was Bacon. (Kegan Paul. 295 pp., or, with the notes, 310 pp. 7s. 6d.)

#### GHOSTS I HAVE MET.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Mr. Bangs is an American humorist and the author of *A House-Boat on the Styx*. This is his method: "I am glad to be of service to you," the Awful Thing replied, smiling at me so yellowly that I almost wished the author of *The Blue Button of Cowardice* could have seen it." There are seven stories in this book, and each is as funny as the last. Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations really make us laugh. (Harper & Brothers. 194 pp. 2s.)

## A SON OF THE GODS.

By MRS. LODGE.

"Miss Dustan often owned to herself that her youth had been wasted, like the perfume of many a flower on the desert air; but that was only in her desponding moods. At other times she believed herself beautiful, young, and irresistible." Another character is Lord R—, "a man who does not mind what people say, at any rate." Subsequently there are a bicyclist's adventures among Fire Worshippers. (Digby & Long. 284 pp.)

## BEHIND A MASK.

By THEO DOUGLAS.

A lengthy, closely woven, domestic drama by the author of *A Bride-Elect*. Love and scandal, madness, and a fire at a ball—these are some of the elements. A carefully written novel, a curious blend of quietude and sensationalism. (Harper & Brothers. 268 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Sun Beetles: a Comedy of Nickname Land.* By Thomas Pinkerton. (John Lane.)

THIS is the merest episode. In the perfectly appointed riverside mansion of Mr. Harpwell, a wealthy, hide-bound widower, where everything needed has but to be "buttoned" for and straightway it is produced by obsequious servants, dwell his sister Mrs. Fernshaw, a rich widow, and her son "Tubbie," a young man of humour and luxurious tastes. Mr. Harpwell's enormous gifts as benefactor-in-chief of Polderswick, the neighbouring Thames-side town, disturb these relatives, who looked to inheriting the money which is being thus disbursed. And when Mr. Harpwell meditates an expensive bridge across the river, their patience is exhausted. They seek the services of Lord Coldwitte, a permanent guest and renowned cynic (of whose wit, however, we hear more than we are permitted by Mr. Pinkerton to taste: it is dangerous for a novelist, unless he be a Meredith, to expatiate on the wit of his puppets), to help them out, and the decision is that Mr. Harpwell shall stand for Polderswick in the Liberal interest in the coming election, and that there being already a popular Liberal candidate, the town shall reject him so effectually as to disgust him with it for ever. Then the fun begins. "Tubbie" at once takes the affairs in hand, and with the assistance of a lawyer named Philpott, the plot is matured. How it ends the reader must discover unaided.

The book is clever, but not, we think, clever enough. We lay it aside with the feeling that had Mr. Pinkerton striven more the result would have been far better. With the exception of two characters—the lawyer Philpott, a true type waiting to be set on paper, and Mrs. Basker, of Eclipse Villa, a perfectly radiant creation, touched in with admirable dexterity—the figures are shadowy. Here is a specimen piece of dialogue relating to the bridge. It should be premised that Lord Coldwitte's nickname for Mrs. Fernshaw was the Fatuist:

"It will be a costly affair," said Coldwitte.

'It will be costly,' cried Harpwell, with enthusiastic conviction. 'I am inclined myself, as to the balustrades and more ornamental parts, to red Aberdeen granite.'

'The tombstone of your hopes, my Tubbie,' whispered Coldwitte; while Harpwell sat down after the manner of a political person who has made a splendid impression and waits to be heckled, as to rather a pleasure than otherwise.

'What will the Fatuist say?' whispered Coldwitte.

'The fact is, dear boy,' said Tubbie serenely, 'poor Mumeys, thinking your name for her had reference to what is politely called *embonpoint*, has got down some steel-centered stays, with a new patent winch-action for drawing 'em tight. Her maid over-wound her, and the ratchet or something got blocked. I had to button for the engineer with his leathern bag of tools to cut her loose. She's lying down now, with a pain in her heart, poor dear!'

'Aberdeen granite,' said Coldwitte, as after self-communing; 'why not porphyry?'

'Why porphyry?'

'Oh, it sounds expensive; more in the purple, you know! Remember, if you adopt it, that I gave you porphyry.'

'I'd like to give him peperino,' muttered Tubbie.

'The pillars might be of porphyry. I must look up porphyry. The local poet would be pleased with the name, if that be any recommendation.'

In this particular stratum of society—professional guests at country houses, and the newly rich who form a fringe to aristocracy—Mr. Pinkerton has a fruitful field for study. He is, we think, as well qualified as any one to study it, and yet we regret a little the loss of the fine humour that went to the making of his *John Newbold's Ordeal*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*The Keepers of the People.* By Edgar Jepson. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

MR. JEPSON seems to have resolved to show that the world cannot do without an aristocracy, and that all little shibboleths of civilisation and convention sink out of sight in the presence of the single great man. The same people who figured in his former book, *A Passion for Romance*, appear here. The sensualist is still to the fore, but it is no longer the humorous sensualist, like Lord Lisdor, but the calm, god-like, invincible sensualist. He, Mr. Edgar Jepson assures us, is the true man of action. At the Lisdors' house suddenly appears a stranger, who is some remote connexion of the family returned to England to seek a wife. He marries a strong-minded young woman, and takes her out to rule with him in a strange land, called Varandaleel, somewhere north of the Himalayas. Then comes a Russian invasion, and many remarkable things happen which we will not reveal. But "the moral of it all," as the Duchess said, is the humiliation of the unfortunate lady who believed in conventional ethics. When she is removed, the inhabitants of Varandaleel settle down to enjoy themselves, and it certainly is a convenient land for everybody but stray missionaries and strong-minded women.

Mr. Jepson has an unfortunate trick of always appearing to moralise. We do not believe that he would subscribe to all the rather crude theories of morals and government in the book, but unfortunately he writes so as to appear as their advocate. Now, the reader of such a story as this has nothing to do with the moral so long as the interest is there, but he has a right to complain if he suspects the author of preaching. For the rest it is a clever and well-written romance, ingenious and full of action. Lord Lisdor is excellently done, and for the first hundred pages Althea could not be bettered. But when the company shifts to Varandaleel and the fantastic enters, the interest flags, not from lack of movement in the tale, but from the overdone brutality. Things are put a little too bluntly, and there is the fatal suspicion that the author would have us take it seriously. Now, sensualism taken seriously—except from the purely external point of view of the pathologist—is an absurdity and a weariness; it is only the humorous sensualist who, when drawn *con amore*, is tolerable. Indeed, a little wholesome humour is sadly needed in this dish of carnal bakemeats to make the mess palatable.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Sons of Adversity.* By L. Cope Cornford. (Methuen & Co.)

THERE is little to complain of in this "romance of Queen Elizabeth's time," except that it belongs to the modern school of historical fiction, which is surely the most stereotyped and elaborately conventional school of fiction that ever got itself into print. Mr. Cornford writes with skill, and there is a freshness in his phrasing which greets one pleasantly after the pseudo-archaics of countless Covenanting novels:

"There was a breathing silence. I saw Mr. Nettlestone turn a dusky white colour, and instantly there swam into the glass of memory another image, the picture of a knave of diamonds glistening on wet stones, and having ciphers written on the back; and before Mr. Nettlestone opened his lips, I knew what he would say—and his answer fell pat like an echo: 'Thirteen hundred and fifty crowns.'

The words were scarce out of his mouth when I was flung aside, thrown down, and trampled on, as Chidoek Marston burst through the ring of men to the door. There was a glitter of steel—a confused momentary swaying to and fro and shouting, the scream of a man hurt—and I was upon my feet again, the wet wind from the open door blowing upon my face. Cleisby's poniard stuck quivering in the panel; he and his men were out of the room; and there came from without a sound of

galloping hoofs and cries of pursuit. Sir Ralph's halberdiers, again closing about us, had stood fast at his word of command."

The scene is prettily rendered, and there are many such scenes in *Sons of Adversity*.

Nevertheless, the book is merely concocted according to a recipe: a siege, a ship, a girl, some money, and a mystery, culminating in the inevitable love-match. And we still await the novelist who will look back at history through his own unaided virginal eyes, and not through the glasses used by a thousand and one predecessors. Surely there is yet new material in history—material which will employ the larger scope and fuller power that the art of fiction has acquired since the days of Scott and Dumas. These were great men, but they did not utter the last word of historical fiction.

It is difficult to define exactly what is the matter with the historical novels of to-day. To say that they lack originality is not enough. But even on present lines they might be easily improved. For instance, by *not* invariably writing them in the first person singular; and by infusing into them a little of what Dumas (who knew its value as well as most people) calls in his *Memoirs*, "cette merveilleuse qualité de la gaieté."

To return for a moment to *Sons of Adversity*, let us say that it is good of its kind. If Mr. Cornford had been as fresh in the invention of his incident as he is in the presentation of it, he would have sharply distinguished himself from the ruck. Unfortunately, his incidents are altogether too trite. For an example, chosen at random: "When I came to myself, I was lying propped against his knee, in the bottom of the wherry, which was moving swiftly to the creak and splash of oars." That venerable wherry (sometimes it is a lugger), with its apparatus of swooned hero and vocal rowlocks, ought to be made taboo by ordinance of the Society of Authors.

\* \* \* \*

*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.* By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.  
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"AND there, I have gone and forgotten your tea again! How careless I am! I am afraid this tea is not very fresh, Mr. Sebright; in fact, it has stood for over an hour; but Simmons (that is the butler) is so dreadfully offended if I send out for fresh tea to be made during the afternoon, that I really dare not do it. You won't mind much, will you, if it is rather strong and cold?"

Paul smiled and forsook the paths of rectitude so far as to assure her ladyship that tea on the lees was the beverage he fancied above all others.

"Oh, how dear of you to say that! And you can have as much hot water as you like, though the hot water is cold too. But it will take off the bitter taste which makes the special nastiness of old tea. Is it very bad, now you come to drink it?" asked Lady Esdaile, with sympathetic interest.

Paul lied bravely. "It is delicious."

"I am so glad. It really is tiresome having a butler who takes offence if you ask him to do anything."

"It must make life very difficult, Lady Esdaile."

"It does; very difficult indeed. I often don't get enough to eat because I daren't ask for more when Simmons is carving; but I make up with vegetables, because the footmen hand them. I'm not afraid of a footman."

We have begun with this passage because it illustrates perfectly Lady Esdaile's conversational methods, and Lady Esdaile is the most valuable figure in the book. Indeed, as a novel, we rank Miss Fowler's work low, but as a collection of frivolous talk it is extremely amusing. Isabel Carnaby herself is not to be believed in, Paul Seaton (Lady Esdaile's Mr. "Sebright") is only half drawn, the society in which they move has little reality; but for good-humoured "piffing" chatter such as this Miss Fowler is to be thanked:

"Isabel smiled. 'My dear Lord Bobby, how absurd you are! Now perhaps you will respond to my confidence, and tell us when you feel shy.'

Bobby thought for a moment. 'When my boots creak,' he answered.

Everybody laughed. 'It is no laughing matter, I can assure you,' he continued. 'I've got a pair now that make me feel as timid as an unfledged schoolgirl every time I put them on. I wore them to go to church only last Sunday; and they sang such a processional hymn to themselves all the way up the aisle that by the time I reached our pew I was half dead with shame, and "the beauty born of murmuring sound" had "passed into my face"; but it wasn't the type of

beauty that was becoming to me—it was too anxious and careworn for my *retroussé* style.'

'Weren't your people awfully ashamed of you?' asked Isabel.

'There were none of them there except my mother; and she sat at the far end of the pew, and tried to look as if I were only a collateral.'

Briefly, the story is nothing, but the talk pleasantly titillates; and we shall always with some eagerness reach out a hand to a new novel from the same pen.

\* \* \* \*

*Her Ladyship's Elephant.* By David Dwight Wells.  
(Heinemann.)

THIS is a bright, farcical little story. Two couples are married upon the same day. The man in one case, the bride in the other, is an American; and the American of each couple, being the predominant partner, has assumed the sole secret arrangement of the tour. The two pairs start by the same train. At a junction the train divides while the two men have met and for a few moments have exchanged places. The narrative of the subsequent complications and difficulties is sufficiently comic. As to the elephant, so touchingly depicted on the cover by Mr. William Nicholson, he is in reality rather incidental. Irritated by the reception accorded him by his friend's aunt, Lady Dian, to whom he had taken his friend's wife for protection, Allingford (the American bridegroom) sent on to her ladyship a newly imported elephant, which the chance necessity of a fellow countryman had assigned to him in pledge. Here is a part of what then began to happen:

"He judged now that he was in the park of the 'Damconsul'; and the fact that there were clumps of familiar plants scattered over the grass increased his belief that this was the case. He tried a few coleus and ate a croton or two. . . . He lay down on a few of the beds; but the foliage was pitifully thin, and afforded him no comfortable resting place; moreover, there were curious rows of slanting things which glistened in the sunlight, and which he much wished to investigate. On examination he found them quite brittle, and easily smashed a number of them with his trunk. Nor was this all, for in the wreckage he discovered a large quantity of most excellent fruit—grapes and nectarines and some passable plums. Evidently the 'Damconsul' was an enlightened person. . . . At this moment a shameless female slave appeared at a window . . . and abused him. He could not, it is true, understand her barbarous language, but the tone implied abuse. Such an insult from the scum of the earth could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. He filled his trunk with water . . . and squirted it at her with all his force, and the scum of the earth departed quickly. 'It would be well,' thought the elephant, 'to find the "Damconsul" before further untoward incidents occur'; and with this end in view, he turned himself about. . . . He forgot, however, that marble may be slippery; his hind legs suddenly slid from under him, and he sat hurriedly down on the breakfast-table. It was at this singularly inopportune moment that Lady Dian appeared upon the scene."

The whole story is good fooling of its kind.

FOR HASTY WRITERS.

An American critic, Mr. A. G. Compton, concludes his volume, *Some Common Errors of Speech* (Putnam's Sons) with this Index Expurgatorius:

- Above, for more than.
- Antagonise, for oppose.
- Any, for at all: "She does not walk any if she can avoid it." "I don't work any at night."
- Apt, for liable or likely.
- Balance, for rest or remainder.
- Be done with, for have done with.
- Bogus, for worthless, fraudulent.
- But, for only: "Others but nodded."
- Cablegram, for cable despatch or message.
- Calculated to, for likely to or fit to.
- Carnival, as metaphor.
- Claim, for assert or maintain.
- Cyclone, for tornado or hurricane.
- Deputise, for depute.
- Develops, for turns out: "It develops that Senator Hoar introduced the proposed amendment."
- Due to, for owing to.

Electrocute, for kill by electricity.  
 Endorse, for approve.  
 En route, for on the way.  
 Enthuse over, for feel enthusiastic over, or admire.  
 Every now and then, for now and then.  
 Every once in a while, for once in a while.  
 Expect, for think or suppose, relating to present time.

Fix, for adjust, repair, and a hundred other words.  
 Folks, for folk or people: "The good folks at the inn," for "the good people at the inn."  
 Fraud, for impostor.

Goes without saying, for is understood.  
 Gratuitous, for unnecessary.

Have got, for have.  
 Hire, let, lease. (See dictionaries.)

Inaugurate, for begin or open.  
 In evidence, for conspicuous.  
 In our midst, for in the midst of us, or among us.  
 Inside of, for within or in less than: "Inside of two weeks."

Jeopardise, for endanger.

Know as, for know that: "I do not know as I can say much on that subject."

Learn, for teach.  
 Leave, for let.  
 Lengthy, for long.  
 Loan, for lend.  
 Locate, for settle or place.  
 Lurid, for bright or brilliant.

Majority, for most: "The majority of the stock is worthless."  
 Materialise, for appear.  
 Murderous, for deadly: "Murderous weapons."  
 Mutual, for common.

Observe, for say (it means to heed or attend to).  
 Official, for officer.

Patron, for customer.  
 Posted, for informed.  
 Proven, for proved.

Quite, for very.

Reliable, for trustworthy.  
 Remains, for corpse.  
 Rendition, for performance.  
 Repudiate, for reject or disown.  
 Restive, for restless or frisky.  
 Resurrect, for bring back to life.  
 Retire, for go to bed.  
 Retire, for withdraw (active verb).  
 Rôle, for part.  
 Ruination, for ruin or destruction.

Since, for ago: "It happened more than a year since."  
 Some, for somewhat or a little: "It thawed some."  
 State, for say: "He stated that he had no property of his own."  
 Stop at, for stay at.

Those kind, for that kind.  
 Transference, for transfer.  
 Transpire, for occur or take place.

Ventilate, for expose or explain.

Will be able, for shall be able, in the first person.  
 Would like, for should like, in the first person.

#### DAUDET DESCRIBED BY HIS SON.

WE have already referred to the articles upon Alphonse Daudet, by his son Leon Daudet, which have appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. The narrative (says the *Literary Digest*) reveals more fully than ever his heroic fortitude in the deadly embrace of an incurable malady, and makes manifest that through dire suffering the invalid's character was continually elevated and his talent exalted.

The son's recollections go back to the time of his infancy—back to the time when his father was still young and strong, and crowned with his budding laurels.

Many of these early reminiscences cast a vivid light upon the earlier years of Daudet:

"We were in the country, in Provence, visiting a family of our dear friends. The morning was admirable, vibrant with bees and perfumes; my companion took his Virgil, his cloak, and his short pipe, and we wandered forth, and ensconced ourselves on the border of a rivulet. The dark cyprus-trees near us enhanced the clear blue of the horizon, delicately intersected with roseate and golden lines. My father explained to me *Les Georgiques*. Then it was that poetry was revealed to me. The beauty of the verses, the rhythmical intonations of the musical voice reciting them, and the harmony of the landscape penetrated my soul with a single impression. An immense beatitude took possession of me. I felt suffocated, and burst into tears. My father knew what was going on within me, and, pressing me to his heart, shared my enthusiasm. I was drunken with beauty."

Another scene at a later date:

"It is evening—I return from the Lyceum after attending several lectures. Our master, Burdeau, had just analysed Schopenhauer for us with incomparable clearness and insight. I was disturbed by his sombre theories. In fact, then for the first time I had tasted the fruit of death, and of distress. How came it that the words of the gloomy pessimist made such an impression upon my sensitive brain? That I will not attempt to elucidate, but my father understood me. I had said scarcely anything, but he saw from my looks that the lesson had been too severe for my youth and inexperience. Then he drew me tenderly to his side, and he, upon whom the black shadow had already fallen, for my sake celebrated life in terms that I shall never forget. He told me of work that ennobles everything; of radiant goodness; of pity, in which refuge may be found; and finally of love, a consolation even for death that I knew now only by name, but which in time would be revealed to me, and dazzle me with inconceivable raptures. How strong and convincing were his words! He presented me with a radiant picture of the life into which I was about to adventure. The arguments of the philosopher fell one by one before his eloquence; this, my first and most violent attack of metaphysics, he repelled victoriously. Do not smile, you who read these pages. I now comprehend the importance of this little domestic drama. Since that evening I have been gorged with metaphysics, and I know that by means of it a subtle poison infected my veins, and those of my contemporaries. It is not because of its pessimism that this philosophy is so much to be dreaded, but because it distorts and masks what is best in life. I regret bitterly that I did not fix in my memory my father's discourses—it would have been a comfort to many."

Montaigne, Pascal, and Rousseau were among Daudet's favourite authors. Montaigne he had always by his side. Descartes and Spinoza he admired chiefly among the philosophers; and, although opposed to his doctrines, Schopenhauer was read by him with keen relish. The book that he studied more than any other, however, was *the book of life*. According to him it is only through practical experience that we can learn to know the truth; and again, he constantly maintained that *emotion* is the real source of all that is great in art. One of his own most striking characteristics was certainly his extreme sensibility, a most rare capacity for deep feeling, that was never diminished either by suffering or the flight of time. In maturity his emotions were as keen and as quickly aroused as in his ardent youth; but they had been ennobled and purified by his profound and sad experience.

Alphonse Daudet always had a great penchant for books of travel and adventure. Napoleon was one of his heroes, and he was familiar with all the details of his campaigns. In speaking of this tumultuous and restless nineteenth century, he maintained that it was dominated by two types: that of Buonaparte and that of Hamlet; the latter, prince not only of Denmark, but of the interior life; the former, source of high deeds and daring enterprises.

Among his contemporaries there were two whom he regarded as representatives of their opposite ideals—H. M. Stanley and George Meredith. He delighted in Stanley's books, and read them incessantly. Moreover, when the daring traveller was attacked, he defended him with conviction, maintaining that, so far from being cruel, he was the most just and merciful, as well as the most tenacious of conquerors.

The younger Daudet describes their visit to George Meredith's charming cottage at Box Hill, concluding with an eloquent eulogy of the English author.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

ON Wednesday, at Cambridge, the honorary degree of Doctor in Law was conferred upon General Ferrero, the Italian Ambassador; Sir Nathaniel Lindley, the Master of the Rolls; Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P.; Prof. Dicey; Mr. Bryce, M.P.; Sir Henry Irving (who is this year's Rede Lecturer); Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.; Dr. Caird, the Master of Balliol; and Mr. F. C. Penrose, late President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and first Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens. Upon Mr. Charles Booth, the social economist, was conferred the degree of Doctor in Science.

In her introduction to the new volume of the Biographical Thackeray, which contains *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Major Gahagan*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and others of the shorter works, Mrs. Ritchie quotes a number of extracts from a diary kept by her father in London in 1832, when he was reading law and seeing much of Maginn and the Tennysons, FitzGerald, and the Bullers. Later we are offered glimpses of Thackeray in Paris, when studying painting and leading a strikingly Trilbyesque life; and then in 1836 comes his marriage, in 1837 the appearance of Yellowplush in *Fraser's Magazine*, and in 1838 of *Major Gahagan*, in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*. Mrs. Ritchie suggests that Thackeray had had to pay dearly for some of the knowledge which went to the making of the *Yellowplush Papers*. Thus:

"As a boy he had lost money at cards to some card-sharpers who scraped acquaintance with him. He has told us that they came and took lodgings opposite to his, on purpose to get hold of him. He never blinked at the truth, or spared himself; but neither did he blind himself as to the real characters of the people in

question, when once he had discovered them. His villains became curious studies in human nature; he turned them over in his mind, and he caused Deuceace, Barry Lyndon, and Ikey Solomons, Esq., to pay back some of their ill-gotten spoils, in an involuntary but very legitimate fashion, when he put them into print and made them the heroes of those grim early histories."

Mrs. RITCHIE writes thus of the pseudonym Michael Angelo Titmarsh, which Thackeray was then using:

"We know that Haroun al Raschid used to like to wander about the streets of Bagdad in various disguises, and in the same way did the author of *Vanity Fair*—although he was not a Calif—enjoy putting on his various dominos and characters. None of these are more familiar than that figure we all know so well, called Michael Angelo Titmarsh. No doubt my father first made this artist's acquaintance at one of the studios in Paris. Very soon Mr. Titmarsh's criticisms began to appear in various papers and magazines. He visited the salons as well as the exhibitions over here, he drew most of the Christmas books, and wrote them too. He had a varied career. One could almost write his life. For a time, as we know, he was an assistant master at Dr. Birch's Academy. . . . He was first cousin to Samuel Titmarsh of the great 'Hoggarty Diamond'; also he painted in water-colours. . . . To the kingdom of heaven he assuredly belongs! kindly, humorous, delightful little friend; droll shadow behind which my father loved to shelter himself. In Mr. Barrie's life of his mother he tells us how she wonders that he should always write as if he were some one not himself. Sensitive people are glad of a disguise, and of a familiar who will speak their thoughts for them. . . ."

AND here is a letter from Thackeray to his wife in 1838, which strikes a deeper note, and is of touching beauty:

" . . . Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that He might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you only see a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas; go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is. I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again."

An interesting personal relic of Milton has just been described at some length by a writer in the *Daily News*, to whom it was entrusted for that purpose by its present owner. This is a little tortoise-shell case, some four inches long, 1½ broad, and half an inch deep or thick, containing tablets, three ivory leaves, and a pair of dividers;

other contents—a pencil and a pen and three other things—having been (like Paradise) lost. At the bottom, which is of steel, there is a nearly circular raised part, which was used by the poet for sealing his letters. The relics are accompanied by the following document:

"I Richard Lovekin, of Namptwich [now Nantwich], in the county of Chester, do affirm and will make oath, if need be, that a tortoise-shell-case containing a pen, pencil, three leaves of ivory, and a pair of dividers, and a fish-skin case in which is contained ivory leaves [this fish-skin case does not appear to be extant], late in my possession and now the property of Josh Massie, were given me by my aunt Mrs. Milton, widow of Poet Milton, sometime before her death, who informed me that both of the cases above-mentioned belonged to her deceased husband Mr. Milton, and that he used the raised oval at the bottom of the tortoise-shell case as a seal; also that he did intend to have had his own coat of arms engraved on it. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this first day of October [originally "September," but the September is crossed out], A.D. 1742.

RICHD. LOVEKIN."

Milton's widow was his third wife, Elizabeth—"Betty"—Minshall, who died in 1727, surviving her husband some fifty years. As Nantwich was her home, there is every reason to believe in the authenticity of the document and case. In whose possession they are we know not, but considering the fate of Thackeray's inkstand, which was stolen from Mr. Leslie Stephen's house a few weeks ago, it might be well if the British Museum acted as custodian.

THE *Outlook*, which specialises in R. L. S., supports the theory that Stevenson was the author of the sea-song which we quoted a week or so ago—"The Fine Pacific Islands"—attributed by him to a singer in a public-house at Rotherhithe. "Written in a private house at a Fine Pacific Island" would, says our contemporary, probably more nearly explain their origin. This private house is, alas! in a poor way. According to a recent visitor to Samoa, whose experiences are cited by the *New York Critic*, the home of Tusitala is rapidly falling to ruin. It is empty, and likely to remain so.

THE following is the list of the principal contents of the new *Cornish Magazine*, due on July 1, which Mr. Quiller-Couch is editing: A frontispiece, "Pilchards," from the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.; "Truro Cathedral" (with five illustrations)—1, Its History, by Canon Donaldson; 2, Its Future, by the Bishop of Truro; "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem," a story, by "Q"; "Madam Fanny Moody at Home," a chat with the Cornish nightingale (six portraits); a sonnet, "Cornubiensibus Adoptivus," by A. C. Benson; "A Strong Man," a story, by Charles Lee; "The Duchy's Harvest," by F. G. Aflalo; "The Merry Ballad of the Cornish Pasty" (three illustrations), by R. Morton Nance; and "Two Noble Dames" (two portraits)—Margaret Godolphin and Grace Lady Grenville—by A. H. Norway.

In commenting upon the Anglo-American banquet, "C. K. S." in the *Illustrated London News* remarks: "From one point of view, it is true, the dinner was not particularly well managed. The organisers evidently knew nothing of half their guests, and showed not the slightest tact in sorting them. It was rather quaint, for example, to see one of the most learned men in England—a brilliant classical scholar—sitting side by side with a representative of the newest of new journalism, whose genius runs rather in the direction of catering for the million than in adapting himself to the one-hundred-and-odd people who care about Greek verse." But we decline to sympathise with "one of the most learned men in England." The newest of new journalists is probably the very man with whom it was well he should come into contact.

MR. DENT has not long remained in possession of *The Idler*. He bought it some few months ago, and has only just succeeded in making the change of control perceptible. But now he sells it again to a young gentleman from the University of Oxford.

THE two first volumes—constituting *Sense and Sensibility*—of Mr. Grant Richards's Winchester Edition of Jane Austen lie before us. They are satisfying both to eye and touch. The cover is of a smooth and sober green, the paper is stout and white, and the type which Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, have employed is noble. It was time that Miss Austen had this generous treatment. A portrait of the novelist, from a painting by her sister Cassandra, forms the demure frontispiece.

LORD ROSEBERY has not yet definitely decided what to do with "Lady Stair's House." Two schemes are under consideration. On the one hand, his Lordship feels half inclined, it seems, to fit up the house as an occasional residence; but there are obvious objections. The Lawnmarket certainly ranks among the least desirable residential parts of Edinburgh. The alternative proposal is to turn the house into a Sir Walter Scott Museum. Its associations with the tradition upon which Scott's story, *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, is founded makes its devotion to such a purpose the more appropriate.

No one appears to be inclined to do for Allan Ramsay's house—another of the historical and literary landmarks of the Scottish capital—what Lord Rosebery has done for Lady Stair's house. The quaint old building at the head of Halkerston Wynd, in the High-street of Edinburgh, is the only remaining memorial of the author of the once famous "Gentle Shepherd"—and it is doomed to destruction. It was here, "at the sign of the Mercurie," that honest Allan for the most part lived, and laboured in manifold capacities. In 1725 he removed to the Luckenbooths, and later he built his celebrated "goosepie" on the slope of the Castle Hill; but nearly all his publications were issued "at the sign of the Mercurio." Moreover, the shop in the

Luckenbooths—afterwards occupied for many years by Creech—has been swept away; and the "goosepie" has been incorporated by Prof. Geddes in his University Hall scheme, and has lost its separate identity. Perhaps this last would have appeared to Allan the most severe blow. For he was extremely proud of the little lodge which he erected for himself, and was surprised that its fantastic octagon shape excited the mirth rather than the admiration of his fellow-citizens. It was the wags of the town who first dubbed it a "goosepie," and the story is told that on Allan complaining of this to Lord Elibank, the latter replied: "Indeed, Allan, when I see you in it I think they are not far wrong."

MR. MARION CRAWFORD in his forthcoming novel will be found to have forsaken modern life for the nonce. It is a romance of the second Crusade. He is also at work on a volume of Italian history.

MR. GEORGE MOORE, whose new novel, *Evelyn Innes*, has been boycotted by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, takes his adversity (or advertisement) without either anger or resentment. In an interview published by the *Chronicle* his attitude is set forth. Mr. Moore's *Esther Waters* was boycotted in the same way, but it has been proved, he holds, that it was a morality. Therefore Messrs. Smith & Son boycotted a morality. Mr. Moore does not, he says, mind that:

"What I am sorry for is, that after having discovered their mistake, they have not yet tried to set themselves straight with their conscience. They have libelled me, and have not withdrawn the libel. This is a serious matter for them, not for me. I cannot fancy any position more painful than to discover that one has libelled a fellow-creature, and sooner or later Messrs. Smith will seek to make reparation. Conscience has a way of finding us out. After years men have refunded sums of money which they owed to the revenue on account of false declarations regarding their income."

The spectacle of the conscience-stricken Messrs. Smith & Son advancing to Mr. Moore to make reparation is one that we should wish to witness.

SUBSEQUENTLY, in the same conversation, Mr. Moore returned to this point, and thus answered a *Pall Mall* reviewer's question: What is the central idea of *Evelyn Innes*? "I have expressed my conviction," said Mr. Moore, "that sooner or later conscience will force Messrs. Smith to make reparation to me. None can persist in wrong-doing. It is too uncomfortable. And that, by a curious irony of fate, is the very theme of the book which Messrs. Smith have boycotted." Meanwhile Messrs. Mudie are circulating five hundred copies.

WHAT promises to be a very interesting series of books has been projected by Messrs. Duckworth, and is now in preparation. This is a library of typical modern plays of all civilised nations, translated into English. The general editors are R. Brimley Johnson and N. Erichsen, and the following volumes are now in progress:

Henrik Isben's *Love's Comedy* (Kjærlighedens Komædie), translated by C. F. Keary; Maurice Maeterlinck's *Intérieur*, translated by William Archer, and *La Mort de Tintagiles* and *Alladine et Palomides*, translated by Alfred Sutro; Villiers de l'Isle Adam's *La Révolte* and *L'Evasion*, translated by Theresa Barclay; Sergius Stepniak's *The Concert*, translated by Constance Garnett; Emile Verhaeren's *Les Aubes*, translated by Arthur Symons; August Strindberg's *The Father* (Faderen), translated by N. Erichsen; Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, translated by Constance Garnett; Brieux's *Les Bienfaiteurs*, translated by Lucas Malet; and Henryk Sienkiewicz's *On a Single Card*, translated by E. L. Voynich.

To Messrs. Boussood Valadon's superb series of historical monographs, which already includes Bishop Creighton's *Queen Elizabeth*, Sir John Skelton's *Queen Mary*, and Mr. Holmes's *Queen Victoria*, Mr. Andrew Lang will contribute *The Young Pretender* and Mr. S. R. Gardiner *Cromwell*.

In these days nothing escapes the novelist, as Mr. Lang pointed out at the Booksellers' Dinner. The earth is theirs and the sea, the air is theirs and the stars that swim in space. They do the work of historian and evolutionist, biographer and sociologist. So much preamble to the statement that the worst is upon us: an American—a translator of Tolstoi, and therefore one who ought to know better—has written a novel around Omar Khayyam. *Omar the Tent-Maker* is his title, and the scene is laid in Khorasan, and Hassan el Sabah is a prominent character. The prospect is terrible.

MR. CONAN DOYLE's latest novel, *The Tragedy of the "Korosko,"* has met with a criticism which the author is likely to have some difficulty in rebutting. "The 'Tremont Presbyterian Church,'" says a correspondent of the *Book Buyer*, "may go down with foreigners, but not with New Englanders. They know there is no Presbyterian church in Boston."

In major poetry England easily leads, but American minor poetry is perhaps a few degrees better than our own. There is a crisper manner across the Atlantic, a clearer sense of what is to be said, a gayer movement. In a recent *Nation* we find some dozen native singers dealt with, and nearly all repay notice. Among them is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson with a slim volume, entitled *The Children of the Night*, from which we take this worthy little sonnet:

"THE CLERKS.

I did not think that I should find them there  
When I came back again; but there they stood,  
As in the days they dreamed of when young  
blood  
Was in their cheeks and women called them  
fair.  
Be sure, they met me with an ancient air—  
And yes, there was a shopworn brotherhood  
About them; but the men were just as good,  
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,  
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,  
What comes of all your visions and your fears?  
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,  
Tying the same dull webs of discontent,  
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years."

And another volume, entitled, with fear-  
some hideousness, *What can I do for Brady?*  
by Mr. Charles F. Johnson, yields this  
excellent piece of rhymed criticism:

"THE SHAKESPEARIAN PHRASE.

He took ten words from our English speech:  
Two were such as mothers teach  
Their children when they croon them rhymes  
Or teach them legends of old times,  
One he learned from his father's men,  
One he picked up from 'rare old Ben,'  
Two he heard Marlowe use one day  
At the Mitre Tavern after the play,  
One he recalled from a ballad rude  
That his comrades sang in Lucy's Wood,  
Two he had heard on London street—  
A verb and a noun now obsolete,  
But full of pith in Elizabeth's reign—  
And one he found in old Montaigne.

He set the Saxon words beside  
The high-born Latin words of pride,  
And lo! the ten words joined together  
To make a phrase which lives for ever—  
An immortal phrase of beauty and wit,  
A luminous thought the soul of it,  
But with no baffling wordy fence  
Between the reader and the sense.  
Genius finds in our every-day words  
The music of the woodland birds,  
Discloses hidden beauty furled  
In the commonplace stuff of the every-day  
world,  
And for her highest vision looks  
To the world of men, not the world of books."

APROPOS American poetry, the following  
notice has claims upon the connoisseur of  
unconscious irony:—"Mr. Blank's stirring  
battle-song, 'Remember the Maine,' will be  
issued with fitting music by Mr. Dash, the  
well-known composer, whose compositions,  
notably the universally known hymn 'What  
a friend we have in Jesus,' are so widely  
known."

THE interest shown by Americans in their  
first foreign war has led to a reissue of Dr.  
Edward Everett Hale's famous story, *The  
Man Without a Country*, with a new and  
timely preface. Here is a sentence showing  
how the story has been topicalised: "The  
man who, by his sneers, or by looking  
backward, or by revealing his country's  
secrets to her enemy, delays for one hour  
peace between Spain and this Nation is, to  
all intents and purposes, 'A man without  
a Country.' He has not damned the United  
States in a spoken oath. All the same, he  
is a dastard child."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's first two  
War articles for *Scribner's Magazine* will  
appear in the July number. They are  
"The First Shot of the War" and "The  
First Bombardment" (Matanzas), with snap  
shots of life on the flagship *New York* and  
a portrait of Ensign Boone, who fired the  
first shot to kill. Mr. Davis will write of  
the war for no other magazine.

An article in the *Conservator* yields the  
following characteristic story of Walt Whit-  
man: "Once," said the dean of a great  
university to the writer, "I called on Walt  
Whitman with a number of my fellow  
professors. The old man received us with  
that gentle courtesy which was charac-  
teristic, and among other things he asked  
me kindly: 'And what do you do?' I said  
that I held the chair of metaphysics and  
logic at my university. The old poet gave  
a reassuring smile as one who encourages  
a child, and answered: 'Logic and meta-  
physics; ah, yes, I suppose we have to  
have people to look after these things even  
if they don't exist.'"

WE take the following from the *Daily  
Mail*:

"A crowd of Manx farmers and others who  
attended a sale by auction of a large farming  
estate known as Ballamheve, near Ramsey, were  
surprised to find Mr. Hall Caine among the  
bidders. It is said that the farm possesses a  
fascination for Mr. Caine, owing to its being the  
reputed home of a certain 'fairy doctor.' The man  
of letters was the first to set the ball rolling with  
a bid of £6,250. He was opposed by a Mr. R.  
Camley, who is a member of the Manx Legisla-  
ture, but Mr. Caine kept his end up until he  
offered £7,200. Mr. Camley declined to go  
further, but as the reserve was £7,600 the  
property was not sold. The 'fairy doctor,'  
therefore, remains in undisputed possession."

MR. M. SOUTHWELL writes: "Might I  
ask you kindly to note that I will issue,  
in a few days, a poetical satire, entitled  
*Cockney Critics and their Little Games*, by  
Junius Secundus." Certainly.

THE present week has yielded two volumes  
of peculiar interest to writers. One, which  
comes from across the Atlantic—*Some Com-  
mon Errors of Speech*—is alluded to in our  
Fiction Supplement; the other is of native  
manufacture, *The Mistakes We Make*, by Mr.  
C. E. Clark (C. Arthur Pearson). Mr.  
Clark is more general than the American  
censor, but both writers have common  
ground. Among "Some Literary Stumbling-  
Blocks" Mr. Clark includes many stock mis-  
quotations, such as "Water, water every-  
where, and not a drop to drink," for  
"Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop  
to drink"; and "Fresh fields and pastures  
new," for "Fresh woods and pastures  
new"; and "The even tenor of their way"  
for "The noiseless tenor of their way";  
and "When Greek meets Greek then comes  
the tug of war," for "When Greek joins  
Greek then was the tug of war." Mr. Clark  
also corrects a number of traditional mis-  
apprehensions. Dr. Johnson, for instance,  
never used the phrase "We will take a  
walk down Fleet-street"; the words were  
invented for him by Mr. Sala as a motto  
for *Temple Bar*. The Duke of Wellington  
never said "Up, Guards, and at them." Napoleon  
never called the English "A  
nation of shopkeepers": it was Adam Smith.  
And what Sir Robert Walpole said was not  
"Every man has his price," but "All these  
men have their price."

PURE FABLES.

FORM.

CIRCUMSTANCE got a poet by the throat, and  
well-nigh squeezed the life out of him.  
And the poet begged, chokingly, for mercy.  
"Will you write fiction, then?" quoth  
Circumstance.

"Yes," gasped the poet, "I suppose I  
must!"

So that he went and fashioned a plot, and  
set it round with his best; eschewing only  
rhyme and measure.

And forthwith Circumstance began to be  
very kind to him.

And the poet laughed in his sleeve.

MEETINGS.

The sun and the moon had heard a great  
deal of each other.

And one afternoon they chanced to be in  
the firmament together.

"Washed out!" said the sun.

"Jaundiced!" said the moon.

ADVICE.

"You should endeavour to cultivate  
epigrammatic brevity."

"No doubt! . . . But isn't there a lot  
more money in elegant diffuseness?"

MOBBED.

A popular writer complained that it was  
impossible for him to go abroad without  
being followed and stared upon by gaping  
vulgarity.

"You shouldn't have had so many photo-  
graphs taken," said his friend.

T. W. H. C.

A NEW DICTIONARY AND SOME  
OMISSIONS.

THE publication of a new dictionary sets  
one to discover how far the editor has con-  
descended to admit new words, and what  
others he considers obsolete. Is it accurate  
to say, for example, as *Chambers's English  
Dictionary* says, that "temerarious" is  
obsolete? It was a word dear to Sir  
Thomas Browne, and, no doubt, the revival  
of interest in Browne shown by the publica-  
tion, first, of Dr. Greenhill's excellent  
edition of the *Religio Medici*, and, a month  
or two ago, of an edition by another  
physician, accounts for the revival of the  
word "temerarious." Mr. Stevenson uses  
it, even of a thing, in the first page of  
his well-known story *The Suicide Club*.  
Certainly, to say that there is a revival of  
this adjective cannot be called temerarious.  
It has been often used during the last  
few years in the literary weeklies, and  
more recently has crept into the daily  
papers. And what for no? as Mr.  
Lang would say. It might be urged  
with just as much, or as little, truth that  
"arride," a verb used by Charles Lamb in  
the sense of to please, is obsolete. It is  
coming into fairly frequent use again, it is  
true, but the word is not met very often.  
The new dictionary records its use by Lamb.

Is this not a case where a later author's name might have been also given? By the way, if one may judge by Ben Jonson's definition of it in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, the word was then not much known.

The definition of the decadents as a "school in modern French literature not distinguished for vigour or originality" shows Scotch combativeness, as well as a lack of fulness. Max Nordau and Tolstoi are much more comprehensive. What about the English decadents? Has none of them been original? The abundance of Scotch words tends to show, perhaps, that *Chambers's* has more sympathy with the Kailyard. It reminds me of the curt dismissal of Nietzsche, by a certain biographical dictionary, as a madman, a useful word—or one like it—for a British jury of twelve. "Documentation" is given under "document," but not its specific sense derived from the hackneyed phrase, the "human document," of the Goncourts.

Similarly, "motivation" is found, a word that Mr. Archer has borrowed from the German—ho talks of the "motivation" of a play. The adjective "concinuous," harmonious, is not stated to be rare, though the *Century Dictionary* says it is. Mr. Grant Allen recently spoke of Horace's "nice concinnity," and the latest dictionary has the word. It also has a pet word of Stevenson's—"aleatory," *i.e.*, depending on a contingent event.

Current slang is represented in *Chambers's*. There is no attempt at the etymology of "oof." The editor might have added to the gaiety of the dictionary by citing the fanciful derivation from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, the reference being to the goose that laid the golden eggs. Under "salvation" we might have had "Salvation Sally," for a Salvation Army girl. "Bouncer" is found, but not the more expressive Americanism, "bounder." The bounder, by the way, was not known to the *New English Dictionary* a dozen years ago. But Mr. Walkley, in *Cosmopolis*, says that "we in England are apt to call Molière's young men 'bounders,' and his young maidens 'dolls.'" One looks in vain for Mr. Lang's "boomster." However, we get both "boom" and "slump." We find to prig, meaning to steal. But though the dictionary has "snaffling-lay," the trade of highwayman, it does not give Mr. Kipling's "snaffle," which means to steal. Besides the "crib" of the lazy schoolboy, we have, with the same meaning, "trot," "horse," and "pony." As early as 1818, Greville, in his famous *Memoirs*, writes: "He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies"—slang, of course, for £25. By a pony is also sometimes meant a small glass of beer. But "crib," as slang for a situation, is not mentioned. It is curious that "mouse" should mean both a term of familiar endearment and a black-eye. The word is used in the former sense in "Hamlet": "Let the bloot king . . . call you his mouse." There are many zoological terms of endearment—chick, duck, dove, lamb. The *New English Dictionary* notes that Browning uses "dove" as a transitive verb—"loved you and doved

you." "Dump," as a colloquial term for a small coin (so used by Mr. Birrell), and "dumps," money in general, are curious modern usages.

We do not get the American "boodle" or "Boodler," both of which are coming into use in London, even without the safeguard of inverted commas, in the sense of "gain from public cheating of any kind," and a man who lives by such plunder. The *New English Dictionary* says that boodle = sinews of war; "soap" may be a different word from "buddle." From the *Century* we get the useful suggestion that the seventeenth-century "buddle" may have been taken, with other slang, from the Dutch, in Elizabeth's time.

In the United States they also have the expressive "caboodle." We have "thick" defined as a colloquial word meaning in fast friendship. We might have had the vulgarism, "thick," or "too thick." An unfortunate story teller is quoted by the *ACADEMY* as saying that one of his stories was considered by a publisher too "thick."

It will arride journalists to find "newsy," a word sanctioned by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. But they will not find "leaderette," which Mr. Lang abhors. The dictionary does give "novelette," a neologism employed by Dr. Garnett to describe Peacock's short novel, *Maid Marian*. Mr. Fisher Unwin, it will be remembered, called one of his series of short stories *Little Novels*. *Chambers's* might have found room for Mr. Stevenson's "mingle-mangle," meaning a jumble. For the first half of the word, used as a noun, we can cite a passage in "Antony and Cleopatra." By the way, a Parliamentary descriptive writer aptly described the proceedings in the House of Commons until Easter as a "mingle-mangle." Since "danky," used by Dickens in its slang sense of a policeman's lantern, is given, why not "duffer," which Hood used, and to which Mr. Henry James has given a literary cachet? "Johnny," defined as "a simpleton or a fellow generally," is here; so is "dude." The latter bit of slang, which, the *Century* said, was made in London, reminds us of the Boston preacher's announcement that he would preach on "the *dude* Absalom." We do, however, get an occasional gleam of humour, as when the "Land o' the Leal" is defined as "the home of the blessed after death—Paradise, not Scotland." I looked with interest for the useful "labourist," which was coined by the late Prof. Minto in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* during the General Election of 1892. I did not find it, however. Nevertheless, *Chambers's* is much fuller and more scholarly than any of the cheaper English dictionaries.

M.

#### THE EDITOR OF THE LATE LARK.

A YEAR or two ago many literary Londoners were startled and amused and pleased by a weird esoteric periodical called the *Lark*, which had reached these shores from San Francisco. Certain poems and illustrations created a distinct impression—especially the

celebrated "Purple Cow." The editor of the *Lark* was Mr. Gelett Burgess, and Mr. Gelett Burgess has just arrived in London, with the aim of getting an inside view of Fleet-street and things journalistic in England.

"Tell me about the *Lark*," I said to Mr. Burgess.

"To begin with, you mustn't say anything about the Purple Cow; I'm sick of it. Do you think if you tried you could keep that notorious animal out of the interview?"

"I could if I tried," I said.

"Well, do what you can. The *Lark* was written and illustrated by quite a small San Franciscan group, which called itself *Les Jeunes*. When this group scattered, having been bidden to wider spheres, the thing expired. But it ran for two years—twenty-four numbers. Bruce Porter was one of the best men on it. You will hear of him some day. By the way, he did the first statue to Stevenson that was put up in America. I used to produce most of the writing, and some of the pictures too."

"Of course, the *Lark* was purely whimsical?"

"Nothing of the kind. It contained a lot of serious work. All its poetry was serious. We went through, for instance, every one of the old French forms. Many people were considerably struck by the poetry; and W. D. Howells urged me to republish it in book form."

"Where did you learn to draw?"

"! ! !"

I repeated the question.

"I can't draw, but if you give me a pencil I can make something funny."

I gave him a pencil and he drew some pictures of "The Goops." Now the Goops are a race of people that the readers of *St. Nicholas* will know all about next year. Mr. Burgess has written and illustrated a serial entitled "Goopbabies: a Manual of Manners for Polite Infants." Some time or other he is going to write the history of Goopland.

"And after the *Lark*?"

"The *Lark* was the first of a series of magazines that I created and killed. There was *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*, a wild burlesque of the fad magazines which had sprung up in America. It was printed on wall paper, in a trapezoid shape, and every number was different."

"How long did that run?"

"It ran for one number."

"And then?"

"Then came *Phyllida*; or, the *Milk Maid*, a bi-weekly serious review meant to revive the manners and customs of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. The typography was something splendid. But it didn't go. For two reasons: First, if it had been literary, San Francisco wouldn't have bought it; and, secondly, it wasn't literary. See?"

"Perfectly."

"It ran for two numbers. Then, in partnership with Oliver Herford, the artist, I projected *L'Enfant Terrible*—this was in New York. We worked at it frightfully hard for two months, after which the scheme subsided. In the end I produced the first number alone, and surprised Herford by publishing it. This was a weird Bab-



ballad sort of thing. Its existence was brief. That was the last of my magazines."

"And afterwards?"

"Last winter I spent in New York writing for *Harper's*, the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, and some other magazines. And I published a book called *Vivette*—fiction—that I hope will soon be published on this side also. Finally, I came to London, partly to see the Stevensons, whom I knew very well in the Latin quarter of San Francisco, and partly to pick up experience."

"How long shall you stay here?"

"Don't know. I'm going to write."

"Write what?"

"Well, my speciality is the whimsical, imaginative, subtle, rather precious sort of essay and story—essentially whimsical. A sort of throw-the-reins-on-the-horse's-back-and-let-go style. We accomplished some *tours de force* with the English language in the *Lark*, you know—quite legitimate effects, too."

"What is your opinion of English journalism?"

Mr. Burgess retired behind his glinting spectacles and considered.

"It's too rigid—ought to be more plastic. It wants originality. In a town that starts two or three new papers every week there should be scope for the absolutely spontaneous. But I don't seem to see it yet. However, I have heard of one or two forthcoming publications that sound attractive. I'm very interested in the new *Butterfly*—though I never saw the old one. My idea is that some paper ought to offer an annual prize for the most original—original, mind you!—thing published during the year. People don't dare to express themselves here. Of course it must be literary, but it must also be spontaneous. Yes, I know about the ACADEMY'S annual prize. That's a splendid thing, but it doesn't cover the ground that I want to see covered. Spontaneity, that's the keynote."

E. A. B.

STEVENSON AS HUMORIST.

TEXT to not being appreciated at all, to be appreciated unintelligently must be the bitterest fate that can befall an author, and this seems to me to have been, to some extent at least, the fate of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has been acclaimed as the author of *Kidnapped*, he has been acclaimed as the poet of *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Enthusiastic people have compared him to Walter Scott, and his prose style—a very charming, though highly artificial style—has received extravagant praise from all and sundry. The only part of his writings which critics seem determined to pass over in silence or contempt is his humorous work, *The Wrong Box*, *The New Arabian Nights*, and *The Dynamiter*. And yet it cannot be denied that in these Stevenson showed himself possessed of a really individual vein of humour which was copied from no one, which was fresh and spontaneous and original, and, in fact, everything which his mannered artificial romances were not. I

am not concerned here with depreciating any portion of Stevenson's work, or denying it the merits which it unquestionably possesses. Indeed, it would be absurd to ignore the merit of such a book as *Treasure Island* on the one hand, or of stories like "Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," or "The Pavilion on the Links" on the other: I am only concerned in pointing out the curious fact that, in the chorus of praise which has been lavished upon Stevenson, that portion of his work which is most original, which is most individual, has met with least recognition. Stevenson's essays are charming as the expression of a sane, courageous, good-humoured attitude towards life, but it would never astonish me to find that somebody else had written, or was writing, just such essays. *The New Arabian Nights* and *The Dynamiter*, on the contrary, are unique in literature. Prince Florizel and the young man with the cream tarts, Zero and the Fair Cuban, are Stevenson's creations. They belong to a world of their own. No one else before him ever thought of drawing such people, and no one can do so in the future, except as a mere imitator. Again, it is the fashion to decry or ignore *The Wrong Box*. Yet no one else before ever wrote a book quite in that *genre* or imagined the convention which made such a book possible. We have had plenty of farces on the stage, and the farcical convention, in the theatre at least, is well understood. But no one save Stevenson ever conceived the idea of writing a novel which should be pure farce from beginning to end, and only a humorist of the highest order could have carried out that idea successfully. A single touch of seriousness in the book would have marred the whole. Its absurdity is its sole justification, and Stevenson, with astonishing skill, kept up its farcical extravagance and its exquisite unreality to the last.

The book is so little read that it may be worth while to sketch the outline of its plot, if only that my readers may recognise what Stevenson called its "judicious levity." Joseph and Masterman Finsbury are the sole survivors of a "tontine" of thirty-seven lives. Whichever of them outlives the other will come in for thirty-seven thousand pounds, plus compound interest for some sixty years. The expectant legatees of each are naturally eager that their candidate should live longest. There is a railway accident, and Morris Finsbury believes that his Uncle Joseph, whose leather business he manages and practically owns, has perished in it. More than that, he identifies what he believes to be his corpse by its clothes. He determines, however, to pretend that Uncle Joseph is still alive, hoping that when Masterman dies in due course he may be able to claim the Tontine. So, with the help of his brother John, he packs the corpse in a water-butt, and sends it by train to his London house. But by the same train travels a packing-case containing a gigantic statue of Hercules, consigned to W. D. Pitman, artist, which has been smuggled over from Italy. A mischievous person changes the labels in the guard's van, and Morris, on returning to town, finds his hall blocked with a giant packing-case, containing a hideous but

valuable antique, while the water-butt, he learns at the station, has gone to W. D. Pitman. Morris hacks the incriminating statue to pieces with the coal axe and buries it in the garden. Pitman, with the fear of the police before his eyes, endeavours to dispose of the corpse. With this in view, he consults a friendly solicitor, Michael Finsbury, who chances to be none other than the only son of Masterman, the other survivor of the Tontine. Michael concocts the absurd plan of transferring the corpse to the inside of a Broadwood grand piano, and leaving it, with that instrument, in some chambers in the Temple of which he chances to possess a key. Matters are further complicated by the fact that Morris Finsbury has persuaded himself that Masterman is really dead, and that Michael, who declines to produce him for inspection, is only pretending that he is still alive in order to secure the Tontine, while, to add to his troubles, Morris can get no money from the bank, since the account is in Uncle Joseph's name, and he can get none from the moribund leather business, because that also nominally belongs to Uncle Joseph.

More of the plot need not be disclosed, but it may be said that the book keeps up its level of fantastic absurdity to the end. Nor is its humour merely the humour of incident. The characterisation is admirable, and the style is not merely charming (as all Stevenson's writing is), but is informed with a good humour and high spirits which are irresistible. This is how, in the parallel columns familiar to lovers of *Robinson Crusoe*, the unhappy Morris sums up his position when he finds that his water-butt containing the body of his uncle has been sent to Pitman:

"BAD. GOOD.

1. I have lost my uncle's body. 1. But then I no longer require to bury it.

2. I have lost the Tontine. 2. But I may still save that if Pitman disposes of the body, and I can find a physician who will stick at nothing.

3. I have lost the leather business and the rest of my uncle's succession. 3. But not if Pitman gives the body up to the police.

'Oh! but in that case I go to jail; I had forgot that,' interpolates Morris, and begins again:

BAD. GOOD.

3. I have lost the leather business and the rest of my uncle's succession. 3. But not if I can find a physician who will stick at nothing.

'This venal doctor seems quite a desideratum, he reflects. 'I want him first to give me a certificate that my uncle is dead, so that I may get the leather business; and then that he's alive—but here we are again at incompatible interests!' and he returned to his tabulation:

BAD. GOOD.

4. I have almost no money. 4. But there is plenty in the bank.

## BAD.

5. Yes; but I can't get the money in the bank.

6. I have left the bill for £800 in Uncle Joseph's pocket.

7. Yes; but if Pitman is dishonest and finds the bill, he will know who Joseph is, and he may blackmail me.

8. But I can't blackmail Michael (which is, besides, a very dangerous thing to do) until I find out.

9. The leather business will soon want money for current expenses, and I have none to give.

10. Yes; but it's all the ship I have.

11. John will soon want money, and I have none to give.

12. And the venal doctor will want money down.

13. And if Pitman is dishonest, and don't send me to jail, he will want a fortune.

'Oh, this seems to be a very one-sided business,' cries Morris in conclusion."

*The Wrong Box* (on the title-page of which, I should have said before, Mr. Lloyd Osborne also figures) is so full of delicious nonsense that it is a temptation to quote more of it, but nothing save reading it will enable anyone to understand how delicious it is. *The Dynamiter* (associated with Mrs. Stevenson) is, perhaps, a little better known, but even among Stevenson lovers there are many who have never read it. And yet the scene in which Somerset visits his dynamiter lodger, and finds himself sitting with him in a room full of explosive machines which have all been set going by their desponding owner is one of the most genuinely humorous things in modern literature. Moreover, the whole idea of meeting the "ugly devil of crime" not with fiery denunciations but with the cold water of merciless ridicule, is too ingenious and, in its author's hands, too successful not to deserve due recognition. As for the exquisite absurdities of Sir John Vandeleur and his wife in "The Rajah's Diamond," readers of *The New Arabian Nights* will know how to appreciate them at their full worth. They are the good wine which, emphatically, needs no bush.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

## GOOD.

5. But—well, that seems unhappily to be the case.

6. But, if Pitman is only a dishonest man, the presence of this bill may lead him to keep the whole thing dark, and throw the body into the New Cut.

7. Yes; but if I am right about Uncle Masterman, I can blackmail Michael.

8. Worse luck!

9. But the leather business is a sinking ship.

10. A fact.

11.

12.

13.

## DRAMA.

THE new piece at the Court is suitable to the season. It is light, airy, gossamer, and makes no strain upon the intellectual resources of the audience. "His Excellency the Governor" is in the nature of a summer entertainment, and will probably prove more acceptable at the present moment to Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's patrons than a play of heavier calibre would. Criticism, under the circumstances, may well be expected to deal gently with its defects. For defects Mr. R. Marshall's "farceical romance" undoubtedly possesses. Constructively, it lacks cohesion; the author's hold upon his subject is at times manifestly uncertain, while his desire to be brilliant at all costs occasionally leads him into tortuous by-paths, from which no issue is to be found, save at the sacrifice of good taste. The most glaring fault in the piece is, however, the author's lack of sincerity. With such scant ceremony does he treat his characters that the listener may easily be pardoned if he, too, fail to believe in them or their actions. Now, even in farce it is essential that the earnestness of those on the stage should be beyond all dispute. This is a truth perfectly understood and invariably acted upon by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose pupil Mr. Marshall obviously is. One conspicuous difference between the two is, however, that while Mr. Gilbert, starting from an extravagant premiss, always progresses towards a logical conclusion by consistent means, Mr. Marshall, on the contrary, too frequently allows himself to be diverted from the direct course by his love for the purely farceical. "His Excellency the Governor" starts with the promising idea that once in every hundred years an aloe, indigenous to the Amandaland Islands, bursts into blossom, producing and disseminating a yellow dust which possesses all the properties of a powerful love-philtre. This is a capital notion to begin with; it may be remembered that Mr. Gilbert himself used one not altogether dissimilar in "The Mountebanks." But in his treatment of it Mr. Marshall somehow seems to go astray, the result being a certain impression of confusion and inconsequence produced on the minds of the audience.

THE piece, notwithstanding, is just the sort of thing to provoke a couple of hours' unreflecting laughter, for it has movement, brightness, and humour. It is impossible not to grow merry over the discomfiture of the prim and precise Cabinet Minister, the Right Hon. Henry Carlton, who, under the influence of the irresistible pollen, falls a victim to the wiles of the bewitching variety artist Stella de Gex. No less droll are the adventures of the three forsworn bachelors, Sir Montagu Martin, the Governor; and Captain Carew and Mr. John Baverstock, respectively his A.D.C. and private secretary, who find themselves rivals for the hand and heart of pretty Ethel Carlton. A further complication is provided by the introduction of a

fancied native rising, which in the end turns out to be dictated simply by the inhabitants' wish to do honour to the newly arrived Cabinet Minister. In all this there is ample material for merriment, although the author's skill has not always proved quite equal to its manipulation in the most profitable manner. This circumstance, coupled with an unfortunate want of preparedness on the part of some of the artists, served in no small measure to jeopardise the success of the piece. Mr. Allan Aynesworth has still to acquire greater rapidity of speech and quickness of action before his sketch of Sir Montagu can be considered satisfactory. Mr. Paul Arthur, if a little slow here and there, gave an excellent account of the part of Captain Carew, and Mr. Dion Boucicault was agreeably eccentric as Baverstock, the most effectively drawn character in the farce. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's portrait of Stella, vivacious, bright, and refreshingly impudent, was as good as could be desired, and Miss Nellie Thorne, while somewhat overburdened by the part, played very sweetly and charmingly as Ethel.

OF the various afternoon performances given during the past few days one only deserves notice. Indeed, if anything could bring the experimental *matinée* into further disrepute it would be the experience of the last week. "Sue," however, for many reasons stands wholly removed from the category referred to. The production of Messrs. Bret Harte and T. Edgar Pemberton's play was due less to any idea of exploiting a new drama than to a desire to show Miss Annie Russell, the American actress, in a part worthy of her powers. "Sue," an adaptation of Bret Harte's story, "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," is an unequal piece of work, at some points impinging upon the crudest melodrama, and at others hardly to be distinguished from burlesque. But in its rough-and-ready fashion it is not without merit. In sentiment, tone, and humour the piece is eminently characteristic of many of Bret Harte's tales. The heroine is a fresh young girl, whose innocence and purity have emerged un tarnished from the roughest and coarsest associations. Driven to the step by her father, she marries a man for whom she has no real affection, only to awaken three years later to what she believes to be the great passion of her life. A strolling acrobat, as unprincipled as he is fascinating, catches her fancy, and with the impetuosity of ignorance she throws herself into his arms. But the illusion is speedily dispelled, luckily before any mischief has been done, and humiliated and repentant Sue returns to beg her husband's forgiveness. In the background of the picture may be discerned a number of familiar figures such as Bret Harte is wont to set upon his canvas: the drunken, ne'er-do-weel father, whose conversation is a mixture of acrid humour and mawkish sentiment; the good-hearted parson; the Sheriff, a coarse bully with a strange belief in his powers over the feminine heart; and Judge Lynch in company with the members of the Vigilance Committee, whose code of ethics includes murder and robbery among

minor offences, but regards the slightest discourtesy to a woman as a crime punishable by death.

In many ways Miss Annie Russell is unquestionably a remarkable actress. So far as can be judged, her equipment is almost complete, save in respect of the ability to express the highest forms of emotion. Occasional glimpses there are in her performance of genuine passion, but they are neither sufficiently enduring nor sufficiently forcible to justify the belief that her powers in this direction are absolute. In scenes of simple pathos she is, however, matchless; the quality of her voice is so beautiful and so sympathetic that its appeal is irresistible. Particularly fragile, and by no means striking in appearance, it is by sheer force of her art that she eventually conquers. At the moment I can recall no English artist to whom she can be compared. Her performance, moreover, gives the impression that throughout she is acting under a certain sense of restraint; that possibly in a part yielding greater opportunities she would still further astonish us by her capabilities. For that, however, we must be content to wait. Meanwhile, she has succeeded in thoroughly establishing her position in this country, and it will be a pity if she is allowed to return to America without affording us additional proof of her talent. To the support given her in "Sue" unreserved praise is due. Seldom has so good an all-round representation been witnessed on the London stage. It is conceivable, of course, that part of the effect created is the result of novelty; the novelty inherent in a cast, entirely American, whose ways and manners differ essentially from those of English artists, with whose tricks and methods we are all only too familiar. Yet, even allowing for this, it would be unjust not to speak in high terms of the freshness and the originality of the performance.

M. W.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### SHOULD STATIONERS' HALL TO BE ABOLISHED?

NOW that a Special Committee of the House of Lords is engaged in hearing evidence bearing upon the general subject of copyright, and particularly upon Lord Herschell's new Copyright Bill, we would suggest that they direct special attention to the question of registration and to the position of Stationers' Hall.

As it now stands Lord Herschell's Bill makes little or no alteration in the existing arrangements for registration. The clauses run:

#### "Registration.

(1) There shall be kept in the hall of the Stationers Company, by an officer (hereinafter called the Registrar) to be appointed by the Stationers Company, a book of registry wherein may be registered the proprietorship of the copyright or performing right in any literary

work, or of the copyright in any artistic work or of any assignments thereof, and any assignment so entered shall be effectual in law without being subject to any stamp or duty, and shall be of the same force and effect as if such assignment had been made by deed.

(2) The fee payable to the registrar for each entry in the register shall be fixed by the Stationers Company, but shall not exceed in respect of a literary work the sum of two shillings and sixpence, and in respect of an artistic work the sum of one shilling.

(3) The book of registry shall be open at all reasonable times to public inspection on payment of the sum of one shilling.

(4) The registrar shall, whenever reasonably required, give a copy of any entry, certified under his hand and impressed with the stamp of the Stationers Company provided by them for that purpose to any person requiring the same, on payment to him of the sum of five shillings, and this certificate shall be *prima facie* proof of the matters therein expressed.

(5) If any person shall deem himself aggrieved by any entry made under colour of this Act in the said book of registry, it shall be lawful for such person to apply by summons to a judge in chambers in any division of the High Court of Justice for an order that such entry may be expunged or varied, and upon any such application the judge shall make such order for expunging, varying, or confirming such entry, either with or without costs as to such judge shall seem just, and the registrar shall, on the production to him of any such order, forthwith comply with the same.

(6) It shall be the duty of the registrar to notify Her Majesty's Customs forthwith, on request of the person registering, the publication of any work, and such notification shall be accepted by Her Majesty's Customs in lieu of the notice heretofore required under the Customs Consolidation Act, 39 & 40 Vict., c. 36, s. 152, without further fee.

(7) Application for registration and the entries in the register shall be in the forms set out in Schedule B hereto, with such modifications therein respectively as the Stationers Company may from time to time prescribe."

Was there ever a more useless and vexatious system? Registration is not compulsory, generally not necessary. The omission to register does not affect copyright, but it does affect the right to bring an action for infringement of that copyright. The registration of a title at Stationers' Hall gives no right over that title, though there seems to be a very general opinion that such is the case. Registration prior to publication offers absolutely no protection, but registration can take place at any time subsequent to publication—indeed, whenever it is desired to bring an action for infringement. In a word, registration, which might easily be a help to author, publisher, and bookseller, is a useless annoyance.

Compulsory registration would, we think, be a boon to all concerned. At present it is impossible to fix accurately the date of publication of any book, and this date is of the utmost importance when arranging for simultaneous publication in order to secure copyright in the United States. And a register of titles is sorely needed. It is impossible to discover whether a title has been used before, and the law is perfectly incomprehensible when it attempts to deal with the right—if any—conferred upon the user of a title. A system of what may well be called blackmail has flourished of late

years, and authors and publishers have incurred heavy losses by cancelling whole editions of books under the threat of an action for infringement of title—an action which would have failed in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The present arrangement of registration at Stationers' Hall lends itself to this confusion. It is not necessary to show a complete copy of a book or periodical in order to register its title, and we have little doubt that many of the publications entered at Stationers' Hall have never been offered to the public.

The remedy for this chaos is, we think, apparent. Why should not the British Museum take over the work of Stationers' Hall? If we remember rightly, such a step was strongly recommended by the Royal Commissioners, but Lord Herschell has ignored the suggestion. Yet it would not be difficult to bring it into operation. The British Museum authorities have everything necessary ready to hand. They've got the men, they've got the books, and they've got the money too. The compulsory delivery to the British Museum, not to mention the other libraries, of a copy of every book and new edition issued has long been one of the standing grievances of the publisher; but if the British Museum did the work, and more than the work, of Stationers' Hall, he would be compensated for his trouble. Why should not the official receipt of this copy be taken as a certificate of registration of copyright? We have compulsory delivery, and compulsory registration follows without any difficulty. At present, literary copyright is an "indefinite property," as one writer on the subject puts it. Compulsory registration at the British Museum would do much to make it more "definite." But Stationers' Hall is an antiquated absurdity.

## THE SALE OF SURPLUS LIBRARY NOVELS.

THERE is evidently considerable difference of opinion as to the general effect of circulating libraries on the sale of books, but we fancy authors, publishers, and booksellers will be unanimous in condemning the new system of selling surplus library novels, which, we understand, is to come into operation at Mudie's Library. It is stated that "when the first pressure of demand for any popular novel has begun to slacken, the cleaner copies are to be called in, re-bound, and sold at half price." This practically means that, in future, what is to all intents and purposes a new six-shilling novel will be obtainable for three shillings a short time after publication. Messrs. Mudie are compelled to dispose of their surplus stock, but books have hitherto figured in their catalogues only some considerable time after publication, and they have been sold in the original covers, which are, generally, in a decidedly second-hand condition. If by waiting a week or two—and the "first pressure of demand" only lasts longer than this in very exceptional cases—one is able to save one and sixpence on a six-shilling book—*i.e.*, pay three shillings for what would cost four and sixpence at the booksellers', this arrange-

ment is likely to meet with considerable success. But the publishers, and especially the Publishers' Association, ought to offer a strong and immediate protest. These large libraries seldom do much to create special demand among their readers; they supply as their subscribers order. If they are determined to hinder the sale of new books, it behoves the publisher to make such arrangements with them as will preclude them from offering books at terms with which no bookseller can hope to compete.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ORIENTAL PROSODY.

SIR,—With reference to the metres employed by the poets of Persia and Araby in their compositions, the following, to my knowledge, are the best known metrical forms in use :

Besit  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{\vee} \overset{\vee}{\vee}$   
 Kamil  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Wâfir  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Tawil  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Munsarih  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Mutekârib  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Chaffif  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-}$   
 Madid  $\overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} \overset{\vee}{-} | \overset{\vee}{\vee} \overset{\vee}{\vee}$

Strictly speaking, these are Arabian measures, the Tawil being a favourite one with the rhymsters of that country. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, in passing, that that what distinguishes Arabic from Persian poetry is a healthful sobriety of tone and its purity. With less imagination than the Persian, the Arab is the better artist of the two. He is no spouter, to begin with; no sententious wine-bibber, tolling you in slipshod rhymes: "Sit thee down on the lawn with a pretty girl and a gallon (*min*) of wine by thy side, and thou art a Sufi." The poets of Arabia are more reserved in their expressions. Their legitimate wives are as often as not the heroines of their songs. "As I was riding along in the night," sings Abu Bekr, "the sight of the moon made me think of thee, and I was so overcome by my feelings that I told the driver to turn back with the animals, and here I am myself." These lines are addressed by the poet to his wife Salihâ, of whom he was passionately fond. Another poet, Amru Ben Hakim, says of his sweetheart Charka: "If she would only stay with us here from end of the year to the other, what would I care about the spring? She would be spring to me." This is as good as a madrigal. Their heroic songs are full of spirit, especially when love is the question. Says Djemil Ben Abdallah to his intended: "The men of thy tribe, O Botheina! had vowed to kill me. What a pity it is that they did not try it. As soon as they saw me appearing on the top of the hill, they asked one another, Who is that man? pretending not to know me. Welcome! said they to me. God be with you." Some

of their dirges are full of sentiment. Here is what a daughter says in remembering her dead father: "When I happen to hear the name Ali called out, I tremble and shiver like the she-camel that has lost her little one when the voice of the driver bids her go to him."

I refrain from further quotation, for fear of trespassing unduly upon your valuable space. It is quite a relief to turn from Hafiz and Omar Khâyyam to the lyrics of the warrior poets of Araby.

THOMAS DELTA.

June 13, 1898.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Destroyer" By Benjamin Swift. (Fisher Unwin.) THE *Saturday Review* devotes a column and a half to explaining how *The Destroyer* is "really not at all a good novel." Having acknowledged the merit of the author's style and his skill in phrasing-making, the critic proceeds:

"But it would be unphilosophical to speak as if Mr. Swift might have written a vivid story if he had not been hampered by the possession of a style. It is nearer the truth to say that his style is the natural concomitant of the reason not of vision, it is the language of commentary rather than of presentation. Let us, as a little example, take the sentence, 'Soon enough they would be thinking that each was sitting in the dust of beauty's and each other's disdain.' It is just what they would not be thinking. Only a time would come when the woman would wear a look, or, in sitting down, entering the room, leaving it, make certain motions which it is the novelist's duty to discover; when the man would say something, meaningless perhaps, and get an answer, also perhaps meaningless, and both would think something very actual and not at all abstract or explanatory, all of which things the novelist should delight in discovering; and then the whole scene, or set of scenes, should move the reader who is of an analytical turn of mind to make some such comment as 'they are sitting in the dust of beauty's and each other's disdain.'"

As to the theme ("Love the Destroyer")—Mr. Swift, in fact, does not know what to do with his bogey idea, it only lies about and makes him solemn. There is, also, a certain significance in the fact that the only portion of the book which is at all moving comes early, before the bogey has yet exerted its blighting influence.

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inspiration. Horrible! But when all is said, and this moan duly made, the conception—repulsive as it is—is finely carried out, and with a master hand. The characters of Edgar, Sir Saul, Lady Rimmon, Violet, Miriam, and her mother are all true sketches. The moral struggles in each case are truly gauged and described. Such cleverness, with such material, is appalling."

The *Chronicle*, comparing the work with its predecessors, *Nancy Noon* and *The Tormentor*, pronounces it "thinner in theme, more obvious in intention, and less distinguished in style than they."

"If we appear to have been hard upon Mr. Swift it is because we have judged him by high standards. Judged by ordinary standards, he would come off quite triumphant. He is not an ordinary novelist by any means; there is not a page of ordinary writing in the volume. There is always a pleasant flavour of originality about him, even when he is least original. If all his characters are not interesting, they are all real enough. There are no dolls in the story. The drama is vibrant with life all through.

"In fine [writes the critic], there is better work here than in *The Tormentor*, better work and fewer blemishes. But it is not so good a book. There is a place in the front rank waiting for Mr. Swift, but he will have to work his way to it. In spite of this disappointment our faith that he will work his way to it remains unshaken."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 16.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE ABIDING STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH. Four Sermons by the Rev. R. S. Mynne. Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST, FROM PASCAL. A Commentary by W. B. Morris. Burns & Oates. 3s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES: WILLIAM DUNBAR. By Oliphant Smeaton. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM TERRISS. By Arthur J. Smythe. With an Introduction by Clement Scott. A. Constable & Co. 12s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN ROME. By Eugène de la Gournerie. Translated by the Hon. Lady Macdonald. London: P. Rolandi.

THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE. By G. Pitt Lewes. John Long. 1s. 6d.

### POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE REVELATION OF ST. LOVE THE DIVINE. By F. B. Money Coutts. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

PERSEPHONE, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. C. Tarelli. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

MATHEW ARNOLD. Papers of the English Club at Sewanee. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BALLADS AND POEMS. By Members of the Glasgow Ballad Club. Second series. W. Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

## ART.

- ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1898. Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d.
- ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART. By Robert de la Sizeranne. Translated by H. M. Poynter. A. Constable & Co. 12s.
- THE BIBLE OF ST. MARK. ST. MARK'S CHURCH, THE ALTAR AND THRONE OF VENICE. By Alexander Robertson. George Allen. 10s. 6d.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- TRAVELS AND LIFE IN ASHANTI AND JAMAN. By R. A. Freeman. A. Constable & Co. 21s.
- SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES. By R. Crawford. Longmans & Co. 6s.
- GUIDE TO SUSSEX. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncreiff. A. & C. Black

## EDUCATIONAL.

- LECTURES ON THE GEOMETRY OF POSITION. By Theodor Reye. Translated and edited by T. F. Holgate. Part I. New York: The Macmillan Co. 10s.
- HISTORICAL ENGLISH AND DERIVATION. By J. C. Nesfield. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND EXAMINATION PAPERS. Dublin University Press.
- ENGLISH PROSE. Part I. By J. Logie Robertson. W. Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- FOOTSTEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS: A SHORT SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By James Samuelson. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.
- HYMNS AND HYMN MAKERS. By Rev. Duncan Campbell. A. & C. Black.
- ELECTRICITY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES. By Percy E. Scutton.
- THE WONDERFUL CENTURY. By Alfred Russell Wallace. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF WAGNER. By Albert Lavignac. Translated by Esther Singleton. Service & Paton. 10s. 6d.
- THE MISTAKES WE MAKE. Compiled by C. E. Clark. C. A. Pearson. 1s. 6d.
- THE SHAKESPEARE REFERENCE BOOK. Selected and arranged by J. Stevenson Webb. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d.
- PRICES OF BOOKS. By Henry B. Wheatley. The Library Series. George Allen. 6s.
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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FROM the Clarendon Press next week will be issued *The Parallel Psalter*, being the Prayer Book version of the Psalms and a new version arranged in parallel columns, with a critical introduction and glossaries by Canon Driver. The Regius Professor explains that he has endeavoured in his translation (which is intended, in the first instance, for the use of readers not conversant with Hebrew) "to avoid a needless and unidiomatic literalism; at the same time, precision, rather than literary excellence, has been his primary aim."

MR. JOHN LANE announces for publication at an early date Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's volume of poems, mainly lyrical. Mr. Coleridge's name will be remembered in connexion with the collected edition of his grandfather's letters, which Mr. William Heinemann issued in 1895, also with the volume of selections from Coleridge's notebooks, entitled *Anima Poetæ*. Mr. Murray's new edition of Lord Byron's Poetical Works, the first volume of which appeared in April last, at present claims Mr. Coleridge's attention.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish on Monday a translation by Mr. D. N. Smith of M. Brunetière's *Essays in French Literature*; also a new novel by Mr. W. S. Maugham, author of *Liza of Lambeth*, called *The Making of a Saint*.

THE article on "Mr. Gladstone as Seen from Near at Hand," by the Dean of Lincoln—in the July number of *Good Words*—will be followed by a Communion hymn by Mr. Gladstone, of which only two verses have appeared in print. The hymn has been placed at the Editor's disposal by the kindness of Mrs. Gladstone, who specially desires that "its first appearance in entire and original form should be in the magazine which first published his 'Impregnable Rock.'"

*The Place Names of the Liverpool District*, by Mr. Henry Harrison, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will give the history and meaning of the local river names of South-West Lancashire and of the peninsula of Wirral.

THE July number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* will contain the first of a series of articles by Mr. Clark Russell on "The Ship: Her Story," tracing the evolution of the modern man-of-war and ocean liner from their beginnings in the "dug-out" of the pre-historic savage. Mr. Seppings Wright will supply the illustrations.

*Good Will*, edited on Christian Socialist lines by the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley, will in future be published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co.

MESSRS. W. THACKER & Co. have in preparation an *édition de luxe* of Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*.

THE July number of *The Humanitarian* will contain an article on "The Human Character" by Prof. Paul Mantegazza, the well-known Italian Sociologist. The magazine will in future be published by Messrs. Duckworth.

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The Painting has been most favourably noticed by the Art Critics in Paris and London.

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should have left it to the French Public. The British Public could have done very well without it. But no: Mr. Levin Carnac said to himself, "We will just modify the tale a bit. We will just bowdlerise and improve it a little." So, if you please, he turns Florence Marquès into the sister-in-law, instead of the step-daughter, of Valfon; and the trick is done. And "ma fille" becomes "my sister"; "ma mère" becomes "my sister"; "ma sœur" becomes "my aunt"; "mon frère" becomes "my nephew." Isn't it monstrous? And isn't it silly? And how would Alphonse Daudet have liked it, if he had lived to know?

It seems to us that the copyright law might profitably be enlarged, to contain a clause making this sort of literary outrage felonious.

### THE ABERRATIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

*Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.)

MODERN democracy has a curious aptitude for falsifying the predictions of its earlier patrons and critics. To read the confident opinions of the writers in the *Federalist* or even of Tocqueville, as to what was going to happen in the United States, and then to consider what has actually happened, is a chastening corrective to undue intellectual pride. Mr. Godkin, who is one of the ablest and most acute of living American publicists, is doing for the political system of the United States what Walter Bagehot did for that of England. He penetrates below the surface and shows how vast is the distance which separates the theory from the practice of government. Customs and institutions which have never been formally recognised by the Constitution are, in fact, of more vital importance than others which occupy the largest space in the statute books and the text books. In England, for instance, the Cabinet is a body still quite unknown to the law, and till recently almost ignored by constitutional writers. Yet it is not too much to say that, in the actual working of our system of legislation and administration, the Cabinet counts for more than Parliament, and more than the Crown; it is, in reality, the mainspring of our whole apparatus of law-making and governing. Similarly, in the United States, the Constitution has nothing to do with the "primary" or local meeting of electors who select candidates for public office. Yet, as Mr. Godkin demonstrates, it is on the primary that everything else depends; and it is this voluntary meeting of private citizens which controls the destiny of the country and the choice of its rulers, far more than those electoral colleges, on which the framers of the American Constitution expended so much thought and laborious ingenuity. But the primaries themselves are only intended to lead up to the "nominating convention," or meeting of party delegates, which is supposed to select the candidate for the

presidency. The establishment and growth of the convention, says Mr. Godkin, constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America; but he points out that "there is no mention or allusion, either in Tocqueville or in any of our early writers, to its probable or possible effect. One finds no allusion to it in any of the commentators on the Constitution, early or late." It is, indeed, only in comparatively recent years that the overwhelming importance of the "machine" in American politics has become apparent, not merely to foreigners, but to the citizens of the United States themselves.

Like most Americans of culture and educated intelligence, Mr. Godkin is against the "machine." But, unlike many of his countrymen, he is not disposed to regard its existence as the result either of the incurable vices of democracy or of the natural imperfections of the Constitution. Some changes in the law may be required to abolish the "boss"; but, after all, what gives the boss his power? Mainly the indisposition of the better sort of electors to mingle in the rough work of politics and take part in the primary meetings in their respective localities; and the reason for this is—so Mr. Godkin thinks, and we thoroughly agree with him—not that the respectable American politician is too good for politics, but that he is too busy. As he puts it:

"Private affairs have assumed in these latter days an importance, as compared with public affairs, which our forefathers never could have anticipated. This state of things is causing everywhere a demand for government without trouble, or with very little trouble. The demand for good and enlightened government is as great as ever; but the desire for simple government, which can be carried on without drawing largely on the time and attention of the private citizen is greater than ever. Government was never so much considered as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself, as it is to-day—a mode of looking at it which goes far to explain the success of 'the man on horseback,' or dictator in troubled communities."

No one who is at all acquainted with the United States will think that Mr. Godkin has underestimated the importance of this consideration. The average respectable American of the middle-class is an exceedingly active man of business, plunged up to the eyes in the details of his own commercial or industrial occupations, which provide for him, as a rule, a far more absorbing and all-pervading interest than is the case with persons of corresponding status in this country. Americans are constantly surprised at the amount of time which Englishmen, engaged in commerce and industry, seem able to devote to public and municipal affairs, or to sport, amusement, society, to such hobbies as gardening, and to various other pursuits in no way connected with their professional avocations. In America, outside New York and Philadelphia and one or two other large cities, where there is a comparatively leisured class of wealthy business men, there is much less of this diversity of interests. The American elector, who goes to his office early and comes away late, and works while there with an almost savage energy, can

just spare the time to read and talk about politics, but not to take an active part in them. The present writer was once informed by the manager of a great commercial concern in New York that he had not recorded his vote in any election for more than a quarter of a century; the reason given being that he was too busy to attend to such matters. As a subsidiary excuse for his want of civism he explained that he objected to go to meetings or even to the ballots, because he might there come in contact with persons with whom he would not care to associate. This latter highly democratic sentiment is pretty widely diffused in the United States, and it is at once the cause and effect of the power of the boss and the caucus, and the reluctance of men of good social position to come forward as candidates for the Legislature; "for it is true," as Mr. Godkin remarks, "of every sort of public service, from the army up to the Cabinet, that men are influenced as to entering it by the kind of company they will have to keep."

Mr. Godkin belongs to the class of hostile, but hopeful, critics of American democracy. His hostility towards some of the recent developments in the State and Municipal government is uncompromising. Of the New York Legislature at Albany he says that it is not too strong to call it "a school of vice and a fountain of political debauchery," and that few of the younger men come back from it without having learned to mock at political purity and public spirit. But he does not despair of the Republic in spite of the corrupt local *côteries* and the dominance of the machine-men. He looks for amendment, partly to certain constitutional changes, but mainly to the enlarged political activity of the respectable electors, and to a better tone of public opinion. The misfortune is that opinion is chiefly educated by political meetings and the press; and while political meetings are now scarcely held except during a Presidential campaign, the newspapers, notwithstanding their unbounded energy and their success as commercial enterprises, have lost the greater part of their political influence. On this last point Mr. Godkin is particularly well worth reading. We cannot recall another recent writer who has explained the present position and tendencies of the modern daily press, in its relations to politics and public opinion, with so much competence and judgment.

### A CRITIC ON CRITICISM.

*Literary Statesmen, and Others.* By Norman Hapgood. (Duckworth & Co.)

THIS is a little book of genuine criticism. Mr. Hapgood has scholarship, acumen, a nice sense of style and great sanity; and more, his work has the unity arising from a single point of view consistently maintained. He is a critic of critics. The men who interest him are the exponents of the nice, the subtle, and the deft in literature, the people who have been self-conscious and



wide-eyed, and not the impulsive, irrational genius.

The essay on "Lord Rosebery" does full justice to the charm of his style, but finds it without the high gravity and moral earnestness which is the test of the greatest literature. "It is never caustic, but friendly and pervasive, often even merry, altogether inspired by temperament." But with Mr. Hapgood the style is the man in a peculiarly literal sense, and from a survey of Lord Rosebery's style, he proceeds to build up Lord Rosebery's character: "There is honesty, frankness, generosity; there are convictions; but there is no single unifying conviction or conception, no faith, or passion, or need of accomplishment." We do not wish to quarrel with the verdict, but we certainly quarrel with the method. Such an abrupt step from literature to life, from style to character, is scarcely justifiable. Further, the judgment passed shows a fault to which Mr. Hapgood is peculiarly liable, and which appears more distinctly in his appreciation of Mr. Balfour. He himself has a critic's insight, subtlety and lucidness, and a clever man's bogey in criticism is often his own cleverness. He is always hampered with a nervous desire to show his fairness by discounting whatever seems akin to his own special talent. So we find him erecting a fetish of moral earnestness and irrational faith—excellent things in their way, but here worshipped blindly and out of due bounds.

Mr. John Morley, according to Mr. Hapgood, is less an individual than a type, a familiar type, and may be criticised as such. He has "an ethical seriousness as extreme as his artistic failure, and he is consistently loyal to certain large facts and principles":

"His misfortune is that these principles are not timely, that they do not form a message needed and welcomed by the time, like that of Matthew Arnold, for instance, or that of Ruskin, and, of course, also because they are not set in a style of distinction, but rather in one soured by moralism and desiccated by science."

Many of the comments are shrewd and neatly phrased. Mr. Hapgood notes that Mr. Morley's limitation as a historian is that history presents itself to him as in no degree a picture but merely a problem. The criticism of the eighteenth century of France, that "no period has had more greatness with less individuality" has truth, and the supreme faults of his author's style, its lack of discrimination, its use of a weak scientific terminology, and the consequent absence of all emotional effect, are accurately set down. Almost the last sentence in the essay—

"Although lack of art or genius has followed Mr. Morley from letters into politics, although his love of absolute principle is in opposition to the spirit of a time that has no creed, the persistence which has helped him to escape failure and the straightness of his course make a picture that has some of the stimulus of the heroic"—

has that touch of sympathy which is indispensable in genuine criticism.

But with the clever study, "Mr. Balfour Seen from a Distance," Mr. Hapgood again approaches the fantastic. He sees that his

subject has a certain element of the subtle and the recondite, and he resolves that the critic shall not be wanting in the same qualities. We are quite with him when he calls Mr. Balfour's faith a "strong sceptical sincerity," when he describes his personality as "lacking in brilliant colours," and sums up his intellectual qualities as "a mind without exuberant powers, though with rare keenness, interested always, never excited, a mind of logic primarily, with little passion or sense of form." But such a criticism as this carries less conviction:

"Mr. Balfour has seen the difficulties of facts, and he has read a good deal, but of the kind of emotion that makes strong literature he has known nothing. Like Berkeley's early work, his books are original, lucid, subtle, and rather thin."

It is well expressed, but is it perfectly fair? Mr. Balfour's work is avowedly a popular critical exposition of certain systems of philosophy, the statement not of a creed but of a point of view. The "emotion that makes strong literature" would be quite out of place, and it is just the thin lucidity which forms his chief merit. Had the author written an ambitious epic in the same manner, Mr. Hapgood's verdict might be justified. The critic has argued that his author's personality is genuine, attractive, but slight, because these are the qualities of books where other qualities would have been out of place. Again, we do not quarrel with Mr. Hapgood's verdict, but with his method of proof.

The three studies on purely literary subjects—"Stendhal," "Mérimée as Critic," and "Henry James"—have the same merits as the first three, but the defects are fewer. The critic is more at home with his subjects, and in a better position to judge them. It is a far cry from the austerity of English statesmen to the utter unmorality and gay scepticism of Stendhal's work. He was a many-sided gentleman, with a great talent for enjoying life. In one aspect he is the modern Heraclitus, the philosopher of opportunism, who "sees in relativity, arbitrariness, caprice, the final law of nature; and, feeling a sympathy with this law, not unnaturally finds in the absolute, personal, perverse nature of women his most congenial companionship." Again, he is the "typical suggestive critic—formless, uncreative, general and specific, precise and abstract; chaotic to the artist, satisfactory to the psychologist." And on these two sides of the speculative and the personal Mr. Hapgood builds up a speaking portrait of the man. It is all very careful, choice, and subtle work—a mosaic of vivid phrases and apt instances. Indeed, the style throughout this little book is kept consistently at a high level of art, and hence we are all the more surprised to find so precise a writer admitting on p. 69 so inept a construction as this:

"His cool prophecy that a few leading spirits would read him by 1880 was justified, and the solution of his doubt whether he would not by 1930 have sunk again into oblivion seems now, at least, as likely as it was then to be an affirmative."

The study of Mérimée's criticism shows us a Mérimée that those who do not know

his essays have not suspected. "Indeed," says Mr. Hapgood, "the powers which charm the lover of deftness in literature sometimes appear even more distinctly when he is speaking his critical opinion than they do when he is telling a story." And more, the Mérimée of the letters and stories is a man "always on the defensive"; but the writer of the essays has a broader comprehension and sympathy. The criticism is eminently just, and Mr. Hapgood's remark on the technique of the essays is suggestive: "It is almost impossible to see the logic of the arrangement, and quite impossible not to feel that there is logic. His bold unity is beyond analysis."

The essay on "American Cosmopolitanism" is a protest against a certain tendency to decivilisation which the author thinks he observes in American life. The young gentlemen who "say of England that she has no art, of Germany that she has only dull learning, of America that she is Philistine"; who hanker eternally for Italy or Paris; who are denationalised and without the instincts and prejudices of race, are acutely analysed and exposed. It is a timely plea on behalf of a wholesome national culture against a cheap cosmopolitanism.

"To be a great artist," says Mr. Hapgood, "a man must know his world so intimately that he does not express it on purpose. He talks about the simple, universal subjects, and his environment is given inevitably, without conscious effort, in every line he writes. The style is not the man only; it is the country, the race. To this height, to the largest poetry, cosmopolitanism has never reached."

Of the study of Mr. Henry James it is difficult to say anything, except that it is subtle without being fantastic. His two chief merits he finds to be that he represents the artistic as opposed to every other attitude, and that with a unique opportunity and singular power he has painted the contrast between culture and primitiveness. It is a striking piece of work, and brings fittingly to a close a little book of genuine power. Mr. Hapgood has his faults like other people. He hates art jargon, but every now and then he verges perilously near a jargon, part artistic and part psychological. At one time he distrusts his own cleverness too much, at another time he presses it too far. But the fact remains that this little collection is that rarity in modern letters—criticism done with dignity and competence, and expressed in pure and graceful prose.

#### AN EDUCATIONAL THEORIST.

*Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* By D'Arcy W. Thompson. (Isbister.)

To touch on a quarter of the debatable subjects so light-heartedly treated by Mr. Thompson in his *Day-Dreams* would require very much more space than we could spare for the purpose. Nor, indeed, does his book require such detailed consideration. Written and first published, as we learn from the Preface, some thirty or forty years

ago, it bears all the marks of heedless youth written large upon its pages; and it would be absurd to devote valuable space to refuting views most of which, we may charitably suppose, their author has long ceased to hold. His Preface is commendably apologetic and deprecatory—in strong contrast to the youthful self-confidence of the text—and thus the vehemence of criticism is disarmed. These *Day-Dreams* deal with a multitude of educational themes: the teaching of boys, the teaching of girls, the teaching of Latin, the pronunciation of the same, the pronunciation of Greek with some observations on Homer, &c., &c. In addition to these serious subjects, the book deals with several of a less strictly academic—perhaps Mr. Thompson would call it “practical”—kind, and the later essays are, in some ways, the best in the book. The last of all—*Schola in nubibus*—is a particularly pleasant piece of writing.

Mr. Thompson's essays, probably by reason of their brevity, seldom do more than skim the surface of their subject; and he has a young man's fondness for ironical persiflage where a rigid logical analysis would be more to the purpose. For example, he is full of flouts and jeers at our English method of teaching the “dead” languages. He would have them taught as if they were not “dead” at all, but very much alive—conversationally, in fact. And he urges the old view that in this way they would be learnt at once more rapidly and more easily. But from the other side it may be pointed out that our public schools do not aim primarily at teaching their boys to converse in Latin, but at putting them through a valuable intellectual discipline. The public school method of teaching the classical languages is believed to provide this discipline, and, so long as it does so, it does not matter two straws whether its pupils can talk Latin in after life or not. Mr. Thompson is particularly sarcastic on that vexed question, the indiscriminate teaching of Latin verse. He takes the familiar view that only those boys who have a taste for verse-writing and will one day excel in it should be asked to apply themselves to it. But it is probably superfluous to urge that boys are not taught Latin verse as an end in itself, but as a valuable mental exercise. Whether they will ever want to write or care to read Ovidian Elegiacs in after life is of no importance. Mr. Thompson, when this book was written, does not appear to have seriously considered this point of view. Doubtless he has done so since.

The conversational method of teaching the classical languages, of course, lands our author in the vexed question of “correct” pronunciation. We say “vexed” question, though it seems to have presented no difficulty whatever to Mr. Thompson. He tells how a veteran scholar read an ode of Horace “after the pronunciation he had recently heard in Tuscany,” and he assures us that never till then had he realised that “the Roman lyre could be struck to such reverberant sound.” Mr. Thompson does not trouble to give us his scholar's reasons for preferring the pronunciation of Tuscany over that of all the cities of Italy, and, indeed, we imagine that he would have his work

cut out to prove that a modern Tuscan pronunciation was any more Ciceronian than a French or a Spanish. The fact is the difficulty of arriving at any certain conclusion as to the true pronunciation of a “dead” language—it really is “dead,” in spite of Mr. Thompson's conversational methods—is so great that we in England, very wisely, decide not to bother our heads and those of our pupils with what is, after all, a comparatively minor matter beside “the conveying of strict ideas of grammar and philology” (p. 101). And if Mr. Thompson still believes that no beauty can possibly be found in an ode of Horace or a passage of Virgil read by a competent person in English fashion, which seems to have been his view forty years ago, we can only note the fact with regret.

Mr. Thompson attacks our English pronunciation of Greek with an even greater disregard for the difficulties involved in any change. We do not gather precisely what he desires to put in its place, but apparently the pronunciation of Tuscany would be again requisitioned. For, speaking of Homer, he says (p. 125): “I need hardly say that I did not read these poems according to the ordinary principles of scansion.” It is a pity that he does not specify what extra-ordinary principles of scansion he found it advisable to put in their place. However, he continues:

“I contrived, to my own satisfaction, to combine the rules of metre with those of accent; and in my pronunciation of the words where the vowel-sounds of modern Greek seemed thin, I adopted without hesitation the richer vowel-music of Italy.”

Tuscany, again, no doubt. Now, for the sake of argument, we may credit Mr. Thompson in his youthful days with a fastidious taste in pronunciation, but in the conversational teaching of Greek we foresee a difficulty in carrying out his methods. For it is at least conceivable that half-a-dozen other ardent young men who were entrusted with the teaching of Homer to our sons might have different views as to the most desirable variations on the “thin vowel-sounds” of modern Greek, and instead of unanimously borrowing the “richer vowel-music” of Tuscany, one of them might glean fresh harmonies from Slavonic or Lithuanian, while another might borrow from Constantinople, or Mesopotamia. The shores of the Black Sea again, once sown with Greek colonies, would seem an obvious place from which to borrow vowel-sounds to improve upon the strong-winged music of Homer. Nor do our difficulties stop with pronunciation in the case of ancient Greek. For there arises the still greater problem of accent raised by the mistaken labours of a late Byzantine grammarian. Mr. Thompson boldly urges that we should pronounce according to the written accent, though he does not explain *how* this is to be done. Nor does he give his readers even a hint of the fact that there is considerable doubt in the learned world as to *what* Aristophanes of Byzantium meant by his accents, and how they are to be interpreted in spoken speech. Indeed, his position with regard to Greek accents is curiously frank

in its caprice. “I did not hold myself bound to any code of laws, metrical or accentual,” he says of his reading in Homer. In other words, when the traditional accent of a Greek word struck him as inconvenient, he altered it! It seems hardly worth while to change our present method of Greek pronunciation in order to leave the language at the mercy of any adventurous youth who cares to invent a system of accentuation of his own and teach our sons to decline *ἄθροπος* in accordance with it. Our present method of ignoring accents altogether in pronunciation is at least more defensible than this.

But with all his heresies there is a buoyant self-confidence about this Mr. Thompson of forty years ago which is not unattractive, and even the fiercest of his sarcasms cannot conceal the amiability of his disposition.

### THE “GREAT GRENADIERS.”

*The Romance of a Regiment.* By J. R. Hutchinson. (Sampson Low.)

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Russia was groaning under the tyrannous excesses of her crazy Tsar Peter, Prussia was enduring the folly and brutality of another madman, King Frederick William the First. The Russian Peter's mania took the form of cutting off his subjects' beards and beating their persons; the Prussian King's was more extravagant and more hopelessly foolish. His passion was to be surrounded by tall soldiers, and it grew upon him so much during the twenty-seven years of his reign that it became the scourge of his own kingdom and the scandal of Europe. The offspring of this madness of his was the giant regiment of “Great Grenadiers,” to the recruiting of which all the King's energies and a vast deal of treasure were devoted, and it is of this regiment that Mr. Hutchinson tells the history. Let us own at once that he does it, on the whole, exceedingly well. There is a vivacity about his narrative that at once removes it from all possibility of dullness; and he has collected a wealth of interesting material to illustrate his somewhat repulsive theme. The book would have benefited by a more chastened style, but that no doubt is a matter of taste.

The stories of the eccentric manner in which Frederick William recruited his big soldiers do not raise our opinion either of the Prussia or the Europe of his day. “Better be a eunuch in a Turkish harem than a Prussian subject,” said his own people; but they took no effective steps to rid themselves of the monster who wearied them, while the Europe of that day was either too timid or too much occupied in other directions to put a stop to the Prussian King's outrages. England herself pocketed more than one insult at his hands, no doubt because that process cost less than avenging it, and meanwhile Frederick William's recruiting agents swarmed over Europe, enticing or carrying off every man of six

feet and over, whom force or cajolery could enlist in the service of the "Crowned Ogre." The King not merely claimed the right to impress any Prussian of the requisite inches, but, regardless of the comity of nations and all other specious phrases of that kind, forcibly enlisted such of his neighbours' subjects as happened to cross his borders, if they were tall enough. "If they don't want to be exposed to accidents, let them keep out of my country," he observed to Seckendorf on one occasion. Nor did he hesitate to kidnap foreign subjects in their own country, and to pay his agents handsomely for doing so. He spent in "foreign recruiting" between 1713 and 1735 some twelve million dollars, or £1,750,000. The taller the recruit the more the Prussian King was ready to pay for him, especially if he chanced to be handsome as well. James Kirkland, an Irishman of vast dimensions, whom the notorious Prussian Envoy Borcke secured for him, cost £1,260. Seckendorf gave more than £1,100 for a tall Austrian. A recruit, appropriately named Grosse, cost £719. In fact, Frederick William, though a niggard in all other respects, would pay almost any sum for his "children in blue." No man in the regiment measured less than six feet without his boots, while some of them were said to have measured eight! There are endless stories of the King's unscrupulous recruiting methods, some of which may be quoted here, though the amusement they might cause is apt to be strongly tinged with disgust at the crazy tyrant who sacrificed the happiness of his subjects and his own dignity to this idiotic whim. On one occasion some of his officers, in ignorance of his identity, tried to make a great Grenadier of the Emperor's ambassador, Baron von Benteinrieder, who chanced, like Rosalind, to be more than common tall. His coach had broken down near Halberstadt, and his Excellency, wishing to stretch his long legs, left the carriage to be brought on by his servants, and proceeded on foot. We will give the story in Mr. Hutchinson's own words:

"At the town gate he was challenged by a sentry.

'Halt! Who goes there?'

'The Emperor's Botschafter,' replied the tall stranger.

The officer of the Guard happened to be a Pomeranian, and in his mother tongue the big word meant merely a courier, not an ambassador. 'Courier, eh?' thought he. 'Not too great a dandy to make a Prussian soldier, anyhow.' So he turned out the guard and arrested him.

Entering into the humour of the thing, the Baron allowed himself to be led away to the house of the commandant, who, at sight of so promising a recruit, went into ecstasies.

'A perfect Godsend! How high does he stand? Ha! so much? Not higher, though, than I shall stand with the King!'

In the midst of these self-gratulations, up came one of Benteinrieder's servants.

'Your Excellency,' he began—'

Whereupon, of course, the commandant collapsed into apologies. The famous story of the gigantic Julich carpenter had a more tragic ending. The carpenter was observed by a certain recruiter, Hompesch by name, who at once made up his mind to kidnap

him. He therefore ordered the man to make him a chest of the same length as the builder, say eight feet. When it was finished Hompesch began to quibble about its length, and the carpenter, poor fellow, to set all doubts at rest, unsuspectingly stepped into the box and stretched himself out on the bottom. Whereupon Hompesch shut down the lid, fastened it, and had the chest removed by his myrmidons. Unhappily, by the time the party had reached a place where it could safely be opened the carpenter was dead!

The service of soldiers thus brutally recruited could, of course, be retained only by methods equally brutal. There were frequent mutinies on a small scale. Constant efforts were made by the representatives of the various countries from which men had been entrapped to secure their freedom, but Frederick William would never consent to disgorge them. "Once a Grenadier always a Grenadier," was his reply. Constant efforts, too, were made by the unfortunate men themselves to escape, but very rarely with success. Their conspicuous height made them easy to recapture, and when brought back they were punished with merciless brutality. The bastinado or running the gauntlet were the usual penalties, or they might be broken on the wheel or languish in prison, deprived of ears and nose, at Spandau. Occasionally they were tortured with red-hot pincers by way of variety. On the other hand, as far as pay and rations went, they were handsomely treated, for in his mad fashion the King was genuinely fond of his Great Grenadiers. Witness the following story:

"One day, when Glasenapp, one of the tallest of the tall men lay ill, the King's lackeys rushed into his presence and announced the occurrence of some grave calamity. The King sank into a chair, pale and trembling.

'What is it?' he gasped.

'The tower of St. Peter's has fallen, your majesty.'

'Oh! is that all?' said he, vastly relieved; 'I was afraid my grenadier might be dead!'

It is astounding to reflect that this insane barbarian should have retained the throne of Prussia for seven and twenty years. At last retribution for his excesses fell upon him, and he died painfully of dropsy, amid the scarcely concealed rejoicings of his soldiers, his subjects, and his relatives. Within a month of his death, Frederick the Great disbanded the Great Grenadiers.

#### UNKNOWN TIBET.

*Through Unknown Tibet.* By M. S. Wellby, Captain 18th Hussars. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.)

SINCE the Abbé Huc, fifty years ago, accomplished his famous pilgrimage through China and Tibet, we doubt whether anything has been done comparable to this immense journey through unknown Tibet which Captain Wellby made in company with Lieutenant Malcolm, of the 93rd, the Argyll and Sutherland, Highlanders. And in these

latter days it is in some regards comparable only to the achievement of Nansen in the Northern Seas. At the same time it is distinguished among great and perilous journeys in that these two young soldiers absolutely accomplished all the task they set out to perform. Their resolve was to traverse, from west to east, the northern stretch of the vast plateau of Central Asia, to discover the mysteries which lay beneath the word UNEXPLORED with which that region is dismissed even in our latest maps, to strike the source of the Che Ma river, which is reported to be the remotest beginning of the great Yangtse Kiang, to cross the Tsaidam, and to descend by the Hoang Ho and across the Great Wall upon the capital of the Celestial Empire. All these things they did with success, in spite of great extremes of cold and heat, of privation and peril, and with a gaiety and an *élan* which distinguish the British soldier among travellers. Passing through Kashmir, they started off on their hazardous journey from Leh in Ladakh on May 4, 1896, and ended it at Peking in the beginning of December, thus in seven months traversing and exploring over 5,000 miles of very difficult country. Although the first month or two nominally constituted summer the extremes of temperature were very trying. Twenty-four degrees of frost in the night, and then by eight or nine in the morning a *suu strong* enough to grill flesh—that was a frequent experience, while snow and ice abounded on all sides. Here is a typical experience in the early part of the journey:

"The way was steep and rocky, and the sun so powerful that we slung our coats across our arms and loitered on the top for the breeze and the caravan. Snow lay in heaps—a welcome quencher to our thirst. This was a stiff climb for our caravan, the height of the pass being nearly 17,000 feet. Having waited till they were nearly at the top, we began to descend the other side. Quite suddenly we seemed to be transplanted into a new zone, for a cutting snowstorm blew straight in our faces. We were almost frozen, and any portion of the head we exposed suffered severely. We looked for some overhanging rock that would serve for a shelter, but there the cold became so intense that we preferred to fight the elements and keep in motion. . . . Having found a fairly suitable spot, and waited for a considerable length of time, we were perplexed to hear no sign of our caravan. Darkness and cold came upon us, and we kept up an intermittent fusilade till 8 o'clock, when a distant shout revealed to us that they were at length coming. But alas! Although some of the mules walked in fit and strong, others came in wretchedly weak; and, worst of all, six animals and three complete loads had been abandoned altogether."

In an Appendix Captain Wellby gives "some condensed meteorological observations" in that remarkable region, which is in the latitude of the Mediterranean. In June there were twenty-six fine days; snow fell on four days of the first week; the coldest night had 25° of frost, and the warmest had a temperature of 33° F.; and on the 21st the thermometer marked 110° in the sun. In August there were eleven fine days and eighteen with rain or snow; the coldest night had 14° of frost, and the warmest registered 40° F. There is surely no wonder that with such a climate the

land is barren and bare of people. Indeed, the only folk the travellers met until they were past the Koko Nor and on the confines of China were a great caravan of Tibetans and scattered detachments of a tribe of Mongolian nomads.

"The head of the caravan was a very fine-looking Tibetan from Lhasa. He must have stood well over six feet, and was exceedingly well-built—decidedly the biggest Tibetan I have ever seen. In the camp he was always known as the 'Kushok,' and all attempts to find out his real name resulted in failure. . . . The title 'Kushok' was originally applied only to living Buddhas, but latterly it has become merely a term of respect or affection, and no longer has any religious significance."

With the "Kushok" and his imposing caravan of 1,500 yak laden with merchandise the travellers journeyed for a good many days. It is significant that on first hearing of their presence the "Kushok" declared they must either be English or Russian, "for, he said, men of no other nations could accomplish such a journey." The introduction to the tent of the "Kushok" is worth recording:

"They signed for us to be seated, and then handed us a basin each, which the servant filled with hot tea. Into this he dropped a large lump of butter, and then held before us a large red leather bag, filled with tsampa or finely ground barley meal. From this we took several large spoonfuls and mixed with the tea, adding whatever salt we fancied. The merchant's servant then handed us some chopsticks, and we were soon at work shovelling the hot mixture into our mouths rather greedily; and if I were to relate the number of basins we emptied that night it would never be credited."

But all their relations with the "Kushok" were not quite so pleasant as that; and they had to assume a very threatening aspect before he would allow them to go their own way in peace. It was soon after parting from the "Kushok" that they encountered the Mongolian nomads, who are very attractively presented. After a period of bitter privation,

"we could hardly credit the picture we caught a glimpse of through the thick bush. There was a fine flock of fat sheep being driven homewards (for it was now evening) by some young boys and girls riding bare-backed their well-fed ponies. They were singing all the while from mere lightness of heart, ignorant of all trouble and of the outside world. . . . I watched in secret this scene of perfect worldly peace and happiness before disturbing the partakers of it by a loud incongruous exclamation, 'Hallo!' They turned round at once to meet this unheard-of sound, and, though they received us with fear, their astonishment might well be pardoned."

These Mongols were found to be simple, honest, handsome, and hospitable, and—spite of the voracious appetites their guests displayed—smiling and polite.

"I was terribly hungry, and could scarcely keep my eyes from the cooking-pots, which just fitted the holes made in the ground. . . . I was made to sit down by the fire against the sacks, when my host, who had guided me here, and appeared to be chief of the party, opened one of the pots, and forthwith pulled out a well-boiled shoulder of mutton, which I took from his hands, and was soon gnawing at; on its completion, my host presented me with a leg,

and afterwards with a neck. Then I began to reflect within myself what a reputation for an Englishman's greed I was bringing among these people, and I stoutly refused his pressing invitations to accept more."

With these estimable folk the travellers bargained to be conducted to the borders of China; and so they passed the Koko Nor—"a salt lake about 230 miles round"—and came to Tankar, the remarkable little Chinese border-town first described by Mr. Rockhill. Space fails us to tell of the Dutch medical missionary and his wife, who seemed all-powerful there, who befriended the travellers, and took them to visit a famous Buddhist monastery in the neighbourhood, where they were introduced to a living incarnation of Buddha, the head of the monastery. For these things, and varied ensuing adventures, the reader should turn for himself to Captain Wellby's admirable narrative. Enough has been set down to show how picturesque, romantic, lively, and sincere are the whole contents; and at the end of the volume is found a pocket filled with maps, which show that Captain Wellby's work is not merely an entertaining narrative, but has produced valuable scientific and geographical results as well.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*University and Other Sermons.* By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

IT cannot be said of these sermons of the late Dean Vaughan that they "read well." His was an attractive personality, but in the printed page we find little that recalls the magic of his voice. The expression is clear and vigorous, full of earnestness and sympathy for humanity, but if we must judge these sermons in a critical and dispassionate spirit—and such a volume of necessity invites such judgment—we are compelled to admit that it is only in a few isolated passages that they rise above the ordinary level. It was, probably, in the almost commonplace simplicity of his diction that lay the secret of Dean Vaughan's power as a preacher. He never attempted flights of rhetoric, he never spoke above the heads of his hearers; he preached with plain, outspoken directness as a man to his fellow men.

In addition to the series of University Sermons given in this volume there are five sermons preached on special occasions. Of these the most interesting are the sermons on the "Indian Mutiny" preached at Harrow on the Day of the National Humiliation, October 7, 1857, and on the death of the Prince Consort. We think it a pity that the editor has so rigidly divided all the discourses into "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly," &c. The figures give an unattractive air of stiffness and formality to the pages, and they are quite unnecessary. Although this book cannot be said to show the late Dean at his best, we feel sure that many will prize it as the last memorial to a great and good man.

*Cycle and Camp.* By T. H. Holding. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THIS is a most annoying book; to us the more annoying as it has compelled us to read it through for the valuable information it contains. The author is an expert in touring by canoe and cycle, and he has devised and thoroughly tested—as you may read in his book—an outfit for board and lodging for four men which can be packed on bicycles and involve an outlay of only £2 a week for the lot. We were much interested in finding out how the cycle camp worked in the wilds of Western Ireland. But the writer insists on regarding himself as an author, and not as a remarkably clever expert in commissariat. He moralises with painful frequency, and he is humorous over and over again. His moralising is simply trite and unnecessary, and may be skipped. But his humour is all pervasive and invariably offensive. Thus he comments on the Roman Catholic chapel at Foxford:

"We went to the Roman Catholic chapel, a nice building enough outside, but within—though a new building—the essence of dreary poverty, stricken, too, with utter want of interest. 'The Spirit and the Bride might say come,' but it would be hard on the Bride to keep her there, and almost too bare for the Spirit to dwell in."

One must be brave indeed to face such humour as this for two hundred pages. We would protest, too, against the carelessness with which the book has been dumped upon our table, crammed from end to end with grammatical slips and typographical errors. Such punctuation as this could be corrected by a publisher's office boy: "Of all things, this bountiful earth has given to man, cheap Gorgonzola, is the nastiest in regard to its smell, at any rate." But possibly the publisher's office boy did not think such a sentence worth correcting. Nor do we think that a proof-reader ought to permit even an expert cyclist to talk of his morning bath as his "ebullitions."

Still, if you are a cyclist or contemplate touring you should read the book. You are forewarned. And you will get some useful information towards the end, where the humour and the moralising ceases and the information and the diagrams begin.

*Our Living Generals.* By Arthur Temple. (Andrew Melrose.)

OUR living generals, according to Mr. Temple, are twelve in number—namely, Viscount Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir George White, Sir Baker Creed Russell, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Francis Grenfell, Sir William Butler, Sir Frederick Carrington, and Sir Herbert Kitchener. Dr. Jameson is therefore not included. The biographies are short and concise, resembling more than anything obituary notices in a provincial paper. Mr. Temple, who quotes Mr. Kipling now and then, ought to know that "Fuzzie-Wuzzies" is not the plural of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." Mr. Temple thinks the Sirdar of the Egyptian forces the most prominent man in the British Army. Each biography has an accompanying portrait.

# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

LIFE IS LIFE.

BY ZACK.

A collection of short stories and episodes, mostly in dialect, by a new writer. An article on "Zack" will be found on page 689. (W. Blackwood & Sons. 323 pp. 6s.)

THE MAKING OF A SAINT.

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

The author of *Lisa of Lambeth* has adventured upon a new field. "These are the memoirs of Beato Giuliano, brother of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, known in his worldly life as Filippo Brandolini," of whom the editor describes himself as the last descendant. The author, in defence of his previous work and of his present volume, delivers himself of such mordant pleasantries as this: "I have a friend who lately wrote a story of the London poor, and his critics were properly disgusted because his characters dropped their aitches and often used bad language. . . ." As to the persons of this drama, "If they sinned, they sinned elegantly, and much may be forgiven to people whose pedigree is above suspicion." (Fisher Unwin. 303 pp. 6s.)

HANNIBAL'S DAUGHTER.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HAGOARD.

Under this title it has been the author's "humble effort to present to the world in romantic guise such a story as may impress itself upon the minds of many who would never seek it for themselves in the classic tomes of history." "Should there appear to be aught of art in the manner in which I have attempted to weave a combination of history and romance," he writes in his epistle dedicatory to the Princess Louise, "may I venture to hope that a true artist like Your Royal Highness, of whose work the nation is justly proud, may not deem the results of my efforts unworthy." The pages which follow are all also polite. (Hutchinson. 412 pp. 6s.)

THE AMBITION OF JUDITH.

BY OLIVE BIRRELL.

Judith was a red-haired girl with whom most men fell in love, and for whom some were ready to commit crimes. "I know you are a beautiful devil," one of them raved, "with eyes that can draw the soul out of a man's mouth, and leave him by the roadside, a dead body, useless for evermore. . . . But I cannot exist without you. Fiend or woman, it is the same." There is a rich aunt in the story, and a hocussed will, and a pale artist, and a lady Social Democrat. And the Social Democrat wins. Judith settles in Paris. "Her home is the street; her family, those who are in sickness or distress." (Smith & Elder. 307 pp. 6s.)

BAM WILDFIRE.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

Treats of the fringe of society in a tone to which the bookstall censor can hardly take exception; and as to style, here is the second sentence in the book: "Dennis was going out that night, and in a woman's illogical way, she [Bam] took a keen pride in his good looks, though he himself had offended her, and presently decorated him with a sense of satisfaction for which he was not responsible, but something *sui generis* to herself, was." (Thomas Burleigh. 460 pp.)

WINDYGAAP.

BY THEO. DOUGLAS.

Such evangelical trust in the call of Providence as survives among Welsh Dissenters drove Phœbe overseas to become the yoke-fellow of an ancient labourer in the vineyard, and his assistant in the work of the Lord. But when she got there, things turned out more humanly: the ancient labourer had gone to his reward, and his place was occupied by an agreeable bachelor. So Phœbe had her reward in this life. She was quite a pleasant young woman, and her story is told well. (Arrowsmith. 214 (tiny) pp. 1s.)

TRINCOLOX.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A story of half-pay captains, golden-haired widows, a New England girl, the mysterious Trincolox, and others, gathered together in a Heidelberg *pension*. Miss River began the romance by asking of her silent companion at the *table d'hôte*: "Say, are you under doctor's orders not to talk during meals?" and consummated it thus: ". . . I've been making violent love to you ever since Wednesday night, and you won't ask me. Oh, Mr. Trincolox, I am serious; I do love you so passionately, and I do so want to have the nursing of *my hand*, the one you sacrificed to me. Do marry me." The volume contains, also, three short stories, of which the scenes are laid in Japan and China. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 226 pp. 2s. 6d.)

A CELIBATE'S WIFE.

BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

A clerical marriage problem novel. How a girl may fare 'twixt the love of an unctuous ascetic Canon who persuades her to become his wife in the eyes of men, but to preserve the unmarried state in the secrecy of their home, and a healthy minded infidel who, when he means marriage—means it: that is the theme. A strong story in which the comedy of church work and village piety relieves the development of the heroine's fate. (John Lane. 413 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A MARTYR'S BIBLE. BY GEORGE FIRTH.

The title is rather misleading. The Bible handed down in the Heathcote family from the hands of a martyr at the stake is a kind of charm; the handling of it causes tingling and wisdom. But the story proper is concerned with the sudden introduction into a quiet family of a live girl, the kind of woman "that no man can see without boiling madness in the blood." Harold's blood boils on the instant, and he kisses Juliet; his brother John meditates, takes down the Bible, and kisses her too. A decidedly original story with curious developments. (John Lane. 382 pp. 6s.)

WARNED OFF.

BY LORD GRANVILLE GORDON.

A racing novel, as the title suggests. In the "Prologue" the author takes a pessimistic view of modern sport. "In the days of Ross and Osbaldeston and poor Jack Mytton, who set fire to his nightgown to cure the hiccoughs; men 'knew' a horse when they saw one, and could ride a horse when they mounted one. Are the owners of racehorses to-day like these men? . . . Cricket is played by the hour. Oh! that lamentable cry of an effete civilisation, 'Surrey played out time!'" (F. V. White & Co. 292 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Helbeck of Bannisdale.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward.  
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's new novel is an analysis of the alternating love-rapture and agony endured by a man and a girl at the opposite poles of belief and unbelief. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is a rigid Papist, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, faithful to the memory of twenty generations of ancestors—"a type sprung from the best English blood, disciplined by heroic memories, by the persecution and hardships of the Penal Laws." Laura Fountain, one of the most attractive personalities in Mrs. Ward's gallery of girls, is devoted to the memory and teaching of an Agnostic father. These two are thrown together in the old home of Bannisdale, in the "wild clean country of Westmoreland," where *Helbeck* has lived solitary for many years, selling his possessions one by one for the benefit of his church. Antipathy changes to love—passionate, uncontrollable—over which the spectre of their religious antagonism broods,

gathering substance as the story progresses. The ordeal is too much for these strenuous spirits. It saps and spoils their lives. They are shipwrecked in sight of land. He becomes a Jesuit; she drowns herself. And the reader closes the book—moved and unhappy—on these words:

“What a fate!—that brought them across each other, that has left him nothing but these memories, and led her, step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things.”

The story passes mainly in Westmoreland. Sincerity and a conscientious and loving care of workmanship are stamped upon the pages through which blows the wind and shines the sun of the spacious lake country. Priests glide in and out of the story; peasants in sympathetic, uncouth presentment come and go; now and again an echo of the larger life of Cambridge is heard; and in the early chapters there are passages of gaiety; but, for the most part, the narrative proceeds, through chapters of ever-gathering greyness, to the final tragedy. Minor characters abound, but they are all deftly accessory to Helbeck and Laura—types of those who are constitutionally unable to enjoy life for its own sake; who have an abnormal hearing for the voices of conscience, and who can only obey by suffering.

We could have wished Laura a happier fate—“even in her play she was a personality,” says Mrs. Ward, and a personality, charming and inspiring, she remains to the end. Here is an early picture of her:

“All her childhood through she had the most surpassing gift for happiness. From morning till night she lived in a flutter of delicious nothings. Unless he watched her closely, Stephen Fountain [her father] could not tell for the life of him what she was about all day. But he saw that she was endlessly about something; her little hands and legs never rested; she dug, bathed, dabbled, raced, kissed, ate, slept, in one happy bustle, which never slackened except for the hours when she lay rosy and still in her bed. And even then the pretty mouth was still eagerly open, as though sleep had just breathed upon its chatter for a few charmed moments, and, the joy within, was already breaking from the spell.”

Laura always took things hardly. When her father was alive she taught herself German that she might read Heine and Goethe with him;

“and one evening, when she was little more than sixteen, he rushed her through the first part of ‘Faust,’ so that she lay awake the whole night afterwards in such a passion of emotion that it seemed, for the moment, to change her whole existence.”

The warfare in Laura’s mind between her growing love for Helbeck the man, and her unrelenting disapproval, her hatred, of Helbeck the Catholic is described with the sympathetic analysis that Mrs. Ward always brings to such subtle combats. The story is a third way through. Dislike is a thing of the past. They already feel the force of mutual attraction, but there has been no confession of love. Still, they have reached the point when he can speak to her freely of his personal affairs. His fortune is spent, his house is dismantled, his personal wants have been reduced to the bare necessities of life, but claims—large claims—still remain. The Romney must go. It is his last possession of any value. The sum which the dealer has offered will help to finish his Catholic orphanage buildings:

“She died a hundred years ago, pretty creature! She has had her turn; so have we—in the pleasure of looking at her.

‘But she belongs to you,’ said the girl, insistently, ‘She is your own kith and kin.’

He hesitated, then said, with a new emphasis that answered her own:

‘Perhaps there are two sorts of kindred —.’

The girl’s cheek flushed.

‘And the one you mean may always push out the other? I know, because one of your children told me a story to-day—such a frightful story!—of a saint who would not go to see his dying brother, for obedience’s sake. She asked me if I liked it. How could I say I liked it! I told her it was horrible. I wondered how people could tell her such tales.’

Her bearing was again all hostility—a young defiance. She was delighted to confess herself. Her crime, untold, had been pressing upon her conscience, hurting her natural frankness.

Helbeck’s face changed. He looked at her attentively, the fine dark eye, under the commanding brow, straight and sparkling.

‘You said that to the child?’

‘Yes.’

Her breast fluttered. She trembled, he saw, with an excitement she could hardly express.

He, too, felt a novel excitement—the excitement of a strong will provoked. It was clear to him that she meant to provoke him—that her young personality threw itself wantonly across his own. He spoke with a harsh directness:

‘You did wrong, I think—quite wrong. Excuse the word, but you have brought me to close quarters. You sowed the seeds of doubt, of revolt, in a child’s mind.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Laura, quickly. ‘What then?’

She wore her half-wild, half-mocking look. Everything soft and touching had disappeared. The eyes shone under the golden mass of hair; the small mouth was close and scornful. Helbeck looked at her in amazement, his own pulse hurrying.

‘What then?’ he echoed, with a sternness that astonished himself. ‘Ask your own feeling. What has a child—a little child under orders—to do with doubt or revolt? For her—for us all—doubt is misery.’

Laura rose. She forced down her agitation—made herself speak plainly.

‘Papa taught me—it was life—and I believe him.’”

Here is a later extract—after the barriers between them are quite broken down:

“A light noise on the gravel caught his ear.

His heart leapt.

‘Laura!’

She stopped—a white wraith in the light mist that filled the garden. He went up to her, overwhelmed with the joy of her coming—accusing himself of a hundred faults.

She was too miserable to resist him. The storm of feeling through which she had passed had exhausted her wholly; and the pining for his step and voice had become an anguish driving her to him.

‘I told you to make me afraid!’ she said mournfully, as she found herself once more upon his breast—‘but you can’t! There is something in me that fears nothing—not even the breaking of both our hearts.’”

In this, as in former books, Mrs. Ward brings to the consideration of spiritual problems a fine gift of characterisation and the mellowed powers of a cultivated mind. Her interest in the psychological development of men and women to whom such problems are the half of life is as perennial as her sympathy with the troubled eyes, the generous impulses, the short joys, and the shorter sorrows of youth. She is interested in things felt and rejected rather than in things seen and done; and although she is not a conscious maker of phrases, there are many passages that permit themselves to be remembered as the reader makes his way through these meditative, leisurely pages:

“He had the passionate scorn for popularity which grows up naturally in those who have no power with the crowd.”

“The once solitary master of Bannisdale was becoming better acquainted with that mere pleasantness of a woman’s company which is not passion, but its best friend.”

“She had been bred in that strong sense of personal dignity which is the modern substitute for the abasements and humiliations of faith.”

“In both natures passion was proud and fastidious from its birth; it could live without much caressing.”

“The great Catholic tradition beat through her meagre life as the whole Atlantic may run pulsing through a drifting weed.”

“So long as pain and death remain, humanity will always be at heart a mystic!”

“To what awful or tender things would it [the spell of Catholic order and discipline] admit her! That ebb and flow of mystical emotion she dimly saw in Helbeck, a life within a life—all that is most intimate and touching in the struggle of the soul, all that strains and pierces the heart; the world to which these belong rose before her, secret, mysterious, ‘a city not made with hands,’ now drawing, now repelling. Voices came from it to her that penetrated all the passion and immaturity of her nature.”

As to religious views, Mrs. Ward holds the scales even. She makes the reader feel for Laura and Helbeck in turn. Her attitude is that of the observer who sees good in all creeds, infallibility in none. If, in the speech of Laura, Helbeck, and the subsidiary characters, there is much that a Jesuit will approve and an Agnostic dislike, there is much also that a Jesuit will dislike and an Agnostic approve. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is an analysis of an extremely difficult and interesting problem by one who has a genius for such inquiries, and who is able to clothe her intellectual abstractions with the bodies of living men and women.

*Evelyn Innes.* By George Moore.  
(Fisher Unwin.)

WE have an immense respect for Mr. George Moore as a novelist. His patience, his laboriousness, his remarkable fidelity to the artistic light that is in him, are rare and invaluable qualities in an age of facile production and ready compromise. Starting, we should say, with almost no initial equipment of genius for fiction, he has worked his way by sheer dogged perseverance to a manner of expression and a point of view which, though they may excite discussion, cannot at least fail to rivet attention and enchain interest. Neither the expression nor the point of view, indeed, is, or is likely to be, in any ultimate sense, personal. To shake off critical pre-occupations and to see absolutely for himself seems to be an impossible thing for Mr. Moore. But if you compare *Esther Waters* or *Evelyn Innes*, whether for style or insight, with some of the author's earlier work, what an advance! The student of human nature has acquired a real knowledge in some at least of the secret things of the heart. The eye of the realist has been trained to discriminate and select, to a perception of the significant, instead of the obvious, in the external shell of life. And the pains devoted to Mr. Moore's style have not been without fruit. Verbal melody he generally misses, grammatical correctness sometimes. "There is no place in Paris," he will tell you, "where you get a better *petite marmite* than the Ambassadeurs." His sentences are frequently stiff and frequently jerky; too short or too overloaded with co-ordination. But—and it is a big but—he has learnt to paint, to visualise, to call up an image not of the outlines merely, but of the atmosphere, of a room, of a garden, of an environment. Here is one of fifty examples:

"The broad walk was full of the colour of spring and its perfume, the thick grass was like a carpet beneath their feet; they had lingered by a pond; and she had watched the little yachts, carrying each a portent of her own success or failure. The Albert Hall curved over the tops of the trees, and sheep strayed through the deep May grass in Arcadian peacefulness; but the most vivid impression was when they had come upon a lawn stretching gently to the water's edge. Owen had feared the day was too cold for sitting out, but at that moment the sun contradicted him with a broad, warm gleam. He had fetched two chairs from a pile stacked under a tree, and sitting on that lawn, swept by the shadow of softly moving trees, they had talked an hour or more. The scene came back to her as she sat looking into the fire. She saw the spring, easily victorious amid the low bushes, capturing the rough branches of the elms one by one, and the distant slopes of the park, grey like a piece of faded tapestry. And as in a tapestry the ducks came through the mist in long, pulsing flight; and, when the day cleared, the pea fowl were seen across the water sunning themselves on the high branches."

*Evelyn Innes* is an elaborate and minutely analytic study of the musical temperament. The heroine is a singer of opera—Wagnerian opera. She is one of those who, as Plato has it, pipe away their souls in sweet and plaintive melodies. Her spiritual life is confined almost entirely to vague emotions, and to such ideas as find their natural expression in music—ideas very slightly intellectualised, hardly raised above the level of sensations and emotions. She drifts along through life—with Mr. Moore watching and studying her, trying to disentangle and isolate the currents—in and out of a couple of *liaisons*, and, finally, into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. Precisely the same kind of mental processes determine her conversion as those which lead her out of the arms of one lover and into those of another. This is the spirit of it:

"Then, to rid herself of the remembrance, she thought of the joy she had experienced that morning at hearing in the Creed that God's Kingdom shall never pass away. Her soul had kindled like a flame, and she had praised God, crying to herself: 'Thy Kingdom shall last for ever and ever.' It had seemed to her that her soul had acquired kinship over all her faculties, over all her senses; for the time being it had ruled her utterly; and so delicious was its subjection, that she had not dared to move lest she should lose this sweet peace. Her lips had murmured an 'Our Father,' but so slowly that the sanctus bell had rung before she had finished it. Nothing troubled her, and the torrent of delight which had flowed into and gently overflowed her soul had intoxicated and absorbed her until it had seemed to her that there was nothing further for her to desire."

The interest of Mr. Moore's analysis is undeniable, although we own to finding it a trifle too subjective and monotonous. The

young lady's fluctuations carry one rather often over the same ground, and we fancy that a broader touch would have enabled Mr. Moore to produce a really more vivid effect. The background of the book is filled up with musical discussion, skilfully designed to bring into contrast the two sides of music which attach it to the sensual life and the life of devotion respectively. We do not presume to sound the depths of Mr. Moore's musical lore, but we are not surprised that in Dulwich "none remembered that Dowlands was the name of Henry the Eighth's favourite lute-player." Surely his name was Dowland, and himself a contemporary not of Henry, but of Elizabeth!

#### PREFACE TO THE "MASTER OF BALLANTRAE."

IN our "Notes and News" columns we give some account of the bonus volume of the Edinburgh edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, which include the hitherto unpublished preface to the *Master of Ballantrae*. This, says Mr. Colvin, in his biographical note, was written in the Pacific in 1889, with reminiscences of the office in Edinburgh of his old friend Mr. Charles Baxter, W.S. When he published the book in that year, he decided to suppress his preface, as being too much in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham and Mr. Peter Pattieson; but afterwards he expressed a wish that it should be given with the Edinburgh edition. At that time, however, the MS. had gone astray, and the text has now been recovered from his original draft.

The preface introduces "an old, consistent exile, the editor of the following pages" [*The Master of Ballantrae*], "who has just alighted at the door of his friend, Mr. Johnstone Thomson, W.S.," with whom he was to stay. Later, the two friends, "having pledged the past in a preliminary bumper," drop into a confidential chat.

"I have something quite in your way," said Mr. Thomson. "I wished to do honour to your arrival; because, my dear fellow, it is my own youth that comes back along with you; in a very tattered and withered state, to be sure, but—well!—all that's left of it."

"A great deal better than nothing," said the editor. "But what is this which is quite in my way?"

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Thomson: "Fate has put it in my power to honour your arrival with something really original by way of dessert. A mystery."

"A mystery?" I repeated.

"Yes," said his friend, "a mystery. It may prove to be nothing, and it may prove to be a great deal. But in the meanwhile it is truly mysterious, no eye having looked on it for near a hundred years; it is highly genteel, for it treats of a titled family; and it ought to be melodramatic, for (according to the superscription) it is concerned with death."

"I think I rarely heard a more obscure or a more promising announcement," the other remarked. "But what is it?"

"You remember my predecessor's, old Peter M'Brair's, business?"

"I remember him acutely; he could not look at me without a pang of reprobation, and he could not feel the pang without betraying it. He was to me a man of a great historical interest, but the interest was not returned."

"Ah well, we go beyond him," said Mr. Thomson. "I daresay old Peter knew as little about this as I do. You see, I succeeded to a prodigious accumulation of old law-papers and old tin boxes, some of them of Peter's hoarding, some of his father's, John, first of the dynasty, a great man in his day. Among other collections, were all the papers of the Durrisdeers!"

"The Durrisdeers!" cried I. "My dear fellow, these may be of the greatest interest. One of them was out in the '45; one had some strange passages with the Devil—you will find a note of it in Law's *Memorials*, I think; and there was an unexplained tragedy, I know not what, much later, about a hundred years ago —"

"More than a hundred years ago," said Mr. Thomson. "In 1783."

"How do you know that? I mean some death."

"Yes, the lamentable deaths of my lord Durrisdeer and his brother, the Master of Ballantrae (attained in the troubles)," said Mr. Thomson with something the tone of a man quoting. "Is that it?"

"To say truth," said I, "I have only seen some dim reference to the things in memoirs; and heard some traditions dimmer still, through my uncle (whom I think you knew). My uncle lived when he was a boy in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's; he has

often told me of the avenue closed up and grown over with grass, the great gates never opened, the last lord and his old maid sister who lived in the back parts of the house, a quiet, plain, poor, hum-drum couple it would seem—but pathetic too, as the last of that stirring and brave house—and, to the country folk, faintly terrible from some deformed traditions.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Thomson. “Henry Graeme Durie, the last lord, died in 1820; his sister, the Honourable Miss Catherine Durie, in '27; so much I know: and by what I have been going over the last few days, they were what you say, decent, quiet people and not rich. To say truth, it was a letter of my lord's that put me on the search for the packet we are going to open this evening. Some papers could not be found; and he wrote to Jack M'Brair suggesting they might be among those sealed up by a Mr. Mackellar. M'Brair answered, that the papers in question were all in Mackellar's own hand, all (as the writer understood) of a purely narrative character; and besides, said he, 'I am bound not to open them before the year 1889.' You may fancy if these words struck me: I instituted a hunt through all the M'Brair repositories; and at last hit upon that packet which (if you have had enough wine) I propose to show you at once.”

In the smoking-room, to which my host now led me, was a packet, fastened with many seals and enclosed in a single sheet of strong paper thus endorsed:

“Papers relating to the lives and lamentable deaths of the late Lord Durisdeer, and his elder brother James, commonly called Master of Ballantrae, attainted in the troubles: entrusted into the hands of John M'Brair in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, W.S.; this 20th day of September Anno Domini 1789; by him to be kept secret until the revolution of one hundred years complete, or until the 20th day of September 1889: the same compiled and written by me,

EPHRAIM MACKELLAR,

*For near forty years Land Steward on the estates of His Lordship.”*

As Mr. Thomson is a married man, I will not say what hour had struck when we laid down the last of the following pages; but I will give a few words of what ensued.

“Here,” said Mr. Thomson, “is a novel ready to your hand: all you have to do is to work up the scenery, develop the characters, and improve the style.”

“My dear fellow,” said I, “they are just the three things that I would rather die than set my hand to. It shall be published as it stands.”

“But it's so bald,” objected Mr. Thomson.

“I believe there is nothing so noble as baldness,” replied I, “and I am sure there is nothing so interesting. I would have all literature bald, and all authors (if you like) but one.”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Thomson, “we shall see.”

### SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

THE Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., is an enthusiastic student of the sonnet, and the centre, one gathers, of quite a group of amateur sonneteers. He has compiled a volume of sonnets dealing with the structure and nature of the fourteen-lined *crux* of versification.

The following is Mr. Russell's rendering of “the earliest known Sonnet on the Sonnet,” by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503-1575):

“You ask a sonnet, lady, and behold!

The first line and the second are complete.

If equal luck I in the third should meet,

With one verse more the first quatrain is told.

St. James for Spain! the fifth verse is outrolled—

Now for the sixth. 'Twill be a gallant feat

If after all I manage to retreat

Safe with my life from this encounter bold.

Already, rounded well, each quatrain stands.

What say you, lady? Do I bravely speed?

Yet ah! heaven knows the tercets me affright;

And, if this sonnet were but off my hands,

Another I should ne'er attempt indeed.

But now, thank God, my sonnet's finished quite.”

An early sonnet on the structure of the sonnet is the following, by Thomas Edwards (1699-1757):

“Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;

I ne'er was so put to 't before: a sonnet!

Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:

'Tis good, however, to have conquered the first stave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,  
Said I, and found myself 't the midst o' the second.  
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,  
I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.

Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribbled  
And of the twice seven lines have got o'er ten.

Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet;

Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten:

There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet;

'Tis done. Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen.”

The maiden sonnet, what has it not cost its author? The directions for making it are thus set out by the Rev. J. J. Judkin:

“Of fourteen lines your sonnet must consist,

The first and fourth and fifth and eighth of which

Will have their final syllables to hitch

In the same rhyme; yet not with tortuous twist

Of words, but flowing kindly, e'en as kissed

Melt into kisses baby-lips; then rich

In your authorities from Walker, pitch

The intervening lines, like harmonist

Most true, to one key-note. The closing six

In couplets or in triplets freely mix,

Taking chief care, lest critics rate you on it,

The thought in its staid unity to fix.

And then hurra! fling high your tartan bonnet,

For lo! the thing is done—your maiden sonnet.”

This is technical enough, but in the following sonnet we reach the depth of this kind of writing:

“Fourteen ten-syllabled iambic lines

Rhymed in two quatrains: *a, b, b, a.*

Such is the classical Petrarchan way,

But usage in our harsher tongue inclines

To wider tolerance, and oft assigns

A third rhyme for the middle couplet here,

Where to its close the octave draweth near

And for a breathing-space the poet pines.

The sestet follows with its two new rhymes,

Alternate thus: *c d, c d, c d;*

More oft these tercets run in triple chimes,

Of which the symbol is twice *c d e.*

Unless the closing tercet should betimes

Reverse this order into *e d c.*”

In the second division of his book Mr. Russell places sonnets on the nature of the sonnet, and very properly leads off with Wordsworth's on the “sonnet's scanty plot of ground.” Rossetti's “A Moment's Monument” will bear quoting again:

“A sonnet is a moment's monument,

Memorial from the soul's eternity

To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,

Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,

Of its own arduous fulness reverent:

Carve it in ivory or in ebony,

As day or night may rule, and let Time see

Its flowering crest imperal and orient.

A sonnet is a coin: its face reveals

The soul—its converse to what power 'tis due:

Whether for tribute to the august appeals

Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,

It serve, or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath

In Charon's palm it pays the toll to death.”

And here is the second of three sonnets on the sonnet by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds:

“There is no mood, no heart-throb fugitive,

No spark from man's imperishable mind,

No movement of man's will, that may not find

Form in the sonnet and thenceforward live

A potent elf, by art's imperative

Magic to crystal spheres of song confined—

As in the moonstone's orb pent spirits wind

'Mid dungeon-depths day-beams they take and give.

Spare thou no pains; carve thought's pure diamond

With fourteen facets scattering fire and light.

Uncut, what jewel burns but darkly bright?

And Prospero vainly waves his runic wand

If, spurning art's inexorable law,

In Ariel's prison-sphere he leaves one flaw.”

In all Mr. Russell quotes 157 sonnets, of which 124 are English, and the remainder translations from the French, German, Italian, and Spanish. About thirty of the sonnets, classed under the title of “The Sonnet's Latest Votaries,” have been expressly written by the editor and his friends for this pleasant volume.



SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

No. 1364, New Series.

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The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE bonus volume to be presented to subscribers to the "Edinburgh Stevenson" — *Miscellanea, Moral Emblems, &c.* — is a strange medley. It is not one book so much as a nest of books, approximating to a Japanese nest of boxes. At the beginning are "The Charity Bazaar," two poems on lighthouses, a memoir on a new method of light for lighthouses, a memoir on the thermal influence of forests, reflections and remarks on human life, a broken essay on the ideal house, and a suppressed — or rather lost — preface to *The Master of Ballantrae* (portions of which will be found in our "Fiction Supplement," and which subsequently will probably be prefixed to the new edition of the romance that Messrs. Cassell & Co. are contemplating). Lastly come facsimiles of the quaint little pamphlets which were issued from the Davos private press. Altogether a very remarkable collection.

IN Mr. Pennell's article in the *Studio* on these tiny high-spirited publications, which was the first information concerning them which most persons received, too little attention was paid to "the volume of enchanting poetry" by R. L. S., entitled *Not I, and Other Poems*; and to Mr. Samuel Lloyd Osbourne's tale, *Black Canyon*; or, *Wild Adventures in the Far West*. Mr. Osbourne begins with a fine abruptness. This is Chapter I. in full:

"In this forest we see, in a misty morning, a camp fire! Sitting lazily around it are three men. The oldest is evidently a sailor. The sailor turns to the fellow next to him and says, 'Blast my eyes if I know where we is.' 'It's rather think we're in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains,' remarked the young man.

Suddenly the bushes parted. 'WHAT!' they all exclaim, 'not Black Eagle?' Who is Black Eagle? We shall see."

AND this is the poem which gives its title to *Not I*:

"Some like drink  
In a pint pot,  
Some like to think;  
Some not.

Strong Dutch Cheese,  
Old Kentucky Rye;  
Some like these;  
Not I.

Some like Poe,  
And others like Scott.  
Some like Mrs. Stowe;  
Some not.

Some like to laugh,  
Some like to cry,  
Some like chaff;  
Not I."

AT the end of the fragment, "The Ideal House," is the recommendation to have in the little room for winter evenings "three shelves full of eternal books that never weary." These are the books: "Shakespeare, Molière, Montaigne, Lamb, Sterne, De Musset's comedies (the one volume open at *Carmosine* and the other at *Fantasio*); the *Arabian Nights*, and kindred stories, in Weber's solemn volumes; Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Guy Mannerling* and *Rob Roy*, *Monte Cristo* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, immortal Boswell (sole among biographers), Chaucer, Herrick, and the *State Trials*." The essayist adds: "The bedrooms [of the Ideal House] are large, airy, with almost no furniture, floors of varnished wood, and at the bed-head, in case of insomnia, one shelf of books of a particular and dippable order, such as *Pepys*, the *Paston Letters*, Burt's *Letters from the Highlands*, or the *Newgate Calendar* . . ." And here the MS. breaks off.

THE delay that has occurred in the publication of the final volumes of the Edinburgh Stevenson — *St. Ives*, and the bonus volume which we have just described — is due to the elaborate arrangement necessary for the safe inclusion of the little Davos books within covers so much larger than themselves. *St. Ives* is ready and waiting: the others are being prepared as rapidly as possible.

THE statement, which has recently been circulated, that Mr. Grant Richards has converted his publishing business into a limited liability company is inaccurate. Mr. Richards has certainly formed a company, but it has nothing to do with the publishing business associated with his name.

IN our issue of May 28 we published an interview with Mr. Menken, the bookseller, of Bury-street, on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with him. Mr. Menken then showed our representative a series of nine of his own catalogues on which Mr. Gladstone had written orders for books. These catalogues are valuable documents, showing as they do in a convincing way what Mr. Gladstone's book-buying propensities

were. To Mr. Menken they are, or rather were, cherished mementoes of his transactions with the late statesman. We are pleased to be able to state that these catalogues, together with the wrappers in which they were returned to Mr. Menken by Mr. Gladstone, are now the property of the nation, having been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Menken.

THE circumstances under which the gift was made were these: A paragraph appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* describing the catalogues which Mr. Menken was then exhibiting in his shop-window, and stating that Mr. Menken was refusing offers for their purchase. Mr. Menken soon received a letter from Dr. Garnett expressing the hope that his objection to part with the catalogues might not extend to a public library, and inviting him to offer them for the consideration of the Trustees of the British Museum. Mr. Menken then did a generous thing — he offered Mr. Gladstone's catalogues unconditionally as a gift to the Museum, and the Trustees have since formally accepted them and accorded Mr. Menken their warm thanks.

DR. GARNETT has also been the medium through which another interesting relic has found a resting-place in a great library. The guitar which Shelley presented to Jane Williams, wife of Captain Edward Ellerker Williams, who was afterwards drowned at sea with the poet, is now added to the treasures of the Bodleian Library. The guitar is the instrument referred to in Shelley's beautiful lines inscribed, "To a Lady with a Guitar." The suggestion that the instrument should be placed in the Bodleian came from Dr. Garnett, whose selection of this library in preference to the British Museum will not surprise those who remember Shelley's connexion with Oxford, and the fact that already the Bodleian possesses an invaluable collection of Shelley MSS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Westminster Gazette* who, over the initial "F.," gives some interesting personal reminiscences of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, remarks: "Those who are not 'offended' by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones's play of humour and imagination. Let me justify my reference to Charles Lamb. Not very long ago I returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me thirty years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was base to keep borrowed books so long, it was heroic to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said:

"The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in these matters, and perhaps to sting the susceptible consciences of book-borrowers. I have many borrowed books on my shelves. I would rather the owners should die than that I should have to think about these things and return them. I have two costly volumes that were lent to me before that little incident of ours, which, you may remember, was in Red Lion-square. I hope the

owner is no more, for I simply will not give them up. And you have made me uneasy, and have helped to turn an amiable rascal into a confirmed villain.—Your affectionate NED.”

THE Press Bazaar, to be held at the Hotel Cecil on the 28th and 29th inst., in aid of the funds of the London Hospital, is, of course, to have its own newspaper. This will be called *The Press Bazaar News*. We have received six typewritten sheets about this newspaperette, from which we gather the following facts:

*The Press Bazaar News* will be the smallest evening paper ever issued, and the most expensive.

It will run from the 28th to the 29th of this month.

It will have on its staff the editor of almost every important paper in England.

But—“it would be premature to give a list of the staff at present, as we are still awaiting replies from many important men.”

In fact—“it is hoped that a very exalted personage may be prevailed upon to accept the Chief Editorship.”

Already—“we have got the largest, the most brilliant, and the most representative staff in the world.”

The *P.B.N.* will have two “tickers” and a linotype machine.

It will employ “the most brilliant and fashionable reporters in London” and will not pay them a sixpence.

From twenty-five to thirty editions will be issued daily.

There will be newsboys to sell the papers “or, if we are lucky, newsgirls.”

Most of the papers that have “historic things” are exhibiting.

The Linotype Company is “standing the expense,” and every penny received from the sale of copies will go to the charity.

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK has been staying in London. Students of the incongruous will like to know that the author of *Le Trésor des Humbles* dated his letters from the National Liberal Club.

M. JEAN RICHEPIN, author of *Le Chemineau*, from which Mr. Louis Parker adapted “Ragged Robin,” lives in a remote quarter of Paris, in a vast and rambling old house, half hidden by towering walls, and surrounded by a romantic waste of garden, thick with trees, and over-run by a tangle of bush and undergrowth. Upon this secluded site, says the *Daily Mail*, in former times an abbey stood, and its isolation and quietude, though now it lies within the city walls, still make it an ideal place of retreat. Though one residence, no fewer than three distinct and separate houses stand in the huge enclosure. In one of them the poet lives; a second is given up to his library, a superb collection of many thousands of volumes of literature of all ages and in every tongue; while the third is reserved for his work. The numberless rooms are quaint in shape and, for the most part, low-pitched and small, for the buildings are of considerable antiquity; and there is scarcely one but challenges immediate attention with some rare specimen of the cabinetmaker’s art,

which usually betrays M. Richepin’s Southern descent and predilections. Rich Romanesque decorations and Moorish hangings and a thousand relics of mediæval times stamp the romanticism of the author. Something with a story or a legend confronts you at every turn. But nothing in this old-world abode exceeds in interest the dais and the chair of honour in the study, where the guest is sometimes throned; and, with never a disturbing whisper from the madding crowd beyond the garden walls, the brilliant dramatist holds his little court of friends and admirers.

WE take from the *Sketch*, which in its turn took from the *Orlovuski Vestrick*, the following Russian appreciation of our national bard:

“THIS NIGHT  
WILL BE PRODUCED  
AT KREMENCHUG THEATRE  
A REAL ENGLISH TRAGEDY,  
ENTITLED

HAMLET:

OR, THE PRINCE OF DENMARK;

WRITTEN BY W. SHAKESPEARE,  
THE FAVOURITE OF THE LOCAL PUBLIC.

*This piece has had an enormous success at Kharkov.*”

THE “Advertisement” which Mr. Henley has written for M. De Thierry’s little work on *Imperialism* is a fine and vigorous stimulus to patriotism and shoulder-to-shoulderism, as it might be called. Mr. Henley shows how only of late years has the consciousness of the glory of being Britons really got into the mind of the people. To Mr. Kipling, “the great living Laureate of Imperialism,” is this result largely due. Here is a passage from the “Advertisement”:

“We have renewed our old pride in the Flag, our old delight in the thought of a good thing done by a good man of his hands, our old faith in the ambitions and traditions of the race. I doubt, for instance, if, outside politics (and, perhaps, the Stock Exchange), there be a single Englishman who does not rejoice in the triumph of Mr. Rhodes: even as I believe that there is none, inside or out of politics, who does not feel the prouder for his kinship with Sir Herbert Kitchener. And the reason is on the surface. To the national conscience, drugged so long and so long bewildered and bemused, such men as Rhodes and Kitchener are heroic Englishmen. The one has added some hundreds of thousands of square miles to the Empire, and is neck-deep in the work of consolidating that he has got, and of taking more. The other is wiping out the great dishonour that overtook us at Khartoum, at the same time that he is ‘reaching down from the north’ to Bulawayo, and preparing the way of them that will change a place of skulls into a province of peace. Both are great; and that is much. But both are, after all, but types; and that is more. We know now, Mr. Kipling aiding, that all the world over are thousands of the like temper, the like capacity for government, the like impatience of anarchy; and that all the world over, these—each one according to his vision and his strength—are doing Imperial work at Imperial wages: the chance of a nameless death, the possibility of distinction, the certainty that the effect is worth achieving, and will surely be achieved.”

It is part of life’s irony that at the time these stirring words appear Mr. Henley is prostrate after another trying operation.

He has, however, turned the corner, and we trust that his recovery may be swift and sure.

AN evidence of Mr. H. G. Wells’s versatility lies before us in the shape of a *Text-Book of Zoology*, by H. G. Wells, B.Sc. Lond., F.Z.S., F.C.P., and A. M. Davies, B.Sc. Lond. This work which, we conceive, after a careful examination of its three hundred and odd pages, will not endanger the popularity of *The War of the Worlds*, has been based by Mr. Davies on Mr. Wells’s *Text-Book of Biology*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: “Do you consider it worth while to make a note of the fact that the Wagnerian ‘cuts’ which have recently offended extreme Wagnerites are foreshadowed in *Evelyn Innes*? However, in the novel the protest was made by the *prima donna* herself:

“‘You have cut some of the music, I see,’ she said, addressing the conductor.

‘Only the usual cut,’ Miss Innes.

‘About twenty pages, I should think?’

The conductor counted them.

‘Eighteen.’

‘Miss Innes, that cut has been accepted everywhere—Munich, Berlin, Wiesbaden—everywhere except Bayreuth.’

‘But . . . my agreement with you is that the operas I sing in are to be performed in their entirety. . . . If people don’t care sufficiently for art to dine half-an-hour earlier, they had better stay away.’”

Ulick Dean, the musical critic, says of the manager that “the idea of Wagner without cuts always brings on a violent attack of toothache.”

THERE is an amusing, and very feminine account of the Women Writers’ Dinner in the *Daily News*. The note was struck in the sixth line with this passage: “Mrs. Crawshay’s opals and Mrs. Alec Gardiner’s diamonds were admired by all.” Then this merry woman writer proceeded:

“Of course everybody wants to know who was there! Mrs. Craigie took the chair, to her right sat Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, to her left Mrs. Andrew Lang. The presence of Mrs. Lang explained the article on woman’s usurpation of public dinners, which had interested readers in the evening’s *Westminster Gazette*. Others present were Mrs. Dollie Radford, looking as childish as her name; Mrs. M. L. Woods, straight up from Oxford, and a strong contingent from Cambridge, including Miss Clough and Miss E. E. C. Jones. “Rowland Grey,” “Iota,” and the Girl from the Carpathians were all there; also dear old Mrs. Parr, who pleaded for a veteran’s table next year, as the younger generation were so noisy and would smoke cigarettes. The speeches were brief and pointed, and all aimed at the reviewer—evidently the reviewer is believed to be ever of the male sex. Mrs. Simpson gave a few ‘memories,’ and expressed a pious horror of knickerbockers. Mrs. Steel gave examples of the length, breadth, and height of criticism, and of one form of critique which was an utterly unknown quantity. This last was the review which found fault with her grammar, and especially with the finality of her prepositions, and concluded: ‘This is a rule one ought to be ashamed of oneself for not being acquainted with.’ That we are our own best critics was a sentiment with which all

agreed. Then 'Annie Swan' had the courage to quote the opinion that she was 'the apostle of the eternal commonplace,' and naively pointed out that, with a good husband, she was bound to picture life as it appeared to her. Miss Bateson, in a really witty speech, marred by a nervous delivery, gave some experiences of the journalist as general adviser. The public would consult her in all their private concerns, and ask whether strawberries should be served before cherries, and whether soup should be eaten with a knife. Of course, a journalist knew everything—knew equally how to conduct a war or arrange a bridal. There were even journalistic giants, who felt themselves equal to a redistribution of the supply of lovers and babies, though Miss Bateson confessed that she herself did not deal in perishable human goods. Then Mary Kingsley, in manly voice, acknowledged her crimes on the English language, and promptly proceeded to perpetrate more—especially in eliding the final g. But her stories were delightful, and to those who were shocked at them she explained that, compared to the language of other 'coasters,' she was only fit for a Sunday-school. And so with laughter and chat the evening drew to a close. Beatrice Harraden went off on her wanderings, spinsters took a final farewell of Annie Holdsworth (who is going to be married), and Miss Friedriches, Miss Billington, and other journalists gathered up their note-books and made for the newspaper offices."

Among distinguished Americans to visit England this summer is Mr. Hopkinson Smith, the author of *Col. Carter, of Cartersville*. Mr. Smith, who is both writer and painter, is contemplating a book on the Thames.

An English version of that sumptuous Paris guide to the fashions, *La Mode Artistique*, is announced. The first monthly number will appear in July. The beauty of the large coloured fashion-plates, finer than anything now published in this country, should ensure the success of the venture.

THE method of advertising his new magazine which Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is adopting is in keeping with the times. Huge financial speculations are rife, and the talk is of losses and risks. Hence Mr. Harmsworth begins with the remark: "It is being freely said that the loss on each copy of the forthcoming *Harmsworth Magazine* will be 3d." But that, the announcement continues, after an imposing array of figures, may or may not be the truth. Anyway:

"We know that in most expert quarters the magazine will invite the remark, 'How can they do it?' We are aware that all kinds of financial disaster is predicted as to the result. That again, as we have said, is our end of the matter. You pay the 3d., and any bankruptcy proceedings that may ensue are ours, not yours."

This is ingenious and ingenuous.

WE have already noticed *The Eagle and the Serpent*, a journal of egoistic philosophy and sociology, which appears each month with this pronouncement upon the cover:

"The earth is mortgaged to seven speculative scoundrels.

The rest of mankind are necessarily the slaves thereof.

A Race of Altruists is necessarily a Race of Slaves.

A Race of Freemen is necessarily a Race of Egoists."

The June issue contains some press opinions on *The Eagle and the Serpent*. This, from *Teddy Ashton's Journal*, is the one we like best. "We recommend E. & S. to the notice of all whose lives pulsate with a passion for a better order of things. Its eogographs stir the blood like a trumpet."

Two more Civil List pensions have been awarded, and well awarded, by Mr. Balfour. One, of £100, has gone to the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, who wrote that fascinating book, *Fifty Years in a Moorland Parish*, and other excellent works beside. A similar amount has gone to Canon Silvan Evans, who has spent the leisure of many years on a Welsh Dictionary.

WE invite the attention of literary agents to the remarks of Mr. W. H. Rideing, who instructs Americans on Literary Life in London by means of an article in the *North American Review*. There the literary agent of a familiar type is treated to some hard hitting. Here is a passage:

"His methods, like his manners, are bad, and rather than submit to his extortions and impudence more than one strong house has ceased to consider the work of the authors who are only accessible through him. To a certain extent he might be useful, at least so far as relieving hypersensitive creatures from the irritation almost unavoidable in business transactions, but he is not content with so simple an office. The more MSS. he sells and the higher the price he obtains the larger are his own commissions. The young author in his hands who has made a success at the start is not allowed to choose his own time for further work and to prepare for it, but is urged and tempted to add book to book until he becomes a diffuse and tedious hack, undesired by anybody, undesired even by the literary agent himself. An instance occurs to me. The young author was 'boomed' so persistently, that in order to fulfil his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then, sitting down with a typewriter before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last MS., delivered 'as per invoice,' in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. 'As per invoice' expresses the agent's view of literature precisely."

Mr. Rideing specially notes that there are agents and agents, and that the better ones are "entirely unobjectionable." But he seems to have a worse one very clearly in his eye. There are not so very many to select from.

MR. N. H. DOLE's romance of Omarism, to which we referred last week, is not that gentleman's only contribution to the literature that is gathering around the Persian poet's name. He has prepared a privately printed edition of FitzGerald's translation, accompanied on alternate pages by a Latin translation of FitzGerald's version made by Mr. Greene of Oxford, a *tour de force* which was privately issued in 1893.

## EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

At the age of sixty-five has passed away Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Baronet, resigned A.R.A., wearer of the Order of the Legion of Honour, and honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University. These and other distinctions, which came to him, who never made a move towards them, were won without strife and were borne without ostentation. Once, indeed, he had been a competitor. That was when, as a Birmingham boy, born of the middle class, and sent to King Edward's Grammar School in the city commonly associated with Bright and Chamberlain, but also with Newman, he worked for a scholarship at Exeter College, Oxford, and had the wonderful luck and pluck, despite his artistic temperament, to secure it. William Morris (whose biography has been written by Mr. J. W. Mackail, Sir Edward Burne-Jones's son-in-law) entered the college on the same day; and the two youths, both destined by their families' dreams of respectability and their own innate love of the ideal to be clergymen, talked together about art, and saw an early picture of Rossetti's, just imported into Oxford by Mr. Coombe, of the Clarendon Press. The effect of that picture was enormous. What the chance words "Take and Read" did for St. Augustine, and what the meeting with another phrase did for Newman, the Rossetti canvas did for Burne-Jones in a quite opposite direction. He, too, decided to be a painter. But first he must make acquaintance with Rossetti, a far less formidable affair to manage in those days than it afterwards became. In fact, Rossetti, out of the goodness of his heart, was then giving some of his evenings to teaching at a college for working men in Great Titchfield-street. Thither went Burne-Jones; and, in the case of two such temperaments, a meeting was all that was requisite to make a friendship. Such men have, as part of a birthright which brings many counteracting disabilities, "the gift of intimacy," as George Meredith names it. Rossetti had, besides, something of the gift of divination. The most generous of praisers, he was also one of the most discerning. He had not known his new friend and William Morris many months before he wrote to Bell Scott: "Two young men have recently come to town from Oxford, and are now very intimate friends of mine. Their names are Morris and Jones. They have turned artists, and both are men of real genius. Jones's designs are marvels of finish and imaginative detail, unequalled by anything except, perhaps, Albert Dürer's finest works."

Literature, perhaps, detained both men a moment on their artistic way—the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, of which they were projectors, is the witness. But that was only for a moment, and Burne-Jones did not stop at Oxford long enough to take his degree. He settled in Sloane-terrace, until William Morris followed him from the University; and then the two friends dwelt in rooms together at No. 17, Red Lion-square. Rossetti was the foster-father of Burne-Jones's art—he gave the young man

of his own brushes and paints, and lent him studies to copy—studies which the master rapidly withdrew on the ground that his disciple had already outdone him. An introduction by Rossetti to the Messrs. Powell resulted in Burne-Jones's doing a good deal of designing for stained glass. Pen-and-ink drawings, too, occupied his attention, and one of the finest of these early works was "The Waxen Image," practically an illustration for Rossetti's "Sister Helen." The later fifties passed pleasantly away with these and other tasks—including some Chaucer drawings treated decoratively on a cabinet for Morris (whose thoughts already ran to furniture), a triptych for a church at Brighton (St. Paul's), and some decorative work for the walls of the debating chamber of the Oxford Union. There was a holiday besides—a first visit to Italy. Wonderful to say, Rossetti did not go with him; never was the land which possessed his spirit, and informed his art and his thought, visited by Rossetti, except in imagination.

The year 1860 saw his marriage with Miss Georgina Macdonald, a marriage which gave him as sisters-in-law Lady Poynter and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling. Burne-Jones, needless to say, lived to be very proud of his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has lately spent much time near his uncle's house at Rottingdean, and has been his companion in many a walk and talk. It was about the time of his marriage that Burne-Jones secured another piece of fortune—the friendship of Mr. Ruskin, that fairy godfather of young artists of talent. Two years later Burne-Jones accompanied Ruskin to Italy; and when, a little later, the young painter produced a series of illustrations of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Mr. Ruskin bought them and presented them to the Oxford Museum—one little item in the expending of that £157,000 which Mr. Ruskin received from his parents and regarded as if he were a steward rather than an owner. Thirteen years later, Burne-Jones, the most retreating of men, came before the footlights as the defender of Ruskin, when his angry dismissal of the Grosvenor Gallery pictures of Mr. Whistler brought down upon him a libel action for damages—estimated by the jury at one farthing. The evidence given by Burne-Jones on that occasion has been perversely misquoted within the last few weeks; so we think it worth while to repeat it in full as best reported in the daily press of the morning after—a version the present writer, an ear-witness of the proceedings, can verify:

"Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, examined by Mr. Bowen, deposed—I am a painter, and have devoted twenty years of my life to that study. I have painted various works within the last few years which are known to the public. I was the author of the 'Days of Creation' and 'Venus's Mirror,' both of which were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. I also exhibited 'Deferentia,' 'Fides,' 'St. George,' and 'Sybil.'

In your opinion, what part do finish and completeness bear to the merit of a painting?—I think complete finish ought to be the object of all artists.

Had you an opportunity of seeing the pictures of Mr. Whistler in this court?—I saw them yesterday.

[Shown the 'Nocturne in blue and silver,' belonging to Mrs. Leyland, and representing a scene on the river.]

What is your judgment of that picture as a work of art?—I think it is a work of art—an admirable beginning; but very incomplete. It is a sketch, in short.

It does not show the finish of a complete work of art?—Not in any sense whatever. It is a beautiful sketch; but that is not alone sufficient to make it a good work of art. Form—quite as important as colour—is deficient in the picture.

Are composition and detail also of great importance in a picture?—Yes.

What is your opinion as to the composition of this picture?—I think it has no composition whatever, but it has distinct and high merit, so far as colour goes.

[Shown the 'Nocturne in blue and silver,' representing a night scene at Battersea-bridge.]

What do you say to this picture?—It is similar to the last, only I think the colour is still better. It is, however, bewildering in its form.

And as to composition and detail?—It has none whatever. A day or a day and a half seems a reasonable time within which to paint it.

Does this picture show any finish as a work of art?—No; I should call it a sketch. I do not think Mr. Whistler ever intended it to be a finished work.

Take, lastly, the 'Nocturne in black and gold,' representing fireworks at Cremorne. What is your judgment upon it?—I don't think it has the merit of the other two at all.

Is it in your opinion a finished work of art?—It would be impossible for me to say so. I have never seen any picture of night which has been successful; and this is only one of the thousand failures which artists have made in their efforts at painting night.

Is that picture, in your judgment, worth 200 guineas?—No; I cannot say it is, seeing how much careful work men do for so much less.

Mr. Bowen proposed to ask the witness to look at a picture by Titian, in order to show what finish was.

Mr. Serjeant Parry objected.

Mr. Baron Huddleston.—You will have to prove that it is a Titian.

Mr. Bowen.—I shall be able to do that.

Baron Huddleston.—That can only be by repute. I do not want to raise a laugh, but there is a well-known case of an undoubted Titian being purchased with a view to enabling students and others to find out how to produce his beautiful colours. With that object the picture was rubbed down, and they found a red surface, beneath which they thought was the secret, but on continuing the rubbing down they discovered a full-length portrait of George III. in uniform. (Laughter.)

The picture, a portrait of 'Andre Gatti,' was produced, and the witness, having examined the picture, gave it as his opinion that it was a highly finished picture, exhibiting great artistic skill.

Examination continued.—Mr. Whistler gave great promise at first, but I do not think he has followed it. The difficulties in painting increase daily as the work progresses, and that is the reason why so many of us fail. We are none of us perfect. The danger is this, that if unfinished pictures become common, we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded.

A Juror asked—What is the value of the picture produced?

Witness.—It is a mere accident of the sale room.

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—Is it worth £1,000?

Witness.—It would be worth many thousands to me, but it might be sold for £40.

Do you mean to say that it could be bought now for £40?—Yes, it might. I know of a very fine Titian being bought by Lord Elcho for 20 guineas. The picture produced, I believe, belongs to Mr. Buskin.

You have said Mr. Whistler has an unrivalled sense of atmosphere?—Yes, I certainly think so.

How long have you known him?—For 13 or 14 years.

You have exhibited unfinished pictures yourself?—Yes, I have.

Is it a wicked thing to exhibit unfinished pictures?—I do not think it is very desirable. Mr. Whistler's colour is beautiful, in his moonlight pieces especially.

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—You would not call a man a wilful impostor for exhibiting those pictures?

Mr. Bowen objected to the question, which Mr. Serjeant Parry did not press."

There was nothing of malice about Burne-Jones, then or ever. Even Mr. Whistler, who has taken many revenges, and has boasted about them in a book, could hardly complain. The vengeance he took henceforth on the witness for Ruskin was to call him baldly "Jones." The bearer of that surname needs, doubtless, a further distinction—he is one of a multitude. That was why, by degrees, a hyphen grew up between the Burne and the Jones, in the case of this artist; indeed, the name grew to be Edward Coley Burne Burne-Jones. The Burne was a godsend to an exhibitor who wished to be marked in memory among other Joneses; and when the baronetcy was offered to him, one reason he gave for accepting it was the further distinction of Jones from Jones afforded by the title. One remembers there was another Jones, who had not the same ideas; for he, when the Stuarts were kings, was offered the title of Sir, but he did not take it, preferring to pay a fine rather. But then he had the prefix Inigo; and his monuments are of imperishable stone.

The baronetcy dates from 1894. Years earlier Sir Edward had been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; and though he had never exhibited in the Academy, the good-will of Lord Leighton procured him an associateship in 1885—an honour which made him happy only in the resigning of it a year or two later. The Grosvenor Gallery, first, was his true home; and then the New Gallery. There it was that he made the large public fame which has been his since the seventies. *Punch* might exclaim, "Burn Jones!" and Philistines might smile at the suggested *auto-da-fé* of his works. All the same, the admirers of the artist grew in numbers and in enthusiasm, and such pictures as "The Mirror of Venus," "King Cophetua," "The Days of Creation," "The Golden Stairs," and "The Briar Rose" were the chief attractions of the galleries that held them. For years there was no moderation where his reputation was in question. The extremes of praise and blame were meted out to him; and it is only of late that people agreed to differ about him without mutual scorn, or were allowed to be indifferent. That he was an illuminator in some of his qualities rather than a painter might well be conceded to his critics, and his deficiencies as a draughtsman may be

allowed by those to whom his great decorative qualities, and his fine treatment of drapery, remain as high memories of the art of his time. Fortune, as well as fame, came to him in his later years; for his prices are indicated by the great sums of 1,350 guineas paid for his "Wine of Circe," and of 3,780 guineas for his "Beguiling of Merlin."

### "ZACK."

MISS KEATS began to write under her pseudonym of "Zack"—by which we shall henceforward speak of her—for *Blackwood's Magazine* in November, 1896. Her contribution was a story in Cornish dialect, called "Widder Vlint." So were "Rab Vinch's Wife" and "Travelling Joe," published in the early part of 1897. "The Busted Blue Doll," which appeared just a year ago, told an episode of Australian goldfields; so did "The Failure of Flipperty" a few months later. "At the Stroke of the Hour," which was in the April number of "Maga," and "The Storm," published about the same time in the *Outlook*, took her back to Cornish scenes. Messrs. Blackwood have just brought out a volume by "Zack," called *Life is Life*, which contains one story a good deal longer than any yet included in the short list which we have gone through. But, if longer, it could not well be stronger. Force and concentration of feeling are the essential characteristics of this lady's work. What she sees or says, she says and sees with implacable distinctness. Her narration is bare even to baldness; it does not extend so much comment as is contained in a compassionate epithet. Comment there is, no doubt, on the situation here and there, but it is put dramatically, and forms part of the narrative. Yet her vision of life, though grim and unsparing, is not pitiless. It has the insight that irradiates rather than lays bare for dissection; and it irradiates strange places; hidden tendernesses in gnarled and twisted lives, set hard by time or native obduracy. Nothing need be said of her two Australian stories, remarkable as they are, and interesting because they testify indubitably an experience gathered overseas. But take the five Cornish ones. "Widder Vlint" is the tale of an old woman who had borne three drunkards and found herself "disrespectit in the village," yet overflowed with thankfulness and love for her gift of children; "Travelling Joe" is a crippled boy with the soul of a world wanderer inherited from a vagrant father; "At the Stroke of the Hour" tells how an old sexton, dispossessed of his hereditary office, dug his own grave, and on the very brink of it knelt before the altar, evoking the images of all his past life till the youth of the old despairing pensioner lives and breathes before you. "The Storm" is a tale of love passion, and describes the wives of fisher-folk waiting in their cottage on the cliff, while through every sentence you seem to hear the blast straining and shaking at the door. "Zack," you see, has a varied range of sympathy. But the finest thing she has done is "Rab

Vinch's Wife," telling how the wife, not twenty months married, urges her husband to go and give himself up for the killing of a man, since an innocent person—a mere idiot indeed—has been condemned, and the weak should not suffer for the strong.

"'Twid be zame ez if yer wez to let a chile dic for 'ee," she said, in a slow dreamy voice, speaking as one who had seen a vision.

He thrust her from him and rose to his feet. "Then I wull gi' meself up ta-marrer," he said, "but ez for 'ee," he added with concentrated bitterness, "yer ba no wife o' mine from this hour," and he turned from her and climbed the rickety stairs that led to their bed-room."

In the morning he stole from her side, tended his ferrets, oiled his guns tenderly, tied up his big lurcher, and going out shut the cottage door behind him.

"A rough sob rose in his throat. 'I didn't reckon her wid zlaple like thic,' he said, 'but there, women folk be alwiz contrary.'

Up through the great woods he went, for his road to the town lay that way. And in a certain hedge facing west a hare had made its seat. Rab had often tried to catch it, but the hare had been too wary for him, and now, as he passed the accustomed spot, he stopped instinctively and noticed that the snare had been brushed away, but that the animal had escaped. He knelt down and re-set the wire, and as he did so he heard footsteps, and looking up he saw his wife. The blood rushed into his face, but he assumed an air of indifference.

'I reckon I've alwiz zet thickey snare a deal too low,' he said, bending down over his work; 'a hare howlds hiz 'ead wonderful 'igh when ha ba movetting along unconscious. Eh,' he continued, drawing a deep breath, 'but hares ba vautysheny (handsome) baistesses; skaurs o' times I've nuckeed (stooped down low) behind a bit o' vuz wi' tha moon a-glinting a-tap o' me an cock-leert (dawn) jest on tha creep and iverything that quiet 'ee cud moast a-yhear tha dew a-valling; eh, an' I've 'ad tha gun a-zide o' me, an' cudn't vire cuz they baistesses wez thic vautysheny.'

But she only saw that an animal caught in such a snare would be hung.

'Come away, Rab,' she cried, 'come away.' He looked down at the snare meditatively.

'Zome o'em,' he said, half to himself, 'makes a to-do, but moast die meral quiet.'

'O Rab, come away,' she repeated in a voice of agony, 'come away.'

'Ba 'ee afraid I shall ba late for tha hanging,' he cried and sprang to his feet; then, without waiting for her answer, he rushed past her and was hidden from view behind the thick trees.

'Rab!' she called, running after him, 'Rab! Rab! Rab!'

But there came no reply. Later in the day she learned that he had surrendered himself to the police, but permission to see him was refused. So when evening came she crept homewards alone through the great woods, and when she had reached the spot where he had set the snare she heard a strange cry; the hare had been caught in the wire. Covering her ears with her hands she fled away, yet ever and ever the cry followed her."

This mixture of realism based on close observation with the symbol-making imagination is very like the quality that we call genius.

### WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

#### XIV.—A CONSTABLE.

It was my dog who effected the introduction. I had come home an hour or so after midnight, and my dog protested that he had been horribly bored, and thought the least I could do was to give him a run. I consented at once. On our return, five minutes later, I, the dog, and a constable met at my gate. The dog walked suspiciously round the constable, and the constable, eyeing the dog, remarked that it was a very lucky dog to be without a muzzle. I bade him good-night; but he was inclined for conversation, being, of course, a lonely man. Muzzles, he said, were stupid things, but they had very strict orders about them, and it was a warm night, a close night, in fact, a dry night, and if there was a drop—Well, there was a drop. In a few seconds he was standing by the revolving bookcase in my study with a whisky and soda in one hand and a cigar in the other. He looked genially around him, but with the professional eye for details, and surmised, if it was no offence, that I was a writing gentleman. Ah, yes; there was a lot of writing gentlemen living about here; there was Mr. John Morley just over there, and Mr. Barrie—he often saw Mr. Barrie walking down Gloucester-road, and you wouldn't think, to look at him—well, perhaps, he was a friend of mine; anyhow they did say that Mr. Barrie was all right for several thousand pounds. No. He hadn't read any of Mr. Barrie's books. It had to be one thing or the other. You've either got to do your work proper, and then you hadn't much time for reading in books, or else you read in books and weren't fit to do your work. That's where it was. The missus, now, she did read, having been a pupil teacher at a Board school; she had read one of Mr. Barrie's books, about a clergyman. I suggested *The Little Minister*. Yes, that was it; and ever since then she had wanted to see Mr. Barrie, but had never succeeded. Wonderful lot of books there was written; he looked around at my bookshelves; and newspapers, too; somebody must write them; if he might make so bold, did I write newspapers?

"That," I said, "is the sort of nonsense I write"; and I handed him a slip of paper from my desk. He glanced at it dubiously.

"It isn't published yet," I explained. "It's only a proof."

"Ah," he said, looking at it more carefully. "It's first-rate print, first-rate."

He had finished his whisky, and consented to take a drop more.

"Well, there is a lot of reading here," he said, as he contemplated my shelves, looking at them with the air of a man trying to identify an acquaintance among a gang of strangers. Presently his attention was arrested, and I saw that his eyes were upon the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

"You've read that?" I asked.

"Ah," he said. "My missus got that from the Free Library and made me read it. All about a 'tec," she said.

"And did you like it?"

He pursed his lips, looking at the remnant of liquor in his glass.

"I can't deny but what it was a good book—nice easy print and all that; but the gentleman what wrote it wasn't ever a constable."

"I don't think he was," I said.

"Well, then, they ain't true cases what he tells about. Because if you're going to be a detective, you've got to be a constable first. It wouldn't surprise me if I was taken into the—but that's boasting, and I don't like to boast. What I mean is, it's easy enough to catch a man if you make up the crime yourself, first to last. But it's quite different when you only have the crime to work on, and then have to find the criminal. I don't suppose Mr.—Mr.—let me see."

"Dr. Conan Doyle."

"—Conan Doyle ever thought of that."

"Then I expect you don't get very much time for reading."

"Oh, I like a bit of reading, especially Sunday mornings, if I get a few hours off duty. The *People* gives you a lot of reading. And then there's the *Hue and Cry*; we have to keep an eye on that. But not what you'd call reading—Shakespeare—and—and—Huxley—and them. Well, sir, I'm keeping you up. If you wouldn't mind just giving a look round the gate. Of course, I'm not supposed—in a general way—not to—"

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. HUGUES LE ROUX has written the inevitable complement of his "Sons of France" in the volume just published by Calmann Lévy, *Nos Filles*. Only more astonishing than the persistence with which men write treatises upon women's characters, weaknesses, and fashions is the patience with which women for centuries and centuries always receive these exhortations. Yet what a howl of ridicule and vexation would arise from masculine ranks if any woman were to dare comment in an entire volume devoted to the subject on the weaknesses and absurdities of men. Suppose some middle-aged lady were to write excellent articles telling young men what the girls they aspire to marry expect from them, what they should do and think and learn in order to please their future wives, bitterly condemning their iniquitous taste for clubs and absinthe, their bicycling, betting, and racing, and foretelling that the day would come when these now tolerated habits should prove disastrous to domestic life. This is exactly what M. Le Roux has done. Only the women, with the sublime and inexhaustible patience of their sex, will receive this fresh impertinence as they have received the rest. Poor creatures! They are so used to being badgered and criticised. The fun of the thing is, that they go on sinning in the perversest fashion, and the males have nothing to do but follow them, swearing and gnashing their teeth. Hence refuge in the only resource left these scolding and surprised superior beings—the sermon and

public print. Heaven knows if they abuse it.

Since time immemorial the unmarried woman has been a stumbling-block in French civilisation. Even to-day she is a kind of *déclassée*. There is no place for her anywhere, and the only polite thing to do is to ignore her existence. In the days of Mme. de Maintenon she was denounced from the pulpit as "an object of scandal, an obstacle to public morals." To-day the situation is not greatly improved. The unmarried woman, if not "an object of scandal" in France, is one of general contempt. This is only natural in a land where the courtesan is publicly adulated. In France a woman only exists by the nature of her relations to men. She must be a wife or a mistress, it does not matter which, better if both, to obtain any measure of personal consideration.

So much must be understood to appreciate M. Le Roux's fervent tirade upon marriage. From a Frenchman's point of view he is justified in looking upon old maidenhood, even with independence, as the last form of misery. It is not the loneliness of the state that he deplures, but the lack of consideration from men and the complete social extinction it involves. Would it not be better to begin by seeking to clear the atmosphere of these idiotic prejudices, and boldly asserting that the unmarried woman should be weighed like the unmarried male—by the measure of personal value? Why should an old maid be a greater object of ridicule and contempt than an old bachelor, or either more pitiable than the overtaxed husband and overworked wife? If happiness comes through marriage (alas, how rarely!), marriage is then the best state in life for both sexes. But, if not?

M. Le Roux quotes the *Ladies' Realm* as one of the most important English magazines. And surely it is no less an eccentricity to assert that a dowry of £20,000 (500,000 frs.) is regarded by young Frenchmen as so inadequate as to condemn the owner to old maidenhood. Many of us might make shift to spend a very pleasant old maidenhood with £20,000, and be sure of the conspicuous devotion of our nephews and nieces.

Last autumn Mr. Benjamin Swift did me the honour to break a lance with me in behalf of a lady he supposed me to have injured by regarding Guy de Maupassant as her collaborator. My assertion was never denied, though it could not well have been more public in its utterance. I receive the lady's second book with very warm thanks for that same article, and not a word about my error. *L'Amour est mon Péché*, by the author of *Amitié Amoureuse*, is a curiously inferior book to that fascinating correspondence. This fact alone helps to support the rumour, which a year ago was what we here call *un secret de Polichinelle*. It will interest readers as a long and careful study of English aristocratic life. The heroine, the daughter of a ruined French Count, goes to England as the companion of the daughter of the Duke of Surrey. The author knows English well, and is at great pains to reproduce in French English idioms and manner of phrasing,

with an inharmonious result in the too faithful transposition of the much abused English adverb. One must read in the precise and remorseless French tongue our "awfully" and "certainly" and "positively" reiterated *ad nauseam* to realise how inelegant our every-day English speech is, even of the best society. The author draws a delightful English old lady and a charming English girl, but for the rest she is hard on English women. She considers them in the main unintelligent, ungracious, and ungraceful, their conversation a string of adverbs, and jealousy and ill-nature their characteristics. When her French heroine embroiders a *sachet* for the Duchess's daughter, and trims it with real lace, she describes it as a "vengeance of woman" to give these mean Englishwomen a lesson, who cannot in the matter of gifts rise above a sixpenny Christmas card. The men are better, though they sometimes fall under the dinner-table. The English daily life and the hunting and balls are all well done. The heroine marries the Duke's younger son, which she certainly would not have done in France, and the distraction of married life is extremely unpleasant and indelicate. A clever book, but not fair.

George Pellissier's *Études de Littérature Contemporaine* (to which I shall refer again) contains some very sprightly and biting portraits, as well as literary studies. He is ingeniously and quite justifiably hard on Bourget, who, he tells us, "see-saws without fatigue between the 'criminal attraction of negation' and the 'splendour of deep faith.'" His favourite reading is *The Imitation* and *Liaisons Dangereuses*. The one inspires him without disgusting him with the other, and his originality lies in the confusion of both. His mysticism is admirably coupled with his sensuality. He condemns adultery with a sympathetic tear. He curses his female sinners through duty, and caresses them in reward. The Catholics, who yearn for his full conversion, are constantly taken in. The end of each book promises conversion; but, alas! the beginning of the next is as far away from sanctity as ever. M. Pellissier admits that he is dangerous by reason of the contagion of the moral diseases he delights to paint; but is still less dangerous than he is pleased to regard himself. He clericalises every virtue, and puts every ideal into a sentence. His latest enthusiasm is Leo XIII., before whose sorrows he sheds copious tears. He calls him a prisoner and a martyr, yet shows him each day outside his prison gates (the Vatican, where most of us would find imprisonment a dear delight) taking his daily exercise, and, as part of his martyrdom, smelling enchantedly the fragrance of a yellow rose. Bourget is regarded in Paris as the prince of snobs: now he is defined as the prince of humbugs.

H. L.

## DRAMA.

## PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE.

THE production of Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" at the Prince of Wales's for a series of nine *matinées* is an event in which the drama has, properly speaking, only a vague interest. For the piece is in no sense a play, contravening as it does at every turn all the recognised conditions of stage work. Maeterlinck may be a poet, a dreamer, a visionary, a what you will, but one thing he undoubtedly is not, namely, a dramatist. His ideas are loose and ill-defined; they float hither and thither indeterminately, and apparently without power to direct their own course. But that he possesses the true imaginative faculty is incontestable, although it still exists in an inchoate and undisciplined state. Some of the scenes in "Pelléas et Mélisande" are of a rare and delicate beauty, just as others seem positively ludicrous, through the author's inability to appreciate the grotesqueness of their character. Maeterlinck, in short, has been denied the great gift of humour, and is thus unable at times to distinguish between what is really sublime and what is obviously ridiculous. His passionate love for the mystical is apt, also, to prove misleading on the stage where clear and direct expression is a desideratum not lightly to be esteemed. Stripped of all its garnishing, there is, however, a very distinct story in "Pelléas et Mélisande," although the writer appears to take infinite pains to obscure its meaning by the introduction of much irrelevant and unintelligible matter. Possibly it is this very element of vagueness and incomprehensibility which, in the eyes of his admirers, is his truest recommendation.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S enterprise in presenting the piece cannot, however, be too highly applauded, for although it is essentially in the nature of an exotic which could not hope to survive exposure to the bracing atmosphere of an evening bill, it contains much that is both exquisite and interesting. It is, on the other hand, difficult to understand how a writer capable of conceiving and setting forth so touching and powerful a scene as that of the last act could at other moments descend to such profound depths of puerility. The revolting nature of certain episodes, revolting in their savage ferocity as in their sickly sentimentality, is, moreover, not to be denied. In the love passages Maeterlinck is sensuous rather than passionate, voluptuous rather than poetic. But here and there he contrives to touch a true note. In adapting the piece Mr. J. W. Mackail has shown considerable skill, although in one notable instance he has contrived fatally to misconstrue the author's meaning. In point of scenic beauty the production is irreproachable; the strange, bizarre significance of the text is preserved, and not infrequently heightened, by the lovely stage pictures and the charmingly expressive music which M. Gabriel Fauré has specially composed for the occasion. Nor could the performance be improved.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Golaud is a superbly virile impersonation, inevitably indicating him as the coming Othello; Mrs. Patrick Campbell is splendidly pathetic as Mélisande, and Mr. Martin Harvey is interesting as the love-sick Pelléas.

So far as any important novelty is concerned, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's brief season in London is, this year, almost entirely barren. In her repertory figure such familiar plays as "La Dame aux Camélias," "Frou-Frou," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur," but of anything really fresh there is a lamentable lack. Of the circumstance the public apparently is sympathetically tolerant; content, seemingly, to see its old favourite again and again in characters which, one might have thought, were by this time worn completely threadbare. This attitude on the part of her admirers is, notwithstanding, perfectly comprehensible if, as would appear, Mme. Bernhardt finds it impossible to present anything more novel or stimulating than "Lysiane," her latest new play, performed at the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening. The piece failed to attract in Paris, and there certainly is no reason why it should enjoy more favour in London. The author, M. Romain Coolus, is a well-known French professor, and his work throughout smacks of the library. In style and quality it is purely academic; the writer possesses none of those attributes which distinguish the man of letters from *l'homme du théâtre*. M. Coolus, in short, has neither the inventive faculty nor the dramatic instinct necessary for the production of a really effective play. His characters talk in irreproachable French, but they are obviously merely puppets in the hands of a painstaking manipulator, not living beings governed by the impulses and the emotions common to humanity. The result is that the spectator remains unmoved alike by their sufferings and their joys.

THE story of "Lysiane" is practically a variant upon that of "L'Aventurière," and half a dozen other plays that might be mentioned. The author's manner of developing his theme is, moreover, curiously prolix and long-winded. One scene, and one alone, affords Mme. Bernhardt anything resembling fitting scope for the display of her acknowledged talents. If intrinsically of no extraordinary value, it possesses at least the merit of showing that time has not had any deteriorating influence upon the powers of the great French actress. No fresh aspect of her genius is revealed, however. Whether she be called on to coo with the softness of the dove or to turn with tigerish ferocity upon her pursuer, Mme. Bernhardt remains the same as of old. This, perhaps, is inevitable in a part closely modelled upon a pattern which has become far too familiar to most of us. When a piece is written solely with the view of exhibiting certain facets of an artist's talent, it would obviously be, however, unfair to complain that the terms of the understanding are strictly observed on both sides. Mme. Bernhardt's own appre-

ciation of "Lysiane" may, notwithstanding, be judged by the fact that the piece is to be played twice only during her present engagement. The company she brings with her, with M. Lucien Guitry at its head, is fairly competent, if no more.

UPON the new musical farce, "A Stranger in New York," produced at the Duke of York's, there is no temptation to enlarge. It is purely and undisguisedly a variety show, organised on American principles, and neither calls for nor deserves criticism. The author modestly avows, by a note in the programme, that his object is "merely to attempt to supply material for an evening's entertainment," and it is for the public to decide whether he has accomplished his aim or not. Some of the performers engaged in the representation are, however, decidedly clever in their way, but their way is the way of music-hall artists rather than of genuine actors and actresses.

M. W.

## THE "ANTIGONE" AT BRADFIELD.

NOTHING could be more favourable than the conditions which prevailed at Bradfield on Monday afternoon, when the first performance of the "Antigone" was given. This was fortunate, for in the open-air theatre the audience was entirely at the mercy of the elements, while their comfort would have been almost as much interfered with by great heat as by rain. Fortunately, neither of these disadvantages had to be faced. The day was warm, but not too hot, and though there were moments when the sun shone somewhat fiercely, a cool breeze always tempered its vehemence. The theatre, which has been recently enlarged, looked its best shut in by green trees which contrasted admirably with the dazzling white of the chalk out of which the seats are cut. The stage itself, with the handsome front of the Palace of Thebes, was very effective, while the orchestra, with its pavement of black-and-white surrounding the altar of Dionysius, in which the chorus trod its stately measures, made an admirable foreground to the raised stage. With such a theatre and such a day it was hoped that the representation would prove an artistic triumph.

This hope was not altogether realised. It may be taken for granted that in a performance of this kind fidelity to tradition is of the first importance. The circular theatre, white and gleaming in the summer sunshine, shut off by its trees from a world of railways and modern theatres, demanded a representation of Sophocles that should follow in all essentials that which was given long ago at Athens. It may be that the day of the tragic mask and the tragic buskin is too far removed from us to be recalled even for an afternoon's entertainment before a presumably learned audience, though we ourselves should not be sorry to see the attempt made if the structural and archaeological difficulties with regard to the reproduction of ancient masks could be overcome. But in all other respects tradition

should have been respected. Under these circumstances, it was something of a shock to see the parts of Antigone, Ismene, and Eurydice essayed by ladies. This might have been forgiven in a modern play-house in the glare of footlights, with a limelight in the wings, but in a Greek theatre and almost Greek sunshine, the anachronism was glaring. One could not help expecting the wrath of Sophocles to arise and rebuke what would have seemed to him a shocking deviation from established dramatic usage. One can appreciate the difficulty of finding among the boys at Bradfield College an actor competent to undertake the difficult part of Antigone, but it was surely a mistake not to persevere in the attempt. Much could have been forgiven to the schoolboy who failed to give its full significance to the rôle, while success in it would have been a veritable artistic achievement. As it was, there was a modernity, a lack of restraint, and an excess of gesture about the heroine which robbed the play of much of its dignity. The Greek actor, hampered in his movements by the *cothurnus*, and unable, by reason of his mask, to employ facial expression, approached his art from a standpoint which had little in common with the Moderns. He must have relied in the main upon dignity of pose and gesture and perfect declamation of his speeches to produce his effects. There would have been few half-shades in his performance. In order to be impressive he had to be statuesque, whether he stood alone upon the stage or formed as it were one of a group of bas-relief. The stage picture was an illustrated accompaniment to the recitation of the poetry. It can hardly have been acting in our sense. An Antigone, played on these lines, could surely have been found among the Bradfield boys. The limitations in the field of gesture—a feature which might still have been retained though mask and buskin had disappeared—would have made the part easier to a schoolboy, and if he had been possessed of a cultivated voice and some perception of the art of speaking verse a most interesting impersonation might have been secured. Such a conception of the rôle might have been frigid, but it could hardly have been fidgety, and to fidget is the one unpardonable sin in a Greek tragedy. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the statuesque and ideal character of the representation. This note unhappily was lacking in Mrs. Gray's performance on Monday.

It will perhaps be imagined that in saying this we are condemning the whole performance. The play of "Antigone" with the part of Antigone left out as it were sounds somewhat ominously. The play, however, was saved by the rare excellence of Mr. J. H. Vince's Creon. Nothing could have been better than the way in which he declaimed the magnificent speeches that fall to him. He has a voice of great range and quality and understands to perfection the art of speaking Greek verso. With extreme wisdom the Warden of Bradfield had decided not to tamper with our English pronunciation of Greek at the performance, and as spoken by Mr. Vince no language could sound more musical. His use of gesture was most judicious in its restraint

and his posing—a most important factor in Greek tragedy—was excellent throughout. Of the Bradfield boys who took part in the performance, T. B. Layton as Second Messenger was the most successful. C. G. Ling was a somewhat unconvincing Haemon, and A. M. C. Nicholl played the Sentinel as if he were Launce in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—why, we are unable to say. Teiresias (G. A. W. Booth) lacked dignity, perhaps because old age had bent him double. He would have been more effective if he had been allowed to stand upright. He would have looked equally old and more venerable if he had done so.

In the costuming of the play there was much to praise, and the stage grouping was really excellent. The performance was greatly appreciated by the audience, if we may judge by the applause with which it was greeted, and, alas! interrupted. Nothing, apparently, will keep an English audience silent and in its seats to the end of a play, and the final choric song was drowned in the clapping of hands and the shuffling of departing footsteps. But it was an interesting occasion, and we are glad to see that the practice of presenting a Greek tragedy at the school every third year is likely to continue.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE RIGHTS OF THE REVIEWER.

(By a Publisher.)

THE old question of the rights of the reviewer has just been discussed before the House of Lords' Committee on Copyright. Mr. Dodley, the secretary of the Copyright Association, was examined upon the clauses of the Bill which deal with the right of adaptation or abridgment, wherein it is provided that "the making of fair and moderate extracts from a book which is the subject of copyright, and the publication thereof for the purpose of a review, shall not be an infringement." The following is the report of the proceedings:

"Lord Knutsford: 'You want to prevent all the plums being put in the newspapers, which in many cases would stop the sale of the book?'—'Precisely. I have known in copyrights in which I have been interested the whole of a tale taken bodily as a review.'

Lord Thring: 'Do you not think on the whole the fact of an author being noticed by a number of reviews is as much to his advantage as it is to his disadvantage that a review should sometimes take too much of his book?'—'That depends a great deal on circumstances. A favourable review may be an advantage. An unfavourable review may annihilate him almost.'

Lord Knutsford: 'But you do not wish to stop unfavourable reviews?'—'Not at all.'

'What you object to is taking either the best or the worst things in your book and putting them all in the newspaper, whether the review is favourable or unfavourable?'—'Just so.'

Lord Welby: 'But it is very difficult to draw words that would cover that, is it not? The reviewer must be left at liberty to illus-

trate his review, and it would be difficult to limit the right.'—'It is difficult.'

Lord Knutsford: 'It might be left to the Court.'

Lord Thring: 'Do you not think it more injurious to the public to frighten reviewers by putting in a clause of this sort than to leave the law as it stands?'—'I think not.'

Now, to the publisher this right of the reviewer raises important issues. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to an instance of unfair reviewing, from a publisher's point of view, which came before my notice a short time ago. The *Review of Reviews* has done much to popularise good literature; Mr. Stead has often very considerably helped the sale of a book by one of his controversial articles. But his method of reviewing is now and then unjustifiable. Take the case of his article on Zola's *Paris*. I read that article, and I felt that I had read *Paris*. The story is given in the minutest detail; practically all the most striking passages are quoted at great length. I cannot imagine a single person buying the book after he had read the review, for the review was, to all intents and purposes, an abridged edition of the book. Mr. Stead may contend that the extracts were fair and moderate. I do not so much complain of the extracts. What I do protest against is this manner of reviewing a book, especially a novel, by giving a detailed summary of the whole story.

Another instance of very much the same class of reviewing occurs to me. Have the reviewers only made "fair and moderate" extracts from Mr. Russell's *Reminiscences*? I think not. They have, as Lord Knutsford expresses it, taken all the plums. I have read several reviews of the book, and I feel I have read all Mr. Russell's best stories. Why should I wade through a bulky volume when I can find all the most interesting parts of it in my newspaper? The new edition of Thackeray has suffered to some extent in the same way. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's most charming introductions have been quoted immoderately. I have my edition of Thackeray, and I have read most of the new matter contained in this new edition in the reviews. Why should I buy it?

There are, of course, certain books where long quotations are essential to an adequate review. But these are not usually works of fiction. The arguments of a philosophical or theological treatise must be summed up before they can be criticised. But a reviewer has no right to damage the value of a copyright of a book by too minute a summary of all it contains. Many books—especially religious and philosophical books—have been killed by over-reviewing.

I do not see, however, how any clause in the Copyright Law can limit the rights of reviewers. It is rather a question of common courtesy. Publishers owe a great deal to the critics, and authors owe perhaps even more, though a single review, even in the most influential papers, cannot now make or mar a book as it did in the old days. But if the style of reviewing to which we have referred were to become general, the sale of books would be materially hindered.



WHY NOT A SUMMER PUBLISHING SEASON?

FROM the First of July to the First of October the book publishing business is practically non-existent: at least it "lies low and says nuffin'." From the Twenty-fourth of December to the First of July the book publishing business is quiet, quieter indeed every year. The Spring publishing season is becoming more and more insignificant. Books that sell, and that ought to sell—there is a great difference—are nearly all issued within the three last months of the year.

This arrangement is fraught with the gravest consequences to the publishing and bookselling trade. The output in November and the early part of December is enormous, and it is becoming increasingly impossible for the bookseller, the reader, and the reviewer to keep pace with the quantity of new books. Many good books published during "the season" have not a chance of success. They are swamped in the deluge. The cry of the bookseller throughout the country is: "We dare not stock any more. Our shelves are overcrowded, and we have no room to display anything else." The printers, binders, and publishers get through the enormous accumulation of work with the greatest difficulty. The amounts paid for overtime during the winter season are astonishing. And for nine months in the year business in all these trades is slack. At the present time most of the business in many large publishing houses could be finished by midday. A large staff is kept throughout the year because a large staff is indispensable during the winter.

Is this system of publishing necessary? We think not. "People do not read books in the summer," you say. They do, as anyone at Mudie's Library will tell you. "A book published in the summer has no sale," says the publisher. But the experiment is so seldom tried. We believe that a popular novel would sell as well now as in October. Mr. Heinemann's experience with *The Christian* surely proves that people will read and buy certain books at any season of the year. Mr. Hall Caine's novel was issued in the midst of the holiday season. Its sale was enormous. It was the only new book of any interest, and early publication did not in any way interfere with the circulation at Christmas. And is not *Helbeck of Bannisdale* selling now by thousands?

Surely, considering the bad effects on all concerned of the congestion of new books in the winter, more publishers might make the experiment of issuing popular books during the summer. The "Trade" seems to have accepted the existing state of things—no travellers are sent out between the spring and the winter. Even if a few books are published, they are of very second-rate character, and no effort is made to push the sale. We suppose that the chief reason for the literary activity of the winter months is the fact that books are given largely as presents, not that people read more. But there is nothing to prevent a book issued in August selling at Christmas. For our part,

we believe that a summer publishing season would prove remarkably successful.

And we can promise that the newspapers and literary periodicals will do their utmost to help the publisher who is daring enough to attempt this new system. A good book published in July and August is certain to be reviewed with care, whereas in the winter it is impossible to find room for even the briefest mention of many interesting publications.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

SIR,—It is exceedingly difficult to introduce a new idea into the heads of mankind. Mr. Clodd, in his generous review of my book, *The Making of Religion*, illustrates this familiar fact. He says: "If the great gods [of certain lower barbaric peoples] are fading abstractions . . . it would seem that Mr. Lang makes 'much ado about nothing.'" Now my point was that, as "fading abstractions," these great gods cannot be (as in one current anthropological theory they must be) the very latest results of religious evolution. Being the latest, they ought to be the most potent, and most vividly conceived, and most assiduously worshipped. The very reverse is the fact; they are "fading abstractions," while the religious conceptions which, on the current theory, are oldest—namely, ghosts and 'ghost-gods—are the most powerful and flourishing. Thus facts precisely contradict the current theory, "the ghost theory," and to say so is not, I hope, to make "much ado about nothing." I trust that this argument is not beyond the powers of the human intelligence to understand. If it is, I am lost; for it is a corner-stone of my simple edifice.—I am, &c.,  
A. LANG.

"PAUL KRUGER AND HIS TIMES."

SIR,—I am sorry to be obliged to dispel an illusion, but, nevertheless, perhaps you will allow me to say that, so far from having lived "in close intercourse" with President Kruger and "heard his daily conversation," my personal acquaintance with the President is limited to a single interview of, perhaps, five-and-twenty minutes' duration, in March or April, 1890.—I am, &c.,  
F. REGINALD STATHAM.

National Liberal Club:  
June 21.

"HAMLET" AND PLATO'S "REPUBLIC."

SIR,—The suggestion that Plato's "Republic" had any influence on "Hamlet" is likely to appear at first sight altogether improbable. Ben Jonson's "small Latin and less Greek" is at once recalled. There is, however, no necessity for maintaining that Shakespeare was sufficiently conversant with Greek to be able to read Plato in the

original; and, with respect to versions of the "Republic" in Latin and Italian which had been published before the year 1600, it is scarcely necessary to speak. In the year just named appeared Le Roy's French translation, edited by F. Morel, and, on the evidence especially of certain scenes in "King Henry V.," it has been reasonably maintained (Brandes) that Shakespeare was able to read, if not to speak, French. This being so, there is no difficulty in supposing that his attention was directed to Le Roy's version, and that he thence gained an acquaintance with the "Republic." This hypothesis may enable us to solve the disputed question concerning Hamlet's age, as well as to explain some other difficult places in the play.

The seventh book of the "Republic" opens with a very remarkable allegory. The world is represented as a subterranean cavern, in which its human inhabitants are prisoners. Their necks and legs are so bound and fettered that they can look only to the rear of the cave. Behind them is the entrance, such light as may come from which does not suffice to dispel the obscurity and gloom. At some distance, also, behind the prisoners, and above them, a fire sheds its light. Between the prisoners and the fire there is a wall; above this pass in succession various objects, whose shadows are cast on the back of the cave, towards which, as was just mentioned, the prisoners' faces are directed. They see the shadows, but not the objects. If, however, one of the prisoners were released suddenly from his fetters, and brought up out of the subterranean prison into the light of the sun, he would be, of necessity, dazzled by the glare, and greatly distressed.

The traces of this allegory in "Hamlet" seem to me unmistakable, even though it be true that Shakespeare did not servilely copy Plato.

In the first scene of the second act, Ophelia describes Hamlet as coming to her, when she was sewing in her chamber,

"his doublet all unbrac'd,  
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had' loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors."

That Shakespeare intended in this description to depict the condition of a person who has just come forth from a prison or dungeon is made pretty clear when it is said that Hamlet looked "as if he had been loosed out of hell." His stockings are "ungarter'd," and hang about the ancle, the fetters having prevented them from being drawn fully up the leg. This I take to be the probable meaning of "down-gyved to his ancle," an expression which at once reminds us of the fetters on the prisoners' legs in Plato's world-cavern. And when, in the sequel, we read of Hamlet's hand being held "o'er his brow," as if to protect his eyes from too dazzling light, we easily recall the prisoner suddenly released from Plato's cave. It is, moreover, very noteworthy that in the next scene (Act ii., sc. 2) the world is described

as a goodly prison, "in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons."

In full agreement with the supposition that Shakespeare had Plato's allegory in view when he described the world as a prison is a closely contiguous passage which has greatly puzzled the commentators: "Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows." Shakespeare apparently conceives of the beggars as objects passing above the partition in the rear of Plato's prisoners, and of the beggars' shadows, cast on the internal wall of the cavern, as the only monarchs and heroes seen by the prisoners. Plato had described (*Rep.* vii. 521) evil consequences which would ensue if the Government of the State were seized by the competitive ambition of beggars or persons destitute of appropriate qualifications. Le Roy's version gives *pauvres et destituez de biens propres*. Shakespeare, it would seem, satirically represents the world's monarchs and heroes as the shadows of such beggars. The otherwise difficult expression, "outstretched heroes," entirely suits the idea of *lengthened shadows*.

We may now come to the difficulty which has been felt about Hamlet's being already thirty years of age (according to the gravedigger's statement in Act v., sc. 1) when intending to resume his studies at Wittenberg. A probable explanation of the difficulty is to be found in the fact that Plato (*Rep.* vii. 539) fixes the age of thirty as the age at which the serious study of dialectic or philosophy is to be commenced; and after five years of study, the students, still spoken of as young, are to enter on important offices of state. And it is worthy of note that, a little before the mention of the "thirty years," we have "young Hamlet," though no doubt this might be otherwise explained.

According to the edition of 1603, which, it can scarcely be doubted, represents—however imperfectly—Shakespeare's earlier conception of his great tragedy, Hamlet, as is well known, would be much younger than thirty. Yorick's skull has lain in the earth "this dozen years" instead of the twenty-three years of the later texts. Hamlet's age (eleven years being deducted) would become nineteen. This discrepancy would be accounted for by the supposition that Shakespeare became acquainted with Le Roy's version of the "Republic" after he had first written "Hamlet." A similar explanation might be applied with respect (1) to the description of Hamlet as a released prisoner, (2) of the world as a prison, and (3) of monarchs and heroes being beggars' shadows. The latter particulars, (2) and (3), appear for the first time in the Folio (1623); (1) is found in the Quarto of 1604. But, whatever may have been the date of Shakespeare's first acquaintance with the "Republic," the influence of that work is, I think, manifest.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER.

London: June 13.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Open Boat, and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. *The Westminster Gazette's* critic begins his review with the remark:

"Mr. Stephen Crane has not yet given us the complete novel which some day or other we all expect of him."

While *Literature* remarks:

"When a writer works in this manner, generally, it must be admitted, with less success than Mr. Crane, his friends, as a rule, urge him to sustained efforts of which he is not capable, and lament that he does not write 'a regular novel.' For ourselves, we see no evidence in these sketches that Mr. Crane is equal to any such undertaking."

After this pretty divergence of opinion we may take an agreement. The critics of the *Outlook* and *Literature* are at one in their view of the relation between Mr. Crane's matter and his manner. Says the first critic:

"The author is always more interested in the manner in which a given event comes to pass than in the event itself. He is ever intensely preoccupied with the psychology of circumstance. And it is this preoccupation which both secures to him the mastery of the *conte*, the short story proper, and denies him success in the relation of a story whose interest lies in its appropriate culmination."

And in *Literature* we read:

"They [Mr. Crane's stories] are incidents rather than stories, and are selected not for their dramatic interest, which the author apparently wishes to exclude, but as a vehicle for the telling touches in which he paints aspects of nature, or analyses human emotions. Some of them are so extremely slight that one is tempted to think that almost any other ordinary incident would have served Mr. Crane's purpose equally well. We can assure him that the value of his work, and the reader's pleasure, would be much increased if he chose his subjects as carefully as the words in which he describes them. In 'The Red Badge of Courage' he had an excellent subject, certain aspects of which are repeated in one of these sketches; the rest, however, appeal too exclusively to our appreciation of his power of vivid presentment, and that, in our opinion, is their chief defect."

The *Athenæum* says that the stories in this volume show evident signs

"of that extraordinary ability, amounting to genius, which distinguishes all the prose of Mr. Crane; but we doubt whether they will hit the taste of the public in this country, as they are too sombre and too generally concerned with persons of a somewhat uniform type of white savagery."

"The Life of Judge Jeffreys." By H. B. Irving. (Heinemann.) "ACCEPTING the writer's conclusions, and finding little fault with the details of his work," the *Spectator* pays Mr. Irving the compliment of an independent testimony, of three columns' length, to the general soundness of his presentation of this extraordinary man. It is pointed out that the sources of information are all hostile.

"They may be ranged under three headings

—the frantic diatribes of the friends, relatives, and partisans of those on whom he had passed sentence in the Western Rebellion; the accounts given of him by those who, as Whigs and Non-conformists, were naturally and necessarily, considering the part he had to play, his strong enemies; and lastly, the more temperate, but not less prejudiced, notices of him by men who had various reasons for presenting him in an unfavourable light."

The cases of what have been called the "judicial murders" of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney having been weighed, and the conflicting accounts of the "Bloody Assize"—including the trial of Lady Alice Lisle, who was condemned and executed for harbouring rebels—the reviewer sums up as follows:

"It would be absurd to contend that Jeffreys was either a high-minded or a virtuous man. He was an ambitious adventurer, pursuing fortune in what was little better than a social and political cesspool. He must be judged relatively. He must be compared with those who jostled him at the Bar or sat beside him on the Bench, with such sots as Treby, Shaw, and Saunders, with such libertines as Pemberton and Scroggs, with such 'butcher-birds' as Wright, Pollexfen, Howel, and Jenner, with politicians like Sunderland and Shaftsbury, with ecclesiastics like Sprat, Cartwright, and Parker. And he will not lose by the comparison. His career had the merit of consistency. . . . He was not corrupt. . . . He was neither a hypocrite nor untruthful, neither a charlatan nor a sycophant. The stories told about his hardness and brutality rest wholly on the authority of his enemies, and are very difficult to reconcile with what is certainly known."

The *St. James's Gazette*, if less convinced, is no less complimentary.

"Now, when we all thought judgment had long since been given, and sentence finally passed, by mankind, there comes a junior counsel, in the person of Mr. H. B. Irving, holding a brief for the notorious Chief Justice, and 'showing cause' in spirited fashion against all the learned big-wigs from Burnet to Macaulay! And the best of it is that he argues his case remarkably well, and cites undeniable authorities to support it."

Allusion is made to the appeal to Kneller's portrait of Jeffrey's handsome and refined features, and the condition of the law of evidence is compared to that which was exemplified in M. Zola's trial. In fine:

"Mr. Irving is perhaps driven, in defence of his client, to over emphasise what may be said in his favour; but he appears, on the whole, to have applied the critical method not unfairly to Jeffrey's career. It was no doubt unfortunate for the Judge that the most furious of his Tory actions were so quickly followed by Tory collapse, that his reputation immediately became a prey to the fury of Whig writers; but no pleading can make him appear an amiable character, even in the age of Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and Oates, and his name will remain for ever in the catalogue of fireside bogies. But Mr. Irving's vivacious and readable narrative may be safely commended as a painstaking re-examination of the original sources of history, and a spirited attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, to question the conclusions of great, but by no means infallible, writers."

**THE SPECTATOR** treats Mr. Capes' book with extreme respect. A passage descriptive of the Thames "recalls one of the finest of Mr. Henley's *Voluntaries*." "He is not less successful in the framing of his plot, the invention of incident, and the discreet application of the great law of suspense." The book, as a whole,

"might not be unfairly described as a blend of Le Fanu and Stevenson. It has the 'creepiness' of the former, and the grace of style, the literary finesse, of the latter."

The *Athenæum* does not treat Mr. Capes' book with extreme respect. It

"has qualities of a solid order, in more senses than one. It is by no means easy reading, not only on account of its material weight and substance, but also because it is written in that difficult and complicated language which the admirers of Mr. Meredith have adopted in order to show their reverence for the Master. . . . But the process is one which readers of even the genuine Meredithian work sometimes feel irksome. Whether it is wise for a lesser writer to expect people to take this trouble in deciphering an imitation is, to say the least, doubtful."

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**

Week ending Thursday, June 23.

**THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.**

**THE EVE OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY: OR, THE THOUGHTS OF A WORM.** By Louis H. Victory. Louis H. Victory. 6s.

**HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.**

**FATHER AND SON: MEMOIRS OF THOMAS THOMAS AND LLEWELYN THOMAS.** Edited by Harriet Thomas. Henry Frowde. 6s.

**W. E. GLADSTONE: A SOUVENIR.** Reprinted from Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

**POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.**

**POET'S WALK: AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POETRY.** Chosen and arranged by Mowbray Morris. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

**THE "POCKET FALSTAFF" SHAKESPEARE: KING LEAR AND THE WINTER'S TALE.**

**BRUNETIÈRE'S ESSAYS IN FRENCH LITERATURE.** A selection translated by D. Nichol Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.

**THE WORLD AT AUCTION: A PLAY.** By Michael Field. Hacon & Ricketts. 15s.

**VERSES.** By B. E. Baughan. A. Constable & Co. 5s.

**ESSAYS AT EVENTIDE.** By Thomas Newbigging. Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.

**WILLOW AND LEATHER.** By E. V. Lucas. J. W. Arrowsmith. 1s.

**BERTH-DECK BALLADS: "OLD GLORY" AND OTHER POEMS.** By William S. Bate. New York.

**AN ANALYSIS OF MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN WORKS: A STUDY OF THEIR STRUCTURAL FEATURES.** By Joseph W. G. Hathaway. William Reeves.

**SCIENCE.**

**THE PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES: THE STUDY OF MAN.** By A. C. Haddon. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.

**TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.**

**EPPING FOREST.** By Edward North Buxton, Verderer. Fifth edition, revised. Edward Stanford. 1s.

**BLACK'S GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.** Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Tenth edition. A. & C. Black. 1s.

**BLACK'S SHILLING GUIDE TO SCOTLAND.** Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. A. & C. Black. 1s.

**COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDNER.** Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. With Introduction by Sir Richard Temple. W. Blackwood & Sons. 15s.

**A SUMMER ON THE ROCKIES.** By Major Sir Rose Lambert Price. Sampson Low & Co.

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HISTORIES: ST. JOHN'S.** By W. H. Hutton. F. E. Robinson (London). 5s.

**COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL: NORTH AMERICA. Vol. II: THE UNITED STATES.** By Henry Ganmeth. Edward Stanford. 15s.

**OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE.** By Mrs. Pennell. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

**NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.**

**W. E. GLADSTONE.** By G. Barnett Smith. Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.

**WAVERLEY NOVELS, TEMPLE EDITION: THE MONASTERY.** By Sir Walter Scott. Vols. XVIII. and XIX. J. M. Dent & Co. 3s.

**THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** A Revised Translation, Notes, and Introduction. By C. Bigg, D.D. Methuen & Co. 2s.

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: DEMOSTHENES: MEIDIAS.** A Translation. By W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. **TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY.** By H. G. Wells, B.Sc., and A. M. Davies, B.Sc. W. B. Clive.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**A TABLE-BOOK OF ARITHMETIC, MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, &c.** Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 1d.

**AN INDEX TO THE EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: FROM THE INVENTION OF PRINTING TO THE YEAR MD., WITH NOTES OF THOSE IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.** By Robert Proctor. Second Section: ITALY. Kegan Paul.

**LAO-TZE'S TAO-TEH-KING: CHINESE ENGLISH.** With Introduction, Transliteration, and Notes. By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Co. (Chicago.)

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**THE LONDON YEAR BOOK.** The Grosvenor Press. 1s.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

The Oxford University Press has nearly finished printing the first part of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, which is being edited by Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt for the Egypt Exploration Fund. The volume, which will appear at the end of the present month, contains 158 texts, thirty-one being literary, and including the early fragments of St. Matthew's Gospel, Sappho, Aristoxenus, Sophocles, and of other lost and extant classics. The remainder is a selection of official and private documents dating from the first to the seventh century of our era, many of them of exceptional interest. The texts are accompanied by introductions, notes, and in most cases by translations. There are eight collotype plates illustrating the papyri of principal literary and palæographical importance.

The controversy which has agitated Paris over Rodin's "Balzac" statue will add additional interest to the July number of the *Art Journal*, which is to contain an appreciative article on the great French sculptor, by Mr. Charles Quentin, with reproductions of some of his most noted works, including the "Balzac."

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has issued a series of "Climbers' Guides," about the size of a *Punch* Pocket-book, but in a cover that no weather can destroy. Briefly and clearly Sir W. M. Conway, Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, and others, explain the routes to be taken by adventurers in the Pennine ranges, the Lepontine Alps, the mountains of Coque and the Tödi.

The July number of *Science Progress* will contain, among other articles, papers on "Prehistoric Man in the Eastern Mediterranean," by J. L. Myres, Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and "The Fall of the Meteorites in Ancient and Modern Times," by Prof. H. A. Miers, F.R.S.

"THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES," which formed one of the extra numbers of the *Art Journal*, contained illustrations of all his leading pictures, including "The Briar Rose," "The Golden Stairs," "The Mirror of Venus," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Chant d'Amour," "The Wheel of Fortune," and "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid."

The July number of the *Lady's Realm*, to be published next week, will be a double summer number, with over 190 illustrations, and nearly 200 pages. Among its principal contents will be an illustrated article on Ellis Roberts, the portrait painter, with many reproductions from his paintings published for the first time.

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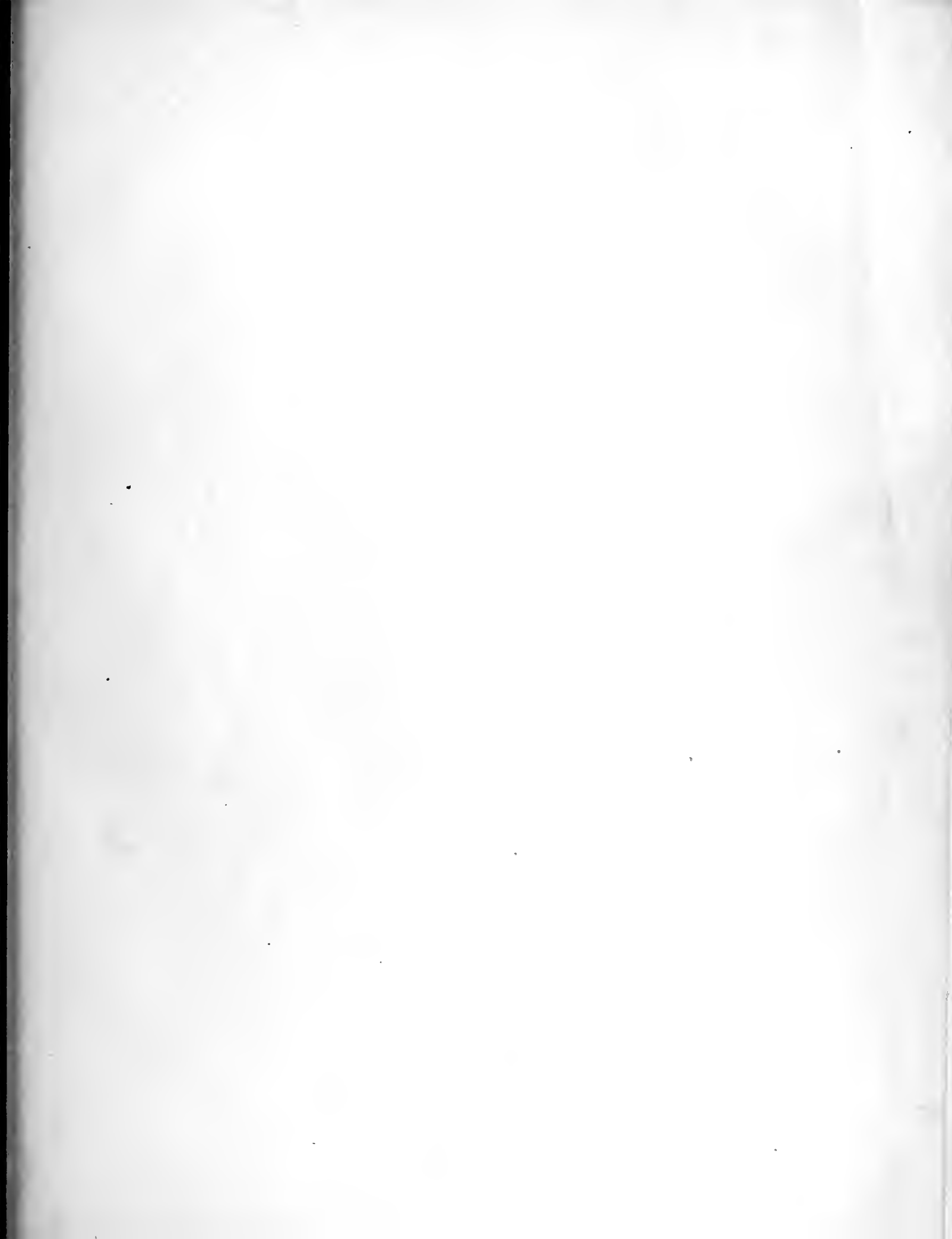
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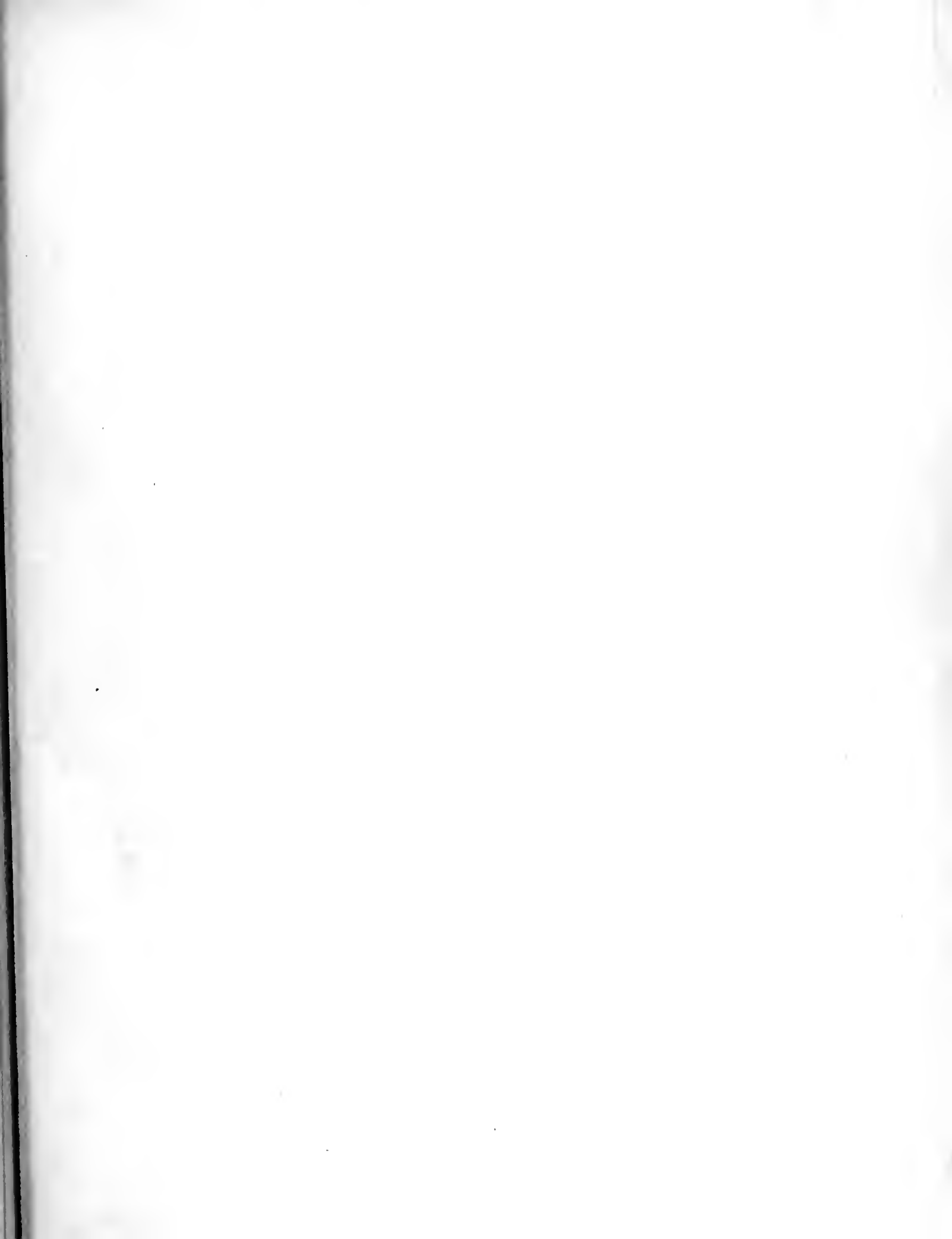
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